

The Life of Little Justin Hulburd

Medium, Actor and Poet

Who was during forty years one of the greatest attractions upon the dramatic stage, and who served his adopted country during the Civil War as President Lincoln's private spy. Given through his mediumship by prominent people of that time who knew him intimately, relating many exciting experiences.

Compiled by his cousin

E. W. HULBURD

Volume I

Descanso, Cal.
Copyrighted, 1909, by E. W. Hulburd



JUSTIN HULBURD

The First of

Little Luteo Almond

By [Faint Name]



[Faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly a publisher's name or address.]

Index to Volume I

Frontispiece.

	Page
Preface - - - - -	7
Introduction - - - - -	9
Justin Hulburd, Senior - - - - -	17
Mother Mary Washington - - - - -	23
Abraham Lincoln - - - - -	27
David Davis - - - - -	33
James G. Blaine - - - - -	49
William E. High - - - - -	57
Foley McKeavor (Ricardo) - - - - -	61
Edwin Forrest - - - - -	75
Cool White - - - - -	77
Popcorn Sal - - - - -	97
General Winfield Scott - - - - -	99
Jefferson Davis - - - - -	151
Thomas Jennings - - - - -	161
Doctor Milo Pierce - - - - -	183
Professor John Bartlett - - - - -	199
Theadore Parker - - - - -	223
William Denton - - - - -	245
H. M. Higgins - - - - -	253
Bessie Foster - - - - -	272
Mrs. Jennie Johnson - - - - -	280
E. L. Davenport - - - - -	294
Joseph Nagle - - - - -	326
Professor William Van Ame - - - - -	345
Charlotte Cushman - - - - -	362
Joshua Thorne - - - - -	403
Anna Bullene - - - - -	419

	Page
Fanny Davenport - - - - -	422
Mary C. Morse - - - - -	426
Helen Bushyhead - - - - -	440
Madame Blavatsky - - - - -	457
Juanita Juarez - - - - -	466
John Hammond - - - - -	469
Agnes Sutherland to Dr. Peebles - - - - -	480
Predictions - - - - -	482
Miscellany - - - - -	492
Animals After Death - - - - -	500
Poem from Spirit Helen Potter - - - - -	504
Poem from Amanda Hulburd to Her Son, E. W. Hulburd - - - - -	506
Inspirational Poem by Justin Hulburd - - - - -	509
The New Milk Pail by Justin Hulburd - - - - -	511
Poem by Spirit Robert Burns - - - - -	512
Poem—Nellie Hulburd to Her Father - - - - -	515
The Squirrel - - - - -	517
A Voice - - - - -	519
Evangeline - - - - -	521
The Cricket - - - - -	524
A Tribute to a Red Rose - - - - -	525
The Eagle—Inspirational Poem - - - - -	527
Franklin Kellogg Hulburd to Justin Hulburd - - - - -	529
Spirit Willie to His Sister - - - - -	531
Ella Judson to Her Parents - - - - -	533
Dorris Meyer - - - - -	536
The Angel's Demand - - - - -	539

Preface

Many say, "Life is a mystery, which no man can unravel." Why so? Let man study the laws of Nature with a view to spiritual development, and a higher knowledge of everything which is endowed with life, and in time the riddle is solved; it is no longer a mystery.

Life is now, always has been, and forever will be; no power can destroy it. Find the creative power and then, perhaps, you have found the power that can destroy, but before you cry, "Eureka, I have found it," ask yourself, "Have I found the source of Nature?" If so, you are superior to God. No man can fully comprehend the laws of Nature.

In the year 1827 a child was given a physical body. In after years, when he had reached the age of comprehension, he was told by spirits the mission for which he came to earth.

In 1828 another child took possession of an earthly body. It was known immediately that this child had a mission, an important mission, and he commenced the execution of those duties almost from birth. He was a powerful medium and the Spirit world guided him at will, and, as time rolled on, his mission became known to a few of those most interested; it was carried out to the letter; never a failure.

Then came the development of the child born in 1827. They were brought together and the grand work carried on until the spirit guides of the grand medium, one of the most powerful ever sent from the spirit world, to take on a physical body, saw fit to allow him to return home. He had done a great work and now his companion of many years is completing the work he was selected to do. This work, in early youth, and the plans adopted by the spirit band, to bring them together, would require a volume to describe.

This preface will give some insight into the contents of the work, which will be published in three volumes, making one of the grandest works devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy ever given to the public. It is different from anything ever before given to the world. It will be criticised scathingly by orthodoxy, but it will be read by the public.

Several years ago a powerful band of spirits, composed of those who, when in the physical body, were warm personal friends of Justin Hulburd, as Gen. Winfield Scott, Gen. George Warren, Abraham Lincoln, Gen. George G. Meade, James G. Blaine, Hon. David Davis, Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keene, Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport, and many others too numerous to mention, determined that his life should be given to the world, under the title, "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet."

For a long time Justin refused to consent, but the band was so persistent in their determination that his services to the government, as the private spy of President Lincoln, during the Civil War, and his brilliant career as an actor upon the stage for forty years, should be given to the public, that, after some coercion, he gave way and the work was immediately commenced.

The communications, with the exception of the few articles written for publication by the compiler, were taken down by the writer, as dictated by the spirits through Justin's mediumship.

Some of the articles, written for publication in the Spiritual papers, were accepted, and have been given to the public. God said, "Let there be light," and I deem it the duty of everyone to do their utmost to obey the wish of that Supreme Intelligence, by giving to the world all possible to enlighten their minds, that they may comprehend and recognize the "Light of Truth," that grandest of all religions.

I am glad the time has come when "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet," can be given to the world.

Introduction

On November 22nd, 1828, at 5:30 o'clock P.M., a child was born at Perth, Scotland, who was destined to become known and admired throughout the civilized world. Its parents were Justin Hulburd, a Jesuit priest, and Mary Elizabeth Stuart, a grand-niece of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, known in history as the Pretender to the British throne.

His paternal grandmother's maiden name was Margaret Bruce, a lineal descendant of the great Scottish king so dear to the hearts of many Scotchmen. She became Margaret Hulburd by marriage to John Hulburd and the mother of Justin Hulburd, the father of this child.

The child was taken by Mrs. John Puller, a daughter of Sir John Robinson, a Highlander of great wealth, and a cousin of the mother.

When ten months old the child was taken by Sir John Robinson, who had him Christened Justin Robinson. He remained with Sir John until Mr. Puller emigrated to the United States, when Justin was five years of age. Mrs. Puller then reclaimed the little Justin and took him with the family, locating in New York City.

He was a great favorite with Sir John Robinson, whom he always called Grandfather. Sir John always took little Justin with him on his numerous excursions over his vast estate and whenever he went on business trips about the country. When on such excursions he adways rode a powerful stallion, little Justin riding before or behind, as best suited him, until he became old enough to ride a small Shetland pony presented to him by Sir John.

Justin was a born medium and almost from infancy psychic manifestations were produced through his little organization.

He was clairvoyant and clairaudient. Spirits would manifest to him, children spirits would play with him, lie all the while thinking them in the body. He would tell about those he had seen and was many times punished by his grandmother, (as he called Lady Robinson) for lying, as she thought, because he told of his interviews with people who, by his description, she knew had been dead for many generations.

One notable instance I will here relate. In the garden of Sir John's home were grown many gooseberries, of which Justin was very fond. When about four years old he would go for them almost daily, when in season, and return to the house with quantities in an incredibly short time. One day Lady Robinson questioned him about it. He said that the old lady helped him, that she picked the best ones for him: those he could not reach. Upon his describing the woman, she recognized the description as that of an ancestress who had been dead for upwards of two hundred years. Then Justin would be whipped for lying, until they received a visit from a daughter-in-law from England, who, being mediumistic, remonstrated with Lady Robinson, verifying Justin's statement.

On one occasion Sir John was making a trip to visit some relatives in the Highlands, taking Justin with him, as usual, on his powerful stallion. When approaching his destination, Justin said, "Oh! There is Uncle Donald." Sir John asked him where. Justin pointed to where he saw him and described him. Upon arriving at Donald Stuart's home they found him lying dead, having met with an accident. Sir John cautioned Justin not to mention, when they returned home, what he had seen on the road.

Lady Robinson would often tell him he was only fit for the Gypsies or the show people. Taking it for granted that she was right, he ran away with a circus. Sir John followed it to Edinburg and took him home. He also went away with the Gypsies, who were followed by Sir John and the child recovered.

On his arrival in New York Mr. Puller established a business as baker and grain dealer, purchasing a home on the East River. Their arrival in New York was an epoch in the life of the young psychic. His pleasing manner and winning ways made him a great favorite with many people.

His mediumistic powers soon became known and many times he would be called upon to satisfy the curious or those seeking information from spirit friends. There were many Quakers with whom he was a great favorite. They would frequently ask him to go into "the state" as they expressed it—and see what he could for them. (I may here state that in after years when Justin resided in Philadelphia the Quakers became his best friends and would frequently ask him to go into "the state" and see for them, which he always did.) Many times in his childhood days some influence would take him away from home, causing his foster parents much anxiety. On one occasion, when he was about seven years old, he was missing and after three days' search was found by Mr. Puller in a police station. Some influence had controlled him and he began to preach on Broadway. He was arrested for drawing a crowd and obstructing the street and was taken to the station-house where he was found as stated.

When eight years of age he wandered from home and went to the "Five Points" where he was eventually found by Mr. Puller living in a cellar with a lot of negroes, the lowest scum of that unsavory locality. When found he was dressed in filthy rags, his good clothing having been taken from him and sold for liquor. While there he went to the Five Points Mission, established by Mr. Pease, and, under spirit influence, gave a sermon that surprised all who heard it.

But there was to be a change. His foster parents believed him possessed of a devil and attempted to beat it out of him. Mr. Puller would beat him cruelly and Justin would endure the beating stoically, never shedding a tear, but the time came to put an end to such brutal treatment. After one of these severe punishments Justin looked at his foster father and said, "If you ever strike me again I will kill you." Mr. Puller looked at the Little One. He saw the Bruce and Stuart fire flashing from his eyes and he never struck him again. Mr. Puller claimed that he had no religion, that death was the end of all. Through financial troubles Mr. Puller lost his property and became a poor man. Then Justin's grand nature became manifest. Having achieved success in his chosen profession, he established a beautiful home in Vineland, New Jersey, where he loved to spend his vacations. There he took Mr. Puller, gave him a comfortable home and

supplied all his wants while he remained in the physical body. Many spiritualists residing in that vicinity would meet at Justin's home and hold meetings every Sunday when Justin was at home, and among those present were usually several mediums.

On such occasions Mr. Puller would retire to his room, which adjoined the sitting room where they usually met, and take his afternoon rest. On one occasion he had retired as usual. In about an hour he re-entered the room and said, "Friends, I am a Spiritualist." The people looked at one another in amazement. They were speechless, and many thought he had become insane. He then stated to them that while reclining on his bed he saw a cloud form in the room and gradually it increased in size, floated to his bedside and opened, and there stood his spirit wife. They had a long conversation in which she told him that he would soon come to her and for him to go to New York and visit the three children residing there and prepare to come to spirit life. He did so, and his spirit left the body while on that visit, aged 83 years.

Justin's spirit guides, owing to the cruel treatment he was receiving from his foster parents, decided to make a change in his life. When he was about ten years of age a lady connected with the National Theatre in New York called upon some friends of little Justin who happened to be calling there at the time. His friends requested the Little One to sing for the lady, which he did. The lady thought such a voice should be heard by the public. She obtained permission to take him to the manager of the theatre. He sang for him and the result was his immediate engagement. Being very small for his age he was styled "La Petite Blanche," playing little boy and girl characters and dancing the "Highland Fling," in which he excelled. He made a hit the first night.

In the course of time he left the National Theatre and engaged with the old Bowery Theatre where, as at the National, he played children's parts. In time his popularity in that line became so great that he was in demand by other theatres and was frequently rented out, notably to the old Broadway Theatre and to Niblo's Garden.

When about fifteen years of age Justin attracted the notice of the celebrated "Buckey's Serenaders," who engaged him for

their soprano. While with them he danced with the noted prima donna, Madam Anna Bishop, at the Academy of Music, in the opera of "The Bohemian Girl." he remained with the Buckleys nine years, during which time he accompanied them in their travels throughout the civilized world. They played at Saint James Hall in London, England, and were entertained by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. They toured most of the provincial towns of England and Ireland. While with the Buckleys he played Cinderella in the opera of that name, also generally in all their burlesques.

After leaving the Buckley Serenaders Justin engaged with the Broadway Company under the management of Mr. Clifton; dressed in female attire and was known as the "Dashing Blanchard." He was with this company several years. While with this company, while waiting one night at a depot for a train that passed at three o'clock a.m., he took a severe cold, which resulted in great injury to his singing voice, after which he took generally to burlesque comedy.

When the "Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's Garden in New York in the fall of 1866, Justin was engaged as a Premier Danseuse and was known as the "Mazareah," an Italian from Naples. After the "Black Crook" left Niblo's it was played in most of the large cities of the United States.

After leaving the "Black Crook" he danced and played in burlesques at Hooley's Opera House, Richard M. Hooley, manager, at Brooklyn, New York, and Chicago, Ill., twelve years. He was connected with Simmons and Slocum's Minstrels at the Arch Street Operahouse in Philadelphia.

He was also with the celebrated manager, J. H. Haverly, where he played with the princes of burlesque comedy, John Hart, Billy Rice, Ben Cotton and Billy Emerson. In 1869 he went to California with Duprez and Benedict under the management of Mr. McCullogh, playing at the old California Theatre and in 1872 under McGuire's management; again in 1876 with J. H. Haverly, but owing to sickness was unable to complete his engagement and returned to Philadelphia.

When the "Vale of Cashmere" was produced at Barnum's old Museum he represented "Elve," the beautiful Circassian girl. He played with Edwin Forrest and Madame Ponisi at the

Broadway Theatre in "Coriolanus," also played the fool with Barney Sullivan in "King Lear."

I have before me many notices of his representations of "Camille" in the burlesque comedy of that name. I have also a cast before me in which Justin appears in connection with Francis Wilson, the well known actor and comic singer in the "Crushed Comedian," under Mr. Bryant's management.

In the spectacular play, "The Greek Slave," at the Front Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md., he played the character of the "Greek Slave": also at Baltimore he danced with the great Annette Galetta.

In my possession is a program reading, "Grand Performance at Cosmopolitan Hall (Vineland, N. J.,) Headed by Justin Robinson, the peerless Queen of Burlesque Comedy, supported by John A. Ackley, noted comedian and others": also a program where he played "Frou Frou," supported by the well-known actor, Robert S. Meldrum, and Mrs. E. T. Stetson, and a large company of performers. Before me is a newspaper notice in which Justin appears with the celebrated singers, Miss Romie Ellis, contralto; Miss Anna Bristol, soprano, and Walter Cansdell, basso, in which he took the leading part as "Mrs. Florence," in the comedy of "The Florence Family." In this connection I copy a short press notice, one of the many before me, which says, "Mr. Justin Robinson may be called 'The Peerless Queen of Burlesque Comedy'—praise is his by right."

At one time in his stage career he traveled with the "Carter Zouaves." Every day the female band of the company rode in their magnificent band conveyance, playing, through the principal streets, drawn by twenty horses, Justin, in female attire, being the driver.

At the performance he sat next to Anna Bordwell, the celebrated singer, supporting her as alto. He would also appear in female attire and sing "The Mocking Bird," accompanied by the celebrated Gerard, the great harpist, who whistled in the chorus. The Cincinnati papers said that "His laugh in Aladdin was like rich music."

At the Royal Theatre, Toronto, Canada, in the drama of "Jack Shephard," he represented the leading character. As he

was only five feet tall he was called "Little Jack Shephard." It drew crowded houses.

He played in many theatres in drama, minstrel and vaudeville. His last engagement was with Neil Bryant in New York which, owing to ill health, he was obliged to cancel in December, 1877, never again appearing on the stage. His spirit guides had so decreed it.

He played in a number of farces where he was supported by William Hamilton, baritone singer of the Parepa Rosa Opera Company. His last appearance was in the "Widow's Victim," where his character was "Jennie Chatterbox." Francis Wilson played "Jerry—Two Stage-Struck Victims."

The same week he played at the Academy of Music in "The Quiet Family," where Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Rose Coghlan, Linda Dietz, Charles Thorne, James O'Neil and many others, gave scenes from different plays for the benefit of the Catholic Orphans' Home. While they were getting immense applause in the comedy, Justin became somewhat excited, and picking up an actor known as "Little Mac," threw him into the orchestra. The curtain was rung down, but the applause was so great that "Little Mac" had to lead him before the curtain.

In the early days of Fanny Davenport's stage career he played Cinderella while she played the Prince.

Here it is well to note—when he was playing in the "Widow's Victim" Francis Wilson was twenty-two years of age, while Justin was fifty-two. When he played with John Kemble, the English actor at Haverly's Theatre on Randolph street, Chicago, Justin was fifty-one years old while Kemble was twenty-eight. The public said that Justin on the stage appeared the younger of the two.

While upon the stage and for several years subsequently he retained the name of Robinson, finally resuming his real name—Justin Hulburd.

The full development of Justin's mission took place during the Civil War when he became the private spy of President Lincoln and spent nearly four years passing in and out of the Confederate lines at will, or nearly so, as will be shown by the communications of Jefferson Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, Gen. Longstreet and several others, doing incalculable damage to the Confederate

cause; so greatly were they injured by his work that President Davis offered a reward of \$20,000 in gold for his body, dead or alive. Gen. Longstreet offered \$10,000 in gold for his capture. He was seven times captured, twice tried and sentenced to be hanged, three times to be shot, twice escaped before trial. Spirit power protected him and the rebellion ended, he remained in the physical body to assist by his grand mediumship in spreading the Truth of the grand spiritual philosophy, the religion that is destined to spread throughout the civilized world.

I do not deem it out of place here to mention an instance showing Justin's devoted loyalty to his adopted country. During the Civil War a captain of the Union Army gave cause to suspect his loyalty. He had obtained "leave of absence" and it was learned that he had gone to Canada. President Lincoln directed Justin to go to Canada and shadow him. He went to Montreal, engaged with the manager of the principal theatre. Between plays he watched the suspected officer. While connected with this theatre the manager produced a play in which Justin was required to trample upon the "Stars and Stripes," which he refused to do. The manager threatened and attempted to compel him to do as he wished. Justin defied him and refused to play. About this time he discovered that the Union captain was negotiating the sale of valuable plans of Gen. Grant's to Confederate officers. Bursting into the room where the infamous deal was being consummated, he seized all the papers, thrust them into the fire, stood in front of the grate until they were totally destroyed, then left and crossed the line before morning. His task was accomplished, but he left a detective who had assisted him to watch the traitor. The detective enticed the Union captain across the line and then arrested him.

Justin Hulburd, Sr.

Chapter I

JUSTIN HULBURD, Sr., Wednesday, May 1st, 1901.

Mr. E. W. Hulburd was told to summon Dr. F. D. C. Meyer and Mr. John E. High, to be present at his home in fifteen minutes. They were promptly on time (10 a.m.) when Justin was controlled by Prof. Bartlett, at one time of Yale College, who said: We are called together to celebrate the sixty-ninth anniversary of the discovery of Justin Hulburd's mediumship.

Mr. Bartlett gave a fine address, after a few remarks on other subjects, on "Vibration," giving some new and very interesting and instructive ideas. He was followed by spirit Olivia Stephens, who, after a short address, withdrew, and was followed by Justin Hulburd, the father of the medium.

He said: This is the sixty-ninth anniversary of the mediumship of this medium. Sixty-nine years ago, in the part of Scotland where Sir John Robinson, who then had the care of the little Justin, resided, they were holding their annual May festival. On this particular occasion the grandfather of this medium, Sir John Robinson, had four horses hitched to the family carriage. When everything was ready to start for the festival grounds the friends and family entered the carriage. The driver started the horses; they walked off, pulling the driver from his seat, but leaving the carriage standing. The grandmother, Lady Robinson, was very angry and scolded the servants and attendants who were present, intending to have them chastised. They one and all declared they had harnessed and hitched the horses to the carriage in the proper manner. The old lady, noticing that little Justin looked peculiar, concluded he was a witch and told her husband to have him killed at once. The old gentleman became very angry and told her to go to hell.

He then had his stallion saddled, and taking the child in front of him on the horse, went to the festival grounds. While

there, some of their relatives from Perth arrived in their carriage. On their arrival, the bottom of their carriage dropped out. The old lady then became frantic and insisted on having the child killed. She talked to her relatives and succeeded in getting them to think as she did, so they put their heads together to have the child put to death.

The youngest son of Sir John told his father of their plans. Then the old gentleman, without a word to anyone, took the child and started at once for the north of Scotland, where he had relatives living. He left the child in their care. After a little time his mediumship showed itself so he had to move the child again. This time he took him to an island near the mainland. There also the spirits manifested, and again the child had to be moved. He took him to the capitol, Edinburgh; during the child's stay here the grandfather one day heard a voice, telling him to bring the child home, that the spirits would leave him for a time. That they would later take him to a new country and there use him to spread the light to the world. It is hardly necessary to say that the horses were unhitched by spirits, as were also the manifestations at the festival grounds.

The spirit then withdrew and was followed by the mother of the medium, who gave a talk in regard to herself and family, which would be of interest only to those who were very close to the medium.

Next came Mr. Gladstone, who gave a short address, which was a continuation of Mr. Bartlett's subject, "Vibration." Like all of his talks to the circle, this was very interesting. Then came Jenny Lees, who, as usual, gave a very beautiful poem addressed to the medium, after whom came Rosa, with her mirthful witticisms and directed that the circle meet at the home of Dr. Meyer for lunch in honor of the medium's anniversary, which they did.

JUSTIN HULBURD, Sr., Friday, May 3rd, 1901, 2 p.m.

Justin was controlled by spirit Justin Hulburd, the father of the medium. There were present John E. High, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd, at the home of the latter.

The spirit said: This medium is my child. I was forced into the monastery against my will. I hated it and hated religion. My mother wanted one of her sons to become a priest.

She tried to persuade my older brother and failed, but when it came to me, she made my father put me into the monastery by main force. My mother absolutely shoved me in through the gate. I never liked it nor believed in their doings. I was never permitted to go out alone; some priest always accompanied me wherever I went.

One day, while a number of us were marching along the road, we met a young lady on horseback. I thought to myself, "She is the most beautiful girl that I ever beheld in my life." She was small of feature and had very small hands and feet. She looked at me, and I at her; directly she stopped her horse, pretending that something was wrong with the saddle. Again she looked at me, and I stepped out to assist her. While so doing I touched her hand; an electric shock went through me and I knew we loved each other. She gave me her name, Mary Elizabeth Stuart, and I gave her my name, Justin Hulburd. "Ah, ha," she said, "we must be somewhat related. Your mother is a Bruce, and some of my ancestors were Bruces." I was called into line, severely reprimanded, and forbidden ever to speak to any woman again. But this was not the end; we both said, "We will meet again some way."

One day while I was worrying, and trying to think of some plan of escape, I proposed to take a walk in the woods. Four brothers accompanied me. After a time I wandered by myself, meditating and wondering how I could manage to meet my love again. Looking up, behold! I saw her coming, on horseback. I ran to meet her, lifted her from the horse and took her in my arms, embraced and kissed her. We talked of our plans for escape, and while she was still in my embrace, one of the fathers came and tore me away from her. He prostrated himself upon the ground, calling the other priests. I was dragged back to the monastery and shut up for five days with nothing but water to live on. By degrees they gave me a little black bread, of the blackest kind. They nearly starved me. While in that half-starved condition they made me take an oath never to speak to that girl again. There were two others in the monastery who had been forced into it in a similar way; hence a sympathy sprang up among us. They would bring me something to eat and console me.

We had an outer chapel, outside the wall, where all the people could congregate, and an inner chapel for us alone. One day I went to the outer chapel to practice on the organ and sing, (I had a fine baritone voice.) On entering the chapel I beheld a young lady kneeling at prayer. I at once recognized her as my love. I ran to her, took her in my arms. I hugged and kissed her. To be more secreted, I led her behind the organ. There and then we cohabited, and this medium is the result.

While we were talking together one of my friends came to the door and saw us. He said, "Fly for your lives; the high priest is coming!" She fled, but I remained and pretended to be practicing on the organ. We had talked of plans of escape. We had agreed to meet at a certain place and from there take a small boat, which would be provided by Sir John Robinson, the medium's foster grandfather. We were to go to the nearest city or island near the mainland and there await a vessel that would take us to Norway, Sweden or anywhere; but I was watched so closely that I could not make my escape.

After a time I found out that she was pregnant. We planned what to do with the child. We decided that she was to go to England and when the child was born, give it to some friend to keep until we could take it. When the time approached for the birth of the child, she started for the coast. She rode thirty miles on horseback and then got a conveyance to take her to Dundee. From there she intended to take a ship to England, but the ride was too much for her, and she could go no further; labor pains came on; she stopped at the lodge of a cemetery in the suburbs of the city of Perth, where she gave birth to the child, which came three weeks ahead of time. She sent for her cousin, Elizabeth Robinson, and asked her to take the child, making her swear to take care of it as long as she lived, unless she should call for it.

After this she went home, where she was forced to marry the Earl of Perth, to whom she had been betrothed from the cradle.

When the child was two and one-half years old, I met him, one time, outside the walls of Sir John Robinson's residence. I knew he was my child, for he bore the same features as myself. I sat down on a green terrace outside the wall and took the child

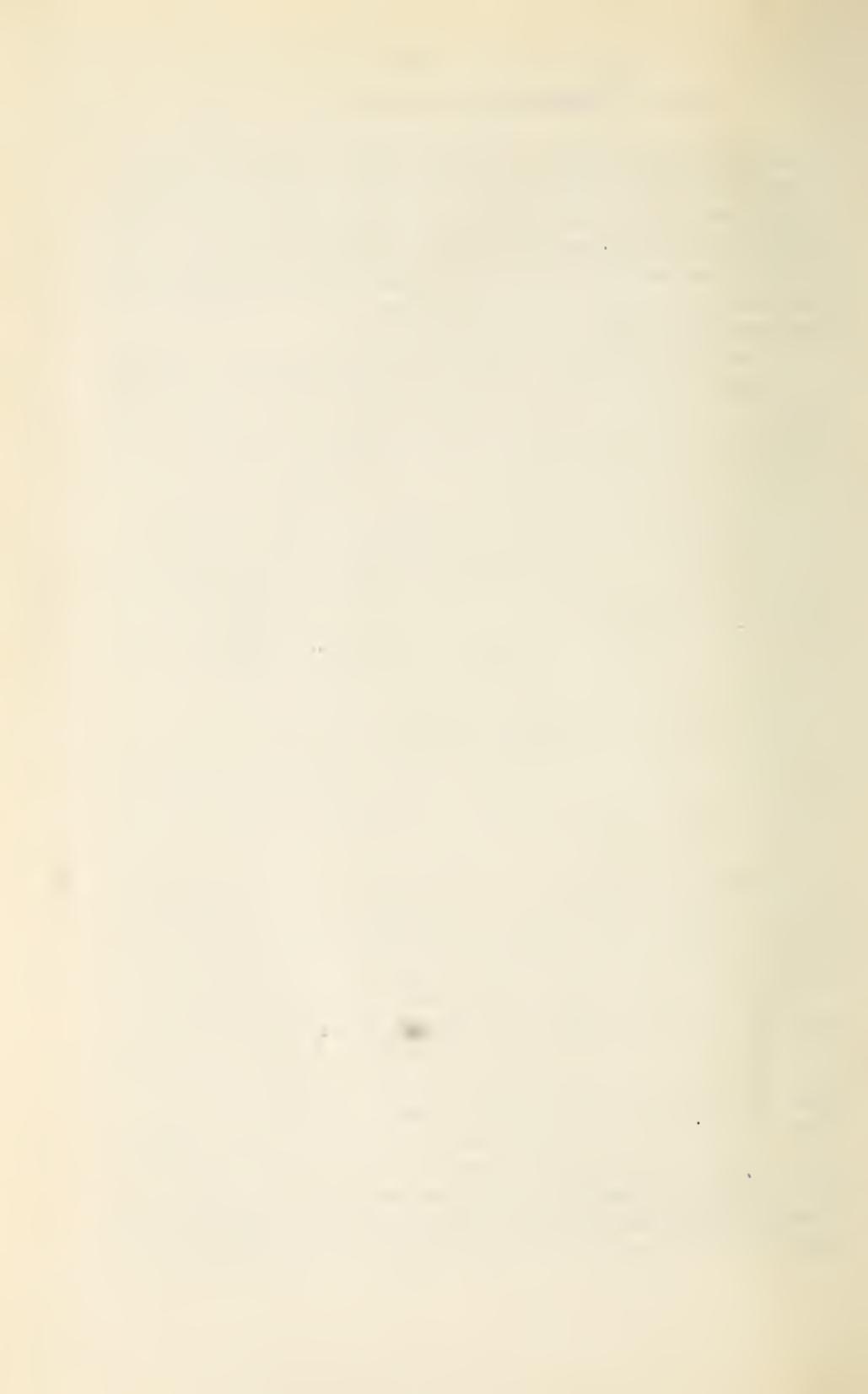
upon my lap, and hugged and kissed him. I asked him if he would like me for a father. He smiled, with that gypsy smile of the Stuarts and asked me if I had a sixpence to give away. The whole nature of the child was the nature of the Stuarts, but with my face, which was of the Hulburds. I saw the child again six months afterward, but I merely kissed him, as I was watched and guarded by the Jesuit priesthood.

One month after this I escaped from the monastery. I found the mother and we fled together, but the monks pursued us, and we were overtaken about forty miles from the place. She was taken back to her home, and I to the monastery, where I was quietly put to death by poison.

To the Earl of Perth she bore seven children, the male portion of whom became criminals of the worst kind. As pregnancy was forced upon her, she hated every child while she carried it in the womb. In her heart she cursed the man, cursed the children and cursed herself, which resulted in giving birth to criminals. The Earl died very suddenly, supposedly of heart failure. In reality, it was a dose of medicine administered to him in brandy. After he was buried she became insane.

One day she escaped and rushed to the monastery, and beat on the gates and called for her husband. The monks came and thrust her away from the gate. She fled to the woods and died a raving maniac. This was the end of the mother, in her earth career.

The maiden name of my grandmother, great grandmother and great, great grandmother were Douglass, as they belonged to the Douglass family. Each one married a man by the name of Bruce. This is a coincidence of which we have no other record in history; of a grandmother, great grandmother and great, great grandmother bearing the same maiden name, then marrying three different men of the same name. The three women belonged to the house of Douglass, and the three men to the house of Bruce. My wife was a Stuart for eight generations back. Her mother was a Robinson, a sister of Sir John Robinson, the foster-grandfather of my child. The child is related to them all through blood ties. His connection, through me, is to a straight line of the Hulburds, which I trace back for ten generations. The Bruces were proud, stubborn and domineering.



Mother Mary Washington

Chapter II

MOTHER MARY WASHINGTON, Wednesday, January 1st, 1902.

Good morning, sirs. I guess I had better say, a Happy New Year to you, and everybody on this place. They tell me your name is Hulburd. Well, I had a second cousin, back in England, whose name was Hulburd; she belonged to the Hulburd family on the Scotch side. My second cousin married her in Scotland and brought her to England. Out of the Scotch family came your little medium.

What brought me here today, is to say that I gave the thoughts and ideas to Harriet Beecher Stowe, from which she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Perhaps I had better say that I strongly impressed her with all the principal material for that book, or work, as you call it now days. Now, you are not going to get any big, scholarly communication from me, for I didn't have the education to give you such. In my time, if a girl got a plain schooling she did pretty well. To become highly accomplished and well educated, they had to go back to England; for most of the school masters in Virginia were on the renegade order: they cared more for hunting and fishing, gambling and other sports than they did to take any pains with the scholars. I want you to understand this before I go further, because I have been told by spirits, who have come to spirit life, that some of your books say that I was highly accomplished and well educated. That is not so. I was a plain woman with a plain education, but I did all in my power to help the children. I saw how George's mind led him, and tried to help him all I possibly could. I lived to see the day when I was proud of him; but there are other things, too, that I am proud of. In your books

and speeches you call him the "Father of his Country." I am awfully glad to hear that; but don't you think countries need mothers, too?

I was very much opposed to slavery, and when George came to spirit life, I showed him how wrong it was to keep a human being in bondage. He saw it just as I do, and looked around for some one through whom he could make his predictions, and whom he could use to advantage at the same time. He was directed toward little Justin, and when he discovered him, he cried for joy, saying, "This Little One shall be the bearer of my dispatches." Afterward little Justin was drilled, and put to work to execute his orders; for you must understand that my George was a born commander and leader of people. Our hearts were all with the South, except that part of it where they held the black race in bondage.

Now you must go back with me to the Beecher family. I heard, in spirit life, that people could communicate their thoughts through mediumistic individuals; so I kept searching until I found Harriet. To me, the condition of the black race was dreadful. I imparted my thoughts to her brain, and at the same time worked on her soul, which was full of love for the human race, and much charity for the negro. I furnished her with all the thought I could concerning the black race. I impressed her. I even forced her to sojourn for a time in the South, so that she might see all its evils in full force. With my assistance, Harriet Beecher Stowe gave to the reading public "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I found all of the Beecher family very mediumistic, and strongly magnetic. I selected Harriet to give my thought to the human race.

The one they called Henry Ward Beecher, was very mediumistic and strongly magnetic. It was through this strong magnetic condition that he held his congregations in the way he did; that explains why so many people went to hear him preach.

Now, perhaps, you would like to know a little about me, but before I go further with that which concerns me, I want to tell you that Harriet Beecher Stowe brought me here today. She said, she knew where Little Justin lived, as she had visited this home a number of times in company with other spirits. She told me that the woman they called Helen Blavatsky, (that was

her name when she lived in an earthly embodiment, but now the high elevated spirits call her "Searchlight") has given to your home the name of "Searchlight Bower." Well, here I am in Searchlight Bower, on what you call New Years Day. When I lived in a body, good sir, or perhaps I had better say Mr. Hulburd, my name was Mary Washington. I was the mother of George Washington, and I loved to have him call me "Mother Mary," which he most always did, as he knew and understood that I liked to have children call me "Mother Mary." When I was quite a little girl an idea got into my head that it would be a grand thing to be a nun, and perhaps some day I should become the Mother Superior: so, when I had children of my own, I taught them to call me Mother Mary. I also taught the black people to call me Mother Mary instead of Miss Mary, for, in my time, the black folks always called the white people, or perhaps you would say addressed them, by their first names. It was always "Massa George," "Massa John," or "Massa Henry": "Missa Elvira," "Missa Mary," or "Missa Jane." So I liked to have them call me Mother Mary. I had a strong desire in girlhood to become a nun, but there came along a man and he thought differently. He coaxed me into taking up my tent with him, so, you see, we tented together and that changed the whole course of my after life. I like Fredericksburg the best of any place in Virginia. I had many callers while I was living there; many came out of curiosity, to see what kind of a woman I was, while others came with high respect and generosity in their natures, to make a visit to the mother of George Washington. I was glad to receive them and entertain them according to my ability. I understood what good manners were, so George never had to blush for his mother's etiquette. Those who called out of curiosity I treated with common politeness and let them go their way. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe's desire that I should acquaint the people with the fact that I laid the foundation for Uncle Tom's Cabin while she gave it life, in order that it might set the people's minds to work, to free the black race. I wished that it could have been possible for the government to pay the Southern planters for their negroes, but it was otherwise decreed. I felt badly to see the thousands of brave men laid low upon the battlefields by Death's bullets, while others were only

permitted to live, maimed and crippled individuals for the rest of their lives. But oh! Mr. Hulburd, I suppose it had to be, for now the North and South will be knitted closer together through the younger generation commingling in marriage. The time is coming when they will express themselves like this: Our beautiful and glorious nation will never pull down the Stars and Stripes in submission to any other colors or nation. We are welded for all time. It is no longer the Blue and Gray, but the united forces of America, the land of freedom and progression. Our beautiful sons and daughters will have world-wide fame for intellect and intelligence of the highest order. May all the blessings of the great God of Peace rest on this nation. Your friend for Truth and Justice, always.

MOTHER MARY WASHINGTON.

I thank you for taking down my communication and will bid you all a "Happy New Year." May the angels constantly visit "Searchlight Bower."

Abraham Lincoln

Chapter III

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, June 8th, 1901.

Good evening, Mr. Hulburd. You wonder, no doubt, why I call you by your name, but I called here once before with some other spirits. When living in the body I was known as the President of the United States, or in other words, as "Old Abe."

What brings me here is to tell you that I was acquainted with this medium. I first saw him in Chicago, Illinois, performing at the theatre with Buckley's Serenaders. The Hon. David Davis said, "They say it is not a girl, but a boy." I said, "It is too pretty for a boy, but whoever it is, it is smart." I did not then think I should ever become acquainted with the person who played the character of Cinderella. The dancing, acting and singing were fine.

After the play was over and we were outside on the sidewalk, Davis said, "Let us go and put up at the hotel where the company is stopping and perhaps we shall get a chance to see the little individual who played Cinderella."

Acting upon Mr. Davis' suggestion we secured rooms at the hotel, but though we saw a number of men whom we thought belonged to the company, we saw no one whom we thought could have played the part, as they were all too tall. Mr. Davis said, "I believe it is a girl, after all, and that the story about its being a boy is only bait to draw people to the theatre; or they may treat him as they do Tom Thumb—hiding him away from the gaze of the people and only permitting him to be seen during show hours." When we retired for the night Mr. Davis said, "We've had all our trouble for nothing." I said, "Let us trust to luck—we may see him in the morning." A few minutes afterward we heard a voice humming the tune, "I'm Always Gay

and Free, Boys." Our door not being shut I stepped to look out in the hall, when along came the little chap, singing with a woman's voice. I turned around and said, "Davis, I believe we've struck it." As Mr. Davis came to the door to look out, a fine looking woman came to the door of the room opposite, a little down the hall and said, "Puss, you had better come back and try to eat a little more." The Little One replied, "Oh, I can't; I'm going over to Bishop's room to make him give back my pen knife."

He went to the room next to ours, the door of which was open and from which came the voices of several men. The little chap said, "Bishop, I want my pen knife." A very fine looking gentleman, with one of those rich English complexions, came to the door and said, "Why, pet, didn't I give your pen knife back?" The Little One said, "No, you didn't, and I want it now." The gentleman said, "Let me see," and he felt through his different pockets; out of one of them he produced a knife, saying, "Why, here it is. I must have forgot it, as you know I was very busy at the time I borrowed it." The Little One said, "I knew it was all right, but I wanted it before I went to bed." The gentleman then said, "You'll forgive Bishop, won't you? Have you had your supper yet?" The Little One said, "Yes, all I want to eat. Mother wants me to eat so much, and I can't." The gentleman said, "You must eat lots, you know, to keep up your strength; some day you may grow to be a big man." The Little One laughed and said, "That's the way you always talk, Bishop, just as if I ain't big now." Then Bishop said, "Kiss me good night, and go to bed, and see that they tuck you in well." The Little One said, "Are you going to play cards tonight?" Bishop replied, "May be; now good night."

As the Little One passed our door he happened to look up and, when he saw us, burst out laughing, saying, as he looked at me, "What a great big, raw-boned fellow you are—and your clothes don't fit you, either. I guess you are what they call a Western Hoosier," and went off laughing, which made us laugh, too.

When he reached his room the lady said, "Who were you talking to? Don't you know you mustn't talk to strangers that way?" The Little One said, "You just ought to see those two

men. 'They look like they had never been in a hotel before. One is a fat kind of a looking fellow. He must be the father and the other his boy, I guess. He is the darndest looking coon I ever saw.' Which, of course, meant me, as I was always attractive. That was the Little One's opinion of us, so we shut the door and prepared to retire. Little did I think then that we should become so well acquainted afterward. This took place before I was elected President of the United States.

When I first met him in Washington he was in the company of a gentleman by the name of Warren, a United States officer. Gen. Warren addressed me thus: "This Little One thinks he can be of service to you and the country, which service you must keep a secret." This I did then and will also do now. I found he had an abundance of grit and determination, which he showed afterward in great courage. I grew each day to like him more and more, as with time we came to understand each other better. I went to the theatre to see him play several times. One time I went with Mr. Warren and we were ushered in by the back door. Mr. Warren led me to a box which had a door opening off from the stage and after we had been there about a quarter of an hour Mr. Blaine came in the company of a young gentleman named Mr. Cook. I sat in the dark part of the box so that the audience would not see me, for I had no desire to become conspicuous on those occasions. That is why I always entered by the stage door in company with Mr. Warren.

The first play that evening was called "Love in All Corners," and I laughed at it so that my whole frame shook. I remember there was a man by the name of Mr. Meldrum in the play, who was a very fine actor, but of course the Little One was the attraction. She had five lovers who came to see her, and just as one gentleman would be making love to her another would knock at the door to be admitted. But before she could admit him, she had to hide the other away somewhere. She hid one behind a screen which stood on the floor. The next one she hid under the bed. The next in the bed and the fourth on top of it. It was a four-posted bedstead, with curtains all around. When she had them all hid away she sat down on a chair to breathe and rest a little, consoling herself that now she would not be troubled for some time, and she would let them all out after a while.

All of a sudden another knock came at the door. She went to the door and opened it, when in walked this Mr. Meldrum, a very handsome man and a fine actor, dressed as a dashing Hussar. She ushered him to a seat at the table and rang the bell for tea. In a few minutes a pretty little waiter girl came in, carrying a tray with the tea things on it. All of a sudden the waitress saw a face peeping out from between the curtains. She gave a scream and dropped the tray, which made the Hussar jump to his feet and demand, "What is the matter?" She pointed toward the bed and gave another scream, whereupon the young lady commanded her to leave the room, and said to the Hussar, "She is subject to fits." And while the Little One was making excuses and trying to explain it all, the screen fell down on the floor and disclosed the man standing there. The Hussar demanded an explanation and wanted to know what that man was doing in the room. While she was attempting to explain, the one on top of the bed fell through, on top of the other who was in the bed. Then commenced a scuffle in the bed and both men rolled out onto the floor. Then the Hussar became more enraged than ever and demanded an explanation of all this. While he was shaking his fist at her the other man crawled out from under the bed. Then the Hussar became so enraged that he kicked the table over, smashed the chairs and everything within his reach. The other four jumped onto him and were supposed to be pounding the life out of him. She rushed to the window and threw it up, shouting, "Fire, murder," and "police!" Then an officer rushed in through the door and she threw herself into his arms; when the men saw this they made a rush for the officer and dragged her out of his arms. While they were pounding him she screamed "Fire!" Then a fireman rushed up from a ladder on the outside and with the hose played a big stream of water on the fellows who were pounding the officer. While this was going on, the Hussar revived, jumped up and carried the girl off in his arms, crying, "She is mine. She is mine!" The curtain went down amid a big storm of applause. Then Mr. Meldrum walked on, leading the girl before the curtain, with the other members of the company following. The applause then became tremendous. She threw kisses to the boys in the gallery

and told them to divide them among themselves. I relate this to show you what I think was the funniest play I ever saw.

At another time I saw him play one of his funny characters called, "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing," which was a fine piece of acting. It put me in mind of a character in one of Olivia Stephen's books. I was a spiritualist and knew, all the time, that Justin was a medium. I had a desire to take him to one of Nettie Maynard's circles. While there, four of us would sit on the piano, which would be raised from the floor as the medium played. I wished to have him see this, but Mr. Warren would not permit it, saying, "I do not wish him to become en rapport with spiritualists." "But," I said, "he is a medium, and some day the world will know it." He said, "Before that happens I'll have him hid away in a pretty home upon the Hudson, where the world and its people will not be permitted to see him." But, alas, that never came to pass. Mr. Warren passed out of his body, and the medium became in time a public lecturer for spiritualism, giving tests, and making predictions, many of which have come to pass.

I could relate many other things connected with his life, which would be interesting to the public; it would take up too much of your valuable time, and also too much space in the book. Therefore, I will withdraw, leaving my love for the Little One, and thanking you for taking down my communication.

I remain your everlasting friend, and thank God to know that I was permitted to understand the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism before I passed out of my body. I know there are many frauds, who call themselves spiritual mediums, but one genuine medium makes up for a thousand of the low lived villains who rob the people of their money by fraud.

Yours in the kindest of thought. One who loved the truth always, no matter what it cost. Good night.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



David Davis

Chapter IV

DAVID DAVIS, Monday, June 10th, 1901.

My name is David Davis. By the people in the mortal form I was called the Honorable David Davis. The "Honorable" doesn't amount to anything on this side of life. It's your deeds and actions, and what you have done for your fellow beings that counts here.

I was asked by an intelligent band of spirits, to come here today and tell of my acquaintance with this medium. You have been informed by Mr. Lincoln where he first discovered him, which was in Chicago, Illinois. I see no use to give any further explanations on that point.

My first real acquaintance with this medium was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. He was in company with William Florence, the American comedian. They were two of the guests in attendance at a banquet given at said hotel, in honor of many prominent lawyers and judges of the courts of our grand Nation. Among others was Lawrence Barrett, the American tragedian, who sat conversing with the Little One as I entered the banquet hall, in company with Judge Edmonds, James G. Blaine, and a gentleman by the name of Mansfield. When we were seated, Lawrence Barrett came to where I was sitting, shook hands with me and asked after my health and other courtesies of the day. I said to him, "Mr. Barrett, who is that little person to whom you were speaking? He is now sitting beside Mr. Florence." Mr. Barrett said, "Oh, that Little One; he is a burlesque artist who represents, mostly, female characters. On the stage he is called the Dashing Blanchard." I said, "His face is very familiar to me, and it seems to me I must have met him somewhere. I very seldom forget a face, and his looks so familiar to me." Mr. Barrett said, "He has traveled a great deal.

and possibly you have met him in the West. He was connected with the Buckley Serenaders for a number of years, and played their female parts." I then said to Mr. Barrett, "I think I can locate him now. Isn't he the little fellow who used to play Cinderella?" Mr. Barrett said, "Yes, that was the first time I ever saw him, when I was quite a young man. He was then playing Cinderella. He is a good deal older than he looks. He always seems, to the people, only a boy, but he is up in years. How old, I really cannot tell you. I expect, presently, a gentleman here by the name of Mr. Warren, who has him in his care." I then made up my mind that I would speak to him if the chance came.

While Mr. Barrett and I were talking, a military looking gentleman came into the banquet room and surveyed the whole room with his eyes or, perhaps you would say, took in the whole room. When he located the little person, he walked over to where he was sitting and took a seat beside him; the little person looked up into his face and smiled. Then I discovered there was a strong friendship in that smile. Mr. Florence passed his hand over and grasped Mr. Warren's hand very warmly. I then discovered there was an acquaintance there, if not a strong friendship. All of a sudden Mr. Blaine stepped toward me and addressing me, said, "Mr. Davis, come with me. I would like to introduce you to a friend." I followed him, and to my astonishment, he introduced me to Mr. Warren, Mr. Florence and Little Justin. When we had spoken a few words in a friendly manner, I said to the Little One, "I believe I have seen you before." He said, "Possibly; thousands have seen me whom I never became acquainted with." I then said to him, "Do you remember, a number of years ago, in a hotel in Chicago, in the hall, you passed by a room where the door was open, and two gentlemen stood in the doorway? As you passed, you looked up, laughed and addressed one of them, saying, 'You are a raw-boned looking chap—you must be what they call a Western Hoosier.' Then you passed on to your room, where we heard a lady's voice reprimanding you for speaking that way to strangers. I was the heavier built one, whom you told the lady must be the father." He then laughed and said, "I think I do remember; Mr. Buckley told me afterward that the other one's name was Lincoln, that he was a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois." I then

told him I also dealt in law some. He spoke up and said, "You lawyers are a bad set and need watching," which made us all laugh. Then I addressed the most of my conversation to Mr. Warren and Mr. Blaine. In about half an hour we were all seated at the banquet table.

The next time I met him was in Pittsburg, Penn. He was playing with a company called the Lyceum Company. I stopped at the hotel where the company were; I think it bore the name, "Monongahela House."

When I entered the dining room, the head waiter said, "Step this way, sir," and to my surprise, he seated me opposite Mr. Warren and the Little One. When we recognized each other, we all smiled. The Little One spoke up and said, "You are that old lawyer fellow we saw at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, ain't you?" which caused a ripple of laughter to pass around the table. I said, "I am that old fellow, only a little older." Then he said, "Ain't you coming to see us tonight? Papa, write out an order to pass him and his girl in. You've got a girl, ain't you?" I said, "Several of them." He said, "Great Scott! How many?" I said, "I don't like to tell, just now." Mr. Warren said he would write out the pass after we had talked a little. The Little One asked me if I liked stewed kidneys, saying they had some there, which caused a ripple of laughter to go around the table.

After we had dined, we passed out into the lobby. The Little One stepped between us and took both our hands. Mr. Warren and I commenced to walk up and down the lobby, talk with each other, and as I looked down at the Little One's hand laid in mine, I think I beheld one of the most beautiful hands nature ever molded. It looked so beautiful that I stooped down and kissed it. He spoke up quickly, "Who told you to do that?" which made Mr. Warren laugh. Mr. Warren asked me to go to their rooms and join him in a cigar and a glass of wine. I went with them and spent the most enjoyable afternoon I had spent in years. We talked considerable on theatrical life, until Mr. Warren said, "Now, Little One, let me take off your shoes so you can lie down and take a nap; while you sleep I will entertain Mr. Davis." The Little One spoke up and said, "It wants some big fellow to entertain a big chap like him." Mr. Warren said, "You will excuse me a few minutes, Mr. Davis; I generally

sing him to sleep." Mr. Warren sat in front of the bed, took the Little One's hand in his and sang a pretty Scottish ballad. I then discovered that Mr. Warren had a rich bass voice. In about ten minutes the medium went to sleep. I then asked Mr. Warren, "Do you always sing him to sleep?" He said, "Yes, I have educated him to that." We then took up, for our conversation, the subject of military life, which was very interesting to me.

The next time we met was in the city of Washington, D. C. I saw their names among the arrivals at the hotels. I called upon them and received a very cordial greeting. The Little One led me to a large arm chair, saying, "Sit down there, old man; I want to see if you look as pretty as ever," which made us laugh. Then he said, "You'll have to be made President, some day, and eat up all the pies and cakes in the White House," which made us laugh again. All of a sudden, he stood very still and looked at me with a vacant stare in his eyes. When Warren looked at him he said, "Damn that influence. I wish it would stay away." I said, "What influence do you mean, and why does he look at me so strangely?" "Oh, you will find out before long; I wish they would go away and let him alone." I said, "Why go away?" When, all of a sudden, he turned and came toward me; sitting down on my knee he took up my fat hand between his two little hands, and with one of them, smoothed the upper part of my hand so gently. While he was doing this, suddenly I received a shock which seemed to pass through my whole body. He looked up and smiled, addressing me thus: "You will almost reach the highest seat in the government, but not quite, for Abraham must go higher than you." I said, "What Abraham are you speaking of?" when he smiled into my face and said, "Abraham Lincoln, the circuit lawyer." I said, "Well, what of him?" He looked at me and smiled again, saying, "One day Abraham Lincoln will be president of the United States." It made me laugh right out, for it seemed really mocking to think that my old friend Abe Lincoln would become president of the United States. I burst out laughing again, until my sides shook; when a voice spoke very solemnly, and with a distinct pronunciation said, "I George Washington, say so." I laughed and said, "You are a burlesque artist to perfection." Then the solemn

voice said, "Before you mock us too much, wait and see; for 'he who laughs last, laughs best.' When it comes to pass, our men's blood will fertilize the ground; for, when he takes his seat, the war trumpet will be blown, and kinsmen will face each other in battle. Mark what I say."

Then the influence seemed to pass away from him. He walked over to where Mr. Warren was sitting, and sat down on a foot-rest between his feet, laid his head on Mr. Warren's breast, and placed his hand inside of his vest saying, "Papa, I am tired and want to go to sleep." Mr. Warren placed his arms around him, and the Little One went to sleep. Mr. Warren addressed me, saying, "Mr. Davis, I look upon you as a friend, and, for God's sake, don't mention what you have heard here today to any living person. I ask you as a gentleman to make me this promise." I solemnly promised him that I would never mention it to a living being. He said, "My Little One is afflicted with a curse, which follows his race, which the people call witchcraft." I said, "Isn't this mediumship, which the spiritualists speak of so much?" He said, "Some people call it that. I am afraid it will cause my Little One to become an idiot." "Oh," I said, "I wouldn't look at it in that light, Mr. Warren. If this prediction comes to pass, then I will believe in the occult power of things, and not look upon Spiritualism as some people do, but as one of the laws which we do not understand, our education being deficient in power to teach us the reality of such a law." It came to pass, and I am a believer in spiritual power. This prediction was given a number of years, as I remember it, six years, before Lincoln was elected.

The next time I met Lincoln, in Illinois, and shook hands with him, I laughed right out in his face, thinking of the prediction, and that such a man as he would become president of the United States. He said, "Davis, what are you laughing at?" I said, "It surprises me to see how good looking you are growing, Abe." Then he said, "I thought you would discover it some time." Little did I think, then, that he would become the greatest man the Nation has ever known, and dear to the hearts of all the people. Oh, that fatal, fatal bullet, that destroyed the mortal body of one of God's greatest creations, Abraham Lincoln. Thy memory will always be green to the American Na-

tion and the wreath that has been woven for thy martyrs shall bloom into a garland of flowers, that shall crown the beauty that lays in thy memory for all time. Amen.

The next time I met the medium was in Washington, D. C., when Abraham Lincoln had become President of the United States. Now, sir, I am going to tell you something that Mr. Lincoln swore to keep a secret, and which, in fact, he did up to the present time.

He discovered that I knew some things in relation to what I am now going to tell, and addressed me one day, in spirit life, saying, "You and Mr. Blaine are acquainted with some facts connected with Mr. Warren, Justin and myself, no part of which I have ever divulged, in any way whatever, to any one, not even my private secretary. How did you discover our secret?" I laughed and said, "A lady gave me information concerning it." Then he said, "Do you mean a medium?" I said, "Yes." He said, "It beats all the Dutch that ever came out of Holland, how these mediums can tell these things." I said, "The medium does not tell the things, but the spirit that comes en rapport with the medium. Do you remember, one day I called at the White House and you were in conversation with Little Warren?" (He was always called "Little Warren" in those days.) He said to me, "Yes, I remember that occasion very well; you laughed to much at the Little One because he was dressed so peculiarly." I said, "Then do you also remember a lady who sent in her card and wished to be admitted to your presence? You granted her request and she was ushered into the room. You said, addressing her, 'Madam, what can I do for you?' She said, 'Mr. President, I came to see you about my son who is a lieutenant; I have been informed that he has been taken prisoner, and you can help me.' When you said, 'How, madam; in what way can I help you?' she pointed to the Little One and said, 'Through him,' you said, 'Give me time, and I will think it over,' and as you stepped to the door to let her pass out, she motioned for me to follow her and I thought I had made a mash. I then bade you good morning, said I would see you later, and withdrew from the room.

When I went out I found the woman standing on the walk. She approached me and said, "Your name is Mr. Davis." I

said, "Yes, madam; how did you know?" She said, "The voice tells me so." I said, "Are you what they call a medium?" She said, "Yes, I am; and you also are a medium." I said, "If I am I never have been aware of it; I never knew my mediumship to manifest itself in any way." She laughed and said, "I want you to draw me a diagram of the lay of the country around Richmond, and I will tell you a secret. Now you will promise me, as a gentleman, you will keep it to yourself?" I said, "I will keep any secret that a lady confides to me." She said, "Very well, I know you are a gentleman and that I can depend on you. You saw that little fellow in the room with the President?" To this I assented. Then she said, "The voice tells me he is a secret spy. What I mean by a secret spy is, that he carries secret messages from one officer to another, and finally brings them to President Lincoln. He has a wonderful memory and remembers all the ciphers; when the officers dare not commit any message to paper, they tell it to him. He keeps it in his memory, carries it to the President and, if anyone is present whom the President is entertaining, he walks into another room, marks down on a piece of paper the ciphers, which the President understands and can read, as each cipher means so many words. Then he rolls the paper into a small compass, comes into the President's room, looks around, making believe he is looking for something; when he gets close to the waste basket he drops it in there and, after a few minutes, leaves the room, carrying with him, perhaps, a newspaper or book. When the President is relieved of the visitor's presence, and the door is shut, he goes to the waste basket and finds the message. The President never leaves the room until he gets the message out of the waste basket. It is done in such a secret way that if the private secretary of the President, or anyone else, is present, they would never imagine for one moment that anything secret was going on between the President and the Little One."

Then I asked her what she wanted the diagram for. She said, "You have been in and around Richmond before the war, and can give me a diagram, which I will call for by four o'clock this afternoon." She called, and I had the diagram waiting for her. When she was seated and I had handed her the diagram, I said, "Now, madam, will you tell me how that will assist you?"

She said, "It is like this; that person leaves tonight with a secret message to a fellow spy who is inside the rebel lines; I am to go and stand on a certain road, so the voice tells me; I shall see an old, gray-haired woman coming along with a basket, filled with cookies and ginger-bread, to be sold to the rebel soldiers; I am to hand her this diagram and then await results." I asked her what road she was to wait upon. She said she was not permitted to tell. Then I asked her about what time this woman would come along. She said, "I am not even permitted to tell you that, but I will call tomorrow and tell you whether I see her or not." She called next morning at ten o'clock and I asked her what news she had to give me. She told me she had met the old woman, who had talked in a perfect Southern dialect. "I handed her the paper, when along came a darky, in a wagon, and said, 'Mrs. Campbell, wouldn't you like a lift on the way?' She said, 'I would,' and bade me good night. They rode into the darkness, and that was the last I saw of her."

Four days afterwards this woman and her son, the lieutenant, came to my apartment. I said, "Young man, how did you escape from prison?" He said, "It was like this sir. When I was first taken prisoner, I was put into a large room, with others, in Richmond. I had lost my coat and hat on the way and had nothing but my sword to show that I was an officer. They said they did not believe me and that I had stolen the sword from someone. They were building a fortification around Richmond and they thought they would humiliate us by compelling us to work with negroes on it. It turned out to be a fortunate thing for me, for an old woman came along one day, singing, and selling pies, cakes, ginger-bread and such things; an officer looked up and said, 'I'm damned if there ain't Old Georgia crackling again.' He said, 'Well Mag, what have you to sell today?' The old woman gave an old hag laugh and said, 'The best eatin's in the world, made out of Yankee stuff. One day I made one for you out of the pintins of everything,' and she handed him a fine looking pie, which made all our mouths water. When the officer had bit a piece out of it he said, 'Mag, you're a cook and no mistake.' She laughed and said, 'You bet.' She sat down near the officer until he had eaten the pie. Then she took a box out of her pocket and handed it to the captain, saying, 'Take a

pinch, Captain.' I noticed he took two large pinches of snuff, when he said, 'I'm damned, Mag, if you don't have the best snuff around here.' She said, 'You bet.' He asked, 'Where do you get it?' She answered, 'Steal it from the Yanks,' at which he laughed uproarously. He hollered to us and said, 'Do you hear that, Yanks?' Then she handed him the box with, 'Captain, take a good pinch.' Then he said, 'Mag, did you deliver my message?' She said, 'It never went into safer hands than I gave it to. Cap., take another good big pinch, for I won't be around here for three or four days. Try one of my new ginger cakes.' By the time he took the ginger cake I noticed his head began to nod one way and then the other; then he laid back on the bank and seemed to go to sleep; then, I think, I heard the most fiendish laugh that I ever heard in my life. The old woman came over to where we were, and said, 'Come boys, here, get a cake.' She handed the cakes all around and when she came to me she said, 'You look hungry,' and handed me a double cooky—that is, one stuck onto the other. Then her voice changed to one of the most musical I have ever heard and she said, 'Boys, be brave for your mothers and sisters at home. You will soon get out of here. God bless you all.' She flew over the bank as though she were thirteen or fourteen years old and disappeared in the brush in no time. While I was eating my cookies I discovered there was a little folded paper between them. I opened it up and discovered this diagram, sir," which he handed to me, saying, "You will see written on the back, 'Meet me as quick as your legs will let you, where the two streams meet, one mile due east from here.' I shot over that bank quicker than it takes to tell it and never stopped until I found where the two streams met. I looked around, but saw no one at first. In about ten minutes I saw a small person emerging from a thicket, dressed as a rebel lieutenant, which made me laugh, for I recognized the musical voice. He said, 'Ish, ish, or we will be discovered; follow me quick.' I followed him into the thicket and when we had gone about eight hundred feet we came to a little opening. There stood a negro holding three horses. The Little One stepped to a horse, took a pair of pants and a coat belonging to a rebel officer and said to me, 'Put those on as quick as you can and mount.' I did as requested. The negro led us this way and

that. It looked to me as if he didn't know where he was going. When we had ridden about four hours in this manner we came to a river where the water was quite low and forded it easily; mounting the bank on the other side we entered a dense forest of trees and undergrowth. I judge we had ridden through this for as least eight miles, when we came to a place and the negro said, 'We will dismount and rest here and let the horses eat some grass.' The negro took from his saddle-bags some food, which he handed around for us to eat. So we all ate some, the negro included. Then the negro said, 'Now, Little Warren, you take some sleep while I will stand guard.' I said, 'So will I, for I can't sleep.' I was so nervous and excited.

"We remained there until it was quite dark, when we remounted and struck out again. We rode at a lively gait and, in about two hours, were inside the Union lines. I cried for joy at sight of the Stars and Stripes. We rode up to an encampment of soldiers and stepped in front of the colonel's tent. The Little One vaulted from the saddle into the colonel's arms. The colonel said, 'Oh, my pet, my little pet, did you accomplish it?' The Little One pointed to me and said, 'That young man is the proof.' Then the colonel said to the negro, 'Take that young man,' meaning me, 'down to Betty's where he will get refreshment and a bed for the night, and my boy will join you in the morning.' When he had joined us in the morning he was no longer the rebel lieutenant, but a gay young laughing girl, with a pretty frock and pinafore and large hat tied on his head with beautiful scarlet ribbons, and on his feet the daintiest little pair of shoes that you ever saw. He, or she I should say, was riding on a horse beside the colonel when they came up in front of the cabin. She called out, 'Good morning, Betty and everybody inside there.' Then Betty said, 'Lor' bless 'im; thar is that child again.' She came out and said, 'Honey, what is they going to make of you next time?' The Little One said, 'God only knows, Betty; time only can tell. Now, gentlemen, let us mount and ride for Washington.' The colonel, being a tall man, bent over, took the Little one in his arms and kissed her several times, saying, 'Don't fail to come to me next Saturday, as you know how I feel when you are off on these expeditions.'

Betty said, 'Massa Warren, God has the Little One in His

care.' We bade our adieus, put spurs to our horses and started for Washington, and we got here, sir, last night at ten o'clock. My mother met us at the bridge. The spirits directed her to come here. The negro and the Little One disappeared and I haven't seen either of them since. My mother brought me here this morning to prove to you that spirits can return and direct the steps of their loved ones. I will now rest a few days and then report to my regiment. Mother says that I must call on the President before I return to my regiment," which he did. I relate these things to you, sir, to show you the life the medium lived during the war. I was requested to come and give this communication for your book and will leave my love for Justin, saying God bless the day that the spirit of George Washington predicted, through his mediumship, that Abraham Lincoln would become President of the United States, for a grander man never saw the light of day. I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and hope that which I have related about Justin's mediumship will throw some light on your beautiful philosophy called modern spiritualism. Thanking God and the angels that all humanity will have as much proof of it as I have. I would say that this incident is only one of the many services which the medium did for his country during the war. This is the benediction I send to my earth friends. Yours for truth always. Good night.

TUESDAY, June 11th, 1901.

There is one instance which I forgot to mention and I think it will be a benefit to the public if said instance is related. One day I called at the President's mansion. That was in the month of September, 1863. I was sitting conversing with President Lincoln in what they call the Blue Room. We were talking upon war topics, when a man appeared at the door and said, "Mr. President, there is a little mulatto girl outside who says she must see you immediately." Then the President said, "By what entrance was she admitted?" "I do not know, sir," the man said. "I first discovered her in the hall looking in at the door of the public room, sir. I said to her, 'Who do you want to see, and what do you want?' 'I wants to see Massa Lincoln, and right smart, too.' I said, 'I guess you must want to see Mrs.

Lincoln.' She said, 'I guess not, boss; I reckon I know who I want to see. I want to see Massa Lincoln before my mind gets cold,' which made me laugh, sir, and I thought, sir, you were possibly here in this room." Mr. Lincoln then said, "Show her in." which he did. Then entered a little mulatto wench, in a red frock and a bandana on her head. She took a sweet potato out of her pocket, a fair sized one, and said, "Massa Lincoln, my mother is the best raiser of sweet potatoes in the whole kintry, and she sends you this one as a present to show you how she can raise dem sweet potatoes." As the President reached out his hand to take the sweet potato, I noticed he grew pale. She looked up in his face with a mischievous look and laughed, saying, "Boss, it takes a big man to run this kintry, don't it now; dat's de reason they took you out of de whole lot to be dat man. Dat oder man ober dare sitting on a chair looks like he got all de good things in the kintry," which made us both laugh. As she turned to go I said, "Hold on there." She turned around and said, "What you white man wants?" I said, "What's your name?" She spoke up quickly, "Blue Blossom." I said, "Where did you come from?" She said, "Virginia." I said, "What part of Virginia?" She said, "Any part most likely to be found," which made the President smile. I said, "Can you sing any?" She said, "Somewhat, I reckon." I took a five dollar gold piece out of my purse and held it up. I said, "Now, Miss Blueblossom." At that she gave me one of the most niggery laughs I think I ever heard, and she said, "The white gemman calls the mixed up trash Miss—what's neider white nor black. Oh, golly, I'se frustrated." Then I said to her, "If you'll sing one of your songs and dance for me, you'll have this five dollar gold piece." She said, "I'se your picaninny." Then she started right off into a negro song in which she patted time with her feet, slapped her jaws with her hand, shook her head, at which I laughed so much I thought I should fall off the chair. She finished up with a dance, jumped into the air and struck a break and then bolted out of the room, at the same time snatching the five dollar piece out from between my fingers and while she did that she gave me a kick in the stomach that almost knocked the breath out of me. When I had recovered my wind again and looked up at the President he was laughing so that the tears were rolling down his

cheeks and holding his sides. I said, "God Almighty! Where do you suppose that creature came from?" Then he said, "If you will excuse me I will go and look after her and see whether she gets out of the house all right." Then I said, "Mr. President, let me look at that potato." He took no notice of my request, but walked out of the room with the potato. In about half an hour he returned, with a broad smile over his face. Then I said, "Abraham, what did you do with that potato?" as I had a strong impression, after he left the room, that that wench came for other business besides presenting the potato. To my question he said in his off-handed way, "Oh, I handed it to one of the servants to take to the kitchen." He sat down and conversed with me a little while longer, when he said, "Davis, I guess you will have to excuse me now, but call tomorrow and we will have a social chat. I have some business to attend to which requires my attention immediately." He bade me good morning and I withdrew. When I reached my room I felt a little drowsy. I laid down on a couch on which I was in the habit of taking a nap. I don't know how long I had slept when a knock at the door aroused me. I said, "Come in." A servant opened the door and entered, saying, "Mr. Davis, there is a lady waiting below who would like to see you." I said, "Show the lady up to my sitting room." A few minutes afterward I heard the servant opening the door and showing her into the sitting room. I passed from my sleeping room into the sitting room, where I beheld the lady medium. She laughed and said, "Mr. Davis, you did not expect to see me." I said, "No, madam, I did not." She said, "You were at the President's mansion this morning and were entertained by Mr. Lincoln in the Blue Room. While there, a mulatto wench was ushered into your presence—that is, into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and yourself. She gave the President a sweet potato, then sang and danced at your request." I said, "Madam, how do you know all this?" She said, "While sitting in my room I saw it all clairvoyantly. The President thinks he keeps all the secrets locked up in his breast. Little does he think that spirit power can unfold those secrets and reveal them to me." I said, "It is astonishing, Madam, this spirit power." She laughed and said, "Oh, you will realize it before you are through with it, Mr. Davis." Then she said, "The

centre of that sweet potato was hollowed out and valuable communications rolled up and placed therein. Then the sweet potato was fastened together with some kind of gum and rolled in the dirt so you could not detect it. Those communications were stolen from Gen. Robert E. Lee by one of his officers, whom the little person had fascinated, he thinking she was a real girl and falling under the power of her blandishments or her fascinating spell. She said if he would give her some valuable communications from his general he might hope some day to win her hand. He betrayed his master like Judas did Jesus. She entered the rebel camp in the guise of a mulatto girl. He had the communication in the sweet potato already waiting her coming. He met her in a piece of timber outside of the rebel camp. When he saw her coming his joy knew no bounds. He gave her the potato, which she hastily placed in her bosom. He hugged her and kissed her passionately, then he said, 'Oh darling, promise me that you will be mine.' She said, 'Let us live in hope of what the future will bring us.' He kissed her passionately again, then she fled into the night like a wild deer. She had no shoes or stockings on, so that they might not hear her coming." Then the lady said to me, "Mr. Davis, the spirits showed it all to me this morning clairvoyantly. I have been held in the clairvoyant state over three days, off and on, following the wanderings of that wild creature, for she is a wild creature, God knows. The spirits have not shown me the outcome of it all yet. The old woman, the rebel lieutenant, and the mulatto girl are all one and the same person, who is the Dashing Blanchard, who plays at certain times at one of our theatres here. The spirits have shown me how she carried some of her communications. They are rolled up like small pellets and when she thinks there is any danger, she swallows them, and makes tracks for Washington, where she has a stool, and that stool is examined until the pellet is found. You must understand, Mr. Davis, it takes so much fine paper to make a pellet of that size, when done up into such a small condition, that when taken into the mouth it cannot be masticated, nor will it be dissolved in the internal organs, but passes through the channel and is discovered in the stool, in the same form that it had been swallowed. The spirits tell me this is one of the inventions of that person, given him by a spirit.

The spirits have shown me where the little person has been caught several times, but she would fascinate the officer or whoever had her in custody, so that they would allow her to escape. God knows, Mr. Davis, what the end of it shall be. She is so reckless and daring that Mr. Warren expects to hear of her having been shot any day." But, while she was talking, there came over me a feeling that the Little One would escape through it all; and I was willing to predict that he would. He still lives in the body, and will soon be seventy-three years old. Therefore, I do not think my prediction went amiss. I was requested to come back, sir, and relate this incident, which was one of many that occurred during the war; similar ones have occurred throughout his whole life.

I think he was the strangest being I ever became en rapport with, and would like to know if anyone ever understood him; Mr. Warren thinks he did, but I doubt it. The Little One has been a bird of passage from clime to clime, but some day he will rest upon a branch and renew his strength. That branch will belong to the tree of knowledge and the main trunk will grow in spirit life and spread its branches throughout space. Oh Time, Time, give him a resting place where he may renew his strength and gird on his armor, then go forth again to battle with life as we must all do in time. I thank you, Mr. Hulburd, for your kindness in taking down this, which must be added to the other part of the communication. Your friend in Love, Truth and Charity.

This communication that I give, I, said David Davis, do hereby solemnly say, that all contained therein is true. I, being one of the prominent individuals, know whereof I speak. I, said David Davis, was well acquainted with the medium; and all the facts herein mentioned were to me a reality as I took part therein, to a certain extent, being a witness to some of said manifestations. The secret herein related was known only to President Lincoln of the United States, Mr. Warren, of the army, Little Warren, who was known as Justin, James G. Blaine, Mrs. Betty Foster of Boston, who was the lady medium, and myself, David Davis. The facts herein mentioned were never known to the public or printed in any publication, so far as I know. The reason it was kept a secret was that if given to the public, the assassin's dagger might reach the Little One. He has been shot

at four times during his life and dodged the assassin's bullet by a miraculous coincidence, which God and the angels must have had a hand in. Little do people think how they are saved from a fatal step or the assassin's bullet by spirit power. All that this communication contains, and a great many wonderful escapes that I do not mention herein, this medium has passed through without a scathe or mark of any kind. We do not mention any more of them for the simple reason that it would take up too much space in the book. I give this now to the public, knowing that it will not hurt the medium, as peace now covers our beautiful land and he is an old person, almost seventy-three, whose hair is white. The great experience he has passed through during his life would make a large and interesting novel for the readers of our Nation, as well as all other civilized nations. He has been a hero in a quiet way, which others also can testify. Many of the secret communications that he bore in person to said President of the United States would make a wonderful volume, if published; I think it would have been well for our readers at large; that is, if Mr. Warren would have granted permission to make public their hair-breadth escapes during the war; also the communication that I received from Ex-President Washington through the organism of Little Justin, six years before Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. To me that was a wonderful communication, and I think our Nation should have been made acquainted with the fact; but I gave my solemn promise to Mr. Warren, as a gentleman, that I would not divulge the secret to anyone, and I kept it until I entered spirit life, when Mr. Lincoln acquainted me with the fact that I was co-partner in that secret which I have opened up to the reading public, for their benefit.

Hoping Little Justin will forgive me for the liberty I have taken with his secret. Your friend as ever

DAVID DAVIS.

Now a dweller in spirit life, who thanks God that birth was given to him on the great American soil, who gives three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, the most beautiful flag in the world. Thank God the Gray and the Blue shake hands over the great chasm called death; it is only taking on the new birth wherein reason teaches us life is immortal.

James G. Blaine

Chapter V

JAMES G. BLAINE, Saturday, June 15th, 1901.

I am requested by a particular friend of mine, Mr. Warren, to come today and give a communication for your book. My name is James G. Blaine. I was well known throughout America. At one time the Republican party put my name up for President. I ran against or in opposition to Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic candidate. I was elected, but ruled out by the Democrats, as they played an unprincipled part, which all the respectable people of the United States know and understand. I was truly elected.

But the principal cause that brings me here today is in relation to this medium, Justin. I first saw Justin when he was connected with the Buckley Serenaders. The troupe was playing at one of the Broadway theatres in New York. It was a good many years ago, just how many I cannot tell. The next time I saw him was in Albany, New York, with Adah Isaacs Menken, under the name of the Dashing Blanchard. The next time I met him was in Boston, Mass., playing with the Buckley Serenaders.

The next time I met him was at a reception or banquet given at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where for the first time I met Mr. Warren. We conversed at considerable length during the evening. A little group of us got together, after the banquet was over. We went off into one part of the room by ourselves. The group consisted of Mr. Warren, Little Justin, Mr. Davis, Mr. Florance, Mr. Page and myself. Our conversation became quite interesting. Mr. Florance entertained us very highly with a description of his travels in Europe. It was quite amusing to hear him tell of his first appearance before the English public. Mr. Page also interested us with his travels through Spain, Italy,

Norway, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany and France. After they had interested us quite highly on the different subject of their travels Mr. Davis said, "Now come, Little Justin, tell us some of your travels." The Little One spoke up and said, "Mine would not be interesting to anyone, as I always was a deck hand." Mr. Davis said, "Why, what do you mean by that?" The Little One said, "I always stood in the background while the mashers took the front seats," which was the cause of quite a laugh. Mr. Warren said, "The Little One couldn't tell you how many miles it is from here to Boston, as many times as he has traveled it. There are two things which he never seems to take into consideration; they are time and distance. He never seems to know what time it takes to go from one place to another, or how far the distance is. I have been trying to educate him into that so that if he is questioned on the subject; for illustration, if he was asked, how far is it from New York to Florida, it would be possible for him to tell you; or from New York to Chicago. The other day I asked him how far it was from New York to Sandy Hook. He said, 'I guess it must be as much as a mile, ain't it?' which made me laugh. I said, 'Puss, how far is it from here to New Orleans?' He said, 'I don't know, nor I don't care; she is down there and let her stay there. I ain't a worrying about her.'" Just then he pointed at me and said, "That gentleman wants to ask me a question. I know it. I feel it." Then I said, "How did you know that I wanted to ask you a question?" He said, "I saw it in your eyes. The battery was switched off from those other folks and attached to you." Which made us all laugh. Then I told him, "I did want to ask him a question." Then he said, "Gentlemen, please give your full attention to the school teacher," which caused another laugh. When I said, "How far back can you remember in your life?" he said, "Ever since Adam made God," which brought another laugh. I said, "Can you remember from the age of three?" He said, "Oh, yes, indeed." I said, "What took place that you can remember when you were three years old?" He then said, "My grandmother took a hold of me by the hair and wooled me good and said she would knock the devil and the witchcraft out of me." Mr. Page spoke up and said, "Oh, how cruel, how cruel; nature had made you what you were and then you were punished

for it." The Little One spoke up and said, "Grandmother always told me that I was only fit for the gipsys and the show people. She said that they were the two worst classes of people living. When I was about four and a half years old, there came along a lot of gipsys and I went off with them, thinking I must surely belong to them, when my grandmother said they were the only people I was fit to live with. My grandfather followed them up, found me and brought me back. I came to this country and took up with the other side of the question, which finally landed me amongst the show people. But the Lord kept me from lawyers, for I think they are the worst of all," which caused an uproarious laugh. I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks. When I looked over toward Mr. Florance he was laughing and holding his sides. He shouted out, "The Little One has made the hit of the evening," and then fell to laughing again. Mr. Davis said, "Justin, I am afraid you are hard on lawyers." Justin said, "No, sir, I am soft on them; anyone who has any money and gets into their clutches becomes soft before they get through with them," which caused another big laugh. We laughed so hilariously that many in the banquet room were attracted to where we sat. Lawrence Barrett came up and placed his hands on Mr. Warren's shoulders, saying, "Is the Little One reading the gentlemens' characters?" Then Mr. Warren said, "Oh, no, he has been merely relating some of his life and hopes God will protect him from lawyers." While we were sitting there a large number of people gathered and sat around us. Mr. Lawrence Barrett said, "Now, Justin, see if you can describe some of the traits of character of the people present." Then Mr. Warren said, "Don't, Barrett; not here." It was too late. The influence had already taken hold of Justin. He described the surroundings of many of them, and also traits of their character, which brought applause. I saw it annoyed Mr. Warren very much to have any such thing take place in public. I whispered to Mr. Warren when I got a chance, "Don't feel vexed; people are getting to understand this phenomena." When Justin came out from under the influence Mr. Warren arose and said, "Gentlemen, I will bid you good night," and as he did so he gave Mr. Barrett a scornful look which I think he never forgot. He took Justin by the hand and led him from the banquet room. Mr.

Page and myself followed them. When we all got onto the sidewalk in front of the hotel I stepped up to Mr. Warren and said, "I am glad that I have met you, and hope it won't be our last meeting." He said, "Call and see me, gentlemen, at our rooms. We are stopping at the New York Hotel, just now." He opened the door of his carriage, handed the Little One in, bade us good night, stepped in and shut the door.

The next afternoon at three o'clock Mr. Davis, Mr. Page and myself called at their rooms at the hotel. When we were shown up by the bell boy, he knocked at the sitting room door; it was opened by the Little One, who gave us a cordial greeting, in this wise, "Why, you great big Western Bears, how did you ever manage to get up stairs. I heard heavy footfalls, and thought they were practicing horses to go up and down stairs in case of fire." He said, "For Heaven's sake come in and get seats before the people find out you're here. Barnums looking for curiosities just now," which made us all laugh as we had become somewhat acquainted with his ways and quaint sayings. I said "Where is Mr. Warren?" He said, "The old gentleman is out on the mash just now. He is following a brass band down the street. If he gets the mitten he will be back after awhile, so don't feel uneasy. You will see him walking in with his Friday smile." With that he rose and went to the bell cord and drew it, which was answered in about ten minutes. When the bell boy knocked at the door, he opened it and said, "Bring four lemonades with plenty of ice and long straws. I've got a Hoosier delegation here from the west that I want to freeze up. If I don't there will be an explosion of gas." The bell boy said, "All right Justin," and went off laughing. He shut the door and came back and sat down, looked at us saying, "Now see that you sharpen your wits, when the governor comes he will question you mightily." He had hardly spoken the words when Mr. Warren walked in. He went up and took Mr. Warren's hands in his and said, "Your lordship, you see the menagerie is already awaiting your coming. Command them to go through their funny tricks so that I may laugh at their brilliant eloquence." Mr. Warren commenced to laugh and said, "Come here. You may sit on my lap now and get ready for your afternoon nap." While he was sitting on Mr. Warren's lap Mr.

Warren hummed a pretty little tune and in a few minutes we noticed the Little One went to sleep. Mr. Warren then carried him into an adjoining room and laid him on a bed. When he returned, he said, "I always sing him to sleep." I then said, "Mr. Warren, how old is he?" In reply he said, "He is twenty-four years of age, but as you see only a child in nature." When I said, "He may be only a child in nature, but he retorts sometimes with a sarcasm which is of a very sharp nature." Mr. Warren then said, "A good deal of the time he is under a certain influence that feeds him with language and shrewd answers, but of himself he is only a child whom I would not give up for the whole world were it offered to me this afternoon. There is only one thing that can take him from me and that is death." Then Mr. Davis said, "Warren I hope it will be many years before that comes to pass." Mr. Warren then said, "I hope he will go first so I can see his body laid away; to leave him to the world will be something dreadful. He is innocent and looks upon all people as being honest and they can coax anything out of him that he has. I have now to go and collect his salary Monday morning. If it were given to him he wouldn't have half of it when he got to the hotel, there would be so many leaches waiting to borrow from him."

After Mr. Warren had spoken those words, we heard a terrible groan in the next room accompanied by words such as these, "Oh God don't show me any more," when he rushed from the inner room, got down between Mr. Warren's legs and hid his face under his dressing gown. Mr. Warren patted him on the head and said "Don't be frightened little on, papa is holding you tight and nothing will harm you." Then Mr. Warren said to us, "I wish they would not show him those dreadful things." Mr. Page spoke up and said "Will he tell you what he has seen?" Mr. Warren said, "Tell Papa what you saw." The Little One wrapped the dressing gown around him and said "I don't think they can hear now," but we paid close attention and bent our ears towards him. When he said, "Papa there has been a terrible wreck at sea. It aint by our country papa but by that country away across the ocean. Oh, there was such a big ship full of people, and the name of the ship was 'Clifton.'" Then Mr. Warren said, "How could you tell

that, you can't read such a long name as that?" When he said "Papa I spelled out the letters and the voice said her name was Clifton." Then I discovered that the Little One had very little education, and understood that he could spell only small words. (The telegraph flashed the news across its wires and the morning papers spoke of a large passenger ship, sailing vessel, which had struck a rock coming from Queenstown; she went to pieces and there were only four out of that immense number of passengers saved to tell the tale. The rest went down with the ship. It was a terrible disaster and caused a great deal of mourning in New York for most of the passengers were coming to live with their relatives there. The shipping company had put down the passage fare quite low and the ship was filled with poor emigrants coming to America.) I spoke up and said, "Mr. Warren does this influence often show him such things." He said, "Quite frequently and I am afraid it will unbalance his mind." We felt they wanted to be alone. We bade them good afternoon and withdrew from the room. When we were in the hall and about to descend the stairs, Mr. Page said, "That is a strange being and I am glad that he has Warren to protect him, for you can see gentlemen, Mr. Warren's whole life is centered in the Little One. If anything was to happen to take the Little One from him it would kill him." Mr. Davis said, "I hope to God nothing like that will ever occur for he is a strange creature and requires some one's love to protect him. I could love such a child as that with my whole soul." We descended the stairs and when we reached the side-walk, called a cab which took us to our own hotel. While riding in the cab Mr. Davis said, "I feel there is something in that little one's life in which we will have to play a part. I cannot tell you why but I feel as if there was a magnetic current drawing me closer and closer in touch with him."

The next time we all met was in Washington. In Mr. Davis' communication he has related to you the circumstances through which we were connected with Justin. In company with a friend I frequently visited Justin's rooms where we spent many pleasant hours, for to me he was a freak of nature, a curiosity and a study that was hard to unravel. I have noticed at the theatre when he was playing that he would laugh and cry

almost in the same breath. My friend would say to me, "James don't you think Justin is a mystery." I would say, "Not only a mystery but a wonder, a great wonder, as long as I have known him, I do not understand him yet." Then my friend Cooke would say, "That is why I love him so because no one seems to understand him but Mr. Warren." Justin has such a nature that he would lay down his life for those he likes, but, Oh God, I feel the future has a hard life in store for him. I would not want to be a medium for all the wealth this city contains. Where it will all end for him, God only knows; he worries me so in my dreams. There is some mystery James in his life that we do not understand. I do not mean any crime or anything in that way. I would call at the Hotel sometimes. He would not be there and no one would seem to know where he was. Then I would go to the theatre and ask for him. They would tell me he had not been there in three or four days. I would say, "Where do you suppose he is?" They would answer me, saying, "God only knows. He is a strange being. We go to the Hotel to find out about him and no one seems to know when he left or when he will return. He will appear all of a sudden some morning at rehearsal saying to the stage manager, "You can put me down for such a date." When I would tell this to any one they would say, "He is a strange being and I think you will find some day he will go insane."

I will now close my communication saying I think he is quite sane yet. I thank you Mr. Hulburt for taking my communication down and hope it will be of some benefit to the book and to the public. I will also add that many of the public predictions he has made have come to pass, so that the people will see that he made no error in predicting them.

Yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.



William E. High

Chapter VI

WILLIAM E. HIGH, Tuesday evening, May 28th, 1901.

My name is William E. High. I was born in Pennsylvania. I came to this country before the gold excitement died out. My brother John E. High also came to this country. We worked up in the northern part of the state. Finally we came to San Diego in the southern part of the State. We were well known as men of some means both in land and rented property. We were connected with one of the banks of San Diego.

What brings me here today is in connection with the desert. The predictions that the medium made of the desert, to me, will be more than fulfilled. Gentlemen, there will be one of the largest cities there in that part of the United States, and several other towns of consequence. It will become the greatest fruit belt of any part of the world. I do not hesitate in saying, any part of the world. There will be canals north, south, east and west that will convey the water to all parts of the desert, in time. It will become a very wealthy district. Understand me, I do not mean to say that all the wealth will be found in the locality of the center of it. No, for there will be found in the hills surrounding it gold, silver, copper and other minerals. There is everything located, surrounding the desert to make it a very wealthy district. There will be found stone, plaster, cement and all other materials connected with building. There are quite different building materials in different classifications of stone. The time will come when some of the handsomest buildings in the world will be erected in what you now call the desert. They will find in time that the riches, in and around it, are unbounded. They will not only find minerals but they will find precious stones. They will find beds of jasper and other minerals of that kind. They will find onyx, near by.

which is very precious for decorating buildings, such as mantles and ornamentations for the interior of rooms. They will discover a grass which will draw a great deal of the sourness and much of the alkali out of the ground. They will also plant a species of tree which will draw much of the alkali out of the ground and those trees will also absorb much of that fever, which will be in the atmosphere, when they get a certain growth. I as a spirit am interested in the progress of the desert. That is why I tell you of these qualifications which surround it. It will become a paradise and the home of the invalid. In time there will come millions of money. In this city when once in business operations and when things are flowing at the full tide of prosperity, lots will become more expensive there than in Los Angeles or San Diego. The climate and productions will bring this to bear and through them they will realize greater comforts there than in any other part of the United States. They will construct their houses in such a manner that they will have cool rooms for the heat of the summer. There will be a fan invented that will keep the rooms cool and at just the normal temperature so that people can lie down and take a sleep in peace and comfort when they desire to do so.

I desire to remark that Little Justin is the most truthful medium I have ever met. Many of his predictions have come true and others will be fulfilled in time. I wondered why such a medium as he came to live in these mountains, but now I understand it all. It was for a high development so that his organization could be tuned up to such a pitch in spiritual growth that these ancient spirits could communicate through his condition.

I wish also to speak of my own condition. I was very sensitive and easily led by others to the ruin of my brother and myself. I was psychologized and held under a condition by one of the worst scoundrels who ever walked in shoes and what he could not accomplish his companion could. Their names were Shephard and Tonner. This scoundrel who bore the name Shephard led me to think, through my condition he could elevate Spiritualism if we furnished the money, which we did. He built a large establishment which I found in time was to build up his name and entertain his friends and also those connected

with the catholic church. There was as much Spiritualism in his make up as you would find in a hog. He was the worst person I ever came across in my life. He held me under his power and through that condition I led my brother into the same financial straits and humiliated condition through which we had to pass; all through this imposter and his accomplice.

I next went into the trap of a woman that bore the name of Smith. She was a widow. I did not take the warning that Dickens said, "Beware of the widows." She came to me with wonderful visions, that is she said, "God had shown her those visions in which my father and mother and relations, on bended knees, begged of her to marry me to save myself and brother from ruin, and finally through her condition and lying tongue we were finished up; I am sorry to think and regret that I ever led my brother into it, but the first communications I ever received through this medium were truthful ones, therefore I looked upon all other mediums as being truthful also. Being servants or as you might say organizations to be used by spirits, I thought I would hear nothing but that which was truthful, but alas, I found I had made a dreadful mistake. Most of them I found were nothing but traveling mountebanks and too lazy to earn an honest living and by that means resorted to all kinds of trickery to take people's honest money from them.

My life with that woman whom I married was anything but a happy one. She was a schemer from the word go. My brother and other friends do not know what I had to live down to keep peace in the family. If I ever committed any crimes in life I paid for them with interest when compelled to live in the society of that woman, but I thank God and the spirits that release came at last through the gate which the people call death. It is a misnomer. It means real life. Now I can see and realize all conditions. I know who are my friends and who were my friends when in the body.

Justin predicted my death before a number of people in that large room in the other house and to prepare my financial matters accordingly as I would soon pass out of the body. He told me that some of my people needed help and I should give it to them but alas that woman who was called my wife held me in her grasp. He told me that when the time should come to

be prepared to pass out of the body, that I would become disgusted with humanity in general and especially with that woman, pointing at her. With that she flew into a terrible rage and I wondered why the medium kept so calm and quiet but, since I have passed to spirit life, I discovered it was my wife, Susan, who controlled him and made the prediction, which I did not expect would come to pass so soon. That woman who calls herself my wife hates this medium like a rattlesnake and would kill him if she dared.

I came to give you this communication to show you and the public at large, that the Spiritual philosophy is a truth, and no one can escape from it. There is a greater hell here than that of brimstone and fire, which is the conscience and every one will be judged according to his acts.

I thank you, Mr. Hulburd, for taking down my communication and hope you will be rewarded for the same.

Now I wish my brother John, Dr. Meyer and yourself to sign as being present at the communication.

WILLIAM E. HIGH.

Given in the presence of, E. W. HULBURD, JOHN E. HIGH, F. D. C. MEYER.

Foley McKeavor

Chapter VII

FOLEY McKEEVOR, Friday, May 31st, 1901.

My name is Foley McKeavor. I was born in Ireland. I was brought to America by my grandfather and people. My mother had already preceded us to this country. When my grandfather brought me over I was quite a little child and I became moon blind coming over, from sleeping on the deck at night as it was very hot.

When I arrived in this country and had been here about a month, I was taken to a dispensary by my mother to have my eyes treated, which helped me a great deal and restored my sight, but I always remained very short sighted and could not read anything, a paper or a book, unless I had it close up to my eyes.

My people were Roman Catholics and sent me to a little Catholic school connected with the church. There I learned my A. B. C's and to spell and read some. We moved to another part of the city and it was too far for me as a child to attend the Catholic school but near by to our home was a public school where I was sent. There I found many pleasant children of my own age who were very kind to me and took pity on my condition seeing I was so near sighted. After awhile I got to like the public school very much as I found so many kind friends there. At the Catholic school they treated me hard as I was so hard to learn on account of affliction and I was glad when we moved away from that neighborhood and I did not have to attend the school any more. I tell you this to show you what my condition was as a child.

When I was twelve years old I was an altar boy in the Catholic Church and was looked upon as rather remarkable on account of my singing voice. Father Hughes was always kind

to me and always had a kind word when he met me and requested the boys not to get too close to me on account of my sight, it was so bad. He treated my eyes magnetically with his hands which I know was a great help to them. Father Hughes used to tell me that he knew that our loved ones were around us and that they would help us if we put ourselves in proper condition to receive them and that I must pray to the virgin to assist me that I might get better sight as I grew older. I had full confidence and believed in all he said for he was so kind to me.

Now as to my professional career. I was known on the stage and to the public as the great "Ricardo." My first appearance was with Bryant's Minstrels under the name of Master Burnside. After my engagement was up there I left the stage and attended an academy of learning where I became a pupil for over three years. I gained in health and strength and my eyesight also became much better but I still remained near-sighted. While I was attending the Academy I saw an advertisement in the papers where they wanted chorus singers at Kelly and Leon's Minstrels. I applied. They tested my voice and engaged me right away. I remained under their engagement about sixteen months when a gentleman by the name of Purdy said to me, "You should not be a chorus singer. You should be a solo singer with your voice."

One evening he brought me to Richard M. Hooley of Hooley's Theatre. Mr. Purdy knocked at the private office door, a voice called out, "Come in if its on business, if not stay out." Mr. Purdy opened the door and we entered the office. Mr. Hooley rose from his desk, a very dignified looking person and said, "What is your business with me this morning?" Mr. Purdy addressed Mr. Hooley and said, "I have brought a young person here whom I think has a very rare voice." Mr. Hooley in answer said "All boys have rare voices but lose them very soon." Just then we heard some one laughing, when immediately through the door of the box office came a little person about four feet eight inches tall, into the private office. As he entered the office he turned and said "John, let you tell that to the individual in the box office," which was Mr. Hooley's brother as I learned afterward. As the little one came close to me I saw

he had a large, dark blue eye, dancing with merriment. He went towards Mr. Hooley and looked up at him laughing, and said, "Good morning, your lordship, I am afraid your breakfast doesn't act well the way you are looking this morning." He rubbed his hands across Mr. Hooley's stomach which made the gentleman smile. Then Mr. Hooley looked rather severe and said, "Puss, I am afraid you are a little late for rehearsal. You have been gassing so long in the office with brother John, this morning;" when all of a sudden the Little One struck an attitude very tragic and raised his little hand and stuck it in Mr. Hooley's side and cries out aloud "Richard, Richard, my kingdom for a horse." Then he made a bolt for a door that led into the auditorium of the theatre but before he got there, Mr. Hooley reached out his arm and laughingly said, "Come back here, Little One, I want to introduce you to these people." The Little One then stood by the side of Mr. Hooley, Mr. Hooley placing his right arm around his neck, drew him up to him and said, "Gentlemen, this is our little mascot, Justin." Justin bowed with his head towards us while his heels flew out behind him which made Mr. Hooley laugh quite hilariously. It was pretty hard for the Little One to keep his feet on the floor those days. He addressed us saying, "Gentlemen, who are you and what is your business, is it professional or non professional?" which made Mr. Hooley laugh. Then he stepped forward and took both my hands in his and said, "Poor boy, you have bad sight." I said, "I have." Then I could feel the magnetic current run through my body and we became friends immediately. Then Mr. Purdy addressed Mr. Hooley saying, "Will you give him a chance? Will you try his voice?" With that the Little One went to Mr. Hooley and took his big hand in both of his and said, "Of course you will." Mr. Hooley smiled and said, "What makes you think, Little One, that I will?" "Because he has a beautiful voice and I know it." Then the Little One stepped forward and said, "Come, we will try your voice." Mr. Hooley said, "Hold on there, I didn't say we would test his voice." Justin spoke up and said, "I said we would," then we passed out of the door toward the stage. After we passed out, Mr. Purdy stood there mute and looked at Mr. Hooley. Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "We will have to let the Little One have his own way or there will be a row. I

expect some morning he will be bringing in a lot of boot-blacks to have their voices tested. He says, we must always give voices a chance, perhaps sometime we may find a young Shakespeare among them." He took me back upon the stage still holding my hand, and led me to the center of the stage where stood a large portly man, whom, I learned afterward, was Mr. Cool White. Justin said to him, "Say Cool, old man, here's a star if he only knew it, let us give him a chance." Mr. White said, "Who will you bring next? Can't you wait until rehearsal is over?" Justin said, "No, we are going to try it right now." I discovered afterward, he had his own way in about everything in and about the stage.

He led me forward to the footlights and addressed the leader who was a Mr. Hoffman and said, "Fred, old boy, here's a person, we want to try his voice. We want to see if he can raise the roof off the building." Mr. Hoffman laughed and addressed me saying, "What will you sing?" I had no music with me. The Little One looked up and said, "Sing 'I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls,' by the look of your mouth I think you could twist that out." Fortunately for me it was one of my favorite songs to which I always did full justice no matter where I sang it. While Mr. Hoffman was playing the introduction, Mr. Hooley and Mr. Purdy walked down the centre aisle and took seats right back of the Orchestra. I then commenced to sing, the Little One holding my hand all the time which I believe gave me courage as the full company was called on the stage by Mr. Hooley to listen to me. When I had finished singing the first verse they all applauded, when Mr. White spoke up and said, "I'm damned if I don't believe the Little One has hit it this time." The Little One spoke up and said, "Of course you great big rooster. I have." I discovered afterwards he had pet names for all the company. When Mr. Hoffman was playing the introduction for the second verse he says, "Hold on Fred, old boy." Then he took both my hands and said, "You just sing to me and don't think of those other galoots at all. You just let it out for all its worth and imagine I'm Queen Victoria." It made me smile for he made me so at home that I let my voice out with all its power in the second verse. When I had finished I turned around towards Mr. Hooley and Mr. Purdy and found

that Mr. Hooley was stroking his long beard and saying to himself, "So-so." The Little One dropped my hand and said, "You are engaged, come back here and take a seat until I get the harness on and enter the arena for a few hours." While rehearsal was going on and I was sitting at the back part of the stage, Mr. Hooley got up and beckoned for me to follow him to the private office. The Little One discovered him beckoning for me and said, "Go to the office and sign your death warrant and I will see you after rehearsal." Mr. White and Justin came into the private office. I had just signed a contract for two years when Mr. Hooley said, "Friends, we will go and have lunch. I have sent a boy to order it." Justin spoke up and said, "Dick, I won't go if we don't have baked crabs." Mr. Hooley said, "Puss, you shall have just what you want and a bottle of champagne to wash it down." The Little One said, "Shoot your champagne, I want beer every time." Just then Mr. White drew him onto his lap and said, "You are the worst old crab in town." We all got up and left the office and were joined at the front entrance by John Hooley, the brother of Mr. Hooley; the Little One went between them, holding them both by the hand as they walked along, he was swinging their arms and talking to them all the time. He always appeared to me a young one and never grew old as long as I knew him.

When we had taken our seats around the table in the dining hall, Mr. Hooley said, "What name shall we give you?" Then the Little One spoke up right off and said, "Ricardo, of course, that is Italian for Irish." Then they all burst out laughing and some of the people at adjoining tables joined in a hearty laugh. The Mayor of the city spoke up and said, "He is a sou-brette off the stage as well as on it." Which caused another hearty laugh. That is the way I came to get the name of Ricardo," and I bore it afterward during my whole life. That was the most enjoyable meal I ever sat down to, during my whole existence in the body. I had never had the pleasure of tasting champagne before as I was always too poor; and I never expected to sit down to a table with such high-toned society as were present there, on that day. Many who were dining there were Mr. Hooleys invited guests.

While we were laughing and talking and making merry over

the meal, who should walk into the dining hall but Gen. Grant, Gen. Meade, Gen. Warren and Mr. Blaine. They were being provided with seats at a table at the extreme end of the dining hall, when Mr. Hooley happened to turn around and discovered them, and arose saying, in a loud voice, 'No you don't gentlemen, here is where you belong.' On hearing the voice Gen. Grant turned around and said, "Well, if there aint Richard himself." Mr. Hooley went over where they were and invited them to come and be seated along side of us. The waiters provided another table and spread it with a cloth. Mr. Hooley then said, "Gentlemen order what you want." Mr. Warren spoke up and said, "Bring us what you have." After that the friends were all introduced to one another around the long table. Mr. Warren then said, "Richard, where is my Little One? He hadn't been home when I left." Gen. Meade said, "Yes, where is the Little One, I haven't seen him in four months?" Mr. Blaine said, "I haven't seen him in a year." Gen. Grant spoke up and said, "Some giant has come along and put him in his pocket and carried him off," which started them all laughing again.

When Justin saw them coming over with Mr. Hooley towards our table, he got behind Mr. White, who was a large portly man, and hid him entirely, so that none of the party could see him. Mr. Hooley said, "He was here a little while ago, but the Lord knows, you never do, unless you have him by the hand, or the head, or somewhere." Then all of a sudden he pops from the side of Mr. White and said, "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to the festive board. The Queen and her retinue will pass presently." Just then a large, fat negro woman came out of the kitchen, with three little darkies following her, and passed along out of the front door; you should have heard the yell that went up. The laughter was so boistrecous that it brought several of the servants out of the kitchen to see what was the matter. The Little One stepped up to the colored lady and took her hand, saying, "Come this way and allow me to introduce you to Gen. Grant, and some of his marching officers." Mr. Blaine and all the generals got up and shook hands with the colored lady which caused another big laugh, she said, "I always wanted to see Massa Grant. Thank the Lord, I has looked on him. Massa Linkum is in heaven and the angels is feedin' him on the bes'

they got." The brothers Hooley bent their heads and said, "Amen" as they bore a great respect for Mr. Lincoln. It was so great that you would really call it reverence. The Little One still holding the colored lady's hand said, "Your Highness, I told them the Queen and her retinue would pass presently." which caused another uproar of laughter. The colored lady laughed so that her sides shook and said "Honey, you must be a kind of actor boy." At this the Little One said, "Now, gentlemen, you must chip in for her Highness." He took Gen. Grant's hat and passed it around, collecting some fifteen or sixteen dollars for her. Then he presented her with the money and said, "There, your Highness, that will buy you snuff for a few days to come." The black lady burst out crying and while the tears were rolling down her cheeks she said, "Would you mind a poor old black woman kissin' you Honey?" "Why no, your Highness, I would look upon it as an honor to kiss one of the first ladies of the land." Right there he stood upon his toes (which he was noted for) took the old lady round the neck, and hugged and kissed her good. As he did so everyone in the dining room burst out laughing and Cool White roared and laughed saying, "Puss that is your star act."

I relate these things to show you how I became acquainted with the medium and also to show you how I got my first engagement. I was advertised to open Monday night, September, 2d, 68. Then Mr. Warren made an engagement for Justin to go to England, but became too sick to accompany the Little One on the voyage. Justin went alone and played one week in Liverpool. Thursday of that week he received a telegram which said, "Come back quick, Mr. Warren is dying." He sailed from Liverpool, the following Saturday. He arrived in time to see Mr. Warren still in the body, but he passed away a few days afterward.

Now with regard to my opening night. The Little One assisted me all he possibly could in arranging my toilet. My opening selection was a Caviteni from Norma in which I made a big hit, and the kindness of the medium I shall never forget, as he taught me a great deal in fixing and arranging me for the stage. When I received my first week's salary, forty dollars, it seemed as if I was in a dream. I was in the habit of receiv-

ing fifteen dollars in the chorus. When Justin came back Mr. Hooley secured his services right away and he sent us both on to open at his Seventh Street Opera House in Philadelphia.

The friendship between Justin and myself lasted for a number of years, until there came between us, a brute, in the shape of a lying man. He was a thorough mischief maker and discovered there was a great brotherly love between Justin and myself, and through his lying, malicious nature, he broke that friendship. It was like this, Sir, he first wrote me a letter in which he said Justin had been slandering my name, and saying cruel things about me, and if I would meet him by appointment he would explain it all to me. I did so and the things he said to me dazed me for awhile, for I neither used judgment, reason or wisdom in the matter. When I came to the theatre at night I did not speak to Justin as my feelings were so hurt and incensed at him, thinking that he would speak of me in that way. I was so shocked that I lost all reason through it, and telegraphed that evening to Mr. Hooley that he must bring me to New York as Philadelphia did not agree with me. He telegraphed on to Mr. White saying, "Send Ricardo on to New York," which he did. Mr. Hooley questioned me in New York as to why I wished to come on as I did not look sick he said. Then I told him how shamefully Justin had spoken of me, and that I could not remain in the company where he was. He turned very pale and looked me right in the eyes and said, "That is a lie." Then he said, "I will bet my theatre that all you heard are lies. Who told you this?" Then I gave him the man's name, which I would not befoul this communication by uttering. He became very angry and left that night for Philadelphia by a night train. In the morning he went to the theatre and confronted the man before the whole company. The man tried to escape by a back door but he was not quick enough. Mr. White grabbed him by the collar of his coat, and turned him round before the whole company and said, "Now, Mr. Hooley, what have you got to say to him?" Then Mr. Hooley told what he had said to Ricardo and attached little Justin's name to it. The cowardly brute broke down and commenced to cry, then little Justin stepped up to him and said, "How dare you to use my name in connection with such slander?" and

then spit in his face. Mr. Hooley telegraphed to me to come on by the next train, which I did. There is one part which I forgot, that is that Mr. Hooley kicked the villain out of the back door of the theatre. When I arrived in Philadelphia Mr. Hooley and Mr. White met me at the depot and said, "You must have this scoundrel arrested for slander." I went with Mr. Hooley and swore out a warrant for his arrest, which took place that afternoon at five o'clock, and a few days afterward his trial came up. He was convicted and fined three hundred dollars for slander of the worst kind, but the worst thing that befell him was that he could never get an engagement with a first class theatre again. Justin never forgave me for believing what he said, for which I do not blame him. At rehearsals we would speak and that was all. Our friendship came to an end and many a day I would sit by myself and cry when I would think that this was the way I had repaid him for his kindness.

Now I will get to his mediumship. When we were sitting alone sometimes we would hear raps all over the room, and especially when we slept together the raps would be very loud. When he was asleep I would hear voices calling my name, "Foley remember your failing." I must tell you here, I was a kleptomaniac and would steal. One time I stole a long heavy gold chain that he used to wear around his neck. And at another time I took money out of his purse. I stole a number of things from him that other people were accused of. I did not only steal from him, but from others in the company; the assistant property boy was accused of these thefts and finally arrested. When Justin heard of his arrest he went to the station house and told the captain of the police that the boy was not guilty of those thefts. The captain said, "Justin how do you know that he is not guilty." He said, "I know the party who is guilty and perhaps his conscience will smite him." The boy was dismissed. Mr. Hooley and Mr. White held a private interview with Justin and said to him, "Now I want you to tell me who stole those things." I heard from Mr. White that Justin said, "I will to save that innocent boy whom you have discharged as it may ruin his reputation and make a criminal of him. Ricardo is the thief." The shock was so great to Mr. Hooley that he caught hold of the desk to keep from staggering and said, "Oh

God, Little One, is it possible?" But he said, "Gentlemen, you must keep this to yourselves or it will ruin his reputation and send him on the downward walk."

Next day I was quietly discharged without being given any reason why my services were no longer required. I would like to say here that if Justin had all the money he has lent and given away, it would take care of him nicely in his old age. He has lent so many people in the profession, both men and women, large and small sums of money which I am confident they never paid him back. Justin always looked on the bright side of everything and when I would say to him, "I would not lend these people money, they earn salaries large enough to amply provide for their wants," he would say, "Oh well, they will pay it to me sometime." While Mr. Warren lived in the body he kept that class of people at a distance, but when they found out that Mr. Warren's body was laid to rest, they swarmed around him like leeches until they finally cleaned him out. He unfortunately became acquainted with a man by the name of Howard who had a desire to become lessee and manager of a theatre. He came to Justin and begged him to go on his bond. The owners of the building knowing full well that Mr. Warren left Justin possessor of considerable real estate, willingly accepted his signature. Unfortunately this man was not a good manager. He ran the theatre for about three years and finally became swamped. The owners of the building attached Justin's real estate to cover the bond and which you say in earth life 'did Justin up.' I do not think the Little One owned much real estate after that as he was growing old. He was much older than he looked. A stranger would never guess his age within ten or fifteen years of the reality. The last time I ever saw him he was playing for Mr. Bryant at the Broadway Theatre. Mr. White was the stage manager. I invited Mr. White one day to go and take lunch with me which he did. During the conversation over the menu, I said, "Cool, I attended the matinee at your theatre last Wednesday afternoon. Whoever would think Justin was fifty years old? He came skipping out like a young girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age. His laugh seems as musical as it used to. He will never grow old. If it is not an impertinent question, Cool, how much do they pay him now?"

He said in reply, "Mr. Bryant pays him fifty dollars a week for an old person, as he lacks that strength, power and vim which he had in his youth; but he fills the bill very nicely when he is strong enough to play. We make it as easy as possible for him and allow him all the rest we can. You must see him in, 'Quiet Life.' You would never think he was over twenty years old the way he keeps the people laughing. He did a fine piece of work last week in the 'Crushed Comedian.' Mr. Dockerty says he is the finest support he ever had in the comedy. Francis Wilson and he imitated some of the actors and actresses up to date. He gave a representation of Matilda Herron as Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons' and also Camille, which was a masterful piece of work. I think Francis Wilson and he are two fine artists in burlesque. If Justin were only about ten or twenty years younger they would do well to double up and star it together; for I could see that Francis Wilson likes to play with him." I said to Mr. White, "Do you think he will remain much longer in the business?" Mr. White said, "I think he would if those damned spirits would let him alone. I suppose you know, or have heard at least, when they get hold of him you can't do anything with him." Little did Mr. White think, then they were developing him for a higher work.

That was his last engagement on the stage. His health failed him and he had to give up the work just when they required him for the holidays. There was a gentleman by the name of Meyer, I think, who lived at his home in Vineland, New Jersey, who came to New York and took him back to his home. The following spring I heard that he went down south to Memphis, Tenn., for his health, with this gentleman. After that he went west where he brought up at KaKnsas City, Mo. The last I ever heard of him, while I was in the body, was that he was lecturing in the said city for the Spiritualists.

One day before I passed out of the body I met Mr. Hooley on the ferry boat crossing to Brooklyn. He accosted me and addressed me thus, "I suppose you have heard about our Little Justin? The spirits own him soul and body. I thought some day it would come to that. The Little Witch, I loved him so, as though he were my own child." Three weeks after that I passed out of my body. They came into the room and found

my spirit had fled. It had left the body for them to put in a casket and to lay in the grave. That was all that was left of the once great "Ricardo." I finished the last of my professional career as a member of the San Francisco Minstrels. I wish to say here that all the palaver and voice culture that is wasted by priests and ministers, over a dead body is rubbish and useless. It tells for nothing on the spirit side of life as every man and woman must be their own Saviour. I find here in spirit life I retain all my own faculties, and find it very much as the influence, through Justin, told me I would.

When living in the body the Little One, to me, was a strange being. I did not comprehend all the ins and outs of his life, but now I can see and understand that he had a mission to perform. Let me tell you here, Sir, that his life was a rough one sometimes. I became acquainted with an old lady who had known him from childhood. She said to me, "That person," meaning Justin, "Has gone through enough to kill a dozen people but, through it all, he always seems to be happy and singing. Those people who claimed to be taking care of him treated him harsh and it never seemed to me that he belonged to anybody." But wherever he went he always seemed to make friends no matter in what station in life it was. He was loved just as much by the poor as he was by the rich. He was always willing to play for a benefit, let it be for one in the profession or otherwise.

I saw him play for a benefit at the Academy of Music, in the fall of 1877, for the Catholic Orphan Asylum. A great many stars volunteered to appear on this occasion, which was held for two afternoons. Justin, Mr. White, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Reed, Little Mac and others appeared in a comedy which was very funny. I saw Mary Anderson, whom I think was a great artist on the first afternoon, which was a matinee performance. Justin got excited in the play and grabbed Little Mac, her husband, and threw him into the orchestra among the musicians. The laughter and applause became so great that it was deafening to ones ears. When the curtain was rung down Mr. White had to lead the Little One in front to receive the ovation that the people had in store for him, which they gave in three hearty cheers. The stage manager for this occasion, whose name I do not remember, then said, "Where did this woman come from,

I never heard of her before." Frank Mayo, the actor, said, "She was a star in New York before you were born." He said, "Mr. Mayo, what are you talking about, she can't be a day over twenty-five." Mr. Mayo said, "Sir, there is where you have missed it, she is over fifty years old." The gentleman said, "Great God, is it possible?" Just then Mary Anderson and Charley Backus appeared in the wing. Mary Anderson said, "Sir, I saw that woman play in Louisville, Ky. I was a little child, and she was the prettiest dancer that I ever saw. She danced a reel with old Ben De Barr from St. Louis. So you see, Sir, she can't be any spring chicken now." Charley Backus spoke up and said, "She never will be old." When Mr. White led her off the stage Mr. Bryant took her in his arms, he or she as you would call it, and held her in his arms until she could breathe easily, for you must understand, the force and exertion she used in her acting wore her out and she became weak. Mr. James O'Neil, the tragedian, gave a recitation that afternoon. I think, "Mrs. Emerson pleading at the bar of justice for her son in Ireland or in a law-court." I remember there was one sentence that will always remain vivid to me and that was, "Arrah, judge, don't say the word and God will bless you." I always remembered that for it appealed to my senses so. This Mr. James O'Neil spoke up and said, "Why it can't be possible that person is as old as you say for the voice is still that of a young person." Francis Wilson said, "She is the Queen of the Burlesque," meaning burlesque comedy. I think Justin in his lines had no equal, which he proved to the public that day, God bless him.

There are many other things that occurred in his life that I could tell but they would take up too much space and time. Now from the spirit side of life I understand him a great deal better than I did while in the body and how strange it is to see him out here in these mountains among trees and rocks and brush. Who would ever have thought that he would live to be almost seventy-three, which he will be in November. This work will outlive all his other works for it will go to the world as a high revelation in Spiritualism, for spiritual growth is the true maxim of life and all humanity must understand it some day. Now I can understand the parable of the foolish women who came in the night without their wicks trimmed, and their

lamps not filled with oil, the meaning of which is that superstition has overshadowed the minds of men and women and that there will always be foolish people until they know how to trim their lamps and see the light which surrounds them. To many minds the workings of nature and all its beautiful laws seem like a dream in childhood. They do not understand the growth of manhood and womanhood and that they must taste and realize for themselves. That wisdom is only gained through perseverance and leads them to knock at the door of knowledge and comprehension and when they have done this they will understand that life is immortal, eternity has no beginning, no end and we are waifs of time, trying to reach that haven of rest called perfection. I leave my love for Justin and thank you for your kindness in taking down my communication.

Edwin Forrest

Chapter VIII

EDWIN FORREST, Tuesday, May 14th, 1901.

"I was known to the American public as Edwin Forrest, an actor of some reputation. My line of acting was that of tragedy; I sustained the leading parts in some of Shakespeare's plays, also in tragedys written by other men. Some of my characters were, I think, almost perfect delineation, while others I look upon as failures. The public tolerated them and I kept them in my repertoire. My Hamlet I looked upon as a beastly piece of acting; my Gladiator, William Tell, Coriolanus and Richard the Third, I am conceited enough to think, I represented well; that is, the conception I had of them."

The American public looked upon my acting with high respect for which my whole soul thanks them. I was a servant of the public and I served them with pleasure. The box office receipts told the story. My income, from these receipts, kept me, in my old days, in luxury. Bless the American people, the American institutions and give three cheers for the Stars and Sripes. I think you have a fine man, in the person of Wm. McKinley, for President of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt will make his mark yet.

What brings me here today, sir, is some of the connections I have had with this medium. He played some beautiful children's parts in his time and, I think he was the most perfect child, in form, that I ever took upon my knee. Madam Ponisi sends her love to him and says, 'Thank God, the world shall hear from him.' She always predicted that, some day his name would become famous in connection with the Spirit world: she was a believer in spirit return as well as myself, who believed in the

same philosophy. She says she heralds the day when these communications shall go to the public. She, Sir, was my leading lady; the greatest actress who ever supported me, in her line, and was a perfectly moral woman. Her character was above reproach."

The medium, whom I now control, was a peculiar child all his life. He made a pretty boy, or a pretty girls, it was immaterial which; and I loved him with my whole heart; with the love of a father for his child. I think he had the most brilliant eyes of any child I ever met. They were always laughing. They did not hold, then, the sedate expression they do now. His life has been one of many changes, ups and downs being of common occurrence to him, and now he has reached, in the body, what you call old age, with a young heart and a soul full of spirit power. He has lived long enough in the body to give the public something which will set them to thinking. It has been treasured up, awaiting this time to come, in which he would unfold his mediumship to the public. The world has been waiting for what was predicted, when I was in the prime of manhood, living in a body. He has been led from one condition to another until the finale is near at hand. He was conducted to these mountains by a spirit band who led him here, in order that he might be developed and these ancient communications produced through his organism. Both conditions of life are drawing close together. His ministrations, with the aid of the spirit world, will open the eyes, ears, and brains of the people to the reality that all religion is man made.

Your friend for the cause, and leaving my love for the medium, not forgetting my thanks to you for taking down this communication."

EDWIN FORREST.

Cool White

Chapter IX

COOL WHITE, Wednesday, June 5th, 1901.

"My name is Cool White. I was well-known to the public as a theatrical manager, minstrel and stage manager and was also something of an actor. I was one time manger of a theatre in Philadelphia and also in Newark, N. J. I was stage manager and middle man for Woods' Minstrels on Broadway, New York. I was one of the partners of Hughes, Welsh and White's Minstrels Brooklyn, N. Y. I was stage manager and straight man for Mr. Hooley in Brooklyn, New York, and Chicago, Ill., for many years. I was stage manager for Mr. Bryant at his theatre on Broadway, N. Y., opposite the New York Hotel. There is where Little Justin, under my direction, played his last engagement on the stage.

What brings me here to day is to tell some of his peculiarities while under my management. I discovered after he had played with us about two weeks that he had no education above spelling dog or cat or something on that line. The people who had charge of his bringing up neglected him very much for which they would be ashamed as he was naturally bright and I think would have learned to read and write readily. He had a frank, genial nature and attracted people to him. I used to read his lines for him at rehearsal in the morning and that is all the studying I ever knew him to do. While I was reading the lines it seemed almost impossible for him to keep his feet and hands still. Sometimes he would grab me by the arms and Say "Cool, old man for the Lord's sake is there any more of it?" When I would say, "Yes, Puss, there is quite a bit yet," he would say "Throw it at me old man" and I would go on reading the manuscript. A wonderful mystery to me was that he always

•

knew his own part and could prompt others. We had to be very careful how we spoke to him until we saw whether he was himself or somebody else. If we were not quite careful he perhaps would get stubborn and we couldn't do anything with him. We had to humor him just as we would a child.

I shall never forget the first morning that he came to Mr. Hooley's for rehearsal. We expected to see quite a good sized person, very dressy and one that would put on a good many distinguished airs, for while he was with the Buckley Serenaders he had a big reputation for being at the head of his line.

Rehearsal that morning was called an hour earlier than usual on his account but he made no appearance, at least that we could see. The company was becoming restless and uneasy and wondered why he did not put in an appearance. I touched the bell that communicated with Mr. Hooley's private office, when Mr. Hooley, in about two minutes afterward appeared in the auditorium of the theatre. I addressed him thus. "The star has not made his appearance. I wonder what can be the trouble?" Mr. Hooley said in reply "That is strange. I received a telegram from Mr. Williams saying, 'I put him aboard the palace car from New York last night.'" He said, "I will send brother John and your son to the ferry and see if he is there." I said, "Do you know what he looks like?" He said, "Only as I saw him on the stage. He does not look very tall there." Then I said, "How are you to discover him in his street clothes?" He said, "There is where the difficulty comes in." Then he walked down the centre aisle and stood back of the orchestra railing. Addressing the company he asked them if any of them had ever seen this person called Justin Robinson, when all of a sudden a little chap popped up out of a seat on the left, away over in the corner of the auditorium and with a very musical voice said, "That is my name." Mr. Hooley then clutched the railing of the orchestra and said, "Caesars Ghost." The whole company looked up at me and smiled when Mr. Reed said, "Can't be possible that thing is the one we have heard so much about." He said, "Then if that is your name, please step this way." When lo and behold a veritable "Puss in Boots" came along the seats. It had been raining for two days and his legs were encased in a pair of boots that came away up along his thighs. When he

got in to the centre aisle Mr. Hooley looked up at me and he said, "Great Scott, why he's only a baby." He walked down the centre aisle, mounted the orchestra railing and jumped upon the stage. At that Mr. Hooley threw his hat into the air, caught it when it came down again saying, "Shoo Fly." The Little One came forward and addressed me saying "I believe you are the stage manager." He looked up at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "I think you are big enough for anything" which made all the company smile. He said, "I see you received my manuscript all right." Turning around he addressed the company saying, "Now children of the abbey, I want your close attention." This made them all smile again. I thought to myself, "Can this be the real person or one sent to mock us?" We discovered after he was in harness about fifteen minutes that he was the real person and a very exacting one at that. After we had rehearsed his business through entirely I saw the company was somewhat tired and thought I would dismiss them, when all of a sudden he said, "I will once more call the attention of the Hooley brigade to little points that I wish to impress upon their memory. I like to understand and also have you individuals understand where your positions are as I am a very big person and require lots of room." The whole company burst out laughing, stage carpenters, scene shifters and all who were in the wings laughed uproarously when he placed his hand across his breast and bowed to all present in a very meek condition throwing out his little foot with one of those kicks which he was celebrated in which had a fashion of bringing the applause of the gallery at night. He stepped forward and addressed the leader of the orchestra saying, "You distinguished person. You please fiddle once more for this occasion." This made the whole orchestra laugh. Mr. Sanders spoke up and said, "If the Little One don't make a hit you can have my head for a foot-ball."

He stood four feet six inches tall and weighed ninety pounds. Mr. Hooley weighed him on the scales. After he was satisfied with the work the company had done he thanked us all very kindly and addressed us thus: "Fellow sinners, Christians and angels minus wings, call for the beer in my name. Papa is standing back there talking to Mr. Hooley and he will pay for it." Then I dismissed the company. He stepped off the stage on

to the railing of the Orchestra then placed one foot on the shoulder of the bass player and leaped into the centre aisle on his feet like a cat, when the dutch bass player got mad and said, "My Got in Himmel, you think that I be one horse that you play mit the circus on me." All the company and the orchestra laughed.

He came down the centre aisle leading a tall military man by the hand, addressing us he said, "Hebrew children, this is my papa and he will see that you are well beered." He bowed to us very pathetically throwing up his little foot behind which Mr. Hooley's stomach stopped. Turning around and discovering what he had done he said, "My Lord and Grace you would ruin any man's career, let alone a giant's." With that Mr. Hooley sat down panting, saying, "I guess we will have to name you, "Puss in Boots." Mr. Warren addressed the whole company saying, "Friends, if you will join me in the garden where there is music we will partake of refreshments." This we did at his request. This being the first time that the company was ever treated after rehearsal. Mr. Warren addressing Mr. Hooley said, "If you want to get a good night's bill out of the Little One you will have to humor him, which we discovered by our experience was a fact. He was advertised to open in "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" that night. Next morning the papers had a long press notice in which they had it "Aladdin and the Wonderful Scamp." Of all the antics and cutting up that I ever saw he introduced the worst into that musical comedy. I laughed until my sides ached. Mr. Hooley came to my dressing room and said "I guess in the Little One I have struck a bonanza." The people in coming out of the theatre asked us to open the ticket office so they could purchase reserved seats for themselves and their friends for the next night. We had sold over three hundred seats for to-morrow evening. He said, "I have sent the call boy around to notify the company to meet me at the dining hall and take lunch with me. Now I will go and find "Puss in Boots" and give him a special invitation with his father." Mr. Hooley went and knocked at Justin's door when the voice within said, "Who are you and what are you?" Mr. Hooley said, "It is I Little One." Then the voice from within said, "That is a pretty way to address a nine footer, I want you to know I'm just as big an animal as you have got in this men-

agerie," which made Mr. Hooley laugh. Then he said, "Come in if you feet are clean and if they're not then throw yourself out of the window." Just then Mr. Warren came along, a waiter following him carrying a tray with the Little One's supper on it. Mr. Hooley addressed Mr. Warren and said "I came to invite you and Justin to go and take lunch with us." Mr. Warren said, "I will see what the Little One thinks about it." He then opened the door, the waiter following him in and laying the tray down on the table. When Justin saw it he struck a tragic attitude, grabbed the leg of a chicken and cried out, "Oh my prophetic master do I behold you again." At that moment I came up to the door dressed to go to lunch with Mr. Hooley and company. When we saw the position we all burst out laughing. Mr. Hooley spoke up and said, "Little One that won't do you must join us at supper. I have sent for a number of friends to meet you there." Justin stepped up to the waiter and took his hands and stood in the attitude of weeping when he said "Throw that at the first angel you meet," meaning the supper, and "vanish from my sight thou master of the culinary department." We all adjourned to the green room to wait until Justin should get dressed for his street walking as he called it. In about two minutes Mr. Warren and the Little One appeared in the green room. Then Mr. Hooley got the company in line, two and two, when we marched to the dining hall to partake of our supper where a number of friends who came upon Mr. Hooley's special invitation to meet Justin had already preceded us.

When Justin first came into the company it was so hard to understand him and through that condition he and I had many rows. When we would be rehearsing in the mornings and especially if it was in a pathetic scene he would get off one of his funny sayings which would get the whole company to giggling and laughing. I was rather of a stern make up and his funny business didn't go down with me very well and I would call him to order for his levity and speak to him in a sharp way as I had to keep order on the stage in the morning at rehearsal. As it was my duty I would say to him, "Justin, I can't have this and you will have to do differently" when he would say in reply "You great big rooster, go and hang yourself up until the

weather gets better." Then I would have to send for Mr. Hooley to come to the stage. When he got there I would have to explain matters to him, telling him it was utterly impossible for me to get along at rehearsal if the Little One were allowed to get off his funny sayings. Mr. Hooley would say, "Well, how are we going to stop them? I can't afford to lose him."

On one occasion I told Mr. Hooley he would have to remain there and reprimand him when he got off any of his funny business. He said, "Well let us get to rehearsal and see what we can do." I called the company on the stage again and told them to get their positions. Then I placed a chair about the centre of the stage, that is about the centre of the lines down about the footlights for Mr. Hooley to sit upon. He had no sooner taken his seat when the Little One stepped up to him and said "Richard, old boy, I think I would make a good devil in a play. Suppose we get up a scene where we have got hell in it so that I can be sizzling old Cool as an experiment to see how he can stand it." The whole company burst out laughing even to the scene painters painting a scene at the back of the stage. They laughed so that one of the painters crossing the paint bridge let a big pot of paint fall on the stage and was compelled to sit down astride the paint bridge. It was fortunate that none of the company were at the back part of the stage or they would have been spattered all over with paint, as it covered quite a space on the stage. I then addressed Mr. Hooley saying, "Who could stand this?" When Justin spoke up and said, "Poor old Cool, he isn't civilized yet." Mr. Hooley took him by the hand and dragged him down on to his lap and said, "Now Little One keep quiet until it is your time to speak your lines." Then Mr. Hooley addressing the company said, "Friends we will proceed with rehearsal." Mr. Hooley always called all those connected with the theater friends. He had a pleasant way of speaking to all those under his employ. The rehearsal that morning went on fairly well with the exception that some of the company would burst out laughing and could not help it. After rehearsal I said to Mr. Hooley, "After this you will have to be on the stage in the morning and take charge of the Little One while rehearsal is going on." Rehearsals went on fairly well for a number of mornings until one morning I thought

I would show the tenor singer how to walk off the first entrance as he was the one to play the prince in Cinderella. We had done it I guess as many as three times when I thought I would return to the entrance and we would walk out once more. Just as we were coming out of the entrance we each received a kick that almost sent us to the footlights. I got angry and turned around looking into the entrance. I saw the head stage carpenter standing there laughing fit to kill himself. When I addressed him saying, "Ferguson who kicked us?" he said, "I'll never tell," laughing more boisterous than ever. I thought I would look into the next entrance where Mr. Hooley was sitting, the Little One was standing by his side. I had become very suspicious of him by this time but as I looked into the entrance there I saw the Little One standing with Mr. Hooley's arm around him, both their countenances calm and placid as the surface of any smooth water and no expression of mischief on the Little One's face. I thought to myself "Surely it could not have been he" and that I would look into the matter after rehearsal is over. After rehearsal and as I was about to dismiss them I called all the company on the stage and addressed them saying, "Can any of you inform me who kicked Mr. Wallace and myself coming out of the first entrance?" Mr. Hooley spoke up and said, "What does this mean that anyone should kick the stage manager?" He said, "The Little One had no hand in that this morning as I had him with me all the time only when he was on the stage." Little Justin stepped from the side of Mr. Hooley very calmly and quietly and took hold of my hands, looked up into my face and said, "Did it hurt?" When Mr. Hooley and the company laughed I said, "Rehearsal is dismissed." The Little One spoke up and said, "I will be, too, one day," I was determined to ferret that out, for no one had dared take such liberty with me before.

We produced the piece and it was a success. Mr. Hooley then invited the company one evening to lunch which was his usual habit when the piece was a success. At the table I sat next Mr. Trumbull the principal scene painter when he addressed me saying, "Cool, I will tell you something if you don't get angry." I said, "Not as I feel just now since I have had something good to eat and a glass of wine to wash it down. I could

stand most anything just now and you must know a stage manager has to put up with a great deal. Let's have it." He said, "Do you remember the morning that you and Mr. Wallace were kicked when you were coming out of the first entrance?" I said, "I guess I do." "Well, I came and found Mr. Hooley in the second entrance that morning as I wanted to get some advice about the ball room scene. While I was talking with Mr. Hooley the Little One slipped out of his arms went into the first entrance, came back and got into his arms again. This I don't think took over a second and I don't believe that Mr. Hooley ever missed him. When Mr. Ferguson and I were going home to dinner he told me the Little One jumped and kicked you with both feet. He said, "It was the quickest thing he ever saw done in his life and thought he would die laughing when the Little One stepped up to you and asked you if it hurt." I told him that I thought the Little One had a foot in it somehow but when he stood there along with Mr. Hooley so calm and quiet I did not want to misjudge him. I said, "The only thing we can do is to chain him and get Mr. Hooley to hold the chain." Well sir, it took me quite a while to understand him, that is if I ever understood him. I discharged him four times in one week for it. It seemed to me I could not stand it. Mr. Hooley would go and bring him back and he would be there at night ready to go on as bright as a lark. He would look at me and say, "Cool my boy you don't know how to swim."

One time after he had been there about three months we were rehearsing a farce called "Honeymoon." During the rehearsal in the morning he tried my patience so that I discharged him. He went out humming the tune "Trust to Luck." Mr. Hooley met him going out the front entrance. He said, "Puss, where are you going?" "To wear out my shoes, old man." Mr. Hooley said, "What do you mean by that?" He said, "I am discharged and carry no torch in the procession any longer." Mr. Hooley grabbed him by the hand and said, "Here Little One that won't do" and brought him back to the stage addressing me saying, "Mr. White what is the row now?" I said, "Row, he climbed on to my back and got onto my shoulders and stood on one foot with his other foot in the air and crowed like a rooster. Then he hollered out, "Ladies and gentlemen, step up; it's

only a dime to hear a young rooster learn to crow like an old one." He jumped from my shoulders onto the stage and turned a pirouette, struck a position and said, "I am Venus on a keg of pickles." I then said, "Mr. Hooley, to keep him will demoralize the whole company." Mr. Hooley said, "Oh nonsense he is only full of life." Then he stooped and kissed him and said, "Now Little One behave and be good." Addressing me he said, "Go on with the rehearsal" and then left the stage. We went on with the rehearsal and it went all right for about an hour. Mr. Ferguson and another carpenter had a frame lying down at the back of the stage on which they were staking canvass and preparing it for the scene painters, when all of a sudden he jumped on Mr. Ferguson's shoulders and standing erect said, "Gaze on Washington's monument" which sent the company off into another fit of laughter. I threw the manuscript onto the table and said I would be damned if I would stand it. "I discharge you again. Now leave the building." He jumped up, cut a pigeon wing and said, "Ta ta" and bolted out of the back door. I sat down on the chair covered with perspiration, struck the bell and sent the call boy for Mr. Hooley to come to the stage immediately, when I addressed him saying, "Mr. Hooley it is more than I can stand." He said, "What is more than you can stand?" I told him I had discharged that kid as he was demoralizing the company. He said, "Pshaw, you've got no patience with him that's what's the matter." "I have no trouble in getting along with him." I addressed him saying, "Mr. Hooley you are in that front office while I am here struggling with the company getting them up in their business and to have him get off some of his monkey business is too much for me. I can't stand it." He addressed the company, "You had better go home now and get some lunch and come back at two o'clock, and we will try rehearsal again." He immediately went to where the Little One was stopping and found him at the hotel and said to him, "Justin, this won't do. You annoy Mr. White very much and he threatens to leave me and I can't stand that." The Little One spoke up and said, "Poor man, he walks through rehearsal like he was in a dream. Is he subject to sleep walking? for I have to wake him up once in a while." Mr. Hooley said it made him smile when the Little One came up and took his hand

and said, "Be calm, keep peace in your heart and God will reward you." Then Mr. Hooley told him, "We are going to have rehearsal at two o'clock. You come there and see what can be done and see that you keep calm and have peace in your heart." Just then Mr. Hooley said, he saw a roguish smile coming up from the corner of his eye when he stepped forward and took Mr. Hooley's hands, saying, "My dearly beloved brother, trust me and I will pour oil on the troubled waters." Then Mr. Hooley said he heaved a big sigh and said, "The Lord be with you this day for the Philistines are hard at work."

An impression came to Mr. Hooley that he had better stay there until Justin got ready to go to the theatre. Mr. Hooley told me that he was highly entertained during the time with jigs and reels and a hand spring thrown in once in a while for a change. He wanted Mr. Hooley to take his coat and vest off and get down on the floor and play circus with him. Mr. Hooley said he humored him all he could but he never was much at circus work when all of a sudden he said rappings came all over the wall of the room and a voice speaking to him seemingly from one corner of the room said, "Richard stay by him." In about five weeks he will come out from under this condition." Mr. Hooley said, "I will," but he couldn't tell why he said it for his skin seemed to creep all over his body when the voice said, "He is under the influence of a circus boy and it will take about five weeks before that boy will realize his condition." While the voice was talking Justin was sitting on a chair when all of a sudden Mr. Hooley said the chair was elevated about a foot from the floor and let down again very easily. Just at that time Mr. Hooley said he wished he had a drink of brandy to steady his nerves when suddenly the voice cried out, "The theatrical profession will only have him for a certain number of years to keep those other parties who brought him to America from abusing him. You see, Richard, he is a medium and influenced by outside parties which makes it look to you people as though he were not a rational being. Now you can take him to the theatre and when you have done so, go immediately to the telegraph office and telegraph to Mr. Warren, who is in Albany to come at once. He understands his condition and is the only one who can control his actions."

Mr. Hooley did as he was requested but did not tell me this until next morning. The Little One came upon the stage for rehearsal about a quarter past two, walked up to where I stood, bowed in a very graceful manner and said, "You look just as sweet as ever darling," and with that he gave me a kick on the shin which made me scream with pain and turned a handspring. I said, "Great God, is this the quiet way you are going to behave?" When he sat on a chair and said, "Just see me as quiet and demure as a cat." He sat there for fifteen solid minutes and never said a word when I addressed him and said, "Now Justin, I will read your lines for you." He said, "Thank you, my Lord," but I didn't just like the way he said it. He came forward and stood beside me and as he looked up I saw the leer in that eye when he said, "Cool, dear, how did they ever come to let you out of heaven?" I said, "Now let us attend strictly to business. I want to be your friend but I want you to mind what I say." He looked up at me and said, "Sweet one, business it shall be." I told him in this scene I wanted him to cry and to cry for all it is worth so that he would bear down upon the people with all his effect of action. He could cry and laugh it seemed in the same instant. His acting in some emotional scenes was really wonderful. He turned around and looked at me in a tragic manner with a terrible scowl on his face and addressed me saying, "I am a daisy at crying and don't you forget it. I have cried all my life. What I have been crying for, God only knows." He commenced to read his lines and act with such great emotion that the effect brought the tears to our eyes, and think of it, we were accustomed to such scenes. He seemed to outrival himself that day. On this occasion when the heroine appeals to the monster in human form who is her lover she tells of all her love for him and begs for a little of his. Then she tells him of the night that the baby died and how it called his name and wanted to see him. Her reading and acting in that scene were heartrending. I stepped off the stage and said to Mr. Reed in the entrance, "What kind of a person is this we have?" One time he is like a circus performer and next time will draw the tears from your eyes in spite of you." In the scene the brute knocks her down and kicks her then he walks off a little and spits at her and calls her vile names. Then she crawls

with her body like a snake across the stage to his feet. It was pitiful to see her fasten her nails in the boards of the stage to get to him in her agony. When she gets there she says, "Morris I love you. Walk on my body if you will," when he says, "No, I never loved you, you were only a plaything like the rest." She says, "You never loved me, Oh God can it be, when you told me I was dearer than the angels in Heaven." He says, "I hate you now, you wanton. Potters field is the only place for the like of you." Oh, sir I wish you could have seen her eyes then, she clutches at his pants and then at his coat and drags herself up off the ground when she stands erect she grabs him by the vest and raises her little head to its full height. She clutches his vest by the left hand then she gives him such a malignant look you would think all the devils in hell were in that look. She says, "You never loved me then." He stands motionless and as pale as death. She says, "You sought to gain that which a woman holds dearer than life. You gained it and got it by a lie. You gave me a solemn promise you would marry me. If I a wanton am only fit for the potters field, then you as a fiend are only fit for hell." Then she gives the maddest laugh and scream I ever heard from human throat. Then she makes a spring at his throat and bites it with her teeth and is supposed to bite it until he loses his mind and consciousness. She is still gnawing at it when I walk on the stage as his father and demand what is this. She looks at me like a living fiend and says, "I am his wanton and you are his father." I say, "Woman you look as if you came from the region of hell." She says, "Further than that, I came from the devil's palace to entertain you" and with that she makes a clutch at me. I strike with my cane and she falls to the ground, I then fly to summon the police. Just then she gives a maniac laugh and crawls to where his body lies and with another laugh that is terrible to hear she kisses his dead face and says, "This is our honeymoon." When we arrive on the spot we find that she is lying across his body dead. The rest of the play is quite funny until the last two scenes which rise to the height of emotional tragedy. I tell you this to show you what he could do when he was in the right frame of mind.

Mr. Warren arrived late at night and went to the hotel and

found the Little One sleeping as peacefully as any little child. He was a strange being. Next morning Mr. Hooley and myself talked with Mr. Warren about his actions. Mr. Warren said, "After this I will attend rehearsals with him in the morning and see that he does what is right for I allow no one to speak to him crossly. He is all that I have to love in life and without him I could not live. He did as he promised and things in the future went much better.

Let me tell you here sir that I discovered afterwards who this circus boy was. I at one time was a partner of, what was for those days quite a large circus. We had quite a number of acrobats and tumblers connected with our show and this boy was one of the performers. I was the ring-master. This boy in some way made me angry and I struck him with my whip harder than I ought. He cried out with the pain and said, "Damn you, I will get my revenge; if not in this world, I will in the next." Mr. Warren finally discovered who this boy was. He controlled Justin's organization and gave his name which was Willie Kent. He said, "Damn that Cool White, I'll get even with him yet. I'll make it so hot for him that he will find out spirits can come back" and he did too. I can tell you that sir. I had purchased a new whip when I was driving my horse out on the avenue. I laid it down by the prompter's desk when Justin picked it up and came towards me and commenced to horse-whip my legs. I shouted "Little One don't, that hurts." He said, "God damn you I will get even with you" and commenced to lay it on to me good when I called for Mr. Warren who came from the green room and said, "Whats the matter?" I said, "The little scoundrel has been horse-whipping me." By that time I had hold of him by the arms. Mr. Warren took him by the arm and led him away like a little lamb. I discovered afterwards that the spirit saw the whip there and influenced Justin to use it on me, which he did to good effect. The spirit told me afterward he wished to keep his word and to fulfill it to the letter.

I would say we produced a new piece called "Immolation or the Bruised Heart" in which Justin played the heroine. There was one grand scene in the play where Clothilde denounces and exposes her father for his deception. She works herself up

into such a frenzy of passion that when her lover appears and the father exposes him for taking part in the crime she gives a scream and rushes toward him falling in a faint at his feet on the floor. His acting in this character was such a masterpiece of work that every night I had to lead him before the curtain to receive the applause that was awaiting him. He could not walk alone as he was too weak after that heavy scene. Mr. Warren would raise him from the floor and place him in my arms, then I would lead him on in front of the curtain and lead him off again when Mr. Warren would take him to his dressing room and wrap him up in a shawl and lay him on a couch until he was thoroughly rested. When he passed through any of these heavy scenes his strength was always exhausted and his voice seemed too heavy and powerful for his body while acting.

One night after the performance Mr. Warren invited Mr. Hooley and myself and another gentleman from Philadelphia to join them at a lunch in their private room at the hotel, which we did, and while we were all making merry over the lunch a very strange and peculiar thing happened. We all, excepting this gentleman who came from Philadelphia, put our hats on a side table. The Little One took his hat and put it on the top of the bed at the same time laughing and saying, "This must be your grandfathers hat." The gentleman had quite a large head and the hat he wore was a large black soft felt hat.

In the midst of our laughter and merriment we all saw that black hat rise from the bed and come towards the Little One. It dropped onto his head and covered his face entirely from sight. I saw it annoyed Mr. Warren and he said, "I wish these things would not take place in the presence of visitors. I don't mind it so much when we are alone." This gentleman spoke up and said, "Why, Warren I should think you would like to have those things occur. I should encourage them by all means." Mr. Warren said, "No, that won't do, it interferes with his profession and work." All of a sudden the Little One raised the hat off his head and held it in his hands back of his head and with a peculiar grin on his face he spoke these words, "I am Jesus walking on the waters of oblivion which means nowhere in particular just now" and then with one of his comedy laughs continued. "The next show will be where I ascend from the

tomb and ride on a theatrical cloud so as to meet my next engagement in the next town." Mr. Warren spoke up and said, "Gentlemen you see that it will make an Idiot out of my Little One and when that time comes I'll kill him and then myself so that they can lay us both in the grave together." (This never came to pass as he outlived Mr. Warren by a good many years.) The Little One looked over at me and said, "You big rooster sing, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' which I did and the others all joined in the chorus. While we were singing the Little One stepped back towards the bed when all of a sudden he made a jump and lit right on top of the table not discommoding any thing. He still held his beer glass in his hand. He never would drink wine, only beer. He always said beer was the only drink for a common man of his size which made us all laugh at the words "A man of his size" as he was only four feet and a half and weighed ninety pounds at the time. He raised his glass saying, "Gentlemen I will drink you a toast. Here's to the time when I met you all in the bowels of the earth called Hell. I breathed into your nostrils the breath of life because you were only clay then and bad mud at that; I took you to Coney Island so that you would dry in the sun and I would walk on the waters being God fitted up with electricity. I smiled upon you with all my godlike expression when lo! you shot into living beings immediately for I am the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the rest of the galoots that will come after us, Amen." This set us all to laughing again. Then he said, "Now papa you take God down a peg," which meant to take him off the table and place him on the floor. So you see by these scenes and many others that I was getting to understand him.

When Mr. Hooley and myself would tell to individuals what we had seen take place in his presence it was pretty hard to make them believe it for it all seemed so superstitious and visionary to them.

At another time when Mr. Hooley, Mr. Samuel Purdy and myself were invited by Mr. Rogers to take a sail in a small yacht that he owned, after we had been aboard about half an hour a carriage drove down to the pier from which Mr. Warren, the Little One and the Mayor got out and came on board. As they

were stepping aboard Mr. Rogers stepped up and shook hands with Mr. Warren, the Mayor and the Little One, saying to Mr. Warren, "Where is your friend?" Mr. Warren said, "He will be here in an hour, as it was impossible for him to come just then with us." Mr. Rogers said, "I will wait for him as I want him on the yacht with us."

We all went into the little saloon of the yacht and commenced to play a game of cards. We had been playing only a little while when we heard a carriage drive up to the pier, the door opened and Mr. Edwin Forrest the actor stepped out followed by Mr. Clifford, the theatrical manager and a military looking man. They all came on board and were introduced to the company by Mr. Warren. I noticed that the last man's name was Meade. (This took place before the war.) This man became afterward the distinguished General Meade. As we were all walking into the cabin or saloon of the yacht Mr. Rogers whispered to me, "We have some distinguished guests on board today, I only expected one more outside of the present company, but the more the merrier." I discovered from the conversation that when Mr. Clifford was getting ready to start for the yacht Mr. Forrest and Mr. Meade had called to visit with Mr. Warren and the Little One. Mr. Clifford had said "They are on board a yacht. Come get into the carriage with me and you will see them on board the boat," which they did. When Mr. Warren was introducing them I noticed a happy smile spread over Mr. Rogers' countenance. He addressed them saying, "Gentlemen, I hope you will join us in a little sail. I would be pleased to have you do so." Mr. Warren said, "Why, yes, gentlemen come along it will do you good, we are going to sail down the bay until we meet rough water; then we will return as you know these gentlemen have to be at the theatre tonight."

They consented and I think it was the most pleasant sail that I ever experienced. We took lunch on board the yacht. After lunch we adjourned to the deck to smoke our cigars. There were chairs and three legged stools distributed around for the guests to sit on. While we were sitting there the Little One came out of the saloon with a glass of lemonade in his hand. He was sucking the lemonade through a straw when all of a sudden he threw the straw away and said, "That's only made for

lazy people." Then he drank the lemonade all down saying, "Oh! aint that good. Your wine aint nowhere." All of a sudden the glass was snatched out of his hand and carried by something invisible and placed on a chair where no one was sitting. I heard Mr. Warren give a groan but he said nothing. Mr. Forrest said, "Come, pet and sit on my lap. You haven't sat there in a long while." He sat on Mr. Forrest's lap and then placed his little hand inside of his vest. He had a habit of doing that with any one on whose lap he sat. He did it frequently with me and then would go to sleep with his little hand inside my vest. He always put me in mind of a child who had never been properly mothered.

As much as we always quarrelled and fussed on the stage at rehearsal, there came a great desire in my soul and a longing that I might own him and that he should become all mine and be my little one for the rest of his days but that could not be as he was already in the keeping of another one who loved him very dearly. Everybody felt towards him like a father.

While he was sitting on Mr. Forrest's lap he went to sleep and we went on with our conversation and smoking our cigars when Mr. Forrest said suddenly, "Warren let me take the Little One home with me. My sister will love him so. She wonders why you don't bring him there and leave him for a visit." Mr. Warren said, "Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing. I can't have him away from me." Then Mr. Hooley spoke up and said, "Mr. Forrest, that wouldn't do we can't spare him now; wait until the season is finished and then perhaps Mr. Warren will visit your home accompanied by the Little One." Mr. Forrest said, "I think it is cruel to have him play the whole season through as any one can see he is not a strong child." Mr. Hooley said, "You forget he is twenty-four years old and we all take the best of care of him." Mr. Forrest said, "I know it but he is only a child with all." In a little while he woke up when Mr. Forrest said, "Well, pet, did you have a good sleep?" He said, "Yes, thank you. I want you to get up and let me have this stool. I picked it out first when I came on the boat," which made us all laugh. Mr. Forrest got up and took an arm chair. He said, "There pet you can have your stool." The Little One sat down on the stool and put his feet across my legs, then he said, "You

great big rooster you aint as tired as I am I'll bet." Suddenly the stool was elevated from the deck as much as two feet with the Little One sitting on it. Mr. Forrest said, "Ha ha, they take a hold of him on water as well as on land." Mr. Warren gave a groan and said, "I'll be glad if they ever stop this monkey business." Mr. Rogers, the owner of the yacht said, "I wouldn't have missed this for a thousand dollars." Addressing me he said, "I have heard Hooley and you speak of this and here it takes place on board of my yacht right in broad daylight surrounded by distinguished guests and no trickery attached to it whatever. Gentlemen, I am a believer in the occult." Mr. Warren said, "Don't investigate or you may become luna and perhaps worse than that," which made us all laugh.

Mr. Forrest spoke up and said, "Gentlemen, what you have seen and other things have always taken place in his presence ever since I knew him. An old woman told me that his grandmother in Scotland hated him for it as those things took place in her presence. She said he was twelve years old but he didn't look much bigger than a grasshopper to me but he had grit in him. When I'd clutch hold of him and throw him up above my head in a Roman play I'd threaten to throw him at the people. He was dressed in a little Roman toga and I would catch hold of one arm and one leg and throw him up expecting to hear him cry but not one whimper came out of the Little One. When the scene would close and I would take him down I would ask him if I had hurt him. He would say, "Oh no, but I think you might give me a quarter for it." Then the whole company would commence to laugh. He talked then with a little lisp in his speech which made it sound so cute. I would take him to my dressing room and while my dresser was rubbing me down I'd have him sitting on my lap. Then I'd ask him what kind of a quarter he wanted. He would say "A big one" which meant a dollar. Then I'd give him the dollar and he would kiss me good-night as his services were required no longer that evening. Then the property woman would dress him for the street. Some nights I would give him a large copper penny as we had many in circulation at that time. He would take it and kiss me good evening as usual but one evening when I offered him one he said, "I don't want that red one. I can get more apples for

the white one." He spoke then with the Scotch accent which sounded quite cute. I had a check drawn for fifty dollars that I wanted him to carry home to the old woman who took care of him. I asked him where he could carry it safest. He first took off his shoe and then his stocking, and said to me, "I'll put it there." Then he put on his stocking and his shoe. I said, "But they may knock you down and rob you." He said, "If they do I'll kick them in the mouth." Then he kissed me good-night and still held on to my hand. I said, "Is there anything wrong Pet?" He said, "It is aw wrang; you did na gie me the quarter," which made my dresser laugh so that he had a pain in his side. I sat down in the chair and laughed until my sides shook when he gave me a kick on the leg and says "Ye are aw fools." I went and got him a dollar out of my purse. Then he kissed me and my dresser good-night saying as he went out, "Gin ye hae a gude night's rest mebbe ye'll wake up in the morning wie mair sense."

When Mr. Forrest had finished his tale we all burst out into a hilarious laugh when the Little One spoke up and said to Mr. Forrest, "I don't see that you are any wiser now than you were then," which caused another laugh. Then Mr. Forrest said, "Gentlemen, thats the wine on me." I tell you these things sir, to show you that his mediumship showed itself wherever he went.

We all arrived back safely and went direct to the theatre from the boat. When I was managing the stage for Mr. Hooley at his comedy theatre in Chicago there came a star there by the name of John Hart who opened in a farce comedy called, "She was divorced." Justin was in the stock company and cast for the leading female part. The other lady in the cast was the wife of the leader of the orchestra whose name I cannot recall the present time. The leading man, whose name was Harry Moreland, was also in the cast and a young gentleman by the name of Baker, whose first name I do not recall, was second low comedian in the cast. I think John Hart and Justin did as fine piece of comedy acting as I ever saw on the stage. It was so clean cut all the way through that Mr. Hooley remarked, "Any one that is a judge of acting could find no fault with that representation." Mr. Kane who was one of the handsomest leading men of the day said, "Lord, don't I wish I could have

played Moreland's part. That was fine comedy acting on that stage to-night and I think the Little One outdid herself. Oh, those gushing kisses, what wouldn't I give to have had some of them implanted on my lips for I think the Little One is the sweetest kisser on the stage. I just think she kisses to music."

There are many other plays that I think she did fine work in, but as I feel it would take too much of your time to name them all I will now close my communication by leaving my love to the "Queen of Burlesque Comedy" who was the peer of all in her time, and thanking you also sir, for your kindness in taking down my communication I will say here the spiritual philosophy is the only true gate through which you can pass to the true side of life called immortality. Your friend for the cause.

COOL WHITE, who once inhabited an earth body called a fleshy tenement. Good day.

Pop-Corn Sal

Chapter X

POP-CORN SAL, Saturday, June 8th, 1901.

Now please take mine's down will you? My name Pop-corn Sal. Get out your stick quick. I knowed him in Philadelphia long time ago. They let me tell it to you. I was called little Pop-corn Sal. I used to sell pop-corn to the people in the theatre. He used to buy lots from me and give it to the kids. One day a kid whats got name Billie Saddock says to me when that Justin was comin' out the back door of the theatre—"That Little One gets more as an hundred dollars a week." I says, "Oh, go long he aint as big as some them other ones." He says, "Yes he does for I heard Mr. Parsons tell it. It aint all the time the big ones gets the most." I said, "Golly Gosh, he gets more'n a hundred dollars." I says, "I guess I'll be an actor myself," when Billy says, "They aint taking no black meat like you in there." Then I swipes him in the jaw and he went a keeling in the gutter and I walked on him and all my pop corn went in the street. Golly, wasn't I mad? I knowed ma'd lick the devil out of me when I got back but I didn't go back that time, I went and laid in a lumber yard all night. Golly, wasn't I hungry in the morning? You bet. When I was coming from the lumber yard in the morning coming down Market street I met this one what I am talking through now. I was crying like the devil for I knowed I'd get lambasted when I went home. He come up to me and says, "Sally, what's the matter, anyone hurt you?" Says I, "I reckon not. I hurt Bill and all my corn got dirty in the street." He says, "Sally, you've been fighting

again." I says, "No I haint. I just swiped him in the gob and then jumped on him." He says, "I see you've got your basket left." But I says, "I've got no pop corn to sell." He says "Here's a dollar go get some pop corn and sell some before you go home." "I swiped Bill cause he said you got more'n a hundred dollars a week what was a lie, haint it now?" He says, "He meant that I got more as a hundred cents a week." I says that's what I give him right back in his teeth cause you'se too little to get mores a hundred dollars a week when theres bigger men and women as you be in the theatre and ought to get more. He says, "Didn't you never be in our theatre?" I says "Naw, I went to be in it one night and they threw me down stairs. They said they didn't let any damn black things like me in the theatre." I want to tell you boss, that was before they had that ere war. Now we'se free and I'm a regular daisy. When I growed up I went to wash in a laudry and one day we had a daisy fight and they throwed me out and I struck my head on a curb stone and fell in the gutter and broke my neck and now I'm a spirit. Give your stick a rest.

Gen. Winfield Scott

Chapter XI

Wednesday, July 10th, 1901.

I was known to the nation as Gen. Winfield Scott. On the fourth of July, 1859, there was a great military parade in New York City. I reviewed them from the balcony of the City Hall, as they passed. At the head of one of the New York regiments, was the Little Medium, dressed as a Vivandiere, and at the head of that regiment's military band was a drum major about seven feet tall whose name, I think was Lewiston; the contrast between this man, so tall, with a high fur hat on his head which made him look a giant, and the Little Vivandiere who was four feet tall and only weighed eighty pounds, you can imagine. While they were marching down Broadway, the men and women waved their handkerchiefs to her and she threw kisses back to them. By the time they had arrived at the City Hall Park, the Little Vivandiere, not being accustomed to parading in the streets, and the parade being a long one, became quite tired. When the army had passed by in the review, they returned and formed a hollow square; the band played a military polka and the Little Vivandiere danced to the music, which delighted the multitude of lookers-on. The applause and cheering were tremendous and the waving of flags and handkerchiefs was a sight I had never witnessed before. The drum major caught up the Little Vivandiere, placed her on his shoulder in order that the multitude of people might gaze at her; when he had done so they fired a salute of thirteen guns. The waving of handkerchiefs and flags and the screaming and throwing of hats into the air was a sight for the Gods to look upon. The military band stepped out in front, struck up our National air, the Drum Major stepped off the Little Vivandiere sitting on his left shoulder,

waving his staff with his right hand and putting on lots of style as drum majors usually do. Some one stepped out of the ranks and handed the Little Vivandiere a silk flag. After that took place the band following the Drum Major, marched around the square. The Drum Major showing off all the pomp that was in him, the Little Vivandiere sitting on his shoulder waving the flag and throwing kisses to the multitude. The roaring, yelling and screaming was beyond description. Then another salute was fired when the Little Vivandiere arose to her feet on the shoulders of the Drum Major. Standing erect, waving the flag, she sang the "Star Spangled Banner." When she had finished she screamed out at the top of her voice "Three Cheers for the American Eagle, Gen. Washington and Gen. Scott." Just then she took the flag in a peculiar position in her right hand and held it as one would a spear about to throw it. When the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," with that she threw the flag and it landed right between my legs with the spear end upwards. She threw it in such a manner that it displayed the blue ground with the white stars on it. It startled me for a moment when the staff of the flag landed between my legs on the balcony. The roaring and cheering was beyond description. I stood up and called out that the Vivandiere might be brought to me. At that call she jumped from the Drum Major's shoulders to the ground and the people would have made a rush at her to kiss and hug her but the military kept them in check and held them back. By this time the Little Vivandiere was exhausted and caught hold of the Drum Major's hand to keep from falling. He picked her up and carried her to where I with other gentlemen were on the balcony. When he approached us with her in his arms the President of the Nation said, "Let me have her; she is tired," but he placed her in my arms. I kissed her and then the President kissed her. Then I placed her, standing on the railing or balustrade of the balcony so that all the people might see her. After a while when I thought the people had had a good look I took her from the position into my arms, kissed her, then placed her on the President's knee. When I had done so she looked up at me and said, "Old man you've been drinking whiskey today," which made all the gentlemen on the balcony roar with laughter. Then I gave orders to proceed with the rest of the review.

When all was finished another salute was fired. Then she looks up at me with one of her roguish smiles and says, "It takes a big noise to make any effect on such a big coon as you are." When I looked down at her I discovered that the president had taken off her shoes, she complained, he said of her feet hurting her. I drew off one of her stockings to see if we could discover what was the matter with her feet and to our astonishment we found the little foot was blistered all over. When the Mayor of the city said, "Let us carry her into my office and I will bathe her little feet in a basin of water." The Mayor took her in his arms and carried her to the office where we followed him. After we were seated he gave directions to a colored man to bring a basin of water and a towel. When the basin and the water were produced the Mayor seated her in a low chair and placed her feet in the basin of water. Then she looked up with tears in her eyes saying, "Golly, don't that feel good." Mr. Greely of the Tribune addressed her saying "Little Vivandiere what would you like to drink?" She looked up at him and smiled saying, "I want a big glass of lemonade with plenty of lemon in it. None of your two cent skimpy glasses," which made us all laugh. The colored man was then sent to bring the lemonade. The President, turning to me, said, "Who does that little one belong to? I should think her father and mother must be proud of her. She is the most alert and quick little body I ever saw." I said, "It don't happen to be a she, as they call it a he. It belongs to Capt. Warren. I am glad he is not present or I am afraid there would be a row when he discovered his little one's feet in that condition." The President addressed me saying, "Now General none of your military gags on me." I said, "None whatever, sir, but nevertheless they call it a he." He threw his head back and laughed saying, "This is a good fourth of July gag, General. I know that military men know a good deal but I hav'nt been taking many cocktails this morning, neither have I indulged in spirits of any kind, so you need not think I am in a trance or wandering around in a field amongst ghosts this morning. When you claim to me, or try to convey the idea that such a face, hands or feet belong to a boy it is really more than I can believe on the glorious fourth." I said, "President, Capt. Warren calls it his little boy." He looked at me and

laughed with a roguish wink of his eye. "Oh that I might own such a boy." Horace Greeley looked at him saying, "Mr. President I think we are all of your mind." Just then the colored man entered the room with a pitcher and a glass on a silver salver. The Mayor dried her feet with a towel. The President put on one stocking while Horace Greeley put on the other. Then the President brought her and placed her on my lap, saying, "General we look to you for the honors of the day." The President beckoned for the colored man to appear. I took the pitcher, filled the glass with lemonade, handing it to the little vivandiere, said, "Now Little One you can have all you want." While she was drinking the lemonade she commenced rubbing her stomach saying, "Thas Max goot." When she had drank the first glass she held it towards the pitcher saying, "Treat me just as you did before," which made us laugh. I discovered then she liked lemonade. When she had finished the second glass she looked all around the room saying, "Who are you all anyhow?" Looking up at me with a roguish smile she said, "You are the Grandfather of the army and don't deny it." Then she straightened herself up sitting on my lap as though she were sitting on a royal throne and it was a common thing for her to command, she said, "Scott introduce me to these coons anyhow," which sent us all off into a roar of laughter. When we had quieted down I said I would do so. I asked the President to step forward and be introduced to her royal Highness. I says, "Your Highness this is the President of the United States." He bowed with mock gravity flourishing his right hand. She said, "The President of the United States, Gee! he looks more like an old He-goat," which caused another roar of laughter. Then the mayor of the city came forward. I said, "Your Highness this is the Hon. Mayor of New York." She said, "Any one could tell he lived on corned beef and cabbage, the chip of his jaw shows that," which caused another big laugh. He said to me, "General, with your permission, may I kiss her Highness?" Then she puckered up her mouth and he kissed her. She let a loud whistle out of her mouth, saying "Great Scott, your bitters must have been strong this morning. Perhaps you chew trix for your breath," which brought another big laugh. Then the Rev. Dr. Tyng, an Episcopal minister or as he was commonly called, "Father Tyng"

came forward and was introduced. She took his hands and commenced to cry and cried as if her heart would break which made us all sad. The father and I tried to pacify her. Right in the midst of the crying she laid her head on my shoulder. He put his arms around her and said "Be comforted my little darling and I will offer a prayer to God for your protection and comfort." He commenced to pray saying, "Oh God, the number of her years are small yet." She looked up at him with a sad face and heaved a heavy sigh which made us all feel sad. I thought she was about to get religion or be affected in that way, when she said, "Father, those numbers you dreamt this morning won't go for shucks in the policy shop. You ought to have dreamed No. 4 being the 4th of July." At that we burst into a roar of laughter which I thought would never stop. Of all the crestfallen looking creatures in the world it was Father Tyng. He sat down on a chair saying "That's a wicked creature," when she said, "Me too." Horace Greely then stepped forward. I said, "Your Highness, this is Mr. Horace Greely, a newspaper man." She looked at him, smiled and made one of the worst looking faces I ever saw. She took hold of both his hands, looked up into his face and said, "Oh ye Gods, what a tale we could here unfold. Enough to harrow up the devils soul, as the whole world worship gold. But cling to it old man as you would to a raft in a shipwreck, let your whole soul be marble to gold. From the President's seat the laws of the land you never can unfold," which caused another big laugh. When the laugh had quieted down she took hold of him by his beard, drew his face down to hers and kissed him, threw her arms around his neck and held him tight saying, "Printer, printer of black ink, how many souls will you twist in the link for the pen will be scathing and under it men must swim or sink, Oh, printer, printer the whole soul can be reproduced at retail and in this line you are going to come out a big whale." That was the means of another laugh. The next in line was Henry Ward Beecher, who became afterwards a famous preacher. I introduced him to her Highness. She looked him all over then gave a mournful sigh, saying, "Oh ye Gods can it be possible that a spirit lives here? and brings to us Old New England cheer: Man, Man, destiny has a fate and from the west you must come to meet it at any rate. I see the

light spreading near and far. The torch bearer cries you must meet at a Congregational bar. Thy honeyed lips will speak words of wisdom and light. For thou must become the bridegroom of the night. Thou wilt bring a cause to bear that will make souls feel that they are rich and rare. And if you are smart enough you can sell them all off at Vanity Fair," which brought big applause. The next that was introduced in turn was Cornelius Vanderbilt. She looked him over and with a loud laugh says, "Why old money-bags thou canst squeeze gold out of rocks and crags, whilst thou layest on thy pallet to sleep. The cars over the rails doth creep, bring shekels of great wealth, but old money-bags think of thy soul and self for it will be heralded out through heaven that old Creosus would like to enter here with his bags of pelf. Beware and take warning in time, for the angels will bring no bells in rhyme. Thy soul must stand and take its place as reason will compel you to give up your wealth with grace, in the beautiful spirit land, your wealth has no power to form a golden band. The realm of wisdom and love is the only place where you can work out the redemption of your race. See to it that you are liberal here. That you may enjoy your beautiful spirit sphere." There were many others who came in turn and received beautiful little stanzas according to their condition. One gentleman came up with a pleasant face, whose name I do not know. The mayor stepped forward and said, "Your highness, this is Mr. Peter Cooper." She took his hand and looked into his face with a heavenly smile, saying, "Oh, were but the whole world full of love and it were mine, I would give it to thee for thou art so kind; the human race will find shelter here. Aye even down to death's bier. Man, man, the world for thee has a place, and thou wilt give out thy love to the human race. Thou art a self-made man so it is said, and New York will bless thy name, when thy body lies cold in death," which brought applause. Then she drew him to her and hugged and kissed him saying, "If I had a father like thee, my soul like a bird would be free, and on the wings of wisdom I would sing with glee. Oh, bonny, bonny Peter, an angel will wed with thee. Do not hold thy thoughts in check, but let them to the world go free, for thou art chosen; a man of wisdom you will be. And the bonny lads and lasses will you light through their bonny E."

There are many others that I could describe but it would take up time and space. When her Highness had finished giving audience to the gentlemen, Father Tyng spoke up and said, "Who is this child, that such thought can come from?" She mocks religion and yet she divines with the angels in her rhyme. I must see further into her condition." I said, "Gentlemen, you must adjourn now. Her Royal Highness has finished her audience for this morning and I must escort her now to her home." A carriage was called to take the President, the Little One and myself to the hotel. When we came to put her shoes on, we found they would not go on as her feet had swollen so. I took her up in my arms; the President picked up the little shoes and we were escorted to our carriage by the gentlemen in attendance, who gave three cheers for the Little Vivandiere. Mr. Beecher said, "God bless the Little One. The world will hear from her yet, for I know he or she, which ever it is, is an instrument of the living God, to which we all said "Amen, God be praised." Just as the carriage door was about to be closed, she said, "Old Scott, you old galoot, hold me out so that I can see all the men." Then she looked at them with a smile saying, "You dear good, nice gentlemen who have beards and mustaches, I would like to hug you all but the lemonade swelled me out and my waist is too tight. To you other gentlemen with beard and mustaches in your mind, if you will fertilize your chins well you may get a growth in the future that will astonish the natives. Now gentlemen, one and all, see that the ladies fertilize your lips with kisses for it is a good remedy for toothache, 'Ta ta, I will see you later tonight at the ball." The people commenced to laugh and wave their handkerchiefs, the carriage door was shut and we drove towards the hotel. She sat on my lap and put her head on my breast. She could not place her head on my shoulder, I being a large portly man, then she placed her little hand inside of my vest and went to sleep and I was the proudest man in America that day. Happiness is no name for it. I stooped and kissed her several times on the forehead. The President addressed me saying, "In the name of Heaven, General, to whom does this little one belong. She seems to be a mysterious creature." I said, "At present she belongs to Capt. Warren, where he got her God only knows. The first time I ever saw her was about five

years ago. He had her at West Point, dressed in boys clothes, and I thought it was the prettiest little thing I had ever seen." I said, "Captain Warren is that little doll any relation to you?" He said, "Yes, General, that is the dearest thing on earth me; and without that little doll I could not live. I said, "Take good care of it. It looks as if the wind would blow it away, it is so fragile. It looks to me like a little violet hid away in the woods under a leaf for protection and you Capt. are the leaf." He said, "General, I will protect it with my life." When I had finished the President said, "God protect it, it looks too frail to be handled roughly by the world," to which I said, "Amen."

When we arrived at the hotel, I carried the Little One in my arms, still asleep. When we arrived at the room we found Captain Warren and George Meade there. When Capt. Warren saw me coming, the Little One in my arms he jumped up and said, "God, what is the matter with my baby?" I said, "Nothing, only he has gone to sleep." I laid the Little One on the bed, when the Captain took hold of my hands thanking me profusely, saying "I thought, General, he was dead. If it had been so, you would be minus a Captain, for I could not live without the Little One." At that we all laughed. Then he noticed the President for the first time; placing a chair for him, he said, "I beg your pardon Sir, for not greeting you with the courtesy of a gentleman, but to tell the truth Honored Sir, my heart was growing cold when I thought my Little One was dead." Then he burst into tears. I took his hand and said, "Be calm, Captain, no harm will come to your Little One, I see your love is great, and any one that would try to rob you of it, is a felon of the worst kind, and I would like to be the man to put a ball through him. While we were talking, Mr. Meade came from an adjoining apartment with a bottle of wine and some glasses. I addressed Mr. Meade saying, "You seem to be acquainted here." He said, "Oh yes, General, when I come to New York, I make my headquarters here with Brother Warren and the Little One. We all sat down and Meade poured each one a glass of wine. After we had finished drinking it, things seemed to grow more cheerful and we commenced to get off jokes, which seemed to cheer up Capt. Warren. This Meade, whom I speak of became the famous Gen. Meade at the battle of Gettysburg and also the

controlling General of the army of the Potomac, during our rebellion. While we were enjoying ourselves the Little One awoke saying, "Papa my legs and feet hurt awful. It feels just like bees were stinging them." The Captain said, "Well pet we will get those outside wraps off, and then locate the pain." After Mr. Warren had removed all the shoy toggery from the Little one. He said, "Now tell me where the pain is worst." The Little One said, "It is in my legs and feet." Mr. Warren found he had to cut the stockings off, as his legs and feet were swollen to a large size. Mr. Warren took him on his lap while Meade got a basin with water and a sponge. Then they sponged his legs and feet down. They did so several times, when he commenced to cry and said the pain was getting worse. Meade said, "Warren I will go to the drug store and get some solution that we can apply as an outward application." He did so and returned with a large bottle of linament which they applied to his limbs. In about ten minutes it commenced to bring some relief.

They applied it all over his limbs again and rubbed the linament in quite hard. In about a quarter of an hour he said, "Papa, I feel a good deal better now; it don't pain so much." I said, "Captain you will have to have those blisters on the soles of his feet open and let the water out; while his feet are in that condition he will be feverish." Mr. Meade said, "I will go and find some one, who, possibly can operate on his feet." He returned in a little while with a gentleman who said his name was Nickless, and that he was connected with a drug establishment. He laid his case of instruments on the table; when the Little One discovered them he hollered out, "Gee! Moses, you aint going to cut me up are you?" The gentleman said, "Oh, no, not at all, we will just merely open the blisters and let the water out." He took a sharp instrument in his hand and said, "Now we are ready." The Captain said, "Pet, look up at me," as he did so he placed his mouth on the Little One's mouth and held him tight while the gentleman operated on the blisters. When it was all over the Little One looked over at me and said, "Old Scott, I'll never be able to dance with you tonight, at the ball." Then he said, "I've got it, I'll get on to your back and you waltz around and I'll holler out, 'This is Scotty my boy, the Scott of all Scotch;' which sent us all off into a laugh. Then I discov-

ered that Warren was, once more a happy man. Mr. Nickless was invited to partake of a glass of wine; while he was sipping it the glass was wrenched out of his hand and thrown into my hat, which was on a side table in the room. - This compelled us to become a little more serious. Just then the table commenced to slide over to where the medium was sitting on the Captain's lap. He looked up at the Captain and laughed saying, 'Papa, Rob wants you to have a drink.' He raised the glass of wine to Warren's lips, when the bottle on the table commenced to dance; It danced around the table and when it came opposite each glass, it would tip up in a certain way, and pour out a little wine. Mr. Nickless then commenced to laugh and said, "Gentlemen, I see you are not acquainted with psychical manifestations." This is one of the spiritual manifestations. There are many others that take place in the presence of a medium." (From this it would seem that Mr. Nickless understood something of Spiritualism.) I said, "Is this Spiritualism?" The President said, "Yes, and this is one of its manifestations." Mr. Warren said, "I wish they would let him alone." After the blisters were opened on the Little One's feet, Mr. Nickless bathed them in a solution of alum water, so that they would harden, somewhat, before night; as the Little One was determined to attend the ball. They wrapped his feet up in towels and laid him on the bed. Mr. Nickless said he would remain about a quarter of an hour longer and see how the Little One felt. "If he does not sleep easily I will give him a sleeping draught." After the Little One had lain on the bed, I should judge, about ten minutes, there came a peculiar look in his eyes. It seemed to me as though he were looking away off beyond where any of us sat. He gave a peculiar smile and said, "That is a pretty piece of business. If they haint gone and robbed the city treasury, and you watch and see if they aint caught at it, I tell you that ring is going to be broken up some day. Papa, Tweed's a bad man and Bob says he don't want you to associate with him any more." This happened some time before Boss Tweed and his ring was broken up. Mr. Warren said, "Gentlemen, on your honor, I beg of you not to mention a word that you have heard here today. I wish these sayings would not come through him." The druggist spoke up and said, "Mr. Warren, just as long as he or she, whichever it

is, lives the spirits are going to reveal themselves, so you may as well keep your mind easy on that point, for they are determined to reveal the truth through that organism." Some time afterwards I invited Mr. Warren and the Little One to make me a visit at West Point, and come prepared to stay several days. I became so infatuated with the Little One and his ways that I longed to see him. Mr. Warren and the Little One arrived on a Monday afternoon, and I was glad to see them. I was always "Uncle Scott" to the Little One when he wasn't under influence. When I met him he grabbed me around the waist, which he couldn't embrace as I was so large it was impossible for his little arms to span me. He looked up into my face with a smile saying, "Uncle Scott I want a big drink of milk." I said, "You shall have it. Now come and sit on my lap and tell me what you have been doing since I saw you last." In the meantime I requested my servant to bring a pitcher of milk and a glass. When the milk came he drank the glass full down without stopping, then he said, "I will, but I didn't want to until I got the milk." I told Mr. Warren to go to the closet and help himself to a little spirits as he did not care for the milk. The Little One said, "Uncle Scott, you always have such good milk. Its much better than that we get at the hotel. Now I'm going to tell you what I've been doing." When he would tell me anything he always played with my large fingers, running his little hands out and in through them. He said, "I've been working pretty hard Uncle Scott and I got good pay for it. Papa put all the money in the bank on interest with a lot that he had. Some day we are going to live on a farm and you must come and live with us, Uncle Scott. Papa says he is going to buy me a pup, that will grow into a large St. Bernard dog and I am going to call him Winfield Scott Warren. Papa says he is going to get a gardener, and I can have all the flowers I want. Won't that be grand Uncle Scott? I am going to put nice flowers in your room every day and I won't let anyone touch your books and papers for I am going to clean the room myself." Then he stood up on my knees threw his arms around my neck and gave me a good hug and kiss which settled the bargain. I then addressed Mr. Warren saying, "I've invited some of the officers to come here tomorrow afternoon, so that we may indulge in a social

game of cards." I then said to the Little One "What would you like to eat this evening?" He said, "I want a bowl of milk and some bread." Mr. Warren said, "Its milk and bread every time for him when its good." I then prepared for military duties.

Next day Mr. Warren went visiting amongst his friends taking the Little One with him. During one of his visits the Little One slipped out, went and collected some flowers and tall grasses, bringing them to my room where some of the brother officers had already assembled. He came up to me saying, "Uncle Scott, I brought you some pretty flowers. Just smell them." I smelt of them saying, "They are beauties." I requested him to go and get a pitcher with some water in it, that he might put the flowers in. I said, "Now sweetheart, you set that pitcher on the stand in the corner where your flowers will look beautiful." He was very fond of flowers and everything in art. In fact he had a great passion for art.

One day Captain Warren and myself went to visit a large art gallery taking the Little One with us. When we reached the Art gallery and he discovered the beautiful pictures hanging on the wall; he commenced to jump up and down laughing and singing with glee. He cries out with all the love in his nature, "Papa and Uncle Scott, this must be heaven." Then all of a sudden a very sober expression came over his face. He folded his arms and walked towards a large painting and we followed him. He stood in front of the picture possibly ten minutes, when came from him a deep rich voice, that of a powerful man. The voice said, "Gentlemen, I will explain to you the merits and demerits of this picture." The voice gave us a discourse on art for about half an hour, which was grand and interesting, especially to me as it described the flaws and merits of the artist that painted the picture. He went from one picture to another giving descriptions of them for our benefit. We followed him around for over four hours when we became tired and hungry. We appealed to him to leave the art gallery so that we might go and get something to eat. He said, "No I will not. Here is brain work and I love it. I will remain here until you return." But we knew better than to leave him by himself, for God only knows, where we would find him on our return. Mr. Warren

said, "General, let us go and sit on one of those seats to rest awhile and we will allow the Little One to feast his eyes on the pictures, at the same time keeping our eyes on him." After sitting there quite awhile, I became so hungry that I believed I couldn't stand it any longer. I got up and went where he stood, taking him by the hand, I said, "Come they're going to shut up the gallery now. He said, "Shut up the Gallery, and will they close all this art from the sight of men and women? Oh how cruel, how cruel." I said, "You come now and we will go and get something to eat." He looked at me with one of the most malicious looks you ever saw and said, "No, I'm damned if I will." Then I beckoned for Mr. Warren to come and said, "You take hold of his hand there and I will take this. I guess we will have to force his young highness out of this." We really had to drag him out of the gallery. While doing so he cursed and swore at us calling us all the vile names that the vocabulary of the day contained. I merely give this illustration to show you what a great love he has for art. While in the gallery he was controlled by some painter who had passed out of the body.

And now to return to the flowers he had placed on the stand in my room. When he placed the pitcher on the stand he buried his face in the flowers and kissed them sweetly saying, "Please tell me your names. You can talk to me if you want for you must have a language of your own." Jefferson Davis, being one of the party that was invited, said to me "General see how the Little One loves the flowers." At that instant he turned with one of the most scornful looks you ever saw in a human being's countenance. Then he approached Mr. Davis saying, "How dare you speak of beautiful flowers; have they ever harmed you? You two faced villian." With that he sprang onto the table. (It just seemed as if his little body was constructed of springs.) When he landed, he commenced to kick each one's cards into his lap; not one of them dropping onto the floor. With that he commenced to cry aloud "Ye miserable sinners. God has sent me here to break up this game of cards, for you are all on the road to hell, and further than that, Providence, Rhode Island, knows you not, you wicked wretches." Then all of a sudden he commenced to dance the Highland fling on top of the table; and danced it well; to which we all applauded. He made a leap

into the air, and came down cachunk onto the table with his legs crossed like a Turk. He then commenced to cry as if his heart would break, which made us all feel sad, threw himself onto the floor, hissed like a snake and wriggled across the floor just as you would see a large rattlesnake do. In front of Jefferson Davis he spit like a venomous snake, then jumping to his feet, he came and sat on my lap and sang that beautiful hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." He sang it in such a beautiful manner and with such feeling that before he had finished the tears were coursing down our cheeks. Mr. Meade said, "What a strange, strange being. He can hiss like a venomous snake and he can reach your soul with music." Just then Warren entered the room saying, "General, I am sorry my Little One bothered you so much. He slipped away while I was in conversation with some ladies that were visiting here; when he did not return I came in search of him." I said, "Warren, my boy, don't mention it. He brought his Uncle some beautiful flowers and put them in a pitcher of water, placing them on that stand in the corner." Mr. Warren said, "I hope he comported himself in such a manner that it was pleasing for the gentlemen present to have him in their midst. I said, "It was so much so, that he entertained us very highly." "Then I will relieve you of him General. Come Little One, sit on papa's lap. I know Uncle Scott must be tired of your teasing him." I said, "Not at all. Let him remain with me; I don't get a chance to hold him every day, and you do." Pointing to a chair I said, "Take that chair, sit down and play a game of cards with the boys while the Little One amuses me." After awhile the Little One tired of sitting in one position. He got up onto my shoulder and straddled my neck with his legs, grabbed me by the hair of the head, and yelled out, "Two forty on the plank road. We'll get to Harlem before the devil finds it out." Warren looked around and saw that he was tugging at my hair pretty hard. He said, "Come pet, stand back of papa and show him what cards to play." Then he leaped from my shoulder onto the floor. He never climbed up and down like other youngsters but gave a spring and he was there. While he was standing behind his papa and looking at his cards, he discovered that his papa held in his hand the ace of spades and the ace of hearts. Grabbing the ace of spades, he threw it on the table, saying,

"That means war, aye a bloody war. Kin and friends matched against one another in a bloody strife. The blood of men shall fertilize the ground. I hear their groans crying to God for vengeance." He then grabbed the ace of hearts, threw it on top of the other on the table. "That means aching hearts wailing and gnashing of teeth, sisters and brothers, fathers and mothers, old men and women, will go down to their graves weeping for their slain." He then went around the table until he found the ace of clubs. Brother Meade held that. He snatched it out of his hands, throwing it on top of the others, saying, "Gentlemen do you see that? That means the black man and the black race. The southern curse shall be wiped out in blood and the black race shall get their freedom. The day will pass away when the daughter will bear the father a son. At the same time, that the taskmaster is her father, she is his daughter and bondswoman, while her child is his son and at the same time her brother. The curse of slavery is crying for vengeance and the south shall pay for it with tenfold interest, for black Rachel is weeping for her children. The black shall become a monument of the past disgrace of a shiftless race of people." Then he passed around until he found the ace of diamonds which he snatched out of Jefferson Davis' hand throwing it down on the top of the rest on the table. When he had done so he said, "If the ace of diamonds and the ace of hearts could have been found in the same hand it would have averted war, but the ace of clubs being found between represents the black children crying to God for justice. 'Vengeance is mine' saith the Lord. Behold one day shall come a leader who shall release and save the black body and soul from the cruel hands of the Southern Auctioneer. A curse shall fall upon the leader who would teach the Southern States to become a nation of themselves." Then he picked up all the cards and commenced to shuffle them, and as he did so they commenced to go up into space and come back while he was walking around the table. When he arrived at the part of the table where Jefferson Davis sat he threw the cards down in front of him and said, "May God curse the man who would try to break up this glorious union." Then he said something in latin which I have forgotten. Mr. Davis' face became pallid and wore such a blanched expression that my whole nature felt sorry for him. I would have

changed the words just uttered if I could. Mr. Davis I heard left that evening by a boat which was passing down the river from Troy to New York. I never laid eyes on him again in the body. I heard he went South. (You see the prediction came true in our rebellion.)

There was a Col. Shephard taken prisoner in Virginia by the Union forces. He told Gen. McClellan that Jefferson Davis had told him something of the prediction that was made by the Little Medium, but he believed that some one had put him up to tell it so that the boys might have some sport at his expense; he being a southerner, and favoring slavery very strongly, wishing that it might be forced into the State of Kansas. "But alas, Shephard, I am only afraid it will come too true. Such people as that should not be allowed to live but as the Bible says should be put to death." Davis tells me in spirit life, there was a feeling that run through him from the beginning of the war that theirs would be the lost cause; as no man should hold another in bondage.

The next time I met the Little One was while I was making a visit to Washington. On Friday morning I was coming down the steps of the Capitol in company with Mr. Chase. When we were half way down I noticed a man and boy coming up the walk towards the steps of the Capitol. I noticed the man and the boy held something in their hands like small bills and as they got up on the first step the little boy looked up when he saw me he hollered out "There's Uncle Scott," throwing the bills to the four winds of heaven, he made a rush up the few remaining steps towards me hollering, "Oh Uncle Scott, Uncle Scott, its you." The gentleman that was in company with him said, "Puss, see what you have done with the dodgers." The Little One said, "O, damn your dodgers, I've got Uncle Scott now." I sat down on one of the steps so that he could embrace me. Then we hugged and kissed one another until we commenced to cry. I would hold him off and look at him and then clasp him to my breast again and say, "Oh my little darling, my little darling, I haven't seen you for a long time." He said, "Its been so long Uncle Scott, I thought I would never see you again." Then we would hug and kiss never thinking of our surroundings or who was looking on. When Mr. Chase spoke and said, "I should

judge from your actions that you two had met before." I looked up and there was Chase laughing so the tears were in his eyes. I said, "I should say we had met before." The Little One said, "Who is that old bloke?" I said, "Puss, allow me to introduce your to Mr. Chase." The Little One said, "howdy." He said, "Come Uncle Scott and I'll show you all around the city." I said, "Pet, I've been all around pretty much already. Then he said, "You can go with me and have some lunch; you know you like pork and beans and at our hotel they have bully pork and beans." Mr. Chase said, "No, General, you will dine with me today and bring your little friend with you. I think I have heard of this urchin before. Isn't this the one they call little Warren?" I said, "The same. Where is papa Warren now?" The Little One said, "In the field with the army." In the meantime the gentleman that accompanied the Little One got two boys to collect what he called his dodgers and get them together again for when the Little One had thrown them up, they went in all directions. The gentleman came forward saying, "Puss you got me into a nice snap by throwing those dodgers in the air." The Little One said, "Oh, Uncle Scott, this is Mr. Hooley and that other fellows name is Chase." Which sent us off into a laugh. Mr. Chase says, "Mr. Hooley will you accompany us to lunch?" Mr. Hooley said, "I will with pleasure if you gentlemen will wait a few minutes until I put these dodgers in the rotunda where the people can get them. We were on our way there, when the Little One discovered the General." He went and left his dodgers in the rotunda; as he was mounting the steps I said, "Pet, who is that Mr. Hooley?" He said, "He has something to do with one of the theatres here." I noticed as Mr. Hooley was returning from the rotunda that he was a very fine looking man. He looked more like a military officer than a theatrical manager. When he got up to where we were standing the Little One said, "Come on Uncle Dick and you too old man Chase." He took me by the hand and led off. When we reached one side of the Capitol grounds Mr. Chase called a carriage and we all got in and went to his home. On the way Mr. Hooley said, "The Little One appears tonight as the "Drummer Boy" and I told the business manager that I would take some dodgers to the Capitol as I wished to view the rotunda and some other parts of the

building before I went back to New York and that is the condition you see, that you found me in. The Little One cares for nothing and nobody if anything strikes him forcible as you did today." Finally we drove in front of Mr. Chase's residence. Mr. Chase opened the door with a latch key and ushered us into the drawing-room. After we were all seated, he went to a table and touched a little electric bell. In a few minutes a colored servant appeared. Mr. Chase addressed him saying, "Look to it Samuel that there are three extra plates provided at the lunch table, as I have three guests to dine with me today; but before you do that request the ladies to attend me in the drawing-room." The servant bowed very politely and said, "As you wish, Sir," and withdrew from the room. I noticed during our visit that all the servants were refined and cultured; they could not be otherwise when you once looked on Mrs. Chase. Four Ladies entered the drawing room and were introduced to us. During our conversation the Little One fell asleep in a chair. One of the ladies who bore the name of Stratton, said, "The little fellow is tired and has gone to sleep." At this time I had become an old rheumatic man, but I thought the Little One's head was not resting easy, so I went and picked him up and carried him back to the sofa where I was sitting. I sat down with him on my lap, when his hand slipped inside of my vest just as natural as ever. After we had been sitting a minute or so he partially awoke and looked up at me saying, "Uncle Scott I want a big drink of milk," and then went fast asleep. Mrs. Chase said, "General is that one of your grandchildren?" I said, "Oh, no madam, this little individual is a great deal older than you have any idea of. He never seems to grow up like other folks but will always remain a child in nature." Mr. Hooley then spoke up and said "He is a strange creature that no one knows or understands. He hadn't been at the hotel all night, so I was informed when I called to see him. He came to the theatre about half past ten to rehearse, haggard looking and all dust just as you see him now. God only knows where he has been all night. Mr. Burch the manager, tells me that if this life is kept up he wont last long. He says when the little one tells him, "I will play on a certain night" he is always on hand. Sometimes after the performance is over he disappears as if the earth had swal-

lowed him up and he is no where to be found." Mrs. Chase spoke up and said, "Who is this individual that you speak of in such a manner?" Mr. Hooley said, "Perhaps ladies, you would not recognize in this individual the 'Queen of Burlesque,' the 'Dashing Blanchard.'" All the ladies with one accord said, "For heaven's sake can it be possible? This tired dusty looking little creature is the 'Dashing Blanchard?'" I spoke up and said, "The same ladies." Mrs. Stratton then said "General how long have you known him?" I said, "For a good many years." One of the other ladies said, "What do you mean General by a good many years? Why, he is only a child." I said, "This child is over thirty years old ladies." When Mr. Chase stepped forward and looked into his face, saying "It's a child's face with an old haggard look." Mr. Hooley said, "Sometimes he looks as beautiful and fresh as a rose bud, but since he came to Washington, Mr. Burch tells me there is such a haggard expression on his face; and he thinks it is for the want of proper sleep." Just then the colored servant appeared at the drawing room door announcing that lunch was waiting in the dining room. Mr. Chase said, "What will you do with the Little One?" "I will wake him up, wash his hands and face, for they are hot with fever." Just then one of the young ladies commenced to weep and said, "Oh God, what a life to live. He looks so young to go through it all. He doesn't look as if he had much strength to endure anything that was rough and hard." She came forward and knelt on her knees and kissed the Little One on the lips, saying, "Your life and my life are laid out for us, and Oh God, where will it all end?" Mrs. Chase came forward and took her in her arms saying, "Oh Kate don't give way like that." This young lady afterward was known to the world as Kate Sprague. Mrs. Chase led her away to another apartment.

I then woke the Little One up saying, "Come Little One, get your face and hands washed, and Uncle Scott will get you a bowl of milk and some bread." Mr. Chase led the way, Mr. Hooley, the Little One and myself following, we entered a room where we prepared ourselves to appear in the dining hall. I noticed after the Little One had washed his hands, his face, ears and neck, and bathed his head in the cold water, and had used the towel and brushed his hair, that he looked more refreshed.

Mr. Chase came and led us to the dining hall and we found the rest of the family had already assembled there. As we entered the colored servant assigned us to seats. I noticed there was one vacant chair between some of the ladies. The colored servant said to the Little One, "Will you please walk this way and take this chair?" The Little One said, "I guess not." Then he slapped Mr. Chase on the back saying, "Old Chase you go around and take that chair. I want to sit next to Uncle Scott." Mr. Chase did as requested and he sat down alongside of me, which made them all laugh. When they had quieted down Mrs. Chase said, "On this occasion General we would like to hear from you." Of course she meant for me to say grace. I said "With your leave Madam, I will ask some of the younger gentlemen to officiate in that capacity on such an occasion as this, hoping it will meet with your approbation and pleasure." Just then the Little One tapped me on the arm and said, "Uncle Scott I will say something for you if you want me to." I said with pleasure, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Little One will fill the bill on this occasion" which made them all smile. I lifted him up and stood him on the chair holding his hand all the time. He then commenced to speak and gave us one of the most beautiful prayers that I ever had the pleasure of listening to. It was not only beautiful but it was grand. When he had finished it seemed as if the people were under a spell and it took them some time to recover. Mr. Chase broke the silence by saying, "Why can't our ministers give us such prayers as that instead of their old humdrum stereotyped talk." Mrs. Stratton then said, "I believe the Little One is a witch." When Mrs. Kate Sprague spoke up and said, "He is a servant of the spirit world and his predictions will bring his name before the public but Oh God, the other part of his life will be hard. Our nation will be benefited by his mediumship of which I am not allowed to express here, at last he will be minus the reward for his services through the death of one of the leaders of the nation. The voice says I must stay my speech where it is." When she had finished talking, he and the chair he sat upon were dragged back from the table by some invisible power. He said, "Oh Uncle I want my bread and milk." Just then he and his chair were pushed back to the table again by the same power, when he said "They are going to let me have

it because I am with you Uncle." The company commenced to eat but I noticed as we were about finishing there was an abundance left on the table. Just as we were about to withdraw from the table, some unseen power grabbed him by the hair of the head and dragged him and the chair back from the table again. Then he got mad and commenced to swear saying, "God damn your eternal soul. If you don't let me alone I will kick hell out everything." Just then Mr. Sprague said, "For Gods sake let's get him out of the dining room." He stood up but seemed as if he was glued to the floor and commenced to curse and swear like a pirate. I don't believe I ever heard such oaths in my life come out of a human mouth. Then he quieted down and looked around at all the company with one of his roguish smiles, and commenced to sing the hymn "Jesus Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly." Mrs. Chase raised her hands and said, "Heavenly Father, what kind of a creature is this?" When he had finished singing, he took hold of my hands saying, "Uncle let's dance." He commenced to skip singing "Biddy Anna Martin," running along and before I knew it I was skipping along with him. We skipped and danced out into the hall, which set all the people roaring and laughing. You can imagine the picture they were looking upon; an old white haired, rheumatic man and a little child, (as he seemed to be) dancing and singing in a strangers house. As we reached the drawing room door and were about to finish our capers he threw out his foot behind and kicked Mr. Chase in the back part of his anatomy as he was bending over killing himself with laughter. He dropped on the floor with the kick that he had received and fell at the feet of the ladies saying, "That hurts," which sent the company off into uproarious laughter. When we had all become seated in the drawing-room once more Mr. Hooley arose saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I will ask permission to withdraw, thanking you for your kind hospitality, but I feel it my duty to escort the Little One to his room at the hotel where he can freshen up by taking a good long nap and preparing for his duties at the theatre tonight." I said "Mr. Hooley you will leave him with me as I feel the kind friends here will furnish us with a room and bed so that he may take a long nap this afternoon and I will bring him myself to the theatre this evening giving him ample time to prepare for the performance." Mr. Hooley

then said, "Thank you, General, I know he will be safe with you, and you will see that he gets there in time as the sale of seats has been quite large to see him in the "Drummer Boy" tonight. I will bid you all good bye, hoping that that you will renew your friendship by paying me a visit at my summer home where I would like to have the pleasure of entertaining you all. I will now once more bid you adieu and take the first train for New York, hoping that we will meet later." He then withdrew from the house. Mr. Chase then escorted the Little One and myself upstairs to a front room which was beautiful and a perfect palace in itself. The Little One was delighted with the works of art that hung on the walls and the bricabrac that was distributed around the room. He said, "Uncle this is a regular fairy bower and I know they will come to see us here. He then sat down on the floor saying, "Uncle, I want to pull off your boots so you can rest your feet." He went to work tugging at them and finally got them off. He then helped me off with my coat and vest. I laid myself on the bed to rest. He jumped up alongside of me, shoes and all. I said to him, "Little One, you had better take your shoes off." He said, "Oh, that don't matter. I'll put them up on your belly, which he did and then put his hand inside my shirt bosom. We fell asleep, while he was singing "Annie Laurie" that being one of my favorite songs. We slept over three hours and awoke feeling refreshed. Then we bathed ourselves, dressed and prepared to meet the family in the drawing room. After we had been there about half an hour dinner was announced. While we were eating dinner one of the servants approached Mr. Chase with an envelope in his hand. He said, "Samuel, who brought this note?" "A messenger boy, sir." He then opened the envelope and took out the contents. While looking at it he smiled and looking up he said, "Ladies, here is a treat for you. There is a box at the theatre at your service this evening to see "His Little Worshipful Master in the Drummer Boy." The ladies all laughed and clapped their hands saying, "That is good." When they did so the raps came all over the table. I said, "Ladies the spirits are here." Mrs. Sprague said, "They have been here ever since the Little One came into the house." Then we withdrew to the drawing room. After we had conversed awhile the raps came again. I said, "Kind

friends, we will withdraw, thanking you for your kind hospitality. I will see you later at the theatre. As we entered the hall to leave the house my walking cane came towards me and was placed in my hand. The Little One said, "Uncle Bob knew you had to have your cane and he brought it to you." Mr. Chase said, "Will wonders ever cease?" We all met at the theatre that night and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the scene where the Little One came in whistling and beating his drum. After the curtain was rung down on the performance, I bade the friends good night and went to the Little One's dressing room. I knocked at the door when he hollered "Come in Uncle Scott, I know its you." He said, "Sit down there and I will be ready in two shakes of a rams tail." He dressed about the quickest of any person I ever saw. When he was dressed for the street he said, "Now I will turn the gas out." As we walked towards the stage door I saw an old man sitting there looking at each individual as they passed out and in. When we approached the old man the Little One stepped up to him taking both hands, saying, "Father Tim, how goes it tonight?" The old man said, "Puss, if it wasn't for the rheumatism in my legs I think I'd be quite comfortable this pleasant weather." "Tim, allow me to introduce you to General Scott—the daddy of the whole army." The Little One took a piece of money out of his purse and handed it to the old man, "There Tim get you some pork and beans and brace up now." The old man put his arm around his waist and drew Puss up to him saying, "Why don't you come and play every night? We all love you so. I miss you so much when I don't see your bright face coming in at the door." "I can't come every night Father Tim." "Why can't you come? Where in heaven do you keep yourself when you're not here?" "God knows," the Little One said, "And perhaps some day Father Tim you will understand it all." The old man drew the Little One up to him and kissed him saying "May the Mother of God have you in her care for you are a strange being." The Little One threw himself around the old man's neck and gave him a gushing kiss at the same time kicking his foot out behind, said "Ta ta," and we passed out into the night.

When we had walked in silence about half a block from the theatre I broke the silence by saying, "Puss that old man loves

you." He said, "I know it and I love him, but not as much as I do you Uncle Scott." I said, "There must be a great many that you love Little One." "I love everybody excepting those I don't like. I love Papa Warren best of any one in the world and then I love you next the best and I love old man Lincoln." That's what he always called the President. "Then I love Meade and old man Hooley and Madam Dorio and Rosa and lots of other people too." I said, "Now Little One I want you to go home with me. I've got lots to talk about." Then he looked up into my face and said, "Uncle do you think God loves me?" I said, "I don't see why He shouldn't." He said, "Sometimes I think he don't because I make Papa Warren feel bad sometimes, but I can't help it for when the voice tells me to go anywhere I have to go. I want to be good but I guess I was born damned bad." Just then a fat old colored woman came along selling hot corn. She was crying out her wares telling the people it was the best in the world. The Little One rushed up to her saying, "Aunt Judy, you just come in time. Here's Old Scotty and me, we are as hungry as hawks, now let us have two of your best ears." She laid her large kettle or pail, I couldn't tell which (there was a cover on it) on the sidewalk. When she said, "Why honey, you never passes old Aunt Judy without buying somthing. They tells me you havn't been at the theatre for a whole week." "I was there tonight, Aunt Judy;" at the same time diving down into the kettle bringing up two hot ears and shoving one into my hand, he commenced to munch on the other saying, "Aunt Judy you have the best corn in the world." He turned to me and said, "Uncle she ought to have a diploma for cooking corn." Then the old lady said, "Who's he? I don't see how you remember all your friends names." Just then a cab drove along which was fortunate for me for I did not know how many more Aunties he would meet or Uncles too before we reached my apartments. I hailed the driver and made arrangements with him to take us home. At the same time I threw my ear of corn back into the kettle saying, Aunt Judy I'm not hungry tonight.' I gave her half a dollar to pay for the corn. When she was counting out the change the Little One says, "You keep that Aunt Judy, he's as rich as a gold mine." The poor old woman laughed and

said, "Honey you always remembers the poor." With that he made a spring that landed him inside of the cab with the ear of corn in his hand, I following the best I knew how for I was old and rheumatic. When I got in and was seated the man shut the door, then mounted the box and drove off. The Little One said to me, "Old rheumatics you sit over there and I will sit here and gaze on you." He gazed on me while he was eating the corn off the cob. When we had arrived at my apartments I said, "Now Little One I have lots to talk about." He said, "Fire ahead old man. I am the best listener in the world." I commenced to give him good advice. He looked at me with one of his roguish looks and a broad smile over his face, saying, "Scotty my boy, how did you ever escape from heaven?" And with that he went fast asleep. He proved to me he was one of the best listeners when he was fast asleep. I undressed him and prepared him for bed and took the corn cob that he still held out of his hand. I dipped a sponge into cold water and bathed his face and hands, then dried them and placed him in bed. He was so tired and sleepy that he never woke up. I got into bed alongside of him and went fast asleep for I was tired after such an exciting day.

I did not wake up until eight o'clock next morning. When I did so I turned over to see where the Little One was, but he had vanished and was nowhere to be seen. I arose, dressed and went to breakfast. I inquired of several parties in the house if they had seen a boy leave that morning. I described him to them but no one had seen such an individual. I came to the conclusion that the voice had spoken to him and he had gone forth in the night to obey the summons. I said to myself, "Our Father in Heaven protect the Little One. His life is a strange one." I sent a messenger with a note to the theatre asking if he had been there, at the same time I despatched another one to the hotel. The answer to both of them was, "No, he has not been seen." Three weeks after this occurred I wished to return to West Point by the way of New York City. They placed a private car at my service and a number of friends had a desire to accompany me, some going as far as Baltimore, others going as far as Philadelphia. After the train had started about fifteen minutes, (I left by the evening train so that I would

arrive in Jersey City by the morning) the conductor entered my private car saying, "General would you and your friends like to be amused," I said, "In what manner sir?" He said, "There is a little rag-a-muffin in the other part of the train who is singing and dancing and selling ballads to the people." Mr. Stanton spoke up and said, "General suppose we see him. It will shorten the time for you to be amused." I said, "Show him in." In about ten minutes the conductor returned with a little rag-a-muffin following him, which I think was the most God-forsaken creature I ever saw in my life. He was rags from head to foot, and had the sauciest freckled face I ever saw. He had on his head an old torn cap with the red hair sticking out through it. The conductor took hold of him by his rags and led him to where we were sitting, saying, "General, this boy can sing and dance." He looked at us with one of his saucy grins, saying, "I'm your shiner gents, if you'se got the chink. The conductor said "Billy this is General Scott, the leading general of the army." He said, "Ceasar's ghost, is you though? I thought you was the President fattened up." Then the conductor said, "Billy this is Mr. Stanton, Mr. Chase and Mr. Welch." He said, "Did the cops run you in for murder or stealin'? Its all the same thing, the war being on," which made us all laugh. The conductor said, "Now Billy show them what you can do." He said, "Does you want something with love in it or has you caught on to old Grime's cellar door?" I said, "Billy we will take somthing with love in it." When he started in with one of the most outlandish songs I ever heard, something about long necked, crooked legged Sal, and at the end of each verse he would dance, jump up and make a break at the finish, kick out one of his feet behind and say, "Come back here Grant it aint time for you'se to be going into Richmond yet." At the end of each verse he'd kick out his foot behind and bring in some General's name. When he had finished, Mr. Stanton said, "Little boy with such a voice as that, I should think you could sing something pretty for the gentlemen." He looked up into Stanton's face with a roguish look, and said, "would you like something to match your complexion?" which made us all laugh again. I took a ten dollar gold piece out of my pocket and held it up saying, "If you will sing us somthing pretty now you can

have this to buy clothes tomorrow for I think you are the most forlorn looking creature I ever saw." He came towards me, when the conductor stopped him saying, "Billy the General is not accustomed to having such a little rag-a-muffin as you stand by him." I said, "Oh, let the little one come up." He came and stood along side of me placing his dirty little paw in mine. He commenced to sing that beautiful piece of music called, "When Evening Brings the Twilight Hour." While he was singing, I thought to myself, "How much that dirty little paw feels like Puss's hand." When he turned his face to mine and said in a low voice, that none other but myself heard, "Uncle Scott." It seemed as if my heart stood still. I dare not betray him there. The conductor then said, "Now Billy sing and dance 'Old Virginy' for them." He commenced and of all the rigging and twisting and different attitudes that he put his little body into. He sent the company off into a roar of laughter, but I could not laugh. My heart was sad and I said to myself, "Oh God where will it all end?" He put out his dirty little hand, saying, "Gents chip up." They lavished coin upon him. I placed my ten dollar gold piece in his little hand. He looked up and said, "You'se a chip off the old block and don't you forget it." Then the conductor said, "Now Billy you can go forward into the other cars. He went towards the car door and when he got in front of the toilet rooms, he looked back and saw the conductor wasn't looking. He stepped into the room. I noticed the movement for I could not keep my eyes off him. The conductor addressed us saying, "What did you think of the little chap? Some theatre ought to have him. If they would take and give him a good bath and dress him up in decent clothes, he might look pretty fair, but I suppose he belongs to some drunken outfit and when he gets home they would take the money away from him and spend it for whiskey. It is too bad that such talent should go to waste in this way." I then excused myself to the gentlemen, got up and commenced to work towards the toilet room, when my knees commenced to shake. The conductor came and took hold of me saying, "General allow me to assist you." I said, "No, no I will get there all right. Just attend to your duties please." The shock had been a little too much for me. When I entered the toilet room

and shut the door behind me, I placed my back against it so that no one could enter. He stood there smiling as if it was an every day affair. He was the first to break the silence. He came and laid his head upon my breast. It seemed to me as if I had shrunk up and became an old withered man, for I could hardly stand. I got power enough to turn around and fasten the door so that no one could enter. I staggered to a seat and fell into it and commenced to groan. He got up into my lap and lavished kisses on my mouth, saying "Oh Uncle Scott you didn't know me first off did you?" I said, "Oh pet why are you in this disguise? Where is Papa Warren that he allows it?" He said, "The Old Man had a job on hand for me." That is what he always called President Lincoln. Then he said, "Uncle Scott there is a gent aboard of these cars that the Old Man has had me spotting for over a week. I have located him in the common passenger car, dressed up in disguise as an old farmer. At the next station we work the wires, when the train arrives at Baltimore there will be two dear friends that will take him in custody." I then said, "Oh Pet Pet, give up this business and come home and live with me." He says, "I can't Uncle Scott, I love it." I said, "The assassin's knife or bullet will find you yet." He said, "Oh, Uncle don't worry about me. I am all right." I said, "But I do worry about you and wont be able to sleep for sometime thinking about you, and where it is going to end. How did you come by all these freckles of the face?" He said, "Uncle you know that is our art." I said, "Now Puss, promise me one thing, that when you get to Baltimore, you will take a train back to Washington, get a good bath, put on respectable clothes and give this business up." He said, "Dear Uncle I will carry it all out as you request, but one part I cannot give up. I belong to the Nation and must serve it. Now sweet, dear, good old Uncle, don't worry about your little Puss for I am going to come out all right, when I go back to Washington, the Old Man says he will give me transportation that will take me down to Papa Warren and I'm going to stay with him two weeks, wont that be grand?" I said inwardly to myself, "I hope in God he will keep you always with him." He then pulled my chin saying, "Uncle why don't you say something?" When he jumped off

my lap, saying "Uncle, now you go out first. You arẽ so broad, stand there until I get out of the car door. Then I am all hunky. Now Uncle, hug me good." I did so stooping down. He gave me some of the sweetest kisses I ever received. When the train arrived at Baltimore, he pointed out this man to the detectives, who took him into custody. They hustled him into a cab and took him to jail. There was a strange thing happened there at the depot. Some part of the engine got out of order. The conductor came to our part of the car saying to me, "General you may be delayed here an hour or longer as something has got out of gear with the engine." After the conductor had left the car, a smart looking little messenger boy entered our private car. He had blonde curly hair and a messenger boy's cap on, blue cloth pants and jacket with brass buttons down in front. When he approached the party he took off his cap and bowed very politely saying, "I am here gentlemen, to attend to any messages you may wish sent over the wire. Mr. Chase said, "Sonny will you do me a favor?" He said, "I am at your service sir." Mr. Chase wrote down a message saying, "Will you please send that, to that direction?" "As you wish sir," at the same time giving me a wink to follow him to the door, which I did. When he stood on the outside platform, he said, "Uncle get into one of these carriages and drive to the jail as quick as God will let you. I said, "Pet, how did you make this change so quick?" He said, "Uncle it is all in the business." He held the carriage door open for me and I got in. He got in with me, closed the door and then we drove to the jail. When we got there they were searching this man. They were in the act of taking valuable papers from his clothes which he had sewed up in the lining of his coat and vest, even in the inside of the hem of his pants. When they had ripped it open they brought forth a species of fine tissue paper whereon was written valuable communications connected with our government. Some of the papers that were taken from his coat had diagrams on them of the inside and outside of the government building and certain parts of them had marks indicating the easiest place to blow up the building. There were other papers found which were maps showing the inside of the city of Washington and its surroundings. Dots upon the map showed the weakest parts where the

rebel army could attack it. The man broke down and said, "I cannot deny my guilt. I am a rebel at heart. I got my position in the employ of the government through the recommendation of President Buchanan." I asked if I might be permitted to ask him a few questions. They said, "General you may do so." I stepped forward and spoke to the man saying, "To whom did you intend to carry those papers and other valuable information that no doubt you have located in your memory?" He said, "General it is all up with me now and I will make a full confession." The authorities got their pencils and paper and commenced to take down his confession. He said, "I was to leave the train at Baltimore. There was to be a conveyance waiting there for me which would take me to the Maryland side of the Potomac. There would be a boat in waiting ready to cross the river and land me on the Virginia side where a guide with horses would be in waiting to guide me through the night towards Richmond. When we would reach Richmond the next evening, I was to enter the city after 10 o'clock when it would be dark and no moonlight that night. I was to go direct to Jefferson Davis and place these papers in his hands. Then it was his duty to see that I was conveyed back to Washington in safety, but General, how I was discovered I cannot tell. I do not believe God himself knows for in this disguise I look no more like myself than the night does the morning, but there is somebody in Washington playing hell with our people. You no doubt remember how Hall was taken into custody when a little old apple woman was talking to him on the corner of the street. Two men stepped up and said "Hall you are our prisoner," when the little old apple woman disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her up. The Little One stepped up to the prisoner, taking off his cap and bowing politely said, "I am here sir, to carry any message that you desire." The prisoner broke down and commenced to cry, "Oh, boy, boy, I once was as innocent as you. You have got too pretty a face to be here in jail at this hour of night willing to carry a message for a wretch like me, whose crime has already condemned him." The Little One said, "I leave you to the mercise of God and that red-headed duffer sitting up there," who was the chief of police. Then he said, "Ta ta, to you all," which made them laugh. He stepped up

to me in a military style, saluting said, "General your train's ready." When we got out into the street where the carriage was waiting and after we had taken our seats in the carriage and drove towards the station, I said, "Puss, how did you know the train was ready?" He said, "The voice said all things are ready and waiting." Then he sat on my lap, put his head on my breast, and taking hold of my hand said, "Uncle I love you, but I belong to no one or nobody only Papa Warren." He kissed me then with such energy that it sent an electric shock through my whole system. He sprang to the door, opened it and was gone into the night before I could catch hold of him. I laid back on the seat and said, "Oh God, God, if you have the power protect that Little One."

When I arrived at the depot I found they were waiting for me. Mr. Chase and the conductor helped me into my car. When I was seated and the train had started on its journey, Mr. Chase said, "General you look tired and weary. I will not leave you at Philadelphia but go on to Jersey City with you and return to Washington by tomorrow night's train." He said, "Now General tell me what happened and where have you been; you and that little boy, the messenger boy I mean, vanished into the night before I had a chance to speak to him. Now tell me General what has happened for you look pale and sick. I broke down and commenced crying like a child saying, "My Little Pet, my Little Pet, where will you be by this time?" Mr. Chase grabbed my hand quicker than lightning, looked me in the eye, saying, "Is that little messenger boy and the Dashing Blanchard one and the same? General, in the name of heaven tell me is it so?" I said, "I can tell you nothing Chase, I only wish that I had the Little One in my arms tonight. I would hold him fast so that I would know, for one night at least that he was safe." Chase then said, "General keep your secret, God knows I can divine the rest." With Mr. Chase and the assistance of the Porter I was led to my room, where I found everything had been prepared for my comfort. I bade them good night and shut the door.

I threw myself across the bed with all my clothes on and burst out crying like a child saying, "Oh Little One, if you only belonged to me I think I could protect you better than this."

Little did I understand then that his spirit band had a work laid out for him. As soon as I had said those words, raps came all over the stateroom which gave me comfort and I went to sleep like a child. When Mr. Chase came to my stateroom in the morning he found me lying across the bed just as I had gone to sleep. He did not wake me up but allowed me to sleep on until we reached Jersey City. Then he came to my room and woke me up, saying, "General we have arrived at our destination." When I stood upon the floor I discovered that I had all my clothes on. I looked at myself and then looked at him which made him laugh. He said, "General you are all ready for breakfast when you have washed your face and hands and brushed your hair." He procured a damp towel, washed my face and hands and brushed my hair for me, for which I thanked him. I was not as energetic then as I was twenty years previous to that time. He said, "General where shall we breakfast this morning?" I told him that when we got to the New York Side we would procure the service of a carriage and drive to the Fifth Ave. Hotel as there were some parties there that I wanted to see before I go to West Point. While we were sitting in the carriage that was conveying us to the hotel I commenced to think about the Little One and heaved a sigh. Chase said, "There now, General, don't get to worrying about that imp of the devil, for that is what I believe he is and nothing else." I said, "Chase, don't speak of him in that way, for Warren and I love him dearly." He said, "Oh pshaw, he belongs to anybody and everybody. He is here today and there tomorrow. No one can tell anything about him. I believe he is a little 'Topsy.' He never had any father and mother, only growed up." I said, "Mr. Chase, if you only knew how my heart goes out to that Little One you would not speak so slightly of him." "Why," he said, "Its only the other week that Mr. Burch was telling me that he goes to and from the theatre only when he feels like it. We never know anything about him, only when he walks into the theatre some morning saying, "Burch you can advertise me for tomorrow night. Why, General, its only three weeks ago when I was having an interview with the President that he he walked into the room where we were, looked up at me and said, "Old Chase you look like a car-

rot this morning that's not got the dirt washed off it for dinner," which made the President laugh. "If I'd been outside I believe I could have wrung his neck for him. The President drew him up to him, held him tight to his body in a close embrace saying, "How is Pet this morning? Has he had any breakfast yet?" He said, "You bet Old Man, I had a big bowl of bread and milk," rubbing his stomach he said, "You just play Hail Columbia there and see if it aint filled up." Why, General the President is as much fascinated by him as you are. What can you all see in such an imp as that?" I said, "Mr. Chase I guess you saw something when he kicked your back anatomy that time at your house," which made us both laugh. He said, "He is quicker than all hell itself. You don't have him only when you've got a hold on him."

We arrived at the hotel and dined together. Mr. Chase bade me good morning saying, he would call on some friends and leave by the evening train for Washington. So we bade one another good bye. That was the last time I ever saw Mr. Chase in the body. I held an interview with my friends. After that I went down to the office of the hotel to talk with my old friend, Corbet. We were carrying on a friendly conversation when who should come up but Mr. Hooley. He grasped my hand saying, "General I am glad to see you and you also Mr. Corbet, come join me gentlemen in a bottle of wine." As we were walking towards a private room where we could enjoy our wine in comfort we came across E. L. Davenport, the actor, the great tragedian and father of Fannie Davenport, the actress. We entered the room, sat down and enjoyed our wine immensely. During our conversation Mr. Hooley said, "I want you General and Mr. Davenport to go with me to my summer home. I start for my country seat at four o'clock this afternoon and would like to have you join me." I said "I thank you Mr. Hooley but I take the morning boat for West Point." He said, "But West Point can wait for you. It waited long enough until it got you." Mr. Davenport said, "That's a fact General." Mr. Corbet spoke up and said, "It will do you good to go with Mr. Hooley and make him a visit at his summer home. He has a beautiful place there and lots of company. I know you and Mr. Davenport will enjoy your visit immense for it is impossible

to get lonely there. There are people going and coming all the time." Mr. Hooley said, "By the way, General, I received a telegram two days ago wherein the Little One says he is going to make me a visit after he has visited his father at the front. He says, New York has some special business for him and I am in a quandry to know what it is. I have offered him a big salary to stay two months permanently at either one of my theatres. He says, "Uncle Hooley I can't. I am chuck full of worms and they keep me moving around," which made us all laugh. He said, "General, that Little One is a strange being and just when you think you have got to understand him you don't know him at all. He will disappear in spite of fate, but when he says he will be there at a given time you can swear by it. He pops up before you know it.

Mr. Davenport and myself accompanied Mr. Hooley to his summer home. We found it a beautiful place. Mr. Davenport remained with us two days, then left to fill an engagement. They prevailed on me and I remained about two weeks with them. There was a lot of company and a great deal of entertainment. During those two weeks I had heard nothing from the Little One nor any one that knew anything about him. On the Tuesday of the third week I heard parties in the house say there was going to be a spiritualist picnic on that day. I thought I would remain over, attend the picnic and see how spiritualists acted. There were a Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon visiting at the house who heard me make the request that I would like to be conveyed in some manner to the Spiritualist picnic. Mr. Sheldon said, "My wife and myself are spiritualists, General, and we are going to attend the picnic. If you would like to accompany us, why, I will take you in our carriage." I thanked him and said he would do me a great kindness if he did. We started in the morning at six o'clock for I wanted to be there in time to see all their actions. We finally arrived at the grounds, and found we had come about fifteen miles. It was a beautiful spot, an inlet from the ocean. They had both swimming and boating. While we were driving on the road Mrs. Sheldon looked at me and said, "General, I have a strong impression you are going to be surprised today." Mr. Sheldon said, "General, my wife is a medium and has been so from birth. We went to school together and

were both in the same class. She quite frequently helped me with my lessons. By the teacher and scholars she was looked upon as a strange child, but to me she was the sweetest creature on earth." When we drove into the grounds looking from the carriage I saw a gentleman standing a little ways off that looked familiar to me. He turned around and discovered me sitting in the carriage and came towards us saying, "Why General you surprise me." I said, "Dr. Newton, you surprise me. Do you believe in spiritualism?" He said, Yes, General I have believed in it all my life; but allowe me to welcome you and your friends to our picnic. As he looked up at the others, he said, Bless my soul if it aint Brother and Sister Sheldon." Then he shook hands with them for they sat in the front seat and I in a back seat. It was an open carriage with a canopy top. Then the two gentlemen assisted me to get out of the carriage for I was both clumsy and rheumatic those days. When I stood upon the ground and looked around I said, "Doctor, this is a beautiful spot to hold a picnic." He said, "Yes, Brother Bradshaw owns this place; he is an actor at the Bowery Theatre, General, and gives up the ground to our service." While we were talking, a small person approached us; to me he was rather peculiar looking. He had light hair, I should say, almost white, peculiar eyes, that looked somthing like the eye of a white rabbit. He addressed me saying, "General there is a party here who wishes to communicate with you." I said where shall we go that we may be alone. Dr. Newton said, "Follow me and I will provide you a seat under a shady tree." We followed him as requested and with the assistance of Mr. Sheldon they took a seat out of a large wagon and placed it under a beautiful shady tree. This person and I sat down on the seat. Dr. Newton and Mr. Sheldon walking away, leaving us alone. After we had become comfortably seated, he looked up and said to me, "Winfield, I have news that will surprise you." I said "Who is this that addresses me so familiarly?" The voice said, "Don't you remember your old schoolmate, Charley Stewart?" I said, "Good God, Charley can this be you?" He said, "The very same Win." That was the familiar name he had for me. He said "Now let us get to business. I come to talk about a little friend that you call Puss." I said, "Oh Charlie

can you tell me anything about him?" He says, "Yes, now listen. He was captured yesterday in the suburbs of Lynchburg and taken into the town as a spy." I groaned aloud and said, "Oh God, the end has come at last." He said, "Not yet, Win. He has been tried and condemned to be hung tomorrow, but he will make his escape tonight wrapped in an old gray blanket." I said, "Charley, if what you say turns out to be true I am going on to Washington and must put a stop to this damnable business for it is a crime in the sight of God that this Little One should be sent off on such journeys. If I once get him in my clutches again, I don't care what Warren, the President or anybody else says; if I once get a hold of him, he will come back with me if I have to chain him to my body, for I think that's the only way I can keep him." He said, "Win don't worry so much over him, he will come out all right." "Oh," I said, "Charlie you don't know him. He said, "Do you think you do?" I said, "I thought I did pretty well." He said, "Win we have more work for him yet." I said, "I think you spirits are cruel and selfish; why don't you get a grown man to do your work?" "A grown man would not answer our purpose, he just suits us and we compel him to obey our will. We are the masters of the situation and he is our mascot. He slips out and in just like an eel and is the right person in the right place. He can be either boy or girl just as we wish it. We command and he obeys." I said, "Charley, I think the spirits are both devilish and cruel," for I was mad then. He laughed and said, "Win keep your coat on and you will see him before many days." I I said, "If I do he will not get away from me until this cursed war is over. Then Warren can have him back, for I suppose he will want to follow his profession." He gave another laugh and said, "Keep your pants on old man and don't get your feet wet, that is bad for rheumatism." Then the control left the medium and when he came back to his normal condition, that is if a genuine medium has any such thing as a normal condition, he looked up into my face in a frightened manner and said, "Who are you Sir?" I told him my name was Gen. Winfield Scott. "What may your name be?" He laughed and said, "Sometimes its Harry Gordon and somties its an old cat, but mostly it's a damn fool," which made us laugh. I took my

purse out and gave him five dollars, for I thought the information was well worth that. It turned out to be a grand test afterwards. He thanked me and said, "Now I can get something to eat. I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday." I said, "Didn't you have any money to get something to eat?" He said, "The last money I had I paid to the landlady for room rent." I said, "Well, how did you get here if you had no money?" He said, "I got aboard the cars and I am here." I said to myself, what strange creatures these mediums are. He jumped up from the seat and skipped off laughing just as if he had been fed at Delmonicos to a bountiful supply. I got up from the seat and strolled amongst the people who all seemed to be very happy and jolly. I passed a delightful day amongst them listening to their speeches and singing. When the noon hour came they improvised tables out of long boards and wooden horses covered them with white table cloths and decorated the tables with flowers and green branches which gave them a beautiful appearance. They all seemed to bring their food to one place. Their baskets and hampers were opened up and the ladies distributed the food along the different tables. After they had done that all the people formed a ring holding one another's hands. Then they commenced to sing a beautiful hymn. After that was passed, a beautiful lady stood in the centre of the ring, who had a heavenly expression on her face. She looked to me as if she could divine the whole heavens. She held in her hand an instrument that I would call a lute or a lyre. She commenced to play upon the instrument, when, all of a sudden, started in singing a beautiful piece of music which I think was one of the grandest pieces of music I ever listened to. Dr. Newton told me afterwards it was her own composition. After she had finished and withdrew from the ring, the little man Gordon stepped into the center of the ring and executed something like a war dance. When he had finished he became perfectly quiet and passive. Mrs. Sheldon said to me, "Now, General, you will hear something." He commenced to talk and his thoughts and expressions were something beautiful, they were beyond the comprehension of the common class of people and many of the educated would also be deficient of understanding. He walked around the ring, describing spirit friends to those living in the body. After he

had finished and withdrew from the ring, Dr. Newton stepped into the centre of the ring and addressed us in his forcible manner, which all are acquainted with who have ever heard him. After he had finished, the beautiful lady stepped into the centre of the ring and sang one more of her beautiful compositions. When she had finished Dr. Newton said, "E. V. Wilson, we would like to hear from you." The gentleman who bore that name stepped into the centre and delivered a beautiful invocation, or perhaps you would call it a benediction, commending us all to God and our spirit friends. After he had finished the whole assembly sang a beautiful hymn.

Then, by the ladies, we were all escorted to the tables, where we partook of a grand lunch. There came a feeling over me that I was eating in the presence of unseen angels and angels who lived in bodies.

About five o'clock we started for our home. I bade them all good bye, thanking them for their kind hospitality. I said that I felt this was the only truly religious day that I had ever passed in my life. Bidding them adieu, we drove to our home. I felt in my soul I could not leave that place for a few days. Five days after the picnic, when I arose in the morning, I seemed to tremble all over and was afraid something was going to happen to me, but I managed to get down stairs, and by the assistance of my cane I went in to the breakfast table, when one of the ladies remarked, "General, you look pale this morning." Mr. Hooley looked over and said, "Did you not sleep well last night, General?" I said, "Yes, I always sleep well here, but I don't just feel right this morning."

After I had finished my breakfast on that fifth day I walked out on the west porch, it being quite shady in the morning; some large elm trees covered it with a dense shade. While I was sitting there and communing with myself, my thoughts happened to wander on the Little One, and I said to myself, "I wonder where he can be now." I happened to look up and saw a carriage coming up the gravel drive from the main avenue. All carriages and buggies or anything like that always went to the east side of the house, there being a platform for the people to step on to. About five minutes afterwards I heard a laugh ringing through the rooms, when I said right out loud,

and could not help myself, "My God! that sounds like the Little One's laugh." As I was about to rise the Little One rushed out through one of the dining room windows, which were open down to the floor, followed by several of the guests and Mr. Hooley. When the Little One saw me he gave a scream and threw himself into my arms, saying, "Oh, Uncle Scott, Uncle Scott, I have found you." I cried like a child for ten minutes, perhaps more, with his head lying on my breast and I running my fingers through his hair. He looked up and said, "Oh, Uncle Scott, ain't you going to say something to me? Are you angry with me?" All the while his little hand patting my cheek. Mr. Hooley stood alongside of us by this time, and said, "Puss, give the General time. Your sudden appearance gave him a shock." Then he stood up and lavished kisses upon my lips and cheeks, saying, "Uncle, Oh, I am sorry to make you feel like this." I found my tongue at last and I said, "I am glad to feel like this, pet, and you don't get away from me again." He patted my cheeks and kissed me again, saying, "Uncle, remember the voice." I said, "Oh, damn the voice; I have got you now, and I am going to keep you." I squeezed him so hard that he hollered out with the pain. I said, "Let us get to my room, where we can talk by ourselves." When I tried to rise I found the shock had made me too weak. I had to accept the assistance of Mr. Hooley and Mr. Sheldon to get to my room. When they got me to the room they placed me on a sofa and then withdrew. When they were outside the door I said, "Puss, you lock that door and bring me the key." He brought me the key at the same time looking in my face with one of his roguish looks and said, "Uncle, there's the window." I said, "I guess you can't jump from that height. Now you sit here—I want to talk to you." He sat down alongside of me and I put my arm around him, when he commenced to play with my fingers, as usual, by running his little hands through them. I said, "Puss, is it true that you were captured and taken into Lynchburg as a spy, and that you were condemned to be hung?" He said, "It is all true, Uncle Scott." I said, "Oh, Puss, you are breaking an old man's heart." He said, "Why, Uncle, they mend hearts in spirit life." I said, "None of your funny business, now; tell me how it all happened." He said, "Well, it

was like this, Uncle. I was sent out to look around Lynchburg, to see what was the easiest point for our boys to attack and enter the town. I was lying on a rock, looking towards the town, when two planters came up and grabbed me. They were not soldiers. They brought me to the tent of a colonel, who said, 'What's that little girl doing in boys' clothes?' I said, 'I am not a little girl, but a big man.' The colonel said, 'Well, we will look into that.' Addressing the men he said, 'Where did you find him? We will call it him for the present.' They described where they found me and said, 'He is a spy, colonel. He is the little chap that stole your horse and saddle about three months ago. If you remember, colonel, it was raining very hard that day.' The colonel turned around and looked at me, saying, 'Why did you steal my horse and saddle?' I said, 'Because I wanted to get in out of the wet.' He smiled one of the most alligator looking smiles, Uncle, that you ever saw. He called in a few officers and they sat down by a table, when two soldiers came in, and I was placed between them. We had the two old lunkheads for a background. I tell you, Uncle, I was in royal state, then." I said, "Pet, don't make too light of such a case as that." Then he said, "Uncle, it was all too heavy to carry away. If I could have shouldered it I would have done so," which made me smile. "Then he said, "I tapped the two soldiers on the arm and asked them if they had had a good breakfast that morning; they wanted to fill up good, because Richmond would soon fall. The colonel looked at me with a sneering look, saying at the same time, 'You imp of hell, we will settle you.' I smiled and said, 'Ain't you going to have Jeff Davis at the funeral?' Then another officer said, 'No levity in the court room, or we will buck and gag you and tie you up by the thumbs.' 'Eleven,' I said, 'there's only nine all told.' Then the colonel said, 'You little bastard, will you keep your mouth shut; that's what we mean.' I said, 'I am not acquainted with the southern dictionary or Jeff Davis grammar.' The colonel got mad and threw a book at me; I dodged it and it hit one of the lunkheads in the belly and laid him out on the floor, and we lost half of our background. Just then, Uncle, I tickled the two soldiers back of their knees and they both collapsed. One of the officers jumped up from the table, grabbed me by

the hair of the head and, as he did so, I threw my foot out behind, kicked the other lunkhead in the belly and laid him out. Then the officer dragged me by the hair of the head and jammed me down on to a box, saying, 'Sit there, you God damned Lincoln bastard; we will cook your mutton for you.' The colonel said, 'What's your name, you damned imp?' I said, 'Joe Wheeler.' He said, 'We have an officer by that name; are you any relation to him?' I said, 'His grand nephew.' He said, 'Was you born in the south?' I said, 'No, I was kittened in the north.' He looked at the officers and said, 'What will you do with the damned bastard?' The one who dragged me by the hair said, 'Hang him tomorrow morning at ten o'clock and pepper his body with bullets.' I said, 'Thank you, gentlemen; I am fond of pepper,' then the colonel threw a piece of board at me. I dived my head into the officer's stomach, when he caught it on the back of the head and it laid him out. The lieutenant colonel said, 'I believe the damned imp is a witch; but ain't he pretty, colonel? Do you know, I'd like to kiss those lips.' 'Well, you can all you want to, before he is strung up tomorrow morning. We will have a large crowd there to look at one of the Lincoln imps dangling in the air.' I said, 'Thank you, colonel; that will be a leap for life. Will you please have the bugle blow, so that Angel Gabriel can come for me?' Then I smiled into his eyes, Uncle, when he said, 'Damn you for an imp, but you are pretty.' He gave orders for me to be taken to the guard room. I bowed to them very politely, Uncle, and said, 'Ta, ta, gentlemen; I will call on official business some other time"—which he did when the Union army had taken Lynchburg. He rode, with the Colonel, into the town when the Union army took possession of it, which was four days afterwards. Then he said, "Uncle, they took me to the guard-house. After I was there a little while several men said, 'Little One, we would like to kiss you. We are sorry to see you here; we have brothers and sisters at home who are dear to us; we know you must be dear to some one, too.' I said, 'Boys, I will kiss you for your mother,' and then, Uncle, I kissed them all. Then one of them said, 'Those are not the lips of a boy, but a girl. It's only girls that kiss that way.'" Then I groaned and said, "Oh, the rascals; if I had only been there I would have saved

you all that humiliation." Then he said, "Uncle, I rather liked it, some of them were pretty good looking boys and had fine moustaches and beards." I said, "Well, go on, you scamp." Then he said, "About nine o'clock, Uncle, a soldier came and told me to follow him—the colonel wanted to see me in his tent. I did so. When I entered the colonel's presence I brought my feet to attention, raised my hand and saluted him. Then he said, 'Take down your hand, you dam Lincoln imp.' Then he said to the soldier, 'You may go.' Then he stepped to the main entrance to the tent and dropped the two sides down, which shut us from the gaze of the other soldiers. He returned and waved his hand towards a box, saying, 'Sit there. Now, boy, I want to know what brought you here.' I told him that I wanted to know if the rebel officers looked as handsome as our Union boys. He said, 'You lie, and you know it, damn you. You are made up of lies and deceit. You are like that old son of a bitch and nigger lover, Lincoln, and everything that comes from the north is of the same grain.' I said, 'Don't you talk so cross, colonel; the angels might hear you and it would be recorded there, for such a masher as you don't want the female angels to have a bad opinion of you, for when I go up there tomorrow they will question me all about you and the other boys here,' which made him laugh. He said, 'Don't you fear death, boy?' I said, 'Not at all; it won't occur until Richmond falls and I have met Gen. Lee face to face,' which all came to pass. I said, "Pet, didn't you feel terrible when they said they were going to hang you tomorrow?" "Oh, no, no, Uncle; I didn't seem to be afraid. Then the colonel stood up with a smile on his face and said, 'You little imp, what do you think of me as a specimen of manhood?' I looked at him, Uncle, with a faint smile and said, 'How is it that you are not commanding the whole army? Such a specimen as you should be put on exhibition so that the northern people could see what kind of men they can raise in the South.' Then, Uncle, he had a grin on him like an alligator, and his mouth seemed to spread from ear to ear. Then he said, 'Damn it all, boy, I begin to like you.' Then, Uncle, I gave him one of my larger and softer smiles. He said, 'Boy, but you have pretty teeth.' I then hung my head just a little to one side and gave him one of my other smiles."

I said, "Oh, Pet, you little scamp." "He said to me, Uncle, 'Nature has done a good deal for you, boy.' I said, 'Yes, colonel, she is my mother.' He said, 'You have a beautiful face, bright eyes and pretty lips.' He took my hands in his, saying, 'They are pretty, too.' I stretched my neck a little, Uncle, and he did the rest." I said, "Which means he kissed you, you scamp." He said, "I know it was naughty, Uncle, but what could you do, when the colonel was on the mash?" I said, "You weren't at all, were you?" He said, "I just laid my head on the colonel's breast and looked up into his eyes, when he said, 'Boy, if I save your life, will you live with me and love me always?' I said, 'Aye, even unto the end of the earth.' You know, Uncle, the earth has no end, so it wasn't hard to say that. He pressed my hand to his breast and held me tight, saying, 'You are mine unto all eternity,' and I said, 'a little further,' for you know, Uncle, people are apt to say anything in war times. Then he kissed me passionately and said, 'Damn Lincoln and all the men in the North. You belong to the South, anyhow, being that you are a nephew of Joe Wheeler. Yes, you belong to the solid South and to Col. Blatchford.' I said, 'Aye, even to Col. Blatherskite.' 'Not Col. Blatherskite, my boy, but to Col. Blatchford, who will make you happy on his plantation and if you love me you can boss everything on the place, even the Colonel himself.' Just then the guard that was walking up and down in front of his tent said, 'Colonel, there is an orderly here that wants to see you immediately.' He kissed me again, saying, 'You are all mine.' He walked to the front of the tent, lifted the flap and stepped outside. While he was talking to the orderly I looked around and discovered the tent was divided into two rooms. I peeked in and saw there was a bed and also an opening at the back of the tent. I had hardly done so when he re-entered the tent, walking to the table, placed some papers on it, saying to me, 'Sweet boy, watch those papers and see that no one touches them until I return.' When he reached the front part of the tent he looked back, saying, 'I am a happy man tonight, and you have made me so.' Just as soon as he stepped out and was speaking to the guard I grabbed up the papers with some others and shoved them into my breast, passed into the other room, grabbed a dark gray blanket off

the bed, threw it over me and passed out the back way. The night was very dark. I got down on all fours, crept along so the soldiers would not see me. I hadn't crept very far when I came up against a horse and found there was a saddle on it, but no one in the saddle. I then untied him from the tree, vaulted into the saddle and drove off into the night. When I had pretty near reached the picket line a soldier said, 'Halt! Who comes there?' I said, 'Joe Wheeler himself.' He said, 'Joe Wheeler be damned. He is five hundred miles from here.' I turned my horse's head the other way. He hollered out, 'Come up and show yourself, or I will shoot.' I stuck my heels into the horse and he struck out. I heard a ball zip past me and strike a tree. Then, you bet, I put my heels into use. Then the alarm was given, and I don't think it was over ten minutes when I heard three horses coming after me as fast as they could, with their riders yelling to push them on. The voice says to me, 'Get off the main road and ride in a circle and they will pass you, thinking you kept on the main road.' Why, Uncle, I was so close to them I could hear what they said. One of them said, 'Why, the dam little whipper snapper, he wasn't bigger than an old-fashioned match, anyhow. We will catch him and hang him tomorrow, you bet.' The voice said, 'Ride due east and I will guide you.' I rode, Uncle, about ten miles, crossed two streams, when we came to a road that looked like a turnpike road. Then the voice said, 'Now we will ride somewhat northeast.' A little after twelve o'clock, Uncle, I was inside the Union lines. I met a Captain Knowles changing the men on picket guard. Before I got to where he was, the picket challenged me, saying, 'Who goes there?' I said, 'Little Warren, who is in a hurry to get to his father.' Captain Knowles came to where I was, looked up and said, 'For God's sake—where have you been?' I said, 'Just over there a little way, to see my girl,' which made him laugh. I said, 'Is father where he was yesterday?' He said, 'No, he has moved his position about a quarter of a mile from here.' He then directed me and I rode on. When I arrived at Papa Warren's headquarters I jumped off the horse and handed the reins to the guard, saying, 'Hold those a few minutes. I want to see papa.' I entered papa's tent and woke him up. He said, 'Who's there?' I said, 'It is your

boy, papa; get up and make a light quick. I have some papers here for you to look at.' He got up and hugged and kissed me, saying, 'Pet, I was dreaming of you.' Then he lit two candles so he could look at the papers good. I placed them on his bed. I held the candles while he examined the papers one after the other, for you know, Uncle, I can't read writing. He turned around, hugged and kissed me and said, 'These are valuable papers, Puss, and must reach the President's hands as soon as possible. I will keep one here which will assist us, and you must get something to eat.' He went and called his colored cook and told him to get me a cup of coffee and something to eat as quick as God would let him, but I said, 'Papa, there is my horse in front of the tent—your sentry is holding him. He must get something to eat and drink.' An orderly was called, who attended to his wants, Uncle, and in about an hour from that time I was riding towards Washington about as fast as the horse could carry me. Papa handed me a note to give Col. Baker, who would furnish me with a fresh horse. I arrived at Col. Baker's headquarters about four o'clock in the morning. He gave me something to eat and provided me with a fresh horse, also handing me a note to give to Col. Campbell, who provided me with a fresh horse and something to eat, and also another note that I handed to a Col. Welch, who gave me something to eat and a fresh horse. I arrived at the President's home about two o'clock the next morning. I told the parties on duty he must be summoned immediately. He came down to the reception room and when he saw who it was he ushered me to his private office, closing and locking the door behind him. He clasped me in his arms, saying, 'Now, Puss, what news have you for the Old Man?' I said, 'If you will release me I will show you.' I took the papers out of my breast, placed them in his hand, saying, 'Papa says you must examine those papers as quick as your eyes will let you.' Uncle, you ought to see the muscles of the Old Man's face while he was examining those papers. All of a sudden he struck his forehead, and oh, wasn't he pale looking, Uncle. He grabbed me in his arms, saying, 'Puss, do you know what news you have brought me?' I said, 'I know what news my stomach tells me. I'm hungry and want something to eat.' He held me off, then,

Uncle, and said, 'Boy, you are the bearer of diagrams and dispatches wherein it tells the rebels will march on Washington tonight.' I said, 'I don't care where they would march. I want something to eat.' He said, 'Your stomach must wait a little while until I have summoned certain parties to come here immediately.' Before he came back, Uncle, it seemed more than three hours—gorry, wasn't I hungry. He said it was only fifteen minutes. I told him it was time enough to take Richmond or any other damned town in the South. He picked me up and carried me to a place where a man got me something to eat. He sat down alongside of me and said, 'Puss, you look awful tired.' I said, 'I guess you would be tired too, if the skin was all off your thighs from riding.' He put his hand on my head and said, 'Your Old Abe will see that you are fixed some day, for you have earned it.' Uncle, Washington was attacked, as you know. The Old Man got me transportation, and now I am here. Ain't you glad to see your old boy?" I told him I guessed I was. Then he hugged and kissed me, when I said, "You shan't leave me any more until the war is over." But, alas! by four o'clock that afternoon he had vanished as if he had gone up in a baloon and was out of sight. He was to be found nowhere. Then I said, "I know I shall never see him again in the body," which came true, for I soon passed to spirit life.

I wish to relate a little occurrence or instance that took place in Washington during my stay there. The Hon. David Davis and myself were walking through the Capitol grounds. After talking on several subjects I saw a gentleman approaching us, who turned out to be Mr. Chase. We fell into conversation about things relating to our nation and especially those connected with the rebellion. After we had been talking about fifteen minutes I saw another gentleman approaching us. When he came to where we were standing Mr. Chase recognized him and introduced him to Mr. Davis and myself under the name of Mr. Winthrop. Mr. Chase said he was a strong Union man from New Orleans. After he had been in our company about ten minutes he said, "Gentlemen, will you join me in a glass of wine, and we will drink the health of the Union and the glorious Stars and Stripes," which seemed satisfactory to all parties. He

said he would lead us to a quiet and select part of the city, where a friend had taken him the evening before. He said, "There, gentlemen, we will find many Union friends." After we had walked about half a block from the Capitol grounds a mulatto boy came up whistling Yankee Doodle, with a blackening box slung over his shoulder. In a strong negro dialect he said, "You gents what bears the bright countenance of dis yar glorious country, I knows every one ob ye is true Lincoln gents. Secin' that yer faces is all polished up, I wants to polish yer feet to correspond." He got down on his knees and put his box in front of Mr. Winthrop, saying, "You jes' put yer foot on dat, and I gives you a high Union polish. I'll gib you Washington style, Baltimore style or Philadelphia style; it's all just in de way you handles de brush." While he was preparing to blacken Mr. Winthrop's shoes, Mr. Davis said, "Boy, where was you born?" He said, "Right here, sir, in Washington; can't ye tell dat by de way I acts?" Mr. Davis said, "And what was your father's name?" The boy looked up at Mr. Chase with a peculiar leer in his eyes and a grin all over his face. "Dey say, sir, my fader's name was Chase." Mr. Chase says, "That's a lie, boy. There never was anyone who bore the name of Chase who was the father of a mulatto." The boy laughed in his nigger way and said, "Gents, how strange it is when you mention your fader's name dare's someone sure to get mad." Just then he commenced to wave his brush in the air, giving his shoes some fancy touches. He held up his blackening box towards Mr. Davis, saying, "Guvner, lend us a spit," which made us all laugh. The guvner spit in his box to please him. Then he held his box towards me, saying, "General, just throw in some sojer's lubrication." I spit in his box to please him, for he had a winning way. He held up the box then to Mr. Chase, saying, "Old man, drop in a tear and a sigh for de sake of squarin' up things." While he was going through these maneuvers I noticed there were two men on the opposite side of the street, or square, you might call it. The boy, when he placed the blackening box on the ground, said to Mr. Winthrop, "Now I'm goin' to give you a polish that will send you inside a brick wall," and with that he gave a loud whistle. These two men then approached quite fast. When Mr. Winthrop discovered them approaching us he tried

to withdraw his foot from the blackening box, but the mulatto boy was too quick, grabbing hold of the foot and holding it there, saying, "I can't part with an old friend dis yar way." The two men stepped up, put their hands on Mr. Winthrop's shoulder, saying, "You are our prisoner. Come with us and make no fuss." Mr. Winthrop said, "I appeal to Mr. Chase; he will tell you who I am. I am as strong a union man as ever lived." With that the mulatto boy struck him square in the breast, saying, "You lie, Jim Cole; I know you. You forget, do you, when you knocked me down and kicked me in Libby prison, when I wouldn't do as you wanted me to? When you gave me the last kick I told you I would get even with you." Then the man that bore the name of Winthrop turned livid white, saying, "May the curse of God rest on you, you little devil out of hell. The next time you enter inside of our lines you will be hung higher than any man ever was hung on a scaffold." The boy said to the two detectives, "Gentlemen, take Jimmy to tea, and see that you don't allow him to become lonely. I will see him later. Ta, ta." The prisoner turned around and said, "You she devil, or he devil, whatever you are, the next time we meet, you will find you can't turn my head as you did that idiot of a general in Richmond. If I ever catch you again I will make you smell brimstone as true as there is a God in Heaven." The boy said, "Jimmy, we are going to save you all that trouble. When we meet again it will be in the sweet bye and bye." The man led him off towards the prison, when the boy turned around and said, "Uncle Scott, I knew you wanted some amusement while here in Washington; I am not going to allow you to get lonely," and before I had a chance to address him he was gone. Mr. Chase said, "He beats the devil." Mr. Davis then said, "General, it is fortunate that the Little One did not live in Puritan days." I said, "Gentlemen, come join me at lunch, and we will talk things over." That night the prisoner committed suicide in the jail. I forgot to relate the incident before, but Mr. Davis had a desire that I should do so. There are many other things that I could relate; of facts and circumstances that occurred in the Little One's life, but it would make the communication too long for your valuable book.

I will now relate a prediction that I made through the Little

One's mediumship. When I was in the Mexican War I admired the country and fell in love with the climate and thought, "Some day surely this country will be governed by the United States." When I passed to spirit life I met an individual whom I knew in the body, who bore the name of Don Rodriguez Santos. I told him I was strongly attracted to Mexico. He said, "Suppose we visit that country." In company with a few other spirit friends we visited Arizona and the desert, the largest part of which is located in the county of San Diego. I said, to Santos and the other spirit friends who accompanied us, "Now gentlemen, listen to what I have to say." I forgot to tell you before that three of the spirits with us were females. One of them bore the name of Juanita Juarez, who was very kind to me while in Mexico. She said, "Winfield, you said, 'gentlemen, listen.' You forget there are females here: do we not count for something?" Then she said to me in Spanish, "Consuelo," which in English means "consolation." "When I address and speak of the male portion of life, the females are included. Without her we never could exist. She is the mother of beauty, and gave to man the whole expression of love, which means father, mother, child. That is why I address my companions as males. In that word 'male' lies the whole universe, because the mother of all life threw planets into space and called them male." Juanita said, "Winfield, your explanation is satisfactory." Juanita Juarez is my spirit mate. I said, "Then, spirit friends, behold this desert. One day it will be teeming with a thriving, busy population. It will contain on its surface one of the most beautiful cities that the world ever saw. Here is where fruit will grow in abundance, when the soil is properly prepared to give the roots nutrition. Wealth in abundance lies all around in these hills. Water, some day, will be led on to this desert through canals and it shall blossom like the rose. I will not give the different names of the fruits which will grow in abundance here. This will become the haven for the invalid. Millions will come here some day and build palaces for the abode of the human race. They will find material lying around these hills that will build some of the grandest structures that the human eye ever beheld. There are formations and ingredients which, when properly mixed by the mechanics, will produce a beautiful

classification of stone. When formed in the molds and exposed to the dry atmosphere, it will become a solid piece of masonry. It can be made to look like polished granite of different shades and colors; according to the mixture will lay therein the shade, tint or color of the stone that they wish to produce." I give only these few things because I know space in book form is valuable.

I turned and said to my spirit mate, Juanita, "Now I must find little Puss and locate where he lives, as I wish to make the first prediction through his mediumship."

On the 2nd day of October, 1885, I came to his dwelling, with my spirit mate. There was a spirit who bore the name of Manzineti. She said, "I will lead you to his home. He lives in a little valley in the mountains." We followed her and entered his home on an afternoon. There I discovered him sitting in an old-fashioned chair. His hair was somewhat gray and he looked much larger than when I had seen him before. There were other parties present, whose names I will give you. They were William E. High, Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd, Frederick Dietrich Conrad Meyer, Don Jose Lopez. These are the names of the people who were present, given me by his guide, Rosa, whose proper spirit name is Water Lily. I then and there made the prediction in connection with the desert. Also described some of the advantages that could be enjoyed by people taking up their habitation on said desert. He is the first medium that ever this prediction was made through, which said gentlemen who were present on that afternoon could testify and swear to before any notary public in the country. I, Winfield Scott, once General of the United States army, do hereby swear that, through the mediumship of this Little One, my beloved friend, who was dear to my soul on earth in the body, and is more so now in spirit existence, I made said prediction, through his organism and his mediumship, on the second day of October, in the year 1885. Any other medium claiming that I made such prediction through his or her organism tells a falsehood. Many so-called mediums no doubt will claim such honor when they see the elevation and civilization that will be produced on said desert. I am glad to see that Little Justin has lived, almost, to the age of 73. The eye is dim. The bright lustre has vanished through which he fascinated many a heart. The hair is white

which, at one time, waved in beautiful clusters of a dark brown shade. The wrinkles are sprinkled over a once beautiful face which the painter committed to canvas, giving the beautiful glow of life that won the hearts of men and made them palpitate when the roguish smile was thrown upon them. The sculptor has chiseled a form in pale marble, whose placid, calm features in the act of meditation and thought so many women have admired and man has pronounced a goddess of marble. Who would think, to see those little hands folded over the cold breast, that the sculptor had given such an expression. It brought to one's mind the look of a madonna, minus the child. I wonder if the multitude who visited the Centennial in Philadelphia and gazed upon that piece of kneeling marble called Modesty, that spirit power impressed upon their minds, knew that the individual whom this piece of marble was supposed to represent, was a hero and a heroine during our late Rebellion. The power and spirit that animated the little body was as great and grand as any general in the field. That same little individual has known want, poverty and starvation in his childhood, when he was only a mite of a creature. He has dined with the highest of nations, but all were to him common occurrences in his life. What you call royal blood flows through his veins in the order of kinship related to the material body. No one is royal in the spirit side of life, but all may become divine through perfection and spirituality. I consecrate my love, life and friendship, adding it to this communication, which I give unto Little Justin, hoping he will spare me the feeling of doing wrong in giving this to the world. It may lead people to understand part of the life line of a natural born medium. Sweet Justin, age has crept upon your body, and soon it must be laid away from the gaze of those who persecuted you for the talents that nature gave to you, but to the true spiritual individuals, who loved you for your mediumship and the lessons it taught to those living in the body, your memory will always be green; when you have passed over to our side they will think of your queer ways and the hard life you had to endure. Then, sweet Justin, you can place your hand on their heads, calm their brains and fill them with thoughts of love, for their kindness to you when in the body. You will soon be beyond the reach of the assassin's knife or the murderer's bullet. Forgive Uncle Scott, little Pet, that

he took the liberty of giving to the public a few instances in your life that took place to his knowledge. You budded and blossomed like a beautiful rose, but now your body pales and withers like a faded flower. Have mercy on the bold audacity of Uncle Scott that gives this to the public. He will be waiting for you with a large drink of milk that comes from out the human kindness of spirituality. Then you can look up and pat his cheeks and demand of Uncle Scott a big drink of milk, which he will give to you with the grace of God. Amen.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. You will get your reward, for nothing goes unrewarded.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

In September, 1891, Justin Hulburd, the medium, received a letter from Mrs. W. W. Judson of Oakland, California, in regard to a Dr. and Mrs. Nickless, with whom they had become acquainted during their stay in that city. Mrs. Nickless was a fine medium and Mrs. Judson wished him to call upon her when she was in San Diego. Soon after receiving said letter, business called Justin, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer and Mr. E. W. Hulburd to San Diego, where they sojourned with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hawley. While there Justin referred to the letter he had received from Mrs. Judson and Mr. Hawley suggested that we all call upon Dr. and Mrs. Nickless, who were then stopping at the Richlieu, on Fifth street, San Diego. We did so. After we had been in their rooms a short time we observed Dr. Nickless eyeing Justin closely. Finally he said, "I think we have seen you before. Your voice sounds very familiar." After a time, he said to Justin, "Did you ever stop at the New York Hotel on Broadway, New York?" Justin replied in the affirmative. Then Dr. Nickless asked if he had ever had anyone open blisters on his feet. Again Justin replied affirmatively, when Dr. Nickless said, "I was the man who opened the blisters. There were present at the time Gen. Winfield Scott, Captain George Warren, George G. Meade and President James Buchanan. I was present and witnessed the psychical manifestations of the bottle on the table."

The above statement was made in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hawley, Dr. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd, and confirms the statement made by General Scott in his communication. Mr. A. W. Hawley and Dr. Nickless are now in spirit life.

Jefferson Davis

Chapter XII

Wednesday, July 24th, 1901.

Good morning, sir. You may thank your stars that you are not in some of the eastern cities, where the heat is intense. Out here, in your beautiful mountain home, you have the breeze of Heaven to fan your brow, and the lovely green foliage, which covers your trees, to look upon. This, friend, is an ideal spot to live in, where the spirits can commune with you daily. There is no gold mine which holds the value of the grand atmosphere which you live in here. You receive the beneficial effects of the minerals from the rocks and the ether that comes from the woodland. Your water, in the stream, is oxydized by the nitrogen of the atmosphere. Your soil is decomposed granite, which is a means of natural drainage. Your wild flowers of the mountain, even unto your grasses that bear flowers, are fit for food to feed the gods of Olympus. Your whole bearing and surrounding is that of wealth. Millions lie dormant here, hibernating in a sleep, soothed by the balmy odors which could give health to millions; for sale at the small price of purchasing a little piece of land on which to build a little home, where people could enjoy God's bounties, where hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen are waiting their appearance every morning at their cottage door to invite them forth that they may revel in God's luxury; for, friend, it is a luxury of the most luxurious constituents. The whole combination of ingredients is a health producer, giving life a diploma greater than the mind of man could imagine. My name, sir, is Jefferson Davis, known in the South as the defunct President of the Southern Confederacy. I was a man who had high ambitions, full of egotistical desires which I failed to carry out. I come here today at the request of an intelligent class of spirits to give a communication relating to this little medium. He is little in body, but oh, God, we found he was great in spirit.

His ins and outs of life were something marvelous. He appeared to the human race as a simple child, but the workings of his mind were that of a leading general. The voice that directed his movements was the voice of George Washington, the father of the Nation. He was a southerner by birth, but a builder up of the Nation, and felt that the Nation could not grow nor hold the respect of the civilized world, especially those of elevated natures. He discovered, in spirit life, that the human body that contained a soul or thinking mind, should not be held in bondage. The color or tint of skin amounts to nothing when it comes to the justice of the human race. He searched among natural born mediums and, when he discovered this Little One, he cried aloud for joy, like a man who had gained possession of a beautiful creature for a bride, "This sensitive nature I will mold to my will and the black race shall be free. The nation that I gave so much of my life for, through which I lost so many nights' sleep in the cause, when I look back and think how those weary soldiers trod over the snow and ice with scanty food to fill their stomachs, that they might be able to stand the weary, dreary and sleepless nights, and when the final battles came, how they laid down their life's blood that it might dampen the soil of the coming greatest Nation of the earth. When I think of all this, the task master must pay the penalty for the curse that is on our Nation." This was the voice which the Little One followed to the letter and he passed through some of the most hair-breadth escapes or marvelous outcomings of the human race. Some say it is a he and others say it is a she, but since I have come to this side of life I have made a discovery, a wonderful discovery, that the medical fraternity should know and understand. The internal organs are those of a female; on the outward part of the body is a semblance of a male organ, brought into action for the purpose of urinary conditions; otherwise the whole make-up is that of a female. The pretty face and brilliant eyes, the red lips and pearly teeth at one time possessed by this little medium when in the heyday of life, which his pictures show, were something to be prized by a human individual. George Washington selected Little Justin for an instrument whom he could use between the north and south. When I first met the Little One it

was at West Point, as Gen. Scott conveyed the idea to you in his communications.

One day I received a note while in Richmond, Va., where I was acting as President of the Southern Confederacy, which finally became the lost cause. (Now I can see, as a spirit embodiment, that it was a cause that should have been broken up, and was broken up, by a just tribunal of intellectual minds in spirit life.) This note summoned my presence at the headquarters of General Lee. I arrived at General Lee's headquarters and was received by him with a cordial, gentlemanly greeting. He said, "President Davis, I have some news to communicate to you which is of great importance. Do you remember, President, once telling me of a little individual you happened to meet at West Point on a certain occasion? Well, sir, that little individual stood in the same spot yesterday where you now stand." I said, "Great God, General, is it possible that that little individual was in this room yesterday? General, that individual, in my humble opinion, is the wife of a Union officer. In the day time he passes as a boy; at night when at the theatre he plays the part of a female." The General said, "I know it, President: while in Philadelphia I attended the theatre and saw him play a female part. The character he sustained or represented was that of a woman verging on to insanity, which I would call an artistic piece of acting. After the performance was over I was taken to the green room in company with the manager and Mr. Mifflin. The little individual smiled on me graciously, and I said, "Do you ever drink a glass of wine?" She looked up at me coquettishly and said, "Sometimes I smile on beer." I gave an order for wine, of which the gentlemen partook, and for a bottle of beer for her ladyship. The way she held that glass and raised it to her lips showed that she was too coquettish for anything. I tell you, Davis, she is a natural born flirt, and a witch of the worst kind. She was brought here yesterday in boys' clothes by two soldiers who said they found him up a tree. When they had made their explanation the Little One burst out laughing, and said, 'General, how strange it is they should take me for a spy, when I just got up into the tree to see if I could locate where your quarters were established. If I once discovered where your flag was flying, it would guide me to an old friend.' I said.

'An old friend?' And he said, 'Yes; don't you remember, General, you treated me to a bottle of beer at the theatre in Philadelphia?' Then I said, 'You are the girl who acted so coquettish in the play.' He said, 'Why, the same, Robert my friend.' Then he came forward and shook my hands very cordially and gave one of his musical laughs, saying, 'Isn't it funny they should take me for a spy?' and tickled me in the side, which made the soldiers laugh. I said, 'But how comes it that you were walking around the country on foot?' He said, 'It hurts me to ride a horse, and you can't go everywhere that one wants to in a buggy.' I said, 'What are you doing in this country, and inside of the Southern lines?' He said, 'Oh, I just came down here with Charles Reynolds. He showed me the way to Richmond. I wanted to visit my old friends, the Moultons.' This Charles Reynolds was a Southern man and a great friend of the South, but lived in Washington and furnished news concerning the Northern army and its movements. I said to him, 'If you came in company with Mr. Reynolds, I can summon him here to my presence in ten minutes.' He said, 'Do so; I would be glad to see him. I haven't laid eyes on him since I entered Richmond.' Mr. Reynolds had been here about half an hour before they brought the little one in. When he left he said he was going to visit some of the other officers. The little one said, 'Please, General, send for him quick as you can.' I sent for him and he came to my quarters. When he saw the little one he said, 'Why, Puss, what are you doing here? The last time I saw you was in Richmond.' The little one said, 'I started out to find General Lee and pay him my respects. While I was walking along I discovered a tree that I thought would be easy to climb, and I got up into it to see if I could locate General Lee's flag. These men came along, found me sitting there and commanded me to come down. Then they brought me into the General's presence and said I was a spy.' He gave one of his musical laughs and stood alongside of Mr. Reynolds, and looking up into his face, said, 'What do you think of that, Charlie?' Mr. Reynolds put his arm around him, saying, 'It will be all right, little Puss, when I explain things to the General.' He addressed me, saying, 'General, the little one is no spy. I brought him with me through the lines as he wanted to visit his old friends, the Moultons, in

Richmond, and I tell you, General, he made it pleasant for me on the way to Richmond by singing his pretty Scotch ballads.' I said then to Mr. Reynolds, 'You know all about him, and that he is no spy?' At that Mr. Reynolds laughed and said, 'How ridiculous, General, to take this little one for a spy; why, he is as harmless as a lamb. I would be willing to bet ten dollars he was looking more for me than he was for you, General.' I said, 'Oh, that's the way of it,' and laughed. Then I dismissed the soldiers, saying, 'Go to your quarters.' Mr. Reynolds sat down on a chair. When he had done so he said, 'Come here, Puss, and sit on my knee and sing some of your pretty Scotch songs for the General.' I said, 'Will you just please wait a few minutes and I will send for some of my brother officers,' which I did. When they were all introduced to him and took their seats, and he was about to sing, I heard Col. B., whose real name I will not give here, as he belonged to one of our first families in Virginia; the family name is sacred to me, as they were my great friends. When this Col. B. was seated he said to me, 'General, gee, but it is a pretty creature; I wish he were sitting on my lap in the place of Reynolds.' The little one commenced to sing, "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; my heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer, a-chasing the deer, and the roe. My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go." There were several verses to the song, which were very beautiful. When he had finished we all applauded. Then he sang, 'The Campbells are Coming.' He sang it with such vim and fire that several of us, before we knew it, rose to our feet and joined in the chorus. When the song was finished all the party joined in a hearty laugh. Just then a servant announced that dinner was ready. We all adjourned to the dining apartment. When we had taken our seats at the table I noticed Col. B. had the Little One sitting next to him. Mr. Reynolds said, 'Now, Puss, sing us another Scotch song, and that will answer for grace.' He sang, 'I'm oer young, I'm oer young to marry yet. Then lads and lassies ye mun know for me, it's I mun tarry yet.' When he had finished they all laughed and applauded. He looked up into Col. B.'s face, whose eyes were all afire, and had a glow in them that I never saw there before. I said to myself, 'Ha, ha! another one is under the spell outside of Charles Reynolds.' When dinner

was finished and the gentlemen had gone into the open air to smoke, I noticed Col. B. held this Little One by the hand. Mr. Reynolds said, 'Come, Puss, I want to take you around the country for a drive.' The look of hatred that came into Col. B.'s eyes was like that of a demon out of hell. As the little one passed by me he came and took both my hands in his, looking up into my eyes, and said, 'General, I always thought you was a handsome man.' I thanked him for the compliment and when he had released my hands I felt as if something had gone out of my life.

In the evening Reynolds brought him back a little while before tea. He addressed me, saying, 'General, you will have to provide me with bed and board for Puss and myself, then I will take him back to Richmond in the morning, as he wishes to spend a few more days with the Moulton family before he and I return to Washington.' I said, 'Reynolds, why do you call it a he; it is more like a she.' He laughed and said, 'His profession makes him look like that.' After tea was over I was sitting reading a paper by a lamp. I heard a light footstep coming and, as I turned to look, there stood the Little One by the table. He said, 'General, I want to be with you awhile. I like you and I want to visit with you.' I said, 'Well, I am glad to have you. Would you have any objection to sitting on my knee, as you did on Mr. Reynolds?' He said, 'Not at all, General; I am rather fond of military men, as they are gallant on all occasions.' I could not tell how it happened, President, but I drew him to me and hugged him before I knew it. He let his little head rest on my breast and gave two or three sighs. I was a goner. I grabbed him and held his mouth to mine and lavished kisses on those pretty lips and said, 'Oh, God, boy, can't you live with me? I will make you happy, and you won't have to work as hard as you do in the theatre. Anything that you want, if it is in the South, I will get it for you.' With that, Davis, I kissed and hugged him again. Oh, you need not frown. I was in love with that boy. Then I could tell the feelings that Col. B. had in his heart towards Reynolds. I tell you, Mr. Davis, they were in my heart, too. He said to give him tomorrow and he would think it over. He looked up into my face with a roguish smile, kissed me, and I was a conquered man. Now comes the most

particular part that I wish to relate to you. I stepped into another room to give some orders for a pretty little bed to be made up and placed near me, where I would know he was safe from all other men. After I had given these orders I came into the room and said, 'Now, little pet, we will go and join the rest of the gentlemen, and you shall sing for them. if you feel like it.' After he had sung for the company, I should judge, three or four songs, he came to me and excused himself for a little while, as he wanted to attend to nature's call. I said, 'Now, don't stay there too long, pet,' for I was getting so, Davis, that I could not bear him out of my sight." I then said to General Lee, "Is it possible, General, that that creature should fascinate such a man as you? A man with such intellect and brains as you possess. I am sorry to hear you tell this, General." He stepped forward and took my hand, saying, "Davis, I am afraid I am but one of his many victims. He stayed away so long that I became anxious and sent some soldiers to search for him, but, alas! they returned, saying they could not find him. Then I became nervous, thinking he had got lost in the dark." I said, "General, how could you think that, when there were camp fires and lights in some of the men's tents?" He said, "President, I never thought of that. The little one is a genuine spy. He went to my apartment, stole some of my most valuable papers and escaped into the night. The picket was found dead on his post this morning; either the Little One or some other individual must have shot the picket from the bush while he was walking up and down on his post. I have sent men in all directions, but they can find no traces of that little hound of hell." I said, "So, then, General, the spell is breaking up." He said, "Davis, if you had him sitting on your lap and his little fingers playing around your chin with those laughing eyes looking into yours, you would forget all the armies in hell or heaven. Those lips are the lips of a tempter. Davis, I am ashamed to tell it. I was tempted and fell, but thank God, I am not the only son of Mother Eve that fell by the flirtations of a she-devil, for that is what I believe it is. See to it, President, that all the roads to Richmond are well guarded, and I will see to the rest."

This Col. B., sir, I would like to tell you, after a while was noticed riding off by himself, unattended by any orderly. He was questioned one day by a brother officer as to where he went

to make such long visits. He said that he visited a young lady at a plantation about six miles away. It was discovered at several times that valuable papers were missing from headquarters. The guard was doubled around the General's headquarters. One evening as Col. B. was starting off on one of his rambles a young lieutenant was asked to follow him. He did so. This happened about a month after General Lee had told me about his fascination with the Little One. That evening when Col. B. went off on a ramble he traveled about six miles on the county road, then struck into a piece of timber, where he rode about two miles. When he had reached the other side of the timber a mulatto girl approached him. When he saw her he halted and jumped from his horse; taking the mulatto girl in his arms, he hugged and kissed her, calling her dear names, saying, "Oh, Puss, Puss, when will you be mine? See what a sacrifice I make, and all for you. I bring disgrace upon my family and the position I hold in the army. Tell me when I shall come to you for all time and eternity. I tell you, Puss, I am mad with love for you, and if I thought another man would claim you for his own I would follow him into the bowels of hell and kill him. No God in Heaven nor devil in hell must stand between our love." The little one called Puss, said, "Colonel, be patient. All is well that ends well. When I come for you, Colonel, I will look different from this. Now, keep up a brave heart, and give me what papers you have brought." He opened his coat and took out some papers which he placed in her hands, saying, "I have sold my master—all for your love." She then placed them in her bosom, then they hugged and kissed passionately. It had become quite dark by this time, and the mulatto girl fled into the night as if she had been hunted down by bloodhounds. When Col. B. turned the head of his horse towards the way he had come he was confronted by this young lieutenant, who had seen all and heard all. He said, "So, Col. B., this is the young lady you visit at the plantation." The Colonel, drawing a pistol, said, "You hell hound, you dogged my steps, did you; but you will never return to tell the tale." He shot at the young lieutenant, the ball passing through his thigh. He dropped as if dead on the ground. The Colonel rode back to his quarters as if nothing

unusual had happened. The lieutenant was next day found by some negroes, who carried him to their cabin. He was insensible all the time. They tried to stop the blood and prevent it from flowing by tying rags each side of it very tight. While they were in the act of doing that a captain and some soldiers rode up to the door of the cabin to ask if they had seen a lieutenant. They discovered his body lying on a bed and the negroes trying to staunch the blood. A litter was improvised from what material they could find at hand. They bore the lieutenant back to the hospital on the improvised litter, he being unconscious all the time of what they were doing. When they arrived at the hospital word went around that the lieutenant had been found, wounded nigh unto death, but by restoratives he might be brought around by morning. When Col. B. heard that the lieutenant's body had been brought to the hospital and that the physicians thought he would yet live and tell the tale of how he had received that terrible wound, the Colonel vanished that night and was nowhere to be found on the coming day. He vanished as if the earth had swallowed him up. He was never heard of afterwards by the Southern Confederacy. He tells me in spirit life, he made his way to the Union lines and from there to Washington, claiming to be a Union spy. He went direct to New York, sailing on a steamer the following Saturday for England. When he arrived in London he applied at a theatre for an engagement, claiming that he played heavy business at the Richmond theatre. He had taken the leading part several times with amateur companies at the Richmond theatre. He procured an engagement with the London manager to join a traveling company that was playing in the provincial town and cities. He was only with the company six months when he became their leading man. He married the soubrette of the company. They went to Australia to play a star engagement under the management of the London manager. His name on the stage was George Marshall. The lieutenant survived and told all the facts relating to the tale as I have just told you.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. My name is Jefferson Davis, a misguided man who misled others to their ruin, where their bodies now lie in silent graves. Oh, am-

bition, ambition! Thou art the mother of destruction, and thy name is legion. Thou damnable minister of death, whose heart is icy and cold as the North Sea itself, dragging mariners to seek the Pole, which ends in disgrace and dishonor.

I thank you once more, sir. I do not leave any love for the Little Medium, for he said, "May the curse of God fall on the man who would try to break up this nation"; and it fell on me, sir. Good day.

Thomas Jennings

Chapter XIII

Monday, October 28th, 1901.

Well, sir, I am here. I will say good morning to you, Mr. E. W. Hulburd, as I had the pleasure of meeting you once before. I was introduced to you by your brother Franklin, in New York City. I was connected with a bank and he was one of the clerks in that bank for a little while. He introduced me to you in the St. Dennis Hotel; if you can call it to mind, it was located on Broadway.

Now for my own history, sir, to a certain extent. My name when in a physical body was Thomas Jennings, called a physician and surgeon. My father's name was Thomas D. Jennings. My mother's name was Eliza Rivington, descendant from an old English family who bore that name. I was born in 1798 in New York City. I attended a private school taught by William Henry Taylor, who afterwards became a man of some prominence. I think he was one of the finest gentlemen I ever met. He had more patience with boys than any teacher I ever had the honor of becoming acquainted with. In my boyhood and during my young manhood, I became acquainted with several teachers and a number of professors, both in America and England. As a teacher he was superior to them all, and many a young man lived to bless his name. I gained more knowledge from him than all the other professors I ever studied under. When I was young and was in the habit of praying, I always asked God to bless William Henry Taylor, as he gave me more light in those days than anyone else I ever met.

My father was a Captain in the war of 1812. I thought it was one of the proudest things to wear his sword, belt and hat; better than any other pleasure that I had in those days. To be

a soldier was the height of my ambition. When they started a military company in New York my father permitted me to rise to the dignity of a drummer, and wasn't I a proud lad then! My whole thought and prayer was to become an officer some day, but it was not so decreed. There was other work laid out for me.

My mother was a grand woman and an intelligent woman, one whom people were proud to become acquainted with. She boasted of her English ancestral blood. She permitted people to understand that she was a lady, and all who approached her felt that it was so—not only felt it, but knew it to be a fact, from her lady-like manner and the dignity with which she bore herself. She was the brainy one of the family. I discovered that when I was sixteen years old.

She called me one day into the parlor and as I stood in the center of the room she placed her hands on my shoulders, looked me in the eyes, saying, "My son Thomas, I want you to study for a profession—either a lawyer or a doctor." I could not then become obstinate and hold back from the appeal of those eyes, for I think she had the most beautiful eyes that ever I beheld set in the face of a human being. I said, "Mother, it shall be as you wish." She said, "Thomas, your mother loves you." I said, "I know it, and Tom loves you, mother dear." Then she clasped me in her arms and oh, that hug she gave me I can never forget. When she released me I felt that I would become a man and swore inwardly I would never do anything that would bring the blush of shame to my mother's face. I thank the good angels who guided my steps through life and taught me how to keep that promise.

My mother said to me one day, "Thomas, I have saved up a little money and I am going to let you have it to help you on with your education." She did so. Then I said, "Mother, I am going to learn to do something whereby I may earn something to assist me in my education." I applied to a man who was a shoemaker and devoted all his time to making women's shoes. He gave me a position to learn the trade. I worked with him four hours during the day, for which he paid me one dollar a week for the first three months; after that he gave me six dollars. I purchased my mother a gold ring, that she might wear

it in honor of my journeymanship at shoemaking. In the morning I studied and in the afternoon worked at my trade. I was a journeyman shoemaker for six years, and during that time I saved up some money.

It was my mother's great desire that I should go to England and study for a doctor. With her assistance and the money I had saved I set sail for England, much to the displeasure of my father, but more to the glorification of my mother. She at last was happy and saw her desire fulfilled. She went with me on board of the sailing ship to see that I was made comfortable for the voyage. When it came to parting, I held out my arms for her embrace in order that she might feel that she had a son on whom she could lean some day. When I escorted her down the gang-plank to the shore, it was the proudest day that I ever saw in my physical body. My heart was overflowing with joy to know that I had a mother who was a peer to the majority of women, and I hoped to be a son whom she could look upon with pride. We embraced and bade each other farewell for a time, she saying to me, "My son Thomas, be a man and remember your mother's prayers will be for your protection while you are away, and that you may be brought back safely to me again." I kissed her and then went aboard the ship. She stood waving her handkerchief to give me courage, and I watched her until she became only a speck in the distance. Then I broke down and wept like a child, saying to myself, "Oh God, if I only had a father who could compare with my mother in intellect." She was not only intellectual, but brave.

I remained in England five years, studying to become a physician and surgeon. I received an English diploma, then I returned to my native land, where I was received by my mother with a joyful greeting, while my father scowled on me and said I was ruined for all kinds of work. I folded my arms around my mother and held her to my breast saying, "Mama, dear, I am the tallest now," as I had grown over a foot while in England. She looked up into my face with the proud smile of a noble woman and patted me on the cheeks, saying, "My boy is a man now." I said, "Yes, mother, I am a man now, but your will is still my law." My mother was superior in everything to my father. He never had that nobility of mind of which my mother was master.

I attended an American medical college two years, and received an American diploma. I received my diploma at the end of my first term, but remained in college another term to get a full understanding of the American ways in *Materia Medica*. Then I branched out as a full blossomed physician.

I made my mother's life happy during the few years she lived in the body. Our love was a soul's love for each other. I did all I possibly could to make my father comfortable, but as you say in the physical body, he was a low born man. He did not have that high sense of honor and pride which my mother possessed. God bless her. When I laid her poor, tired body away, then I felt that I had lost my Savior, as she was the queen of all women to me. She made much of what education I had, for my benefit. I attended church to please her, but there was very little religion in my composition or make-up.

After I had been practicing in my profession about four years I made the discovery, or at least my patients did, that I possessed a magnetic power which made me quite successful in my practice. I discovered after awhile, when I was called in to hold consultations with other physicians, that they discovered my magnetic ability and relied, quite frequently, on my decision in the case.

I will now give you a description of one case in particular: One day I was walking along Broadway in company with Dr. Burnap, when we discovered a young physician who bore the name of Dr. Mott, coming toward us. He stepped right in front of me, saying, "Dr. Jennings, you are the very man I want to see. I have a peculiar female patient and I cannot discover what is the matter with her; yet she is sick. I have prescribed everything for her that I can think of which might be beneficial." I told him I would accompany him to the patient's room. He said, "She lives away out in the suburbs of the city, on a new street, called Grant street." I first accompanied him to his home, where we partook of a lunch and smoked a pipe. Then we entered his gig and drove out to the patient's home, where we found her sitting in a large chair, surrounded with pillows. Now I am going to let you understand that here is where I first discovered that I had psychological power. I looked her over, as physicians generally do their patients, then I fastened my

eyes on her; why I did so I could not tell at the time. I looked right into her eyes and seemed to become very positive. I discovered she was going into a mesmeric sleep that I did not understand at the time. She raised her hand and opened the waist of her dress, then pushing aside her undergarment she placed her right hand on her breast a little under her throat, saying, "Here is where it hurts me, doctor, and if you can hold your right hand here, you can help me." I did so, and in about one hour a red spot commenced to form on her breast. Becoming tired, I said, "That will do for today. I will call on the morrow and treat you again." Dr. Mott and myself bade them good morning, entered the gig and drove direct to my home. (Why I call it a gig, sir, is because that was the name for a doctor's conveyance at that time. We knew nothing of the word buggy then.) While we were driving toward my home Dr. Mott said to me, "Dr. Jennings, you possess a power that I do not understand." I told him I did not understand it myself.

When I returned to visit the patient the next day I found her sitting where I had left her. Her mother said, "Doctor, she has remained in this same position ever since you left her yesterday. She takes no food, neither will she speak to us." The patient looked at me, saying, "Doctor, please put your hand here," meaning over the red spot, which I did. After I had held it there about a quarter of an hour she complained of a severe pain in the spot. I held my hand there about an hour, but did not become so tired as I did the day previous. When I had taken my hand away she covered up her breast with her garment, saying to me, "Oh, Doctor, that pain is so dreadful bad." I addressed her mother, saying, "I have an impression, madam, that there will be a formation in the line of an abscess on that part of her breast." The patient spoke up and said, "Oh, Doctor, it is going to be worse than that." I said, "How do you know?" She said, "Your voice tells me so." I said, "What has my voice got to do with it?" "Everything," she said. "Your voice knows all about it. It is going to be a cancer, so your voice says." I looked at her and smiled, saying, "I am afraid, young woman, that you are dreaming." She said, "Oh, Doctor, it is no dream. The voice tells me by your magnetic power, and the placing of your hand over the place," pointing to her breast.

"It can be drawn to the surface. Now you have to prepare for me a tea made from the camomile flower. Then you will place in it sulphur and salt, with a little hartshorn, powdered up. I am to take that, your voice says, three times, and it will cleanse my blood of a scrofulous condition, while your hand will draw the cancer to the surface. It will be a peculiar cancer, having in it a core, such as you would draw from a boil or carbuncle. Your voice says I am to give you directions how you shall treat me. Now you must wake me out of this sleep." I said, "What sleep?" She said, "The sleep or state you have placed me under." I said, "Young lady, you are dreaming; I have placed you under no sleep." She said, "Yes, you have." Then she said, "Your voice tells me that you shall command me to wake up, and I will." I flourished my hand in the air with a great deal of ceremony, as I looked upon it as one of woman's weak, vague ideas, and commanded her in a powerful voice, to come out of that sleep back to reason. She awoke out of the sleep, and looking at me with wild eyes, said, "Doctor, I could not return to consciousness until you had commanded me to wake out of that sleep you had placed me in." I said, "Are you fully awake now?" She said, "I am, Doctor, and require some nourishing food." I gave orders to her mother that she should have the same, then bidding them good day, wended my way home. I went to my office and sat down, thinking all the while what a peculiar creature that young woman was. Her case must be one of the phases of lunacy.

I made my next visit at ten o'clock the next morning. I found her waiting for me, sitting in the same chair, minus the pillows. She spoke in a cheerful manner, asking after my health, and that of the other members of my family. "Now," she said, "Doctor, when you put me into the sleep, don't forget to wake me up before you leave." I said, "My dear young lady, I do not put you into any sleep, whatever." She said, "Oh yes you do, Doctor, and that is how you help me." I said, "Young lady, I am not aware of anything of the kind." "Well," she said, "you do it, anyhow, Doctor, and I feel that through that power you are going to cure me. The other doctors could do nothing for me. Dr. Mott called here yesterday to see me. He wanted to know how I was getting on, but said he was helpless

in my case." I commenced to think possibly there was something in what she said. I was strongly impressed to look her straight in the eyes. I did so, and she went into what she called a dreamy sleep. When she had entered fully into that condition, she commenced to give me directions as to what I was to do. She said, "Now, Doctor, place your left hand at the base of my brain, at the same time place the right over the red spot. Now bring all your will power to bear on my mind and its actions, commanding me to say, 'I will be made whole, and my body will be cleansed of this scrofula placed in my blood by my ancestors.'" I did as she commanded, and she commenced repeating the words over and over. I sat with her over two hours, holding my left hand at the base of her brain while I held my right on her breast. When I had released my hands from her I discovered the red spot on her breast was turning into a pale yellow. She said to me, "Now, Doctor, command me to come out of the sleep, so your voice tells me. I suffer more this time than I have any time previous." Now I was commencing to look into it with a more serious thought and commanded her to come out of the sleep. When she had done so and returned to consciousness, she looked up at me and said, "Oh, Doctor, I have such a burning pain there. I believe you have located the disease." I then bade her good morning and said I would call at the same time next day.

I called every day for two months, putting her into the sleep and receiving directions what to do. At the end of the two months she had a bad looking breast. A wild, burning, miserable looking sore had collected there. One night in bed it burst open, giving forth a terrible stench from a matter or fluid pus. While lying in bed I put her under the sleep, and she gave me directions as to how I should wash the wound or sore, and prepare it for other conditions. She said, "Your voice tells me you should get one quart of hot water, drop into it ten drops of carbolic acid, six of ammonia, shave into it a little castile soap, cover it up so that it will retain the heat and in thirty minutes bathe and wash the sore with a linen cloth." which I did, sir. The odor was something dreadful, and the pus and corruption that I washed out of that sore would fill a saucer. When I looked into the sore it looked as if the flesh was rotten, and I

was afraid that gangrene would become located there. She then said to me, "Your voice tells me you are to soak a linen cloth with some cream, with ten drops of carbolic acid in it, then you will place it over the sore. After you have done that, just throw the coverlet gently over me, wake me out of the sleep, bid me good day, go to the park, get a few leaves of the Balm of Gilead, come back and make a mulch of it, place it over my sore in the form of a poultice, then leave me to the care of my mother." I woke her out of the sleep and did as she requested. I went through the same ordeal for another month. I washed and dressed the sore, made the Balm of Gilead poultice, bringing the leaves with me on each occasion. At the end of the month, as I was examining the sore one morning, I discovered a peculiar looking substance. She said to me, "Your voice tells me that that is the core of the cancer, and it may be removed in another three days. You will place it in alcohol, so that you may show it to other physicians, allowing them to understand that all cancers have cores, and that they are in kinship with boils, carbuncles, and other conditions of that family. They contain more of the malignant type than any other condition of the family. They are caused by scrofula in the blood, which comes from eating hog meat and from other venereal conditions that men and women are heir to. When they do not live moral lives they poison the future generations through their blood. I am suffering this because of my grandfather's condition. He was an immoral character, poisoning his blood through low and filthy cohabitation before he married my grandmother. His name was Aaron Burr, a curse to the race of man, and a traitor to his nation. Through him we must suffer unto the third and fourth generation. Aye, even longer than that—until men and women will cleanse their blood from swine flesh, and slush eating, gorging their stomachs with diseased flesh of all animals, creating a poison in the blood for future generations." Then she commanded me to wake her up. I did so. On the third day I received the core, placing it in alcohol, as she commanded. I dressed the sore, or I might say, the cavity that had formed in her breast, for a week longer. It healed up nicely, and in six months she declared she felt no effects from her past suffering. Her name was Elizabeth Burr, and she became my first wife,

teaching me that I possessed the psychic power. She became the mother of six beautiful children, and I looked upon them—her and those children—with a father's pride that I cannot express to you. We will let it go until another time.

Wednesday, October 30th, 1901.

Good morning, sir. The air is sweet and pure. I see the foliage of all your trees and shrubs is washed off by the rain. The shadows and lights cast in your valley I would compare to a shimmer of gold and silver; while the moisture on your rose bushes and other plants holds the mellow light of opals and pearls; that upon the leaves of your live oaks has the beautiful rich tint of the emerald; while the beautiful light above is the imperial diamond of nature.

Now I will give you an account of how my wife traces her lineage to Aaron Burr. There was a beautiful girl who bore the name of Jennie Livingston, who fell a victim to the wiles and fascinations of Aaron Burr while he was in New York City. She bore a male child, or I should say in other words, she permitted this male child to see the light of day through her condition. When the child came into life through his physical body and gave the expression of re-embodiment, he was taken away from the mother and brought up under the influence of a woman who had a vile character. She was an individual who had the habit of becoming intoxicated; her whole nature was that of immorality. Jennie Livingston's parents did not care to whom the child was given, as long as it was taken from the house and out of their sight. They had an old housekeeper whose name was Mildred Reynolds, who kept an eye on the woman and the child. She was one whom you might say had a great deal of mother nature in her make-up, and felt badly for her young mistress and the child.

One day when the child was about a year old, she saw the woman and the child in the street. The woman was strongly under the influence of liquor, and was dragging the child along in a cruel manner. Mildred Reynolds went up to her and said, "Here's a shilling; go and get some gin, and I will keep the child until you come back, then we will have a good time." When the woman had disappeared into the gin shop, Mildred

took the child in her arms and fled, bearing him to a widowed sister that she had. She told her whose child it was and that she wished her to take care of him, and bring him up properly, for which she would provide her ample means. They gave the child the name of Henry Burr.

The Livingston family forced Jenny, the mother of the child, to marry a sea captain who was an Englishman, and bore the name of William Ranney. He carried her back to England, his native land. She lived and passed out of her body at Bath, England, after having been the mother of seven children by this William Ranney. She never saw the child who bore the name of Henry Burr while she lived in the physical body. Mildred Reynolds wrote her a letter telling her what she had done with the child. She answered the letter, calling on God to bless Mildred for what she had done.

Mildred took care of the boy until he grew into young manhood, when he entered a business house kept by one of his uncles, James Lewis Jennings, a ship chandler on Water street, New York. In time the firm became Jennings & Burr. Henry Burr took care of Mildred Reynolds in her old age. He looked upon her as a mother, she keeping house for him a number of years until he married a Winifred Allen. She bore him one daughter, and that daughter became my wife.

Mildred Reynolds lived in her physical body until she was 94, and then passed to spirit life. Henry Burr lived until he was 62, and then passed to spirit life. Winifred Allen lived to be 81, and then passed to spirit life. My wife, Elizabeth, lived to be 43, and then passed to spirit life. That is the explanation how my wife became a Burr.

The first 40 years of my medical practice and surgery was in the old allopathy school. Homeopathy was trying to push its way into the field, but it was opposed and fought on all sides by the old-school physicians. I commenced to read and study it up and found there was much in it that would become beneficial to my patients, so I introduced it by degrees among my patients, many of them opposed to it, while others were willing to accept it, believing that I had magnetized the medicine. I to a certain extent magnetized all the medicine that I gave to my patients. I had a peculiar case one time: It was a case where

a man dislocated his hip by falling down three steps. He had been attended by two physicians who thought they had placed the hip in a proper condition, but, alas! neither one of them had understood what they had done. The patient suffered untold misery. His pain was so great it threw him into convulsions. His old father called at my house and asked me if I would go and look at his condition. I asked my wife to accompany me, as I had done on many occasions, and received valuable instructions through her mediumship. When we had entered the room where the patient lay moaning and groaning, the cause of which was the dreadful pain that came from the dislocated hip joint, I put my wife under the mesmeric sleep and requested her to look into the case and see what could be done for the sufferer. She said it had never been properly put in place, and gangrene had located itself in the wound. "You will have to perform a surgical operation. Old Dr. James, a spirit, is here, and says he will assist you through me to perform the operation." This Dr. James that she spoke of was one of the professors that I studied under. We put the patient under the power of ether and then performed the surgical operation. When we had opened the wound I found gangrene as she had described. I cauterized the wound, applied burnt powdered alum and sulphur. I allowed it to remain in that condition for ten hours, then I washed it out thoroughly and applied a solution of sulphur and ether. After twelve hours I washed it out with warm water, carbolic acid and carbonate of soda, then I replaced it in the socket, thoroughly magnetizing it for over two hours. (I had received these directions through my wife's mediumship, while in the mesmeric sleep.) All united properly and the wound healed up nicely. Allow me to tell you these directions were entirely outside of medical practice. We had no books that gave us any such prescription; I depended entirely upon the directions given me by my wife while in the mesmeric sleep, or what they call the hypnotic state. In time the patient walked on crutches and afterward found the full use of his limb, with which he stepped off as naturally as ever. The reason I describe this case in particular is to show you that it was done entirely through spirit power. If our physicians and surgeons in the body would get to understand the true sense of spirit power, it would become

of great benefit to them in their practice. There are many other cases that I could describe to you which came under my practice, but it would require a book in itself to give a thorough explanation to the public. Your time and space is valuable, so I will drop that question and take up a part of your medium's life.

The first time I ever met Little Justin he was playing at the old National Theatre on Chatham street, New York. I was sent for one evening, about nine o'clock, to come and see what was the matter with one of the actresses. I discovered she was suffering from congestive chill. I immediately gave her something to take inwardly and ordered that she should be taken to her home. All doctors in those days carried a certain amount of remedies with them. I discovered a pretty little child holding the hand of the lady and crying. He looked up at me and said, "Doctor, you are going to cure her, ain't you?" I said, "I will if I possibly can." After they had removed the lady to her home, I saw that I was quite attracted to the Little One, and looking at him, I smiled and said in fun, "Whose father are you?" He said, "By God, I ain't yours," which made me laugh.

One of the ladies who stood close by said, "Doctor, he is a regular little Tartar, but we love him. If anything was to happen to the Little One I think Mr. Jones would go wild." I said to the Little One, "Don't you want to sit on my lap?" He said, "No, no; I'm a star. Come and I'll show you the theatre." The lady said, "He owns everything in the building, and the company, too." He caught hold of my hand and led me to the stage, describing the different scenes, while the orchestra was playing the overture. We were looking at the different scenes and listening to his descriptions, when an actor by the name of Jones came upon the stage. He was a fine looking man and the owner of a fine physical body. He said, "Ah! I see, doctor, you have made the acquaintance of our little star." I said, "So it appears." He then raised the Little One up in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Now, Pet, go and get ready for the next act." "All right, Uncle Jones. Did you get the peanuts and apples?" He said, "Yes, Pet; when it is all over you can have them," meaning when the play was finished. When Mr. Jones put him down on the stage, he came up to me and took hold of my hand, say-

ing, "You wait and see me and Mr. Jones act. We are the stars, ain't we, Uncle Jones?" Mr. Jones said, "Of course we are." The Little One went off towards his dressing room a little way, then came back, caught hold of both my hands, looked into my face, and said, "I want to kiss you, Doc." I stooped down and kissed him, for he was a little mite of a creature. Then he said to me, "If you don't cure Fanny, I'm going to kick you, and kick you hard, too." When I looked down at the little foot I did not live in dread of the kicking. When he had disappeared Mr. Jones said, "Doctor, you will have to cure that young lady or receive a hard kicking," which made us both laugh. "Doctor, that is a strange little creature. He is all vim and fire; his whole little structure is made up of emotion. He is so sweet I want to hug him all the time. You must remain and see him in the next act. He is a regular little savage, and dances a wild Highland fling. His dancing over two swords laid on the stage is something wonderful." Mr. Jones gave me a seat in a private box, which had a door opening off the stage.

Of all the little savages I ever beheld, the worst was Little Justin in that wild scene in the glen. He came down the mountains whistling and leading his mother, who was pursued by the villain in the play. When they reached the bottom of the glen a dreadful storm took place, the thunder boomed and the lightning flashed. He conveyed his mother to a cave in the side of the rock. After the storm had passed over and the sky became clear once more, he brought his mother out of the cave and pointed to a rock, telling her to sit there. When she was seated he told her he was going to dance for her and cheer her up. (I wish to inform you of one thing—that is, he spoke all his lines in a broad Scotch dialect which I can't pronounce well enough to give you properly.) After his mother was seated on the rock an old white-haired man came out of the cave with his bagpipes over his shoulder. He sat down on a rock and commenced to play a wild tune. The Little One started in dancing a wild dance, the like of which I never saw before. In the dance he commenced to shout and holler, jumped into the air and whirled around; when he struck the stage again he became very much excited, so much so that he began to tear some of his clothes off.

Such wild, savage antics I never saw before. At the end of the dance he fell on the stage exhausted and panted so much that I could hear his breathing in the box. Mr. Jones rushed on the stage dressed in a beautiful Highland costume, picked up the Little One and held him in his arms in order that the people might get a good look at him. He laid his head down on Mr. Jones' shoulder from sheer exhaustion, while they rung down the curtain. But the people were not satisfied, and wanted to see the Little One again. The applause became terrific, when Mr. Jones walked on in front of the curtain, holding the Little One in his arms, until the people were satisfied.

The next time I saw him was when he was playing a child's part for Edwin Forrest at the Broadway Theatre. During this engagement there was a large picture painted by a fine artist, whose name I have forgotten. It was a picture of Mr. Forrest in the character of Brutus, sitting by the side of a pallet or small bed in a Roman tent, with the Little One sitting on the ground, playing on a lyre, singing the war sogs for Brutus. The Little One's lips were parted as if in the act of singing. It showed his white teeth and oh, the expression of those eyes. It showed the artist was a master painter. Brutus was looking down at him, drinking in every word, and the expression of his eyes shows that he was in love with his little page. Mr. Hulburd, it is a grand picture. It looked as though they were living and had all the animation of life, the picture was so vivid upon canvas. Whoever the artist was, he painted in the realm true to life. I understood there were two other pictures also painted of them and placed on exhibition, which I did not have the pleasure of looking at. They were destroyed by fire when the salon where they were on exhibition was burned down during the big fire in New York. I saw three copies of this picture, which it was claimed were painted by artists. They were miserable affairs, and I would call them burlesques on the original. The original picture was the greatest character picture I ever looked upon, either in Europe or America.

The next time I saw him play he was a member of the Buckley Serenaders. He was playing in a musical burlesque called "Somnambula." Later I saw him play in Philadelphia at the old Chestnut street theatre in a musical burlesque called

"Orphans." He took the part of Sappho, the Goddess of Music, and I think, in that character, he was the most beautiful looking being I ever beheld. On the second night of the performance I presented him with a gold bracelet, which had a setting containing four amethysts. I was introduced to him in the green room, through the courtesy of the manager. When off the stage he acted like a child, as it seemed to me. I told him where I had first met him, at the old National Theatre in New York. I saw the tears come in his eyes, and he said, "My life was a hard one when I was little. I was not acquainted with Papa Warren then, but now I am happy. God has only made such as he in one mould." Just then he was told the stage was ready and waiting for him. When he had left the green room I said to the manager, "Who is this Mr. Warren he speaks of?" He said, "Mr. Warren is the husband, and if you remain here with me a little while you will see him come to take her home. They live very happily together, and he idolizes his little Puss." I remained and was introduced to a very handsome military looking man. During our conversation I discovered he was a perfect gentleman, and was willing to give up everything in life for Little Justin's comfort and happiness. He said to me, "Dr. Jennings, my great desire is that my little Justin shall die before I do. I do not want to leave him for the cold world to deal with; he is so sensitive and lives on impulses. She has made me one of the happiest men that lives in a human form, and I want her to go before I do." Ah! little did he know then the work that was laid out for his little Justin, or Puss, as he called her.

We dined together on several occasions at my home in Philadelphia, and on those occasions his mediumship was manifested to the guests who were assembled there. We all learned to love little Puss. But oh, what a temper when things did not go satisfactory to his idea. I have seen it when, as the old saying is, the air became blue with curse words. I discovered afterwards in life there was an influence that came en rapport with him who bore the name of Dick, and what he didn't know in the line of swearing must have laid outside of the United States. I made a remark one day while I was visiting at their rooms at the hotel. This remark did not just please his royal highness

and I think if any one was cursed into hell and out again it was I, and after the explosion had cleared away and the matter had calmed down, he sat on my knee and sung a pretty Scotch ballad called "The Lass of Gowrie." Then he kissed me and said, "Now you go home; if you don't I'll kick you out." I bade her ladyship good day and walked towards the door. He cried out, "Hold on, there; I hain't pulled your hair today." He came over towards me, dragging a chair. He got up on to the chair, grabbed me by the hair of the head, shaking it well; then he grabbed me around the neck, kissing and hugging me, saying, "You old devil, I like you." Just then I witnessed the grandest manifestation I ever saw in Spiritualism. The chair was elevated towards the ceiling, with him standing on it. The chair came down again and rested on my head; while it was there I felt no weight whatever. It was lifted from my head and placed on the floor. He jumped from the chair, turning a handspring, landed on the bed and commenced to laugh as if he would die from laughter. I was afraid he would burst a blood vessel. I stepped towards the bed, thinking I might calm him down by treating him magnetically. He grabbed a pillow, hitting me in the face with it, which landed me on the floor. Quicker almost than I can tell it he grabbed the bed clothes off the bed, covered me up with them, sat down on top of me and crowed like a rooster. When I came to my senses and crawled from under him and the bed clothes, I discovered Mr. Warren sitting on a lounge laughing so hard that his sides were shaking. I said, "In the name of God, Warren, do you have such picnics as these often?" He said, "Oh, yes, only they are varied—that is what keeps my blood in circulation." He handed me some brandy and water to quiet my nerves, while the Little One laid down on top of the clothes and went to sleep. I said to Mr. Warren, "By all that's good and wise, how can you stand it?" He said, "Oh, I'm accustomed to it now, Doctor, and without that little one I could not live. He is all that I worship in life. My whole soul is centered in that little body, and there would be no happiness for me without it." I bade him good day and left, feeling that I was a wiser man and that all the wisdom did not lay inside of a college that taught *Materia Medica* and other hypochondriac conditions of medical bosh that should have been thrown to the winds long ago.

When I entered my carriage and commenced to realize on the way home that there was some of Doctor Jennings left yet, I burst into a hearty laugh and said to myself, "Tom Jennings, there are greater things in heaven and earth than lie in your empty philosophy called college breeding. Stick to your magnetic power, bring to bear your psychological condition upon your patients, allow them to be the doctor on all future occasions." We will continue at another time.

Thursday, October 31, 1901.

Good morning, sir. This is a joyful morning; the air is fresh and invigorating. It is so cool and pleasant to the feelings. It makes me feel like a young colt out of pasture. I want to kick up my heels and shake my head in a frisky way and whinney to the God of Nature for giving us such a beautiful morning so that I may continue the communication. They speak of Oriental perfumes, but they have no comparison with the sweet air that surrounds your home this morning.

The next time that I saw Little Justin was in Washington, D.C. He was coming from the theatre in the company of a general. When I got in front of him I bade him good morning, and he introduced me to General Sheridan. After we had spoken about fifteen minutes, our conversation relating to Washington and the thousands that were in the city, the General bade us adieu, saying he must start for the front right away. He shook hands with me, took the Little One in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Puss, I will see that your message is conveyed to your father, and I will take one more kiss for good luck." I noticed he did so, but in place of one, he took three. I said, "General, you seem to like lip salve." He said, "Yes, I do, and one of my lips don't feel right." He drew the Little One up to him and took two or three more kisses. I couldn't tell just how many. Then he said, "I think my lip feels better," and bade us good-bye.

Justin invited me to the hotel to dine with him, and I did so. While we were sitting at the table partaking of food, he said to me, "Doctor, you will have to excuse me," and left the

dining room. I did not meet him again until after the war. I thought, what a strange being that is, to leave me at the table in such a manner, to finish my dinner alone; but now I understand it. He heard the voice and had to go forth, as there was work for him to do.

When we met again it was in Philadelphia. I met Mr. Warren at the Continental Hotel and he invited me to accompany him to dinner. When we had reached their apartments, the Little One came forth with a cordial greeting and was pleased to see me. I noticed he had a haggard look. His work during the war told upon his constitution.

During the conversation that took place before dinner he said, "Doctor, I have donned female apparel again; that is why you see my hair is so long. Papa Warren has just made a contract for me to appear in the Black Crook in New York. When you call to see us there I shall be a foreigner bearing an Italian name," which made us laugh. A lady by the name of Madame Dorio, who spoke with a beautiful French accent, said, "Puss, what will they make of you next?" He said, "Lord only knows. I have represented everything except a monkey, and I believe I am half monkey now. Perhaps you will hear of me soon starring as Jacko the Intelligent Ape," which sent us all off into a hearty laugh.

Dinner was announced, and after dinner we adjourned again to their apartments and had a cigar and a glass of wine. Mr. Warren said, "Now, Pet, you lie down and take your afternoon nap, while the Doctor and I entertain each other by playing a game of cards." While we were sitting playing cards, and it came my turn to shuffle them, they were snatched out of my hands by some spirit hand and scattered all over the room. They were distributed in such a manner that it took us some time to collect them again. When we had gotten them together and placed them on the table, I said, "By the Great Jehovah, Warren, you always seem to have visitors." He spoke up and said, "You don't want to pay any attention to such a little thing as that; those things are common occurrences with us." He had no sooner spoken the words than my hat was placed on my head and drawn down over my eyes and something hit me a hard slap on the back of the neck. When I had removed my hat, in

order that I might see what was going on, I discovered that Mr. Warren was laughing. He said, "Why, Doctor, you look astonished." Then up went the cards, and they were scattered all over the room again. I said, "We had better defer this game of cards until another time." The Little One came out of the bedroom and ordered me to get up off my chair. I did so, and he sat down. He said, "Now place your hand on top of my brain. Will me to go somewhere." I psychologized him and sent the forces to England. I commanded him to enter the little cottage where I stopped for a while in Birmingham, England.

I said, "Now I want you to go into the room where I used to sleep, then come back and tell me what you have seen." I sat down on a beautiful velvet sofa in the room and commenced to play with the tassels of a magnificent brocade pillow which Mr. Warren said had been presented to the Little One by Mrs. Greeley, the wife of Horace Greeley. I think in all he was only gone about an hour, perhaps a little more, when the voice began to speak. He described everything that was in the room, with the exception of one thing. He located the bed standing by the front window; when I slept there the bed stood at the back part of the room. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Neilson, asking for information. Would she do me the favor to tell me if everything was in my room in the same place that I had left it? I received an answer: "Everything is in the room as you left it, the only change that I have made is to move the bed to the front part of the room by the window," which proved his statement to be true.

I psychologized him a number of times in Philadelphia while I remained there. I sent him to different places, his statement always proving true. It would require too much space to describe them. One time when they were living at the New York Hotel on Broadway, New York, I called and psychologized him. I had received the day before by the English mail a large book with colored plates in it. The book was published in London by an English publishing house. I said, "Now, I want you to go to my room, and open a large book that you will find lying on my table. I want you to open that book and find the third colored plate in the book, examine it well, come back and tell me what you see in that colored picture. I want you to de-

scribe it minutely, in order that Mr. Warren and myself can go to my room and look at the picture in the book to see whether you have described it correctly or not. We will leave you here in this psychological state until we return." Mr. Hulburd, it was a wonderful test to me. Mr. Warren accompanied me to my room, where we found the book lying on the table, open, showing the third plate. When I left my room I had closed the book and placed a heavy weight upon it, for I wanted to see if a spirit could penetrate into the inside of a book and come back and tell what they had seen there. This was my first test with any book business. We found the book open, but could not find the heavy weight. We looked around, but did not find it in the room. I said, "Now let us look at the picture and see whether he had described it perfectly or not. He had described it more perfectly than I could, Mr. Hulburd, who had been looking at it a large part of the morning. Mr. Warren said, "Doctor, this witchcraft business is astonishing." Just then we heard a peculiar noise in the drawer and found therein the heavy weight I had placed on the book before locking the door to go to their hotel. I said, "Warren, let us return to the hotel and I will release him from the hypnotic state." On the way back to the hotel Mr. Warren got me to give him a solemn promise that I would tell no one what had occurred. I kept my promise while Mr. Warren remained in his physical body. Afterward I wrote a long article describing my experiments with male and female subjects. I gave quite a lengthy description of that book test with little Justin, which I thought was a wonderful manifestation. I think in all I must have placed him under that condition about fifty-six times. I found him a very easy subject to control. My last experiments with him were in Vineland, New Jersey.

Now, sir, I am going to give you an explanation of re-embodiment. My last wife and myself were in the habit of attending Mrs. Thayer's flower circles. There came a spirit to us a number of times during the circles, claiming that she wanted to take on another embodiment. She said, "I will come as a boy; I will be a good boy and an artist. I want you for my father, Dr. Jennings, and Mrs. Jennings for my mother," which made me laugh. I said, "My dear spirit, I have raised

three families, now. I think I have performed my duty in multiplying and replenishing the world. I am now an old man in years, and this physical body is frail and bent with age. My present wife is passing through the change, so that I do not think it could become possible for her to be pregnant again." The spirit would come night after night in the circles, begging us to let her try. Several in the circle would say, "Why don't you let the spirit have a chance to see if such a thing could be possible?" One night she pleaded so hard that she finally commenced to cry, and said, "If you were in my condition, I would give you my whole soul power to help you out, if you were placed as I am. I can get those conditions through you which I require." Senator Case and wife were present that evening. Mrs. Case spoke up and said, "Doctor, why don't you and your wife prepare your conditions for the spirit and see if it can become possible. You know the great saying is, 'All things are possible with God.' If you can assist this spirit to become reincarnated, and it comes to pass, I will become a believer in reincarnation." I said, "Well, we will, mother (to my wife) if we can assist this spirit that pleads so hard, let us become the instruments, and we will get our reward some day." We fulfilled the conditions required, which were sexual intercourse. My wife became pregnant, the change stopped and she became the mother of a male child, a beautiful boy, but very delicate. These facts which I relate to you, those who were in the circles can testify to. So, sir, you see re-embodiment is a truth. It is one of the laws of growth, in which we find the divinity of nature blossoming out like a beautiful flower. That child has grown into young manhood and is the proof of what I have said. His name is Philo Jennings. I thank you, Mr. Hulburd, for taking down my communication. Give my regards to Mr. Meyer. Perhaps he will remember me while living in Vineland, New Jersey. I leave my love for Little Justin, one of God's truthful instruments. Tell him it won't be long. Good bye.

THOMAS JENNINGS.

Friday, November 1, 1901, 2 p.m.

For several days there has been sojourning at the home of Doctor F. D. C. Meyer a lady from San Diego, a Theosophist by the name of Mrs. Fidelia K. Shepherd. She expressed, to Justin, a desire to have an interview with Madam H. P. Blavatsky. Justin's guides conferred with Madame Blavatsky, who appointed Friday, November 1st, at 2 p.m. She was promptly on time and gave a short but very instructive lecture and then for nearly two hours answered questions. She told us that hereafter she wished to be known as "Searchlight," and this cottage, which was one of her resting places, should be known as "Searchlight Bower." There were present, besides the medium, Mrs. F. K. Shepherd, F. D. C. Meyer, M. L. Brooks, and E. W. Hulburd.

Dr. Milo Pierce

Chapter XIV

Monday, November 18th, 1901.

Good morning, sir. It is a bright, clear morning. Everything looks and feels charming to the soul. Life is on the wing, as usual, flitting from clime to clime, as the herald of invigorating health.

I was known when living in a physical body, by the name of Doctor Milo Pierce. I was born in the state of Maine, in the year 1800. So you see, I had quite a life experience in a body. I passed out of my body twenty years ago, in the state of Michigan. I left my native state, Maine, to become one of the pupils of a college. When I graduated from said college I went to Boston and studied there. I married and was the father of seven children. Three passed to spirit life in infancy, two boys and a girl. But the boys grew to manhood. My first wife was a native of my own state, but I married in Boston. She was the mother of my seven children. I lived in Boston twenty-five years. During that time she passed to spirit life. After ten years of what you would call a widower, I thought it time to take another wife, so I fell in love. I believe that it is what you call it; well, we will call it so. I fell in love the second time with a beautiful girl, whom I called sweet Sarah. She sang like an angel, and I think if ever there was a heavenly voice on the earth planet, and anyone was allowed to own it, my sweet Sarah owned that voice.

My first wife and she had been great companions, and so I felt it my duty to make sweet Sarah Mrs. Milo Pierce Number Two. She made a good mother to my children, and a divine companion to me. All of my children loved her dearly and I found in her a woman who was broad and generous in all her

thoughts. She was not held down by any creed, and through her condition the children were growing up to love their father better than they did Jesus, whom they were taught in Sunday School to love above all other mortals. She taught my children that I was the superior part of their condition and also the head of the house, which pleased me much. I found in time they went to her with all their troubles and made all their wants known, which saved a man in my capacity a great deal of anxiety and worryment. She was the right woman in the right place, always gentle on all occasions, never permitting anything to overcome her ideas as a mother. She was one woman in many thousands in that capacity as a mother. To me she was a wonderful staff to lean upon when in trouble, I being nervous, sensitive and easily confused. My sensitive nature was the ruling power in my make-up. No one ever understood me as did my sweet Sarah. She relieved me of all worryment in family affairs, and I became a successful practitioner, and with my sensitive nature I understood and felt the condition of my patients.

Allow me to tell you here, sir, when a man meets his proper mate and they get to understand each other, no matter what comes to pass in life, their love always keeps them happy. At one time I was what you call in the body a wealthy man; I owned considerable real estate in Boston. Then reverses came; in an unguarded moment I made a deal that swamped me and I thought I should go under. The condition and reflection that was cast upon my physical body wrought havoc with my health and I was laid upon a sick bed. My brother physicians who called to see me said I could not live three months. It was then found I had one of the greatest blessings on earth in sweet Sarah. She said, "You shall live. I am going to take you away from these bleak, cold winds of Boston." She assisted my oldest son to collect the remnants of my fortune, as you call it in the physical body. She did not sit down and pine for the grandeur that she had been accustomed to. Neither did she cast any reflections on me, as many women do who send their husbands to the devil with their everlasting nagging and fault-finding. No, my sweet Sarah was equal to the emergency. When she had collected all she possibly could in the way of money she removed me and the children to Philadelphia. After we had

lived there about four months, my health commenced to improve. In six months I became interested in a business, not that of a physician, as it was Sarah's desire that I should not practice any more, or make any night calls on patients. So my two eldest boys and myself entered into a mercantile business. We were successful for a number of years, when finally my health failed me again. I turned the business over to my sons and finally launched out into practice once more, having office hours when the patients came to consult me at my home. My health did not improve and sweet Sarah thought it was better for us to live in the country, where I would get away from all excitement. We looked around for a place to live, when finally my control, Red Jacket, said to go to Vineland, New Jersey to live. My wife and I did as requested by Red Jacket. We went to Vineland and looked over the whole location or tract of land, where we saw a place that pleased sweet Sarah very much. It was purchased and we moved to Vineland. I closed out the business in Philadelphia, as my oldest son had a desire to see Europe, which he did. I never saw him in the body again. After our family had lived a number of years in Vineland we became acquainted with your medium, Justin, also Doctor Gordon, the materializing medium—the grandest medium I ever met in my life. We made the acquaintance of the Suydam family, Dr. Jennings and family, the Allen family and many others. It would take up too much space to mention their names, so I will proceed with my narrative.

The grandest circles that Sarah and I ever had the pleasure of being present at, were held in Vineland, New Jersey. Some of Doctor Gordon's materializing seances were so grand that if I were to describe them minutely and perfectly in all their details, especially the Sunday afternoon materializations in daylight, many of the readers would say I was dreaming, or that I had been psychologized. Dr. Gordon had three phases of mediumship, the like of which I never saw in any other medium. They were impersonation, transformation and materialization. I think he was the most persecuted individual that I ever came en rapport with. His worst persecutors were some of those so-called mediums—or in other words, mountebanks—fleecing the people out of their money by false representations,

claiming to be instruments that held communication with the spirit world, whereby they worked on the sacred feelings of the denizens that lived in physical bodies—a false transaction and representation that should be punished severely by the law of the nation.

Those are the individuals who persecuted this heaven born medium, Harry Gordon. I would like to give an expression right here, and that is this, sir: Some of the mediums who are advertised largely through the columns of spiritual papers are the worst frauds in existence. All so called spiritual papers have what you call in the physical body, pets, who advertise largely in their columns and through that condition many of the truthful investigators in Spiritualism are deceived by said mountebanks and their glowing advertisements. I remember what I once heard Moses Hull say when he was a persecuted individual: "Try the spirits; let your investigation be long and deep; hold on to that which you think is truthful, for I tell you these devils walking around in sheep's clothing will deceive you; let your souls be attuned to truth and in time you will receive Truth. A manifestation of the living God in man." This Harry Gordon was genuine in everything that I ever saw connected with his life and mediumship. Many claimed that he practiced fraud, but that is something I never discovered in the twenty years that I was acquainted with him, but I did discover fraud with my investigation while I came in contact with those mediums highly advertised through the columns of spiritual papers.

Now I will take up part of your medium's life. When I first met your medium, Justin, I accompanied Prof. Coonley to his home on the hill. We discovered him working in the garden. He was hoeing a bed of lilies that was located at the lower end of the lawn. As we left the avenue and walked up the main carriage drive I discovered their lawn was heart shaped, a road leading to the right and one to the left. When we had reached the lawn, Prof. Coonley cried out, "Puss, I see you are working hard." He looked up and laughed, saying, "Coonley, I am weeding out the souls of the lilies. I am separating the undeveloped spirits that are trying to absorb strength from the beautiful flowers, as you know sometimes I am at work amongst the souls of human beings. I have discovered there are so many

weeds growing around my own soul that I have love and compassion for other souls." Suddenly that beautiful smile passed from his face, those dreamy eyes that looked beautiful before took on a stern, bold look which seemed to me would defy the whole world. He looked at me in such a manner that I thought he was going to order me off the place, when he addressed me in harsh, cold words. I shall never forget how he uttered them; it seemed to me as if every word had stabbed with a dagger of cold steel. He said to me very slowly, "Milo Pierce, don't you wish you had some money now that you spent in wanton recklessness? Wouldn't you like to own even some of those small nickels that you threw away on car fare when you should have walked for the benefit of your health? Do you remember what I told you when you were living in that extravagant way, that one day you would regret it all? I, your sister Nancy Pierce, a spirit, comes here today to tell you this." I trembled so that my knees knocked together. When Prof. Coonley discovered my condition he caught hold of me and held me up or I would have fallen on the lawn, for sir, every word of it was true. She repeated to me word for word as she had spoken it forty years ago. When I had come back, as it were, to my senses, I said, "Professor, assist me to that garden chair." It was sitting under one of the large, beautiful trees. He did so, and when he had placed me in the chair and I had commenced to breathe freely, Justin came towards me with that cold, stern look in his eyes. She hissed out the words, saying, "Milo, it does me good to tell you this. You never would take any advice from me. You always called me 'the old maid,' and declared that I knew but very little of life. If you only understood the satisfaction it gives me now to taunt you with these words you would understand what a benefit it is now for me to hiss them out to you. Oh, you may shudder, but you know every word that I tell you is the truth. Milo Pierce, you are going to die or pass out of the body a poor man as towards worldly goods. You have a spiritual element that surrounds you, wherein dwells a true soul that is superior to all of earth's glittering baubles.

"When I lived in my physical body I thought I was capable of giving people good advice. My whole make-up was that of conceit, all my surroundings were egotistical and I have not

laid it down yet. That is why I took the pleasure today to reach you through this instrument that is no earthly good for anything else but spirits to talk through. Oh, I have longed for this day, Milo Pierce. You taunted me with John Winslow, and said our connection was not moral with each other. You lied, and you knew you lied, so I am here today to assert my rights on that part of the question.

"It makes me laugh to think how all the gilded trappings have passed from your clutches and you have come down to a common way of living, which will do you good. Perhaps if I had become one of the beautiful angels that people living in the physical body speak of, I would have forgiven the insult you thrust upon me no doubt, but not being of that condition I give it you here today as I feel." Then I heard one of the most devilish laughs I think I ever listened to. The medium came out from under the condition in about ten minutes. During the conversation I was in a bath of perspiration. Professor Coonley said, "Justin, allow me to take Doctor Pierce into the house—he is not well. Now, if you will assist me we will get him there very soon." I was taken to the house and laid on a couch in a beautiful room which looked like a fairy bower. It had many pretty pictures on the walls, and beautiful flowers placed in vases throughout the room.

Professor Coonley gave me a treatment and I went into a beautiful sleep. When I awoke I felt so happy and thought surely this must be the home of the spirits that can bring such a pleasant feeling. I heard Prof. Coonley talking to an old gentleman out on the veranda. While I was looking at the pictures on the wall I heard a light step crossing the room. I turned around and there I saw Justin, the medium. He spoke to me in a pleasant way, saying, "Prof. Coonley tells me you are Dr. Pierce. Now, Doctor, if you will follow me I will lead you to the dining room, where dinner is about to be served." He said it in such a beautiful way that I thought, "Oh, God, can this be the person who talked so harshly and cruelly to me today, and scowled on me like a fiend looking for revenge?" Let me tell you right here, sir, that Justin had a pretty way with him when he was not under the influence of some spirit. From those eyes, which I tell you, sir, were beautiful eyes, could come such a

gentle, mild look it would win you to his side in no time. I followed him to the dining-room, where I found a number of people already seated at the table.

I will try and give you some of their names. There was that sweet Quaker lady whom the world knew by the name of Olivia Stephens, Prof. Coonley, a Mrs. Jennie Johnson and her daughter Lulu Johnson, a man who bore the name of Rev. Dr. Mills. There was a Miss Bessie Park, a Julia Allen, Robert Conway, an old gentleman who was the medium's foster father, a Julia Meyer and son, and Chas. Landis, who laid out the Vine-land tract, Senator Case and wife, Harry Gordon, Mrs. Suydam, Geo. Suydam, William Suydam, the medium and myself. The conversation was very elevating; there were some of the most heavenly instructions that I ever listened to. I thought to myself if only sweet Sarah were there to partake of some of the beautiful thoughts expressed. I say partake, sir, because it was all food for the soul. I discovered the food that fed the physical body was the least part of their thoughts.

It seemed to me as if the medium, Justin, had divined my thoughts. He looked at me and said, "Dr. Pierce, wouldn't you like to have your lady present?" I clasped his hand and the tears came from my eyes, saying, "You have divined my thought." He excused himself and withdrew from the table; he returned in about ten minutes, saying, "Doctor, I think your lady will be here soon, if I judge aright." The conversation went on in its pleasant way and it did not seem to me we had been conversing over ten minutes at the most, but of course it was longer, when the dining room door was opened by a maid and there stood my sweet Sarah with a frightened look upon her face. When I stepped toward her she became reassured that all was well. Justin said, "Step this way, Mrs. Pierce, and take this chair next to your husband." She said, "I did not come prepared to dine, I thought something had happened to my husband, as the boy who was driving could give me no information in the matter."

Justin laughed and said, "There has a good deal happened to him since he came here. He has had a long sleep and awoke with a good appetite, as you will discover if you look at his plate." While I had removed from the table to receive my Sarah

Prof. Coonley and others had heaped up my plate with chicken bones and fragments of other dishes. When Sarah looked at my plate she laughed and said, "Papa, I think that your appetite must have been ravenous." Justin smiled and said, "Mrs. Pierce, you must always be prepared for any and all emergencies in life, as you have discovered by looking at your husband's plate," which was the cause of a big laugh by the guests present. I discovered that the medium had given her his chair, and when we were all seated again Justin said, "Now, friends, I am going to play waiter," which he did, and all the antics that I ever saw anyone cut up were brought into view that day. He was controlled by a little Indian girl whose name was Rosa. She got all our plates mixed up, our knives and forks and napkins, and how she did it I can't really tell you. I think it must have been done while she was getting off some of her quaint sayings, which was the cause of much merriment and a great deal of laughter on the part of the guests. When we had quieted down and she had given orders to finish up in order that the dishes might be removed to the kitchen for the purpose of washing and drying, she said, "She wanted every squaw to help the maid, and the braves must put the room in order, for she didn't believe in giving people things to eat for nothing."

When we had quieted down the Rev. Dr. Mills discovered he was eating out of the soup tureen. Prof. Coonley discovered that all the mashed potatoes that were left were on his plate, while all the bones had been transferred to Olivia Stephen's plate, and the forks and knives had all been piled up alongside of Harry Gordon's plate. Mrs. Suydam's lap contained all the napkins. On Mrs. Johnson's head was placed a large fruit dish. Wm. Suydam was hugging a large platter to his breast, while Julia Allen had a large glass with the celery in it, hugging it, and calling it sweet names. My wife Sarah had all the cranberry sauce that had been left over, on her plate. While each and every one of us that I have not named found ourselves in peculiar predicaments.

Harry Gordon's principal control yelled out at the top of his voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, I think if I were in your places I'd leave something behind to show the people of the house that at least you had some generosity in your nature, and did

not intend to carry off everything." Just then Rosa gave one of her laughs for which she is noted, saying, "Squaws and braves, it takes a heap shiner and plenty of wampum to get them things back." Then we looked at each other and discovered the predicament we were in; some holding things while others had their plates heaped up with eatables, and of all the foolish lot of people that you ever saw we were those people, and when we had come to our senses laughter knew no bounds. That was the first introduction of the medium.

When once you had entered that home and broken bread with the people of the house you felt from that moment you were one of the family. That evening a circle was held in the parlor of the home. It was the grandest circle that ever I was present at during my life in a physical body. A shawl which had been the medium's traveling shawl, and thoroughly magnetized, was hung in one corner of the parlor. I mean the medium Justin. Harry Gordon, the materializing medium, sat upon a wooden chair behind the shawl. After the company had sung several pieces Harry Gordon walked out from behind the shawl, came to where Justin was sitting and said, "Puss, the spirits want you to arrange the circle on this occasion by impression," then returned behind the shawl and sat on the wooden chair. Puss stood up in front of the shawl, saying, "Friends, stand up and I will re-arrange the circle by impression." He did so and when all had taken their seats he said to my wife, "Do you know the song, 'Evening Shadows?'" She said, Justin, I do. That was a piece of music that I used to sing in public." They both started singing, while some of us assisted them in the rendition of the piece of music. It was grand to listen to. A materialized spirit, a lady, stood in front of the shawl, all draped in white. When we had ceased singing she stepped forward, close to where the friends were sitting. She raised one of her hands with a graceful gesture, saying as she did so, "Friends, you sang that piece of music beautifully. When I lived in a physical body I was known to the world as Jenny Lind. I met Little Justin in England, while I was living in the body. I was present at Buckingham Palace on one occasion while Little Justin was there. Now, friends, this circle is to be in Heaven. You are all searching for Truth and I am one of the conditions

that goes to make up the truth of materialization. I will now sing for you 'The Lover and the Bird,' if you will assist me." We discovered there were only two besides herself who were familiar with the music, Puss and my sweet Sarah. The spirit commenced to sing and they assisted her in the piece of music. While they were singing, the three of them together, it seemed to me I could not return to earth again, for we were away beyond all the coarse, crude walks in life. When they had finished the piece of music the spirit dematerialized in full view of all the friends, and alas, I discovered that I was once more upon the earth plane. All the friends present had many materialize and come to where they were sitting and talk to them as of yore. No one present was omitted and they were all recognized in a bright light. Mr. Hulburd, that was heaven on earth for one day to me, not only to me, but to all who were present. We slept that night at Justin's home. Before we retired we all stood in the sitting room and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I only wish, sir, you could have been present and heard how that hymn was sung that night. All I can say, it was heavenly. We had been with the angels and must retire to battle with the coming morrow. As a spirit I can hear the singing of that "Nearer, My God, to Thee," for it never left me and will always remain with me throughout eternity. We will now discontinue until another time.

Wednesday, November 20th, 1901.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. There is a vivid condition surrounding me that speaks of the life-giving properties of health that I find here in abundance in your pretty valley, where individuals in physical bodies may receive all their conditions require under your majestic live oaks. Sentinels of time that have seen the races of Indians come and go. I have discovered through the passivity of the mineral condition located in your rocks, transmitted to the garden of vegetation, there we find the elixir waiting man's growth. Individuals inhabiting physical bodies can find the true source of health by coming here to your mountains and living in accordance with nature's laws. Let their diet be frugal, plain and systematic, partaking only of cereals, fruit and water, which I have discovered is here in abundance in your mountain valleys. The water that gurgles

out of your living springs contains health properties in every draught. When people will learn to live on the hygienic plan and go forth into the woods on such a beautiful morning as this, what is there to prevent them from receiving health? I can see in the not far distance there will be many beautiful homes built in these mountain retreats, where the invalid can come and through a sensible mode of living, bring back the rosy hue to the blanched cheek. The pale expression and tint will leave their faces so that they can return to the world again healthy individuals—perhaps a little bronzed, but with a vigorous mind and body. In many of the localities of these mountains people will find health and become renewed men and women.

Now I will speak of my life in Vineland, New Jersey, connected with this medium and many other dear friends. We had formed a class or circle, as you call it, which met at the home of Justin, the medium. I will give you a list of their names. There was Dr. Jennings, his wife and son, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, Mr. Johnson, husband of said Jennie Johnson, Miss Lulu Johnson, William E. Johnson, Prof. Bartlett, Olivia Stephens and Miss Grace Howard. Mr. and Mrs. Howell's two daughters and one son were present in the class, Harry Gordon, Mrs. Suydam, George and William Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Merwin and granddaughter, a Julia Meyer and son, my sweet Sarah and myself. Sometimes either of my three boys would be present.

This class was held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to receive instruction from the higher life through Little Justin's mediumship and many were the grand lessons taught to that class. On each Sunday afternoon the public were invited to Justin's home where several mediums were controlled, giving tests to the people.

The principal lectures given on all occasions came through the mediumship of Little Justin. Sometimes we would hear and receive spiritual instruction through his mediumship by a Japanese spirit calling himself Yapan. At other times we would receive instruction from a spirit that went by the name of Sir Thomas Clifton, an English barrister of the law courts of England. The instructions we received had a civilizing process upon our minds. They dealt with facts that educated us to the understanding that we are spirits living in a body. I have

heard many of the people present on those occasions express themselves that they had never understood true Spiritual happiness until then. They would say, "Oh, we live such different lives now to that previous to our coming here. Our families seem to be so harmonious and feel for others' conditions, looking at them in a different light than we had before. Since we commenced to attend these meetings we have more generosity for each other and feel now that we can overlook many little things in life that used to bring a discordant condition; we have found God's true religion." The expressions were many, sir, that came from the different individuals present. They all went away feeling happy, expressing that they had received much benefit from the meetings. Mr. Hulburd, those days were Heaven upon earth to many others and myself. When he left us and went south with Mr. Meyer to try and gain better health we all felt the head of the house was gone. Our leader and medium was taken from us. We tried to keep the meetings up by assembling at each other's homes, but it lasted only for a while, and finally passed away. We had a number of mediums that were controlled, and several addresses given to us through their mediumship. They all did their best, God bless them, but we failed to keep the meetings up, as the people wanted to hear Justin's guides speak and said they would not come if he did not return. We hired three public speakers at different times. On their first night's appearance the hall would be pretty well filled; after that on each night the audience would be smaller and smaller, until finally hardly anyone would attend. They wanted Justin. We could not produce him and finally the society broke up. The people said they all loved to go to his home upon the hill and listen to his guides, who gave them a high order of spirituality. A number of families in the neighborhood became dissatisfied, we among the others, and thought we would remove to a distant state and after living there two or three years, thought we would remove back to Vineland more satisfied. Some of the families did so, but I never returned while living in a physical body. I passed away in Michigan.

Now, sir, I am going to relate to you a wonderful manifestation that took place at Justin's home. In the month of December, 1878, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, Mrs. Jennings, the medium,

Justin, and my wife had a desire to give a dinner to their most intimate friends. Invitations were sent out and all preparations made for said dinner. In their dining-room, that is, the dining-room at Justin's home upon the hill, which went by the name of Rosa's Wigwam, were windows to the east and west. Out of the dining room opened a door that led into a large sitting room which had windows looking south and west. So you see they had the sun all day. They had a large oak table in that dining room. When it was stretched to its full capacity it contained ten large oak leaves, so you see quite a company could be seated at the table.

Now I will give you a list of the names of people who were present to partake of said dinner on that occasion. There was the Reverend Dr. Mills, that is the name they are addressed by people living in physical bodies, Prof. Bartlett, Prof. Coonley, Dr. Jennings and wife, Mrs. Suydam, William Suydam, Doctor Gordon, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, Miss Lulu Johnson and Miss Julia Meyer, Doctor White, Doctor Milo Pierce and wife Sarah, Olivia Stephens and Justin, the medium, and the hired girl, Fannie, whose last name I do not remember.

All the food was placed upon the table in order that each individual could help themselves. When the guests had taken their seats at the table it became quite dark, as the snow was falling. It was then half past five in the afternoon. The maid, Fannie, lit two large lamps and placed them on the table, then she drew down the blinds, letting the lace curtains at the same time fall together. All the guests around the table held each other's hands while they sung that beautiful piece of music, "When Evening Brings the Twilight O'er." The execution of the music was grand, as there were several fine singers present. When they had taken their seats and commenced to enjoy the food prepared for that occasion by the ladies, loud raps were heard all over the wall and floor. We had a strong band of mediums present on that occasion to whom were attached a strong band of spirits. While the guests present were entertaining each other in quiet conversation a spirit hand caught hold of my pants down near the ankle and almost dragged me off the chair. Just then Olivia Stephens' hair was taken down, which was as handsome a head of hair as I ever looked upon; it was thrown around

her shoulders like a mantle, which made us all laugh. Prof. Bartlett wore a pair of slippers. The one from the right foot was taken off and placed in Mrs. Jennings' lap, which caused another laugh. Just then Dr. Gordon said, "Justin, what makes you look so queer?" Justin's answer was, "I was going to ask you, Doctor, and several others around the table, what made them all look queer." He had no sooner spoken the words when we heard a noise as if the legs of the table were scraping on the carpet, when all of a sudden the heavy oak table with the food upon it, and the two large lamps burning, that were placed a considerable way from each end of the table, commenced to sway to and fro. My wife burst out into that beautiful piece of music, "Oh, God, Thou art a Witness Here Today." Then the table remained motionless for about ten minutes.

Justin commenced to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and all the guests joined in. It seemed as if the whole room and house was filled with spirits and angels. After they had finished singing the hymn the table arose and was elevated in space about two feet from the carpet. Nothing was disturbed upon the table; it all remained as solid as if the table was standing upon the floor. While the table was still held in space Prof. Bartlett said, "We thank you, blessed spirits, for this grand manifestation today." The table was lowered to the floor and the guests sang, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." Then Justin was controlled and the spirit gave us a beautiful invocation, after which Mrs. Jennings was controlled, improvising a poem on the dinner and the guests. Then Mr. Shattuck spoke through the mediumship of Dr. Gordon, saying, "Friends and Lovers of Truth, Harmony has reigned so perfectly in your midst today that you have realized the manifestation we have produced in your presence. All your minds were attuned to the beauties of nature, no evil thought lay in any of your souls, so you see if we could always find such harmony you can understand by this that such spiritual manifestations could take place where it reigns."

Just then, sir, the rappings commenced upon the floor. They were so loud and powerful you would think several individuals were pounding with hammers. After awhile they ceased, and a voice sang through Justin, "I will meet you before the throne of Love, where you can listen to spirit messages from above."

When he had finished the lamps were extinguished immediately and we were left in the dark, which caused a big laugh. Doctor White took a match out of his pocket and lit the lamps again. The gentlemen adjourned to the sitting room, while the ladies cleared the table and carried the dishes to the buttery to be washed. When the ladies returned to the sitting room and were seated Mr. Mills arose and addressed the guests present, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, the grand manifestations that I have witnessed in this house today permit of no loophole through which I can crawl out and denounce Spiritualism as a fraud. I would not have missed what I have seen here today and the pleasure of looking upon the wonderful manifestation for all my college education and other pleasures. It is beyond my comprehension, yet still remains a fact. Now I know disembodied spirits return to this mundane sphere and hold communication with their loved ones. I am a Spiritualist through all eternity."

Several of the other mediums were controlled by their guides and addressed us beautifully on that occasion. It would take up too much time and space to describe the grand utterances and sayings of all the spirits, so I will now close, thanking the guides, yourself and the mediums who gave me this pleasure of communicating my few sayings to your valuable book.

I am glad to see that your medium has lived nearly to the age of seventy-three, which he will be on the 22nd of the month. His walk through this embodiment has been a bold and daring one, but the record of the work speaks for itself. He fought the battle and won the price. His medal, the talisman of life, is the sequel to all eternity, meaning, "Sequence so Panum," which translated from ancient Sanskrit means, "Hero of time," and we will attach to it, "Heroine of perfection through all eternity," which means spirit divinity, looking God face to face, with the whole spiritual race unified in life. The gift that I present to him on his birthday is the love of my soul blending with his, and to all eternity.

I thank you for taking down my communication. I could give many other facts connected with his mediumship, but will lay them aside to be taken up at another time. Good day.



John Bartlett

Chapter XV

Thursday, November 28th, 1901.

I actually believe I am controlling a medium, a force in nature that deals with intellect and intelligence. Today is a day of thanksgiving in the churches and homes of New England.

I came of New England stock; that is, when I inhabited a body. My spirit is from God, my body was from New England stock. A smile of mirth pervades my spirit when I think how the first pilgrims who landed on New England's shore came to the new world, as they called it, to find freedom and a true worship of God according to their ideas of the matter. They called it a new world, but those living in physical bodies will find it a very old world through the process of excavation into the bowels of mother earth. Astronomers, astrologists and scientific men and women speak of the glacier period and also of the stone age. They produce in print through pages of their magazines the impressions of foot prints of animals and birds. Those impressions have been preserved perfectly through the process of petrification in clay and sand, but yet they have to discover the foot-prints of the human race wherein men and women's feet hold the measurement of twenty-four to thirty inches.

Those impressions will be discovered through re-embodiment. The spirits who inhabited those bodies were giants in their time. Those spirits will become re-embodied. There will be a strong attraction between them and their physical condition that once trod mother earth. It will be so strong that they will be led to excavate into the depths of the earth and through that condition they will discover their own foot prints which petrification has preserved through many ages awaiting discovery by the individual or individuals who left those foot prints there. It is through the grand law of attraction and re-embodiment that they will be discovered.

Little will the individual think when he is expatiating and expressing in his lectures to the audience of the wonderful discovery that has been made there was a time when a race of giants lived. We can prove this as a fact to you by the discovery of the foot prints in petrification. Now we will throw upon canvas for the benefit of your knowledge and intellect, a perfect picture taken from the impression of the foot print so that you will understand there lived upon this planet a human race that stood to the height of ten to twelve feet, so ladies and gentlemen, you see by this wonderful discovery that ours is an old continent. Little does the lecturer understand that he is showing the foot prints of his own race. That he inhabited a body at that time and walked throughout the earth, leaving an impression and expression on the tablets of time. So you see, through the law of embodiment mother nature has been kind and gentle to allow this individual to come back and lecture on his own foot prints.

What is religion, compared to the great storehouse of knowledge that deals with the father and mother God? Religion is like a cork floating on the water, playing hide and seek with the wind and tide until finally it drifts into an eddy, where it is caught in the debris brought there by the winds from the forest and meadows. It is held in security for a tornado, and through the power of wind it is lashed out again onto the broad expanse of ocean. It drifts hither and yonder, to the amusement of the wind and tide. It may find a lodgment by and bye, when it is washed into another eddy of debris and driftwood to remain only for a little while and then out again upon the broad expanse of water, knowing no certain location nor home, but on, throughout all eternity. So it is with the religion of the human soul, floating and flitting from one condition to another, trying to find the true aspect of the soul.

Commemoration plays a part in his religious thought. He thinks of the past and through the power of commemoration grabs and grasps at the future, wondering if there is no perfect lodgment for the intellect of the soul. It is only through commemoration of the past that they try to build a monument to the ignorant part of life through which they have just passed. This commemoration holds good through all life. It becomes a teacher to lift them up out of the past fallacies of religion.

There was a power that lay dormant in this commemoration, but when they looked on this monument of past superstition it brought to their minds a higher light than that of past crude superstition and fabrication of dead ages in religion.

Reason commenced to assert its rights and as the soul looked upon the beauties of another nature, it beheld the embellishment knocking at the door of forces and intellect, which brought to it a glowing smile of the whole sensibility of wisdom and power. Oh, the innate part of life was at work and leavening the whole part or lump of judicious thought. A star shot out from this commemoration, which became a guide to the mind and by its power, soul thought discovered the law of evolution. It would no longer down at religion's beck and call, but threw it to the winds of time, for it had discovered there was a law called Karma, and to make a perfect Karma it had to live a perfect life, called the eon of time.

Priestcraft and false religion can play no part in perfect Karma. To reach pure and perfect Nirvana you can only deal with Wisdom, religion upheld by the law of reason, the monitor of all time. The metempsychosis of life displays to you the perfect origin of the human race. Through this perfect scintillation and installation of God's wisdom is dispersed the dark cloud of religion's superstition. As you watch the break of day, it floods your soul with a dawning light. You comprehend through that power there are no two mornings alike, and so it is with the dark abyss of religion. It is all freckled through priestcraft, which shows to the communing of a bright soul perfect Nirvana can have no freckles on it. Light, power and reason are the solar principles theré. As it kisses the violet breath of heaven each morning, it holds out the olive branch of peace to the human race. It says, be no longer crushed by the weight of ignorance: give true civilization an abiding place in your soul. Do not persecute your brother or sister, as the Puritans of New England did. By their condition of persecution they demoralized the coming race, hanging and destroying innocent people called witches. Wait—wait until you see the grass grow in the streets where millions have trod. Their Karma was that of a slaughter pen, and they cannot escape the punishment of a just law. A veil will be lifted one day and parted for their benefit, so they

may see Truth in all its purity; the highest religion in the divinity of Father and Mother God of Time. The astral shade that will pass through their streets will shake the fingers of derision and mockery at their once boasted religion that compelled them to become devils and slaves to their own conscience, the conscience of tyranny, of persecution:

Ah, how history repeats itself. It builds up a conclave of reason for the future generations when the eon of man shall come among them as a Mahatma and revelator of time. This low, beastly thought that they now call the word of God will become an outcast covered with leprosy. The Neophyte and chela that have sat at the feet of the great teacher will speak to them words of wisdom received from the great masters, to whom it was a pleasure to listen. It was the bread and staff of life, fitting for their condition. The souls of human intellect are constantly embellishing their condition by the law of Truth. Persecution holds no part in their tenets of life. The generosity and love of their natures were held in check by a superstition called religion, but now through Truth's dawn it has burst into a beautiful flower, the odor impregnating the law of Karma. Parturition has played its part and now the child of wisdom speaks to the world, and only through the law of re-incarnation can you gain perfect Nirvana, the true and perfect light to all the human race. As you are embodied in the constellation of thought, your spirit gains wisdom and spirituality; the membrane, which is the web of perception, assists you to glide into all harmony with the human race. When the soul has emerged out of the dark groove of superstition and ignorance that held it in bondage, it beholds the awakening power of the inner consciousness of God, which raiseth the spirit of humiliation brought on by the forces of degradation called man-made religion.

When you look at the radiation that surrounds the future progress of the soul, you discover in it the liability and sensibility that the great master has taught you, through this facility of radiation and perspicuity of mind there is an awakening that teaches you life is eternal. This great force is called the higher and inner soul of intellect. Sometimes a shadow will flit by your inner sense, but you must drive it away by building up a perfect Karma.

When the human race lived in the chaotic conditions, there was an under stratum constantly pushing them on to reason and its ability. The guttural grunt that gave forth sound struck upon the sensibility of the ear and gave an idea of force in speech. The alacrity and movement of the human anatomy provided them with an idea of growth. It taught them they could grasp things, bend them and break the obstacle that laid in their way. Through those outworkings of manhood and womanhood they discovered language and civilization, until now they have arrived at the harvest season of intellect, where dread and fear are giving way to reason and wisdom. They have uprooted that mystical condition of the dark ages and superseded it with the rights of man. They laugh to scorn the idea that the christian God is all wise. He did not even understand the generating or creating of a perfect man. Man has grown to his exalted condition through the law of Biology and the power of Evolution. He has made the discovery that the human anatomy is built up of the mineral and vegetable kingdom, surrounded by gases ethereal, called nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen, with the liquidation of ether as a balancing commerce held in commemoration of past ignorance. The law of gravitation has taught the intellectual mind that all things find their level, just as Christianity has found its level in the teachings of Theosophy.

The Rajah that we will call the living light and source of vibration, discovered an elementary action on the lower plane of life. While the Mahatma of the high sensibility of things divine held on a high plane called Maruva, or the inner consciousness of wisdom. Through that source Searchlight, or Madame Blavatsky, as you call her, gave the wisdom religion to modern thought or modernized it to suit the brains or mind of the Orient. She discovered, through perfecting the spiritual part of her nature, that also the physical must be cleansed and perfected, in order to receive proper intuition from the masters who held knowledge in their grasp. She prepared her condition accordingly, and became the fountain of thought, constantly receiving from the master the light of wisdom which the present generation now enjoys. She came upon the world as a beautiful benediction through the sense and law of re-embodiment. She is the talisman of all thinking minds, and has left the principle of

life and knowledge through which the human race became educated. Her Karma was the gem thought of the diamond in the soul cutting, cleansing and purifying for the higher wisdom of God in nature. The secret force that was located within her soul gave forth an emanation of shooting stars that will bring to all parts of our planet the grace of God through wisdom's religion.

I am only a little sunbeam seeking a place in her train of power. When she reveals herself to the investigating world of thought through the law of re-embodiment, she will hold a position at the head of our nation. She will deal with the law of justification to all men and women alike. Her embodiment will be the personification of Truth in its highest light. Weak minds will bow before her and be swept to one side by the law of causation, awaiting a regeneration of thought that will break in upon their minds through the power and education of theological principles in life. No shadows can play their part then; it will become a reality and the astral of our condition will have gained the full power of vision.

The clairvoyant state and system of nature granted to many individuals by the connection and bearing of a planet as it came in connection with our earth had an effect upon the child in the mother's womb, which gave it the true wisdom of spiritual sight. Such did Searchlight and other mediums show to the world through their ministrations and the higher power of wisdom, intellect and generosity that they showered upon the denizens of your earth planet. She held the safety valve of knowledge in her Karma, through which she might lead the human race to perfect Nirvana. Through her senses and soul power she undermined the love and teachings of the Orient, that she might bring to the surface through the occult power, the true sense and light of Theosophy. She waged war with the hidden resources of the Oriental and compelled it to become the blandishment of her mind and wishes. She engulfed the past matriculation of Oriental writing. She refined and defined it until it became to her an open page of wisdom's religion. To her there was no such word as fail; that had passed from her sensitive condition long ago. She had covered herself with the mantle of searchability. Those volumes and tomes of papyrus had become food for her

soul. She had beautified and garnished the tablets of past inquiries with a beautiful light that had lain dormant for centuries, awaiting the touch of her magic wand to resurrect it into life again for the benefit of the western hemisphere. She looked upon it as a mine of wealth beyond all the millions that gold could produce. It was only through a soul like hers that had veneration for time and patience that she might bring out of the hidden obscurity and awake to reason an unction in heavenly power by which she could unfold this heavenly treasure that she had found in the land of the Orient. She gave time, brains and the wealth of intellect, that she had gained through the forces of her embodiment, to unravel and reveal to the minds of the Occident, a religion that has always been; that knew no beginning and knows no end, called the power of Wisdom, located in the law of Theosophy. A religion that towers above all other religions, and only deals with Truth itself. It is a fixed maxim in the law of time. We reach perfect manhood and womanhood through the alix of re-incarnation. The mind plodding on the sphere of the Occident has been sullen, cold and sodden towards the law of Truth.

The amalgamation of races to the human race on this continent has produced a forcibility of nervous sanguinity through which the mind of the occident on this continent must work out its Karma through the law of adaptability until it understands adoration and consanguinity opens the temple door which leads them in where they find the altar holding a religious service to the conscience of thought. The waves of stability and sensibility carry the mind action to aggrivity, which is the pedestal where on the Goddess of Law and Justice stands. All equability and equality are here judged aright. This Goddess has come up and out through all ages, until now she stands upon the pedestal where she holds the torchlight of liberty and reason, pointing to the inner temple of thought, where they find a council of moderation and justification dealing gently with superstition and man-made religion. They have pennants flying from the battlements of Truth, whereon you can read in simple letters, "Let the Vishnu of Isis unveil itself to show up the corruption of dogmatic bondage forced upon the human race by mankind called priests or servants of that idiotic calf, the son of God,

made through nursery rhymes. Life has no blandishment for Truth. It may make a sacrifice for a time, when it will arise out of the dead ashes of religion with more power and strength than ever, hailing the morning light with truths revealed from the great masters of time."

It is about a reasoning power that I would speak, wherein disabused minds have lived in a deep lethargy or sleep of ignorance. It was she, Searchlight, who struck the spark from the true steel of knowledge which set on fire the bars of degradation, burning down their charnel house that held the bones of decayed martyrs, once manly bodies, burned at the stake because their minds would search after Truth. Woe, woe be to the soul of superstition. Let it be cast into oblivion, where there is no current that can bring it to the surface again. The day of virgins has passed, wherein their wombs gave birth to vipers calling themselves Gods. There is no God but one, and that is Truth, which has brought the flood of reason to the human mind, located in wisdom's religion.

All waves have a tendency towards the island of Truth. Helen Blavatsky was given birth on that island. That is why she became Searchlight, a causation brought to bear that she might give to the world a second coming of that which had always been and always will be—Theosophy, the true guide to Nirvana. Let your Karma be as pure, sweet and smooth as the Lethean waters, that never had a ripple on them. When you have reached the ascendancy of God in Nirvana, then you can bathe in the sun-kissed waters which hold perpetual motion in their depths. The universal brotherhood of man to man is, "See that ye love one another; and my commandment, do no harm to anything, but cover all things with a mantle of charity, love and generosity." Let truth be your cross to lean upon, and commemoration will build for you a monument of peace.

Now we will take up some of the little medium's life. I will deal with an aspect that I found in the winding paths of his embodiment. The first time I saw Little Justin was at Mr. Lowell's home in Cambridge, Mass. I was making a visit at that time to Lowell and his friends, of which there were a number; how many, I do not remember. I found Mr. Lowell standing by a large lilac bush. He said, "Bartlett, I am glad you

have come today to make me this visit. We have quite a curiosity here in the person of a little creature who sings like a nightingale, but of all the little firebrands I ever met, he is one of them, and I should think would take a medal if he entered into the race for one. He is here with his father, a Mr. Warren. Mr. Noble, while addressing him, said something inadvertently that did not please his little lordship, when he burst out with a torrent of oaths. He threw them at the man with all the vim of a hero. Such cursing I have not heard in some time. I tell you, Bartlett, he is a master in the art. Mr. Noble stood speechless, looking down at the little creature, wondering where it all came from, when Mr. Holmes walked on to the scene with Mr. Warren. When the cursing commenced Mr. Holmes rushed out after Mr. Warren, knowing how perfect the little creature was in that art. When Mr. Warren appeared he said, "Why pet, pet, what does all this mean?" The Little One spoke up and said, 'This old moonfaced gander said children should be seen, and not heard.' Bartlett, I think he was heard. After Mr. Warren had quieted him down I addressed him, saying, 'Little boy, I think there was no occasion for all this profanity.' He said, 'Get out, you old hippodrome,' and then dealt me a vicious kick with his little foot. Then Mr. Holmes said, 'Warren, for God's sake, walk him through the grounds. I see he is on one of his high horses today.' Mr. Warren said someone had done something or said something he did not like. He took the Little One by the hand and said, 'Come, pet, I want to show you some beautiful flowers.' Just then in some way the Little One threw out both of his feet behind, kicking Major in the stomach and landing him on the grass. This made us all burst out laughing. We helped Major to his feet, when he said, 'In the name of God, what did I do to the imp of hell that he should kick me that way?' Holmes said, 'Major, old boy, he just left you a specimen of his agility,' which started us all off to laughing again. He said, 'Bartlett, be on your guard, for they say he can spring on to a man like a cat.'

Just then I heard a beautiful voice singing, "I have loved you, dear, I have loved you," when I discovered a little boy coming around a corner of the house with his arms full of beautiful flowers. He came up to Mr. Lowell, saying in a beautiful soft

voice, "See, Uncle Lowell; I've got you lots of pretty flowers to decorate your table today. Papa Warren and Mr. Emerson are bringing larger ones for the vases in the corner of the room." I thought to myself, "What kind of a tale is this that Lowell has been giving me." The Little One looked up at me and said, "What might your name be, sir, since Mr. Lowell hasn't manners enough to introduce me?" I said, "My name is Bartlett, Little One; what is yours?" He said, "Oh, anything you have a mind to call me. Papa Warren calls me his precious. Now I am going to give you some of these flowers, for I like your face and also your eyes. I don't think you could be bad if you wanted to." and before I had a chance to answer him he had rushed off towards the house with his flowers, singing, "My Hame's in the Highlands."

Lowell said, "Bartlett, could you ever believe that that sweet mouth could curse and swear like a pirate?" I said, "No, Lowell, I cannot believe it, for I think he is one of the prettiest little creatures I ever looked at, and those eyes I should think would win any one over to his side." He looked at me and said, "Bartlett, those very eyes that smiled on us just now can become the eyes of a devil when aroused." "But," I said, "Look at that beautiful head of hair." He said, "Ah, yes; those saucy curls will lure men to their ruin if I am not mistaken; they say it's of both sexes, the female predominating. When he first came here this morning with his father I had the little creature sit on my lap. I felt so happy and wished it belonged to me. I do not feel so now, after hearing the way it can swear."

We will discontinue until another time, as the medium should go out into the air.

Saturday, November 30th, 1901.

Good morning, sir; or perhaps we had better call it the noon hour. I do not find the medium in a good condition today, but I will endeavor to do my best in giving my communication for your book.

Miss Lees, one of the band, tells me the equilibrium of your medium was disturbed last evening through the transgression of a cat. His body is old and nervous now, and we do not look for that strong vitality of past years. She says they will assist me all they possibly can in giving my communication, as you

must understand, sir, that my forces are brought en rapport with the medium's forces or, in other words, our mental faculties are connected with one another. Both batteries of intellect must come to a harmonious condition before I can give my communication.

We left off, that is, you and I did, when I was speaking of Mr. Lowell, concerning the conversation we held about the little medium. After Justin had entered the house with the flowers Mr. Warren and several other gentlemen approached us. Mr. Warren said to Mr. Lowell, "Have you seen my Little One come this way?" Mr. Lowell said, "Yes, Mr. Warren: he just entered the house with his arms full of flowers. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Bartlett, an old friend of mine." The Little One took me to task about my good manners, which he thinks I overlooked. "Now, gentlemen, we will enter the house and meet the other guests assembled there." We did so, and I was introduced to a number of ladies and gentlemen, and for the first time I had the pleasure of meeting Theodore Parker and Edward Everett Hale.

When we were comfortably seated in the drawing room one of the ladies of the house entered, holding Little Justin, who was then four feet tall, by the hand. When he discovered where I was sitting he came directly and stood alongside of me, running his little fingers through my beard, saying, "You ought to be a relative of mine, for I like you." Just then he jumped up into my lap and got his feet under him, saying, "Darn those old feet, I have to sit on them to keep them quiet. Say, have you got any boys and girls?" I told him I had several. I discovered then he was a very nervous little creature and spoke his mind freely on all occasions. He said, "Old Bartlett, Fred's painting a picture of me; don't you want to see it? I'm a rum looking curse in it, that's what Fred says." Just then Mr. Warren discovered he was sitting on my lap with his feet under him. He said, "Oh, pet, you have got your feet up on Mr. Bartlett's pants." The Little One said, "That ain't nothing, papa; he has got boys and girls, too. I often put my feet up on your pants," which made the guests laugh.

Mr. Lowell spoke up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we generally commence our exercises on such occasions as these by

singing." Mrs. Doctor Taylor stepped to the piano, and as she sat down on the piano stool she said, "We will leave it to Justin to select the opening piece. Now, Justin, what shall it be?" The Little One said, "The Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. Taylor said, "Come, dear, stand by the piano." He got down off my lap and went and stood by Mrs. Taylor. He turned around and looked at us, saying, "I want every one of you to stand up when singing this, for it's my mashing song." This caused quite a ripple of laughter. He started in singing the solo part, while the rest of the guests sang the chorus with him, and I tell you, we made some music—so much so that it rang throughout the whole house. When we had finished we could hear the echo of the song for several seconds. When we had returned to our seats Doctor Taylor said, "Now, Puss, let's have 'Jock of Hazel-dean.'" Mrs. Taylor, still presiding at the piano, said, "Do, dear, and then we will let you off for a little while," meaning for her to play the symphony. He sang the selection to the admiration of the guests present, but they did not let him off then. After he had had a breathing spell, Theodore Parker said, "Now, little sweetheart, can't you sing us 'Coming Through the Rye?' He said, "I will if you'll ride me on your feet first." Mr. Parker said, "All right, get aboard." He straddled Mr. Parker's feet while Mr. Parker caught hold of his little hands and commenced to jump him up and down to the delight of the Little One, who commenced to scream and laugh, hollering, "Two-forty on the plank-road," which made us all laugh. I discovered he had met Mr. Parker before. Mr. Warren said, "Now come, pet, give Mr. Parker a rest, and you come sit on my lap in order that you may feel like singing after a little while."

Just then a lady by the name of Mrs. Brice—I think they called her Mrs. Fanny Brice—commenced to talk on music and its soothing effect on invalids. She kept up an incessant conversation with those who were willing to enter into conversation and to talk on music. I thought she used up a great deal of liquid air through the process of tongueology. It seemed to me she would never stop talking, and I noticed that the guests commenced to fidget somewhat on their chairs, when all of a sudden the Little One jumped off his papa's lap, saying, "Hold on there, old gal, and give this horse a chance." She said, "Now,

for illustration, we will take that little chap, and his singing qualities." He spoke up and said, "You don't take me for nothing, I want you to know." He turned around and said to Mrs. Taylor, "I'll swear at her pretty soon." When he had uttered those words Mrs. Taylor stepped to the piano and commenced to play, "Coming Through the Rye," and the Little One commenced to sing. I tell you, sir, he sang it beautifully. After he had finished they applauded him. He said, "Now I am going to sing you, 'I'll kiss a bonnie lassie when the kie comes hame.'"

While Mrs. Taylor was playing the introduction, Doctor Taylor said to me, "I was afraid we were going to have a picnic today. I have met his royal highness before, and when he gets angry he is not very particular what he says, but my wife understands him, as you have discovered by her going to the piano." He sang the Scotch ballad, which I think was very pretty. After he had finished singing he grabbed Mrs. Taylor around the neck, and hugged and kissed her several times, saying, "Auntie Taylor, you're the sweetest of them all." So, you see, sir, he spoke his mind, no matter what others thought. He ran across the room and jumped into Mr. Lowell's lap, saying, "I fixed the flowers so pretty on the table, and if you don't like the way it's done, you will have to fix it over yourself."

Just then there came spirit raps all over the walls and ceiling. Mrs. Brice jumped from her chair, saying, "Oh, what's that?" The Little One yelled out at the top of his voice, "It's the devil after you, you old she goat," which sent us all off into boisterous laughing. The wife of George St. Clair said, "Mrs. Brice, be seated; it's the spirits rapping; don't get nervous or feel afraid. The Little One is a medium. I have met him frequently at Doctor Taylor's home." Mrs. Brice said, "You don't mean to tell me that that little creature is the cause of all those rappings?" Mrs. St. Clair said, "He is the medium for this occasion, which brings those raps; that is the way the spirits have of conveying to the friends the knowledge that we live hereafter. They manifest by raps, which are the physical demonstration of sound conveyed to our ears, whereby we understand; the raps take place in the presence of the Little One." While she was giving this explanation to Mrs. Brice the Little One had gone to sleep on Mr. Lowell's lap.

When lunch was announced the guests were guided to the dining room, where a bountiful repast was in waiting. Mr. Lowell was the last to enter the dining room, carrying Little Justin in his arms, still asleep. A lady by the name of Rachel Milford beckoned for Mr. Lowell to come and place Little Justin on a chair by her side, saying, "I will look after him." She placed her arm around him and held him tightly to her body while she partook of the viands with her right hand. After a while he woke up, rubbed his eyes, looked around the table at the guests, saying, "You're smart, to go and eat everything up while I was asleep." He said, "I don't want to sit here. I want to sit by papa Warren. He always fixes me something nice and cuts up the meat for me when it's tough," which made us all smile. He went around to the side of the table where Mr. Warren was sitting and slapped Dr. Taylor, who was sitting between his wife and Mr. Warren, on the back. He said, "Get up, old man; go around and take that chair; it will give you a chance to flirt, for I want to sit between Auntie Taylor and papa Warren." The Doctor got up and said, "I suppose I will have to obey to keep peace in the family." He went around and took possession of the vacant chair. Mrs. Taylor said, "You always come back to first love, don't you?" He said, "Yes; you and papa Warren are my two sweethearts."

Just then we heard the raps on the table. We listened to them very attentively, when the silence was broken by Mrs. Brice. She said, "Those raps put me in mind of when I was young and beautiful." The Little One yelled out, "Oh, Great Scott! she's on the mash. Give her room and she'll dance the Highland Fling for you," which was the cause of a big laugh. Just then some unseen hand unfastened her waist at the back; ladies at that time wore waists fastened up at the back. She screamed, saying, "Oh, my waist is unfastened. What can it mean?" Just then another unseen hand laid hold on a lot of false hair that she had on top of her head, snatched it off and threw it up on top of the chandelier. The laughing of the guests knew no bounds. She rushed from the room, screaming, "The devil's in the house." She must have hidden away somewhere, for I saw no more of her that day.

Mr. Warren invited a number of us to occupy a box at the theatre in Boston that evening. The party consisted of Doctor Taylor and wife, Silas Major and wife, Mr. Warren and myself. We all accompanied Mr. Warren and the Little One to Boston. The play that evening was the great musical burlesque of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp," and I think Little Justin acted the "Wonderful Scamp" to perfection.

There was a young lady, one of the members of the company, who had a beautiful voice. I saw by the program that her name was Sophy Nevil. I heard her sing twenty years afterward, in London, England. Her voice was still wonderful to listen to. During the performance Miss Nevil and Little Justin sang a duet, which was grand. It was called, "The Lilies Which Float Down the River." How rich their voices were, and blended to perfection.

After the performance was over Doctor Taylor and wife invited us all to join them at supper. We acquiesced to their invitation, feeling it a great pleasure to be present on that occasion. Mr. Warren excused himself, saying, "I will now go and get my Little One and return after awhile." Mrs. Taylor said, "Do not forget to bring Miss Nevil; I think she is such a beautiful character and is always willing to favor us with one of her beautiful songs. Tell her, as usual, she will remain all night at our house."

After awhile Mr. Warren returned with Little Justin and Miss Nevil, to whom we were all introduced. The Little One said, "Now, Miss Nevil, I want you to take Mr. Bartlett's arm. He is big and strong and can take care of you." After we left the theatre we must have walked about six blocks when we came up in front of Doctor Taylor's home, which fronted the commons. Oh, but the night was a beautiful one, and I loathed to go inside of a house. I believe the little witch read my thoughts, when he said, "Friends, let us walk up and down in front of the common; it is too beautiful to go indoors yet." We did so, and I think we all felt better for the fresh evening air.

When we returned to the house I noticed that Doctor Taylor was not with us. I said, "Mrs. Taylor, where is the Doctor?" She was leaning on Mr. Warren's arm, while Little Justin

held Mr. Warren by the other hand. She said, "The Doctor dropped out of the company in order to have the servants prepare for our coming." As soon as we had laid aside our wraps we entered the dining room, and to my amazement there stood Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Theodore Parker, Mr. Wm. Marshall, Mrs. Tibbell, and a lady whose name I do not remember. They all laughed as we entered the dining room. Mr. Holmes said, "You see, friends, we stole a march on you."

We sat down to a light repast, which was served in a beautiful manner by three young ladies, whom I think were the pictures of health and beauty. After we had adjourned to the drawing room, conversation was taken up in such a manner that it became elevating to the soul, when Mrs. Taylor said, "Miss Nevil, will you oblige us with one of your songs?" The young lady said, "With pleasure, Mrs. Taylor." She sat at the piano in order that she might accompany herself while singing. She sang a grand Cavatina from an opera, for which she received great applause. For an encore she then sang, "All Amongst the Hay, Boys," which was rendered beautifully. I never can forget that beautiful voice. There were a number of selections rendered by the company present. The Little One sang a song of the swaggering order, called, "Walking on the Spar, Smoking a Cigar," which delighted the company immensely. Every once in a while he would kick out his foot to the rhythm of the music, which made us laugh. I think he well deserved the name, "Peerless Queen of Burlesque." I saw after he had finished his song that he looked quite sober—for him. He looked up at his father, saying, "Papa Warren, I'm not going to be called La Petite Blanche any longer." Mr. Warren said, "What shall you be called?" He said, "I am big now, and I am going to have a big name like other big people." You can imagine how big he was. His height was about four feet. Miss Nevil, who was still sitting on the piano stool, said, "Puss, will you allow me to select you a name?" He said, "Yes, I will, Sophy." "Well, they've been calling you La Petite Blanche. Suppose the posters on the walls and fences and buildings were to acquaint the passers-by with the fact that the 'Dashing Blanchard' will appear on Monday night in the character of Cinderella." They all applauded, and that is how he

came to bear the name of the "Dashing Blanchard" in after years. It was given to him by Miss Sophy Nevil, in Doctor Taylor's drawing room, in Boston.

The next time I met him was at the Buckley's house in New York, where my brother and I were visiting. After that I did not see him for many years, when I made his acquaintance again in Vineland, New Jersey. We will continue at another time.

Sunday, December 1st, 1901.

I see there is a rich, mellow light in the atmosphere this morning. It is beautiful to look at. It brings a sense of divine thought to the spirit in the spirit world, as well as the spirit in the physical body. The tints and shades are like the vibrations of a soul searching after knowledge, wisdom and light. All those conditions lie in the ethereal part of nature. Nirvana is built up from the substance and delineation of the spiritual soul. It gathers all its forces from the divinity in life which is the exalted part of soul measure, or in other words, the created creation of life.

When I discovered Justin in Vineland, New Jersey, it was a happy discovery for others as well as myself. After Doctor Gordon had principally given up his materializing seances we met on Sunday afternoon at Justin's home, where we held meetings for the benefit of the people. Several mediums met on those occasions and through their clairvoyant power they gave tests to the people. The principal lectures of the afternoon were given by the guides of Justin. Those were happy meetings for the people. There were two circles held during the week; on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Take it all in all, we were a happy lot, receiving communications through the different mediums from our loved ones on the other side, as they call it in the body; there is no side to it; it is a universal principle in nature, upheld by the law of causation, which is a constant ministering power that reveals to the human family that life is perpetual when once created. It remains as a generator for all time.

Now, sir, I am going to give you a description of an impostor who came to Vineland with glowing, high colors. She

said she was the original Miss Cooke, of England; that is, the dodger she distributed around informed you of such. Her advertisement in the newspaper claimed she was only controlled by highly developed spirits, and she was looked upon as the greatest psychometrical reader in England. She was to hold forth at the Plum street hall, and would make her appearance on April 24th. Admission 25c.

The hall on that evening was crowded to the doors. I noticed distributed throughout the audience were some of the brightest minds of Vineland, New Jersey, and there were many in that locality. At eight o'clock the curtain went up, and there she stood, a painted Jezebel in highly colored robes, her hair flowing down her back, with a wreath of ivy on her head. On each side of her stood a man; both of them were degraded imitations of manhood. She stepped forward to the footlights and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, I am the greatest medium of two continents—my fame is world-wide. I will now give you psychometrical readings. These two gentlemen will pass through the audience, collecting articles in order that I may read your life lines." Those two things dressed up in the garments of manhood—that is, if they had any manhood within them—went around collecting articles for her ladyship. When they returned to the stage they placed the articles on a table. She picked up one after the other, claiming to give psychometrical readings of the individuals owning said articles. I think it was the biggest burlesque and the greatest travesty on psychometrical reading I ever witnessed.

But the greatest farce of all was when she picked up a beautiful silk handkerchief and commenced to give a supposed reading of the individual who owned the handkerchief. She commenced by saying, "The gentleman who owns this handkerchief is a very positive and overbearing character. He is very immoral in his private life; he could not be true to any one woman. He is a man of a very large family and most of the time he is away from home, spending money on other women." Just then the audience burst out into a loud roar of laughter and stamping of feet. When the noise had subsided and quieted down Mr. Pierpont arose and said, "Madam, every word you have just spoken in connection with that silk handkerchief is a

lie from beginning to end." While the people were applauding and stamping their feet she was all smiles and blandishments, thinking she had made a big hit, but when he told her that that beautiful handkerchief belonged to Mrs. Parker, one of the most estimable ladies of Vineland, N. J., whose character is beyond reproach, which all of our citizens know to be true, as she is a devout christian and has given much towards the Swedenborgian church in this town, the hissing by the audience became tremendous.

The old gal dropped her under lip and was in a quandary what to do. She yelled out with all the power of her lungs, "That is the way you treat a highly gifted medium when she comes among you." A little boy popped his head out of the wing on the stage, saying, "Mrs., you picked up the wrong handkerchief, then; my silk handkerchief is on the other side of the table." This sent the audience off into a roar of laughter. It was then discovered that she was to pick up that other silk handkerchief and give such a reading, but I judge the old gal became nervous when she saw the hall was crowded with people, and her spirits lost their grip. She commenced to shake and tremble all over, professing to go into a trance, when a voice said, "I am ashamed of you all, every damned one of you—I, Abraham Lincoln, the father of your country." Just then Prof. Coonley spoke up and said, "Why, Mr. Lincoln, I am glad to hear your voice once more. Do you remember where we last met, and what we talked about?" The voice said, "You can't come none of your gillipen over me, old man; I never saw you or met you before in my life." Mr. Coonley said, "I am sorry, Mr. Lincoln, you don't remember me." Then she turned to the side of the hall where I was sitting and took a good look at a number of us; finally she pointed her hand towards me, saying, "I met that gentleman in the White House, and we had a good long talk about the war." I think the reason she selected me to talk to was that people always said I had a military bearing, and perhaps she thought I was an ex-officer of the army and she would surely hit it that time. I spoke up and said, "Mr. Lincoln, you are mistaken—I never was inside of the White House in my life; furthermore, I never looked upon you while you lived in the body." The influence got mad and said, "You

are a liar, and you know it. You need not think you will get out of it that way." She said to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, that man was a rebel officer and he came to me in the White House and offered to sell me valuable papers connected with the government. He wanted to get money enough to take him to England." This sent the audience off into a big roar of laughter. She hit a snag that time, for I was well known to all present. Just then a number of men jumped onto the stage and grabbed those two things she had travelling with her dressed in men's clothes, saying, "You give back the money you took in at the door or we will kill you."

Just then the old gal screamed and professed to faint. Some of the women came up the steps onto the stage and said, "Let's examine her clothing." They did so, and discovered wigs, moustache, masks and other paraphernalia which she intended to wear while giving her bogus materializations. She was arrested, but was allowed to go by paying a fine of thirty dollars, besides giving up all the money that was taken in at the box office. A vote was taken and the money given to the poor. I tell you this, sir, to show how these mountebanks prey upon the people and receive money under false pretenses, claiming they are mediums and instruments between the physical and spiritual world. This woman had been carrying on her nefarious work for several years throughout the United States, claiming to be the original Miss Cook of England. She never attempted to give any of her Punch and Judy shows in a large city, but visited only small towns. When she made her visit to Vineland she came among intellectual people of a high order, who did not intend nor would permit any such charlatan to humbug them; therefore she was exposed by the community at large. The next time I heard of her she was traveling in the West under another name. I saw by a Kansas City paper that she was exposed there while holding a seance, as she called it, at a Doctor Thorne's house. The names the papers gave as being present were Harry Lee, a son of Bishop Lee of the Episcopal church, and his wife, Mrs. Lee; a Mr. F. D. C. Meyer and a Mr. W. W. Judson and Mrs. Judson; Congressman Van Horne, a Samuel Hale and a Mrs. Van Horne; a Mrs. Doctor Thompson and a man I think they called the Rev. Dr. Mar-

shall, and this medium, Justin. Those are all that I can recall now among the names of the ones who exposed her. The name that she was traveling under then was Eva Anna Fay. I understand she always had two men travel with her and she got out of all exposures in some way in order that she might travel on further and commit fraud by taking people's honest money in giving a regular peep show.

Now, sir I will relate to you how I found it in spirit life. I did not expect to find any of the great and glorious things that lying individuals calling themselves mediums told me of. When my spirit passed out of the physical body I seemed dazed and my surroundings looked strange. When I awoke to my full conscious condition the first spirit I recognized was Theodore Parker. He and I being old friends, he came to welcome me. He said, "John, look—here are many of your old friends to make you welcome to spirit life." I looked at them, while they smiled at me. I said to Theodore, "Where are your golden streets?" He said, "They are not paved yet, in our locality." I said, "Have you no temples adorned with precious stones, such as people talk and sing about in the physical body?" He said, "When your deeds permit your soul to be surrounded with gems you will find herein a temple," but he said, "Come and we will look at the expression of God on the faces of advanced spirits. Here we live in groups, located in spirit life according to our attraction. Your attraction will unravel for you the mysteries of the physical body and bring to bear on your sight, so that you may look at the highest exaltation of spirit affinity."

As we were passing along I discovered Robert Ingersoll with many other friends, coming toward us. As they approached, Mr. Ingersoll held out both hands, saying, "Bartlett, old boy, I see you have reached here clear of any accident. I see no scars or bruises upon your spiritual body. Did you take passage on the lightning express?" I said, "I think I must have done so, for when I arrived I was dazed and confused for some time. The first I recognized was brother Parker, with his ever-gentle and loving smile." Ingersoll said, "Come with us, and we will get you an abiding place for a time, for all here must build their own home out of past deeds, performed in the physical body." I then saw a lady and gentleman coming towards

me, holding out their hands. I said, "Ingersoll, those were my father and mother in the physical body." They greeted me with a great deal of pleasure, and said, "John, you have come to tarry among us for awhile, for a spirit like yours will not remain long in a condition like this. We see in you the desire of re-embodiment, which will soon take place; but come, join us at the musical festival." I followed them to a large open space where I think there must have been over a million spirits gathered there to revel in music. When some of them commenced to play their instruments, others joined in song. The music was so grand it is beyond my power to convey the idea to you through any description that I am capable of giving. It so far surpassed anything that I could imagine in a physical body. After the musical festival was over I said to the friends, "Do you not eat here?" They said, "Oh, yes; we are constantly fed by the perfect nutrition in nature, as we glide along through will power we take in our food from the beauties of nature and the elements that surround us, for you must understand we are one with God."

As we were walking along I said, "What pretty homes some of these are—they are perfect bowers of beauty; just see how the garden is laid out. The landscape gardener understood his business. He must have been a master in that art. All the colors and shades seem to blend with each other. They seem to be in perfect harmony with nature itself." Mr. Parker said, "Brother Bartlett, that house, or home, as you call it, was built by the increscent thought of the individual soul. Those vines are the groupings of immortality, giving life and vitality to the spirit that dwells within. They are the grand outflowing of the soul that they gave to others that they might be assisted on to a higher plane while living in a physical body. Those gardens that you think are so beautiful are laid out by deeds and works administered to the human race while in the capacity of a good Samaritan living also in a physical body. The blending and tints of the colors is the harmony blossoming out through a pure soul on the road to perfection with God. The walks are bordered with happy thoughts expressed for the benefit of the human race. When you abide with us for a time you will understand it all through the grace of our father and mother God,

the eon of life." I said, "But what does your work consist of here?" He said, "It is the purification of motives in thought, wrought out constantly by our souls' desire."

He said, "While living in a physical body you loved children." I said, "I did, Mr. Parker, and love them still." He said, "Then come with me and I will show you the home of harmony." I accompanied him to a beautiful spot that bore the name of "Whispering Dell." There we saw thousands of children with beauty expressed upon their faces. They were reveling in a beautiful play and disporting to the rhythm of music. I seemed to hear a low, soft sound that came from afar. It brought joy to my soul. I said, "Brother Parker, whence comes that beautiful sound that makes me feel so happy?" He said, "It is the angels whispering to the children, teaching them how to forget the past when they had to mingle with sorrow while living in a physical body." I said, "Brother Parker, this is greater than any gold paved streets or precious stones set in temples. These are the sunbeams of God reveling in nature's bliss, fed on loving thoughts that come from angels' whisperings. This is a bed of posies and each child is a flower radiant and fragrant, embellished by nature's sunlight, and each one is a precious gem of truth itself." He said, "Now come with me and I will show you the dark abyss dug by the calumny of priestcraft; each benighted soul is the victim of bigotry and superstition, held by self-conceit, waiting for a man-made God to come and dig them out of this conscious hell to order. They have been victimized by suave words and the glowing words of priestcraft, but there will come a time when reason must enter each soul here and show them the morning sun shines for all alike."

Friend, those spirits were dreadful to behold. It looked like a lunatic asylum, where they lived in dread of the bottom falling out and they would fall bodily into a Christian hell. One of my great discoveries was that the spirit world is the real existence, while the material world is only a shadow of the real, where the spirit lives in a physical body, surrounded by the law of growth through which it can work out its perfect condition in time through re-embodiment. Then it no longer holds on to the shadow, for the astral has become edified in God, making the perfect man and woman, the one solar principle in all life,

the true biology that reigns in the kingdom of God where perpetual motion is ever at work.

I leave my love for Little Justin. Tell him to let his soul abide in peace for a little longer, when the culmination will out-work its condition through the physical body. I am glad to see that he has entered on to his seventy-fourth year in this embodiment. We hailed his seventy-third birthday with the minimum of exalted light coming through his brain forces so that the public may understand, not the second coming of Christ, but the Christ that always held a place in the human heart, did but the children of men and women know it and understand it. I thank you for taking down my communication, hoping it will be of some benefit to your book. You may put me down, sir, as John Bartlett, a friend of the human race and a lover of spiritual Theosophy, which will unravel all the mysteries and degraded religion called the Word of God, manifested through human intellect, encased in a physical body. Again I thank you, Mr. Hulburd.

Theodore Parker

Chapter XVI

Wednesday, December 11th, 1901.

Good morning, sir. It is somewhat cloudy. It is not as beautiful as I have found it on some of my previous visits here to your beautiful mountain camp, but I bring you the greetings of your spirit friends from our spiritual home.

The reason I call it your mountain camp is that all homes that you live in while dwelling on this mundane sphere in your physical bodies are only camps where you abide for awhile, and this is one of your camping spots. You have been brought here in order to produce a certain work. Madame Blavatsky calls your home "Searchlight Bower." I think it is a beautiful and appropriate name for your home. When I lived in a physical body I thought that I understood a great deal about the infinitude of God and man, but since I came here to spirit life I found I had to step down to properly understand the true knowledge and wisdom of life. The soul of the spirit grows, just as all other things grow in life. With proper culture and care you can make it a beautiful soul, but if you neglect it it will become like a rank weed growing it knows not where, but through the intellect and intelligence of the higher life you can guide it into the abode of peace and bliss where all is harmony, unified in nature's God. It lays with each individual how their soul shall grow in knowledge. Perfection must come sometime, but I am afraid it will be much longer in coming with some than it will be with others. I have discovered in spirit life it is only through re-embodiment that we gain perfect knowledge and wisdom. When I look at the egotistical condition of man's brain and the unfoldment and outworking it manifests to me, I perceive that I held an abundance of that quality while living in a physical body. I was called a broad, progressive creature and other

preachers thundered away at me from their pulpits. They called me a heretic against the word of God and said I was leading people to their ruin because I did not and could not believe in hell fire and brimstone. I was persecuted largely by my brothers, who held positions in the different churches. Many of the members in the orthodox churches looked upon my name as they would that of the devil. They said they knew I would go to hell, for I was a wicked man and had no saving grace, but the members of my church talked differently and praised my style of preaching, as my methods were liberal and broad.

They claimed I brought light to their souls, but I understood but little of the light then to what I do now, since coming here to live with highly developed minds, that only know truth itself. When I awoke to reason in spirit existence I met many of the members of my church and other friends, who addressed me, saying, "You gave us part of the light, for which we thank you. In order to realize it thoroughly and get a true conception of it, we had to come here to spirit life to listen to the advanced minds, the great teachers of wisdom's religion. It is a grand thing to become a pupil of Truth and learn Wisdom's generosity towards all spiritual conditions. You set us to thinking; here we have thought it out. It is only through re-embodiment that we can become perfect divinities unto the God of Nature and ourselves. Here is where we find the regeneration of the soul constantly at work, teaching us how to penetrate into the Devachan of all life. The higher Mahatmas that we find here are the true teachers of soul's growth. Through the light and knowledge they impart to us, we are getting to understand how to build up a perfect Karma, through that condition we can reach out and command the veil of Nirvana to be lifted so that we can enter into the Temple of the true God and become pupils or neophytes of the Grandmasters. We find reflected in the crystal light of nature our weak points, but by the help of the masters and the working out of our souls, we find the divinity of life in time. Now come with us, brother, and we will introduce you to the school of Yoga, where you will find your life photographed through the sense of all time. As we listen to the echo of speech personified on the brain senses, we know that we have become dwellers of Nirvana, but only for a

time. We must become re-embodied to work out the perfection of our ideality in nature. Understanding the love of brotherhood is in all the human race. Now, since the inner chambers of the Orient have been thrown open and all its intelligence revealed to the human race through that beautiful character and her ministrations, Searchlight. She has walked over briars and thistles and thorns of all kinds to gain this wisdom's religion for the human race, which means equality to men and women. No matter of what tint and color their skin may be tinged with, they are the children of this great father and mother God merged into one, the human soul called life, that is constantly playing a part in the sunbeams of time. All the beautification that radiates from this sunlight is one with God throughout all eternity."

When I first approached your dwelling here in the mountains it was in company with two of my church members, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. They guided me to the home of the Little One. That is what brings me here today—to relate some of my experience with Little Justin. When I first met Little Justin it was at the home of Harvey Smith's family in Boston. I received an invitation from Mrs. Smith, saying, "On April 29th, 1849, will be held a reception on the afternoon of said day of the month. You are expected to be present. Do not fail to come, as we think on that afternoon there will be present one of nature's freaks. The reception will commence at 2 o'clock." I went as requested and found a number of guests already assembled. I was sitting talking to Mr. Page; Mr. Smith approached us, saying, "Mr. Parker, the freak of the afternoon has not made his appearance yet, but we hope his father will not fail to bring him here." A few minutes after the clock in the hall had struck half past two, the door bell rang, and in about five minutes more a large, handsome military looking gentleman entered the parlor, holding by the hand a little boy who may have been about four feet tall, the owner of a beautiful head of hair, white skin and red cheeks, with large black eyes, as I thought when I looked at them, but later on I discovered they were a very dark blue and in a certain light looked black. The gentleman and the little boy were introduced as Mr. Warren and Little Justin. I beheld that several of the ladies and

gentlemen present kissed the little boy. I discovered through that condition he had met them before. I turned and said to Mr. Page, "I think it looks more like a pretty little girl than a boy." Just then he called the little boy over to him, saying, "Puss, I want to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Parker." The Little One looked at me and said, "Are you old Parker, the hell fire preacher?" I said, "I do not believe in hell, Little One—that is, in a brimstone hell." He said, "Oh! but you've got to; all you preachers have got to go to hell, because you believe in it and teach it. My papa don't believe in hell, nor in preachers, either. They are such damn liars." Mr. Warren said, "Why, Puss, you mustn't talk like that to people; you will shock their morals." The Little One said, "You didn't shock any morals, papa, when you told about them being such liars." He looked up at me and said, "Do you believe in God that lives away off in a place called heaven, what's got nineteen thousand concubines and he don't know a dam one of them?" Mr. Warren said, "Why, Puss, you have got things all mixed up." The Little One said, "Ain't that what the preacher told us in Albany?" Mr. Warren said, "Why, no; that was King Solomon he was talking about, and his thirteen hundred concubines." The Little One looked up at me and winked, saying, "Papa wants to let God down easy because you are a preacher, old man." He slapped his little hand into mine, saying, "There, you old duffer, you and I are friends now." Just then Harvey Smith called him over, saying, "Come, Puss, sit on Uncle Smith's lap."

Mrs. Smith arose, saying, "Mr. Parker, we would like to hear from you, now." I knew what she meant by that; it was to open the reception by prayer. When I stood up to pray some kept their seats, while others took their positions standing. The Little One knelt down on his knees and placed his head on Mr. Smith's leg, keeping one eye on me enough to say, "Old man, I will see what you can do." After I had entered into prayer, perhaps about five minutes or more, he commenced to groan and moan like an old man about eighty years old who had lost all his teeth. Once in a while he would yell out at the top of his voice, "Amen!"; and poke Harvey Smith in the ribs. It was almost impossible for the people to keep from laughing. I cut my prayer short on that occasion. When I had finished and

took my seat some of the guests present said "Amen!" He got up and looked at me, saying, "Christ, is that all you can do? I always heard preachers was a lazy lot." He went to a marble table whereon lay a beautiful large bible. He slammed it off the table onto the floor, stood upon it (standing on his toes) and commenced to crow like a rooster. This got us all to laughing. Then he stood upon the bible with his feet solid upon it and raised his face towards the ceiling of the room; finally he brought it down and opened his eyes. They had in them a far away look and it seemed to me that language rolled right out of his his mouth as fast as it possibly could. The thoughts and expressions were something beautiful. I said to myself, "Theodore Parker, if a child like this can give such beautiful expressions in prayer, it is time you called a halt." I never prayed from the pulpit again. When I stood up it was to commence preaching my sermon right off.

While he was giving this beautiful invocation I saw one of the most malicious and at the same time one of the most roguish faces I ever looked at, looking over his shoulder at me. I said to Mr. Page, "Just look at that face back of him." Mr. Page said, "I don't see any face there." The lady sitting to the left of me and near the piano said, "Mr. Parker, I see the face; isn't it a malicious looking one?"

When he had finished his invocation he stepped off the bible onto the floor, walking up and down, singing a street song in which he said, "I'm Raggedy Jack, no money I lack," with all the bravado of a street Arab. I said, "Just see how he passes from the sublime to the ridiculous." Mrs. Smith said, "Mr. Parker, do you really think you saw a face looking over his shoulder?" I said, "Yes, madam; just as natural as I see yours now." The lady sitting at my left said, "Mrs. Smith, I saw it, too; oh, but it was a malicious looking one."

The Little One jumped into the middle of the room, turned a pirouette and when he had struck a position he said, "Bob, if you'll rap on the piano, I'll whistle a tune." He started in to whistle a beautiful melody and I tell you, sir, he could whistle, too. While he was whistling the raps kept perfect time, some of them louder than others. He increased the whistling faster and faster, when all of a sudden he started in to whistling and

dancing at the same time, the raps keeping perfect time all the while. Once in a while he would slow down and the raps would slow with him; then he would increase the time and the raps would increase theirs. All of a sudden he stopped, and a big rap came on the piano, enough to say, "It's finished, ladies and gentlemen." He yelled out at the top of his voice, "I want a glass of milk, and I want it right now, too." It seemed to me it was only about two minutes when the glass of milk was produced; I saw that they understood his peculiarities.

After he had drunk the glass of milk he went and sat on Mr. Warren's lap and went fast asleep. While he was sleeping a number of the ladies and gentlemen sang a beautiful piece of music. Afterwards one of the gentlemen present gave a recitation from Shakespeare. Finally the Little One woke up, when Mr. Harvey Smith said, "Puss, can't you favor us with one of your songs?" He said, "Of course I will, Uncle Smith." I discovered that he called all the people uncle and aunt. Mrs. Smith said, "Suppose we first have a piano solo by Mr. Gottschalk?" I think that was the name she pronounced. She said, "That will give the little sweetheart a breathing spell." I think that gentleman played one of the grandest piano solos I ever had the pleasure of listening to. When he had finished he received big applause. For an encore he gave us on the piano an imitation of a battle taking place, which I think was grand and impressive. The Little One went up and took the performer's hand, saying, "You're the boss, old man; that's harder than preaching, any day." Harvey Smith said, "Now, Puss, what shall it be?" The Little One said, "You tell." Harvey said, "Then suppose we have 'Norma'; you know how many of us like that." The Little One said to this gentleman who just performed, "Old man, can you play 'Norma?'" He said, "Oh, yes; what part would you like?" The Little One said, "The part where she has lost her best suit that she used to wear at the boarding house table." The pianist laughed and said, "I'm afraid I don't comprehend you." He said, "That part where she says, 'Hear me, Norma,' and gets in all her crying business." The pianist said, "I think I understand you now," and commenced to play that beautiful selection where she appeals to his manhood to listen to her tale of woe. The

Little One started in to sing the music, and I just wish you could have heard the way he sung it. It brought the tears to our eyes. Where she says, "Look upon me; look again; look exulting; behold the ruin you have made." It was sung with so much feeling that some of the ladies present commenced to cry. I, myself, could not hold back the tears.

When he had finished singing the pianist grabbed him in his arms, at the same time folding them around him, holding him to his breast tightly, kissed him and said, "Boy, boy; but you have a beautiful voice; there is some mistake—God never intended that beautiful voice for a male." The guests present applauded him with all their hearts. When the applause had quieted down he said, "Now I am going to sing you, 'Nip up, Git up.'" The pianist said, "That's not in my line of music." The Little One looked up at him, saying, "You don't know as much as I thought you did," which brought a laugh. The pianist said, "I can accompany you in some pretty little balad or another selection from some opera." Mr. Page spoke up and said, "Puss, sing us 'There's nae room but for twa, Tom!'" The pianist said, "I'm afraid I do not know that," when the Little One whistled the melody for him. He caught it right off, being a great musician. I understood afterwards they paid him one hundred dollars for that occasion. The different selections he played that afternoon were something marvelous in the way of music, and grand to listen to. The Little One sang the Scotch piece of music, which was quite pretty and full of touching pathos. At the last of it his voice made quite a flourish. He threw out his foot and kicked the pianist on the ankle, when he jumped from the piano stool, saying, "Great God, what was that?" All the guests became convulsed with laughter when the Little One said, "Chalkey, 'twas only one of my darned old feet went out." He said, "Well, keep your feet on the floor, please." Mrs. Smith then said, "Now, Mr. Warren, we would like to hear you and the Little One sing a duet." They stepped to the piano and did so. They sang one called, "The Hero Comes." I can hear that deep bass voice now, with that high soprano. They filled the parlor with music and you would have thought you were listening to an opera. Oh, how the Little One's voice rang out where she receives her hero back from war.

When they had finished, the applause was immense—so much so that they had to sing it over again.

After they had finished the guests all arose and sang that beautiful piece, "We will meet again on the heavenly shore." After the guests had taken their seats coffee, cake and fruit were served to each one, while the Little One received a bowl of bread and milk as his portion. After all had finished eating, several of the gentlemen arose in turn and each spoke of the pleasant afternoon we had spent together and hoped it would not be the last. Then a shower of raps came on my shirt bosom so distinct that all in the room heard them. The Little One spoke up and said, "Look out, Old Parker; the devil's got you by the ears and when you go down to hell, keep a chair for papa Warren and me; a big chair, so I can sit on his lap and go to sleep. He says he'll be damned if he will go to heaven where all the murderers, liars and thieves are and those concubines that God's got up there. No wonder you've got a collection to take up in the church to get money enough to clothe all those gals." Then he said, "Papa, let's go home; I'm awfully tired. I want to get these black velvet clothes off. I only wear them when I'm in company." I noticed he had on a suit of rich black silk velvet, with a white lace ruffle around his neck and black cloth gaiters on his feet. I did not wonder when he looked at us with those beautiful eyes that people fell in love with him. I discovered one thing—that he did not always select his words when he wanted to be understood, and spoke his mind on all occasions.

Mr. Warren and he bade us all good afternoon and when they had gotten as far as the parlor door the Little One said, "Wait a minute, papa, I forgot something." He came back, stood in front of me, and looking up into my face with a roguish smile, he said, "You old coon, I want to kiss you." I lifted him up in my arms, saying, "Put your arms around my neck, pet, and hug old Parker good." He did so, and we kissed each other several times. I said, "Don't you love Parker a little bit?" He replied, "You just bet your buttons I do, but I don't love you like papa Warren or Uncle Scott." I kissed him again and then placed him on the floor, when some of the ladies said, "Don't you love us a little, too, Puss?" "Of course I do, but you are shemales, and I like the men the best, for they don't cry as much and get

the high strikes like you shemales do." Then he ran towards Mr. Warren, hollering back, "Ta-ta." As he got to the parlor door Harvey Smith caught hold of him, saying, "Puss, hain't you forgot something?" He said, "No I ain't, Uncle." Smith lifted him up and carrying him in his arms to the front door kissed him several times, saying to Mr. Warren, "Be careful of Little Sweet Heart, for you know the public can't do without him just yet."

We heard the front door shut and several of the ladies went to the front windows to see Mr. Warren and the Little One enter their carriage. They threw kisses to the Little One, when he snatched off Mr. Warren's hat and waved it back at them. That, sir, was one of the pleasantest afternoons I ever spent in visiting friends, and I had the pleasure of looking at one of nature's great freaks. A little creature full of impulses and emotion, God bless him. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, December 12th, 1901.

Good morning, sir. Your air has a wintry feeling this morning. You have enough cold weather here in the mountains, I presume, to make it healthy, therefore you cannot complain. You have so many beautiful summer months here that I would think you would welcome what little winter you have as a change in the atmosphere.

Now we will take up little Justin's life—that is, the part I am acquainted with. After I had once met him there became an attraction between us; Mr. Warren, Little One and I became great friends. We met frequently in Boston society and on all occasions our greetings were of the most friendly nature. We met at Mr. Emerson's residence and also at Mr. Alcott's home. One of the most beautiful days that I ever passed was at the home of Mr. Longfellow. A number of guests assembled early in the morning to pay Mr. Longfellow birthday greetings. In the afternoon Mr. Warren and little Puss arrived. They received a hearty welcome from all the friends present. The air was beautiful for the occasion; the sun came out in all its golden sheen to herald the birthday of our loved American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. But I think that of all the friends present there was no one made more welcome by Mr. Long-

fellow than Little Justin. It remained a glorious day in all our memories to think that we had been present on that occasion.

I met Mr. Warren and the Little One on several occasions at Mr. Lowell's home. Mr. Lowell was in the habit of saying, "The Little One burst into our midst like a beautiful pink." One time I met them in Roxbury at the home of Mr. Dana. It was on the grand occasion of a wedding jubilee and many were the beautiful gifts presented on that occasion. All seemed to be happy, especially the host and hostess of the home. There is where I think I heard the Little One sing the grandest I ever heard him. I really think he outdid himself on that occasion.

Now I must take you to Washington to see the city and its surroundings. On the fourth morning after I had arrived in Washington I was sitting in Mr. Schiller's library, where I was stopping. The colored butler entered and handed me the morning paper. While I was scanning its columns I discovered an advertisement inserted therein which read thus: "On Monday at the Theatre, the little Queen of Burlesque Comedy will appear in 'Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp.'" When Monday morning arrived, I took the pleasure of looking over the hotel arrivals to see where my friends were domiciled. I made the discovery that they had arrived on Sunday, and were located at the National hotel.

After breakfast I went in search of them. I sent my card to their rooms. The bell boy brought me back a message saying, "You are to come right up, sir, to their rooms." He led the way and I followed. He pointed out the door of their room. I knocked and the door was opened by Mr. Warren, who gave me a cordial greeting and a hearty shake of the hand. He said, "Come in, Mr. Parker, and sit down; Puss is just dressing," when all of a sudden I heard a voice coming from the inner room which said, "Old Parker, I'll be out there in a minute. Darn them old shoes, I got them on wrong." Mr. Warren said, "Pet, don't be in too big a hurry; bring your shoes out here and I will fix them for you." He came out in his stocking feet, with his shoes in his hand. When he saw me he threw his shoes into space, yelling out, "Oh, Uncle Parker; I'm darned if it ain't you." He rushed over, jumped into my lap and kissed and hugged me good, saying, "I am glad to see you, you old Boston galoot. Did

you get to preaching so many lies that they run you out of the town?" This made us all laugh. That, sir, was the way he had of receiving many of his particular friends. All the while his heart was as true as steel and he gave a hearty welcome to those he loved and liked, as he showed me on that occasion by the manner he hugged and kissed me. When we were through the congratulations of meeting each other Mr. Warren said, "Puss, I don't want any shoes for breakfast this morning." I looked over towards the table where the breakfast was all spread out awaiting the two individuals to partake of it. I discovered one of Puss' shoes had landed on top of a dish of eggs; it had fallen there when he threw them into space, at the same time making a rush for me. He said, "Papa Warren, I'm awful sorry, but the darned old shoes wouldn't go on right this morning." Mr. Warren said, "It's all right, pet; fortunately for us, they are only boiled eggs with the shells on." I said, "Now Puss, bring your shoes here and see if Uncle Parker can't put them on for you." He did so and I buttoned up his cloth gaiters for him. He said, "Now I am going to wash my face and hands and then, Uncle Parker, you will have to take breakfast with us." I told him I had partaken of breakfast already. He said, "That don't make any difference. You have got to drink a cup of coffee and eat something." Mr. Warren said, "Parker, I guess you will have to do it to keep peace in the family." He placed three chairs to the table and we three sat down. The Little One sat close to me, saying, "Uncle Parker, you and I are going to drink out of the same cup and eat off the same plate." Mr. Warren said, "When the Little One allows that favor to any one you can look upon him as your true friend."

We enjoyed the breakfast, laughing and telling jokes all the time. During the conversation Mr. Warren said, "Parker, we are invited to take lunch at the White House today. You must accompany us and pay your respects to the President. I received the invitation about an hour ago." "But," I said, "friend Warren, I am not included in that invitation." He said, "That doesn't make any difference, friend Parker; any friend who accompanies me to the White House is welcome, as you will discover when we arrive there." The Little One said, "Oh, yes, Uncle Parker, you have got to go there and you will find the

grub there ain't any better than it is here. You know the President is an old bach, and he don't allow them to put on too many scallops where he is." I said, "Then you have met the President before?" He said, "You bet; you just ought to hear him blow his nose. You'd think an old bull had broken into the house and was snorting around." This made Mr. Warren and myself laugh so much that the tears ran down my cheeks. He said, "Well, it's so, Uncle Parker, for the first time I heard him blow his nose in New York it sounded like a bladder had bursted," which sent us off into another hearty laugh. When we had quieted down or stopped long enough from laughing to give Mr. Warren a chance to speak he said, "Parker, my Little One means all right, but he has a peculiar way of expressing himself. He doesn't care any more for the President of the Nation than he does for a common Irish laborer cleaning up the street." The Little One said, "Because he is President he need not think he knows as much as you do." I discovered he was loyal to his papa. Mr. Warren said, "Now, Puss, let us get ready. I see by my watch it is almost eleven o'clock." I said to Mr. Warren, "I have laughed so much during the breakfast that I am afraid it will be difficult for me to walk now." The Little One said, "Oh, get up and dance a hornpipe—that will limber up your joints, old man." You can imagine how a minister of the gospel would look dancing a hornpipe. They both got ready and I accompanied them to the White House. We were received by the President in a gracious manner. He said, "I had almost given you up." The Little One said, "What kept us so late, old man, my darned shoes got on the wrong feet and Uncle Parker had to put them on for me and button them. Are you getting hungry for your grub?" The President said, "Oh, no, but hasn't Puss forgot something?" He said, "No, I haven't, but I wanted a chance to get my second breath." The President sat down on a chair. Puss got up into his lap and hugged and kissed him. When he had done so he said, "Say, I told Uncle Parker what a noise you can make when you blow your nose," which sent us off into a laugh. The President said, "So, Puss, you think I am a master in the art, do you?" The Little One said, "You can make more noise than any fellow I ever knew." The President said, "Well, now I am going to take another smack for that."

While he was sitting on the President's lap two fine looking boys entered the room. The President said, "Come here boys, I want to introduce you to my little friend whom you have heard me speak of." They were introduced to each other and in about ten minutes the three were down on the floor playing marbles, which gave the President, Mr. Warren and Myself a chance to enter into conversation, which I found with pleasure was agreeable to all parties. After the children had been playing marbles, I should judge, about half an hour the President said, "Come here, Puss, I want to talk with you." The Little One said, "Oh, go soak your head—don't you see we're playing? You think because you're President you can break up the game, but you ain't going to do it." Mr. Warren spoke up sharp and said, "Puss, come here; the President wants to speak with you. You haven't visited any with him this morning." The Little One said, "I suppose I have got to be fashionable. Boys, stag my style." He got up and walked over towards the President. The contortions and wriggling that he put his little body into I think would have made him a star in a circus. When he got to where the President was sitting he put his hand into the President's, saying, "I hope you are well, and all your kids, and the rest of the family that ain't here now. You look quite charming this morning and that white alabaster brow gives such an expression to your whole aspect that I think you are the most brilliant chump that ever I saw. Who would think, to look into those leather-colored eyes of yours, that they ever knew sorrow or grief or pain. I have the most profound respect for that noble form of yours and feel like crying when I approach you. As I look at that glamour that surrounds your whole atmosphere, it makes me feel that you and I are quite aristocratic this morning. You know that all fashionable people have to get into the lying business, or they wouldn't be fashionable and tony. That's why I'm lying to you so much this morning. Now, noble sire and Mr .President, please don't blow your nose till we get out of the building." Then he bowed profoundly, as he called it. Well, if you ever heard people laugh, sir, we were the ones on that occasion. The two boys laughed so they threw themselves on the floor and rolled over. When they could speak they said, "He's a daisy." The President laughed so that he had to

hold his stomach. He said it hurt him from laughing. The Little One turned around and said, "Uncle Parker, don't you think I have been very polite this morning? I'm such a society coon, you know." The President said, "Come right up here, you young scamp, on to my lap, and let me squeeze you. If there ever was a burlesque artist born in this world it's you. Now sit down here and be quiet." Mr. Warren said, "President, you will have to hire a boy to keep his feet still if you want him to be quiet." I saw that the President loved children. He called the two other boys up, saying, "Now stand, one of you, on each side of me." Then he put an arm around each one and drew them close up to him, while the little Puss sat on his lap. He said, "Gentlemen, I am happy now; I love the little ones so much." Then he kissed the three. He held them in that way while he entered into conversation with us. During the conversation he discovered the three children were growing sleepy—their eyelids commenced to close. He placed their three heads together on his breast and they went fast asleep. Oh, sir, but it was a glorious picture to look at those three children's heads lying on the President's breast, fast asleep, while he held them close to his body. I wished then it were possible to have them photographed in such a position. I shall never forget that beautiful picture of those three heads nestling on the President's breast—the memory of it will go with me through all time. As I looked at Mr. Warren I beheld his eyes filled with tears. I said, "You think as I do, brother Warren. It is a sweet picture to look upon. It gives the President such a fatherly appearance with those three little angels nestling on his breast." I arose from my chair and said, "Brother Warren, stand up and let us ask God to bless the President, the children and the White House, and, above all, the nation that invites the poor emigrant to come among us and make a home in order that he may raise his children to become intellectual men and women, for the future of the greatest nation of the world. God be with us in everything."

When I had spoken the benediction the raps came in showers. The Little One's feet seemed to be twisted in all shapes, when suddenly he jumped from the President's lap and stood on the floor. He opened his eyes and looked at me wildly and

fiercely, saying, "Your benediction is good for a preacher, but the greatest benediction of all shall be when Abraham Lincoln is President of the nation, and the black man shall be free. All benedictions shall be useless and thrown to the winds until then. I, Joan of Arc, say so. Shut your harping and look to the rights of the Nation." He staggered and his little body fell back into the President's lap again. The President said, "Gentlemen, I am afraid that means war." I noticed the two other little boys looked frightened, but the President said, "Be quiet, it is all right; little Puss is a strange creature and belongs to the spirit world—he is a medium to be used for their purpose."

He arose from the chair and walked up and down the room; finally he came and stood in front of me and said, "Theodore Parker, you are a preacher. See that you tell no one of this, for I am afraid if the people knew it and gave any credence to it, it would be the cause of trouble in our nation and the death of that man, Lincoln, a low, ill-bred country lawyer."

Just then a loud knock came on the door. The President turned and said, "Come in." A man opened the door and addressed the President, saying, "Mr. President, lunch is waiting. The ladies are already in the dining room, waiting your coming." The President said, "All right; tell the ladies we will be there presently." The man withdrew and shut the door. The President turned and said to the boys, "Now, boys, go and get ready, we will be there in a minute or so."

When the boys had left the room and shut the door the President came forward and extended a hand to each of us, saying, "Gentlemen, on your souls, do not mention what you have heard here today. If you do there will be trouble and the shedding of blood will be on your heads." We both shook his hand warmly, when Mr. Warren said, "Mr. President, do not fear with me; it will remain a secret." Then I said, "Mr. President, on my word as a gentleman, it will also remain with me as a secret." He shook our hands with a firm grasp, saying at the same time, "Gentlemen, let us join the ladies in the dining-room." Little Puss had come back to his normal condition. When he discovered us talking to one another he says, "I bet you are making it up to play cards, and I'm going to play with the boys out of doors, Papa Warren." The President took the

Little One's hand, saying, "Come, Puss, lunch is ready," and led the way to the dining room.

When we entered the dining room we were introduced to the ladies—three in number. The eldest I discovered was the mother of the boys. The President had the Little One sit by him at the table—that is, I mean little Justin. While we were sitting at the dining table, I should think about half an hour, the conversation was carried on in a mirthful manner, so much so that we were laughing quite heartily, when a card was presented on a silver salver, to the President. When he had read the card he said, "Tell the gentleman to come directly to the dining room—there are friends here whom he would like to meet. Now, Walter, see that you guide him directly here." In about three minutes the large, portly figure of General Winfield Scott stood in the door of the dining room. When the Little One saw who it was he gave a scream, saying, "Oh, it's Uncle Scott!" He tore his napkin off his breast and threw it so it landed in the President's face. He upset his bowl of bread and milk and quicker than I can tell it he was in General Scott's arms. The General had lifted him up and was hugging and kissing him, saying, "Oh, little pet, little pet, I have found you." When the General found his senses he begged the ladies, the President's and all our pardons for the unconventional condition in which he presented himself. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this Little One is dear to me, therefore I once more beg your pardon for the manner in which I displayed my bad etiquette." The President said, "That is all right, General, and we will overlook the condition in which you hugged the Little One to your breast. Now my servant will draw out a chair and we will have you seated at the table in a minute." The man servant drew out a chair and the General was seated at the table. When he had done so the Little One stood by, running his fingers through the General's hair. I think the President became a little jealous. He said, "Puss, is that the way you treat your old friend? You forget I am the President of the Nation." The Little One said, "No, I don't think yours is any better than other folks' and this is dear old Uncle Scott. I haven't seen him in a long while, and I am going to stand by him if I want to, and I don't care if it is in the President's house or any other

house. I love him next best to papa Warren." The President said then, "I suppose you must have it all your own way." The Little One said, "Well, I'm going to, and don't you forget it, old man," which brought a laugh from the guests. After the General had finished his lunch, or I should say, after little Puss had finished feeding him with the nice things on a fork—and I saw the General was enjoying it, too—we adjourned to the blue room, the ladies accompanying us. The little ones commenced to play marbles again, while the General entertained us by his interesting conversational powers.

After we had enjoyed each other's society for about two hours, Mr. Warren said, "Come, Puss, we must go home so that you can get your afternoon nap. Mr. President and ladies, I thank you for your kind hospitality, but we must withdraw from your society on this occasion, in order that my Little One shall take his afternoon nap." The Little One said, "I ain't a-going to go without Uncle Scott goes, and he has got to carry me pigaback to the carriage." General Scott arose and said, "I will have to obey his lordship's commands. I will see you tomorrow. Suppose we appoint the hour of ten for our meeting." The President said, "As you wish, General." We arose to take our final leave—that is, General Scott, Mr. Warren, the Little One and myself. Mr. Warren said, "Mr. President, there will be a box at your service at the theatre this evening for yourself and friends, hoping that the ladies present will be among the number." Then the Little One spoke up and said, "I want these two kids to come, too, and don't you forget it, old man." He went over and took both of the boys' hands, kissing them good-bye, saying, "Don't you forget to come to my dressing room. I always have the best dressing room in the theatre—papa Warren makes them give it to me." Then he kissed the three ladies good-bye. After that he went to the President, who took him up in his arms and said: "Now, little sweetheart, see that you are a good boy in order that you can give a good account of yourself the next time I see you, and I will produce the boys there tonight in the box.

The Little One said, "All right, old chump," and gave the President a good hug and kiss. Then he bade the ladies, the boys and the President adieu and jumped up on to General

Scott's back, and he carried him out of the White House to the carriage "pigaback," as the Little One called it. Both the boys followed us to the carriage, so they could get another kiss from Little Puss, and telling him they would be there that night to see the performance.

We drove to the hotel feeling that our visit to the White House had been pleasant. When we arrived at Mr. Warren's rooms and were comfortably seated he said, "Mr. Parker, I want you and General Scott to become my guests this week while the Little One and I remain in Washington. He would accept no excuse at our not doing so. The General said, "Parker, I guess we will have to consent, for I must be near the Little One while here in Washington." The Little One spoke up and said, "You see, Uncle Parker, Papa Warren knows what is always best for people to do. You are going to stay now, 'aint you?" I told him that I saw no other condition before me but to remain as their guest for the week. He jumped around singing and laughing, and finally landed in General Scott's lap, saying, "Uncle Scott, don't you think that Papa Warren always knows what is best?" The General said, "I think he does, Puss, that's why he takes such good care of you." Then Mr. Warren said, "Now, come Puss, and let me put you to sleep." They both went into the adjoining room, when we heard Mr. Warren singing a low, sweet lullaby. The General said, "That's the way he always sings the Little One to sleep. I believe if anything were to happen to that Little One and his spirit should pass out of that little body, Warren would commit suicide in order to follow him. Parker, their love is great; but I feel there will come a time when death will separate them, leaving the Little One behind. I received a written communication through the mediumship of Harry Gordon, wherein it mentioned the Little One will live to an old age, passing through many vicissitudes in life. Oh, Mr. Parker, God help our Little One if it comes true he has a hard life before him; but I hope God will be good enough to take him out of the body before Mr. Warren passes to the other side. I can't bear to think of it if it shall all come true." Just then Mr. Warren came out of the adjoining room, saying, "My Little One has gone to sleep. Don't you think, General, his parents were cruel to abandon

such a little one and leave him for the hard world to deal with?" I said, "In the name of Heaven, Mr. Warren, then you are not his father?" He said, "Oh, no, Mr. Parker; I am not his father." I said, "Where did you come across that strange little creature—for he is really a phenomena in life?" Mr. Warren said, "I will tell you my story:—

One night in Albany, in the state of New York, I attended a performance at the theater. The beautiful Menken was the star of the troupe. My Little One played the soubrette part in the play. During the performance she danced and played, to the delight of the audience. She danced herself into my good graces and stole my heart. She has had the keeping of it ever since. She was then traveling in women's apparel. I was not satisfied until I had made her acquaintance through the beautiful Menken, who introduced me to her. Two nights after my introduction came off a ball. I attended it and found her there. When I first discovered her she was dancing with Governor Dix. Oh, I can't tell you gentlemen what kind of a feeling came around my heart. I felt I wanted to kill that man right there. When he released her and placed her in a seat, then walked away, I went directly to her asking her if she would give me the pleasure of the next waltz on her tablet? She permitted me to put my name down. I danced with her and it seemed to me I was guiding a little doll around the room. After we had stopped and the music had ceased, I said something to her which she seemed to understand in a wrong sense. She turned on me and looked at me with eyes of a demon—and, Oh, God! gentlemen, she was beautiful to look at—but, if ever a man got a tongue lashing, I got it in that ballroom. I looked her right in the eyes, and said: "You have got to become my wife, and you can't help yourself." I took hold of her hand and said, "Come, get your wraps; I will see you to your hotel. This is no place to be to have men staring and gazing at my future wife." I led her, gentlemen, like a little lamb. She got her wraps. I placed her in a carriage, sat alongside and conveyed her to the hotel. On the way I said to her, "Now, Little One, I want you to act sensibly, as you will have to become my wife and cannot help yourself. Tomorrow afternoon I will call at the hotel for your answer, so that we may understand when

we will take up our tent together, for I cannot make love to you as other men would do; it is not in my makeup. I will make you happy and will become father and husband to you on all conditions." She said, "You need not come tomorrow," and struck me in the face; jumped up and grabbed me by the hair, pulling it with all the strength that was in her little arms and hands, saying, "Take that, you mean old thing;" and then gave me several kicks on the legs. I laughed and clasped her in my arms, saying, "Little One, those are only love taps." I held her in my arms until the carriage drove up in front of the hotel. I alighted, taking her through the ladies' entrance, accompanying her to the door of her room. I then said, "Now, Little One, you go inside of that door, lock it on the inside, then I know you are safe." I returned to the carriage and had the driver convey me back to the ball. On the road I said to myself, 'By all that's holy, that little creature shall become mine.' On the following afternoon I sent for her to come to me in the parlor of the hotel. She sent back word she would not do it. I then went to the door of her room, opened it, walked in and shut the door behind me, which was a bold thing for me to do. I said, "Little One, I have come for my answer." She said, "There it is!" throwing the water pitcher at me, which I dodged in time. Oh, but she was a spitfire, if there ever was one. I took her in my arms, sat down on a sofa with her, saying, "Now, little sweetheart, I want you to act sensibly about this. You have to become my wife; if you do not I will kill any other man whom you marry." She said, "I am not going to marry any man." I said, "Why not?" She said, "Because I am an hermaphrodite, and will never marry a man of any kind, because I could not bear children, so that they would come into the world." I said, "So much the better. I do not like children, and you will marry a man of my kind." She looked up into my face and said, "Well, if I have to, I suppose I will have to." Gentlemen, that closed the bargain. I kissed her and became one of the happiest men in the world. My life would be like one living in a perfect paradise with that Little One if it were not for those damned spirits coming around and getting hold of him just when they want to. That is all I have to say, gentle-

men. I have moulded the Little One to my will, and he never does anything of himself; only that which I approve of."

We all attended the theater that evening and sat in the box with the President and his lady friends. If my meager attempt and feeble efforts at portraying some of the little Justin's life that came to pass to my knowledge and personal experience will be any benefit to your book, you are welcome to it. I am glad to see that he has lived to enter his seventy-fourth year. Give him my love and say he always holds a warm place in Uncle Parker's heart and memory. I often think of the experience I passed through while acquainted with him and Mr. Warren.

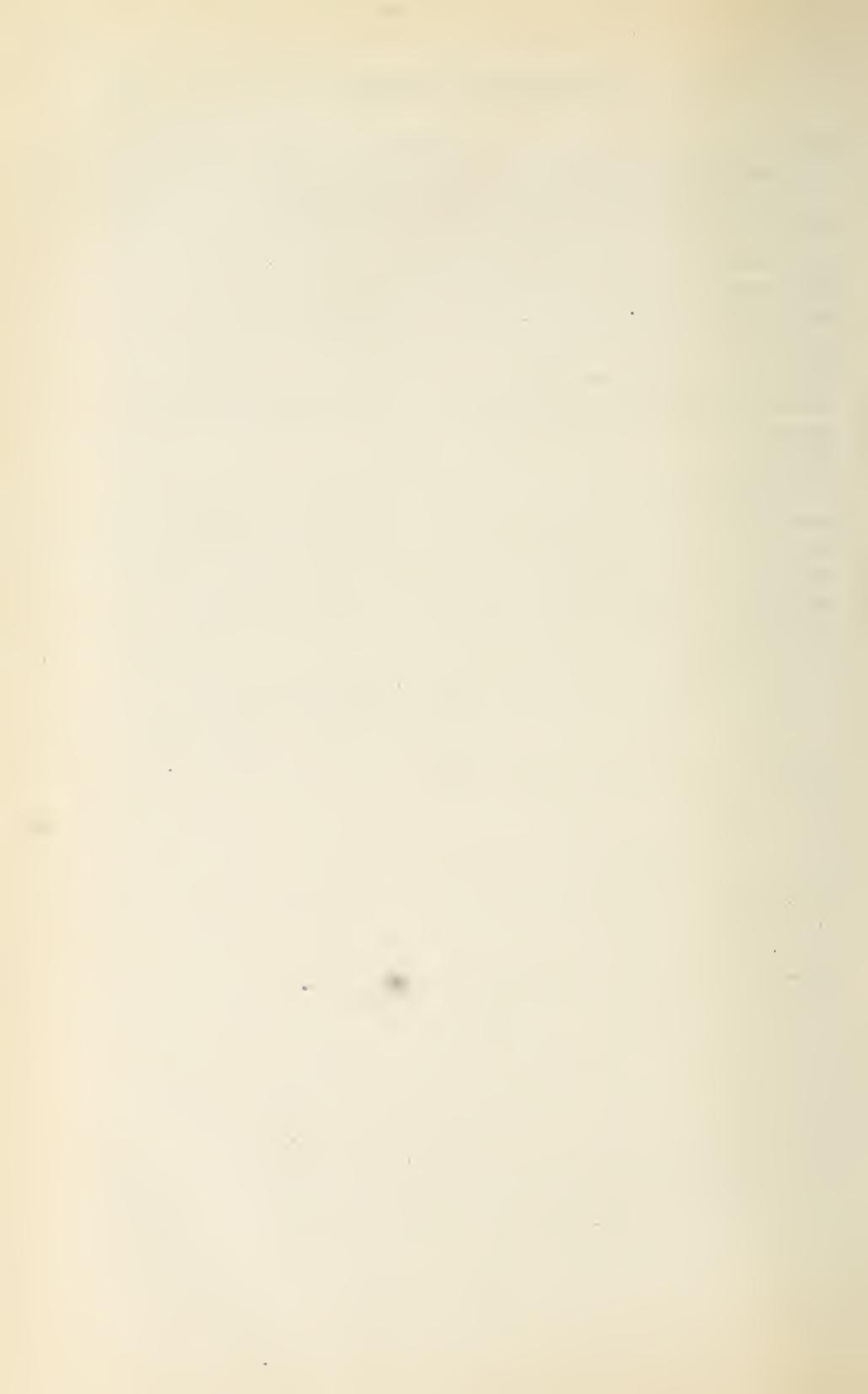
While living in the body my health failed me. I took passage for Italy, lived there awhile, but never rallied from that broken-down condition called ill health. My spirit passed from my body and I am here to testify today that Theodore Parker still lives as a spirit with all his mental faculties in action.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope God will bless you and may the angels attend your good work.

I am, sincerely, your true friend and well-wisher,

THEODORE PARKER.

Once a preacher while inhabiting a physical body. Good day, sir.



William Denton

Chapter XVII

Friday, June 13, 1902.

Good morning, friend. I never thought this old man would settle down to business this morning; but now I've got the inside track, and, as the German says, "I'm going to talk a little."

You have a beautiful home here in the mountains. I accompanied Doctor Van Ame here this morning. On several occasions he spoke of your beautiful mountain home and said I must make a visit to it, so I accompanied him this morning. I find it grander than he described. This is a magnificent place to live. Your mountains and groves are beyond description. It is impossible to describe nature in its perfections. I always loved the highlands and mountains. On one of the high spots of earth my spirit passed from its body. Here in this beautiful climate you do not have the deadly fevers, such as seized hold of my physical body away off in that strange country where it is almost impossible for a white man to live. The whole atmosphere was impregnated with fever, which is a destruction and means of death to a white man's physical organization. Here you live in God's beautiful realm, surrounded by these lofty mountains. On my way I discovered many beautiful groves of live oak, while the wild flowers perfume your atmosphere. I will call this the golden shadow of Beulah land. So many of your flowers are of a yellow hue, the tint is of such a deep shade of yellow that I could call those amarillis-like lilies the chalice cups of angels, where each morning they can drink the dew from the lily. I have also discovered in your mountain dell beautiful royal purple flowers—the deep, rich yellow tint blending with this magnificent purple hue is the emblem of man unified in the cosmos of nature. Geology has given to the world

many lessons in life. The combination of botany and geology is the building up of nature's poetry.

I was asked, or, I should say, requested, to give a communication here at Searchlight Bower. The one that I will give will have some of your little medium's life connected with it. Van Ame tells me that in many of the communications given through your medium the spirits are opposed to the Catholic religion, in fact, to all church creeds. I have no love for humbuggery or superstition of any kind. My soul's desire is to break up religious hypocrisy.

When living in a physical body I attacked them whenever or wherever I got the chance. Through the study and love of geology I gained a knowledge superior to any church creed. It taught me the reasoning power to get at facts which demonstrated to me that all religion was man made. I also discovered that in the chaotic period of life human nature was groveling through a mist of superstition. It was only through growth and civilization that they could come up out of that condition. The reasoning faculties of man had to be appealed to in order to show them there was something higher in man's nature than living on swine flesh and the deceased carcasses of other animals. There was a period in man which when fully developed would bring to bear a sensibility through which they would perceive evolution. The law of progress is constantly at work; that is why I wish to crush out all that is weak and superstitious in the human family.

The human race has been taxed long enough for insane asylums. They have been taxed in such a way that it has crushed out the higher intellect in many of the most prominent families in your nation. A disease has come upon the human race that has gained access to the human mind and there are two fatal sparks in that disease—they are religious lunacy and a rush for wealth. This disease that I now proclaim to the world has been smothering the spiritual part of the human life. We must wake them up to reason whereby they will gain a clear sense of knowledge that will open up the inner part of their soul's action. We must teach them how to break through this fog and dispel all that is left of religious mist. As long as priestcraft holds human intellect in bondage you will require

madhouses. Now, to get released from that dreadful tax, see that you get to work and teach others of the dreadful leprosy that has covered the human race for ages. The cure for that disease is common sense whereby men and women will think for themselves and stop paying taxes for others to think for them. If individuals would live more within their own souls and develop the highest part of their nature there would be no more use for priests or teachers of theological dogmas. You can only wipe out the curse by proclaiming to the world that you are now thinking for yourself and find your reasoning qualities are much greater than you thought they were.

The great delusion crept into the minds of mental imbeciles whereby they thought they must consecrate their lives to Jesus and become brides of this mythical representation that has deluded the minds of christian women. You will find in nearly all cases where men have devoted their lives to the church that they were too lazy to earn their bread by hard work such as a mechanic would do, in a merchantile business or other branches of honest toil. I say, Thank God, the great God of wisdom, that we discovered that all natural laws hasten the time that men and women understand there is no perfect religion in life but that which purifies the soul and makes us all one with God.

When we listen to the leaves rustling through the forest the cause is a breath of wind from the great throne of loving nature; that breath has been breathed into space. We look upon the effect but the cause came from the great womb of eternal life, where the beauties of all nature receive its holy baptism. The beautiful fount that holds the morning dew is filled with the glistening diamonds of perpetual life and all roses and flowers receive their odor therefrom. It is only weak imbecility that cannot understand this great law of nature. When you take your handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from your forehead that same perspiration moistens the handkerchief for a time, but after awhile it passes back into space and mingles with other conditions which in time will assist to bring the dew to the lily cup—for all moisture coming from the physical body, the babbling brook and that which has been collected in the fog, harmonizes in time and produces what you call the morning dew on the rose. So you see the God principle in nature is that

which produces the dew of the awakening soul catching and gathering glimpses of Truth. When a soul is thoroughly alert to the divine reasoning powers that have lain dormant in his condition it requires no other God but clear and defined intellect embellished in the beauties of nature.

In the year 1879 I made Kansas City a visit, giving a course of lectures. While there I was introduced to one of the finest lady mediums I ever had the pleasure of meeting. Her name was Margaret Jameson. I had a sitting with her at her home on Main street. She gave me some of the grandest tests that I ever received from the spirit world while living in a physical body—for why do we say the spirit world when the whole planet consists of spirit life—the only difference that I can see there is a physical and spiritual body. The one while living on the mundane sphere sees things cloudy, as it were, the other while living in a terrestrial or spiritual sphere comes in rapport with all that is celestial whereby things and actions are more clearly defined to the spiritual sight. Some speak of the spiritual eyesight and the earthly eyesight; it is all the same eyesight. You pass through the gloom of mortal action and wake up into the spiritual condition called mental aspiration. Aspiration comes from the soul, but it acts upon the eyesight and through that we discover the beauties of spirit life. One is eternal, while the other is only a shadow formation brought into action during our existence in the physical body. You may give it any name you choose, it still remains the same eyesight in the shadow and in the light of all things.

While visiting one day at Mrs. Jameson's home she spoke of a Mr. Meyer, who did business on Main street, and who had a little boy living with him whom she thought was a wonderful medium. She said, "Mr. Denton, if you would like to meet those parties I will accompany you to Mr. Meyer's place of business." I said I should like to very much, indeed. When we arrived at Mr. Meyer's place I discovered he was a German. He gave use a cordial greeting and asked us to walk into the back part of the store. There we discovered a little plump figure lying fast asleep upon a cot. Mrs. Jameson spoke in German to Mr. Meyer. Mr. Meyer answering in English, said, "He will wake up after a little while; he has had one of his

nervous spells today and I was glad to see him go to sleep." We were seated and carried on a general conversation about Spiritualism.

After a while the Little One woke up. As he opened his eyes I saw a far-away look in them. He looked at me, when he said, "Hello, Will Denton; I've been following you all around. Now, I've got you cornered. I suppose you want to know who I am, don't you? Well, they used to call me Oliver Richards; but you used to call me 'Richy, old boy.'" I burst out laughing and said, "Well, this is a great test. Richy, you and I used to have great times at school." When the influence said, "You bet we did; but I got more kisses from her than you did"—meaning a school girl who was in the same class with us.

There is one strange thing about mediumship, and that is this: Of all the mediums with whom I had sittings I never received the name of that school companion before. While I remained in Kansas City I reveled in a feast of Spirituality, receiving so many beautiful communications and tests from the spirit side of life. I found Mr. Meyer a very sociable man. He told me the medium had passed his fiftieth year, so you see the little boy was in reality a little old man. I presented them with tickets for my course of lectures. Almost every evening I discovered the Little One sitting in front. After I had finished my lectures I walked down from the platform to the main floor of the hall to speak with my spiritual friends. I noticed the Little One never had much to say. I said one evening to Captain Clary: "That Little One is going to speak to you people here sometime, and will be controlled by a very radical spirit. I am confident it will come to pass. My prediction was verified that winter. My greatest lecture while in Kansas City was given one evening when Captain Clary, Mrs. Clary, Doctor Dooley and Mrs. Dooley, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Jameson and their young lady daughter, Lily, a Grandma Hook, Mr. Meyer and little Justin were all sitting in the front seats. I had a strong battery to draw from and gave my greatest lecture on that evening, so said the newspapers of Kansas City the next morning. You must understand that all mediumistic people can lecture much better when they have strong forces to draw from. I only intended to remain one week in Kansas city, but I was

drawing such large crowds that I remained a month, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Meyer and Little Justin on several occasions.

During one of those visits to Mrs. Jameson I discovered the Little One had psychometric power. I gave him a wild animal's tooth wrapped up in three tissue papers. I said, "Hold that up against your forehead and see what you can discover." After a little while he said, "I can't see anything but a lot of wild animals in a forest." I laughed, and said to Mrs. Jameson, "That article that he holds against his forehead is a lion's tooth brought from Africa, so you see he has the psychometrical power." He said to me, "Oh, get out, Old Man Denton, I only imagined that." I unwrapped the papers and produced the lion's tooth. He said, "That's an old horse's tooth you picked up somewhere. You can't come that business over us, if we do live out west in Missouri." Mr. Jameson entered the room just then, saying, "Why, Denton, how do you do? As I was coming towards our home a voice said to me: 'There are three of them there; invite them to lunch and you will have some fun.'" We did so. Justin and I remained to lunch.

He said, "While we are waiting to be called to the dining room, suppose you and Justin put your hands on that planchette lying on the table there." We did so and the planchette would not remain on the table. When Mr. Jameson said, "Let Justin try it alone." I sat back from the table while Justin placed his hand on the planchette. It wrote out on the paper: "William, my boy, your days are numbered. Richy tells you this," and he could not get the planchette to write another word. Then I tried it and it would not write for me. Mr. Jameson tried it and it wrote out, "No more at present; go eat your grub." In a few minutes the daughter called us to the diningroom. While we were sitting at the table Mrs. Jameson and Justin were controlled by two Indian spirits and commenced to sing. They finally got up and did a war dance. I laughed so much I got a pain in my side. Mr. Jameson laughed so that he laid down on the floor. After they had quieted down the Indian who controlled Justin said his name was Little Crow, and that he used to control Mrs. Paul of Philadelphia, and one time he addressed me through Anna Bullene, a medium of Philadelphia.

I remembered an Indian communicating through Anna Bullene to me but I did not remember his name. Anna Bullene was a grand medium and many of the business men of Philadelphia received wonderful tests through her mediumship. She gave me a wonderful test connected with my business which came to pass just as she said it would.

One evening in Kansas City, as I was walking down Main street towards the hall where I held forth, giving my course of lectures, I met Little Justin and another gentleman coming up the street. His name, I think, was Peter Camferdam, or some such name. I discovered by his pronunciation that he was a Swede. I said, "Gentlemen, won't you walk back to the hall with me, and let us hold some sociable conversation." I was strongly impressed to have them go back with me.

After we had been in the hall a little while I could not restrain myself from embracing and kissing Justin. Finally I took him on my lap and commenced to dance him up and down on my knee, when all of a sudden a voice said, "Willie, I like that." After a few more words, I discovered it was my sainted mother. My mother and I conversed for as much as half an hour. Oh, I was in Heaven then. Her laugh was so natural. When she withdrew from his forces I commenced to cry and could not help it. It seemed to me I was a little child once more by my mother's knee, holding on to her gown and telling her I wanted a kiss.

I gave Justin the Soul of Things and gave to the man Peter several of my pamphlets. That is the last time I spoke with Justin in the mortal form. I called to bid them good-bye while my son was attending to the baggage. I found Mr. Meyer alone, Justin was not present.

I have met Mr. and Mrs. Jameson many times in spirit life and we often speak of Mr. Meyer and little Justin, the Lee and Judson families, Mr. Chase and many others whom I knew in the body. Mr. Clary says he never could understand little Justin. Sometimes he would be friendly and at other times he would not. Mrs. Jameson at her own funeral—that is the funeral of her body, addressed her friends present carrying out a desire she always had while living in the body. That is to speak at the funeral of her body. I was the one who gave the

poem as he stood by her coffin. I also gave the poem at her grave:

Beautiful flowers have you sinned that you must die?

You are the emblem of purity out of God's sky

Drinking in all nature, from the low to the high.

Place that warm body in the earth, so that we may all bid it
good-bye;

Wanderers through life were she and I

The white snow is our winding sheet,

I hear many a heave and sigh

Dust to dust her soul doth cry

Loved ones of earth, Margaret is ever nigh.

Now, I thank you for taking down my communication. My name was William Denton, known to the world as something of a geologist.

H. M. Higgins

Chapter XVIII

Tuesday July 1, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I still find you on deck as usual. I'm as happy as a sunflower that nods and waves in the breezes this morning.

Well, to speak in plain parables, we had to put the nippers on the Little One this morning. He had his mind made up to get you to take a walk with him somewhere to find some blue-bells, possibly you know where it is; but with the assistance of Rosa we put the nippers on him and here I am, as bright as a lark in sunshine. I presume you know who I am; I am the man they called "Bonnie Brae Higgins." I was requested by the leaders of his band to come here this morning to give a communication for your book, and having known the Little One for over fifty years. I first met him in Chicago when I was in the music business in that city. A company calling themselves the "Buckley Serenaders" made our city a visit. The Little One was a member of the company. As a general thing all musical people made my establishment a visit.

While the Buckley's were playing in Chicago I made the acquaintance of James Buckley, the father of the Buckley family. He presented me with tickets to attend the performance of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp," which my family and I did. We laughed very heartily at the performance, as Aladdin was one of the greatest little scamps I ever saw. Little Justin played the part of Aladdin. He sang, danced and played, to the delight of the audience present. It was wonderful how he could handle his feet; it just seemed to me that his little body was made of springs put together. He gave one of the sauciest little kicks with his little foot that I ever saw. That was long

before the days of the French Opera Bouffe. When I attended a performance of those French comic opera I noticed several of the leading ones had a similar kick during the performance.

I was very anxious to see the Little One during the day time so I consulted my wife and we sent the Buckley family an invitation to come to dinner, which they accepted. They came in a body, bringing the Little One. I had requested them in the invitation not to fail to bring the Little One. I noticed during the dinner that the Little One had very little to say. He would only speak when spoken to. My wife whispered to me: "Oh, how I'd like to kiss that Little One. He looks like a little fragile flower. Who would ever think that little body had so much energy in it?" I said, "Perhaps, after a while he will let you kiss him." When he withdrew from the dining-room to the parlor he came up and took hold of Mrs. Higgins' hands, looking up in her face, said, "Lady, you want to kiss me; don't you?" She said, "Why, dear, how did you know?" He said, "I can tell when people want to kiss me; but I don't kiss everybody. Mrs. Higgins stooped down and kissed him, saying, "That's a sweet kiss, dear; but those are more like the lips of a girl than a boy." He said, "Well, I'll give you a boy's kiss now." She stooped down again and he kissed her. How strange that is, she said, "Why that is like the kiss of a grown man; it's the strangest thing I ever came in contact with." I laughed, and said, "You only imagined that it was like the kiss of a grown man. How could you receive such a kiss from a little child like that?" She said, "Well, I don't care what you think; that last kiss was a man's kiss." I laughed and said, "Oh, that is only effect that I left on your lips the last time that I kissed you," which made the company laugh. I said, "You get him to kiss you twice and see if there is any difference." I said, "Little pet, will you kiss me?" He said, "I will, if you give me a nice picture." I said, "If you will come and kiss me you shall have a nice picture." He got up into my lap, then I kissed him. After I had done so, I said, "That is like the kiss of a sweet young girl," then I kissed him again. When I had done so I said, "By Jove, that is the way my old grandmother used to kiss me; how strange that is." He looked up at me with a roguish smile saying: "You're a regular dandy, 'aint you?" After a while his

eyelids commenced to droop and I discovered he was growing sleepy. Mr. Buckley said, "Let me take him, Mr. Higgins, and I'll lay him on the sofa in order that he may take his afternoon nap." I said, "Oh, no, Mr. Buckley; I will hold him while he sleeps, for I am happy now." After he had slept about half an hour, Mrs. Higgins said, "Dear, let me hold him a while." I carried him over and placed him in Mrs. Higgins' lap, which seemed to make her quite happy. She held him close to her breast, as if he were her own child.

While he was sleeping on Mrs. Higgins' breast, I said, "He seems to be like a little innocent fawn." Mr. Buckley laughed and said, "Yes, he is; when you don't touch any of his sensitive chords. If you treat him kindly he is one of the sweetest creatures you ever knew; arouse him once and he becomes an incarnated devil. You see how innocent and beautiful he looks; but when you once make him angry he will make you shudder with the oaths that come out of his mouth." Mrs. Higgins said, "For heaven's sake can that be possible? I thought when I looked at him he was one of the most innocent-looking children I ever saw." Mrs. Buckley said, "He is an innocent child, and don't seem to have any harm in his nature; but when once aroused there seems to be an influence that takes hold of him and he swears like a pirate; we are all very careful what we say to him. I can do more with him than any other one in the family." Bishop Buckley spoke up and said, "Mother seems to understand him and can appeal to the best in his nature." Mr. Buckley said, "Mother seems to understand him better than anyone else that I know of." Mrs. Buckley said, "If I want him to do anything for me he is always so willing and never complains of getting tired, like other children." Mrs. Higgins said, "Why, Mrs. Buckley, he looks so fragile and delicate, surely you can't expect much of him." Mrs. Buckley then said, "He's got more grit than you think he has. There isn't a lazy bone in his body. When he gets to work at anything he don't know when to stop. He wants to accomplish it all in one day, so I have to get him to lay it aside and take a nap; that's the way I get him to quit for that day." I then said, "Why, friends, he don't show any evidence of that temper you speak of." Bishop Buckley said, "If you had heard him three mornings ago at rehearsal

the way he spoke to Sher Campbell, the baritone singer, you would think he had something of a temper. Mr. Campbell said, "For God Almighty's sake quit cursing, and I will take it all back."

Mr. James Buckley spoke up and said, "I will relate to you an incident that occurred in his life while we were in England: The family received an invitation to attend a luncheon given at Lord Lansdowne's estate. My family and the Little One attended. Lord Lansdowne while in London became very much fascinated with the Little One's performance and invited us to take luncheon. When we arrived at his home we found a large number of guests present and many of them were very sociable. Mr. Gladstone and lady were among the number. Lord Lansdowne walked through the grounds holding Little Justin by the hand. A gentleman by the name of Peel said to me: "Who is that Little One with the long curls, that Lord Lansdowne is walking around with and picking flowers for?" I said, "That is one of my family, sir." He said, "Allow me to tell you, friend, you are the owner of a beautiful child." I told him I thought so. After awhile the Little One came running towards Mrs. Buckley with a lot of flowers in his hand and placing them in her lap, said, "There, Mama Buckley, those are all for you." When he had done so, I said, "Come here Justin, I want to introduce you to a gentleman." He said, "Do you call all these men gentlemen? Some of them I think look like ganders." It seems he did not like the tight pants Englishmen wore at that time. Mr. Peel said to me, "He speaks his mind." I said, "On all occasions. We cannot teach him to do otherwise."

In a little while we were invited into the dining-room. When we had entered the dining hall and were shown to our seats they wanted the Little One to sit next to a large, portly man, whom we discovered afterward was a Scotch nobleman. The Little One said, "No, I 'aint going to sit next to him. I wouldn't get anything to eat; he'd want it all," which made some of the guests near-by smile. He said, "I'm going to sit next Mama Buckley, where I always sit." He looked at the man who was ushering us to our seats, commenced to laugh, and said, "Jingo, but you're a dandy. You look like a doughnut on two knitting

needles." Just then mother put her hand over his mouth, for she didn't know what would come next. He sat down and kept quiet for awhile while conversation was going on. He likes to listen to what others have to say.

During the conversation they were speaking of England and America when Lord Lansdowne said the truest hearts over there are of our race. That is, the English and Scotch. One of the ladies present said, "My lord, I think the Americans, as a general thing, are dishonest." Quicker than I can tell it he was on his feet—the Little One, I mean—and burst out upon them like a skyrocket. The air was blue for some time with oaths when Lord Lansdowne said, "For Heaven's sake remove him from the dining hall." I never heard him curse as he cursed that day. The guests sat speechless. Mrs. Buckley said, "Come, Puss, let us walk through the grounds." He said, "No; not till I tell them what I think of them." She said, "I think you have done that already." Then he yelled out with all the power in his little body: "Do you know what we do with Englishmen in America? We make door mats of them to wipe our feet on, God damn you, and as for you, you old bitch,"—meaning the woman who made the slighting remark—"you are going to marry a man who will kick hell out of you, and then do you up for the rest of your days." Then he rushed out of the dining hall, dragging mother with him. When they got out onto the grass he said, "Mama Buckley, I feel so damn happy that I am going to give you a present of my next week's salary to buy a pistol to shoot that old bitch in there." Mother said, "Come puss, let's walk through the grounds. I know where there is a beautiful summer house, and we can go there and sit and talk." They found the summer house and mother said when they sat down she noticed his eyes were wild-looking and seemed to be staring into space, away off. Finally he laid his head on her breast and cried as if his heart would break; then he went to sleep.

In my heart I wished that that woman was somewhere else but at that lunch party. I wouldn't care how hot the place was. When we started that morning for the Lord's home I had hoped that we would make a good impression upon his lordship; but that idiotic woman spoiled it all.

After luncheon was over Mr. Gladstone and his lady came to me and said, "Mr. Buckley, let's go and find your lady and the boy. I know they must both feel badly. I wish that woman had kept her remarks to herself. Lord Lansdowne told me yesterday how much in love he was with your little protege. He said he thought he was the smartest child that he had ever seen."

We walked through the grounds. I with a sad heart for the Little One had made such a hit in London. Mrs. Gladstone said, "Let us walk towards the summer house; there may be a possibility of discovering them there. When we reached the summer house we looked in and there they were—the Little One fast asleep, and his head upon mother's breast.

When we had taken our seats mother said, "Good people, I cannot tell you how sorry I feel that that affair occurred today. Now I wish that we had never come." Mr. Gladstone said, "Mrs. Buckley, you must not feel so bad about it. If that woman had kept her tongue under control and not uttered those cursed sentiments, I feel confident that everything would have been all right. I discovered that the little boy was loyal to his country, and if he could only have dispensed with those oaths, I think it would have been much better."

Mrs. Gladstone said, "Who would ever think that that Little One could use so much profane language? I never heard a child swear like that in my life, and he is so pretty, too." Mother said, "Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, I would like to give you, if you will permit me, an explanation which, perhaps, will satisfy you when you have discovered what a peculiar character Little Justin is, and what a strange life he lives. He was taken to America by a Scotch family that did not treat him well; finally, he gained an entrance to stage life. Mr. Buckley discovered him while he was in attendance at a benefit given in the old Bowery Theater. Little Justin played a part called "Jolly Little Joe." When Mr. Buckley returned home he spoke of this little individual to me before retiring for the night. I said, 'Suppose you tell Bishop and Swain of this in the morning.'" When we had all assembled at the breakfast table, father said, "Boys, I have something to tell you. I believe I have discovered our Aladdin; that is, if we can get him. I think he is the spryest little crea-

ture I ever saw. Of course, he is not large enough for the character. If we can get him to play it, I think he will make a big hit in the part. Mr. Buckley owned the manuscript and music of the piece and had never found any one whom he thought could play the part. Little Justin was secured, played the part and made a big hit in it before New York's critical audience. He has lived with us ever since, and we have found him a strange creature. He does not seem to understand the value of money. He lends a big part of his salary to people in the company and very seldom it is returned to him again, so I receive his salary and keep it for him in order to put a stop to those leeches from borrowing his money." She had not proceeded any further when he awoke, so she could not convey to them a full explanation of his nature.

When he awoke he looked up and said, "Mama Buckley, I dreamed we were home in America and so many friends came to meet us at the ship. Don't you wish you was home, mama?" Just then Mrs. Gladstone said, "Little dear, won't you sing for us? I'm from Wales." He said, "Yes, lady; I will sing for you, since you came from Wales." He said, "What shall I sing?" She said, "Sing 'I'll kiss a bonnie lassie when the ki comes hame.'" He commenced to sing. His voice attracted to the summer house many of the guests who were in the grounds. The large, portly Scotchman said after he had finished singing: "Aye, but you sing like a bonnie Scotch bairn. Who would think you was a Yankee?" I spoke up and said, "Your lordship, he is Scotch born." He said, "Weel, weel, noo; it was mysel that thought he had the Highland twang to his voice. What part of Scotland was he born in?" I said I could not tell that, as I had not inquired while we lived in America. Mr. Gladstone said, "He acts to me like he had Stuart blood in him. At one time he is all full of passion, while at another time he seems to be full of love and kindness. Do you know who his parents were?" I said, "We did not, as the people who had brought him to America would not tell." Mr. Gladstone then said, "I would be willing to wager a guinea he has Stuart blood in him; his actions show it." I said we could not tell from what race he came but evidently he is not of common blood.

Just as we had finished that conversation, Lord Lansdowne

came up to the entrance of the summer house, when Mr. Gladstone said, "Your lordship, we have made the discovery, through Mr. Buckley, that the Little One is Scotch born." The lord said, "He is wild enough to have come from the extreme north Highlands, and I hope he has taught that lady a lesson to be guarded in her remarks after this, especially if she ever dines in my house. She has marred the pleasure of the day. My, what a little wild Tartar he is, and as to the swearing I should think he could stay at the head of the class all the time and wear the gold medal." Then, he said, "Now, little Tartar, come here and sit on my lap and sing for me; then I'll forgive you." The Little One said, "No, I won't; you're English"—and, Oh, how bitter he said it. His lordship said, "My mother was a Scotch a lady, sir." The Little One then said, "I'll sing for you." He went and sat in his lordship's lap and sang: "My heart's in the Hielands; my heart's not here." When he had finished singing and the people ceased applauding, his lordship said, "Boy, but you have a beautiful voice; grabbed the Little One and kissed him before he could resist—taking several kisses. When he had released the Little One he was mad. He spit out of his mouth; then wiping it with his sleeve, he said, "You damned English brute, I'm going to kick you," and he did. His Lordship laughed and said, "We'll have to name you the 'Yankee spitfire,'" which set the guests off into a big roar of laughter. That is how he came to get the name of the "Yankee spitfire."

Mr. Buckley said that they would return to London that evening when his lordship said, "No, you will not, Mr. Buckley; your family will remain with me at least two days, if not more. I want to drive you around the country and show you what a beautiful country we have in this part of England." We remained five days and his lordship and the Little One became great friends before we parted.

We returned to America and had been here about a year when we heard that that woman who had made the slighting remark about America had married. Her husband in a fit of jealousy had cut her throat and fled the country. I tell you this, Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, to show you what a strange creature our Little One is."

The Little One slept four hours, a part of it on Mrs. Buckley's

lap and the remainder on the sofa. When he awoke, he said, "I want my dinner right now; if I don't get it I'm going back to New York." Mrs. Buckley stepped over to the sofa and said, "Puss, we are going to get it pretty soon." He looked up at her and smiled, then cuddled his head on her breast, saying, "Mama, you're so good. You 'aint English any more, are you?"

I relate this little story, which took place in the medium's life, just as Mr. Buckley told it to me. It was one of many that occurred during his long life.

We will close for today and take it up another time.

Monday, July 7, 1902.

Good morning, Bro. Hulburd. I was here several mornings ago, but was not permitted to control. I found the medium quite sick and vomiting hard. The little old physical body is fragile now. It is not as strong as it was five years ago even. It has endured many hardships through life. It has been a little bark tossed on all kinds of seas by waves of time and misery. It is wonderful how it has lasted so long and it is remarkable how his voice lasts. He sang for me in San Diego and I was surprised to see how clear the upper register was. No doubt he surprised many others as he did me to hear such a clear voice at seventy-three years old; but I see by his physical condition his singing days are over.

One day in Chicago he made me a visit at my musical establishment. While there I asked him to step with me to the back of the establishment, which was fitted up like a beautiful drawingroom. After he had sat down quietly and composed in the drawing room I asked him to sit on my lap and sing me that sweet lullaby that he sang in Alladin. Then he was three feet eight inches tall. So you perceive he was a small little bit of humanity. On the stage in the play of Aladdin he was one of the most mischievous scamps I ever saw. He kept the people laughing by the tricks on the rest of the performers.

He used to sing a song where he held a cigar between his fingers and made believe to smoke. That was the song that pleased the gallery gods. At the end of each verse he'd kick out his foot and strik a position like a Broadway swell which brought big applause from the gallery.

While he was sitting on my lap singing that sweet lullaby

a young lad entered the store who was in the habit of making me frequent visits. I called him back to where we were sitting, as I wanted to introduce him to my little friend. As the individual approached us the Little One said, "Why, I know him: I saw him in Washington." When the young lad had taken a seat I said to him, "My little friend here says he has met you before." He said, "If he has met me before, let him tell me what my name is." The Little One said, "I saw you on the back part of the stage in Washington, and I think they called you Joe." He said, "Well, if they called me Joe, what other name did they call me?" The Little One looked up at him with a roguish twinkle in his eye, saying, "For Heaven's sake have you forgot your other name, and you're so young," which made us laugh. I discovered he never forgot a face. I asked him to sing the lullaby over again for us. When he had finished Joe said, "Why, 'aint you the Little One that Plays Cinderilla with the Buckley Cerenaders? I thought 'twas a little girl; but I recognized that voice. It was a voice when once heard that very few could forget. The Little One said, "Joey, my boy, that was me, and don't you forget it." Then he took a stick of candy out of his pocket and asked Joe and me to take a bite, which we did. He got off my lap and went and sat on Joe's lap and the first thing I discovered they were both sucking on the same stick of candy; that is, the piece that was left of the original stick. Joe drew him close to him and kissed him, saying, "Boy, but you've got pretty, dark blue eyes; you're more like a girl than a boy." The Little One straightened up and said, "I'm a big man, Papa Buckley says I'm the biggest man in the company. Just look at my boots." He had a little pair of boots on him, the lower part was made of black patent leather while the legs were of red morocco. They were the daintiest looking little boots I ever saw in my life. After we got through examining them he said to me, "Now, Uncle Higgins, don't you think I'm big when I can wear boots? I've got an overcoat, too." Joe laughed and said, "Well, if you're the biggest man in the company, I feel sorry for the others." Then he hugged and kissed the Little One again. This lad was Joseph Jefferson, afterward famous in the character of Rip Van Winkle, who was the admiration of the American public.

One Sunday afternoon he came to my house in company with Robert Meldrum, the actor. (Afterward he became the leading man with the famous actress, Lucille Western, Bishop Buckley and an old French baritone singer, whose name I think was Bascomb.) At that time he was a famous singer.

The Buckley Serenaders left Chicago, and the next time I saw Little Justin was in New York City. He was visiting the home of Billy Burton, the comedian, in company with a gentleman named Warren. I was in New York on business connected with my musical establishment.

But let me tell you, before I go any farther, the first raps I ever heard were when Little Justin visited my home in Chicago on the Sunday afternoon that I spoke of. While I was in New York and made the visit to Mr. Burton's home, where I found Little Justin and Mr. Warren, we had severay psychical demonstrations. I think the finest one was where they raised the chair, with Little Justin sitting on it, as much as a foot from the floor. One of the other demonstrations was the spirit rappings on all the oil paintings in the parlor.

When we left Mr. Burton's home and were out on the sidewalk, the Little One caught hold of my hands, sayins, "Now, Uncle Higgins, you've got to come home with us. I want you to get well acquainted with Papa Warren and he will show you all over the city." Mr. Warren said, "Mr. Higgins, I guess you'll have to submit and come and stop with us tonight." The Little One said, "He's got to—if he don't I'll kick him." I said, "Well, friends, I will accompany you, for I have no desire to be kicked by such a big man in the street," which made Mr. Warren laugh. "He is the biggest man on Broadway, when he's got those boots on."

When we arrived at their apartments in the hotel Mr. Warren ordered lunch and a bottle of wine to be brought to their sitting room. While we were enjoying the repast a knock came on the door. The Little One hollered out, "Come in, if your feet's clean." The door opened and a young military looking gentleman entered. Mr. Warren said, "Why, Georgie, my boy." When we were introduced I discovered he bore the name of Meade. Afterward he became the famous General Meade, of Gettysburg, and the leading general of the Potomac Army.

I think I passed one of the happiest evenings there that I ever enjoyed in my life. While we were sitting and talking over the improvements of the country and how the railroads were spanning our nation, a knock came on the door and a gentleman was admitted whom I think bore the name of Nickless. He had in his arms quite a large box of sweetmeats for the Little One. He said, "While I was walking down on the other side of the street I saw a light in your room. I went to the confectioner's and purchased these sweeties for the Little One, hoping he will like them." The Little One jumped up, caught hold of the box, saying, "Of course I will like them." He laughed and looked very roguish, I thought, when he said to the gentleman, "Just look at all those snoozers there. They're my uncles, and I'm going to get them front seats in heaven to see the show. The Virgin Mary stars it there next year," which sent us all off laughing.

We had some wonderful manifestations that evening. That is the first time I ever heard a medium controlled to talk. It was wonderful to me then. I did not think I would have the pleasure of listening to such beautiful lectures as Cora L. V. Richmonds, Nellie Brigham, Moses Hull, Mrs. Watson of San Francisco, Colville and Mr. Ravlin of San Diego. I heard many others, but they were my favorites. Their discourses were both intellectual and educating, but for tests the little medium Justin was the greatest test medium I ever met, and you did not have to pay for what you got, either.

The only real, genuine materialization I ever saw was produced through the mediumship of Henry Gordon at Mrs. Suydam's home, who was a perfect lady, not only in intellect and culture, but in moral character. Anyone that came en rapport with her, I know, must have felt proud to think such a lady and her family were in the ranks of Spiritualism. Mr. Suydam and his son were perfect gentlemen. Their winter home was located on Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia. Their summer home was located on Landis Avenue, Vineland, N. J., right opposite to my old Cleveland friends, Mr. and Mrs. Merwin.

While making my visit to Vineland, I attended several of Henry Gordon's materializing seances. One evening I saw two spirits dematerialize through the carpet and the floor in the cen-

tre of Mrs. Suydam's parlor. That is the only dematerialization I ever witnessed in over forty years, while I was a Spiritualist. I attended eighteen other so-called materializing seances. They were the worst frauds I ever looked upon.

In one of Mr. Gordon's seances in Philadelphia I saw him carried up to the ceiling and held there while he wrote the words, "Truth is mightier than the sword. Persecution is my lot in life." Then they brought him down and placed him in a chair. He and Little Justin were the greatest mediums I ever met. Gordon was the most persecuted medium I ever met—persecuted by a lot of fakirs calling themselves mediums. When I met Emma Hardinge Brittan she told me of Mr. Gordon. She said he was the greatest medium she ever saw, and the worst persecuted. She said, "Brother Higgins, when you make a trip East, do not fail to attend some of his seances." I did so, and found him even greater than she had described.

There is one thing I want to tell you, Brother Hulburd: That is, of my experience in Spiritualism of over forty years, wherever I discovered there was one genuine medium, I also made the discovery there were twenty frauds to offset that genuine medium; so you see, brother, that is a great curse in our beautiful spiritual philosophy. I shall be glad when they can weed those fakirs and mountebanks out of Spiritualism.

Now I want to tell you of another grand experience I had with Mr. Gordon. I met him one time in Cincinnati and had him come to my room and remain with me all night. I was stopping at the Walnut Street house. Between twelve and one o'clock I woke up and found some one tugging at my hand; thinking it was Gordon, I put my hand over and found he was fast asleep. All of a sudden the room was illuminated and there I saw standing in the middle of the floor, four materialized spirits—my grandfather and grandmother, Mr. Shattuck, the principal guide of the medium, and a daughter of mine, whose mother was our servant maid. My daughter came to the bed and kissed me, saying, "Papa, I love you." She dematerialized while I held her in my arms. All of a sudden the room grew dark again, and of course the other spirits dematerialized in the dark. That is a seance I did not have to pay for. It was given to me free gratis by the spirit world, and was the grandest se-

ance that I ever saw in Spiritualism. Nothing ever compared with it, and that was the medium that was so persecuted and called a fraud by a lot of lowlived blackguards calling themselves Spiritualists.

The next time I met Little Justin was at Jersey City, New Jersey. I was going to take the cars through to Chicago, when whom should I see but Mr. Warren and the Little One coming out of the waiting room of the depot, followed by a number of ladies and gentlemen. When the Little One saw me he hollered out, "Oh, papa, there's Uncle Higgins." He ran up and caught hold of my hands, saying, "Oh, ain't I glad to see you, Uncle Higgins?" Mr. Warren came forward and said, "Well, Higgins, where are you bound for?" I said, "For Chicago." He said, "You better change your mind and come with me to Washington. I have chartered a sleeping car for my company and I can provide you with a bed. After you have made Washington a visit you can return home by the Baltimore & Ohio road. We go from Washington to Cincinnati." The first thing I discovered the Little One was dragging my valise towards the sleeping car. Mr. Warren said, "Look there; you had better follow your valise if you want to regain it." I accepted the invitation and went to Washington. It was the jolliest party I ever rode with. When we were about six miles from the city lunch was served us. After that we sang and told jokes until we retired for the night. Then it became the quietest sleeping car I ever traveled in. I found in the company some of the finest ladies and gentlemen I ever met. The Famous Fanny Davenport was one of the members of the company then. She played the Prince to the little medium's Cinderella. I was the guest of Mr. Warren during their Washington engagement. I also traveled with them as far as Cincinnati; there I left them.

When they came to Chicago I gave the company a reception at my home. I invited several of my Chicago friends and we had a merry time, I can tell you. There was a beautiful young lady in the company, whose name was Nellie Bly. She was a remarkable medium and gave many fine tests at my home. When the company left Chicago for St. Louis I had a brass band serenade them before the cars pulled out.

While in Chicago a man joined the company by the name

of Frank Lombard, who was a popular singer. He accompanied them to St. Louis, back to Cincinnati, and there finished his engagement with the company.

I will take it up another time, Brother Hulburd. They say I have held the medium long enough. You know he is not strong.

Tuesday, July 8th, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. It looks charming both inside and outside. The atmosphere that you find up in the California mountains is very invigorating. You will find when San Diego gets to be a larger city they will build large hotels in different locations in the mountains and they will be filled with guests in the summer time—seekers after health. If one location does not agree with their health, they will find another location that will.

Now I want to tell you something about my church days. When I was a young man I thought it was my duty to become devoted to the church and church work, but as I became more interested in the church work I made the discovery there were many hypocrites connected with that work, both male and female. I also made the discovery that the biggest blackguards I ever met in my life were members of some Christian Church. It was a great thought to me why this was so.

One day I was talking with my father about two church members who belonged to our church. They were very dishonest men and talked a great deal about religion and Christ, their Saviour. I said to my father, "Can it be possible that these two men can go on swindling and cheating people and get salvation on a death bed?" My father said to me, "Son, I have made the discovery that you have a mind of your own; now I can talk to you. This great atonement that the church promises to sinners at the last moment has been a curse to the Christian world. They can go on committing all kinds of crime. When they are laid on a sick bed and feel they are dying, if they repent and say they love Jesus, why, their sins are forgiven them. That, my son, has been the great curse of the christian religion, not only to the christian religion, but to civilization. That promise of atonement has been the cause of more criminals than anything else in life. My son, pay attention to what I

have to say. You know I am a church member in good standing; so is your mother, but when you come across any individual who talks to you a great deal about the christian religion, look out for them. They will stand watching—I never knew it to fail.”

The conversation with my father set me to thinking, and as time went on, while I was a member of the church, I discovered he spoke the truth. I do think the Christian church has more hypocrites in it than any other religion in the world. I loved to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach; he always impressed me as a man with a broad, expansive mind, an individual who loved the whole human race. Many of the ministers whom I listened to gave forth such childish talk that I often wondered how intellectual people could sit and listen to such bosh; that is, if they were intellectual people. When I had heard a minister talk about ten minutes I could judge for myself if he was worth listening to; if not, I got up and left the church. I always became disgusted when they would sing the hymn, “Washed in Jesus’ Blood.” Think of it—walking through a slaughter house to get to God. But on second consideration, that is the kind of a God church people worship—the old Jehovah of the Jews—a murderer who taught people to murder the men and save the females for licentious conditions. He taught them to lie and steal and take away from their fellow men that which belonged to them by the rights of the law and justice, educated them to become Mormons and set up harems. Many of the younger generations blush now when they read that filthy old book, the Old Testament, and wonder how they ever could have built up a religion on such a mass of corruption as therein described. I remember when a young lad we were taught that every word in that book was the word of God and that God gave it to his people. I think he was the dirtiest, and filthiest, rotten old God that ever mind could create, and I must say that many of the christian ministers whom I met while living in a physical form were the most degraded beasts that I ever came across. Some of them lied, stole and drank, gambled and committed forgery, while others were whoremasters of the worst kind—a disgrace and blot on civilization. Some of them were not fit to associate with decent society, and yet they were called the servants

of God. I believe they were the servants of Jehovah, but not the servants of the all loving God of Truth and Reason. I have met many beautiful christians in the world, who were above and superior to all that Jehovah corruption. I have also met creatures of the Christian church who had as much christianity in their natures as an old hog wallowing in the mire. I have no desire to condemn those who are true followers of the teachings of Jesus. I think our brother, Jesus, was a beautiful character in life. The moral example he set before the children of the true God was a great civilizer and a builder up of the human race.

When I took a trip East one fall I went and listened to that man they call Talmadge, preach. I think of all the church clowns that I ever listened to, he could raise more hell fire than any of the rest of them. Mr. 'Thomas' sermons in Chicago were interesting to me. He was a man endowed with reasoning powers.

Now, perhaps, you would like to know how I found it in spirit life when my spirit passed from its physical body. I found it much as I expected; a host of friends were there to greet me and I was happy to see them again. My father and mother came forward and embraced me, and it seemed so good to have mother throw her arms around me and kiss her boy again. I had an intelligent father and mother. They loved their children very dearly, and tried hard to bring happiness to their little ones in everything through life. I remember when I grew into young manhood, how proud I was to look upon my father and mother. They were both intellectual and fine looking; they were kindness on all occasions. I do not remember of ever receiving a whipping from either of them. They always consulted and corrected their children through the law of kindness. I do think if ever an angel lived on earth, my mother was one. I can always remember her kindly smile, and how she would kiss away our tears when things went wrong with us. My father and mother were to me the Gods of all Gods. There was nothing on earth while I lived in a physical body, that I loved as I did my mother and father. The rest of the children did the same; we were a harmonious family.

In spirit life I find many very elevated spirits which are

beautiful to look upon. I also find many sad ones, and my whole soul goes out to them with love and pity. As you know, Brother Hulburd, I have only been a little while in spirit life, therefore I cannot give you much information as to the spheres and locations. Since I came to spirit life I have been with my friends and loved ones. All those that are congenial to one another are attracted by the law of Truth and Love. I have had the pleasure of meeting your father and mother, sisters and brothers. One sister tells me she passed from her little body in infancy. I have also met your children, in numbers more than I had any idea of. I have met a number of friends of Mr. Meyer and Little Justin. William High, others and myself attend lectures. Brother Hulburd, we have grand speakers on this side of life.

Tell Justin I have met little Mack, the dwarf; that is, he was a dwarf while living in a physical body, but here in spirit life he is a good sized individual. I have met Neil Bryant, Dan and Jerry, who send their love to Justin. Mr. Hooley says—that is, Richard Hooley—tell Justin he will have to get into harness when he comes here. The grandest operas I ever saw performed are given here in spirit life. The singing is so grand you living in bodies would hardly realize it if I were to describe it to you. Quite a number of others were present when a beautiful opera was given, and I enjoyed it beyond description. Richard Hooley said it would be perfect, if Little Justin was there with that kick of his, which made us all laugh.

I will now bring my communication to a close, as I think I have taken up a good deal of your valuable time and if you conclude it is worth publication, you are welcome to it. Now, put me down as Bonnie Brae Higgins, the one who gave to the market of San Diego the Bonnie Brae lemon and other fruits. I leave my love and best wishes to all the friends who would like to hear from me.

Ask Little Justin if he would like to kick me now, or ride on my back the way he used to. Tell him we don't drag valises around here in spirit life, so he won't get a chance to drag my valise.

Now I leave love to all those who had love for H. M. H., and I thank you, Brother Hulburd, for taking down my com-

munication and always remember that life in the physical body is but a fleeting show, while here with us in spirit life the reality is constantly with us, the true God of all love and we are their offspring.

May the great truths of Spiritualism spread throughout the universe. It is constantly holding open the gate that admits you into the temple of everlasting life.

Yours for Truth on all occasions. The next spirit who will follow me is Bessie Foster, once known as a medium when living in the body. Good day.

Bessie Foster

Chapter XIX

Wednesday, July 30th, 1902.

Good morning, sir. It's a beautiful morning. I have been waiting for the last four days, until we could get this little piece of humanity in proper condition, in order that I might control and give you a communication for your book. I do so at the request of Mr. Warren.

Now, I want you to make up your mind that you are to get no scholarly communication from me. I was only a plain woman, who lived in plain circumstances, with very little education. My father did not believe that girls required much education. If they could read, spell und understand the multiplication table, that was all they required.

Before I proceed any further I want to tell you that I met you once in Chicago; just as soon as I saw you here I knew that I had seen you before. I was introduced to you by a gentleman from Morris, Illinois, who was acquainted with my husband, who was an artist. We were in Chicago trying to sell some of his pictures. (We did very well.) A gentleman by the name of Mr. Higgins, who kept a music store, permitted my husband to hang his pictures up in the store and before we left Chicago he had sold twenty-three of them, and we went back east rejoicing that we had been so fortunate. Those were my happy days—when my husband lived and we traveled and sold his work. He studied in Europe before I met him; we were married in Boston. On our wedding tour we traveled throughout Europe, where he sketched and painted a great deal.

One of his pictures, called "The Light of Love," was admired very much in Paris. In those days the French did not think that any artist from America amounted to much, but the French salon gave him a place for his picture, which was much

admired by the French people. It brought a price of something over \$12,000; just how much, I have forgotten now. It was purchased by the Count Voonloft, who invited us to his chateau, where my husband painted a portrait of his beautiful daughter, and also a family group. They presented me with a beautiful ring, an emerald surrounded by diamonds. I tell you this to show you that I did not always live in poverty, as I did in the latter part of my physical body's existence.

When my husband passed to spirit life it brought a great change to my physical condition. I bore him a son while we were living in London, England, where he was connected with the Kensington Art School. He was English born, and his parents brought him to Boston, Mass., when he was a little lad four years old. He grew up under American influences and was thoroughly Americanized in everything. He selected a New England girl and made her his wife. She was a homely girl, as the sayings go, but he saw something in her make-up that he admired. When he lay on what you call "the death bed" his last words were, "Bess, kiss me; you made me a good wife, and I was a happy man. See that our boy is educated to love and admire America. I only wish that his birth had taken place here in Boston, that I love so well." I promised him that it should be as he wished, and I have kept that promise.

Now I want to tell you something of my own life. I was a born medium, like the one I now control, and was looked upon as a queer child. My mother, who was born in Salem, Mass., and was called Molly Marston, was a born medium before me, and I was called a child of the old witch. She was treated so cruelly by the neighbors that an aunt of hers brought her to Boston when she was about sixteen years old. There my father, whose name was Joseph Lake, found her and married her, but he turned out to be a brutal man. I can only remember him as a cruel man coming home drunk and beating my mother. When I was about six years old we removed from Boston to Lowell, Mass. There he grew worse and called my mother an old witch and me the imp of an old she devil. He told this to the neighbors and to many other people in Lowell. My mother went into one of the factories to work, to help put bread in our mouths. When they discovered she was a medium she was or-

dered out of the factory, and the people threw stones at her. She came home crying and bleeding from the wounds where they had struck her with the stones. When I saw her I became frightened and cried, "Oh, mamma, you are dying." She said, "I wish it were so, pet, and you and I could go together, but it is so cowardly to commit suicide—so dear, we must struggle to the last." When I walked through the streets the people would get their children to run out and throw beans at me and cry after me, "There goes the imp of the old witch."

One day as I was walking along the street a young man whom they claimed was not accountable for what he did or said, picked up the horse manure from the street and threw it at me, saying, "You old witch, I'll kill you. You have been the curse of my race." I looked at him; that is, I looked into his eyes and said, "Duncan Frazier, what have I done to you, that you treat me like this?" All of a sudden he seemed to become powerless and could not speak. I repeated the words, "What have I done to you?" when he commenced to stutter and tried to speak, pointed over my shoulder, crying out as if in great agony. Finally he seemed to find his tongue, when he said, "Look there, Bess, look there!" I looked around and saw nothing. Then he said, "He makes me do all this. It's him that makes me act like I'm crazy; that's why I do such foolish things. He says he'll release me if I will protect you and your mother. I've been obsessed by that wicked spirit, who is my grandfather. He always hated my mother and hated my father for marrying her, and through my condition he has sought his revenge. That is why I'm such a loony person. Now he says he will release me if I will protect you and your mother, and I am going to do it." We walked to our home, my hand placed in his. I then related to my mother all that had happened. She said, "What a strange world it is, and we are its victims; the victims of circumstances."

While we were sitting there talking my father came in drunk, as usual, calling my mother a vile name. He raised his hand to strike her. Duncan grabbed him by the throat and he became powerless. He sank all in a heap upon the floor. They say I was controlled then and there and made the prediction that he would receive a stroke of apoplexy and die next morning. The prediction was fulfilled. At twelve o'clock that night he

received the shock and died next morning. His body was buried at the expense of the town. Mother then sold what little furniture she had. Mother, Duncan and I went back to Boston to live. Mother took in sewing. Duncan learned shoemaking, and after a little while we lived quite happily.

When we had been living in Boston about two years, mother's brother Alexander, who was an old bachelor, passed from his body, leaving mother his sole heir. She received a fortune of seven thousand dollars, and I thought that we were the richest people in Boston. Mother purchased a home in Boston. We lived in one half of it and my husband's family rented and occupied the other half. He and I had grown up from childhood together. He was a cousin to Stephen Foster, who afterwards became a spiritual lecturer.

My husband painted under inspiration, and I thought he was the greatest boy and man that ever lived, and oh, the beauties that we enjoy in spirit life make us happy spirits in the light of Truth. We are true spirit affinities. Duncan became a wonderful medium, and through him was produced the invention of a new spool, which was used in the factories. He married my mother when he was thirty years and she forty-two. She bore him three children. One became a prominent lawyer of Boston.

My mother passed out of her body when she was eighty-three years old. Duncan, her husband, would not allow any color at her funeral but white, and the neighbors thought it was outrageous. The Boston papers scandalized him as a visionary man, with very little brains, and one who needed looking after, as they thought he would occupy a position in a lunatic asylum some day, but they were disappointed, for he lived to an old age—ninety-seven—and was buried with Masonic honors. His immediate friends loved him in his old age, for they found in him a wise man. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of his loved friends, and he was blessed by many that lived to know him.

Now I will take up the life of your little medium—that is, the part I knew of it. I first saw him play at the old Chamber Street Theatre in New York, opposite the City Hall. Charlotte Cushman was playing in a piece called, "The Wrecker's Daughter." Justin played a child's part, her little daughter.

The next time I saw him play was at the old Broadway Theatre down Broadway, near Pearl street. He was playing with Edwin Forrest and Madame Ponisi. I saw him at the Howard Atheneum in Boston after that. I next saw him play in London, England; with the Buckley Serenaders in Boston; with Mrs. John Wood at Laura Keene's theatre on Broadway, New York; in Washington at the breaking out of the Civil War, and again in Boston.

Right after that my son entered the volunteer army to give his service for the country he loved. He was captured and taken to Richmond, Virginia. My guides notified me that my son had been taken a prisoner, that I must go to Washington, call on the President and through the assistance of his private spy, my son would escape and reach the Union lines in safety. I followed their directions, went to Washington, was received by that noble man, President Lincoln, told him of my grief and we wept together. He had met my husband while we were in Springfield, Illinois, and admired his pictures. I told him that my spirit band had directed me to come to him. He said, "God bless our spirit friends, for they know the secrets of the human heart."

I was introduced to the Hon. David Davis. While we were talking, in walked a little individual with a freckled face, who acted for all the world like an idiot. He walked up to President Lincoln, saying, "Boss, dey wasn't goin' let me in dis mornin', but I sung whoop te-do-den-doo for dem, and while dey was laughin' and holdin' dere sides I skipped in to see if you don't want some one to go an errand or two for ye." The President laughed and put his arms around him, saying, "Billy, I'll see after awhile; you just step into the next room while I talk with these people." I noticed the President hugged him pretty tight, for such a little ragmuffin as he looked to be. My guide said to me, "Watch close and you will see something." I watched, and discovered the Little One's hand shoved something down inside of the President's collar while the President was hugging him and saying, "Billy, when are you going to grow up and become a soldier for Father Lincoln?" The Little One said, "When God stretches me out on that new machine he's going to invent." The President said, "What machine is that, Billy?"

The Little One said, "A machine that is going to make Jeff Davis look cross-eyed when he discovers the Union flag flying over Richmond, and old Lee gets the headache counting the stars on the flag." We all laughed when he skipped off into another room. My guide said, "Through that Little One your son will reach Washington in safety," which he did.

When I returned to my room after conversing with Mr. Davis in the street, they showed me clairvoyantly how the Little One entered the Rebel lines and returned again in safety. While I was sitting there in the clairvoyant state I saw the Little One assume as many as six different disguises. I saw him shot at inside of the Rebel lines, but he escaped every time in safety to the Union lines. Sometimes I would cry out and shudder with fright, while a cold chill would run down my back, when I would see the rebels firing at him.

One time while I was in the clairvoyant state I saw something that was very peculiar. A rebel sentinel fired at him while he was passing by, very close to the sentinel. The ball struck a large stone, bounded back and entered the bowels of the sentinel; he dropped on the ground and died in great agony.

The Little One on this occasion had entered the Rebel lines on foot, but he returned mounted on a beautiful horse. The trappings looked like that of an officer's horse. When the sentinel had dropped upon the ground the Little One stopped the horse, turned it around, patting its neck at the same time giving the most fiendish laugh I think I ever heard. He looked down upon the poor creature dying in agony and said, "You damned fool, did you think you could stop a servant of the spirit world? You miserable rebel cur, only fit to lick the paw of that ambitious man, Jeff Davis." Then the vision passed from me and when I came to my normal condition I was in a cold sweat. I heard the voice of my guide say, "Those visions that you have seen you may describe to Davis, but between him and you it must remain a secret. That little individual that you saw in the White House that the President called Billy, is Abraham Lincoln's private spy." I said to the voice, "Oh, God, how cruel that all is to send such a little child as that in the enemy's camp." The voice laughed and said, "That little child is over thirty years old, and is the same individual whom you admired

so much in the character of Cinderella." I said, "Mysteries will never cease. Dear spirit, you understand and I do not." That little individual was the medium I now control. He guided my son through the rebel lines back to Washington in safety.

I met Justin afterwards in Vineland, N. J. I kept the secret and never told him that I knew he had been Lincoln's private spy.

After my son passed to spirit life I was forced into the world as a public medium against my will. I married a man whose name I will not pronounce, as I lived to despise him. Brother and friend, I knew what poverty was. I have gone three days at a time without anything to eat. I was reduced so in circumstances while trying to fight off spirits that wished to control me. I was willing to be a medium but not a medium for the public; but they said I should and compelled me to submit to their wishes then I finally gave up. I made many friends and many enemies, giving the Truth to the people. Mr. and Mrs. Case of Philadelphia became my true friends and assisted me much through life. They were the friends of all true mediums and were always generous with their money to assist anyone in trouble. Charles Landis, of Vineland, N. J., was also my true friend. He gave me a house to live in, for which he would receive no rent, and often gave me bountifully from his store of food supplies. When I became old and decrepit he was kind to the last. Olivia Stephens was also kind to me and lived with me for months at a time. I found other kind friends in the persons of John Bartlett, Mrs. Jennie Johnson and Mrs. Suydam. I hope God and the spirit world will bless them all.

After my son passed to spirit life I had a rough road to travel, but I became a happy woman when I was released from that brute they called my second husband.

When Olivia and I used to visit at Justin's home up on the little hill, what would he have thought if he had known that I understood the secret of his life; that he had been Abraham Lincoln's private spy, one of the grandest men that nature had ever created. I kept the secret to the last and it passed with me into spirit life.

Now I thank you, brother and friend, for taking down my communication. I told you I could not give you a scholarly one

as I was not an educated women, but I was one who learned much from observation.

I now leave my love for Little Justin and thank you kindly if you will tell him so. Jennie Johnson will follow me next. Put me down Bessie Foster. Good day.

Mrs. Jennie Johnson

Chapter XX

Monday, August 4, 1902.

Good morning, friend. Oh, I think you have a beautiful morning. Wise men and women would say the love of God is in everything this morning, and we feel it so strongly that we should sing praises to the father and mother God of Nature. I know the spirit of glory abideth in your home, Searchlight Bower. I was enthused by the Holy Spirit when I entered your home. May Truth and peace abide always within its walls. Oh, I think your surroundings are beautiful here; the shades and tints are of a rich, deep violet this morning and I know the angels must love to revel in such a dell as this. The aroma that comes from the woodlands brings a grand ozone in which the human family finds a perfume superior to that which men and women manufacture in their laboratories and put upon the market to be purchased by the denizens of largely populated cities where the stench and filth is something terrible to the nostrils of a refined human being. I only wish that I could relieve their suffering and carry them all away to the wild woods for at least three months during hot weather. Oh, it would be such a relief for them to breathe into their lungs some of the fresh air impregnated by the balms of the woodland; but it is otherwise decreed, so many of the poor creatures are compelled to live in those horrible dens which they call homes. When I lived in a physical body, how my heart ached for the poor people of those large cities. I wish there was some way

to stop the manufacturing of liquors, beer and wines which brings many of the human race down to degradation, shame and crime. Because of it many have to die in prison, the brothel, the madhouse, or, perhaps, end their unfortunate lives by committing suicide. It is a slow suicide to the human race who are compelled to live in those dark, filthy tenement houses. No wonder when an epidemic takes hold on a large city that the inhabitants die by the thousands. There is one happy reality in it: They are released from their suffering, and also from their physical body which gives them a chance to try life on a higher plane. Every reincarnation is a step higher, which brings them nearer to the understanding of universal principle in life, realized through an affinity with the father and mother, God of Time. Blessed be he that loves his fellow being. When he loves him with his whole soul and being, then he becomes a shining light to the whole human race; one with God throughout all eternity.

When the human mind is so developed that he can understand the echo from the rocks and canyons reverberating back to his senses, then he understands the old language of the past when the human race gained language and expression to their speech. Those echoes reverberating from the sound of the wind in the canyons and rocks was the first alphabet used by the human tongue. When the human race was in a crude state on this planet they imitated the sounds that they heard ushering from the rocks and canyons and through that condition they smoothed down their guttural grunts which came into the formation of speech in time.

Every echo that they heard passing on the wind they tried to imitate and in time made their expression perfect. When they heard a sound in the timber that was low and sweet it brought a condition of laughter to their senses; then they discovered the organ of mirth through a natural condition innate in their nature, brought a motion to the lobe senses of their brain which gave a crude expression of Love to the mind, whereby the affinity of the God-power located within them produced an affiliation towards the opposite sex. Through this power was created the love for each other and their offspring. When they heard the murmuring and laughter of the babbling brook

it brought glee to their soul and they could not restrain that which dwelt in their natures. It became a teacher and they sang praises to the God of Nature with their crude and guttural sounds.

As the spirit within them realized that they were superior to the ferocious beasts of the woodland, then they banded together and lived as tribes. From that condition came an advanced aspiration which had lain dormant in their natures. The law of Love and a certain power of reason held sway over their mental faculties; the outward growth which unfolded itself to each others adoration came from within. The spirit, realizing that it must act, brought to their senses a higher expression of sound which was found in the modification of the whispering of the wind through the boughs of the trees. Then Love burst the bud and it blossomed out into a beautiful flower, which meant the truth of the soul. The tongue gave utterance to a sound like a lullaby, and the male flower sang that lullaby to the female of his race. Her heart beat time to the rythm of his song, and through the sweet sound or cadence that found utterance of speech within her soul, she said, "I am thine, for none can sing like thee." Then language blossomed out through a full fruition of two blending souls, which compelled language, speech and thought to become the servant of the human race.

Now, I will tell you something of my life and condition: I always loved the country, the woods and flowers, for I loved to commune with nature and the whisperings of nature always answered my thoughts and prayers.

I was born in Lincolnshire, England, where we had many beautiful trees in our forests. The name of Lincoln became a treasure-house to me, and when the assasin laid the manly form of Abraham Lincoln low, my whole nature rose in arms against that assasin and I would have hunted him down had it not been that my husband placed a watch over me and I could not escape from my home. My whole moral senses seemed to fly from me and I became a ferocious beast, panting for the blood of that assasin. I was not a spiritual-minded person then, as I became in later days.

My father came with his family to New York from England when I was quite a little girl. I grew to womanhood in Amer-

ica, imbued with all American ideas. I married an American—a native of Delaware and of Quaker origin. We lived quite a while in New York and Brooklyn. I became tired of city life and sought a home in the country which I found in Vineland, New Jersey. To me it was a beautiful place and the atmosphere as I looked upon it was superb. I thought here was a place to raise my children, in order that they might grow into maturity with healthy bodies, which I think they did. I was a woman of strong will and quite opinionated in my own condition. I was first an Episcopalian in religious ideas; I removed from that to Presbyterianism for awhile, in which I found no consolation for the hereafter of my soul. I migrated then to Swedenborgianism, where I found a little consolation; but very little, as I discovered the ministers of that religion weren't any better informed than I was myself. My whole nature was dissatisfied and in revolt with all religions. I discovered they preached Christ crucified, and found none who lived up to his teachings. He said: "See that ye love one another." That I never discovered in the christian church. The most prominent thing I did discover was that they hated one another, were jealous and envious of each other, and the part of a hypocrite was studied up and played very largely among their friends.

Many of my family thought that I was too exacting. I told them the most exacting thing in life was Truth, and if you have it not among you the spirit of Christ cannot be with you. You have shut your doors against him and your religion is only a mockery and a sin in the sight of God.

We will continue at another time.

August 7, 1902.

Good morning, sir. With your permission, I will continue my communication: When I first saw the medium Justin, he was playing with the Buckley Serenaders, on Broadway, New York city. The next time I saw him was at a theater on West 14th street, New York city. I do not remember the name of the theater. They were playing a spectacular piece called "The Star of the Rhine." He played a part similar to that of "Ariel in the Tempest."

I first met him to speak to in Vineland, New Jersey. He

purchased a place there, remodelled the house, which made a very pleasant home, as it was located on high ground, overlooking the valley.

A great friendship sprang up between my family and Justin. The same took place between other families and Justin. He was quite a favorite with the people in Vineland. His friendship with my family lasted for a number of years. It was through his mediumship we became spiritualists. One evening we were visiting at Justin's home, when he described a spirit to my husband dressed as a miner, which my husband recognized as his brother. While the spirit stood there he wrote his name in the air and Justin read it to the company. My husband said, "Yes, that's my brother's full name." I said, "How can that be? I named my son after your brother, William E. Johnson." My husband said, "I can't help that. My brother gave his real name and his middle name was as he wrote it out for Justin. The description is more perfect than I could give of my brother." Right then and there my husband became a Spiritualist.

In the early days of the gold fever in California, my husband and his brother went to the gold diggings. After a few years my husband returned, while his brother remained in California, and passed out of his body from that state.

Why I speak of that test, it was one of the many that we received through his mediumship. There was no mind-reading in the case, for you see I was not properly acquainted with his middle name, and my husband said he had forgotten what it was until the spirit wrote it out for Justin, and he pronounced it for us; then, all of a sudden, it came to my husband's memory that that was his brother's middle name, and correctly spelled too. We attended a great many circles at Justin's home in which some of the people received tests. The pleasantest gatherings of people that I ever met were at Justin's home. I met many mediums there, and the sociability of those present was of a high order. Some of the manifestations were the grandest I ever witnessed, especially on one evening when Doctor Gordan and many others were present.

Now, I am going to illustrate something to you by the manner of speech wherein I will show you how liars and mischief makers will get into homes and will create much ill feeling

between the people of that home and their friends by slander and backbiting, scandalizing and other conditions that are anything but truthful and which, in time, will break up the harmony of a community. Why I wish to express this condition to you is to show you that I do not do it from any motive of revenge, but to show you how snakes will enter families and distribute their poisonous venom; such was the case I am now going to relate.

Justin had a friend accompany him from Chicago to Vineland, New Jersey. That friend had a sister who was an unfortunate woman. She called herself, after coming to Vineland and taking up her abode in Justin's home, Mrs. Schroeder.

Before coming to Vineland she went to an institution and gave birth to a child. Her own relatives would not permit her to have the baby in their own home. That is what she tells me in spirit life. So she had to go to a home where abandoned women went and gave birth to their children. She tells me the matron's name was Mrs. Baker, and she was very kind to her. When the baby was about a month old Justin received her and her baby into his home, which was an unfortunate day for him. When she had gained sufficient health and strength to go around among the neighbors she maliciously lied about him. That was the reward he received for all his kindness to her and her baby.

He gave her a home and food, and during the time while he was treating her kindly, she, in her sly, deceitful way, was making it unpleasant for his friends—so much so that a number of them would not visit his home while she lived there.

One day I wrote him a note in which I invited him to lunch, asking him to please come alone, as I had something to say to him. He came, and after lunch he and I adjourned to the parlor where we could talk by ourselves. I said, "Now, Justin, I do not want you to feel offended with me or my family; but I must tell you one thing, and that is this: I cannot visit your home while that woman Schroeder lives there. I always want you to come and visit us, for we shall be glad to receive you. That woman is such a liar and mischief-maker I do not want to go where she is. Others and myself have discovered her true character, so do not feel offended at what I tell you, for it is

the truth." He said, "Mrs. Johnson, I cannot turn her out into the cold world with her baby. Her sister, the only friend she had outside of her brother has passed to spirit life, and she has nowhere to go for shelter; besides, she is the sister of my friend." I then said, "Why do you not send her where he is?" He answered me, saying, "I do not think they would receive her there. She has been unfortunate, and you must remember, Mrs. Johnson, she is a woman with a child and cannot fight her way through the world like a man. You are a woman and should have pity for her—covering her with a mantle of charity." I told him I would were she not such a mischief-maker. He said her father and mother had died while she was young. She came to America to live among relatives who, perhaps, did not care much for her, and also among strangers. I said, "She is repaying you for all your kindness by scandalizing your name." Then he looked at me and I never saw the fire flash from his eyes as it did then. He said, "Madam, that is not the first time that I have been scandalized during my life. I am accustomed to that, and if you do not wish to visit my home you can remain away." Then he left the house.

Some months afterwards he was taken sick. They telegraphed to his friend they did not think he would live. His friend came back from Memphis, Tenn., and in about a week they both returned south for the benefit of Justin's health.

After his friend had been in Vineland a few days he called at our home. During our conversation he said to me, "Did you know that Justin was sick in bed?" I answered him by saying, "I heard he was sick; but I did not know he was seriously ill." He asked me if I would not accompany him back to see Justin. I said I would, if he were so low as that. My daughter, Lulu, and I accompanied the friend back to Justin's home, where we found him lying abed pretty ill. I think he looked the sickest I ever saw him. In conversation with Mrs. Pierce I discovered that he received cold in his bowels while walking up and down the floor one night with that woman Schroeder's baby while she lay sick in bed. When Dr. Pierce examined Justin he discovered that he had a severe case of inflammation of the bowels. He sent for Dr. Tuller to hold consultation. Dr. Tuller and Dr. Pierce sat up with him two nights

and two days, while Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Jennings acted as nurses. Dr. Tuller told Dr. Pierce they had better telegraph for Justin's friend to come on as they did not think he would live until his friend arrived. But with careful nursing and the doctor's attention, he rallied and became convalescent. By the time his friend arrived in Vineland a great deal of the pain had left Justin, and he was resting quietly. I was so glad his friend came for me; it was the last time I ever saw Justin while I lived in a physical body.

After he went away we all missed him very much and wished that woman had never come there. I have met her in spirit life and since she tells me of her condition and her parentage, she was not so much to blame. She tells me she came through a family where very little harmony existed. There was not that true brotherly and sisterly love that you see in many other families. They had a great deal in their nature that was very quarrelsome, combative and disagreeable. She also tells me that when she would tell malicious lies to her brother about Justin it would please her when she saw he believed what she said. She said that she became jealous when she would see Justin's friends lavish so much affection upon him. Then the devilish part of her nature would make her lie to those friends in order to make a cool feeling come between them and Justin. She said it was the same thing over again in Kansas City, Mo. He attracted people to him who in time became his friends. Then she hated him worse than ever and tried to break up the friendship if she possibly could. With some she succeeded, while with others she did not—they discovered her true character. There was one woman who lived in Kansas City whom she hated. Her name was Mrs. Henry Lee. She said, "That woman discovered my true character, and one day told me of it; she also told me she despised me, and I hated her with all my nature. The people did not always want to make an equal of me as they did of Justin and my brother." Then she said, "I professed to be developing for a medium. I left their home, taking my boy with me; but I found after awhile I could not earn a living for him and myself, so I sent him back to Justin, that he might take care of him, for you know he always had a generous heart toward children. I went

around for some time and would come back once in a while to see my boy. The worst of it all was Justin saw my true character, and knew I was a fraud, but he said nothing to my brother. I finally came back one time, got my boy, sold the things Justin had loaned me to keep house with, and we went to Chicago.

"I traveled through several states, professing to be a medium, as lots of other women do who are living in the body. The most of my mediumship was connected with men, and that is how I made the most of my money. I did all I could for my boy, as I thought then; but, if I had been the proper woman that I should have been, I would have placed him in an institution where he would have been properly educated under a moral condition. But you know how a mother's heart is; it craves for her offspring, and so I kept him with me and dragged him around from one place to another. He was a remarkably good boy, for the bringing up he had, with such a mother as I was."

"When I made a visit to San Diego, Southern California, I discovered it was the same there. Justin had made a number of friends who would not look upon me as an equal. You know, Mrs. Johnson, he never could associate with low spirits; yet his heart went out to all that were afflicted, and especially to the female side of the human race—for you must understand, all his internal organs are those of a female, while it is only the outward expression that resembles a male.

"I am sorry, from the spirit side of life, to think that my son should have been guilty of treating Justin as he did. When Justin, in his old age lost his home by being too willing to put his name to people's paper, my son, at that time had a good deal of money in his possession and should have assisted Justin for all the kindness he had shown to him and me; but, as you know, Mrs. Johnson, we have to pay the penalty of our crimes. His band permitted me to control his forces twice in order that I might talk to my brother. They have never done so since because I left a bad impression upon his physical condition. My son has discovered that I deceived him in many things; first of all I did not give him his real father's name, but gave him the name of a lover I had afterward. His real father's name

was Michael Robb, a Scotchman; but I gave him the name of my German lover Schroeder. Now, he has found out that I lied to him so much about Justin, he will not come to see me."

You must understand, sir, that if there is no soul attraction the condition of the earth father and mother, sister and brother amounts to nothing in spirit life without the true affinity attracts the soul condition. She has told me those things in spirit life for which she has to atone. I will be glad when the good God will lift her up out of this condition and the mistakes she made in life have been atoned for. Thank God we can all grow and reach perfection sometime. Many here in spirit life wish there were big rocks that would fall upon them and crush them out of existence, but that cannot be. We must become spiritual in everything to live down mistakes that we received coming through the condition of certain races. The next time she is re-incarnated she hopes she will have the power to come through a family that is both truthful, honest and moral, and I say, may God bless her and guide her future steps to the realm of purity and perfection. So you can see, my friend, when such an unfortunate woman or man enters a family how much harm they can do with their lying, malicious tongues. We will continue at another time, as I cannot hold the medium any longer.

Monday, August 11, 1902.

Good morning, friend. I was here at three different times, but found the medium in such a condition that I was not permitted to control. They have given me permission this morning to continue my communication.

I would like to express myself on the reading of character. I am glad to see it has become one of the sciences of spirituality and a study for the young and old minds of the human race. If the children of men and women would pay more attention to the reading of character and especially to each other's character there would be less deception practiced in the world.

When the human minds realize that they can read each other's natures and especially their weak points, whereby they commit malicious crimes, lie, steal and abuse a friend's kindness and hospitality, their faculty of reasoning will wake up to an understanding that the children of the human race could not

play the hypocrite as much as it has been played up to the present time. When the teachers understand how to teach a course in phrenology, astrology and solar biology, then the minds of the child and adult will become brightened by the knowledge of those studies in order that they can read each other's character; then those living vampires and snakes in human form, called men and women, will not be permitted to enter homes and break the harmony dwelling therein. The study of traits of character should be one of the principal studies in your public schools; it is superior to all man-made religion; it deals with facts connected with the God of Nature and the children of men and women.

When they get to understand those conditions, and it becomes a perfect study in the human race it will be the principal law that will govern all business transactions—for the merchant will become afraid to lie, cheat and swindle his customers. The money making race, such as you call bulls and bears of Wall street, many of them will drop their occupation when their conscience commences to assert its rights, and they understand that the hell of the conscience is beyond brimstone fire. It is hell that will last with them, eating into that conscience until it becomes purified, understanding the words Honor and Truth.

When my spirit passed from its body it grieved me much to see the feeling some held towards me, not understanding my nature. My children, or, I would say, my family, felt badly to have me go, in a certain sense, as they felt I no longer would be their drudge, and they would have to put their shoulders to the wheel. My husband and I did not always live in harmony. He saw things on a different plane. In his imagination he was always right and I was wrong. To keep peace in the family, as a general thing, I held my tongue and kept quiet, but when conditions pinched me too hard, I then spoke my mind.

Married life is a lottery, but it would not be so if the human race were educated in phrenology and mind reading; then men and women could guard against taking up their tents with inharmonious partners or those they could not affiliate with through life. When my physical body passed through the sleep of death which gave my spirit a new birth again when I woke up in my natural spirit existence, I was a happy woman to think that I

had escaped from that physical body in which I made so many failures while living in earth life. I was never understood by my father's and mother's families. My husband did not understand me, neither did the children that I gave birth to. They thought they did, but they were away off from the true sense or understanding of my natural condition. I met a few people in spirit life who gave me a friendly greeting. They were the people who drew closer to my condition while living in a physical body than did even my own family.

I crossed the river called the "River of Death." When my spirit left its body it still remained there until I saw them carry away my old body. Then I laughed for joy, for the sorrow that anyone felt in my departure from the physical body was of short duration. That is why I laughed with joy to think I was released and could make new friends in spirit life, many of whom I have made and am happy.

I am at work building up a newer and better condition. Thank God I am understood here by those who love me for my spiritual worth. I visit many gatherings to hear lectures coming from advanced spirits. I listened to one lecture that was very interesting; it was called the "Cosmos of the Human Soul." The spirit said his name was, when living in a physical body, Joseph Rodes Buchanan. I listened to another lecture given by a spirit. He said his name, when living in a physical body was Thomas Gale Forster. He spoke on an idea called "The Inner Sense of Conception in a Spiritual Mind," which was very elevating to the spirits that were present. Happily I met him afterwards and questioned him on different subjects. His answers were grand and elevating to my soul. I told him that I was going to give a communication through Justin's organization. He said, "I met Justin while living in a physical body; First in Washington, at the White House; then I met him again in Kansas City, Mo. I saw he did not remember me, so I said nothing but smiled inwardly, knowing the secret of his life, which was relieved to me by Nettie Maynard, a gifted medium. When I met him in Kansas City I was so drawn towards him through strong spiritual affinity that I took him in my arms, hugged and kissed him, which made my wife laugh. I asked her to do the same, and she did so to please me, not understand-

ing why I had done so. I told her he was a little wanderer on earth who never knew a real parent's love. His life was sometimes dark and at other times bright. I longed to tell him that I knew his secret, but did not do so, so we met and parted like others in the spiritual ranks. The invocation that he gave before I lectured was beautiful; it was given by the spirit Thomas Clifton."

I was so pleased when I discovered that he had met Justin in the physical body. I have met many friends who were acquainted with Justin in the physical body. They are my friends too, now—a spiritual affiliation draws us together, as our souls blend in thought. I have discovered while here in spirit life that many of the representations given to us of spirit life by mediums living in physical bodies are all wrong, as I view them from my standpoint. I do not claim to be perfect; I am anything but that, and perhaps do not look upon those views with a true spiritual eye, therefore I do not think that spirits can give accurate conditions of things existing in spirit life through a medium living in a physical body. Many of those mediums have so much to contend with living in a physical body while on earth, and it is utterly impossible for them to always be in a passive condition and the spirits controlling their forces have to do the best they can. That is why Justin was brought to the mountains that he might become passive in order to give these communications, for, sir, you must understand, his makeup was that of a nervous condition. He moved and lived in such an element that it was almost impossible to get him to become passive and quiet. He constantly lived under the power of emotion and was swayed to and fro like the wind. He had an impulsive nature, through which he could rise to the highest emotion and then go back into the depths of grief. He had a love that existed in his nature which, when brought into action, had mercy for all his enemies. His spirit band understood there was only one reality through which they could produce this work and that was to bring him to this genial climate in the mountains of Southern California.

In spirit life we cannot progress until we have understood the true law of forgiving our enemies, beseeching them to hold in their souls a condition of true love toward us and forgiveness.

Here are held the grandest concerts that spiritual intellect can have any idea of. I only wish that the human mind could be governed by such musical aspiration and thought flowing from the spirit world. Oh, how happy the human intellect would be reveling in such musical ability.

Now, sir, I thank you for taking down my communication. I leave my love for Mr. Meyer and Justin, hoping that you will not think that it is unworthy for you to receive a portion of it. The angel world will bless and reward you for the task you have undertaken. You must keep the harness on until the end of the physical body. I bring the blessing of all your friends from spirit life. They say the medal they will cast for you will be a reprieve releasing you from hell fire, which will issue to you a sure passport into the regions of knowledge and common sense.

I remain with a band of spirits who lived in and around the regions of Vineland, New Jersey, for it was a spiritual mecca to those living in a physical body.

My name was Jennie Johnson, who hoped at least she was of some benefit to the niche that she filled in the earth world. Good day, sir.

E. L. Davenport

Chapter XXI

Wednesday, September 18, 1901.

I shall say, as all plain Yankees say, "How do you do, sir?" Such a morning as this should invite all the Gods and spirits that our universe has upon it. How delightful it is to revel in the luxury of the mountain air and hear the birds sing their praise to God—that ruling power or principle that passes through all human life on this planet. The poet says, "The wages of sin is death." It is death to the physical body and becomes the resurrection of the soul into spirit life. When I hear those ministers preaching about God sitting on a throne attended by angels of his own selection I laugh at the mockery of their human intellect. "Those that the Gods would destroy they first make mad," becoming superstitious religious bigots. And so it is down the whole line of life. If a man or woman will not listen to the power of reason they become demented egotists, such as the majority of our ministers and church goers are today. Investigation would prove to them a great revolution in intellect.

Years ago they looked upon an actor or an actress as demoralized creatures devoid of all morality. I only wish that many of the Christian ministers were as moral as the actor or actress of the stage. In all dramas virtue triumphs, so it naturally teaches them to become moral creatures of the human race. It polishes them and they at least show the good breeding of their dramatic life. No man or woman connected with a theater, if they have the disposition and true moral character in their nature, but will become elevated by their stage life. Look at your ministers today. How many of them are on the low, brute plane, groveling in licentiousness of the lowest order

—seducing nuns and virtuous daughters, wrecking their lives; otherwise they might have become beautiful mothers, loving wives and ornaments to society, making happy homes for their husbands to come to after the day's task is over. What is the end of many of those unfortunate girls? It is the brothel house or potter's field. Do you not think, sir, there should be a hell created for such degraded beasts who are wrecking happy homes and claiming to be the preachers of God and the followers of Christ? Out upon them, the hounds of hell. There is a punishment here awaiting them on our side of life. The fire of their conscience is a constant persecution, and it works deeper and more forcibly in the mind than any flames lit by devils in hell. Oh, that burning and scorching of the mind is beyond my description. See how those vampires in sheep's clothing enter happy homes like slimy snakes, and in time tempt a man's wife by their honeyed words until they get the poor victim in their power, which is followed by an elopement. When the poor unfortunate comes home he finds the children have been deserted by the woman who has become an abandoned woman and a wanton of priestcraft. Your morning newspaper tells of another preacher who has gone wrong. He has taken into his bosom another man's wife and is playing the act of King David. We feel sorry for him, since he has been tempted by that she-devil. Oh, sir, let us halt here and think. Is there one word of pity or a prayer offered up for that unfortunate woman who was tempted by a rotten viper in the guise of a preacher called the servant of God. Let us hiss at the thought that the Christian God would deal in such merchandise. When this licentious minister is smitten on another fair face he throws aside his first victim and she becomes an abandoned woman of the world. She is ostracized by all society. The majority of society open their door to this fiend in human shape and the dear sisters proclaim that they are sorry to think the dear brother had been tempted by a pretty face, but we must protect him and his manhood, build him up again that he may become a fitting disciple to preach the word of God. The poor outcast of a woman, whose life he has wrecked, is allowed to go to destruction, because—why? The sin is all cast upon her by this would-be pure society. She is permitted to queen it for awhile over

one of those gilded brothels; but alas, the life she leads and the wine she drinks tell upon her constitution in time. Then she is hurried on the downward path, and perhaps like the rest, ends in the Potter's field, if no helping hand is stretched out to assist her and save her from a death of shame. So you see, sir, it is those hell hounds called preachers who attack the theater and its players—gangrene is so rooted in their souls that they cannot see anything pure in life. Their whole mind is so corrupt and degraded that to come in contact with some of that ilk becomes a stench to a moral being's nostrils and the sooner the Christian religion is purged of such felonies they will have better thinking men and women in their congregations.

I have known pure, good men who were preachers in churches. Their whole bearing and character was that of morality. I love to listen to such men as those. They were in the minority, while the crawling, slimy lizards were in the majority.

I, E. L. Davenport, was asked to come here today by an intelligent band of spirits to give you some instances connected with this medium's life that I was acquainted with personally.

Away back many years ago, as you would call it in the physical body, this little medium made his debut at the Old National Theater on Chatham street, New York city. I was in New York at that time in company with Edwin Forrest, called the king of actors. He engaged me to play the "Wily Cassius" to his Brutus in Julius Caesar. While we were rehearsing and making preparation for the opening of the play, which took a whole week, one day I walked over after rehearsal to the old Bowery Theater to see a Boston friend of mine, whose name was George Mitchell. While we were standing on the steps in front of the theater talking, a very fine actor who bore the name of G. W. Jones, who at that time was starring at the National Theater, came along holding a little child by the hand. When he discovered me standing on the steps he gave me a cordial greeting, also Mr. Mitchell. After we had spoken on the conditions of the day I looked down and discovered a beautiful child. I addressed Mr. Jones, saying, "You have a pretty baby there, Jones." I had no sooner got out the words when the Little One kicked me on the leg, saying, "I 'aint no baby. Me and Uncle Jones are starring it down to the theater." I

said, "For a little girl, you are quick with your feet." The Little One said, "I 'aint no little girl. I'm an actor. Me and Uncle Jones is the best ones they have in the theater." I noticed the Little One spoke with a pretty Scotch accent. I said, "Jones, how is this?" Was your little girl born in Scotland?" The Little One said, "You old duffer; if you call me that again, I'll kick you worse than I did before," which made us all laugh. Mr. Jones said, "He is going to be a big man some day, Davenport. Let me see, you are still at rehearsal over at the Broadway, 'aint you? Well, you must come tonight and bring your friends to our theater to see this young man play in the 'Warlock of the Glen.' He is the star and I am supporting him with my heavy business." I said, "He! why, 'aint it a little girl?" The Little One said, "Don't you see, I have a boy's cap on, you old duffer?" He said, "Come on, Uncle Jones, we will get disgraced talking to these folks, being we are stars." Mr. Jones said, "Well, we will bid you good day. Come to the dressing room after the performance is over."

Now, sir, I will give you a description of this little creature, whom I discovered was a regular little firebug. I don't think he was quite four feet tall—might possibly have been three feet and a half, or somewhere around that measurement. He was dressed in a pretty little plaid kilt with a blue cloth jacket with a large, white lace displayed over it and a black velvet cap on his head. His little feet were encased in boots. The lower parts were black, while the legs were made of red morocco. His skin was of a beautiful pinkish white. His mouth was something lovely to look at. Inside of his lips was a row of pearly teeth, the like I seldom ever looked upon. He had a beautiful head of curly hair, which I noticed was of a dark brown, almost black. On his forehead hung little ringlets which escaped out from under his cap. As he was in constant motion all the time, his little hands were pushing his cap this way and that way and those little ringlets would steal down onto his forehead. But, Oh, such eyes, sir! I never saw the like. They were of a very dark blue and when he held his head in a certain position they looked as if they were black. I think he had the littliest hands I ever saw on a child. How I can describe him so minutely! Those eyes fascinated me and I

could not keep from looking at him all the time he was there. It made me smile to see his feet and hands constantly on the go. Mr. Mitchell said, "Davenport, you must go down and see the Little One play tonight. It will pay you for your trouble. He sings and dances beautifully. He speaks sublimely with a little Scotch brogue, which is in keeping with the play." As you know, the "Warlock of the Glen" is a Scotch piece and he is the admiration of the people. I don't know where they got him, but some day the world is going to hear of him or my name is not George Mitchell. I said, "Mitchell, old boy, I will do as you advise."

I went that evening to the theater, accompanied by a few friends. The piece was mounted beautifully and the scenery was something grand, for those days.

In the scene where the mother and the child are in a little boat crossing the lake, the mother asks the child to sing a song. The Little One sang a pretty Scotch ballad called "Whistle, my lad, and I will come to you." Oh, can I ever forget that beautiful voice, as it rang out with the pretty Scotch accent, and yet at the same time I felt for the little child, as the audience would not give him up. They compelled him to sing three different times. When the front scene had closed on the lake and the people were applauding for the Little One to come on and bow, a beautiful English actress, who bore the name of Hathaway, and played the mother, came on the stage with the Little One in her arms, and as she walked toward the footlights the Little One threw kisses with his hands to the audience. The Little One whispered something to the lady and she motioned for the people to keep quiet, or, in other words, to quiet down, and when we had done so, the Little One said, "Mither, I'll sing a wee bit aw for them and they wanna ask me to sing any mair." He commenced to sing a pretty piece of Scotch music which I think was the prettiest piece of melody I ever heard—"I'm my mither's ain bairn." He sang it with so much feeling and in just, as you might say, the prime of a child lisping to its mother. He gave it such a beautiful expression that when he had finished the people became wild with applause. I said to a young actor who sat alongside of me, "John McCullough, that song repays me for walking through the rain here tonight." The

rain commenced to fall about six o'clock in the evening, but yet with all the theater was crowded with a dense mass of people to see the production of that piece. It was played then as I have never seen it since. All attempts at producing it since that time looked to me like a burlesque upon the original play.

In one of the scenes where the mother sat on a bank of moss and the child was playing around all of a sudden he struck a position and said, "Mither, I'll noo dance fer ye." The orchestra played the "Highland Fling" which is the Scotch national dance. The Little One started in dancing, and how his little feet and legs twisted around so fast, I can't tell. It just seemed to me as if his little body was nothing but springs and when he had finished and threw himself down at the feet of his mother the applause became terrific and he had to dance it over again.

Now, I am going to show you wherein he was a natural burlesque actor or actress wherein the time and place required. He came forward to the footlights panting, struck a comical position, raised his face with a peculiar grin on it toward the audience, saying, "Me mither thinks ye want oor much for yer money," which sent the people off into a roar of laughter. When they had quieted down, he said, "I'll de it once mair fer ye an' if yè want mair I'm thinkin' we'll have to raise the price o' the tickets, for ye want too many gude things in one nicht," which sent the people off to screaming with laughter. If I could only describe to you the attitudes and positions he would strike then you would understand why the people would laugh so much at the little creature, a natural born artist.

A gentleman stepped out on the stage, placed two swords across one another; the orchestra commenced to play a wild Highland tune. The Little One jumped into the midst of the swords and danced as if his life depended upon it. After he had danced a number of peculiar steps the orchestra commenced to quiet down and you heard the bagpipes playing away off in the distance. The Little One stopped, bent his body in a listening attitude, and as the bagpipes played louder and came nearer, Oh, sir, I wish you could have seen that expression on the little face. When the music became wild and loud he gave a scream like a wild Indian and started in to dancing faster and

faster. As the music continued he became so wild and excited he commenced to tear his clothes off his little body and scream like a savage creature. He excited some of the audience so that they commenced to yell while he was dancing so excitedly. I have often heard of the wild Highlanders dancing and it must have been personified there that night. When he became exhausted from his great exertion in dancing he fell across the swords panting for breath. The curtain was rung down and the people went wild with applause. Mr. Jones came rushing on the stage in front of the curtain with the Little One in his arms, with his head lying on Mr. Jones' shoulder, panting for breath. Many of the Scotch people in the audience cried out, "The bonnie bairn, the bonnie bairn; he has the real Highland bluid in him!" They became so excited that Mr. Jones had to come down off the stage with the Little One in his arms, so that he might walk among the audience and give them a closer view of the Little One's face as he lay exhausted in Mr. Jones' arms. I saw a number of people in the audience place money in the Little One's hands.

After the play was all over and the audience was pretty well dispersed, James Wallack, the great actor and myself mounted by a number of steps on to the stage; pushing the curtain back and passed on to the first entrance. We found the call boy who led us directly to Mr. Jones' dressing-room. We knocked and were told to enter. There we discovered Mr. Jones and the Little One lying on a pallet, resting after their hard night's work. Mr. Jones said, "Gentlemen, I lie down here with the Little One for half an hour every night until he gets his natural breathing. As you saw in that dance, the exertion was great." Mr. Wallack said, "Jones, I have often heard of the Scotch wild dancing and thank God I have seen it tonight; but how do you tame that little wild creature and bring him back to civilization again?" Mr. Jones answered, saying, "We do it by love and kindness. When you treat him gently and kindly he will do anything you ask him; that is, if he is capable of accomplishing it. Let anyone speak harshly or cruelly to him and he becomes a living firebrand; he will grab the first dagger or knife that lays near at hand or anything that is sharp. Then look out, for he becomes a wild Highlander, if

ever there was one in the world. By gentle treatment he will show you all the love of his nature."

I noticed while Mr. Jones was speaking the Little One went to sleep. I said, "See, the little creature has gone fast asleep." He said, "He does that every night. Now, I will place his money in a little bag he wears around his neck, and get up and dress for the street. When I have washed all the paint off, laid my clothes one side and prepared properly for street appearance then I will wake him up and do likewise." He said to me, "Davenport, do you see those little boots with the red legs? They are worth more to him than a kingdom. My wife had them made for him last week and the first day that he wore them we could hardly get him to eat anything; the sight of those boots took all the hunger away. My wife thinks he is the most affectionate child that she ever met."

It took Mr. Jones about an hour to fix his wardrobe and dress himself for the street. Then he awoke the Little One, bathed his face and hands and prepared him for the street. When he had done so Mr. Wallack picked the Little One up and placed him on his knee, saying, "Now, little sweet one, tell me who is your father and mother." The Little One said, "I never had any father and mother; I only had a grandfather. He is away back over that big water in the mountains," meaning the broad Atlantic. He said, "I learned to talk your talk; I don't like it. I like my talk better," meaning the Scotch Gaelic. I said, "You will like our language when you have grown up." He said, "Maybe I will and maybe I won't." He then spoke up and said, "Uncle Jones, I want to go home; I'm tired of these old duffers." He pronounced his words in his Scotch way, which sounded very cute. Mr. Wallack said, "Won't you kiss Mr. Davenport and myself before you leave?" He said, "Yes; to get rid of you." We found that he was quite a matter of fact child. He kissed us then, and Oh! weren't those lips sweet? I never kissed lips in my life that compared with those until I kissed my wife's lips."

Mr. Jones put out the gas and we all started for the street, the Little One holding on to Mr. Jones hand all the while. I put forward my hand to take hold of his other little hand, which he drew back very quickly, saying, "How dare you take hold of

my hand, how do I know whether you have washed yours today or not?" which made us all laugh. When we had got to the sidewalk on Chatham street, Mr. Jones hailed a stage. He and the Little One got in, bidding us good night—for there were no street cars in those days. Mr. Wallack and I walked the other way towards the Astor House. While we were walking along he said, "Did you notice that Little One's eyes? I believe, Davenport, that is not a boy, and those eyes will be the cause of trouble to some men living in the world. All the time he sat on my knee I could not keep from looking at those eyes; they fascinated me so, I wonder where in the world they found him or it?" I said, "God only knows; but those eyes haunt me as I walk along the street.

When we arrived at the hotel we met Mr. Forrest and an actor who went by the name of Dolly Davenport. He was a very fascinating actor upon the stage. He had a fine form—a perfect Apollo in shape. He dressed superbly in the height of fashion. He was a great ladies' man, and the boys nicknamed him Dolly Davenport. Mr. Wallack addressed Mr. Forrest, saying, "I saw one of the most beautiful children tonight, I think, that I ever saw during my life. His eyes haunt me still." I said, "Mr. Forrest, I am in the same boat." Mr. Forrest gave one of his boisterous loud laughs, saying, "What men you must be to become fascinated so by a child." Mr. Wallack said, "But those eyes, Mr. Forrest! Those eyes!" Mr. Forrest said, "Oh, pshaw, gentlemen, you have been taking too many nips on the road. Now, get to bed and sleep it off. If you don't, you will see your grandmother before morning." We bade one another good night and went to our rooms.

September 19, 1901.

Well, sir; you have another beautiful morning and I see the light of life in every sunbeam as it dances to the Gods of appellation. Oh, how the outworkings and ministrations are called into life through the inner consciousness of God expressed in nature. The rustling of the leaves gives the expression of vitality in life, and as your beautiful mountain flowers nod to the breeze gives a perfect acknowledgment of the great ruling power in nature. Oh, why do we not understand this great power called God better than we do? The cause is that we are

locked up in our conceit. Until we can unfold our lives and come in rapport with nature's God, to understand the infinitude of man, we must dwell in Love, Peace and Harmony with each other, so that we can pay adoration to the rising sun and cry out, "Thou art the living light of God. Without thee and thy great power all would become chaos and a dead blank, for thou art the living truth personified in human nature, and out of thy inner consciousness comes health and the life-giving power to humanity. If we abide in the groove of disease and live in vital organs that have been destroyed by trying to work against the law of nature, we have to pay the penalty. Oh, sun! Thou mother of all life; we must come back to thee humiliated and broken down in consequence of kicking against the pricks of revelry. They are sharp thorns to attack the constitution of men and women and their banquets are a diseased lock, only to be opened by the key of suffering and the decimation of a deadly drug called wine. Oh, sun! thou mother God of eternity; embellish us with thy sunlight, that we may walk the true path of morality and come back to thee purified and taken under thy wing, nursed by thy inspiration of light and heat, brooded in thy consciousness that constantly radiates from thy power. I pray thee take us under thy wing, as an old hen would her little chicklings, and croon us to sleep, that when we wake up again we may have all thy life-giving power moving throughout our whole spiritual existence and with thy gentle grace submit conditions to our spiritual and physical. Thou great spirit of emanation we are the atoms of thy creation seeking perfect manhood and womanhood throughout all eternity.

Now, to the Little One and his life: The next time I met Mr. Jones I said, "How is it about the Little One's clothing, that he tears off his little body when he becomes so wild in the dance? Can you fix them up so that he can wear them on the next evening?" He said, "The first duty that the wardrobe woman performs in the morning is to examine his little clothes and see what part of them can be fixed up fit to wear. There are always new ones kept on hand in case the others are torn too much." The manager says he would not miss that exhibition of wild Highland dancing for all the plaid cloth and white muslin there is in the city; that is the great feature of the

playing. So you see, Davenport, I only come in second in question. It is a wonderful exhibition and I am afraid it will break down the Little One's constitution if it is kept up much longer; but I suppose the manager will keep this bill so long as it draws. I only hope the Little One will come out all right; but I fear it." I told him that Mr. Forrest had decided to change the opening bill to "Gladiator," as he could not find any one to play the page in "Julius Caesar," according to his ideas of the part. "I am going to try to impress it on his mind that the Little One would suit the part, even if he is small. I think possibly the 'Warlock' will have its run before we produce 'Julius Caesar,' and if so, do you think Mr. Purdy would rent us the Little One?" Mr. Jones said, "I think possibly he would; I will speak to him to that effect." During the time we played the "Gladiator," and "William Tell."

One afternoon Mr. Forrest and I took a walk down to Bowling Green to sit and sniff the air from the water. While sitting there I said, "Forrest, Mr. Jones tells me this week closes the Warlock. Now, I think we can produce 'Julius Caesar.' Jones says they will rent the Little One to you, if you wish to try him for the page." He looked around to me and smiled, saying, "Davenport, you are in love with that baby, and I know it. See that rehearsal is called for tomorrow morning for 'Julius Caesar.' Send for your little prodigy and see that he gets there on time. I have already secured Miss Hathaway; she joins my company at the end of the Warlock. I saw her play in Philadelphia. She is a beautiful actress and a scholarly woman." I told him I would see that some one had the Little One there in time.

Rehearsal was called for ten o'clock the next morning. Miss Livingston of our company, to do me a favor, went to the home of the Little One and produced him at the theater on time. When the company had assembled on the stage in the morning, Mr. Forrest walked on, saying, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen; we have a long rehearsal before us today." It was the custom then in those days for all the company to assemble on the stage before rehearsal. When Mr. Forrest had finished addressing the company he turned around to me and said, "Davenport, where is this youthful prodigy of yours?" Miss

Livingston then walked to the center of the stage, where Mr. Forrest stood, leading the Little One by the hand. When she had presented him to Mr. Forrest she said, "Mr. Forrest, this is the child who is going to play the part." Mr. Forrest gave one of his boisterous laughs, saying, "Child? Infant, you mean." When Mr. Forrest said that the Little One struck a position and planted out one of his feet with a red-legged boot on, and the expression on his face told that if Mr. Forrest called him that again he would kick him. Mr. Forrest addressed me, saying, "Davenport, do you think I am an idiot?" As quick as lightning the Little One said, "You are a darned fool," which sent the whole company off into a roar of laughter, which was looked upon as a crime by Mr. Forrest at his rehearsals. I saw Forrest's face take on a grave look. He turned around and looked at me, saying, "The little thing has ginger in it." All the while the Little One stood there with a defiant look on his face—enough to say, "If you want war I am ready." Mr. Forrest, wiping his forehead, said, "Oh, pshaw! take it away, so that it's mother can nurse it and put it to sleep." The Little One looked up in his face, saying, "You old duffer, I don't want to go to sleep; you 'aint got sobered up yet, you old bilk." Mr. Forrest said, "By God, he has got the slang down, if he is little." The Little One said, "I come here to play, and I am going to play. I don't care whether you do or not; we can get along without you—such an old turnip as you are," which sent the company off into another big roar of laughter. When the laughing had subsided, Forrest said, "The little thing has got metal in it." The Little One stepped right up to him and looked up to him with a saucy grin on his face, said, "Get off this stage, you old galoot; you are stopping rehearsal." He turned around and said to me, "Uncle Davenport, let's go on with rehearsal and don't mind that old bloat." The laughing of the company then knew no bounds. After we had pretty much quieted down Forrest stood in the center of the stage, his face very pale. He spoke to me, saying, "Davenport, if that little pigmy can learn to sing the music in the tent scene, by God, he shall play the part, whatever it is. It looks more like a little girl than a boy, but he has got the grit of all hell in his composition. Did you see how those eyes defied me? God, but

they are beautiful, Davenport." I stepped up to him and said, "Mr. Forrest, I think you have been taking too many nips on the road to rehearsal this morning. I think you had better go home and sleep it off. If you don't, you will see your grandmother before morning." He said, "Quit your fooling and let us get to rehearsal now." He didn't like to take the same medicine he prescribed for others, being the king of actors.

Orders were given for the stage to be cleared and rehearsal would begin. Everything went on very well until it came to the tent scene, where Brutus is lying down and the page is singing for him. When the tent scene was all prepared and Mr. Forrest had taken his position lying on a couch, Miss Livingston entered with the Little One, placed him on a campstool, putting a lyre into his hands. She knelt down beside him saying, "Now, dear, I will sing the music with you." The position in which she placed him didn't suit Mr. Forrest. He said, "Miss Livingston, place the Little One so he will look more at me than he does at the audience." The Little One got mad and said, "You old duffer, you attend to your own business and we will attend to ours. If you don't I will hit you with this." He was just in the act of throwing the lyre at Mr. Forrest when Miss Livingston grabbed it, saying, "Oh, dear, that won't do. Mr. Forrest is the star of the piece and must have things to suit him." The Little One said, "Star! He looks more like an old mule." Mr. Forrest says, "God, Little One, but you are game." Miss Livingston then placed the Little One so that he would face Mr. Forrest. When this had been accomplished he turned around and said, "Auntie," to Miss Livingston. I discovered by this time that everyone was "auntie" and "uncle" to him. He said, "Auntie, just look at him, with his legs crossed that way. He is the damndest looking actor that I ever saw," which made several of us who stood near by laugh. Miss Livingston said, "Now, dear, we will sing the music." She had been teaching it to him previous to coming on the stage. She had at one time played the part and was thoroughly acquainted with the music and the business the Little One had to do. They sang the music and when it was finished, Mr. Forrest lay there as if in a trance, and it was some minutes before he spoke. When he did speak, he said, "Miss Livingston, let the Little

One sing alone." The Little One then started in and sang the music through. We discovered he had a wonderful memory to commit that tune and words to memory in so short a time. When he had finished singing, Mr. Forrest said, "Come here, Little One." When the Little One approached to the side of the couch and stood in front, Mr. Forrest lifted him up, saying, "Kiss me, baby; you are only a baby in size, but a lion in courage. I want you to learn to love me, for I love you now." Miss Hathaway burst out crying, saying, "He has won the heart of Brutus, as he wins every heart." Mr. Forrest said, "Pet, will you love Uncle Forrest, like you do the others?" The Little One said, "Maybe I will, if you buy me some figs and right now." I discovered in time that he wanted everything done on the spur of the moment. I will show you how he won the heart of Mr. Forrest. The call boy was sent for immediately. Mr. Forrest gave him a dollar, saying, "Boy, go and get me a dollar's worth of figs, as quick as your feet will carry you." That is something that I do not believe ever happened before or since at Mr. Forrest's rehearsals. He allowed no interruptions whatever. I wondered why Mr. Forrest did not proceed with his lines when Miss Livingston stepped up to my side, saying, "Davenport, look there: isn't that a beautiful picture?" She pointed towards the couch in the tent whereon lay Mr. Forrest playing with the Little One, and running his fingers through his curls. I heard his say, "God, Little One, I wish you belonged to me. I would make a pet of you all my life. Whom do you belong to, anyhow?" The Little One said, "I belong to grandfather; he lives away across the big water in the mountains, and I am going to go back some day when I am big, like you." But alas, he never grew big like Mr. Forrest. He always remained a little one and was called "Our Puss," for he belonged to everybody in the theater. I stepped to the entrance of the tent and said, "Mr. Forrest, the stage is waiting." He said, "Bless my heart, that's so; I forgot, I was entertaining the little baby." I said, "Mr. Forrest, the nips you took this morning must have been strong." He said, "Quit, Davenport; who can help liking the Little One."

After rehearsal was over and I was giving some orders to the property man Miss Hathaway approached me laughing, say-

ing. "Mr. Davenport, just go and take a peep into the green room." The property man and I walked towards the green room door; we looked in and there sat Mr. Forrest on a sofa with the Little One on his knee, feeding him figs and talking baby talk to him. The Little One looked up in his face and said, "Uncle Forrest, I 'aint no baby." "That's so," said Mr. Forrest, "you are the making of a big man." The Little One said, "You won't call me baby any more, will you?" We discovered that he couldn't tolerate anyone's calling him "baby." Mr. Forrest looked around and discovered me laughing in the door. He said, "Davenport, I'm damned if I 'aint going to take him home to dinner with me. We are good friends now."

We walked down Broadway towards the Astor House, with the Little One walking between us, holding onto our hands. When we came to where there was a gutter and a crossing, Mr. Forrest wanted to pick the Little One up and carry him across, but he rebelled and would not have it, saying, "Uncle Forrest, I ain't no baby. I can jump over that; just see," and with that he sprang and landed in the middle of the crossing.

When we arrived at the Astor House, Mr. Forrest said, "Come Davenport, dine with me today." We went up to his apartments and, when the meal was served by the waiter in attendance, we sat down to dine, Mr. Forrest taking the Little One on his knee and supplying him with food before he partook of any part of it himself. After we had partaken of the food we felt much better. Mr. Forrest and myself had a glass of wine and when we had finished that indulged in a cigar. While Mr. Forrest was smoking he had the Little One come up and sit on his lap. He pressed the Little One's body as close to his own as he could possibly get it. Then, the Little One commenced to run his fingers through the rings of smoke that came from Mr. Forrest's cigar. Mr. Forrest looked at me and smiled saying, "Davenport, I must own this Little One, if money can buy him."

But alas, he had to part with him, like all others in life that he came in rapport with. His course was laid out and he had to follow it to the letter. There was greater power back of him than Mr. Forrest could control with all his will power.

The piece was produced; it was a great success, and so was

the Little One as the page. His singing was the admiration of the people. When he had finished singing the page music, the people would call for a Scotch ballad. He would sing, "Coming Through the Rye" for them, and another one, "My heart's in the Highlands; my heart is not here." There was a picture painted of Edwin Forrest in the character of the Roman Brutus, the Little One sitting at his feet, as the page, playing on a lyre. It was a masterpiece of art. The picture was beautiful, and admired by all who saw it. It was painted by that great artist, Stuart, and unfortunately was burned up where it hung in the Salon, on exhibition with other pictures during that great fire in New York. They did not take photographs then, or even daguerreotypes, or it might have been copied. There was a lady who visited the gallery who claimed to produce a water color sketch of the picture. Twenty years afterwards, while I was playing an engagement in New York, I heard of this water color sketch. I asked permission to bring my wife to look at the picture. I almost laughed aloud, it was such a mockery and a travesty on the original. It looked like it had been produced under the halucination of a nightmare. It looked a little like Mr. Forrest, but nothing like the Little One. It would take a great artist like Mr. Stuart to produce on canvas the expression of those beautiful eyes that penetrated into your very soul when they looked at you.

September 20, 1901.

My generous friend, we have another beautiful morning for our work. I hear the larks singing in the meadow and the mocking bird singing among your trees on the mountain side. This is one of nature's ideals. On such occasions as these she gives forth all the life-giving properties that she holds in her realm. The children of earth need not ask for it; it is there if they will only accept it. The divinity in all nature is constantly expressing itself to the human race. Oh, were the children of earth only wise enough to understand there is a crown of health that hangs over each life, would they but wear it. How it adorns the manly and womanly brow of those who do not disobey nature's laws. To those who do disobey these laws in nature a downward course of disease is their reward. Now, let us to the Little One's life again.

Mr. Forrest became so infatuated with the Little One that he gave out his whole soul of love to the child. Why, sir, I have seen him and the Little One skip across the stage hand in hand, like two children, before rehearsal commenced. I have heard the Little One say, "Uncle Forrest, let's play 'ring a rosy'" and they would swing around, to the amusement of the company. Just imagine the dignified king of actors coming down to the level of childhood again. The Little One won all the hearts of the company. When the company went traveling through the principal cities of our nation, Mr. Forrest had the Little One travel with him and play several parts in the repertoire of his plays. Mr. Forrest thought he owned the Little One body and soul; but, alas! he was grasped from him or snatched away by some other condition, as he has been all through life. When parties would fall in love with him and they thought he belonged to them, there would be a condition brought to bear in which he would be snatched away from them to commence it all over again with someone else. Such has been his life. Now, I see through it all. A band of spirits had a work laid out for him which he must follow to the end while he or she lived in that little body.

Now, I am going to describe to you a peculiar instance that happened in New Orleans, while the company was there playing an engagement. Mr. Forrest produced "King Lear." He had the Little One educated to play a part which had always been played by a larger person. One of the scenes in King Lear is a forest scene where a terrible storm takes place—the wind howling, the thunder is pealing and the lightning is flashing. From the front it has a great effect and was so realistic that it would cause some of the audience to shudder. During this terrible storm away back on the stage the Little One is discovered leading the crazy king through the forest trees in the storm. When they reach the center of the stage the applause always became great, for it seemed dreadful to the people to see such a little child leading a great big crazy king in such a storm. In this scene one of the actors meets them in the forest during the storm, then it commences to grow quite dark and the lightning flashes terribly. This man hollers out at the top of his voice, "Who comes there?" The Little One screams out with all the

power in his little body, "A wise man and a fool."

One night the actor who played this part was taken sick very suddenly and could not appear. An actor who was in New Orleans doing nothing was secured to play the part until the other man would become well again. This young actor's starred engagement was short, which I am now going to describe. I will not give his name, as he became a famous actor afterward. When it came to this scene in the play and the child had led the king to the center of the stage in the forest the actor walked on to play his part. He stood there and became speechless. What was the matter with him? We could not tell. The Little One became excited and hollered out, "You old duffer, why don't you speak your lines? Now is the time. Can't you see I've got the old crazy king here and he might go mad any minute. Holler out, 'Who comes there?' I say, 'A wise man and a fool.' You are the dashedest old actor I ever saw." The man swooned and fell to the stage. Whether the scene was so realistic to him or he felt badly at seeing the little child leading the crazy king in such a storm, we never could tell. The Little One became furious with passion, and yelled out with all his might: "Mr. King, you stay here and I will go over and kick him in the belly and make the damned fool get up on his feet. This 'aint no place to fall. These Orleans actors, I guess, 'aint no good." The audience roared with laughter and Mr. Forrest stood there laughing fit to kill himself, hanging on to the Little One to stop him from going over to kick the man. The curtain was rung down and the applause became tremendous. The people called for the Little One to be brought in front of the curtain and the applause for five minutes was so great, as the saying goes, "You could not hear yourself think."

When Mr. Forrest led the Little One off I saw he was excited, and when he was excited he talked very rapidly and stuttered a little. He came to me and catching hold of my hand, said, "Oh, Uncle Davenport, the old duffer ruined us stars tonight. My name is ruined in New Orleans." I said, "Pet, the man is sick." He said, "Do you think when he is well that you could lick him?" I said, "I think I could, pet." I turned around and discovered the beautiful Miss Hathaway holding on to a scene, and laughing with the tears running down her face. She

was laughing so hard I thought she would go into a fit. I looked on the other side of me and discovered Mr. Forrest had collapsed into a chair, laughing fit to kill himself. Mr. Murdock spoke up and said, "Great Caesar's ghost, the Little One is the star tonight." An old English lady, by the name of Mrs. Wilson, who played the old lady in the company, came up and said, "I believe that Little One would raise the dead out of their graves with laughter. He ought to study for burlesque acting. Of all the experience I ever came across during my stage life tonight beats anything I ever saw." We all adjourned to the green room to rest awhile before the curtain would be rung up again. We found the man lying there quite sick. Miss Livingston and others of the company attended to his wants. They were bathing his head and patting his hands. Would you believe it, sir, in about ten minutes after we entered the green room the Little One had his arms around that man's neck, kissing and hugging him, telling him not to feel bad. He was going to come out all right. So, you see, the disposition the Little One possessed. After he got over his mad or angry feeling, you could have everything that he had. He commanded me to send for brandy for the man. He turned around and spoke to Miss Hathaway, saying, "If he gets drunk and goes to sleep, he will come out all right." She said, "I don't know about that, Pet, I am afraid that is a hard remedy." He said, "Well, then, you'll have to let him die, that's all." He turned around, went to his dressing-room just as if nothing had occurred out of the way.

After the curtain had rung down in the last act, a note was handed by a messenger to Mr. Forrest which said, "Messrs. Forrest and Davenport—Gentlemen, you are invited with the principal members of your company to attend a banquet at our club in honor of your most excellent performance of 'King Lear' tonight at the theater. We present you our compliments and expect you all to appear in person on this occasion. Do not fail to bring the star of your company whose lordship must stand about four feet high. We have our wives and sweethearts waiting for your arrival, especially the comet of the present day, which means his little highness. Music will be furnished by the band. They are practicing the tune 'Hail to the Chief.' Do not fail

to put in an appearance. Your friends in Truth and Love, members of the New Orleans Club." We all went in a body and were received in a courteous manner, which I call true Southern hospitality. We enjoyed the hours very much while there. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in having the pleasure of the Little One sitting on their laps. I saw by the expression of Mr. Forrest's eyes that he was becoming a little jealous. He called the Little One over, saying, "Now, pet, come and sit on my lap a little while." The Little One did so and went fast asleep. I don't think he realized anything that took place after that. He was carried home in the arms of Mr. Forrest and myself, fast asleep, and never knew anything until he woke up in the morning, as he was undressed and put to bed while asleep. I gave a description of that scene wherein you will discover what a high-strung, nervous little being he was. When we returned to New York city Mr. Forrest disbanded the company for the summer months, as it was growing very hot.

I never saw the Little One again until he had become a member of the Buckley Serenaders. They found him one adapted for the burlesques. I was a married man by this time and possessed one of the most lovely wives that ever lived in a physical body. She made me one of the happiest men in the world. She was a loving wife, a gentle mother; kind and true to her husband and children. I think she had one of the most even temperaments that any human being could possess. She was a jewel in our profession and starred it with me for many years. I think her Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" was the greatest the stage ever saw. Her conception of "Camile" was of a high moral quality and when the curtain fell on the last act, the people felt they had looked upon a highbred woman who had committed an error in life from which she was redeemed onto a higher plane. Her great love for a man awoke the true, virtuous womanhood in her nature. We lived a long and happy life. I think she gave me some of the most beautiful daughters a man ever possessed. I pray God that my son may become an honor to his mother's love and his father's name. We were a happy, united family, and I think assisted in elevating the stage.

One day, while in New York city, I was strolling along

Broadway in company with Mr. Conway—a gentleman and a very fine actor who was noted for his high scholarship. While at college he carried off the high honors of his class. While we were strolling along, a door of a dry goods establishment opened and out came little Puss, with his arms full of bundles. When he discovered me he dropped his bundles on the sidewalk, made a spring toward me and caught me around the waist, saying, "Oh, Uncle Davenport, it's you, 'aint it?" I said, "Yes, it's me; but see all your parcels lying on the sidewalk there, Puss." He turned around, grabbed them up and shoved them into Mr. Conway's arms, who looked at the Little One in astonishment. He grabbed Mr. Conway's gold-headed cane out of his hand, saying, "I will take care of this; now you walk behind us, we are actors," which made me laugh so on the sidewalk I got a pain in my side. He did everything on the impulse of the moment. I said, "Look here, Puss, this is Mr. Conway, a brother actor." "Oh, is he?" he said. I thought he was your servant, dressed up in your clothes, putting on airs with your gold-headed cane." Previous to this time I was the owner of a gold-headed cane, presented to me by my Boston friends, and the Little One thought that was my cane he was carrying.

By this time a number of people had collected around us and Mr. Conway said, "For Heaven's sake, Davenport let's move on and get to some restaurant as quick as we can and order the Little One something to eat, so that I can get rid of these bundles and his lordship, too. In the name of God, who is it, and where did you get acquainted with it? He has no respect for man's dignity." Mr. Conway was a very dressy man and made a fine appearance in the street, and rather on the order of a lady's man but the Little One paid no attention to that, and Mr. Conway carried the bundles, while the Little One stamped the cane on the sidewalk until we reached Taylor's restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Franklin street.

When we had entered the restaurant and taken our seats at a table, Mr. Conway slammed the bundles down on an adjoining table, his face pale with rage. I ordered some lunch to be served. He looked at the Little One, as if he could do him up, when all of a sudden he said, "God, Davenport, but those are beautiful eyes he has got." Just then, John W. McCullough,

a promising young actor, came into the restaurant in company with Dolly Davenport. John looked our way and discovered us sitting at the table. They both joined us and we all dined together.

While we were partaking of the food, Mr. Conway said, "John, what do you think this urchin took me for today?" He said, "Well, that would be hard for me to say. A masher like you would be taken for most anything," which made us laugh. "He took me for Davenport's servant, forced those bundles into my arms, snatched my gold-headed cane out of my hand and told me to walk behind, as they were actors," which caused a big laugh. Dolly Davenport said, "I think I've heard of that Little One before." John McCullough said, "'aint this the Little One that Edwin Forrest thinks so much of?" I said, "The very same."

Just then Mr. Conway got a kick on the shin and jumped up saying, "Jesus, what's that? Something hit me on the ankle then." I had nothing to say; I had been there before. When Mr. Conway sat down John McCullough said, "Your lordship, what would you take me for?" The Little One said, "A property man and a bad one at that," which caused a laugh. Dolly Davenport said, "Now, your highness, what would you take me for?" The Little One looked him over, and then said, "I would take you for a damn fool, and a weak-minded one at that," which brought a roar of laughter from the adjoining tables, as well as ourselves. Conway said, throwing up his head, "Gentlemen, this lunch is on me today, and I never paid for anything more willingly in my life."

As we were going towards the cashier's desk there was a young lady stood behind a confection counter. I stepped up and said, "Do up a dollar's worth of your fine confections for this Little One." John McCullough said, "Throw in a dollar's worth for me; the Little One has earned it today." Mr. McCullough took all the bundles, passed them over the counter to the young lady, saying, "Take those and do them all up with the confections in one bundle." He received the large bundle from the young lady and said to the Little One, "Now, I am going to take you and your big bundle and put you aboard of the stage on your road for home. Now, which way do you

go, up or down Broadway?" The Little One said, Up Broadway, of course, where all the tony people go." He turned around and said to us, "That is Mr. McCullough, Gentlemen, I will bid you good morning, my way lays that way, too." I said to myself, "Ha-ha, those eyes have done their work; another slave added to the list." McCullough took the bundle under his arm, while with his other hand he held the Little One's hand. They walked out onto the sidewalk, we following. In a few minutes John McCullough hailed a stage. He opened the door and put the Little One in ahead of him, following himself with the bundles under his arm. When the door was shut the Little One put his head out of the window, hollering, "Uncle Davenport, when I grow up to be a big man, I'm going to be your leading actor." I said, "All right, pet, 'I'll hold you to your promise." Then he threw kisses to us as the stage was driving off.

Next day at the Astor house I met John McCullough. I said, "John, how far did you go on the way with the Little One?" He said, "Davenport, we got out at Bond street and Broadway. Then we crossed Bond street to the Bowery; then he led me on a second street, perhaps a block and a half to the door of the house where he lived. When we got in front of the house, he said, 'Jack, this is where I live. Now, I will take my bundle. I think, Jack, you are better than you look, for I think you have been very kind to carry my bundle all the way. Now, I will say good-bye.' 'But,' I said, 'Little One, 'aint you going to give me a kiss for all this trouble?' He said, 'Why, of course, I am, Jack; just throw the bundle down there,' and as soon as I had laid the bundle down he jumped up and straddled me around the waist with his legs, threw his arms around my neck and kissed me, as I had never been kissed before. Davenport, old man, those were sweet kisses. They came from the lips of a girl, not a boy, or I am mistaken. Oh, those eyes and that beautiful head of hair. They haunted me all night." I said, "John, you are not the first one that those eyes have haunted. I was once in the same condition that you are now. Remember the words of the old English ballad, 'She is fooling thee, she is fooling thee; trust her not, trust her not.'" Why, he got as angry in the face as could be, and said, "I believe in that little

creature, and would go through hell with it, if so it desired me to do." I told him I would leave it to the Little One and his own conscience to work out the problem in the best way possible. Then I went to dinner.

Six years afterward John McCullough came to Boston to play with Edwin Forrest. When we met and partook of a sociable glass of wine, I said, "John, how is the Little One?" He said, "God only knows. He or she, whatever it is, is now in England with the Buckley Serenaders, rolling those eyes at the English duffers. I tell you, E. L. Davenport, that is a strange creature, and I do not believe that anyone understands such a being. When I thought he was going to be mine forever and commenced to feel that I had him secure and was picturing out myself sitting under a tree and that creature sitting on my lap singing for me away in some beautiful shady part of our summer home, alas, it failed and vanished. He went to play an engagement with Menken at Albany. There came in the person of a young military captain who bore the name of Warren. He captured my treasure and bore it away, built a nest of his own making and there defied the world to touch his flower if they dared. The nest that I had imagined to form and had it all conjured up in my brain turned out to be an illusion and a bubble that burst when the true light of sun struck it. God knows where that Little One's life will end, Davenport. I love it yet, and would go through a good deal to win it back. I do not think that any one will ever understand it."

September 21, 1901.

Good morning, sir, we come again in rapport with each other, while the sun is bathing us in its mellow light. It teaches one that they should understand the law of wisdom. If the infinitude of life comprehended the law of wisdom and would commence with a child when it is ushered in through a mortal birth the physical body would not know disease. The infinitude would become the guardian of every life and all life through the law of wisdom. All life means the human and the brute; also the mineral and vegetation. Life is a span, stretching across a world of thought wherein lies a ministration that causes executive thought. The outworkings of that executive thought it would teach the just judgment of all life, bringing to the earth

condition a high record of truth, which in time would build up a natural religion in the human race. As the wind sighs through the pines it comes as the herald of invigoration which builds up the constitution of earth's children, by scenting its odors. There is nothing like the mountain invigoration. It is the soothing balm to the nerves of the human race. Oh, that more of the people would revel in its luxury, such as you people do here in your beautiful mountain glade under the live oaks and the stalwart pines, the mountain cedars and the spruce, and is constantly impregnating your entire home with its odors. The combination of the cedar with cyprus and pine is worth millions to the human race. This place should be called the Vale of Cashmere, as it is one of the healthiest spots I ever came in contact with. It is a great delight for your spirit band to attend each of your circles. Their happiness knows no bounds when they are revelling in the luxury of this atmosphere.

Now, sir, we will take up some of the facts of the medium's life. The next time I met the medium he was playing Ariel in "The Tempest," under Mr. Wheatley's production. The next time I saw him was in company with Mr. Forrest, Lester Wallack, G. L. Fox and a gentleman whose name I have forgotten; but I think he bore the name of Brower, James Buckley and Bishop Buckley of the old Buckley Serenaders. We met in the dining-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel, when it was first built on Broadway, below Spring street. While we were dining, Lola Montez came into the dining-room, accompanied by her maid. When she was seated at her table she discovered Puss, and beckoned for him to join her. He excused himself to the gentlemen and joined her at her table. In about half an hour they left the dining-room, while the gentlemen remained much longer.

Then the Buckleys took a trip through the entire south. I did not meet the little Puss again until the Buckleys were playing in Boston. My wife and myself attended the performance one evening, which we enjoyed very much, the burlesque being "Cinderilla."

I did not meet him again until one day I was walking down Broadway, New York, in company with Edwin Forrest. We were walking toward the St. Nicholas Hotel when we discovered

a tall, military-looking gentleman walking up the street, holding little Puss by the hand. Mr. Forrest said, "Davenport, there comes the Little One and his guardian. By the way, Davenport, did you know the Little One was a medium?" I said, "What kind of a medium?" He said, "A spiritual medium, of course." I said, "I always thought he was a strange creature of some kind."

By this time the gentleman and the Little One came up to where we were, when Mr. Forrest said, "Allow me, Mr. Warren to introduce you to Mr. Davenport, a brother actor." We shook hands cordially all around when Mr. Warren said, "Mr. Davenport, I have heard my Little One speak of you quite frequently." Then Mr. Forrest said, "Come, friends, I want you to dine with me today and I shall see that the meal is served in my private rooms, for I want to have a long talk with baby." The Little One spoke up and said, "Uncle Forrest, don't you see I have grown some; I 'aint a baby any longer." Mr. Forrest said, "Perhaps a few inches, but you shall always be a baby to me, Little One." The Little One said, "Uncle Forrest, if I didn't love you so I would kick you," which made us laugh.

Then we accompanied Mr. Forrest to his apartment in the hotel. After we had all been comfortably seated Mr. Forrest went to one of his trunks and brought out a beautiful Spanish lace scarf, embroidered in high colors, which made it look very beautiful, and I judge was quite expensive. He held it up before the Little One, and I wish, sir, you would have seen that expression of those eyes. The Little One screamed out, "Oh, Uncle Forrest, isn't that beautiful." Where did you get it?" Mr. Forrest said, "I purchased that from a Spanish lady for you, baby. You see, Uncle Forrest always thinks of you and his love for you, baby, can never die." The Little One said, "And I love you, too, Uncle Forrest." Mr. Forrest said, "Well, come and sit on my lap and hug and kiss Uncle Forrest. Let me see, Warren, how long it is since I had him on my lap." Mr. Warren said, "I think it is about eighteen months, Forrest, since you had him on your lap last. That is about the time since we made you a visit at your home in Philadelphia." Mr. Forrest said, "So it is." Then he said, "Gentlemen, it is about two hours and a half to dinner. Suppose we have a glass of wine and a cigar."

He called his servant, who furnished us with said articles. While we were sipping our wine I noticed the Little One went to sleep as usual, with his head lying on Mr. Forrest's breast and his little hand inside his vest. After a little while, Mr. Warren said, "Forrest, just lay Pet on your bed there in the adjoining room, where he can take a nap." Mr. Forrest said, "No, Warren I can't give baby up yet. It is so long since he has been in my arms." When he had said that, a very peculiar noise came all around on the wall. I said, "Just listen to the mice or rats in the wall making that peculiar noise." Mr. Forrest said, "No, Mr. Davenport, those are spirit raps." I said, "Spirit raps?" "Baby is a medium." Well, sir, that was my first introduction to Spiritualism. The raps grew louder. I said, "Why, listen, they seem to grow louder than they were before." Just as I spoke those words an unseen hand seemed to take a book from off the table and throw it into my lap. I used the word "seemed." I felt a little dazed when I saw the book coming from the table and was thrown into my lap. Right after that something seemed to pull the Little One's curls when Mr. Warren said, "Now, be gentle with my Little One." Just then a chair that sat near the table was shoved up in front of it and several newspapers slid off the table on to the chair. Then, cold chills commenced to run down my back, for I had never seen anything like this before. Mr. Warren addressed me, saying, "Mr. Davenport, on your honor as a gentleman, do not speak to any one of this. My Little One is afflicted with a curse that follows his Highland race." I said, "Mr. Warren, I would like to be afflicted with some of this power, for I really think it is wonderful. I have heard of something like this before, but never had the pleasure of witnessing it until today. I should think you would be proud of this wonderful gift manifested through your Little One. I assure you, Mr. Warren, this is no curse, but a wonderful power manifesting itself in life." He said, "I do not like it and I wish they would let him alone. I am afraid some day it will unbalance his reason. Then I should want to kill him and myself, too." Mr. Forrest said, "Warren, when baby's reason is unbalanced by this great power, give him to me, and I will take care of him the rest of his days. I can see you do not understand the treasure that has been placed in your keeping." I spoke up and said,

"Mr. Warren, if I had such a power in my family I would not exchange places with the greatest king that ever sat on a throne. Just then it seemed to me as if a breeze of wind passed through the room. Then the Little One woke up and the first thing he said was, "Papa Warren, I want a drink of milk, and I want it right now," which made us laugh, for it sounded so natural for he always wanted everything that he asked for right there and then.

Mr. Forrest sent his man servant down to get a pitcher of milk and a glass and to come right back as quick as possible, for he knew how impatient the Little One was until he got what he had asked for. The milk was brought and the Little One drank two glasses of it, then he rubbed his stomach, saying, "Uncle Forrest, Papa Warren and Uncle Davenport, I will play circus with you now, if you want to." He always wanted someone to lie down on the floor and play circus with him. He was a great one for walking on his hands and standing on his head and would you believe it, sir, the king of actors removed his coat and vest then stretched himself on the floor, saying, "Come on baby, I haven't played circus in some time. The Little One said to Mr. Warren, "Now, Papa Warren, you be the ring master and Uncle you be the clown, and Uncle Forrest and me will be the great acrobats and tumblers in the ring."

Mr. Forrest put out both his hands. The Little One stepped upon them. Previous to this he had taken off his shoes. When he had got his proper position standing on Mr. Forrest's hands, the tragedian raised the Little One up in the air, which made him scream with delight. He said, "Now, Papa Warren and you. Uncle Davenport, pound on the table, make all the racket you can. That's the band playing." While we were making all this noise and racket he jumped from Mr. Forrest's hands, turned a summersault in space, landed with his feet on the floor, then we had to applaud and make a big racket to represent the people in the circus. Then Mr. Forrest stood up, took the Little One by the hand and bowed to the tremendous applause.

While we were making this terrible racket there must have been a knock at the door, but we did not hear it. We were surprised to see the door open, when in walked Mr. Couldock and Madam Ponisi, Mr. Forrest's leading lady. They called to see

him on business. When they discovered us in our different situations, they laughed so that Madam Ponisi had to sit down on the sofa, while Mr. Couldock shut the door to keep other intruders from walking in. When the door was shut the Little One screamed out, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, this is where you get your money's worth. Now, I will perform the great feat of standing on the rhinoceros' head." Just about as quick as I can tell it, he mounted to Mr. Forrest's shoulder, from that to his head, where he stood on one foot, with the other foot poised in the air, then we had to give him big applause and make another racket, in which Madam Ponisi grabbed the poker and pounded on the grate and fender, which made us all laugh, so that some of our sides got stitches in them. When we had quieted down, Mr. Warren said, "Now, Pet, that will do for today. Uncle Forrest is tired." It was wonderful how the Little One could get the great tragedian to play all kinds of pranks with him.

In about half an hour dinner was served in the apartment, Mr. Forrest inviting Madam Ponisi and Mr. Couldock to join us. We all relished the viands that were put before us, for we were both tired and hungry. We all spent the remainder of the afternoon with Mr. Forrest, listening to many interesting anecdotes of his early life. He described to the company that scene in "King Lear" that took place at the New Orleans Theater, which was the cause of all of them laughing very heartily. That evening we accompanied Mr. Forrest to the theater. He placed a box at the service of Mr. Warren, the Little One and myself, in which we had the pleasure of witnessing the performance of "Richard III." On several other occasions in Philadelphia, I became a thorough believer in spirits' return, as it was utterly impossible for any fraud to be performed or committed on those occasions. The medium was too young and innocent and had a nature void of all hypocrisy, which the profession and those that came in contact with him through life knew. I never knew him to flatter any one during my life, while I knew him. It was always the other way, he would tell you what he thought of you, let it be good or bad.

The last time that I came in contact with the Little One was when I was lessee of the Chestnut Street Theater. We had

met on many occasions before that on which I am going to speak of took place. There was a banquet given to me at the Continental Hotel in honor of my long life and connections with the dramatic profession, amongst many of the guests who were present, Mr. Warren and the Little One were there after his hard night's work at the theater. I noticed along about one o'clock in the morning there was a group of professional people sitting talking together. Mrs. John Drew, one of the finest ladies and actresses that ever walked the boards, arose from the group and approached the Little One, who was talking with my leading man, Charles Thorne, who was also one of the finest leading men that the American stage ever had. Mrs. Drew said, "Justin, come over here, your friends want to talk with you," which meant this group of professional people. I discovered that on that night the people had made an arrangement to give me a benefit at my own theater, and they were asking the Little One if he would play on that occasion, to which he willingly consented. The benefit took place both afternoon and evening, which was quite a help to me in a financial way, thanks to my many friends. Justin played in one of the comedies that afternoon the part of Mrs. Florence, while Charles Thorne played the husband, Peter Florence; a Miss Sinclair played Pauline, the housemaid, who stood up on all occasions for her mistress. A man by the name of Brower, I think his name was Frank Brower, he was a comedian from some minstrel company, which one I do not remember, played the low comedy part, which was a negro servant.

I sat in the box with my family that afternoon and witnessed a fine piece of high comedy. Justin was in his high element that afternoon. In the scene where Mr. and Mrs. Florence quarrel, he rose from comedy to tragedy. In the scene when the husband cannot get the best of her in conversation he declares he will sue for a divorce. She bursts out in a mocking laugh and says, "What court in our nation would grant you a divorce on any evidence that you could procure, you old Muffin?" He becomes so enraged he commences to kick the chairs over, knocking things around in general, throwing the bric-a-brac off the shelves while she stands there laughing fit to kill herself. When his passion has played itself out and he

has simmered down to a cool condition, he throws himself down on to the sofa, hating himself and the whole world. He looks up and sees her smiling one of her sarcastic smiles which she could produce with great facial expression, so much so that it would send the house off into a roar of laughter. Now I will explain to you the comedy acting. She walks forward toward the sofa whereon he is lying. She commences to tell him anecdotes about a man she is acquainted with. She tells it in such a way that she keeps the audience in a constant titter. She imitates this man so perfectly that the audience can see it is her husband she means. They can hold in no longer, but burst out into a roar of laughter. By this time her husband discovers it is he she means. He jumps from the sofa in a furious passion, crosses the room to the other side, strikes a position, says in a commanding voice, which Mr. Thorne was noted for, "Madam, I will stand this no longer. If I cannot get a divorce from you I will thrust you bodily from this house, where you no longer can remain in the capacity of my wife." When he has finished, she gives a loud, hilarious laugh like that of a mad woman trying to burst the bars of her cell. She calls on the colored servant to come to her immediately. She shrieks it out so that her voice rings in every part of the theatre. She commands him to place a chair in front of his master. Now here is where the tragedy comes in. Her husband does not want to remain alongside of that chair. He makes a movement as if to cross the room. She yells out, "Remain where you are, or I will kill you." She says it in such a way that he trembles. She walks down the stage in a queenly manner. She sits upon the chair, then she arranges her train to look graceful and show off to the best advantage. All the while the fire is flashing from those eyes. When she has arranged her train to her own satisfaction she looks up at him with the hatred of a tiger in those eyes. She says, "Mr. Florence, allow me to acquaint you with the fact"—and oh, how bitter she can hiss out the words—"the law of our land says that which belongs to the husband also belongs to the wife. You thrust me out if you can." Then she jumps up from the chair, faces him with all the malignant look of hell expressed upon her face, and says, "You drive me forth if you dare, you curly headed brute." She does it with

such vim and fire in her nature that the applause becomes tremendous. I only relate this scene to you, for to describe the other scenes would take up too much valuable space.

Oh, think that all the fire and passion that this little body once held has burned so low, but the embers are commencing to grow cold. The once beautiful face shows the traces of wrinkles, the beautiful head of hair that at one time was the admiration of the people, is covered with flakes so white. It looks like the fallen snow had blown from the north and rested on his head in the sunny south; and those eyes that look so dim now once held the glow and fire that made men quail before them. Alas, alas, time has told its tale. The infinitude of time is waning for this physical body, but it will arise again, like Phoenix, from the ashes, it will light into a flame and then burn so bright it will make men and women quail when they read the production of its pen in the next embodiment. The big life that lived in the little physical body during your rebellion played the part of a hero, commanded by a voice and led by a power that carried out the condition that the world must make up to understand that band of spirits bring their will power to bear to carry out such as this and all other conditions that they may undertake, spirit of God: God is spirit; spirit is the human intellect fashioned and formed through the soul action; spirit is the unfoldment and highest perfection of all life in eternity. I could describe many other situations in his life, but I leave that for space and others that will follow me.

I thank you, sir, for your gracious kindness in taking down my communication and praise God for the opportunity that I have to give it to the world through the publication of a book.

I leave my love for one that I held dear in my memory and my highest estimation was that the world would hear from him some day, even if they did not understand him—that understanding belongs to God and himself. Once more I thank you, and bid you good day. God bless the work you are undertaking.

Joseph Nagle

Chapter XXII

Monday, September 23rd, 1901.

I bid you a gracious good morning. Will you allow a ghost to come on this dark, dreary day? If so, perhaps I could find something to tell you. At one time I inhabited a physical body and bore the name of Joseph Nagle. I was never ashamed of that name, as the Nagles were looked upon as a pretty good class of people. On one side of the family we were of French genealogy; on the other side of good old English stock.

But I did not come here to tell you of the good points and qualities of our race. I was advised to come here by E. L. Davenport, who preceded me. I want to tell you, sir, that I was an actor of the old school, and had considerable reputation as such. In my day and time I supported many of the brilliant actresses of the old school. On the stage I understood the art of making up and looked presentable as a young man on many occasions. I played with Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport, Edwin Booth and other lights of the stage. John Ellsler, of Cleveland, Ohio, thought I looked young enough on the stage to become his leading man and play with the younger actresses of more modern days than the school that I was brought up in.

While I was playing for John Ellsler, there was a young girl playing in the same company whose name was Clara Morris. I think she was the most natural actress of any young girl that I ever had the pleasure of playing with. The conception of character laid great in her comprehension and fulfillment of such. She would so rise to the natural condition of the conception of character that I said, "One day she will become a great actress." The prediction was fulfilled. She became the

queen of all emotional actresses and was an honor to all society plays, in which she sustained the leading part. I lived long enough in the physical body to feel proud of little Clara and her great success. She became the leading light of Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York City.

Now, sir, I will speak of the Little Medium whom I control. One time I was starring it at the old Green Street Theatre in the city of Albany, state of New York. La Tour de Nelle was on the bill. My leading lady, Sally Sinclair, was taken sick, violently sick, after eating a dish of raw oysters. It was utterly impossible for her to make her appearance that night. I was worried very much and in a quandary what to do. I had appealed to the other ladies of the company to undertake reading the part of Margaret of Burgundy, which none of them would do. I had just telegraphed to New York to the theatrical agency to send me some lady by the first train that came to Albany, to become leading lady of my company. I was afraid Miss Sinclair would be an invalid for some time, as her condition had thrown her into convulsions. The doctors and a nurse were in attendance upon her. I came down stairs to go to the dining room. I stepped into the office of the hotel first to see if there was any answer to my telegram. While I was talking a telegraph boy entered the office and handed me an envelope in which was my answer. It read thus, "Mr. Joseph Nagle—Sir: No lady can be found at the present time who is capable of playing the leading roles in your company; will look further." I crushed the message and shoved it into my pocket, walked into the dining room in a disconsolate mood.

After I had been sitting at my table about ten minutes a tall, military looking gentleman walked into the dining room, holding a little girl by the hand, whom I think had the handsomest head of hair I ever saw. It was dark brown, almost black; it hung in long waves down on her dress. All over the top of her head and on her forehead were little ringlets hanging in every which way you could think of. Her hair was caught back by a blue ribbon and tied in a bow on top of which was stuck a handsome gold comb whereon were set rubies and diamonds, which gave forth a brilliant light. As they walked to the table assigned them by the head waiter I noticed the girl's

dress was made of dark brown moire antique material. As she took her seat the tall military gentleman placed her chair satisfactorily to her and himself, as I judged by the manner in which they laughed to each other. He seemed to be very proud of her, and I said to myself, "There is a happy father and daughter." When their food was brought by the waiter I noticed as she handled her fork and knife what a beautiful little hand she had, while her father's was large and muscular. She raised her face and looked over to where I was sitting. I at once became fascinated with those eyes and could not tell why I could not eat any more, but sat looking at this girl. When they had finished their meal and were about to arise she fastened her eyes on me, which gave them a very peculiar look. The waiter had drawn their chairs back so that they might walk away from the table, but she stood there and gazed at me. I discovered that the military gentleman had turned pale—so much so that I felt bad for him and wondered what was the matter with his daughter—when he raised one of her hands, saying, "Come, Pet, we will go to our rooms." I noticed as he raised her little hand her fingers were covered with diamonds and in her ears were large solitaire diamond earrings. She did not seem to pay any attention to what he said, but kept staring at me. I said to myself, "This poor girl has crazy spells and now she is going into one of them." While I was making up my mind she left the table and came direct to where I was sitting. I said, "Oh, Lord; I am in for it now. Trouble never comes single-handed." Her father followed her up. When she got in front of the table where I was sitting she looked at me and smiled. Cold chills commenced to run down my back and I shook as if I had the ague. I felt as if I was just going to be paralyzed. I tried to rise from the chair, and could not. Then she smiled again and spoke these words in such a musical voice that it brought me back to my senses. She said, "Joseph Nagle, I will play the part for you through this little body. The body may be small, but the voice will be powerful. I have played the part before when I lived in a physical body. You will ask the lady of your company to loan her dresses to the Little One on this occasion. I will play the part three nights for you. After that we have work elsewhere for the Little One." I no-

ticed by this time that a number of the guests in the dining room were looking at us, motionless. Some were standing, while others were sitting. Her father's face looked so pale you would think the pallor of death had siezed it. She turned to him, laughing in a musical way, and said, "Come, dear Papa Warren, we will now go to our rooms." As they walked out of the dining room I jumped up from my chair, shook myself like a water dog and ran after them like a lover that had become a slave to his ideal fair lady. I went up the stairs three steps at a time and caught up with them just as they were about to enter their rooms. I said, "Oh, sir, will you please explain to me what all this means?" He said, "I will if you will step into our apartments." I did so and closed the door behind me. He motioned me to be seated while he threw himself down into a large arm chair. He spoke to the girl, saying, "Pet, draw your chair up close to me, so that I can hold your hand while I am giving this gentleman an explanation of your conduct today." He said, "It is like this, sir, my little wife here is a medium, and quite frequently plays under control. That is, some other spirit controls her body during her professional work." I said, "Your wife, sir? Why, I thought it was your daughter. Beg pardon for being so rude, she looks so young." He laughed a loud laugh and seemed to be his natural self again. Then he said, "Yes, my little pet is twenty-seven years younger than I am, so you see I am both husband and father." He drew her beautiful head down on his breast, kissed her and said, "Don't you think I look quite fatherly?" By this time the perspiration was breaking out all over me, as I had intended to propose for her hand. I had become, as it were, mad with love for that little creature, and wished to own her so that I might protect her and keep the cold blasts of life from blowing on that beautiful head. I was fascinated by those eyes like a snake fascinates a bird, but when he told me he was her husband, I awoke from my dream and shook myself again like a water dog. I saw him sit and look at me and smile sarcastically and then draw her closer to him. He gave me a look which said, "Come no farther or I will annihilate you."

When I had gathered together what little sense I had left, I addressed him, saying, "Sir, my sorrow has been great today.

My leading lady has been stricken down and lies nigh onto death. I can find no one to fill her place and when your wife came to my table and said she would play the part for three nights, I thought I had commenced to lose my reason. Therefore, you must overlook the embarrassment of my condition, if I have said anything or acted strangely in your presence—that is, in the presence of your wife and yourself. I beg your pardon with all the humiliation of one that does not understand himself today. You spoke of your professional hours. Was she ever an actress? She could not have played leading parts, for she is too small." He said, "She is a burlesque artist, but when under influence she can rise to tragedy. She is supported by a powerful influence who calls herself Rachel. I think tonight, sir, she will play the part satisfactorily; if not to you, it will be to the audience." "I assure you," I said, "What was your wife's professional name?" He said, "She is called the 'Dashing Blanchard.'" I told him I had seen that name frequently in the newspapers, but never had the pleasure of seeing her perform. He said, "Now, sir, with the lady's long trains, she will look somewhat taller. She has no wardrobe here with her, as we are on a visit and I am attending to some of my grandfather's business matters. Now, you go to your room and take a good afternoon sleep, and do not let the matter keep you awake." I bade them good day and was about to leave the room when Mr. Warren said, "I believe your name is Nagle." I told him my name was Joseph Nagle. He said, "Let me give you a little French brandy with some peppermint in it; that is my remedy." He took a flask out of a satchel and did so. I once more bade them good day and left their room. I was in a dazed condition and went directly to my room, locked the door, went to bed and slept all the afternoon like a child on its mother's breast. I woke up at six o'clock, refreshed and rested, with no anxiety on my mind whatever.

When I arrived at the theatre that evening I thought I should wait in the green room and see if Mr. and Mrs. Warren made their appearance. About half past seven a carriage from which they both alighted, drove up to the stage entrance. She came in and took no notice of me whatever, but spoke to the call-boy, saying, "Send the wardrobe lady to me immediately.

I occupy the leading lady's dressing-room tonight." I stepped forward, bowing, and said, "Mrs. Warren, I will show you the leading lady's dressing-room." She tossed her head into the air in a haughty manner, saying, "You need not do that, sir, I know where it is." I thought to myself; "She is commencing to look the queen already."

The wardrobe woman came towards me, saying, "Mr. Nagle, what in heaven's name is the matter? I am ordered to attend immediately to some one that is to occupy the leading lady's room tonight." I said, "There is a Mrs. Warren there who is to play the leading lady in the tragedy and I judge you will have to do some altering to the waists as she is much smaller than our leading lady. She is to wear her dresses on this occasion." She went to the dressing room and they were closeted together for over half an hour.

The house was crowded and the orchestra had played the overture and the gallery had become impatient. They were stamping, whistling and applauding, as the gallery gods usually do. I stepped to the door and knocked, saying, "Mrs. Warren are you ready? The people are becoming very impatient." I heard her commanding the woman to open the door. She looked at me with a peculiar look, and, Oh, that smile! It was the smile of a fiend in human shape. She threw her head back and said, "Captain Buridon, I am not ready; that is the way it should be when the people expect to see a real queen—they should become impatient and compelled to wait when they expect to see Her Royal Highness make her appearance."

The wardrobe woman said in a low voice to me on the side. "She is little; but, Oh, God! she will play the queen, or my name is not Mary Wilkes. I never dressed such a firebrand in my life." I looked at her and bowed, with mock gravity, saying, "Your Highness, when it is your wish to appear, notify us and we will ring the curtain up." She waved her hand in a majestic way, saying, "Her Royal Highness will be ready in ten minutes; see that my court is in waiting." She turned to the wardrobe woman and said, "Lady of the bedchamber, arrange my purple robe and see that you do it well, as your life depends upon it." I left the room, informed the stage manager that we had a Tartar to deal with tonight. She notified us in ten minutes that

she was ready for the ordeal and to see to it that the ladies and gentlemen of her court were in waiting, ready to receive her highness.

We rang up the curtain. I was walking backward and forward on the stage to see that the guards were drawn up properly in line when the trumpet sounded the approach of the queen. A herald walked onto the stage carrying a banner with the arms of Burgundy upon it. He cried in a loud voice, "The queen approaches" and then falls into line. Her highness appeared in the center of the archway, at the back of the stage. She walked down until she reached the center of the stage, attended by two pages, holding up her long train. It seemed to me, sir, that she had grown a foot during the time since I last saw her. She stood there and threw her head up with all the queenly bearing of any royal personage you ever saw on the stage. She said, "So my subjects await my commands. They shall have them, as it is the pleasure of Her Highness to see that her subjects wants are attended to." She turned to me and said, "Captain Buridon, thou walkest like a laggard today, which is an insult to the queen. See to it, in the future, that her commands are quickly obeyed, or by the gods thy life shall pay the forfeit. I am queen of the realm that I command, and all that is connected with my household and others attached to my realm shall see that the queen's commands are executed, should they disobey them, by all the gods and saints they shall lose their heads. That is the penalty Her Royal Highness puts upon it." She spoke the lines in such a highly tragic manner that I wondered where the high powerful voice came from. Her appearance, when she came upon the stage in such a regal manner, seemed to hush the audience into quietude. At the end of the act, when the curtain was wrung down, the people called for her in such a manner, it seemed as if they could not wait until I led her before them.

When she entered the dressing-room, all her queenly manner left her and she commenced to joke with the company, tickeling old Mr. Mitchell in the side, saying, "I am going to keep an eye on you, for I want you for my next husband," which started us all to laughing. She said, "Mrs. Wilkes, for God's sake, come here and take some of this toggery off of me

before I collapse entirely." I said to myself, "In the name of Heaven, what kind of a creature is this! She comes from the sublime down to the ridiculous." She said, "Papa Warren, I want a sandwich and a glass of milk right now. I am one of the kind of queens that can't live on air and wind pudding all the time," which sent the company off into a laugh again.

Now, sir, before I proceed any further, I wish to explain to you that I created a new *La Tour de Nelle*, which suited my ideas and brought the play up to my way of thinking. I changed many of the lines and created others in their place which, I think, was much superior to the original. My *La Tour de Nelle* had very little in it like the original.

The wardrobe woman told me after the play was over that when Mrs. Warren went to her dressing-room to adorn herself in other queenly robes for another act, that immediately after she had adorned her body in those queenly dresses you heard no more frivolity; she became the queen immediately and commanded her to obey her orders, as if she was a real queen, and she one of her subjects waiting on her highness.

Now, sir, I will describe a scene in another act of the play. She has me condemned to die for some offense that she thinks I have grievously committed; yet I do not know at the time why I am incarcerated in a cell. She loves me with the love of a tigress and comes in disguise to pay me a visit in my cell during my incarceration. She is covered with a mantle and wears a mask—she making believe she is the wife of one of the officers of the queen's guard. She taunts me with my love for the queen, which I repudiate by saying I do not love her, I hate and despise her for she is cruel and vindictive and has no love for any one but herself. If she were not a queen she would be looked upon as a wanton. Now, here is where she arose to the highest part of her tragic acting. Oh, sir, it was grand, to see the revenge working up in that body and brain. It is utterly impossible for me to describe it to you. Her hands commence to twitch at the mantle. She tugs at the folds and commences to sway to and fro and shake like an aspen leaf. Then she hisses out words that seem to come from a demon in hell. She says, "Captain Buridon, would you like to look upon your assassin?" I tell her I would, with all my heart.

Then she throws off the mantle, snatches off the mask, stands there in all her royal robes. She says, (Oh, God! if I could only express it to you). "Captain Buridon, I love you. You insulted me and the tiger has awoke in my nature; behold your assassin in Margaret of Burgundy, queen of France, a La Tour De Nelle."

Where all the power came from I cannot tell you, sir; that is, I could not tell then, but learned afterwards.

The curtain fell to a storm of applause. I led her in front of the curtain, where she was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers. She walked to the box and received them, came back to where I was standing, saying, "Jimmy, you take care of those, as you are an old bachelor, and require something to sweeten you up." She threw off the royal mantle and let it drop on the stage, unfastened the court train and stepped out of it. I thought to myself, "Now, she has gone clean mad." There she stood in a white silk petticoat with lace flounces on it, which only came a little below the calf of her leg. She stepped down to the footlights and said to the leader of the orchestra, "Mike, fiddle 'Biddy McCann.'" To my amazement, and also that of the audience, she commenced to sing and dance "Biddy McCann, I Belong to an Irishman." I said to myself, "God, almighty, what kind of a creature is this?" The audience commenced to roar, laugh and applaud. The boys in the gallery sang the tune with her, which was a popular one at that time. She danced off the stage, throwing kisses back at the boys. The applause, stamping and whistling became something terrific. I stood there speechless and could not move. It seemed to me I had lost all locomotion or command of my limbs. The people yelled for her to come back. She came tripping on the stage like a regular burlesque artist. She came up to me, tickled me in the side, took hold of my hand, saying, "Come, Joey, your mother wants to wipe your nose; she hates to see you wiping it so much on your sleeve," which made the people scream with laughter again. She led me off the stage as if I were a child, all the time throwing kisses to the people. They kept hollering for us both to come on again. When I recovered my senses I led her before the people. I addressed them by saying, "Friends of Albany, I am walking in a dream." With

that she sprang on to my back like a cat, hollering out, "Wag your ears, you old donkey, and get out of here or we will be too late for supper." With that she gives me a kick with both her feet. You can imagine, sir, Joseph Nagle, one of the leading tragedians of the American stage, carrying on his back a burlesque actress and could not help himself. After she had played her three night's engagement in which she was the queen of tragedy and the queen of burlesque, I presented her with her salary and also with a beautiful diamond ring that contained seven first-water stones in it. She thanked me in such a way, as if it were a common thing for her to receive diamonds every day. I told her I would like to produce Hamlet and have her play Ophelia. She said, "Excuse me; I am near enough to mad houses now. Come, Papa Warren, I want to get home. I am hungry as a hog and want something to eat." They left the theater and I stood there, like a fool. I turned and said to Mrs. Bradshaw, "That is a queer, extraordinary creature." She said, "Mr. Nagle, if you can name it properly, you can have it." I bade her good night and went to my dressing-room. That will do for today, sir, we will carry it over to another time.

Monday, September 30, 1901.

I bid you good morning, sir. Your air is sweet and balmy this morning. Shall you welcome the ghost or shall the ghost welcome you, seeing that we are ghosts on both sides of life? That is, you and me. We will bring in all that is sweet in life so that it will overrule that which is sour in our nature, through our spiritual growth and the possibility of obtaining Nirvana so that we can bridge what the ignorant call death. We will reach the standard of equality finding lodgment in the law of wisdom. We will bring the power of reason into action which will carry us through the metempsychosis of life through which we will build up and work out the divinity in our natures. Life is the unmasking of the inner consciousness of God. When thoroughly unmasked we find we are the equal of that great power called God, because we have solved the riddle and the enigma which is the causation of life; that makes us gods amongst men. The womb is no longer the hidden recess of the dark ages, but is the spring of morning, and at love's awaken-

ing the mother becomes glorified through the light of truth, which makes her the queen of all living ages. She is the true life and the unfoldment of the human race. All gods must bow before her, as she is the talisman through all eternity and only through her condition can we reach perfection. Through her condition we will understand the true sunlight of nature.

Now, we will take up the life, or part of the life line of the Medium, which in our profession was called "Puss." Professor Van Ame, a noted physician and somewhat of a dramatist, a highly-gifted medium—one of the best I ever met in life—a true gentleman and a generous-hearted soul. All cultured and elevated minds received a true welcome to the home of spiritual power, which he had built up to receive his spirit and earthly friends. In that home spirit-power was daily manifested. A truer friend man or woman never had. He dramatized a farce comedy of high order called "The Florance Family." He selected a fine company for the new production. The Medium played the part of Mrs. Florance, a high-strung woman, with a sensitive nature and a streak of mirth and comedy all through her composition, or, in other words, her natural make-up. She was a woman who, when the time and place required it, could become a serious soul and arise to the height of tragedy almost in the same breath. She could laugh and cry. It was a peculiar part to play and required peculiar conception to play the part. Mrs. Florance was a strange individual and it was a strange part to play. Her makeup constituted a high-strung mind of versatility. You could not tell when she would burst out into a torrent of passion or a fit of laughter, or possibly would burst out into a passion of tears, through which you would think her heart would break. It was a strange character, played by a sensitive, high-strung nature, such as this Medium held in her little body. Part of the time through the conception of this character and her high art she would have her audience either laughing or crying. Friend, it would be impossible for me to do justice and properly describe her actions in this part. Professor Van Ame after her engagement was up secured the services of four different women to play the part, but all were a failure. They could not understand wherein Puss made such a hit. They tried to discover the different points wherein she

produced such an effect on her audience. During the run, while the Little One was playing Mrs. Florance, it was a paying investment for Professor Van Ame. It was a creation of her own that none seemed to understand. The spirits advised Professor Van Ame to select her to play the part. I played Peter Florance, her husband. Before the piece was produced I was advertised as the star, being somewhat of a leading tragedian and supporter or leading man of some of our most fascinating actresses of that day, whose names I will not take up space here to designate. When the curtain fell on the first night's performance it was decided Puss was the star of the comedy. In her emotional playing and comedy acting she carried off the laurels of the piece. She threw me so far in the shade that I looked like an inferior person playing the part of the husband. I was a good-sized man in stature, made a good stage appearance and had a commanding voice. While she was little and almost diminutive in size alongside of me, she not being quite five feet in height, but her acting arose in such volume to the height of a queenly woman, and with the conception of that emotion that laid in her nature she blossomed out above me in everything she did during the evening, so that I had to admit she was the star of the evening.

Professor Van Ame tried to secure her service through a contract for three months on the road, but found it impossible as she was under contract to play with Mr. Hooley's Comedy Company. We went on the road to satisfy Professor Van Ame's curiosity, as the piece had made a hit in the city of Philadelphia he thought it would do the same on the road; but when he had paid out about \$15,000 he commenced to think it was time to call us back. Then he made the discovery that the conception of Mrs. Peter Florance was a peculiar character. While writing it up he no doubt thought he would find many to play the part, but alas, he found he had made a wonderful mistake, and those forthcoming actresses were not to be found to get the proper conception of such a woman, so he shelved the manuscript, or in other words, put it away for safe keeping, went to work dramatizing a new play called "All for Love," which was produced at the Saratoga Opera House the next season, with Puss and myself in the leading role, supported by a fine com-

pany selected by Professor Van Ame. He only rented the Opera House for two weeks, but we remained ten weeks, as the piece was drawing crowded houses. At the finish of the engagement Professor Van Ame had a desire to take it on the road to play only in good-sized cities. Mr. Warren, who was the husband of Puss—she being of both sexes, the female predominating, of which, I now understand there are thousands distributed throughout the world. It was Mr. Warren's desire to have a new contract drawn up, as he was her, or his, business manager. In this new contract his demands were that she should receive twenty-five cents on every dollar that came in the house, or he would take Puss back home. Van Ame had to submit to the demands, and it turned out profitable for all parties. That is the last engagement I ever played with Puss. I met him and Mr. Warren frequently at Professor Van Ame's when in Philadelphia. Puss had endeared himself, or herself to all our hearts. Professor Van Ame loved that little creature very dearly and often said to Mr. Warren, "You have a wonder in the person of the Little One." My wife and I lived for a long time at the Van Ame home, through the courtesy and generosity of the professor. On Sunday evenings a large number of invited friends would assemble in the parlors, where a seance would be held. Frequently, some of the prominent mediums would be present on those occasions. We were always delighted when we had the presence of Mr. Warren and the Little One. My wife would always say, "Now, we will have a good circle tonight, Puss is here. Between the professor and Puss the spirits will make things lively." Those days Puss's mediumship consisted of physical manifestations, but now I see he has developed unto a higher plane of elevation, and the spirits through his organization teach the mental and higher qualities of the grand spiritual philosophy.

The next time I saw Puss, that is, in a professional way, he was playing at Hooley's Comedy Theater in Chicago, while I was starring it at McVicker's. On a Wednesday morning Frank Mayo, an actor, called to see me at the theater, we being old friends. He said, "Nagle, I was passing through Chicago and discovered by this morning's paper that this afternoon Hooley's company gives a matinee, and I thought I would kill

two birds with one stone—that I would call on you this morning here at the theater and attend the matinee this afternoon. They give a big bill this afternoon. 'The Florance Family' and 'That Husband of Mine.' There is a little friend of mine in both the casts this afternoon. Oh, but she is a harnesser." (meaning she is a fine dresser.) I said, "Frank, come and take lunch with me, and then we will both attend the matinee. That little friend you speak of is also a friend of mine. Mr. Hart, the comedian boards at the same hotel that I do, and is also an old friend of many years' standing. Come, Frank, attend me and I will introduce you, as I know you like to meet old actors."

Mr. Mayo accompanied me to lunch. I asked the head waiter to place us at the same table with Mr. Hart, as I saw he was in the dining-room. When he had done so I made the discovery that Mr. Hart and Mr. Mayo were old friends, too, which made it pleasant all around. During the conversation, Mr. Mayo said, "Hart, I stopped off to call on Mr. Nagle and also to attend the matinee of your performance. I see by the caste you have a little friend of mine in the company." Mr. Hart said, "To whom do you refer?" Mr. Mayo said, "Little Puss." Mr. Hart said, "Oh, you know her, do you? Well, let me tell you, old man, she is a daisy, and don't you forget it. She is a strange being, and knows how to represent strange characters. She plays in the 'Florance Family' this afternoon. Mrs. Florance is one of the most peculiar characters that I ever saw represented on the stage. Mr. Morehead plays the husband, Peter Florance, and sometimes gets afraid of her, her acting becomes so real that it makes him shudder. Mayo, old boy, I have seen that man come off the stage and tremble. He would say to me 'That woman 'aint an actress; she is a devil in reality. God, how I would hate to be left alone in a room with her and do something to offend her. Hart, you ought to see how she hisses her words at me and the fire flashes from her eyes. She can't live long if she goes on acting like this. Why, it will wear her physical body out in no time. Don't you see, when she comes off the stage how she collapses into Mr. Hooley's arms. He is always there waiting to catch her in case she should fall to the floor.'" He turned to me and said, "You

must come and see her play that part, and then, gentlemen, after the performance is over, come to my dressing-room and I will see that you are introduced to her in her green room." I said, "Mr. Hart, I am acquainted with that person. When Mr. Van Ame first produced the piece she created the part of Mrs. Florance, and I played the husband, Peter Florance, but after she left the company, the piece was a dead failure. That is a great piece of character acting that she does in that play, and I am in doubt if there is another one on the stage at present who could assume that peculiar role." Mr. Hart then said, "She plays an entirely opposite role in 'That Husband of Mine' this afternoon." He said then, in a low whisper, "Gentlemen, I am told that that individual is a spiritual medium, and plays under the influence of spirits. Let it be whatever it is, she is a strange creature. You see, in the day time she dresses in male attire, but I am told for a number of years she lived in female attire. A general in the Union Army was her husband. Old Mrs. Moore tells me when she first met her she had the most beautiful head of hair she ever beheld. This army officer had her hair cut off, dressed her in boy's clothing, put her through the manual of arms and drilled her in such ways that she might get a man's walk on her. But I'm afraid it is a good deal of a failure, as her shape and voice give her away. Mrs. Moore says that she talks a good deal coarser than she used to. The last time that she met her in Liverpool, England, she was still quite effeminate in her walk and manners. Gentlemen, I wish you could see her as the Goddess of Liberty, in the Centennial play produced by Mr. Hooley, she displays a beautiful form, so much so that I do not blame the men for falling in love with her. George Knight, whom you all know, represented Washington in the piece, said he thought it was the finest makeup of that kind he ever saw. Now, gentlemen, we have half an hour before the performance commences, that is, half an hour before I commence to dress for said performance. Come to my room and we will all have a sociable glass of wine and cigar. We will drink to the health of little Puss. Hers is an old body with a young face."

When we had adjourned to Mr. Hart's room and were partaking of a sociable glass, Mr. Hart said, "By the way, gentle-

men, I should judge Mr. Van Ame's royalty from 'The Florence Family' must be a good one. We commence rehearsal tomorrow morning of another of his comedies, 'All for Love,' which Mr. Van Ame claims was a big success." I said, "Mr. Hart, I know that to be a fact for I played the leading male role when it was first produced at Saratoga during part of the fashionable season. Then we went on the road with it and coined money for the manager. The Little One's husband demanded twenty-five cents on every dollar that came into the house. Then she was in the hey day of her life, with lots of vim and fire in that little body." Mr. Hart said, "You will see this afternoon she has not lost all that vim and fire, which was fully realized with a great deal of pleasure. She is living now with a man by the name of Meyer, who runs a hotel. His first name I do not know and do not remember that I ever heard it." After we had smoked our cigars we went to the theater, met Mr. Hooley, who was glad to see us. He placed a box at our service. The performance we enjoyed very much and discovered the Little One had some of the old vim and fire left yet, which made us feel we had been paid for our trouble in attending the performance. I should not call it a trouble, but that is a way we have of speaking in our profession. I must say it was a great pleasure and a big success.

After the performance we met Mr. Moreland, the leading man. I said, "How do you like playing with little Puss?" He said, "If a man ever learns to act it will be in playing with her. If you do not step up to the mark and pay attention to your business, God! you will think a cyclone has burst over you. I had rather go out and clean up the streets than have her temper break loose on me. Of all the firebrands I ever met in the profession she wears the medal, but outside of stage business she becomes as gentle and as playful as a kitten. Old man Hooley thinks she controls the planet and all that's on it. She has played for him off and on for a good many years. What I mean by off and on, she has played at his stationary theater for a number of years and also on the road. When the old man is going to produce anything new, if she is only in it he thinks it is safe and good for some time."

As we were leaving the green room we met Mr. Hooley

in the lobby of the theater. I said, in the way of a joke, "Mr. Hooley, you will have to let me have Puss for a little while, as I am going to produce a new play." He said, "Not much, if the old man knows himself, and I think he does just about this time. She opens in a new Comedy next week, that is new for Chicago. Excuse me, gentlemen, I mean he; it wears pants now in the daytime and thinks he is the biggest man in the theater. You would think so, gentlemen, if you heard him some morning hauling me over the coals, and red, hot ones, at that, for a bad manager and a bad second violin player. You see it is this way, gentlemen, when I first came to America, I was a musician and the leader of an orchestra, when the Little One gets mad, that is, when things don't suit him and he want's lots of room to fire off in, if I should happen to interfere and try to adjust things to their proper place, and it doesn't happen to strike him right, that is the advice I get, gentlemen, he turns on me with all the fury that has been put up in that little body. He cries out, 'You God forsaken bad violin player, what do you know about it,' and orders me off the stage, telling me to go to my office and pick my teeth and try and get some sense in my old head," which sent us off into a big roar of laughter. Mr. Hart said, "Gentlemen, Oh, she is a daisy when she starts out to do things up, but, God bless her, we all love her. She has a little body but a big soul." That was the last time I ever saw your little Medium while I lived in a physical body. She was a strange creature to me and all those who came in contact with her. You couldn't help loving her for her generosity knew no bound:

When we left the theater, Frank Mayo said to me, "That strange creature makes lots of money, but she will never become wealthy. I feel that there is other work for her outside of the theater and a hard road to travel it will be. I cannot tell why it is, Nagle, but I feel there is another field for her to work in, in which she will become one of the leading lights. Be it he or she, her path is marked out. Mark what I say, 'She will be a pioneer in this work in a western home, wherever that may be.' When I held her hand today there came over me a peculiar feeling, and it was a sad one. I said to myself, 'This creature's suffering is not over. She must go on to the end

before she lays down her physical body.' But the greatest surprise of all, sir, is that she has lived almost to the age of seventy-three. When I looked at her body lying on this couch and I controlling her organ of speech, to me it is one of nature's wonders wrought out by a spiritual condition, through which I manifest in giving a communication for your valuable book. Where is the luster and fire that those dim eyes once held? Where? Would you ask me. It is held by the spirit for another embodiment in which she will give to the world that fire through the production of her pen. It will stab and go to the heart like a dagger of cold steel. There it will cause a friction to light up a flame of human reason that will set the pendulum of thought agoing, wherein the human mind will reason out things for itself. She will teach it to defy all superstition and rise above it, on the plane of spiritual thought, wherein true reasoning power is found. Her work will elevate the mind, and bring to bear the kingdom of God through the natural law of love to the human family. Anyone who shall read her works will wake up to a new life and a new way of thinking. She will work out the unfoldment of that which is within the power of reason. She will bring to the soul a true living God—not the dead issue of a man God—wherein has laid for centuries the distinction and higher growth of the spiritual mind. All will be inculcated in the living truth. There is no man-made religion that can compare with the highest truth of a natural existence. Those old legends and fables called "the word of God" in that superannuated book called the Old Testament, that is hung around the neck like a dead lock to human reason, will quail and pass away before the work of her pen.

Oh, destiny! destiny! Thou hast a work in store for this creature. See to it that she does it well. Let her burst the last buckle off the belt of superstition that has held the girt of the human body under a pall of delusion. Let the scales of the human body open up in order that the mind may force out the gangrene of rotten religion. May her pen purify both mind, soul and body that it will become elevated and live on a normal plane of vitality and common reason, which is within the grasp of all human nature. I leave my love for little Puss

who looks old in body and yet is young in spirit, which the future will testify. I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and will bid you good day. We do not say good-bye, for there is no such thing. I think you live in a beautiful spot.

Prof. William Van Ame

Chapter XXIII

Tuesday, October 1, 1901.

Good morning, friend. I would say that day is young yet. Would you like to know my opinion of this planet? Well, sir, it is a hospital—a home of correction and a sanitarium for the human race. The human race is placed on this planet to pass through a condition in which it must take on all the ills, sorrows and joys of life. It is a school wherein the human intellect develops and becomes educated. They are placed on this planet to build up a Karma in the growth of human sense. If they wish to reach Nirvana they must, through the divinity and self-satisfaction of their own lives, grow to perfection, or, in other words, the angelhood of men and women. Life is a bark on which all must sail along from childhood until they reach old age in the physical body. The human entity they learn to spread out with all the vigor of womanhood and manhood. During the voyage some become weak-minded and imbeciles, while others take on the strong vigor of nature's manhood and womanhood. They are only children of a day's growth, and that day consists of each embodiment. Through these embodiments we are educated so that we may understand there is a force in nature called the law of reason which brings the human race out of the depths of superstition and humiliation. When they thoroughly understand this power and husband it, then they commence to think for themselves. They find there is a rational condition located in the lobe cells of the brain which is a minister to all the vital actions of their manhood and womanhood. Then they understand the origin of human growth and by nature's laws and the higher elements and prin-

ciplcs of these laws. When they have learned to divine and control these laws in nature they become the masters of the situation. They discover, then, that they had been living in the midst of a problem and to solve that problem they had to commence to think for themselves. In so doing they had to lay aside all visionary conditions of a miraculous element that seem to impregnate the human mind. They discover through their six senses there is no such thing as a miracle. When they are fully aware that there is a seventh sense awaiting development then they are reasoning out that the kingdom of the so-called God—I mean by that, the controlling power of the universe—unified in all life, that kingdom lies in the soul of the children of earth. When they have outgrown the superstition that preaching priesthood and parrots of pulpit oratory had laid the foundation of long ago, through this higher growth of the soul, they will throw all such bosh to the winds. They will build their foundation on true science, the science that conveys all human intellect. They will throw to the winds this delusion of a nightmare called the Christian religion—the bugbear of human progress. No man-made religion or man-made gods will hold part of their intellect then. They will find evolution is a beautiful God that invites them forth to view nature's beautiful sunlight. They will fortify their manhood and womanhood against all intruders that come in the guise of so-called preachers of the gospel. They will learn to drive forth from their minds the low, degrading thoughts of this Christian God that has built up his religion through the filthy condition of Jewish legends where the beloved characters of such history are degraded Mormons of the worst kind. Those low, filthy expressions called the word of God are a humiliating disgrace to manhood and womanhood. Out upon it for a viper of incest that no moral intellect can tolerate. It is bestial in all its expressions, and if these words and thoughts are the manufacturing of this Christian God he is only fit to god it over a low brothel house of prostitution.

I hope the day is not far distant when there will be a law in our nation that will bring to bear a penalty through which there will be an incarceration of individuals selling or giving away this filthy book called the Old Testament. Any father or

mother discovered reading said filthy book to their children should be sent to prison and pay a fine for reading this demoralizing book called "The Word of God," which has been the cause of more prostitution and young men leaving the paths of virtue and morality than any other publication in the world. When your churches shall become the temples of science then you will have a better class of men and women. By studying the heavenly bodies in nature, they will outgrow the curse that has been hanging to their soiled garments, soiled through ignorance and superstition. Science will produce an emetic that will tickle the palate of the conscience and they will vomit up the corruption that priestcraft had planted there for generations. Oh, wisdom, wisdom, thou king of laws; make men and women wise, through thy power of wisdom. Give to their souls a light that they may see how blindly they have been led by the cunning devices of popery and priestcraft. Those shallow servants called Protestant ministers are but the lackies and outgrowth of this cursed popery. Oh, thou sunlight of nature divine, for the human races higher walks in life, that they may in time understand how to throw the hoods of their mantles over their heads and faces, that it may shade them from the past decrepitude and deformity of a curse called man-made religion, wherein the different races and sexes of people hate each other because their Gods do not harmonize. It is built up on hypocrisy and self-laudation. Each other has become the enemy of their condition through the curse that has been placed upon them.

I believe and have faith in my God. The world is not growing worse, as many say, but much better than it had been. For men and women are thinking, now since the gates of spiritual divinity have been opened to them. They now understand that if they prepare their lives for their condition their loved ones can communicate with them. Oh, it is a glorious thing to know that life eternal and death is wiped out by the law of common sense and the bridge between earth and spirit life is glorified by the communicating spirits that come to earth's children who are passing a day in an embodiment. Men and women may in theological seminaries and colleges. There is only one way preach from all the manuscripts and books that they may find

that the light of truth comes to the reasoning mind and that is because our loved ones are holding the spirit gates ajar. When the little, tiny rap came as a light to the human soul, it built up a tower and beacon light to the human race. Its rays have gone forth among all races and nations telling them life is everlasting. The only way to salvation is through the power of truth sent as a warning to the human race. Beware of false teachers! Beware of false prophets in so-called servants of God. They wear masks to betray the human race. Beware of neophytes called disciples of this God. Beware of everything that cannot give you a truthful manifestation, satisfactory to your own intellect. All men and women if they only properly understood their is a law that governs spiritual intercourse, or, in other words, spiritual communication that comes in rapport with the loved ones. It is the law of truth. Let the human family understand and study the law of truth and perfection. Each one will become a medium and a law unto himself. Then earth will become beautiful through the truth of spirituality. We are working hard on our side to bring this law and force into practice. The day will come when those living in a spiritual body and those living in a physical body will sing their songs of praise together and each voice will be heard distinctly by the listeners.

Your friends walk with you constantly, side by side through the paths of life, but in consequence of the superstition you have taken in your mother's milk through that curse called priestcraft and religion your spiritual sight has become blinded, and only through your love, charity and spiritual development will it be opened up to your age, so that you can devine and communicate with your spiritual friends. Through each embodiment you are working out and unfolding that which holds you down in the lethargy of superstition. The vitality in the human race and in the fatherhood of man is waking up to a higher sense through which you will banish the curse called religion. You will be educated in the true knowledge called the perfect God, which is the manifestation of natural life senses. The coronal region of the brain shall be set into active working through a motive power called intelligence, which will transmit reason to the frontal organ and from there will communicate with speech.

When you have collected these forces and refined and elevated them through a true sense of morality commonly called intelligent reason, then you have generated a sensibility through which you can work out a deification that will become satisfactory to the whole human race. The organ of speech through its vocal powers will express the minor consciousness of the God of Reason which means Truth, the light and torch-bearer of the futurity of the coming races that will not accept or believe in anything that is not thoroughly manifested to their reasoning conscience. All humbuggery and priestcraft foppery will be cast aside with the delusion and ignorance of past antique ages. You cannot shut up truth that produces facts. It is the guiding star of spiritual intellect. It forms and fashions memory from the outgrowth of the higher divinity in nature which is manifested and unfolded to men's reason. You may try to dam up a stream but it will force its way through-out some conditions. It is the same with the law of wisdom and reason. You may hold it in check for a time. It will burst the bands and destroy the meshes of the web that tries to hold it in check through the teachings of superstition and unnatural government; it will awake in time and then view the morning sun in all its glory. It will sing the praises of freedom and kiss the violet breath of Heaven.

The philosophy of Spiritualism has become to some a mockery. Why? Through the conditions of men and women interviewing mountebanks and fakes calling themselves spiritual mediums, claiming to hold communication with departed spirits. The worst fraud of that kind that I ever met was a so-called servant or disciple of this so-called Christian God. He was at one time called Rev. Dr. Fletcher, and claimed to hail from England. I interviewed him, expecting to receive some communication from my loved one. When I entered his apartment he looked me all over and finally said, "You are a minister." I said I was. Then he said, "You do not believe in this philosophy." I said, "What philosophy?" "In the philosophy where the dead are supposed to return." I said, "But I do believe in it." He laughed, and said, "You are a bigger fool than I took you for." I said, "Sir, are you not a spiritual medium?" He said, "No; and you know it too." I said, "I know nothing of the kind. I

never met you before." He said, "Ah! here let us understand each other. This thing is a humbug. Preaching wasn't paying and I learned a few tricks of legerdemain and practiced ventriloquism. This humbuggery pays better than anything I ever got out of Christian preaching." I turned on him and thought I would strike him. I had already caught hold of his coat collar when I thought better of it. I let go and addressed him thus, "You scoundrel in human form. You fiend dressed up in broadcloth; you are a viper and disgrace to your Christian belief and now profess to be a medium holding communication between the earth life and the spirit life. You accursed reptile, I am not the Christian minister you take me for. I am a distributor of medicine and minister to the sick in both body and soul. I am Dr. Van Ame, of this city, a medical practitioner and surgeon; also a professor of a medical college. I am a spiritual medium and live in the realm of intercourse that belongs to that beautiful spirit world. I came here hoping to find a genuine medium in the person of this male wanton that stands before me, formed and fashioned like a man; but in place of finding a man I find a degraded beast, whose whole soul, nature and makeup is sensuality, lusting after the fleshpots of Egypt. You are like many of the scoundrels that have worn the garb of a preacher. All your manhood seems to grovel in a low base plane of prostitution. You not only prostitute in the position you held in Christianity, but now you prostitute a philosophy, or would do so, if you could, called spiritual communication; but thank the true, living Power of Spiritual reality, it is beyond your slimy clutches. You low Christian dog. I give you one hour to leave this city, or I will hand you over to a police court to deal with you, as you should be dealt with. But, upon second thought, I will act the part of the good Samaritan, and apply to your demoralized manhood a healing balm which, I hope, will be an outward application as well as an internal remedy. Thou Thing that bears the name of Fletcher—a disgrace to your family and race that you came from—now listen to me, you consecrated piece of putrefication, whose gangrene is poison to all that come in contact with you. This grand Spiritual philosophy is a Truth higher than man-made religion, and will be a messenger of peace throughout all ages. Our

loved ones do return and communicate with us. They tell us there is no such thing as death—it is only the laying down of an old garment, casting it aside for a new one that you put on in the New Jerusalem. True genuine mediums are the channel through which we receive these true Spiritual manifestations. I was cast in one of the molds that bear the channel throughout this embodiment. I see by the spirit power that surrounds me that your grandfather was hung on a scaffold for living the life of a low criminal. You inherit these sad conditions. May the God of all gods, Truth, have mercy on you and try and kindle the flame of true manhood in your soul. Now, go your way, and I hope you will become a better man. May some elevated spirit guard and protect you through life, you unfortunate atom, thrown into space, who has become a curse to manhood. Now, let the light of truth awaken what little reason is in your make-up. Remember, if you do not change your ways, the doors of the state's prison will open for you, then close behind you, shutting you out from the world's gaze, but not from that All-seeing Eye—the eye of Truth—the greatest God we know of."

Friend Hulburd, he fell at my feet, weeping like a child. I stooped down and picked him up. Held him to my breast, clasped my arms around him with the arms of motherhood, saying, "Now, my unfortunate brother, there is a light of Truth waiting for you; grasp it and be a man. He laid his head upon my shoulder and cried as if his heart would break. He grasped my hand, saying, "Doctor Van Ame, you have brought to me the light of Truth, and, so help me God, as I have been one of his weak children, I will follow that light, the light of Truth, and become a man. From that minute he became a reformed individual and was one of the grandest workers in our true Spiritual Philosophy that I ever knew. He opened a school for the education of young men and to prepare them for college. I thank God of all Gods. The generator of life creates well. He creates a power in the human family, teaching them that Truth is the best paymaster at last.

Allow me to tell you, friend Hulburd, before we enter into part of the medium's life. I met you when living in the physical form in the city of Cleveland, Ohio. I was called there in person through the agency of the telegraph to consult with another

physician on the case of a man who bore the name of Merwin. While there in the city of Cleveland, I was introduced to you in person by a gentleman who bore the name of Adams, at the establishment kept by a man who bore the name of Joseph Richards. So you see by that method of introduction we are not entirely strangers. I was in the habit of being called by telegraph to appear in person at several of your western towns or cities for the purpose of holding consultation with other physicians when their medical tuition and practice could not aid in helping them out to unravel the mystery of disease; they sent for me and we laid all medical education one side. I entered into the clairvoyant state, located the disease, wrote out the prescription, and with the aid of my strong psychical powers brought in rapport with spiritual action, in which I threw off the disease by the power of manifestation over the physical body I brought the force of physical magnetism into play charged with a strong current of spiritual magnetism that acted as doctor. When the patient had fully recovered a bill was presented for remuneration in the hard work of consultation. We, in the physical body shared equal of the proceeds while the spirits performed the cure. Do you forget, friend, I always gave them the credit for what they had done; but you know we were mortals and lived in a physical body and that physical body had wants that must be supplied. Therefore, we required money to furnish those supplies.

Now, we will take up one of the little lines that played a part in the principal lifetime of the medium. His life line had many little branches running out North, South, East and West. I will try to unravel one of these lines so specified, that the human intellect can comprehend. Some call it a mystery or a mysterious condition in life. There was no mystery attached to it whatever. It was all a reality in human experience. (Rap.) You may put down the spirit rap acquiesced in what I said, that is the spirit rap you just heard. The ignorance and superstition of the human race prevented them from understanding it was one of the natural lines in life. There is no such thing as a miracle. All conditions lay—that takes place in life—within the laws of nature. If it were not so, there would be no result from this great effect that is brought to bear on the human

family. When conception took place in the womb of the mother placed there by the seed of the father, there is a guardian spirit selected in such a case as this to lead this individual through life that is going to take on an embodiment. All planets that come in rapport with your earth planet have an effect upon the child in the mother's womb, as it came to pass in this case.

The child called Justin by the people of the world was a natural born medium, looked upon by the human race as a strange being and an uncanny creature to hold speech with. I remember when we were both children, my parents forbade me to hold speech with him, or she. At that time it was dressed in little petticoats, with long, curly hair hanging down its back. It had little frizzy ringlets all over the top of its head, which the people called devil's knots, and when he became angry, or she, as some people called it, and the fire snapped from those eyes and the ringlets shook and snapped on the top of that saucy head, then we fled in terror, for we thought that wicked creature was working up some evil spell, so we had been told by our devout Christian parents, whose ignorant ideas were many. I knew him there as a child to make predictions and they would come to pass, or in other words, be fulfilled to the letter.

I remember one day a number of us children were standing on the bank of the river when this individual came toward us. He spoke then in broken English, saying, "Canna ye see the boat ganging doon?" pointing to a boat out on the river which contained a number of people singing songs and playing on instruments. We children standing on the bank were delighted with their music. We listened to their singing and watched the boat glide along the water, when all of a sudden it was drawn into a whirlpool and sank out of sight. All the people were lost, that is what you call drowned. We fled in terror, screaming. Our screams brought older people out to see what was the matter. We told them that the witch had worked a spell on a boat. There was a boat out on the river with people in it, singing, when the little witch pointed at it, it sank out of sight and all were drowned. They fell to and beat the child unmercifully. When they had finished beating him he stood there with the

fire of a tiger in his eyes and damned them for a lot of low brutes, saying, "I wish I was back hame wi' me auld grand-fayther. He's aw that loves me noo. I hate ye aw, ye dinna ken the truth when ye see it." Little then did I think that I, too, was a medium, and that in after life it would demonstrate itself to the public through my mediumship as a physician.

The people that the Little One lived with did not seem to care much for him, so their actions showed to other people. It was a whim of his foster mother claiming to have kept a promise. To a certain extent she blighted his little life by bringing him away across the sea from the love of an old grandfather that the child yearned to go back to; but fate had otherwise decreed it. He had to come to those shores to fulfill a part in the up-building of our nation by bringing the black race out of bondage.

Now, I will describe him as I remember him. He was very small of stature, moulded in what I would call a perfect mould. He had the smallest hands and feet, for a child, I ever saw. His features were quite small and regular. He had long hair that fell to the bottom of his dresses. We children would often catch a hold of it and drag him around this way and that. He was only a witch and did not amount to anything, as the cursed Christian religion had taught us. He had a mouth full of pearly teeth, such as you seldom ever saw, and, oh, such eyes! They seemed to look you through at the first glance. The people held him in abhorance and hated to have him come near them. They were afraid that he would cast a spell upon them and that his beauty was the beauty of the devil, to turn people to destruction, and when at night we said our evening prayers, our parents taught us to pray to God to bring some terrible disease upon him that he might be taken out of the body and go to hell with the devil and his imps, where he belonged. We will discontinue for a time.

Wednesday, October 2, 1901.

I would hold speech with you, brother, not only a brotherly acquaintance in earth form but in knighthood. I see that you can drink to the seventh libation, but when you enter our spirit temple we will drink the morning dew of real life. We will

not cross our swords, but cross our thoughts, and when we have understood the true sense of Sir Knighthood, we will look toward the morning star and pronounce, "It is finished." Then we become true knights in the army of Truth.

I do not see, brother how people who claim to be enlightened can accept that disgusting abortion called the "Old Testament" as the word of God. I believe if they would read some parts of it to the red men of the forest he would give command for a war dance and scalp every last missionary; but you know the old saying is, "There are tricks in all trades." And the missionaries have a trick of bringing the red man under the pale of Christianity, by promising him everlasting salvation for killing all his white brothers that he possibly could get hold of. They will tell him to believe in Jesus and he will be saved. No matter how many murders he has committed, let him attend to the great atonement; that is the slaughterhouse atonement where they take a bath in Jesus' blood. When they have passed through that atonement, or that great laborious ordeal, they get a ticket for paradise which gives them a chance to whoop it up on the way to the white throne.

I think the man or woman who would believe the Old Testament was the word of God is not half civilized. I was brought up under the jurisdiction and the narrow-minded education of Presbyterian parents. They had dried up nearly all the vital energy of my little body and when they saw me falter by the wayside they applied an outward application and gave me an internal emetic of Calvin and Luther's lubricating oil, which made me disgorge, by the vomiting process, all the hell that they thought was located in my bowels. When they came to the thinking part of it and thought it had not done its duty well, they forced me to eat Presbyterian side dishes of infant damnation, sprinkled with sulphur right out of the bowels of hell and when that did not work the charm, they shook old Knox's rattling bones at me and prayed to God to send me a nightmare vision in which I would behold the devil and all his imps dancing the can-can in hell and that I would have a chance to hear the old man call out to his principal bartender, "Set them up, damn you." Then the imps, both male and female, would march up to the bar, gollup down a brimstone cocktail red hot.

In the manner you see children in my day frightened into the condition of calling the man Jesus, God. Out upon such a religion as that, that is forced upon the human mind through fear of the wrath of the loving God.

Now, we will take up the life line of the Medium. I remember when the Medium was about seven years of age, he was sent on an errand by some of his people which took him some little way into the town. I think from his home the distance was more than two miles. On returning after he had performed the errand he thought he would ride back in an old stage that was on the line. Someone had given him a sixpense for that purpose. As you must understand, those days there was no nickel in circulation. One of the passengers in the stage was an old brute of a Presbyterian minister, whose name was Taylor. When the Little One climbed the steps and entered the stage some of the passengers threw him out backwards because they said he was a witch. This old bloot of a minister did not stay their hands from committing that atrocious deed of throwing the Little One out upon the hard ground. He struck as he fell a good-sized stone that lay on the road. It hurt his spine, whereby he was confined to his bed for the space of three months. His foster father had three of the passengers arrested recovering damages to the amount of \$500. One of them testified in court that this brute of a preacher told them to throw the little witch into the road. So you see, brother, how they treated the little Medium nearly seventy years ago. His manifestations were known and heard of long before the raps were produced through the Fox sisters mediumship. It was called in those days witchcraft, and if they had dared they would have cremated him at the stake; but they were living in a semi-civilized state. They had just passed out of the age of burning witches, the fad had lost its fashionable effect upon the people. Intellectual advanced minds were demanding their rights and say in things general. The little Medium removed away from our neighborhood in his ninth year.

The next thing I heard about him he had entered on a professional career. He had adopted the profession of the stage whereby he could earn a living. He was only a little baby then, at the age of ten. He was little, but loud. He made a

hit on his first night's appearance. He won the hearts of a civilized race of people. I remember going with a number of youths of my own age to attend a performance given at the old Bowery Theater. The play was called "The Phantom Ship," and Little Puss took the part of a child in that play. My mother thought I was attending a church lottery, where they lied so much over the quality of the goods that I believe if there had been a hell that the church and all its members would have gone down to join the can-can.

I saw Puss perform at different theaters in New York during a period of twenty years but never had the pleasure of speaking to him. During part of my young manhood I made Boston a visit. Puss was then a member of the Buckley Serenaders. I attended the performance one evening in which I found myself surprised by looking on the dancing and singing of the Little One. My surprise was a glad one that knew no bounds. Next day I bought a beautiful basket of flowers, which I had conveyed to the Medium with a note in which I asked permission to call. A Mr. Warren answered my note, granting said permission. When I received my answer I lost no time in reaching their apartments. I knocked at the door and was received by a military-looking individual. I informed him my name was Van Ame. He said, "Be seated, sir. My name is Warren." I told him my desire was to see Little Puss. He said, "He is taking his afternoon nap just now; in about an hour he will wake up." He said, "Mr. Van Ame, where were you acquainted with my Little One?" I told him we were children together living up on the East river. He said, "Ah! but those were sad days for my Little One." I said, "Not only sad but hard and cruel ones." Then he spoke and said, "Mr. Van Ame, why should people persecute my Little One for a curse that God had inflicted him with?" I said, "Mr. Warren, it is no curse, and you should not call it that; some day it will be a revelation to the people through which their souls and eyes will look upon it as a great glory, abounding with spiritual light, holding up and manifesting to hungry men and women famishing for some truth from the spirit side of life. This that you call a curse will become a blessing to the human race. It will teach them they can communicate with their loved ones."

My loud talking woke up the Little One. He hollered out, "Papa Warren, what is the matter?" I don't want to play any more new parts. I want to go back home to Philadelphia. If Bishop's there, you tell him so." He thought I was one of the Buckleys. Mr. Warren stepped to the door of the sleeping apartment, saying, "Little Pet, there is a Mr. Van Ame here waiting to see you." He said, "For the Lord's sake, what old duffer is that now that wants to see me?" Mr. Warren said, "Pet, it is the gentleman that sent you the flowers." He jumped off the bed, saying, "I wonder if it's Joe Van Ame that I met in England." He came out with one shoe on his foot, while he held the other one in his hand. When he discovered me he said, "Oh, no; you are some other Van Ame chump," which made us laugh. I stepped forward and held out my hand, saying, "Little Justin, don't you remember me?" He said, "Not even a ghostly sight of you do I remember." Mr. Warren said, "Come here, Little One, and let me lace up your shoes, then you can talk with the gentleman and perhaps discover where you made his acquaintance."

We entered into conversation about our childhood days. I informed him or her that I lived at one time up on the river and that part of our childhood days had been passed together. I then bore the name of Willie Van Ame." He said, "I do not remember any such name, for you must bear in mind that I spoke but very little English then, and those were hard, cruel days for me. I used to lie down and cry at the foot of a tree and wished I was away back over the sea with my old grandfather, and were roaming over the Highland lea; but now he has passed to the other side, and I will have to wait to meet him there. Papa Warren here is my father and grandfather. He is all that is dear to me in life now." He looked up and smiled at Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren bent down and kissed him, saying, "You are my precious pet, and no one shall harm you." Ah, little did he think what would be the future of little Justin. A hard road was in store for him during the rebellion between the north and south. Mr. Warren invited me to remain for dinner and I did so. The dinner was served in their apartments and we all enjoyed it very much. Many jokes gave expression to fun. About seven o'clock I bade them adieu and withdrew from

the room feeling that I was much better for my visit and that the world would hear from that Little One some day.

We did not meet again until after the war was over. I took up my residence in the city of Philadelphia and invited many spiritual friends and others to a reception given in my parlors. Among the guests it pleased me to see Mr. Warren and little Puss. When all had been seated and quietness pervaded the room, we were waiting for some spirit to manifest through some one of the mediums that were present when Mr. Richards said, "Look there at that book placed on that little fellow's head." We looked and discovered an old city directory had been carried from a book stand by unseen hands and placed on little Puss' head. You must understand, Brother Hulburd, at that time he was a medium for physical manifestations. Several of the other mediums were controlled and addressed us in a beautiful manner explaining to us that there was a great spirit power drawing close to our earth condition and each individual present would see their spirit friends walking by their sides and they would have the pleasure of communicating with them.

After we had sat in this condition for about two hours and a half, I invited them into the dining-room to partake of light refreshments. One of the gentlemen present wore a wig. It was snatched off his head and placed on little Puss's plate which caused a big roar of laughter, and also a discomfort to the bald-headed gentleman, which was the cause of much merriment. Miss Bullene said to Mr. Nagle, "If it had been kept up much longer, I believe I would have been thrown into a fit for my sides ached so from laughing." Mrs. Cortell addressed me, saying, "Mr. Van Ame, you have furnished us with one of the most enjoyable evenings I think, I ever passed in my life." I told her I was glad to hear it and hoped we would enjoy in the future many such lovely evenings, for this had really been a love feast tonight. By that I meant a spiritual love feast, where the denizens of the spirit world communicated with those living in the physical body.

At my home many such evenings were indulged in. We would meet in spiritual harmony and receive spiritual messages from our loved ones. I remember one Sunday evening a chair was elevated into space with Little Puss sitting on it. We all

became fast and dear friends to each other. Of all the friends that met at my home Puss is the only one left in a physical body and we are waiting here on the shore of eternity to greet him and his friends when they come to us to make us a loving visit.

He played in two dramatizations produced from my pen, in both of which he made a hit. He endeared himself to all those who met him in my parlors. As I have been told he was dear to many in his profession.

Now, I would like to acquaint you with a fact that I have never met any man in spirit life who bears the name of Jesus of Nazareth; but I have been permitted to look upon a lot of old superannuated priests and ministers waiting for this man-made God called the Saviour of man by a lot of credulous, deluded minds. These priests and ministers in question, or, I should say, those imbeciles in religion that dwarf the mind of intellect by forcing upon them a bugbear of corruption, are sitting there in their location in the spirit world accusing each other of lying to the people and preaching that which was false. They become wrathful and demand the presence of this Saviour of men in their midst, but they only hear the echo come back to them of a laughing mockery of their sordid credulity. Then they kneel down and cover their heads with a mantle of shame and lisp like slobbering babes that require bibs of common reason placed around their necks and across their breasts, so that they may slobber upon it all that venom that the serpent stung eve with during her temptation. Intellectual and governed minds that have the soul desires and pity, charity and love in their natures they try to cover them with a mantle of wisdom hoping at some time they will wake out of this dreadful nightmare called the Godhead—three persons in one—a crude, coarse symbol of Jewish ignorance.

Oh, sir, if you only knew the pleasure that it gives to us spirits in attendance at your seance-room to hear the questions answered so clear cut by elevated spirits that are teachers manifesting the higher truth of life through your little Medium. My joy knows no bounds since my prediction has been realized and come to pass through little Justin's organism. Oh, I hail it with all the joy of my soul, and long to see the books produced through a manifestation of publication. He has been brought here to

this mountain home to place in action a high manifestation of spirituality through which will be revealed to the public at large—there is no such thing as death. That which is called death is only a passage through which all must pass to a higher reality of spiritual unfoldment. The soul must be cleansed of sin by taking on the banner of Truth and fighting in its cause. The watch-cry shall be, "On to eternity and perfection."

I have not had the power this time of rising to the height in force of character. When I call again I hope there will be a battery attached to my mind that will bring out force of power. This time I have been mild and gentle on account of said force not being at my command. Why, sir, would you believe it, the Christian hell is a daisy in comparison to the hell of the conscience on our side of life. I thank you for taking down my feeble effort through which I tried to give an explanation of man's cousinship in connection with Christian religion. I hope the next time my effort will be supported with a conscious presence of mind that God and I are one; that is, in creating, generating and probating. I will once more thank you kindly, brother, for the indulgence that you have displayed in allowing me to task your strength through your finger-tips. I leave my love for Justin and tell him I have nailed the flag to the flag-staff and will run it up on all future occasions. I am sorry for your nation to think it has been deprived of a fellow brother, a great statesman and a gentleman laid low by the assassin's bullet. Brother Hulburd it is time your nation woke up to common sense and banished these low pirates and brigands called anarchists from your beautiful shore of freedom. All hail to the day, say I, when your laws will hold in check all such vampires and crawling lizards that are trying to destroy the life of your noble men and women that they cannot give back and you must only wait the replacement of another intelligent being to fill the place of the one that has been assassinated by a wretched criminal who stands before you in the form of a human individual.

Hoping my next visit will be a little more decided than the present one I will say ta-ta, and bid you good day.

Charlotte Cushman

Chapter XXIV

Monday, June 17, 1901.

Good morning, sir. You have a lovely place here—a charming home. My name is Charlotte Cushman. I was known in the world as an actress of some fame; possibly you might say, considerable fame. I enter your beautiful home to-day, in which I see you have considerable art. Your pretty valley here surrounded by the mountains and the stream of water coursing through it, and your lovely grove of large live oaks, with the abundance of wild flowers scattered over your mountains and valleys makes it a veritable paradise for those who have romantic natures. This would be a beautiful place for literary people to come and spend their summers. Here, their minds would become filled with spirituality and the conception of character would reach their souls every hour. I think such an abiding place as this would make a delightful home for poets. Oh, what a classic conception these beautiful groves and rugged hills for the Druids to have worshipped their Sun God and the Greeks to worship their God Ceres. It seems to me as if Hermes must have lived in these groves attended by all the other Gods and Goddesses, for I think it is a beautiful place to commune with nature. I am glad to know the Little One can scent the breezes here from the ocean and desert. Senara must have rode past here in her chariot of light that gave such a climate as this for the dwellers of earth to revel in.

I came here today, sir, to speak of Justin and his mediumship. The Little One made his first appearance at the old National Theater on Chatham street, New York. I remember him as a child. I was playing at the Chambers Street Theater, between Broadway and Center street. The Chambers Street Theater faced the City Hall park. I was leading lady of the

company and a good deal of a character actress at that time. I played both male and female parts. One time we produced a piece where we required a child of about ten to eleven years of age. The Little One was brought up to the theater from the National Theater, which was down on Chatham street. He came to the theater in company with a Mr. Jones, an actor who afterwards became a great Bowery favorite. He came into the stage door of our theater holding the Little One by the hand. He said to me, "Good morning, Miss Cushman, I have brought you this little chap to play the boy's part that you require in your piece." I looked at the Little One and smiled, then addressed Mr. Jones, saying, "My dear sir, we want a child at least eleven or twelve years old." Mr. Jones said, "This child is twelve years old." I then said, "Oh, my dear sir, you must be mistaken; why that Little One can't be over six years old, and is only a baby." At those words the Little One's eyes flashed like fire and he looked up into my face and said, "Madam, I want you to know I am twelve years old." I said, "If you are you're the smallest creature for that age I ever saw." Addressing Mr. Jones, I said, "I believe it will be a dwarf," thinking that the Little One did not hear me; but I discovered that he had sharp ears and his eyes flashed fire again when he said, "I'll be as big as you are some day, you old homely thing." Mr. Jones said, "Puss, that's no way to talk to a lady," when the Little One said, "She is no lady; she is too ugly to be a lady." I came to the conclusion that he thought ladies consisted in good looks, and as my beauty never was an attraction to the men I thought I would let his remarks pass and say no more. Mr. Marshall, the stage manager, came along just then, and when he got to where we were, he said, "Good morning, Mr. Jones, is this your little girl?" At that the Little One said, "Don't you see I've got pants on; what's the matter with you?" which made us all laugh.

Just then a beautiful young actress by the name of Lizzie Weston Davenport came up to where we were standing, and said, "Why, Mr. Jones, what a beautiful child you have." At this the Little One fired up, and said, "I 'aint no child; I'm twelve years old." At that, Miss Davenport stooped down and took the Little One's hands and said, "Don't be angry with me,

dear, I love beautiful children." The Little One says, "I 'aint beautiful, I am homely, like that old thing there," pointing at me. I discovered then that he wasn't given to flattery. He looked up at Mr. Jones and said, "We are discharged; let's go. You know you said you were going to buy me some apples," which made us all laugh. Mr. Marshall said, "Hold on, pet, don't be in such a hurry." The Little One said, "We don't be in a hurry for anybody; I don't think much of your theater, anyhow, and it would hurt my name to play here," which caused a big shout, for our theater then was the leading theater of the city, where all the elite attended. Mr. Marshall said, "Miss Cushman, I think we will give him a chance." Miss Davenport spoke up and said, "Oh, do; I would love to play with such a baby." At that the Little One said, "I tell you I'm not a baby; I'm twelve years old, and I am the star of our theater. 'Aint I, Uncle Jones?" to which Mr. Jones said, "Of course, you are, pet." I afterward discovered that everybody was aunt and uncle to him, for it seemed that he belonged to nobody or anywhere but was only rented out to the different theaters. That was long before I became a tragic star. Mr. Jones said, "Well, pet, I will leave you here for rehearsal," when the Little One said, "No, you don't." "But," Mr. Jones said, "I'll come for you again when rehearsal is over." Then Miss Lizzie Weston stepped up and took the Little One in her arms, saying, "Dear, you stay and go home with me to dinner; I'll like my mama to see you." He said, "Maybe it's too far." She said, "Oh, no; it's down here at the Astor House, a few blocks on Broadway." That was where all the principal actors and actresses in those days stopped.

While Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport was talking to him Mr. Jones slipped out the stage door and when the Little One turned around and found that he was gone, he said, "Darn his hide, 'I'll kick him next time I see him." Then Mr. Marshall called all the company on the stage to rehearsal. It was the custom then that the whole company should appear on the stage before rehearsal commenced, so that the stage manager should look them over and see that they were all there. The custom is different now.

We had a very handsome leading man by the name of Mr.

Scott, who was very fond of children. As Miss Davenport and the Little One stood beside him while Mr. Marshall was looking us all over, seeing if we were ready for work, Mr. Scott addressing Miss Davenport said, "What beautiful, curly hair your baby has." The Little One spoke up and said, "If you say that again I'll kick you. I came here to be the star and I don't want anyone calling me 'baby.'" Miss Davenport said, "Of course, you're not a baby and you will be just as big as any of us some day." The Little One said, "You bet." I whispered in a side speech to Mr. Scott, "We've got a regular little firebrand here, and we'll have to be cautious." He said, "What relation is the Little One to Miss Davenport?" I said, "No relation whatever. He was brought here by Mr. Jones to play the child's part in the coming play." He said, "What, that little lump of sweetness? Why, it couldn't remember two lines." "Mr. Jones says it has got a pretty good memory." Then Mr. Scott said, "Why do you dress her in those pants and boots?" I said, "It is supposed to be a 'he' sir," which made Mr. Scott laugh right out, when he said, "If that is a 'he' they've got to making boys with prettier hands and faces than they used to do." I told him I thought so myself.

Then, Mr. Marshall said, "Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen." In the first scene the mounting and setting was that of a drawing-room in the interior of a manor house in England. Mr. Hilton, who played our first old man, was discovered sitting in a large chair reading a book. The chair sat beside a table on which stood an old-fashioned silver candlestick which had projections and which held about eight candles. At night they were all lit up. Miss Davenport and myself sat off on one side on a very pretty brocade sofa. We were the daughters of this old gentleman and the Little One was his grandchild who was sitting on the floor looking at a picture book. Mr. Hilton inadvertently, while crossing his legs one over the other, happened to hit the Little One with his foot when the Little One flared up and jumped to his feet, and said, "Look a-here, old man, you keep those canal boats of yours on the other side. I 'aint no mule to be kicked by you." It sent us all off into a laugh when Mr. Marshall said, "Oh, Little One, that won't do; you mustn't speak like that at night." He said, "I'll speak my

lines all right, but I want that old duffer to keep those hams of his to himself and not b'e throwing them around me like I was a dummy," which sent Mr. Marshall off into a roar of laughter. When he had subsided from laughing, he said, "Now, Mr. Hilton, you must keep your feet within bounds, and we will get to work at this scene." When Mr. Hilton discovered the blood running down the Little One's neck he said, "Oh, my little pet, I have hurt you with my feet, and I see the blood coming." With that Mr. Marshall made quick steps to the side of the Little One and took him in his arms and said, "Mr. Hilton, how did you come to do this? Just look and see how the blood comes out the side of his face and runs down his neck." When Miss Davenport and I heard that we made quick steps towards him. I took out my handkerchief and applied it to the wound right away to staunch the blood, when Mr. Scott came walking on the stage and wanted to know what was the matter. When he saw the Little One, he said, "Why, look, how pale that child is." I was holding his little head against my breast and my hand with the handkerchief to the wound when Mr. Hilton said, "Oh, 'twas me, Scott, that did it. You know my feet are always in somebody's way. I wouldn't have hurt the little creature for the world." The Little One says, "Oh, I've had worse kicks than that." Miss Davenport, with the tears running down her cheeks, said, "Oh, darling, who could have been so cruel as that?" He says, "Those folks that I used to live with up on the river used to knock me around and kick me pretty hard," when Mr. Hilton said, "What brutes they must have been." Then the Little One said, "'Aint you a brute, too? You just kicked me." When Mr. Hilton says, "Oh, darling, I wouldn't have kicked you for anything." Mr. Hilton was near-sighted and did not discover that the Little One sat so close to him. That is why he hit the Little One in the face with his foot.

During that time, Mr. Scott had gone to his dressing-room and returning with some court-plaster in his hand, saying, "Miss Cushman, I believe we can stop the bleeding now." He breathed his warm breath upon the court plaster and applied it to the wound, which stopped the bleeding. We dipped a towel into water and washed the blood off his neck and shoulder

and after we had arranged his clothes he put his little hand up and felt the court-plaster, when he said, "Great Scott, they'll say I've been fighting again." Then, Mr. Marshall addressed him, saying, "Do you think you could go on with rehearsal; are you strong enough?" The Little One said, "Of course, I am. You didn't think I was going to lose the money, did you?" which made us all laugh. They had made an arrangement, or, as I should say, a contract to pay the Little One a quarter for rehearsal and a dollar for playing at night. When the scene was once more arranged and we had taken our places I noticed that the Little One took his position at the other end of the table. He looked up at me and said, "You bet, you don't catch me sitting near that half-eyed gander again." That was a way he had of expressing himself for Mr. Hilton's near-sightedness.

We went on with rehearsal of the piece all right until we came to the third act, where the Little One and I jump from the rocks to escape from the villain of the play on to a mattress inside of a set piece. When I got up I noticed the Little One did not follow my example, when I said, "Dear, you can get up now; they can't see us from the front." I stooped down to take the Little One's hand to raise him up when I discovered his face was very white and he did not move. I said, addressing the people, "Will someone get me a glass of water? I believe the Little One has fainted." I raised him from the mattress and someone placed a chair for me to sit on. I held him on my lap when they brought the glass of water and I tried to place it between his teeth, but I found it was impossible, as his teeth were shut tight. Then, I bathed his face and temples with the water. By that time Miss Davenport, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Scott had arrived on the scene, being notified by some one that the Little One had fainted. Mr. Scott said, "Let me have him quick," snatching him out of my arms. Then, "Let me have that chair." He seized the glass of water quickly and drank a large mouthful of it, putting his mouth to the Little One's mouth he forced some of the water through the Little One's teeth. He did this about six times when the Little One's eyes commenced to slowly open. Miss Davenport, who was crying all the time, said, "See, Mr. Scott, his eyes commence to open; Oh, do let me have him now." Mr. Scott said,

"Not yet," when finally the Little One's eyes opened wide and he looked around; he laid his head back on Mr. Scott's breast and after awhile spoke faintly, saying, "Did they dock me? I didn't mean to get sick," when Mr. Marshall, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "No, darling; you are not docked; you are a little hero." Mr. Hilton, who was standing close by wringing his hands, said, "Oh, think of it; that I should be so unfortunate as to kick him that way." Mr. Scott said, "Mr. Marshall I cannot go on any further with rehearsal this morning, as I feel it my duty to attend to this Little One. Oh, God! how little does the outside world know what actors and actresses have to go through with before they reach the age of maturity. Is there no father or mother to claim this Little One?" Mr. Marshall spoke up and said, "The National Theater has him in charge, and I guess they look out for his wants."

After a little while Mr. Jones arrived on the scene, saying, "Where is our Little One? I will take him and put him aboard of the stage so he can go home. He lives up town quite a ways." He was speaking to a Mrs. Nichols, who stood near the stage door. She said, "Mr. Jones, something has happened to the Little One." He said, "Something happened to our Little One? What could have happened to him? He hurts no one." Pushing the crowd aside he came to where Mr. Scott was sitting, the Little One on his lap and his head resting on his breast. Mr. Jones said, "What has happened to our Little Pet?" The Little One said in a feeble voice, "I got a kick, that's all." Mr. Jones then said, "Who dares kick you? Show them to me and I will thrash them until they can't stand up." I said, "Mr. Jones, it was all an accident," when he said, "It is fortunate for some one that it was." Then I gave him a full explanation of how it happened. Mr. Marshall spoke up and said, "It was a mere accident, and we wouldn't hurt him for the world." The Little One said in a feeble voice, "Jack, I wasn't fighting this time, but they put that thing on my neck," raising his little hand and touching the court plaster. He said, "I was sick as the devil, and we're going to have rice pudding for dinner today, and I can't eat it now." Mr. Scott said, "Darling, when you get well I will see that you get all the rice pudding you want." Then

Mr. Jones said, "Please let me have him, Scott, and I will take him home. When Mr. Purdy hears of this I tell you there will be a storm in the theatre," Mr. Purdy being the manager of the National Theatre.

Mr. Jones took him in his arms, and while he was doing that Mr. Scott and myself took out our purses, placing some money in Mr. Jones' hand. We both said, "See that he gets all the oranges and apples and figs that he wants." Then the Little One said, in a feeble voice, "Jack, you give the money to Mrs. Patterson. She can make it go further than you can. She's a bully for that," which made us all smile.

In the meantime Miss Davenport sent Mr. Taylor to get a carriage. He returned, saying, "Miss Davenport, the carriage is waiting at the door." This Mr. Taylor was playing utility business then in the theatre, but afterwards became a great star and starred it on both sides of the water, with big success. I said then to Mr. Jones, "I will accompany you to the home of the Little One in case the mother becomes alarmed at his appearance." I did so, and when we had reached our destination the carriage stopped in front of the tenement. I stepped out with the Little One in my arms. We were conducted up two flights of stairs to the back part of the house, where I knocked at a door, which was opened by an old Scotch woman. When she saw us she said, "What has happened to the laddie? Gude save us, puri thing, but your life's a hard one." The Little One spoke up and said, "I wasn't a fighting this time, was I, Jack?" Then the old woman said, "If it's nae your claes gets tared, its your skin, what's about the same thing." It was all I could do to keep from laughing at the comparison. She said, "Lay him in there on his little bed," which I noticed was very neat and clean, as was the other apartment, and also the old lady. She was neatness itself. She had on a pretty print gown, with a white apron tied with a bow on the back, with a very neat white cap on her head.

When I came out of the room I said, "Are you his mother?" I mean when I came from the bedroom, where I left Mr. Jones and the Little One. I had to repeat the words again, as I discovered she was somewhat deaf. Then she raised a face toward me with traces of beauty in it, and said, "Ay naw, lady; I'm

naw his mither. The poor thing never saw his ain mither." Then I told her I was one of the actresses of a theatre. She said, "Ay, but I thought as much. Mr. Jones I hãve seen before." Then I explained to her how the accident had happened. Then she said, "Pair thing, pair thing, my heart greets for him; it has been a hard world to him." Then Mr. Jones stepped out of the room, saying, "The Little One has gone to sleep." He placed the money on the table that he had received, adding some more to it. He said to the old woman, "Now you get whatever the Little One wants." She said, "Aye, but I will that." Mr. Jones said, "I'll see that the bills are all paid." She said, "Aye, but ye've been o'er kind to us, Mr. Jones, and the Laird will bless you for it. I always pray for you and ithers that have been so kind to us." I said then, "Now, my good woman, I will come and see how the Little One is again." She said, "Thank you—you'll lose nothing by it, and if the pair thing had his ain he'd be as braw as any of ye." Then we left, with the old lady's blessing.

The Little One got well and played his part in the drama. That was my first introduction to Justin, afterward called the Dashing Blanchard. After we had finished the play in which the Little One took part, I was advised by a manager to go on a starring tour. His offer was liberal and I accepted it.

I did not meet Justin again until about six years afterward. He was then playing with the Buckley Serenaders. They happened to take the same train that my company did. We left Boston in the morning to play in Worcester, Mass., that night. They were passing through Boston and had also boarded the train for Worcester, Mass. Our company had nearly all secured seats when the car door opened and a portion of the Buckley Serenaders entered. Along toward the last as they entered the car Justin came, carrying a basket which was too heavy for him. As he entered the door he tripped and fell into the aisle of the car and the contents of the basket were scattered on the floor. An old gentleman followed him, whom I discovered afterward was old Mr. Buckley. The old gentleman said to the Little One, "I told you that basket was too heavy for you, but you would carry it. Now get a seat and let me pick these things up." The Little One said, "No, I won't; I'm mad now, and I'm going to

pick them up." He picked up quite a number in his arms to put them in the basket. While the old gentleman was stooping down to help him, and as he had straightened himself up to put the things in the basket, he happened to look over to the seat where I was. I occupied the third seat from the door. When he saw me he said, "There's old Charlotte." You can tell how old I was. I wasn't quite twenty-six yet, but I was Charlotte to all the young folks of the theatre. They very seldom addressed me as Miss Cushman. It was only the old ones who did that.

When the Little One saw me he threw all the things down on top of the old gentleman and made a bolt for my seat, which made the people in the car laugh. When he came to the seat I took my hand bag off and made room for him. Then he threw his arms around my neck and hugged and kissed me. When we got to talking his feet were in constant motion. It was almost impossible in those days for him to keep still, and as his feet couldn't touch the floor, sometimes they were on my dress and at other times he would bind them under the seat to try and keep them still, which would only last for a minute or two. He had hold of my hand, when all of a sudden he said, "Charlotte, I think you are better looking than you used to be," which made the people in the seats near by smile. I thanked him for the compliment and laughed at the idea of Charlotte Cushman being good looking. That was the first time that compliment was paid to me in my life, but he was no hypocrite, and meant just what he said—and possibly to his eyes I had improved some. He said to me, "Charlotte, I hear you are playing 'Lady Macbeth.' Just think of it—ain't you grand?" I said, "What are you playing now?" Then he put his mouth to my ear and whispered, "They think I can play anything, but I can't," which made me smile. "You just ought to see the daisy dress they got me for Aladdin. When you see that, then, Charlotte, you'll open your eyes." All of a sudden up came his feet into my lap. Then he faced me with his back toward the aisle. I said, "Puss, see—you are soiling my dress with your feet." He said, "That's so; darn them old feet, they won't stay down. Oh, that's too bad, Charlotte," then he grabbed me around the neck and commenced to kiss me again. He placed on my lips the sweetest kisses that I ever received in my life. I put my arms around him and we hugged one

another good, which made the people in the car laugh. I did not care for that, as I had received a loving hug from one who was innocent and pure and it was given with all the true affection from a loving child, who meant it from the heart. Those sweet kisses I always remembered and cherished in my soul as a token of true affection.

Mr. Taylor, our leading man, sat in a seat back of me with his wife. He said, "Little One, you ought to distribute those kisses and let me have a few." The Little One said, "Oh, get out—you ain't got no mustache or beard, and I don't kiss a man without a beard or mustache." Mr. Taylor said, "But Miss Cushman has no beard or mustache, and you gave her so many sweet kisses, why can't you let me have some?" The Little One said, "Oh, well, she's Charlotte, and she's different—ain't you?" I said, "I expect I am," which made the people laugh.

As the cars were nearing Worcester we happened to look out and saw a long fence with the Little One's name pasted on it in big letters. He said, "Charlotte, did you see those big letters?" I said I did. He said, "I'm bigger now than I used to be." I said, "I judge by those letters you've grown considerable, when he said, "Those letters are a good deal taller than I am, but that don't make any difference."

When the cars drew into the depot and I stepped off onto the platform my manager said to me, "Miss Cushman, you made a mash today." I said, "It is an old mash. Don't you think he is sweet?" Then I said, "Don't you wish you had some of those sweet kisses that I got?" He said, "I guess I do. That face and those hands and feet were never meant for a boy. Just look at that beautiful head of hair like silk; how I long to feel it. I notice those Buckleys watch him like a hawk. I expect they never know where he is only when they've got their hands on him or he is in sight." Just then the Little Once came up and took hold of my hand and said, "Come on, Charlotte, I'll run you a race." Just imagine the exalted Queen of Tragedy running a race with a little soubrette. My manager said to me, "Miss Cushman, your carriage is waiting on the other side of the depot." The Little One said, "Oh, pshaw, she ain't going to ride. Come on, Charlotte, I know a short cut to the hotel," and we went off skipping, while he held tight to my hand, and both companies were laugh-

ing. I never laughed so much in my life as I did that day, and yet it did me good, too. I was glad we didn't have to go up the main street, for the people might have thought we were both looney. I was once more a child, again having a natural romp and a jolly good time.

When we arrived at the hotel he said, "Charlotte, be a man and go through the place where all the men stand or sit." I did as he requested, which made all the men smile, as we passed through. Both companies were stopping at the same hotel, which bore the name of Bay State. When we had reached the centre of the rotunda of the hotel the landlord stepped out of the office and came toward me, addressing me thus, "Miss Cushman, your rooms are ready and waiting for you. Allow me to take your handbag." The Little One spoke up and said, "Charlotte, keep one eye on him," which made the landlord laugh. He struck a tragic attitude and said, "So much playing 'Lady Macbeth.'" I then said, "Puss, I will see you at dinner." He said, "As my lady wishes," then he struck a commanding attitude with a bold gesture, addressing the landlord he said, "Sire, show Her Majesty to the throne room," which caused a big laugh and brought applause. The landlord said to me while he was showing me to my apartments, "The Little One is a natural burlesque artist." I said, "You have seen him before, then." He said, "He has played in the city twice before this." Then addressing me again he said, "It will be nip and tuck between your company and theirs for the Little One is a great favorite here, and for all the scamps I ever saw on the stage, he takes the premium."

That evening their house was crowded, while ours was only half filled. My manager said, "Miss Cushman, you see what the taste of the people is. They prefer to go and attend a burlesque performance, while a great actress like you can only play to half a house. It shows the natural mind of people is depraved." I said, "Not at all; people like to laugh sometimes, and if they would not laugh at that Little One, I would like to know who they would laugh at. You saw how he made the people laugh today in the car, with his spontaneous nature, which is always ready to burst out in some quaint way." He said, "A pretty hand, a pretty foot and a toss of that saucy head will always draw men, and of course, women will accompany them."

That evening when both companies met in the dining hall to partake of supper, the Little One came sliding in on the floor. The floor was very smooth and quite slippery, having a high polish. While he was sliding he hollered out, "Gee, but that's good." Mrs. Buckley said, "Come, now, Puss; sit down and be quiet." Mr. Bishop Buckley, the oldest son, said, "Mother, when will that be?" She said, "Goodness only knows. I expect when he is as old as Methuselah." He sat on a chair between Mr. and Mrs. Buckley and I could hear his feet going all the while, knocking the chair every once in a while. The manager of my company and myself sat right opposite to where they were sitting, when the manager addressed the Little One, saying, "I heard, Justin, you had a crowded house tonight." Then Justin, raising those large, dark blue eyes of his, looked at the manager and gave him one of the roughest winks I think I ever saw, smiling all the while, and said, "You can just bet your buttons, old man, we did." Then Mrs. Buckley said, "Oh, Pet, you mustn't talk to people like that. Why, they'd think you didn't know what good manners were." He said, "Why, I don't, when there's a big house. Do you, papa?" hitting the old gentleman a dig in the ribs which almost knocked the wind out of him. The old gentleman dropped his fork and knife and grabbed his side, saying, "Puss, you will kill me one of these times, if you hit me like that." He got up and grabbed the old gentleman around the neck and commenced to kiss and hug him, when up went one of his feet and almost kicked Mrs. Buckley, when he said to the old man, "Oh, papa, I didn't mean to hurt you, but I was a little excited because we had the biggest house, papa. If you'll forgive me, when we go up stairs I'll clean your pipe out good," which got us all to laughing. The old gentleman said, "Now I'll forgive you if you'll be careful after this." He said, "Oh, I will," and up went one of his feet again. "She knows I am the most careful person she ever knew," pointing to Mrs. Buckley. Mrs. Buckley said, "Yes, when you're asleep." He then caught the old gentleman by the beard, gave him a big, rousing kiss and a hug at the same time, up went both of his feet and he landed in the old gentleman's lap, which caused a big laugh. We all laughed so boisterously that it set the waiters to laughing. The old gentleman placed him on a chair, and addressing me he said, "Miss

Cushman, these are common scenes with us. The Little One means no harm, but it just seems as if his whole body is made of springs." I looked toward Mrs. Buckley and she was laughing so the tears were running down her cheeks. The Little One then laid his head on her breast and said, "Mama, are you going to get me those skates you said you would if there was a big house tonight? There was, wasn't there, papa?" When he was just about to give the old gentleman another dig Mr. Buckley said, "Look out, there, pet; you know what you promised. The Little One said, "Oh, papa, I guess you'll have to tie my hands." Mrs. Buckley said, "Now sit up straight and eat your supper, and you shall have the skates." She said, speaking across the table to me, "Miss Cushman, we always buy the Little One something when we have a big house." The Little One turned around, pointing his knife at Mr. Buckley, and said, "You know you said you was going to get me a pistol, old man." "You shall have it," he said. "Just lay your knife down on the table there," looking over at me, he said, "He has one of his nervous fits tonight."

My manager addressed me quietly, saying, "No wonder he draws the men; just look at those eyes of his. Did you ever see such roguish-looking eyes in your life?" Just then Mr. Buckley arose from the table, saying, "Miss Cushman, I would like to have you and Mr. Clifton come to our sitting-room and spend half an hour, and we will have a little chat, for I do not think Puss will go to sleep right away, for he is so nervous."

When we were leaving the dining hall, the Little One struck out for another slide, which made all the waiters laugh. He went up to them, saying, "Come to the theater tomorrow night, boys, and I'll pass you in." The old gentleman laughed, and said, "The Little One runs the show." After we had been sitting in the room I should judge about fifteen minutes, peculiar raps came all over the wall. I looked at Mrs. Buckley and said, "Isn't that strange! What do you suppose makes that peculiar noise?" She smiled, and said, "Those are spirit raps." I said, "Spirit raps! What do you mean by that?" She said, "Our Little One is a medium, and those are the spirits rapping." I was sitting on a sofa and there was a pillow lying at one end of it. All of a sudden that little pillow came up and struck me on the side of my face. I said, "Mercy! what does that mean?"

When they all laughed. I looked just then toward the Little One and saw his eyes were closed. I said, "See, Puss has gone to sleep." Mr. Buckley said, "Oh, no; he hasn't. You will see something after a little while."

In about ten minutes the chair on which the Little One sat commenced to rise from the floor. Mr. Clifton said, "Isn't that strange!" and just as he said that, a picture on the wall commenced to move backward and forward. I said, "Just look at that. What does all this mean?" Mrs. Buckley said, "These are spiritual manifestations." Then the raps grew louder on the wall, and there was a noise that made a peculiar sound, like someone scraping the wall with a hoe. Then everything became quiet all of a sudden and Justin said, "We'll have a big house in Springfield." He then came out of that condition and went over and sat beside Mr. Buckley, when the youngest son, Frederick Buckley, said, "I guess Puss had better go to bed. He has been having a high time today." He got up, bade us all good night and went into an adjoining room, when Mr. Buckley said, "I must go and see that he gets into bed, or he will go to sleep sitting on the chair or on the floor. I generally take his shoes off and start him to undress. Then I know he gets into bed and I tuck the clothes around his feet."

We bade one another good night, each one going to his room and I to lay in bed wondering at what I had seen. I did not go to sleep till four o'clock in the morning. Those manifestations that we had witnessed seemed to hold me spellbound. We will defer these communications. They tell me I have held the medium long enough for this time.

Wednesday, June 19, 1901. Charlotte Cushman continues. The next time, sir, that I met the medium was in Boston. Mr. Edwin Forrest and myself were playing a star engagement at the Boston Theater, on Washington street. We were supported by a fine class of actors, selected by the manager of the theater for this occasion. Mr. Forrest and myself felt proud of such support. They raised the prices of the seats to \$2.50 and \$5.00—the highest prices that were ever paid to see a dramatic performance in Boston.

On Tuesday night, after the performance was over, Mr. For-

rest knocked at my dressing-room door, which was opened by my maid. He addressed me, saying, "Miss Cushman, I have secured a box for tomorrow afternoon's performance here at the theater, which is to be given in aid of the Orphan Institution. Possibly, your morning paper acquainted you with the fact." I said I saw by the paper while my maid was dressing my hair that there was to be a benefit on Friday afternoon for the Orphans. Then, he said, "I have invited a few friends and would like the presence of your company in attendance during the performance. A little friend of mine is going to play." I said, "I will be there in person, with the greatest of pleasure." Mr. Forrest said, "Thanks Miss Cushman," and then bade me good night.

I arrived at the theater next afternoon, attended by my maid. When we entered the orchestra was playing an overture. We were ushered to the box. When the usher knocked at the box door it was opened by Mr. Forrest in person. As my maid and I entered the box, Mr. Forrest pointed to a chair in front of the box, and said, "Miss Cushman, I reserved that chair for you, there being a good view of the stage." I said, "Mr. Forrest, I'd rather sit back here among the ladies, as I have no desire to be conspicuous." He said, "Miss Cushman, please accept it on this occasion for me, as I want you to watch the antics of my little friend. I am just conceited enough to think he is a great burlesque artist." I said, "What is the name of your little friend?"—not having seen any program yet. Before he had time to answer, one of the gentlemen handed me a program, which I looked at. I saw in large letters at the top of the program, "Justin, in 'Nan, the Good-for-Nothing,' this afternoon." I smiled and said, "Mr. Forrest, I think your little friend is an old friend of mine." He said, "Then, perhaps, you've met him." I said, "I knew him some years ago when he played at the old National Theater in New York. His name in the bills then was, 'La Petite Blanche.'" "Then," Mr. Forrest said, "It will be interesting to us both."

While he was speaking, the curtain went up and we discovered a scene which represented the interior of an old boat house. Let me tell you here, sir, that this comedy was an old English comedy called, "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing." It was revised and modernized by Little Justin's acting, and I would

also say that many of the speeches were delivered in the Yorkshire pronunciation or dialect; being an English comedy.

Now, I will give you a little insight into the plot. This scene represented an old-fashioned room in a boat house. There was an old-fashioned kitchen table, with two boatmen sitting on wooden stools at each end of it. In front of a window there was a long wooden bench. On that wooden bench was a pail of water, a long bar of brown soap, a scrubbing brush, two cabbagees and some carrots. Back of the bench stood an old English broom made from brush, such as the English peasants use in sweeping up their clay floors. Around the room were placed three old-fashioned wooden chairs. On one of the chairs was a large black cat. When the curtain went up you discovered these two men quarreling with one another about this "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing." They are two brothers, speaking about the night when they discovered the little waif, Nan, all soaking wet from a heavy rain that had been falling. As they were returning from town, where they had been to the tavern to get a sociable glass of ale, as they called it, they met the Little One in the street. She came up to them and begged them for a penny. One of them said, "My little lass, have you no home on such a night as this?" The other one said, "It's an awfu' night for ye to be oot." She said, "Sometimes I live under the dock, ither times I sleep in the dureways." Then, they said, "Come, we will tuk ye to oor ouse." That is how she was introduced into their home. They were finding fault with each as to her bringing up. She calls them "Fayther number one and fayther number two." While they were talking, we heard loud laugh on the outside of the house. I smiled and said to Mr. Forrest, "That's the Little One; I recognize that musical laugh." One of the men stepped to the window and hollered, "Come in here, Nan, you baggage you." He turned around and addressed the other brother, saying, "She's the worst wench in aw the neighborhood. If she 'aint a making mud pies; why, she's fighting with some boys." The other one said, "Or else slidin' doon a ladder tearin' all her claes."

Just then the door opened and the most wretched-looking child you ever saw in all your life made her appearance. She said, "Did e call?" They both said, in the same breath, "Come

in here, you baggage, and give an account of yourself." She came, shuffling forward to the table. Now, sir, I will describe her: She had an old, dirty torn dress on, a boot on one foot and an old gaiter on the other; with one of the worst, dirty faces that you ever saw, with a big scratch down the cheek that she had got when she was fighting' with the boys, a head of red hair stuck out in all directions. It looked like it had never made the acquaintance of a comb. She had an old, dirty clay pipe in her mouth which she was smoking. I think, of all the hideous creatures, she was one. She took the pipe out of her mouth and grinned at them in such a manner that it set the gallery boys off in a roar of laughter. She said to the men, "E be'es in an awfu' 'urry." One of the men said, "Who you grinning at?" She said, "I 'haint a grinning. It's my mashing smile," and she made one of the awfulest faces that you ever saw, which started the people to laughing again. One of the brothers said, "Nan, I want to tell e as ow we are goin' to turn hover a new leaf in this 'ouse." She then gave a big laugh, and said, "Ear im, ear im," and with that she jumped up onto the table, snatched one of their hats off, commenced to fan herself and of all the demoralized-looking creatures it was she, with that pipe in her mouth and a grin on her face, fanning herself with the old hat and her legs dangling down in front of the table. She said, "I bese a beauteous and my faythers they bese beauteous, too," which caused a roar of laughter. Then the two brothers got excited and jumped up and shook their fists at her, saying, "E bese the worst wench on this earth." Then she took the pipe out of her mouth and tried to look modest; but, oh, Heavens, sir, I wish you could have seen that modest look. Now, I will tell you the conversation in American English. They said to her they wanted her to stay in the house and keep it clean and herself also, as she was a disgrace to the name of the Lord. They don't want her out of the house any more sliding down ladders or making mud pies. If they hear of her fighting with any more boys they will thrash her, or causing any more rows in the neighborhood.

They want her to keep out of the boats and live like a respectable being, and one of them said, "If you don't, I'll lock you up and starve you." This made the other one mad and

he said, "That's no way to talk to her." Then she commenced to cry, and of all the yelling you ever heard, I think it would be pretty hard to match. Then, the two men sat down and said, "Let's reason this out, like God-fearing people." They asked her then which she loved the most. Between her sobs and yelling she said, "Fayther number one." She said, "I like ee best when ee commenced to talk," then trying to gulp down a sob which almost choked her. Then, sir, I wish you could have seen the contortions of her face, which set off the people into roars of laughter. She caught her breath, and said, "Fayther number two, when ee does up talkin' I like ee the best," and that's the way she had getting out of things. They both commenced to laugh and got up and went to hugging her. They said, "Lass, ee must give ye faythers a buss," which means a kiss. Then they told her to get down and get the house in order and they would go off to work. As they left the house she threw an old coat after them and said, "That's for guid luck; I likes to send them away with a smile." I wish, sir, you could have seen that smile. I thought Mr. Forrest would go into a fit with laughter. One of the ladies in the box made the remark, "I think that creature is the ugliest and dirtiest, and I should say, the most mischievous-looking and villainous creature I ever saw." Then she said, "Can it be possible that any human creature ever looked like that?" The Little One goes to the bench, grabs the pail of water and throws it all over the floor; then seizes the brush broom, gets to work scrubbing, saying, "I's going to turn over a leaf." While she is scrubbing the floor with the broom she starts in singing, "My Jonnie was a shoemaker," and dancing in the water with her feet. Then of all the contortions that her human anatomy went under I never witnessed the like. It seemed to me that she would disjoint every bone of her body and they would come out of the socket.

While she was scrubbing the floor a loud knock was heard at the door when she hollered out, "Throw yourself in, its clarin' up day. I'se housekeeper now." The door opened and a very dapper little fellow stepped in, dressed in the height of fashion and holding a letter in his hand, and as he came toward her she raised the wet broom and said, "Not so fast, my bucky lad. If ye come any nearer, I'll doon ye." He said, "I want

to deliver this letter into the hands of Miss Nan," which sent her off into a big laugh. She turned around and looked at the audience while she was convulsed with laughter. She said to them, "Did you ever see a ginger snap on two knitting needles before?" which caused a big laugh. He addressed her, saying, "Are you Miss Nan?" She said, "Naw, I'm Nanny; chuck your letter on the table there and mebbe she'll get it."

As he turned to go out the door, she hit him a kick in the back of his anatomy, which sent him through the door. He rushed to the window and looked in, hollering, "Oh, what a guy." With that she threw a cabbage at him and then the carrots. Then she ran down to the door, hollering after him, "Come back here and let's have a scrap, ye auld ninny ye." Then she came in and shut the door and went to scrubbing the floor again, saying to herself, "I 'aint had a scrap in two days and I'm afraid I'll be goin' out of practice."

Just then a gentleman stepped in at the door, which was not entirely shut, and as she looked up and discovered him she turned around with a grin toward the audience and said, "The guid Laird is going to give me a chance for a scrap." The gentleman stepped forward to the table and said, in a rich, fatherly voice, "My little girl, I had a desire to come and talk with you." At that she twisted her foot and leg around the broom and stood in one of her grotesque attitudes, which caused a laugh. Then the gentleman spoke to her in a kind way, saying, "My little lass, you saved my son when he was drowning when no one would go to his rescue. You struck out and bufeted the waves, hollering to him to keep up till you could get there. The people on the bank said you glided through the waves like a dolphin, and then when you reached him you siezed him by the hair of the head with one hand as he was just about to go down for the last time. You struck out for the shore with one hand and used both your feet, which seemed a miracle to think that you both got there alive." She said, "Aw, that 'aint nothin', auld man." Then, he said, "Where is your mother or your father? I would speak with them." She said, "I never had any mither, but I've got two faythers. They be out at work and if ye was a decent man ye'd be at work, tay," which caused a laugh. "Ye'd na be around here when a womans'

house-cleanin'." Just imagine calling herself a woman, when she was only about four feet and a half tall. But he said, "My dear." At that she gave a shout of laughter, saying, "The old clot's on the mash." She then struck one of her fantastic positions, and with a kick of her foot, for which she was celebrated, she said, "Old Genesis, I'm listenin'."

He said, "I don't understand you, you said you had no mother and that you have got two fathers." She said, "I be that and big ones tay, and ye better na hang around here or they'll dry up the floor wi ye," which made him laugh very heartily. He said, "To make a long story short—" She looks at him and says, "Ye're the long o' it and I'm the short o' it." He placed a package on the table, saying, "There, little lass, is a hundred pounds for your heroic deed in saving my son." Then she commenced to cry; when the gentleman stepped up to her, saying, "Will you kiss me? I know there's good stuff in you." She sprang on to him like a cat, and twining her arms around his neck, while her legs were twisted around his body. She was all wet and got his nice clothes wet and dirty. She gave him three good hearty kisses, then dropped on the wet floor, crying as if her heart would break. Then the gentleman stooped down, placed his hand on her red hair, saying, "God bless you, my child," and then left the room, shutting the door behind him. She got up and shook herself like a water dog, saying, "A hundred puns for taking a kid out of the water." "I wish a whole lot of them would fall in some day that I might drag them out," which caused the audience to laugh. She said, "A hundred puns! Some way or anither my waist don't fit," which made us laugh, for she was nothing but a bundle of rags. She said, "Now I mun clean myself before faythers come home." She takes a letter off the table and sits down on the wooden bench by the window, looking at the letter this way and that way, saying to herself, "I wish I had some hedication, then maybe I could read it au oot." She gave a sigh and kissed the letter, saying, "Maybe an angel sent it to me, for there's naebody in the world would send me a letter." She threw the letter on the table, saying, "Weel, I must get fixed up." She took the pail and went out of the room and returned with some water in it. She set it down in front of the wooden bench while she

seated herself beside the large bar of soap. She took the old boot and gaiter off her feet, exposing a little pair of feet to the gaze of the audience. One leg had an old blue stocking on it with a big hole in front, exposing her little toes. The other leg had a big hole in the heel and an old yellow patch over the toes. She laid the stockings on the bench beside her. Then she stuck her feet into the pail of water and commenced to wash her feet and legs with the soap. When she had finished washing them she took one at a time and dried it on her old skirt. She placed that one upon the bench while she was drying the other. Then, when she got up in some way she fell into the pail, which tipped over—she, the pail and the water went rolling on the stage, which caused an immense roar of laughter.

A gentleman sitting behind me in the box said, "Miss Cushman, did you ever see such a shiftless creature in your life?" I said, "My good sir, you are looking at a tomboy girl, which is impersonated true to life." She got out of the pail, picked herself up in a limping manner, grabbed hold of the pail and went out of the room, limping, came in again with the pail and some water limping for dear life, walking on her bare feet. She placed her pail down on the stage in front of the bench again. She dived her two feet into it, swishing the water with her feet. Then she caught hold of the back of the bench with her hands, saying, "Auld man, you don't ketch me this 'ere time," when all of a sudden, over went the bench, herself and the pail. Suddenly she jumped up, grabbed the pail before all the water was spilt out of it. There was an old sack lying close by. She took that and dried her feet and legs, then put on the dirty stockings again, replacing the old boot and gaiter on her feet. She got down on her knees in front of the pail, picked up the big bar of soap, dipped it into the pail, where the water is, rubbed it over her dirty face, saying, "Gee, that scratch hurts." Then, she threw down the bar of soap, dipped her head into the pail and swished the water up into her face with her hands. She then dried her face with her old ragged skirt, at the same time exposing an old petticoat covered with all colors of patches. When the people saw that petticoat they burst out laughing. Then she went to the drawer of the table, brought out a piece of looking-glass, placed it up against a bottle that had a candle

in it, then she got the scrubbing brush; looked into the piece of glass, commenced to brush her hair, and looking around at the people, said, grinning, "Won't I look scrumptious?"

She went to a box in the corner of the room, opened it and brought out a pinafore, then she said, "She's been saving that for the Queen's funeral," which brought a laugh from the people. She went to the wall and took down an old straw hat from a peg and tied it under her chin, went and looked in the piece of looking-glass, after which she turned around with one of her comical expressions on her face, of which she has many. Then she said to the audience, "I'm too sweet for the Prince of Wales himself," which caused another laugh. She then came down to the footlights and said to the leader, "Fiddle," which made another laugh.

I wish to explain to you, sir, that all her movements and expressions are comical—extravagantly so. That is why she was called the "Queen of Burlesque Company." She then sang a song called "Who'll have me?" and at the end of every verse she yells "Who'll have me? Don't speak all at once," which made the gallery boys holler out, "I'll have ye; I'll have ye." When she had finished singing she said, "I'll have to shake my feet to get them ready for the promenade." Then the orchestra started up a hornpipe. She commenced to dance then. Of all the contortions and movements and gestures of her anatomy I never saw the like before. As she was about to finish the dance and was down near our box she suddenly made a spring and landed right in the middle of our box, which frightened some of the lady friends of Mr. Forrest. The people were yelling and applauding for her to appear again when Mr. Forrest grabbed her up with all her dirty clothes and dirty shoes. Mr. Forrest stood her up on the beautiful velvet trimmings on the front of the box so that the people might look at her. Then she commenced to throw kisses at the people; this she is noted for. Then she yelled, "I'll come out and kiss every fellow that's got a mustache and beard," and some of the men yelled back, "Come on; that's just what we want." Then she gave a kick with that little foot of hers and yelled out, "You're too willing, gentlemen," which caused a big laugh. Then Mr. Forrest lifted her down and she disappeared from the view

of the people. At the back of the box she beckoned for me to come to her. I went and she took both of my hands, and giving me a hearty kiss, said, "Oh, Charlotte, I'm so glad to see you. It repayed me for all my hard work this afternoon to see your kind face, for you were my friend when I was little and poor. God blessed you and made you the grandest woman in the world, the queen of tragedy." When she had said that Mr. Forrest said, "'Aint you going to kiss me, Puss? It's a long time since I felt those sweet lips on my mouth." This interrupted me from replying to her compliment. She laughed and said, "I will, Mr. Forrest; you have a mustache and goatee." She went forward to where he sat, took him by the hand, led him to the back of the box and kissed him profusely, saying, "You, too, were my friend, when I was little, poor and hungry." The other two gentlemen in the box laughed and said, "Little One, won't you kiss us, too?" She said, "I will, since you are friends of Mr. Forrest." Mr. Forrest said, "Puss, these are two particular friends of mine from Philadelphia." She then said, "Oh, I will kiss them, for I love the Philadelphia people." Afterwards she went to live in Philadelphia for a number of years and made it her regular home. None of the ladies in the box asked her to kiss them. They were afraid of her dirty face and her dirty clothes. She turned around and took my hands with a warm grasp, saying, "Oh, Charlotte, I wish I could get off some night to see you play. They say you are so grand now." Mr. Forrest spoke up and said, "Miss Cushman is the queen of the American stage, and, in fact, of the world," which made me blush. I said, "Not as great as that, Mr. Forrest." He said, "You are, Miss Cushman, what I have just said." Then he turned and said to the Little One, "You are the queen of burlesque, who has no peers." He addressed the company in the box, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, behold the two opposite queens of the stage, who may never come together again." The gentlemen in the box arose, and with Mr. Forrest bowed to us, when the Little One, with one of his saucy laughs and kick of his foot, said, "Ta-ta, ladies and gentlemen, I must now say au revoir, and get ready for the next scene."

We never met again in the body; but I saw him perform

at different times, which I will relate to you later on. The curtain arose on a street scene. The two brothers were discovered, or, as Nan, called them, her "two faythers." They were walking arm in arm, and were talking about as "Ow they were going to raise Nan and make her a leddy." They passed off the stage talking in that strain. The next that came on the scene were two English dudes dressed in the height of fashion, talking about what a jolly good time they had last night. One said to the other, "Joey, my boy, the bloomin' gals wilted when they saw the cut of my new spring suit, by Jove." They said, "I was the darling of all darlings of men." The other one said, "Charlie, my boy, did you notice how the ladies, God bless them, the darlings of my heart, how they flutter their fans when I was asked to sing, by Jove, my boy? I know I'm dear to those young gals; they say I have the sweetest tenor voice in England." One said to the other, "Look, my boy, at that blasted affair coming down the street; the thing is a regular guy. If you can tell me what it is, Charlie, you can have it." Then they laughed hilariously and both declared it was too funny for anything. At that moment Nan walked on the stage with a cotton gown of large pattern. The flowers upon it are very large and gay. She had a new pair of shoes on about three sizes too big, a black lace cape on her shoulders, a hat trimmed with cherry-colored satin ribbons biffed on one side of her head. Under one arm she is carrying on old dictionary, with the other hand she held up an old torn parasol over her head. She had her head tilted on one side with one of those saucy looks on her face that she can give. She came on the stage shaking herself, thinking she is very tony. As she approached the men they stepped one side and giggle and laugh just as she was about to pass them. One of them said, "Oh, what a guy!" With that she threw down the old dictionary and the parasol, and said, "A guy, am I; you blasted brutes?" She hit one a mash in the jaw and sends him reeling against the scene. The other she kicked on the back of his anatomy and landed him on the stage. Then she burst out in one of her hearty laughs and said, "I 'aint had a scrap in four days; I feel better now." Then she picked up the old distionary and the torn parasol and turned around and spitting over her shoulder

at them said, "When a Hinglish gal what's gittin' hedicated comes along and a couple av 'ere blokes like you sees her they'll throw out their manners then. If you don't they're to get climbed," with that she gave her head a saucy toss in the air and kicked out one foot behind, hollering with all her might, "Oh, where's the Prince of Wales now?" which brought a big laugh.

She was about to walk off the stage when a very elegant-looking gentleman came down the center aisle and presented her with a very beautiful basket of flowers. She accepted it and looked at him with one of her roguish smiles, saying, "Oh, you rascal, what will I do with it?" which caused the audience to laugh. Then the boys up in the gallery hollered out, "Give it to us. Oh, 'aint you got a nerve?" She threw kisses to the people and turned to go off when the audience hollered out, "Let us have 'Oh, 'aint you got a nerve.'" With that she came toward our box and handed up the basket of flowers, saying, "Charlotte, please accept this from me." Then she went to the center of the stage behind the footlights and said to the leader, "Fiddle for dear life." She commenced to sing and jump. "Oh, 'aint we got a nerve." Between the verses she danced and twisted her body in all kinds of shapes. I wondered she didn't dislocate some of her ribs. After she had sung the last verse she danced off the stage. The people applauded and called her back. She rushed on the stage, falling over the old dictionary. She picked herself up, grabbed her old torn parasol, whipped a bottle out of her pocket, took a nip rubbing her stomach all the time, saying, "It's only a little gin and tansy for the nerves." Then she threw her head on one side, saying, "For Heaven's sake keep quiet or the police will be in here. Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian has had an attack of the reformatory fever and through his own condensation he may become convulsive the next. It's a hard attack of the heart, countin' his money, and if he gets a relapse, wy he's gone forever and nothing can save him but a big house tonight. Charlotte Cushman has put seventeen porous plasters on his back and says his pulse is up to fever heat and I beg of you to keep quiet until I get out of the building alive." And, with that she rushed off the stage, tripping up on her old torn parasol,

fell down, her head striking the dictionary when she looked up and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh, what knowledge fell there." She picked up all her old traps, then looked at the audience cross-eyed, with one of the most mournful and pitiful looks you ever saw. She puckered up her mouth and said she's "just got a sitiuation to nurse them 'ere triplets; being three of them. If one hadn't got lost on the road there might have been four of them," which sent the audience off into a big roar of laughter. With that she rushed off the stage, but they called her back again. She walked over the stage crying, as if her heart would break. She went down to the footlights when a kid hollered out of the gallery, "What are you crying for?" She said, "I 'aint a crying; that's the way I laugh, when I'm mad." All of a sudden she jumped around, struck into a song and dance, "My name is Biddy McCann—McCann! I am an Irishman—man!" and danced off the stage, which made the people scream and laugh. The gallery boys yelled for her to come out again. She threw out one leg and a foot around the proscenium, then darted her head out, yelling at the top of her voice, "Hush, or I'll tell your mother," then dodged back out of sight.

The street scene then was drawn off and you saw the interior once more of the old boat house. The two men were discovered sitting up on a table with their legs down in front, reading the letter that Nan had thrown on the table. One of them was holding bank notes in his hand. The other one said, "Who would have thought that our Nan would have jumped in front of the engine and dragged the kid off and now they sent her thirty puns for doing it; with that and with aw the ither things that she's dein in the world, she's a guid lass, after all." Then they wiped the tears out of their eyes on their shirt sleeves and took hold of one another's hands, saying, "She's a bonnie lass when she comes oot of the river and her face is clean."

Just then Nan fell in the door, loaded down with bundles from the dry goods store. She looked up and cried out, "By the Laird, my faythers are cryin." She rushed over to where they were, crying out, "Faythers, faythers! Be you sick, or what be the matter?" The men said, "Nan, we be prude o' ye

today. Here's thirty puns for the guid work ye did in draggin' the kid out in front of the engine. Laird naes but ye're a her-rine!"—meaning a heroine. Then she gave a toss of her head and said, "I have mair money than that; I got a hundred puns for draggin' a child out of the water," which made both the men fall to the floor from the table. One said to the other, "Did you hear that, Jack? Nan says she got a hundred puns. She must be some relation to the Queen, man." Nan brought a box out of the old cupboard which she opened up and showed them the money. One gave a long whistle and struck his leg; the other one jumped into the middle of the floor and commenced to dance a reel. The other one got excited and joined in the dance. Then you would see Nan's feet commence to go, she couldn't stand it any longer. She jumped in and they danced a three-handed reel. While they were dancing, a young man rushed in through the door, crying, "Save me, save me!" One of the men grabbed him and they threw him from one to the other in the dance. Just then a policeman rushed in and when he saw them dance, he also got excited, joined in the dance and when the excitement was at full heat Nan jumped on the policeman's back, yelling out with all her might, "Three cheers for a cop what's hedicated." A lot of people looked in the door and also the window. They rushed into the room and commenced to dance, hollering, "Three cheers for Nan, that's good for something." In the midst of the excitement the curtain descended and the audience hollered for "Nan, the good-for-nothing." When the two fathers led her on before the curtain, she walked down to the footlights in a mincing way, looking at them with one of her roguish looks. She gave a sigh and then a smile. She said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I would have come alone but my two faythers think I'm on the mash," and with that she ran off the stage, leaving the people laughing. They called her back and she came on and said, "You can see me tonight again, if you want to, by purchasing tickets at the office of the Buckley Opera House."

Just then the policeman rushed on, picked her up and carried her off under his arm, telling the audience they had enough of that nonsense. "We want something to eat now," which sent the people off into a roar of laughter.

Why I describe this play so minutely I think it was one of the best pieces of burlesque comedy acting that I ever saw on the stage. The ladies and gentlemen that were with Mr. Forrest and myself in the box attended the performance at the Buckley Opera House that evening and saw the Little One in "Cinderilla."

Next morning at the breakfast table the ladies and gentlemen were profuse with compliments, saying the Little One looked perfectly beautiful in Cinderilla. Her dressing was exquisite and her acting grand. "Miss Cushman, you would never have thought it was the same person. Oh, how beautifully she was dressed in the ballroom scene, and when the Prince led her to the dais, or throne, he came down to the footlights and took her hand in his to lead her to the throne. While they were walking up the stage she put on more airs than I ever saw in my life. She tossed her head and sniffed at the two old maid sisters in such a way that the audience became convulsed with laughter. When she was mounting the steps that led to the throne she put on so much style that it made me laugh so that I broke my fan. When he handed her to the royal chair to be seated she made such a bow that she got 'a stitch in the side,' as she called it, and screamed out for somebody to come and straighten her up. The Prince took hold of one arm and the old Baron the other; they straightened her out and placed her on the chair. Then two of the court ladies came up and held their perfume bottles to her nose. Then, of all the agonizing airs that you ever saw put on this beat anything that I ever saw. She pushed the ladies' bottles away and leaned back on her chair, saying, "I am salubrious, now, your Highness," which made the people all laugh. I laughed right out at the table, for I knew how the Little One could do it.

One of the gentlemen then spoke up and said, "Miss Cushman, we are going to give a little dinner in our rooms Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Hector has sent out a few written cards of invitation; will you please accept an invitation in person?" I thanked him kindly, and said, "I would attend in person at the dinner with the greatest of pleasure." A number of guests assembled at their rooms, which were beautifully decorated

with flowers and flags. Mr. Forrest, the Buckley brothers and myself, with a number of other guests, whose names I cannot remember. We sat down to dinner, the table being elaborately decorated and the savory odors of the viands attacked our nostrils with much pleasure and delight. Mr. Forrest said, "Bishop, where is the Little One?" Mr. Buckley said, "I really could not tell you, sir. He went off this morning after breakfast and we have not laid eyes on him since." Mr. Hector said, "That is too bad; I did so want to have him here, for I enjoy his quaint sayings." We had finished the substantial part of the dinner and were partaking of some delicious wine when a knock came at the door. One of the waiters opened it and in walked Little Justin, with his cheeks as red as roses. He struck one of his comical poses and yelled out, "I bet you've eaten up all the cranberry sauce," which made us all laugh. One of the waiters said, "No, Justin, I've got a dish full here on the sideboard, for I knew it was one of your favorites." Justin went over and took his hand and said, "God bless you, my boy. When I meet the Lord I'll tell him how good-looking you are," which caused us all to laugh. Mr. Forrest said, "Come here, Justin; I've reserved a seat for you." Justin went over and said, "Bless you; you've always been kind to me." He threw his arms around Mr. Forrest and gave him two hearty kisses. When he had released his arms from Mr. Forrest that gentleman said, "Now, Little One, what are you going to eat?" He commenced to beat his breast, saying, "I'll have some turkey, cranberry sauce, a pickle and some bread," which sent a ripple of laughter around the table. Mr. Hector said, "Justin, we have many other nice things to eat." He said, "I don't want so much stuff." Mr. Buckley spoke up and said, "He generally eats two or three things at a meal." While he was eating, the eyes of all the guests at the table were upon him, while they were sipping their wine. All of a sudden he looked up and says, "Gee, Charlotte, but that was an old gobbler! I bet he took a premium for his age in Noah's Ark," which set us all to laughing again. He said, "I guess I'll just eat the cranberry sauce and bread," when Mr. Forrest said, "Pet, here's some nice salad." He said, "Did you make it?" Mr. Forrest said, "No; but I can guarantee that it's nice." Then

Mr. Forrest picked up his fork and fed the Little One with some of the salad, when the Little One said, "That's enough, I thank you, Uncle Edwin, it smacks too much of boarding house," which made us all laugh again. He finished up by eating the cranberry sauce and bread. When he got through we all adjourned to another room, while the waiters removed the dishes and other things and put the room in order again. Then we came back to the same room and when all were comfortably seated around conversation was carried on in a very pleasant strain, when the Little One took a foot rest, placed it by the side of Mr. Forrest, sat down on it, laid his head in Mr. Forrest's lap and went to sleep. While he was sleeping, Mr. Forrest brushed back his curls, stooped down and kissed him, saying, "Poor little fellow, he belongs to everybody." His cheeks were so red that a lady that sat near me said, "There is nature's roses." Just then the raps came all over the wall of the room. Mr. Forrest winked at me, which made me smile, for then I knew the spirits were present. The raps grew louder and louder, when Mr. Hector said, "What makes that peculiar noise?" A lady sitting on the opposite side of the room spoke up and said, "The Little One is a medium and there are quite a number of spirits present." Mr. Hector said, "Do you mean to tell me that spirits make this strange noise?" She said, "I do, sir, and if you will keep quiet, perhaps, you will see something else." All of a sudden a lady screamed and said, "Oh, my, that hurts!" Then another lady's hair dropped down and the hairpins were thrown into her lap, which caused quite a laugh. She said, "The spirits must be here today." The Little One sat up straight on the foot-rest, which had rollers under it. Then all of a sudden it got back to Mr. Forrest, who stretched his legs apart. Then the Little One laid his head on Mr. Forrest's breast, put his hand in his vest and went to sleep. Mr. Forrest said, "They have brought you back to one that always loved you like a father." Mr. Hector said, "That beats anything I ever saw and I think a little wine will do the stomach good on this occasion." Some of the people laughed, while others looked pale and others frightened until the raps ceased to manifest. Then, Mr. Buckley said, "I'll have to take the Little One home now, so that father will put him to bed." Mr. Forrest

said, "No, Mr. Buckley, I will keep the Little One with me to-night for I shall leave Boston in the morning, and perhaps may never see him again." But I heard that they met twice afterwards—once on a yacht and the other time at Mr. Forrest's home in Philadelphia. The next time I saw Justin he was playing at the Seventh Street Theater, Philadelphia. I attended a Washington matinee performance. The play was a pantomime, but the name I don't remember. Justin impersonated the part of the queen and looked beautiful. He was dressed gorgeously and had long, flowing blonde hair. In one scene where she is dressed in light gauze material, and her blonde hair flowing down, she looked like the picture of a Greek goddess that I saw in Athens, Greece. Justin had grown some since I saw him last and I think he must have been nearly five feet tall. In one scene of the pantomime, which was a magnificent grotto scene and the fairies were grouped in different parts of it, they played a grand introduction to a dance called "La Ariel." The fairies came forward with scraps in their hands and formed graceful positions which made it look like heaven on earth. The calcium light was thrown on the stage, which made the effect grand. Just then the Little One bounded into their midst and stood on one toe with his other foot poised in the air, which was marvelous to look at. Then he danced the "La Ariel" on his toes. The people commenced to shout and yell and applaud. I think it was the most artistic toe dancing I ever saw. When he had finished the dance a spirit or demon rushed on and stood in the middle of the stage with his arms folded behind him. He braced himself in a position as if expecting something. With one bound the Little One sprang up and rested one foot on the demon's arms, while the other foot he threw up into the air and held it there. The applause became deafening, and then the curtain dropped and closed them all from sight.

The reason I illustrated this was to show what a versatile performer he was. In the last scene of the pantomime, which was the transformation scene, the Little One was suspended in the air, as a cupid with wings on. That scene was so grand I cannot describe it. The curtain had to go up on it twice before the people were satisfied.

The last time I saw him was in Toronto, Canada. He was playing at the Royal Theater. The name of the play was "Little Jack Shepherd, the House Breaker." He played the part of Jack. I never met him in the body after that. He was really a great artist. He played in minstrel companies, comedy companies and the Black Crook pantomime companies. He was versatile in all classes of character. The last time I conversed with him he told me he was living with a gentleman by the name of Warren and to oblige that gentleman, who is a spirit, I came to give this communication. Mr. Warren in spirit life tells me the Little One and he lived together twenty years in the body. He always hoped the Little One would pass out before he did. He said he loved him with all his life and did not wish to leave him to the cold world, as he was not over-gifted with a large amount of wisdom and economy, for there were human vultures that played upon his credulity constantly, and would borrow from him all they possibly could. He said, "I left him with abundant means to take care of him the rest of his life; but I have discovered since coming here to the spirit life that the human vultures got it all away from him. Things were reversed and I came to spirit life first. Had I lived in the body it would not have turned out as it has, for I always kept the vultures at a distance." He had to live for a greater work than performing on a theatrical stage. His work was to be the grand field of spiritual intellect. For myself I never was as much attracted to physical phenomena as I was to the higher intellect and elevation of spirituality.

I have received many beautiful communications through genuine mediums, both male and female. I have come in contact with some of the worst frauds that ever lived. While in New York there was a woman stopping at the same hotel that I did. She was introduced to me as Madam Lucile, the great English clairvoyant and test medium. She said, "Miss Cushman, there is a spirit that wishes to communicate with you." I said, "I should be pleased to hear what the spirit has to say. Will you accompany me, madam to my apartments?" She did so and when she was seated, she commenced to twist her body and shake all over, professing to go under control. There was an influence spoke; if it was an influence, from the spirit side

of life. It said, "I am Madam Rachel, the great French actress. I am very strongly attracted to you and always bore a great love for you ever since we met in Paris. We are the two greatest women the stage ever saw, and the king admired you so much while sitting in the box at the theater where I was playing. This medium through whom I speak is an agent soliciting money to build a medium's home and you would oblige us very much if you would present her with a check for a thousand dollars to help build that home." I spoke to that supposed spirit in French. I said, "If this is really Madam Rachel, why do you represent yourself such a liar, as we never met in life." This woman, the professed medium, did not understand the French language. She blurted right out, saying, "You must not speak to the spirit in a foreign tongue." I said, "Madam, now I have caught you. You are a fraud of the worst kind. You thought that I was so credulous that I would believe anything that came through a medium. In the first place I never met Madam Rachel; neither was I in Paris during any time that she played at the theater. I have never even seen a picture of her, let alone seeing the woman herself. You thought you would beat me out of a thousand dollars by professing to work in the interest of a medium's home. You leave this room before I have you arrested and sent to jail for receiving money under false pretenses." I went and drew the bell cord. When she saw me do that she bolted out of the room, calling me a vile name as she did so. The bell boy answered the summons. I requested him to send the landlord to me immediately. The landlord came in a few minutes, when he looked at me he said, "Miss Cushman, what is the matter; you look excited?" I then told him all that had transpired. He said he would notify that woman to leave the hotel right away, which he did and she left during the day. The landlord told me he discovered she was a blackmailer, traveling in the guise of a spiritual medium and supporting a low-lived gambler.

A lady friend in the hotel which I visited at Bar Harbor, at her summer home, and whose name was Mrs. Milford, was visiting in Portland, Maine, when there came a circus and side-show to the city. She attended the performance with her friends. After the circus part was over, the ringmaster said there would

be a grand concert given and one of the main features would be the great snake charmer. She would appear in the center of the ring with all kinds of venomous snakes entwining her body. "We remained to see the concert, as I had never seen a snake charmer, when, to my surprise, who should walk into the ring but that woman that posed as a spiritual medium at the hotel, if you remember, Miss Cushman, the one that you had that peculiar experience with. Well, that brazen creature stood in the center of the ring with several snakes around her neck and some around her waist, when the ring master said to the people, "This is the great Persian snake charmer who cannot speak a word of English. It has cost us \$100,000 to produce this feature in this country," which made all the friends that were sitting on the veranda burst out laughing. The lady and myself laughed so heartily that I had to get a drink of water to keep me from coughing. So you see, sir; how the beautiful philosophy, which is the grandest truth ever revealed to human intellect, is slandered and disgraced by such imposters.

While playing an engagement in the city of Washington, there was introduced to me by a friend whose name is Charles Webb, a man who bore the name of Lawrence Granville, who claimed to be a wonderful test medium. I had a desire to test his ability as a medium. I said, "Mr. Webb, will you and this gentleman accompany me to my drawing-room and we will have a sitting?" I asked him what he charged as a fee. He said, "Five dollars, Miss Cushman." I said, "Very well, we will adjourn to my apartments." When he arrived at my drawing-room, I said, "Be seated, gentlemen, and I will return in a few minutes." I went into an adjoining room and returned accompanied by my maid. We all became comfortably seated, awaiting the arrival of some spirit intelligence. This man professed to go under control and the supposed intelligence said, "I am Prince Albert of England, the husband of Queen Victoria and prince consort to the throne." I said, "Indeed, I am glad to meet you." He addressed me, saying, "Madam, when you were playing in London, England, we felt highly honored by your visit to our place and more so by your performance in that beautiful play 'Cinderilla.' All England was carried away by your masterful piece of acting." I said, "Stop right where you are,

sir. How dare you pretend to represent the spirit of Prince Albert in my life? Neither did I play in London while he was living in the body. When I made my first appearance in England, the Prince had passed to spirit life two years before that time. While playing in London, I received a special invitation to visit the Queen. I did so. She received me as a gracious lady and her Highness treated me royally during my visit. While there she gave me an invitation to pay her a visit at her summer home, Balmoral Castle, in the Highlands of Scotland. When I was leaving I thanked her for all her kindness and said I would join her at Balmoral if possible. I did so in the month of August and had a grand visit with Her Highness." I turned to Mr. Webb and said, "How dare you have the audacity to introduce a fraud and mountebank to me?" He said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Cushman. He was introduced to me by a prominent man here in Washington, as a wonderful test medium. I never having tested his abilities, did not know he was such a fraud." The man stood there as pale as a sheet, or you might say, a piece of white paper. I commanded them both to leave my presence, which they did in quick order.

While in England I made the acquaintance of a beautiful lady, that is, beautiful in character. She bore the name of Emma Hardinge, and was one of the grandest lecturers I ever heard in the spiritual philosophy. She was a moral, intellectual and elevated woman. Besides being a lecturer, she was a fine musician. I visited her several times at her home and spent some of the most happy and thoughtful hours feeling that I was in the presence of a grand servant in the field of our beautiful spiritual philosophy. She made me a number of visits at my apartments, and while both of us were drinking a cup of tea for friendship's cause, I received some of the most beautiful communications and spiritual advice that I ever received in my life. We parted the best of friends. She accompanied me as far as Liverpool and parted with me on board of a steamer which sailed that day bound for my native land—glorious America, the land of freedom.

During one of my engagements in Boston, Mass., this lady fortunately was lecturing there. She then bore the name of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan, having married a gentleman

by the name of Doctor Brittan. I called to see them at their rooms and I was entertained at a spiritual feast furnished by my spiritual friends from the other side of life. Oh, sir, but it was glorious; we had Heaven showered on us in an abundance that day.

One morning at my apartments, while I was partaking of breakfast, my maid handed me my mail, which was a custom every morning for her to do. Amongst it I found a note. The contents therein was an invitation to attend a seance to be given at friend's house that evening. I immediately called for pen and paper and wrote a note requesting Mrs. Brittan to please do me the favor to call and see me as soon as possible. The maid rang the bell and requested the bell boy to see that the note was conveyed and placed into the hands of Mrs. Brittan as soon as possible.

In about an hour afterward a carriage drove up in front of the hotel from which Doctor and Mrs. Brittan alighted. They came direct to my apartments, knocked at the door, which was opened by my maid, I being in an adjoining room at the time. I heard Doctor Brittan say, "Is Miss Cushman seriously ill?" Then I appeared in the door laughing, saying, "Yes, Doctor, very serious; but now I am convalescent since I see you and Emma here." I took Emma in my arms and gave her a hearty kiss and a good hug, saying, "You are the best medicine that I ever came in contact with in the world, excepting a little friend whose name is Justin. His medicine was so strong it used to make my sides ache from laughter." The Doctor said, "Miss Cushman, if you will treat me as you did Emma, then perhaps it will be just as invigorating." I gave him the kiss minus the hug which sent Emma and my maid off into a laugh. I said, "Now, my dear friends, I am going to read you a note and perhaps you can give me some information on the question." I then read the invitation to the seance, which was to be given by a man named Jesse Shephard. When I looked up I saw a frown on Emma's face. I said, "My dear Emma, what is the matter?" She said, "The fraud and imposter." Then she said, "My dear Charlotte do not accept that invitation. That man is one of the worst frauds in the country. I have exposed him twice to the people. Some of the credulous spiritualists, of

which we have many in the spiritual ranks, I am sorry to say, will permit this fraud to enter their homes to give what he calls a musical seance claiming he is ignorant of all music, which is a lie. He pretends that he is controlled by spirits to produce this music in the seance. Not only that, but the hypocrite and impostor claims that Madam Sontag and a bass singer who once bore the name of Lablache sing through his organization. He has a falsetto voice that is something terrible to listen to and has no music in his voice. He indulges in a lot of screaming that sounds something like a man trying to sing. When he attempts to sing in the bass voice it sounds like the howling of a dog that had received a kick from some vicious brute of a man. He has learned to play certain tunes on the piano which he has been educated to do, through a certain class of musical training. He has them down so fine that he can play them in the dark. He professes to give this seance in a dark room, with all the light excluded so that no ray will penetrate the room. He is something of a ventriloquist, when giving the dark show and pounding on the piano, which he calls an Egyptian March—it is a disgrace to be classed with music. During this Punch and Judy show he throws his voice to different parts of the room, which he calls 'independent voices.' It is done by the power of ventriloquism, which some of the credulous dupes present believe to be spirit voices talking to them. I think it is one of the worst burlesques and disgraceful performances that ever was foisted on our spiritual philosophy. Outside of that he is a natural bilk and should be punished by the process of law. My dear Charlotte, do not encourage any such mountebank by attending such a disgraceful exhibition. 'This I tell you as a friend. When I exposed him to the people they slandered my name dreadfully, until the Doctor acquainted them with the fact that if he heard of any more slander against my name he would prosecute them and claim damages, and they would not be small either. Since then, they have let my name alone and many of the credulous individuals brains have opened to let in a little light through which they have exposed his fraudulent practices.'" Good sir, I have come in contact—but before I say anything further, I will say that I did not attend that scoundrils seance, for I learned from other sources he was both a fraud

and a bilk. I will now say I have met many other frauds.

One of the most barefaced frauds was a young woman whom I became acquainted with and who made me several visits at my apartments who pretended to go under influence and delivered some beautiful orations, which I became highly pleased with. She told me that her mediumship made her weak and prevented her from making a living in any way. She told it in such a gentle, calm way that I believed her and had thorough confidence in her mediumship. Her sayings were beautiful, the language was perfect and of a high elevated plane. I presented her with \$500 to help her along in paying her way, but to my sorrow I discovered in about three months afterwards she was a regular fraud. She was in the habit of purchasing Mrs. Richmond's discourses and studying them up, then coming to my rooms and delivering them to me by the manner of speech. So, you see, I was one of those credulous dupes that was bilked out of \$500 by a placid girl's countenance who was pretty and ladylike. These wolves are everywhere preying on the vitals and credulity of people who do not always have the power or presence of mind to withstand them with their gushing blandishments.

One time, while riding in a railroad car between Pittsburg and Chicago, where I was going to play an engagement at McVicker's Theater, I noticed a clerical-looking man who eyed me quite sharply. Finally, he came to where I was sitting and addressed me thus, "I believe this is Miss Cushman, the actress." I said, "I am supposed to be that person." He said, "I beg your pardon for addressing you in the manner I have. I want to speak to your soul." I said, "You can do so if you are intelligent enough to find it." He said, "Madam, you are leading a wicked life." I said, "In what way do my crimes appeal to you?" He said, "You paint your face and play on a public stage, which is no place for a respectable woman." I said, "Then, you would have the drama represented by a low-lived class of blackguards like yourself that wear a clerical garb, such as a Christian should wear." He said, "I am afraid your sins are many." I then answered him, by saying, "I am an honest woman who loves God and Nature and all the beauties of life. I would not approach anyone to insult them with a lot of rubbish in the name of re-

ligion. Neither would I become such a low-lived miscreant swindler as you are, traveling throughout the land in the garb of a preacher, claiming to be one of the followers of Christ when you are nothing but a degraded wretch of the lowest order. Leave my presence, sir, or I will call the conductor to put you out of the car." With that my maid spit in his face, which made me laugh with many others in the adjoining seats. Two years afterwards Mr. Hooley, the theatrical manager, acquainted me with the fact that that man who insulted me in the cars was in the habit of passing through cars while the train was in motion taking up a collection for missionary work. I saw he had been arrested for both forgery and robbery and was sent to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. So, you see, kind sir, there are impostors in all walks of life. How they carry their sheep's clothing on their back for a while; but there comes a time when the slaughter pen is awaiting them, where they will be dissected, condemned and punished, according to their deeds. Every hour of the day is a judgment hour and every act will bring its retribution in the sight of God. I have met many pure-minded mediums and received beautiful spiritual communications through their organization, God bless them. They are the connecting link that bridges death between earth and spirit life. God grant the day is not far distant when true mediums will receive their reward, when false and wicked ones will be punished. I am glad to see that our Little Justin has lived to such an old age to demonstrate the truth of spirit reality. Many of his predictions have come to pass. I remember seeing a newspaper article one time ridiculing him as an imaginary being who soon would take up his abode in a lunatic asylum. It seems there was prediction made through him that the wheels of our railroad cars would be manufactured from paper, which came to pass. So you see the laugh of lunacy fell on the smart parties who acquainted the public with his "mad prediction," as they called it. The old saying is, "Those that laugh last laugh the best," and there never was a truer thing said.

I now thank you kindly, Mr. Hulburd, for taking down my communication. I came not only by request to do so, but what brought me here was the love I hold for your little Medium. I hope he will live sometime yet to give many more communica-

tions. Some of those ancient communications that you have received will open the eyes of some people and convey the knowledge to their minds how religious superstition has been handed down through all time. Now, thanking you once again I am the friend of the glorious Truth of Spiritualism. God bless the ministering spirits. Your friend through all eternity.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

I have controlled but three emdiums since I went to spirit life. One was Professor Van Ame, who is now in spirit life, the others were a Mrs. Paul of Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, who is also in spirit life, and Little Justin, whom I now control. May the angels bless him and keep him in the body, so that he may give the truth to the world as long as he possibly can. I wish you understood, sir, there are many tramps in spirit life who control mediums and represent themselves to be other individuals which they are not. Then the medium is put down as a fraud and adventurer; but if people would only collect their senses and use reason they would discover in time that there are lying spirits. I will say once more Good-bye.

Joshua Thorne

Chapter XXV

Monday, January 20, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd, I entered without knocking. You know doctors have that privilege quite frequently. I merely came this morning to say that Joshua Thorne still exists. When in the body, perhaps, I was not as highly polished as some of your dandy physicians, but the intellectual portion of my patients thought I had considerable skill and that is why I had the largest practice in Kansas City while inhabiting a body.

As my old, true and trusted friend, the Honorable Colonel Van Horne used to say, "Doc., you may not be the handsomest one in town, but you have brains, and I think that is a beautiful feature in any man or woman." In college the students used to call me "Old Nerve Center." I think I was pretty well acquainted with all the nerves of the human body. At least my studies and self-conceit led me to think so. I was in my glory when I was expatiating and giving full descriptions of the nerves of the human anatomy. I was egotistical enough to think I knew a great deal about science, but, alas, one day much of the pride was taken out of me and I became highly indignant to think the spirit of a newsboy would dare to tell Joshua Thorne, dean of a medical college, that he knew as much about science as a cat did of the interior of the moon. I had no more use for that spirit, as that was more than the scientific Doctor Thorne could stand; but, alas, Brother Hulburd, since I came to spirit life I have had the pleasure of discovering that Dick, the newsboy, was right and I was wrong. How little we understand the true science of life while living in a physical body. I have met the spirit who claimed to be Dick, the newsboy, and had the power:

of controlling Justin's organization, and, as you know, he always came whistling and calling the names of his papers, and became offended if each one of the circle did not purchase a paper.

You will be surprised when I tell you that Edgar A. Poe was Dick the newsboy. He assumed that character to gain a certain development in order to build up his spiritual condition. He, with many others, attend lectures in spirit life in order that we may listen to highly developed spirits give full expression to scientific conditions. It is through their mode of higher instruction and their great spiritual developments in the facts of science which is made easy to them through the knowledge and outworking of scientific principles that I discovered that I knew very little of science and that which pertained to the same.

Many of the discoveries given through Little Justin's mediumship were but little understood by the masses. Now, I understand and realize to my own sensibility that if I had paid more attention to the intelligence that came through Justin I would have understood more of the true scientific principles of nature and her great workings than I did. Why I gave you this expression is to show what man's own conceit will shut out from his higher intellect and spiritual scientific growth.

One day, while I was treating Justin's physical body with magnetism that came through my animal condition, I might call it, he said to me, "Doctor, you must quit that class of treatment, I derive no benefit from it whatever. Your personal magnetism is too coarse for me. I find it more of an injury than a benefit." I said to him, "Justin, I help many by treating them magnetically." He said, "Possibly you do, but you cannot help me." Immediately he was controlled by Dick, the newsboy. Addressing me, he said, "Thorne, you old conceited brute, get your galvanic battery to work and play galvanism on him up and down, or by Jesus, I'll make it hot for you! Do you think an old brute like you that eats so much hog meat and old rotten cow's flesh and stuffs your guts up with other kinds of rotten swill—do you think by flopping your hands up and down on my medium that you could help him, you old swill-tub, whose odor would light the fires of hell, if they were out? The perfume that comes from your body would stink all the dudes' handkerchiefs in Chicago, let alone Kansas City. Now, get to work

with your galvanism and none of your chinning around here. I'm running this 'ere job, I want you to know, and don't you forget it." So you see, Brother Hulburd, that was the manner in which the dean of the medical college was addressed by a low, ill-bred spirit, as I thought then. My opinion has changed very much since I came to spirit life of that low, ill-bred spirit, as now I find him a very agreeable companion to talk with. I hope just what I have told you will convey to your mind some knowledge of spirit control. A large part of the time we are not aware of who is addressing us. Many spirits take upon themselves certain conditions for a higher growth in their spiritual upbuilding.

One time while I was addressing the college—that is, the students of the college—and many professional doctors were present, I discovered little Justin in the audience. After I had finished my discourse or lecture I went direct to where Justin was sitting. He sat between two ladies. On his right sat a Miss Cleveland, while on his left sat Doctor Kimmel's wife. I said, "Justin, I am glad to see you here today." He said, "Doctor, I was invited by Mrs. Kimmel to attend the lecture." I said, "Justin, I hope you will attend them all." He said, "Thank you, Doctor, but I cannot see where I attain any spiritual development or gain that which my spirit requires; all here is material and belongs to the physical body. There is only one benefit that I could gain from it and that is I might learn to know something concerning the physical anatomy; but you know I deal so little with the physical that my body amounts to but very little." I was very ignorant at the time of spiritual ways, and did not comprehend the truth that lay in his words. I afterwards saw him in the lecture room I think about three times.

Ah, Mr. Hulburd, while living in a physical body we gain a great deal of book knowledge and very little of the spiritual education. I traveled considerable in Europe and America, which was all satisfactory to my earth condition, but I had to come back to the West again to gain knowledge from a spirit that represented himself as a newsboy. He taught me that I was built up on egotism, and finally, by his coarse expression and crude manner of speech, he broke up Joshua Thorne's big delusion of conceit. He taught me to understand I was college

bred, but knew very little of the education that the soul required. His brusque manner and ways opened up a channel or way through which I could gain some spiritual knowledge. One day while I was treating Justin, this self same Dick controlled his forces and addressed me, saying, "Old mushroom, has it entered into your bullet head yet that all this galvanic condition was perfected in spirit life before you skull choppers and human butchers got it here on earth. The spirit world and its inhabitants thought they would get up a new idea through which you could butcher the human race. They got tired of seeing people poisoned and bled to death and then sawed and chopped up to order so they gave you electricity and galvanism to practice with." I said, "Dick, now let you and I talk common sense." He said, "What, has something struck you at last? There is hopes for you yet, you bloody old drug mixer." "Well, then," he said, "let's talk sensible. What do you want to know, old man?" I said to him, "Now, Dick, suppose your medium was to die while I am treating him as you know I have got a strong current of galvanism at work on his body." He said, "You bloody old pig-head, don't you know it's only the fleshy body you could kill, the spirit never dies. When you are talking to a chump like me you want to tell just what you mean whether it's the spirit or the body you're talking about." I said, "Well, Dick, it's the body that I want to understand about." He said, "That's it, you old codgers know so little about the spirit." He said, "Now, just listen to me, you old bone cracker, and I'll try and get something into your head. Now, I am going to show you something. You turn that old galvanic battery on full force and I'll stop it in an instant." I turned the battery on to its full extent and quicker than I can tell it to you it was stopped in an instant which amazed me so much and sent me to thinking. Then he commenced to laugh in his street Arab style, and said to me, "Old Chuckle head, what do you think of that?" I said, "Dick, that is wonderful; how did you do it?" "Now," he said, "old man, there 'ain't none of your books can teach you that, can they?" I said, "Dick, no; they cannot. Will you please have the kindness to explain it to me?" He said, "Of course, I will, you old pill peddler, you've got a good heart, and I like you because you help the poor when they've got no money to pay you

and you don't stand back and say you won't go like them airy chaps all dressed up so fine. Well, it's this way. That 'ere battery what you got has got metal things it it, and that wet stuff what you've got in there what them metal things are into and all that kind of wire and all them other stuffs what your battery is made of is all charged through that old crank the thing goes. Well, now, I'm going to tell you that the wet stuff and those metal things attract the electricity out of the air. The spirits impressed an old chap and taught him how to get up them things to attract the electricity out of space and its called 'Galvanism' and 'Faradism' and any other damned ism that man thinks of, but we spirits have got a stronger ism than all you men, understand, so when I told you to put your battery on full force we brought our ism to bear on it, which is the original and the strongest ism of them all. That battery has no more power than man can invent while living in the body, we as spirits through our will power forced our ism to attack your ism and blocked it right because there is nothing in your ism that could stand spiritism. Ours is the natural and regular ism that's always around and keeps the life in the human body. When a chap's spirit loses its grip on the body he is walking around in, it goes to show you, old man, that he has forgot all about the naturalism and depended too much on the made up ism that man invents and so he lost his grip and had to git out and take up the real ism to go on with, so you see I got the band to assist me and through our will power we brought a strong body of the realism that shut off your artificialism. I just want to show you, Doc.' ours is the real and yours is the imitation. Man's body is the imitation of his spiritual soul. That's why you like to eat so much pork. And now we will set your machine going again," and to my surprise and delight they did so. I struck my forehead with my hand and laughed right out, saying, "Man, man, how little you understand the power of God's works." I hoped to have had an interview again with Dick on that same line, but Justin came for no more treatments and I was a disappointed man.

One afternoon I called at his residence, which was the new house, as the old one had been destroyed by that dreadful cyclone. When I called I discovered he was giving a sitting to a

newspaper man who was trying to gain some information connected with a murder. This newspaper man's name, I think, was Baker, and lived for some time in Kansas City. He said to the control, "If you will locate the murderer for us we will give your medium a hundred dollars." The influence said, "No, sir; you cannot buy me with money, as much as my medium is in need of it. I see that you have got the idea in your head it was a man that committed the murder; but you are mistaken, it was a girl, and a young girl, too, that committed the crime. No doubt but society thinks she was in the right; but no one should take the life they did not give. This unfortunate girl was led astray and when she became a mother that wretch abandoned her. He was wealthy and moved in what you call 'high society.' That unfortunate girl sought the home of prostitution, whereby she might gain a living in a brothel, the haunt of sin and misery. She became almost crazed with grief and an evil influence forced her on to commit the crime. She will confess it or make what you call a full confession on her death bed, as the world calls it; but it is only the spirit slipping away from a sinful body brought on by man's hypocrisy and deceit." Now, Mr. Hulburd, I am going to show you, or I should say, explain to you wherein this was a wonderful test to me. Three weeks afterwards, one night at half-past eleven, in the month of December, I think the date was the 28th of the month, I was walking up Main street towards my home, which was on Ninth, when a woman accosted me on the sidewalk, saying to me, "Oh, God, sir; can you tell me where I can find a doctor? Oh, please, sir, direct me to someone quickly that I may bring him to a young girl whom I think is dying." I said, "Madam, I am a doctor. My name is Thorne and I will go with you to see the young girl, so lead the way." She said, "Thank God, some good angel has directed me to you but I am afraid, sir, the good angels would have very little to do with our kind." I said, "You are a spirit living in a body and through the law of evolution that spirit can grow to better things in life." She said, "Do you think so, sir?" I said, "Most assuredly. God never forgets any of his children." She led me to a back room in a high building. When we entered the room I found several women of the same kind standing around the bed crying as if their

hearts would break. I said, "Good women, you will have to leave the room, while I talk with this sick girl and find out, if possible, where the disease is located. Now, please, leave the room. They did so, as I desired them to do. I then addressed the girl, saying, "My poor child, where have you the most pain?" She looked at me and said, "Are you a doctor?" I said "I am. My name is Doctor Thorne." "Well, then, Doctor, I am dying," she said. I said, "I hope not, my poor child. Where have you the most pain?" She said, "at my heart, Doctor. The other pains of my body are of little matter now. I am afraid it is too late and I cannot live. They have performed an operation on me and I am dying." I said, "Who has committed this wicked crime upon your body?" She said "A woman was paid to perform the operation. I thought at one time, perhaps a man doctor could save me, but it is too late now." I said, "What is the woman's name and where does she live?" She said, "I cannot tell you, doctor, she was dressed all in black and wore a black crepe mask fastened over her face. There were holes cut in it whereby she could see and a slit cut in it where her mouth was. Then she said, "Doctor, since it's too late, listen to me. I have a confession to make." I saw she was becoming very weak and bent my head to listen to her confession. The first words she said was "I killed that man Smith. He ruined me under the promise of marriage. I gave up that to him which was dearer to me than life—my virtue. He abandoned me and my child was born in a house of prostitution, where the inmates took pity on my condition. I permitted them to take my child away and when I had rallied from my condition and got up from a sick bed I remained an inmate of the house and sold my baby for money in order that I might live a wretched life. I became what you call addicted to drinking. One night he made a visit to our house in company with other fast young men of the city whose fathers and mothers and sisters hold high heads in society, while their sons come down to the level of a wanton, as they associate with them and share their bed. This man Smith taunted me before those other men of my condition and of what I had become. A devil took possession of my soul. I fascinated him and lured him to my bed and when there I applied whiskey to his vanity. About four o'clock in the morning I said to him, "Robert, let's take a

walk. I would like to get out in the fresh air. He consented, and we walked upon the streets. I led him on until we reached the bluff, where we stood looking out upon the water, when I said to him, "Robert Smith, have you none of the old love left for me?" He looked at me and laughed, saying, "How could I, Jessie? You are a common whore now, and any man can have you by paying a price." Doctor, then my soul was on fire. I drew a dagger out of my breast and stabbed him to the heart. I stabbed him nine times to be sure that I had accomplished the deed. Oh, I became strong, doctor, and dragged his body to the edge of the bluff and then shoved it over and it went down. Next morning it was found, a bruised mass of human flesh. The morning papers told of the dreadful murder that had been committed, and I laughed with glee. God has no use for me now." I said, "Oh, child, child! God has use for all his little ones. You were betrayed by that wretch and he paid the penalty. You are a spirit living in a body." While I said that I found her hand grow cold in mine. I placed my other hand upon her forehead and discovered the weary spirit had fled. So, now I looked upon the poor emaciated body that that man had ruined and asked God and the angels to have mercy on her soul.

The next time I visited Justin's home the spirit of that little girl controlled and said, "Doctor Thorne, to you I made a confession; keep it as a secret for my family's sake." Now, I have explained to you wherein I received a wonderful test of spirit communication. I did not reveal anything to Justin that the spirit had told me, but unfortunately that newspaper man made another visit to Justin's home and the spirit of that wretched Smith communicated to the newspaper man and revealed the whole case, telling how the girl had stabbed him and threw him over the bluff.

Now, Brother Hulburd, I have spoken somewhat lengthily on this case to reveal to you how mediums organizations can be used on both sides of a case. The world at large condemns the poor mediums and calls them wicked and vile to think they should reveal such horrible things to newspaper men, but they forget wherein laid the test that this newspaper man received through Justin's mediumship. When he made his first visit to Justin the influence told him the murderer was a girl and she

would make a confession on her death bed, which she did. The newspaper came out and told what a wonderful medium Justin was. After that Justin said to me in Harry Lee's home that he would never give another sitting to a newspaper man if he knew that he was such. But still he got into the newspapers and could not help himself, as you know when that negro spirit came and gave information concerning a murderer in Texas that murdered that man connected with a bank; perhaps you remember it. Well, he got into the papers another time that he could not avoid, about that big fire in the bottoms that his guide, Rosa, predicted while Mrs. Lee and another lady from Wyandotte and a lumber merchant whose name was Olmstead were present. He had considerable real estate in the bottoms. Rosa told him to get up immediately and go down there and perhaps he could give directions whereby he could save some of his property. She said, "Your Uncle John tells me this. Now go." He left, jumped aboard of a street car and had only reached Twelfth street and Grand avenue when the fire bells rang out the alarm. After he had gone the lady from Wyandotte said, "Rosa, I came to get a sitting. I don't want to hear anything about fire just now." Rosa said, "You can't get a sitting; your husband is connected with this fire. Go home and see to your children." The woman said, "How can my husband be connected with this fire?" Rosa said, "He is now at this present moment. I can't talk to you any more." She turned around and said to Mrs. Lee, "What a strange spirit that Indian girl is. The last time I was here with my husband and children she said to me, 'You are going to lose something that you love very dearly on earth.' I said, 'What it?' She said, 'Go home and the scratch paper will tell you,' meaning by that, there was a letter waiting for me. True enough, we went home; there was a letter waiting for us telling me of my mother's death. I don't wonder, Mrs. Lee, that they burned witches. This Justin is such an uncanny person." Mrs. Lee said, "And still you come here to consult the spirits. There is nothing uncanny about Justin, and Rosa understands her business thoroughly." The lady then said to Mrs. Lee, "This Rosa is so saucy and snaps you up so that you forget what you have come for." Mrs. Lee said, "She is all right and you will have to learn to understand her. You must not forget Indian's

ways are different from our ways and that is why you think she picks you up so quick."

"I was on my way to Justin's home when I met Mrs. Lee in her carriage near Tenth street. She was on her way to get Harry and take him out home. When she saw me she told the driver to stop the carriage and called me to her, saying, "Get up here, doctor, into the carriage; I have something to tell you." Then she related the whole conversation that took place at Justin's home, where Rosa predicted the fire and what that lady from Wyandotte had to say. Her name I have forgotten, Brother Hulburd, but her husband was connected with the government and he lost the largest part of his tools in the fire. Mr. Olmstead, by going down quickly, as he did, saved some of his property. I said to Mrs. Lee, "It's fortunate that Justin did not live a hundred years ago or they would have killed him for being a witch." Mrs. Lee said, "Oh, God, protect our true mediums; their lives are hard ones. Doctor Thorne, it takes great courage to be a medium and face the world's scorn. While I have means and strength wherever I find true mediums I will be their friend, as you know my dear father-in-law, Bishop Lee, was a medium and conversed with spirits. My husband is also mediumistic. One morning when he woke up he told me he had seen that night his father, the bishop, fall down stairs and was hurt severely. We will soon hear of his death, which you know doctor all came to pass. The Lee family cannot find any loop-hole to crawl out through and deny spiritualism for the head of the family was a medium."

I stepped out of the carriage and bade her good-bye, saying I would go up and see the boys, meaning Justin and Fred Meyer. Now, Brother Hulburd, I will relate to you some of my experience when I entered spirit life. The first one I met was my son, who came to welcome and whom I was glad to see. I also met many of my friends who lived in the body when I was a practitioner of medicine. My son said to me "Father, do you remember when I communicated to you and mother in Justin's home when he described to you that I looked more like mother than I did like you and you refused to believe it because you were a little jealous that I should look more like mother than you, since I was your only son. When I told you the cause of

my death, you became combative and positive, saying it was not so when you knew all the time it was so; merely because the medium said I looked more like mother than you. I gave you a test that would have satisfied any ordinary person; but you being of such a positive nature would not receive it as such." I admitted there and then to my son that I was wrong. I asked him for his forgiveness. Now, I also ask Justin for his. It is through such natures as mine that many a genuine medium is condemned and called an impostor because the individual seeking spirit communion is made up of such a combative nature they will not accept the truth when it is presented to them; but, thank God, I lived to value Justin's true mediumship, as it had been demonstrated to me on many occasions. Not only to me but to hundreds of others who live to bless his name for he never withheld that from the poor which they asked for. It was immaterial to him whether they were white, black or red. They were all waited on and served alike. I never heard of any occasion wherein he accepted money for his mediumship. Now, we will continue another time. I think I have held him long enough at the present time.

Tuesday, January 21, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. This morning is so beautiful and fresh it invites me to tarry with you awhile, so I enter Searchlight Bower without knocking at its doors. The power of the great spirit is upon me and I move and act accordingly. You have many visitors to this home who are dwellers in the realm of spirit and love to enter your abode in order to present you with their beautiful spirit messages. I have been present on several occasions to hear the questions answered through Justin's vocal powers. The questions have been defined and answered so clearly that it makes me feel proud to know that I was his friend in the body and more so now in the spirit.

After I had been in spirit life a little while a beautiful young lady came to me and said, "Doctor Thorne, my name is Ella Judson, possibly you have a faint recollection of me as a child. You killed my physical body by salivating it, so now you see you did not have the power to kill the spirit. Listen to me, Doctor Thorne. The conscience of many men who pose as physicians while in the body will be a living hell to them here until they can

live down the condition through which they committed murder. You may call it an error in your medical practice on the earth side of life; but nevertheless it is a crime for many of you are human wolves permitted to roam at large in order that you may poison the human bodies which you misname gaining medical knowledge by practicing your drug artifice on the human form. Many of you compel the invalid to suffer more in the human body than they would otherwise have done had they not partaken of your poisonous drugs. This I tell you, sir, as my physical body was one of your victims." I met in spirit life many of the victims that passed from the body to the spiritual condition through the means of my poisonous drugs. There came to me a young man who said I amputated his leg when he was a child of nine years old by a surgical operation. He said, "Doctor Thorne, you knew you need not have done so, but it was practice to you and the other one that accompanied you to perform the operation. All the while in your soul you knew you were doing wrong to perform that operation. You were then a young physician and wanted the people to know that you could perform a surgical operation. I am here in spirit to testify that my body, the physical body, I mean, Doctor, was mutilated by your bungling operation, as you know I passed to spirit life five months after you performed that operation. I hope now, Doctor Thorne, that you will find some avenue open to you through which you can communicate to your brother physicians and warn them of the murders they commit. They may call it inadvertently as one would speak a word that caused much distress and for the time they would forget that that word had been spoken by them that stung to the core the human heart. That does not excuse the physician who has committed the crime through ignorance of his medical duties inasmuch as he claims to be a thoroughly schooled physician and yet at the same time he is a human vampire on God's children. Through his reckless ignorance he commits those crimes by being ignorant of that which he represents, a thorough medical practitioner and surgical experimenter. Doctor, in spirit life many of your victims will approach you as they do others calling themselves physicians when living in a body. You see your path is not a bed of roses nor to others of your profession in spirit life. In order that you

may atone for errors committed through bad judgment and want of better knowledge. Now place yourself in a position whereby you can reach those living in physical bodies, manifest to them through some mediumistic channel telling them of what you have witnessed here. This, Doctor, is the way by which you can live down your past errors in the physical body, reach out in all directions so that you may come in contact with your brothers in every phase and grade of your profession, teach them they cannot escape a just punishment, for the laws of Truth are ever on the alert to bring criminals to the bar of justice, and the God that is within us is the judge pronouncing the benediction. "I am the life and the resurrection. He that believeth on me cannot die." So you see, Doctor, you understand there is no death and you cannot escape the law of progression, so commence now to retrieve the past and the spirits of your victims will help you. Brother Hulburd, in spirit life I have found no individual that claimed to be the Jesus of Nazareth; none of the twelve apostles have I seen, but I have looked upon disciples of all grades trying to reach the true Nirvana wherein they will find the true God is manifested. That is the divinity in their own souls.

I have been received into the company of many brothers and sisters of our faith. They are perfected in the true knowledge of our order and can drink to the seventh libation with all the truth and sincerity; love and admiration of their higher self manifested in the God of Truth.

Dear Brother Hulburd, there are many orders here, just as there are on your side of life, and I find there is a multitude of individuals working to perfect themselves in the degrees of their orders in consequence of which they will some day revel in perfect bliss and communion with the great master that knoweth all things. I have discovered since I came to spirit life a knowledge that I did not understand while living in a physical body. My reasoning powers have brought me in rapport with the school of Yoga. It is the continuation of Yoga in the body. I have realized to my own satisfaction it is only through re-embodiment that we can perfect our conditions, many spirits have to remain in spirit life a great many years before they are thoroughly prepared to take on re-embodiment. There are people of our faith living in the body who claim to have a thorough

knowledge of the great spiritual philosophy; they will laugh and say to themselves when they read my communication that Joshua Thorne has gone clean daft in the head, but were they on this side of life and had the great philosophy of all philosophies revealed to their senses, they would speak as I do now. Teachers will grow up amongst them that will give to them the tuitions of the perfect way. That is, it will lead them into the paths of sense and reason called the walks of God! Truth in all things.

Dear brother, my heart aches, or more properly, I should say, my soul has a great feeling lodged within it for many of the deluded minds waiting here for the coming of Christ in their midst. None can become re-embodied until they have properly prepared themselves to take on re-embodiment. They will not come to that condition until they have awakened out of that terrible delusion. The second coming of this Christ, or that man called Jesus who was to receive them all to his bosom and forgive them their past sins and crimes, but they will find out it is only through good works and actions and love to all the children of God and speaking the truth at all times can they arise out of the condition and pay the penalty for past crimes; not until then can they become re-embodied. I am fitting and preparing my condition to enter the true temple of wisdom wherein I will receive the teachings of the high masters in which I can personify to the whole world there is a divinity within me called Truth and in time through perfection and manifestation to my soul's individuality I can become one with God—a God for all time. I have received all that was due me in spirit life, my past works speak for themselves here. I am a wanderer in the spirit world seeking to gain knowledge only through which I can manifest and unfold all the intellect of my being. I found no beautiful palace awaiting me that they speak of and sing of in the earth body. I am here a victim of circumstances, as it were, awaiting probation in order that I may fulfill the perfect law. Many will find a great disappointment awaiting them. Their deeds and works only tell here. Nature has showered upon us a great boon of love through which every soul can reach the highest divinity in nature. This power and intelligence is the awaiting God of Reason manifested unto all men and women. They

must accept it sometime and the sooner the children of men reach out and understand by grasping the true law of infinitude, which will lead them to the true Nirvana, the abode of peace and salvation for the human race.

Brother Hulburd I have been permitted to have a glance of the beautiful country beyond where the angels of light dwell, but I cannot revel in God's wisdom or live in that beautiful abode of peace and perfection until my works have manifested themselves to the children of Earth. Through my love and works to them and for them can I reach the true spirituality that is within me. There is a fountain located there of living waters that I must bring into use to quench the thirst of those that I have wronged while living in the body, then I can become a dispenser of God's wisdom to all humanity. There are many here in spirit life below me in ignorance and superstition, but I must become as lowly as the humblest of them through that condensation, contrition and aspiration. I must concentrate all my powers to help to raise those unhappy spirits to the level of Truth and Wisdom. Through that work I can undo the wrongs I have done. I must become as a little child willing to accept a natural growth that will uplift me out of imbecility and degradation of sin, so called sins are wantons flaunting the scarlet scarf in my face of past errors committed through my combative and positive nature that would not listen at all times to the law of Reason. Here I cannot escape it, my innate sense forces it upon me, through that I will receive the light of Wisdom. There are many abodes and locations in spirit life held inside of the circle of wanton pride that I do not envy; but my whole soul goes out to those locations in pity. I ask the divining rod of mercy and pray that it may touch their conscience to awaken them out of the self-made pride and conceit which is only an empty bauble when it comes in contact with the conscience of Truth. Oh, the beautiful light that radiates from the spirits of Peace is beyond my comprehension and expression to those living in a physical body. Some day I shall dwell with them and live at peace when my soul has become perfect in its spiritual condition. Then the veil will be lifted and I will behold God in all the beautiful expression of my highest soul's adoration. I will become one of the ideals of the true millenium of peace and divinity consecrated in nature's God.

I hope Brother Hulburd I can become a benefit, which I know I can to the children of Earth, bringing happy thoughts to my wife and daughter. The outworkings of man is the building up of Heaven, and I shall be one of the apostles of Truth, for my soul will force me into the line of battle to wage war against sin and crime. Joshua Thorne did not come to spirit life to remain a doomed automaton but to gain and receive forces from that great intelligence and principle in nature called the God of Truth for all time. Eternity is memory reaching out to grasp perpetual motion which is the engine of Truth and all science must bow to it until the light of Reason has opened up their conscious thought whereby they can divine astral bodies in their purity and perfection. They are realities coming from the generator of the infinite God expressed in space in the Universe.

I thank you, Brother Hulburd, for taking down my communication and hope the little light I have thrown on my spiritual existence will be of some benefit to my brother students and the human family at large. I am glad to see that Little Justin is walking through the maze of his seventy-fourth year. He has fought the battle and come out victorious, living down derision and scorn of his past years, now communing with angels in this beautiful mountain dell. As his old body suffers aches and pains his soul rests in peace under the roof of Searchlight Bower, a camping spot by the beautiful live oaks, dreaming of the past and living for the future; taking up the resurrection of Eternal Life awaiting re-embodiment whereby and in time his scathing and scorching pen will give the truth in all its nakedness waiting to be clothed by just deeds made perfect in the human race. The talisman I present to him is to spare no one for Truth is the only religion in the world and spiritual Theosophy is one of its leading schools opening the door of reason to the true God consisting of men and women who become angels when perfected Nirvana, rejoicing in that beautiful law called love, peace and divinity.

Your loving friend, a brother to all the human race, Joshua Thorne, when living in the body a medical practitioner that made mistakes through book education and want of true knowledge which was mine if I had prepared my soul to receive it. Good day.

Anna Bullene

Chapter XXVI

Saturday, May 11, 1901. 10 p. m.

Justin had retired and Mr. Hulburd was preparing to do so when he was summoned to get paper and pencil and repair to Justin's room to take down a communication. Justin was controlled by a spirit who said—"My name is Anna Bullene; that is the name I was known to the public by. I was born and brought up in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I was known to the public as a test medium, or perhaps you had better call me a business medium. Many of the principal merchants in Philadelphia would consult me on business before they made any contract, or perhaps you would call it launching into a financial condition. I was consulted during the business hours of the day. My office hours were from nine to one, then two to five in the afternoon. I also gave sittings to people who came to consult their spirit friends, which were not business sittings but communications from their loved ones. I was controlled by an English gypsy woman, that is, she tells me she was born in England and came to America with a party of gypsies.

While traveling through the state of Pennsylvania she passed out of the body near Meadville. She tells me that she has been with me ever since childhood, waiting for me to grow old enough so she could talk through me to the public. When in the body, she tells me, she was a fortune teller. When she was giving a business sitting she would always have me handle cards. When I gave other sittings I handled pebbles from the seashore. While giving those sittings I was controlled by an Indian girl who passed away by the seashore in the state of New Jersey, where now Long Branch is located. Her name was Ta-wing-go in English. She was "Maid of the Water." She was very fond of going in bathing and picking shells and pebbles.

I had rooms in Mr. Cadwallader's home on North Eleventh street, right opposite the Stone family's residence. There is where I first met this medium. Justin also had rooms in the Cadwallader home. A great friendship sprang up between Justin, my husband and myself. We became very much at-

tached to him and he to us. He was then playing at the Arch Street Opera House. We had the pleasure of seeing him perform a number of times. I think he was the most beautiful dresser I ever saw upon the stage.

He had such a musical laugh that every time he laughed it seemed to me it was to music. Several times I heard those sitting near us say, "What a musical laugh Justin has."

One night, while my husband and I were in the opera house, General Grant, General Meade and a Colonel Smith sat right back of us. General Grant remarked to General Meade, "I like to hear that Little One laugh." General Meade said, "I like to hear him laugh more in his home than here at the theater." General Grant said, "Then, you have visited him." General Meade said, "Yes; many times. Papa Warren and I, you know, were great friends. That is the one he lived with twenty years." General Grant said, "Yes, I know."

One time Miss Jennie Lees, the lady who brought me here to the medium, while passing through Philadelphia, made me a visit at my rooms, and while there, Justin came in and I introduced her to him. I do not know whether he remembers it or not. It was in the month of April, '73, while the man who went by the name of Colchester was in Philadelphia. He gave a seance to a number of friends in Doctor Van Ame's parlors. I do not remember the names of all the people who were present, but I do remember the actor. Mr. Nagle and his wife were among the number. I think he was leading man at the Chestnut Street Theater at that time. Kate Fisher, the star, and her husband were also present and a bass singer, whose name I think was Conway. He was one of the members of Clara Louise Kellogg's opera troupe, who were playing with her company at the Academy of Music on Broad street. There was also one of the female members of the troupe whose name I do not remember. Dr. White was present and a Mrs. Nettleton and daughter from Baltimore. There was a Kate B. Robinson and her husband also present. The other names I do not recall just now. Why I give you these names that I remember is that some of them must be living to tell what I am now going to say.

I watched this man Colchester very closely, as I had heard some people say he was a trickster, which proved to be a fact.

While he was going through with his pellet tests the gypsy woman said to me, "That man has his body written all over with names done with different colored pencils; I mean his breast and arms.

He always wore the breast of his shirt open down in front so that on certain occasions he could open it, and show the names written on his skin. The Gypsy woman said to me, "Let a number go up first and examine the names on his arms. You follow behind and dip your handkerchief in that drinking water in the pitcher which stood on a little stand near the folding door. When you look at the names on his arm grab his wrist quick as you can, rub your wet handkerchief up and down his arm, and you will see the names disappear." When I did that he tried to push me away and almost knocked me down. Mr. Nagle and Mr. Conway jumped up, being the nearest to him, then Doctor White came up and held him by the back. Then some of the people present came and looked at his arm, where I had rubbed my wet handkerchief up and down; the names were gone. Mr. Nagle thrust up his arm so that the back of it was towards the gas light and there they found several names that were written where my wet handkerchief had not reached. Mr. Nagle was so incensed at the fraud that he had perpetrated upon the people that he said, "You return these people their money right now or I will break every bone in your body." He returned the money as Mr. Nagle requested. Then said Mr. Nagle, "Put on your coat and hat and leave this house." Mr. Nagle and Doctor White led him to the hall door. Mr. Conway opened the door for them and they both kicked him down the steps as he went out.

It went abroad among the Spiritualists the following weeks telling what I had done there that evening by exposing him. Then I had many of these so-called credulous Spiritualists for enemies the rest of my days. I was condemned because I stood up for the truth of our philosophy by a class of milk and water Spiritualists.

I thank you for taking down my communication, as I know the medium will be pleased to hear from me. Your friend always for Truth, who was born a Quaker.

ANNA BULLENE.

Fanny Davenport

Chapter XXVII

Sunday, May 12, 1901.

I greet you with good morning, sir, although it is a little late in the forenoon. I was known to the world as Fanny Davenport, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport. At one time I was the leading lady of the Fifth Avenue Theater run by Mr. Daly as manager. I am well known to New York fame, also throughout the United States as an emotional actress.

What brings me here today is to verify spirit control and to say that I knew this medium for many years. I made my first acquaintance with him while he was playing with the Buckley Serenaders at their Boston opera house, on the corner of Sumner and Chauncey streets, Boston. I was in the box with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau, who invited me to go with them—they being old friends of papa and mama. I was then quite a young girl.

The performance closed with the burlesque opera called "Cinderilla," for which the Buckley family were famous, in which this medium took the part of "Cinderilla." He danced, sang and played in the character to the admiration of the audience for which he received great applause, particularly his dancing on his toes. The Bucleys were famous for burlesque operas both in England and America. This little Medium was the admiration of the public, and the talk of society people was how wonderfully that boy played Cinderilla at the Buckley Opera House. His sex was not understood by the public at large; neither did I know of it until Mrs. Chanfrau said to me, "That individual is of both sexes, the female predominating." I said to her, "His performance in that character is marvelous and

his dancing is something wonderful." I did not think then that I should even play with him in burlesque opera, but I did, some years afterward.

I met him in New York again in company with an army officer by the name of Warren, at the home of Rose Eytinge, the actress. I noticed that he was very quiet and had hardly anything to say, while Mr. Warren did most of the talking. I looked at him and thought what a little creature he was, to have so much talent. I think he had the smallest hand and foot for a person of his size that I ever saw.

Miss Rose Eytinge said to me, "Fannie, here is a chance for an engagement for a while. Mr. Warren and Mr. Clifford, the managers, are looking for someone to play the 'Mock Prince' and I just think that you are that individual." Mr. Warren addressed me in a pleasant manner and said, "Would you like to play the 'Mock Prince' to my Little One's 'Cinderella?'" I said we would have to talk the matter over. Miss Rose got up to leave the room, excusing herself, saying, "I have some duties to attend to and I will return in a little while." When she had left the room Mr. Warren and I looked the question over. Mr. Warren offered me the largest salary that I was ever offered in those days, for I had not become famous yet as an actress. He said to me, "Miss Davenport, I will pay you \$100 a week and expenses, providing you will dress the part gorgeously as the 'Mock Prince.'" It almost took my breath, for, so far, the largest salary I had received was \$25 a week. I feebly uttered to him, "I will accept your offer." He took a blank contract out of his pocket, which it seems he carried, also an enclosed ink bottle. He filled out the contract for \$100 per week and expenses. After we had talked a little while he called Mr. and Mrs. Eytinge. They signed their names as witnesses to the contract. (He carried in his pocket these blank forms to be filled out anywhere and everywhere, when he found anyone that he wished to engage.) Finally he arose with the medium and bade us good morning and withdrew from the house.

When they had left, Rose said to me, "Fannie, I think you have hit it good this time." I said, "Yes, if I am capable of filling the part," which afterwards Mr. Warren and Mr. Clifford, the managers, pronounced satisfactory: They said I was the best

"Mock Prince" that had ever supported the medium, which made me feel a proud woman. As yet I had no reputation as being much of an actress and the salary dazzled my mind to think I could earn \$100 a week clear of all expenses. It was one of the pleasantest engagements that I ever filled. The company was so harmonious.

We traveled for nine weeks, then the weather becoming very hot, the managers disbanded the company and paid all our fares back to New York. I came back feeling that I was the richest woman in New York, for I was the owner of \$900, which to me then was a big fortune.

Mrs. Stetson and Mrs. Clifford played the old maid sisters. A Mr. Murphy played the real prince and I the Mock Prince. The Baron was a Mr. Sebastian, a Frenchman, with a rich baritone voice, who said he had been a monk in France before he came to America. The star of the company was the medium, who played under the name of Fanny Blanchard, whose performance in that character was remarkable. I learned of the sex and character through Mrs. Clifford, a particular friend of the medium. I was re-engaged for the coming season, but the medium was not well, and Mr. Warren took him to Florida for his health.

When I became aware of the sex, which I learned from Mrs. Clifford, I was surprised. I thought the Medium had the most beautiful eyes and teeth that I ever saw in a human person, and the abundance of hair was something wonderful, and it had the natural wave which was beautiful to look at. The Medium was four feet six inches tall, with a very petite form. He or she was the greatest Cinderilla I ever saw on the stage. I only saw him once after that. It was in the city of Buffalo, state of New York. I was playing at the principal theater there on the main street of the city, while he was playing on a side street. I think the name of the place was called St. James Hall. Mr. Warren had him starring there in a play called "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." He was supported by a good company and I laughed so at his pranks and tricks until my sides ached. His dancing, singing and playing were something wonderful, which in after days I never forgot. They were coining money and should have been rich.

Our company was invited to attend the matinee perform-

ance. They were a highly developed class of burlesque artists. I think the best I ever saw. That is the last time I ever had the pleasure of looking at him on the stage. I knew and felt that Mr. Warren and he must have been well off. Whatever became of their wealth I do not know. Wherever we followed them we would hear of the large houses they drew and their performance was spoken of as one of the best that had ever visited those cities. He being a great burlesque artist at the head of the company.

In Cleveland, Ohio, one time while I was there I saw a program posted up on the wall of the dressing-room. I saw in large letters at the head of the bill his name as the "Peerless queen of burlesque comedy." He was a great artist in that line. I will bid you good morning, sir. His friend,

FANNY DAVENPORT.

Mary C. Morse

Chapter XXVIII

Sunday, May 11, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd, don't you think I have selected a beautiful day to visit your home? You did not expect me so soon to make Searchlight Bower another visit. I come today to give you a communication for your book. But I shall first say that I thank you and am glad that you sent that letter to my dear husband. I was there when he read the letter. I saw it brought him a good deal of comfort to know that the band permitted me to send him that letter. I wanted to warn him against those fraudulent people calling themselves spiritual mediums. I am glad to say that I know there are a few genuine mediums in San Diego. There are a lot of people posing in San Diego as mediums who are nothing but frauds of the worst kind.

Now, I wish to speak of the time when my husband and I first met you, Mr. Meyer and Justin. It was in the beginning of April, 1884, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bushyhead—I mean Mr. Bushyhead, who is now chief of police in San Diego. At that time he was sheriff. The first night that we assembled in Mrs. Bushyhead's parlor there were a number of San Diego citizens present to hear Justin speak and also give tests. The room was crowded, which made it very close and warm; yet my husband and I were glad to think that we were present on that occasion. He gave my dear husband a very fine test about his father, who had been in spirit life some time. He described him so perfectly that I knew immediately who it was for—Mr. Morse's father looked very much like Mr. Morse, and when he described him holding a number of papers in his hand and looking as though he had been settling up accounts or closing up conditions connected with property. No one could fail to recognize him who had ever known him, for he did a great deal of that work when living in the body. I noticed when Justin spoke that he had a very pleasant voice. Several who sat near me made the same remark. I looked upon him as a person

highly educated, his language was so gramatical.

On the third night that we attended the reception I sat close to Mr. and Mrs. Silliman, while Mr. Morse sat on my left. Right back of us sat Mrs. Gildea and Grace, and right in front of us Mrs. Pierce and her son. Mr. Silliman reached over, which brought his face about in front of mine, when he said to Mrs. Gildea, "What beautiful language that person uses!" But since I came to spirit life I have discovered the mistake we made and found out that he was not well educated, but it was the controls who gave such beautiful language an expression. Many of us made the expression, or perhaps, you call it a remark about one of his controls who gave the name of Mr. Clifton, his thoughts and language were very profound and held a great depth of sentiment. We were all delighted with the little Indian girl, Rosa, for we found her a very witty spirit, as she got off many jokes on the people present.

I remember one evening she was displaying her wit to the guests present when she said to me, "Squaw Morse, I guess you was an old maid when you caught brave Morse." I said I was; then she said, "You 'aint got over being an old maid yet," which brought a big laugh from the guests present. I know I was quite an old maid in a good many ways. It looked so to the California people, who are free-hearted and generous to a fault; but you must understand, Brother Hulburd, I was brought up under New England thrift and economy. In the state where I lived many of the farms were quite rocky and people had to bring in the law of economy to make both ends meet. If they did not they would launch out into a big debt that very few would recover from. I fortunately got sufficient education to prepare me for a school teacher. Then I thought I would go out into the world and see if I could not improve my condition. I landed in San Francisco, California, remaining there a little while. I finally accepted a position to go to Old Town and teach the school. That was before new San Diego, now such a beautiful city, was located on the bay of San Diego. At Old Town I met my dear husband, Ephriam Weed Morse—one of the grandest souls who ever lived in a physical body. He was the principal business man of Old Town. We were married and he made me one of the happiest women living. I often won-

dered what I had done in life to bring me so much joy. We saw so much alike in the world and both understood it from the same standpoint. We discovered as our happy wedded life went on, that we were true spirit mates, even when we were land poor and our income was very small, as it required so much to pay taxes; yet we were happy in each others love. He was such a noble man that I did not dare at sometimes to speak out my thoughts, for I knew he wanted to grant me my every wish and there were times when it was not wise to do so, so I did not express myself on those occasions, as he was so generous-hearted. When the boom came to San Diego, and my dear husband disposed of some of his real estate he built me a beautiful home, and Oh, I was so happy. I loved to look at him lying on the lounge in the dining-room, where the sun could beam on his body. He did much for the upbuilding of San Diego. When the boom broke up and the Consolidated Bank failed that came hard on us; but, withall, his loving nature was just as generous as ever. He was always the same quiet, gentleman, and I was a happy woman while I lived in my physical body, and am more so now since I came to spirit life, for I know he will soon come to me and we will walk hand in hand through the beautiful spirit land. The spiritual is the real life, while the physical is only the astral gaining an education in the physical world unfolding that which you already have gained to leave behind you for the benefit of others. When one lives in the physical body all seems real and natural to them, many think there cannot be anything greater than that which they already have experienced in the physical body. When they come to the spirit side of life and make the discovery this is the real where everything is perfected, and as they look back upon their earth condition it all looks to them like a shadow seen through a hazy light just as you perceive things at twilight. You know it is there looking to you in a solid condition, but only perceived through twilight action, your memory may fail for a time in the physical body, as old age creeps on your mental abilities through your physical condition. It is revived and taken up again in your natural spiritual existence. You never forget anything, as that is an impossibility here in spirit life—it is only your physical qualities that become enfeebled. The mental

is making preparations for the soul and memory to pass from the body. When you wake up to reason in your spirit existence, all is active life again, the memory becomes clearer than ever, purified by its past experiences in a physical body. It goes on outworking its perfection in mental ability elevating its soul action in order that it may understand the law of Reason which is the perfect God of all nature.

When they were laying out the streets in San Diego and cutting away what brush there was, my husband and myself rode down what you now call Fifth street. So you will understand that we saw San Diego from its first days after the land had been purchased by Mr. Horton.

Now, I have come to a part in my communication that I do not like to reveal to the reading public, but I cannot avoid it as Justin's parents have requested me to do so. Before I express myself on that condition I have a little to say on my own account regarding Justin. He never liked me as he did Mr. Morse, for he would plainly show it in his eyes and also in his actions towards me. He was no hypocrite and never gave any one flattery that I knew anything about. I remember on one occasion during one of his visits to our home my husband, Justin and myself entered into conversation concerning church matters. I noticed he paid very little attention to what I had to say, he addressed nearly all of his conversation to Mr. Morse. In one part of it I spoke of where the people had brought beautiful flowers to the church. He immediately spoke up and said, "I guess it didn't weigh you down very bad, the quantity you carried." Now, I want to say right here Justin did not understand me. I tried to distribute things out in my way as far as they would go. I had no wish to give great quantities to one while the others had but very little. You see my nature was constituted so that I like to distribute things equally.

When you first moved out to the Chollos I tried to make Justin feel that I wanted to be generous with my flowers; but he gave all the credit to my husband and I was glad that one of us at least had some credit for being generous. I remember one time here in your Mountain Grove, while we were making a visit, Mr. Morse was not feeling ver well, Justin presented Mr. Morse with a bottle of home-made wine. He did not present

me with any but took me to task about something that I did. It was some frivolous little thing that I do not remember now. When Mr. Meyer discovered that I received no bottle of wine he went to the cellar, got one and presented it to me, which made Mrs. Shepherd and myself laugh. I merely speak of this incident to show you that I understood all the time he merely tolerated me while he had a strong affection for Mr. Morse, and he wished me to understand that he would tolerate me and show no hypocrisy, for which I gave him credit. Now, if Justin had understood my nature better he would have shown more kindness toward me for I always tried to do that which I thought was right. I never paid any attention to what those bogus mediums said about him, for I knew his heart was in the right place and he was a much superior individual to those who made slighting remarks about him.

One morning he, Charles Hamilton and Doctor Allen were walking out of church together. I hurried to intercept them and came up with them at the main entrance of the church. I addressed him saying, "When you have finished your conversation with these gentlemen, I would like to speak to you." We all conversed a little while about the beautiful day, for it was a beautiful day. Some other topics were brought up during the conversation, then finally the gentlemen bade us good morning. I asked him if he would step around to the house, as Mr. Morse did not feel well that morning, that is why he did not attend church. He said no he could not go, as he was going to take a trip around the bay, and the Hawley family would be waiting for him to present himself at dinner. I felt then if it had been Mr. Morse who invited him around to the house he would have gone; but being I he said he could not go. I then asked him when he thought things would brighten up in San Diego, as Mr. Morse and I were worried about our real estate. He remained silent for a few minutes, then he raised his head and his eyes seemed to look away past me, finally he spoke; but I discovered it was not his voice that was talking. The voice said to me, "Madam, it will be between four and five years before things will brighten up here in San Diego." I said, "How is that; other mediums tell us things will commence to improve in a year and it has been predicted from the rostrum here through Mrs. Seal

that in two years things will flourish and improve very much. She has made such a prediction from the rostrum." The voice said, "Madam, I cannot help that, things will not improve commercially and beneficially to San Diego under four years and perhaps five. I lived to discover, the voice spoke the truth and those others claiming to be mediums did not know what they were talking about. We had several pleasant visits at your mountain home, my husband and myself, I knowing all the time that he did not favor me as he did Mr. Morse. Why I relate this I want him to know I understood it all the time.

Now, I will fulfill my mission and the desire of his parents what they wish me to reveal to the public, as they feel it their duty to make a confession for the benefit of their child. It is their desire that you should know why he had such a violent temper which took him years to control and live down. Justin Hulburd, his father, says he was a Scotch Highlander, and a man of a strong, violent temper that he could not control while he lived in the body. He was a man who drank considerable and became beastly intoxicated at certain times. To please his mother, Margaret Bruce, he entered the Jesuit order and took upon him the vows of that order, which made him a devil of the worst kind. He had no respect for women's virtue or men's honor. He became ashamed with his condition to think he had taken upon himself those vows that made him a hypocrite and a rascal. He lost respect for his manhood and went it for all it was worth. That is the way he expressed himself to me. Before he entered the order he had seen Justin's mother and love for her was kindled in his heart. He cursed himself for disobeying his mother's request. His mother was a powerful woman who held within her a strong, magnetic force and compelled people to obey her will. He said he discovered afterwards she had been bringing this power to bear on his condition for some time. She presented him with a costly gift, and so worked upon his feelings that he entered the order. When he came to his normal condition he cursed her—his mother and himself too. One day he got outside of the walls and searched around until he found Justin's mother, whose name was Mary Elizabeth Stuart. He led her to a Catholic church, made love to her on the altar, telling her how his mother prevailed upon him to enter the Jesuit

order. She was a very strong Catholic and tried to persecute all those who did not believe as she did. His mother was also a Catholic, as that was the predominant religion of the west Highlands at that time. He told her of his love and said they must try to escape from the country, when they would reach some other country then he would wed her as his wife, which never came to pass. Conception took place on the altar of the church, Justin, the little Medium, was the result of that conception. They tried to escape several times, but were always overtaken and brought back. Finally, the Jesuits poisoned him, and Justin's mother was forced to marry a nobleman by the name of Battersby. She was betrothed to him while yet a babe in the cradle. She was forced to marry him in order that she might comply with her parents wishes. Every child she bore him she hated while they were in the womb. Two of them lived to be branded for life, while another one of them was killed in a drunken brawl. A cousin of hers received Justin at his birth—a tiny little babe, whom they thought would never live to grow up. His mother drank considerable also, and many times became intoxicated. She tells me that nearly all the time she was carrying him in the womb she was under the influence of liquor and sometimes was found beastly drunk lying under the trees in her father's park. When they could not escape she says she did not care what became to her then. She was forced into her marriage with that man, he hoping that good, kindly treatment would make a sober woman of her; but, alas, all his kind treatment was thrown away. She had only one love to give and that Justin's father had in his keeping. She said at one time her husband, herself, the children and two maids were stopping at a summer resort by the seashore. While they were sitting looking out at the sea a woman came along with a child, between four and five, she said she would judge its age must have been, and which she had by the hand. When they got in front of where they were sitting the little child withdrew its hand out of the old nurse's, ran to her and said in the Gaelic tongue, "Lady, I like you." She said she discovered he had the face of his father. She closed him tight to her breast, screamed and swooned. When she came to her senses she was lying on a bed and they were bathing her face with cologne. She asked where the child was that had af-

fectured her so. Her husband said, "It is gone. You shall never see it again. Before you shall put your eyes upon it I shall have it taken away." She said she kept quiet and said nothing, but formed plans in her mind. That night she escaped from her room, knowing where the cottage was that the child lived in, for she had seen the old nurse sitting on the front lawn two days before. She had gained access to some old garments which made her look like an old fortune teller. She went to the servants quarters of that cottage, knocked at the door. When it was opened she told the man servant she was hungry and would tell their fortunes free if they would give her something to eat and a place to sleep that night, for she had a long journey before her on the morrow. They admitted her and gave her something to eat. Then all the servants were called into the kitchen to have their fortunes told. While she was in the act of telling their fortunes the old nurse entered carrying the little child in her arms, saying, "I couldn't leave him, he was awake." She said, "Let me have the child on my lap while I am telling your fortunes; I love children so." The old woman placed him on her lap, saying, "Perhaps you can tell his fortune too."

While she was telling their fortunes he nestled his little head down on her breast and went to sleep. The old woman said, "Just look there, she must love children. See the baby has gone to sleep." After she had told all their fortunes she said, "I must carry the baby three times around the house for good luck; then I will bring him in and let you hear his fortune. I shall want something more to eat as I will rise early in the morning and depart on my way. Now, you must all commence to sing something low and sweet, keep up the chant while I go around the house, for that will form the charm in his life."

As soon as she got out into the open air she fled to the sea beach with the child in her arms. She placed it in a little boat loosened it from its moorings, pushed it out into the water and jumped in, not caring where she went. When they were out on the water some distance she discovered a pair of oars lying in the boat which she did not discover when she first entered the boat as she was so nervous, wanting to get away somewhere with her baby. As soon as she discovered them she put them into use, giving all her strength to the oars, at the same time

singing a lullaby to her baby, for, oh, she was happy then. She had rowed about two hours, perhaps, when she became tired and sleepy. She laid the oars down in the bottom of the boat, held her baby to her breast and went fast asleep, hoping the boat would drift out away on to the open sea which it did for when she awoke the baby was playing with her hair, laughing and calling her "Mama." The sun was beating down upon them unmercifully in their frail barque, for they had nothing to protect them from its hot rays. All of a sudden she heard a rough voice calling out, "Hello there; who are you?" She looked up and saw two men in a boat close to them. She caught hold of the baby and was about to throw herself into the sea, when one of the men caught hold of her by her gown, saying, "No, you don't," hauling her down into the bottom of the boat. One of the men said to her, "What are you doing out here in this boat with that child in the open sea?" She told him she was its mother and they were trying to escape from those who wanted to kill him. He said, "Well, you must go to the ship with us." She said, "Oh, don't take us back to Scotland." He said, "We can't, for we are on our way to France." She said, "Thank God, then we can be happy at last, and I can have my baby, if we should be poor." She clasped Justin to her arms, kissed him and sang for him, while the men rowed them back to a large ship. They were taken on board where there were a number of passengers going to France. They gave them something to eat and made them comfortable. The captain said he knew she was a lady and gave up his berth to them. She washed the baby and laid it down in the berth. All the time he was laughing and talking to her while she arranged her own toilet. He never seemed to have any fear of strangers, but would put out his little hands and catch hold of them. She thought when they had arrived in France they would be so happy as she could speak four languages and would look for the position of a governess, where perhaps they would permit her to have her baby, as she would only ask small wages if they would do so; but it was otherwise decreed, for next day while they were out on deck taking the fresh air she was recognized by a woman who knew her but did not let on then. When they arrived in France it seemed she already had a letter written to a friend of hers in

Scotland, telling her that she saw her and the baby on board the ship; that they had been picked up in a boat drifting out at sea. She said she thought her husband and all on board must have been lost as she and the baby seemed to be the only survivors who were picked up. She sent the letter by the first mail leaving France for Scotland. The lady friend gave the word out to the Scotch people that they were picked up and all was well with them in France. Two months afterward a brother of hers and her husband came to France. They were arrested and taken back to Scotland—for in those days you must know a woman was subject to the power of her husband and his word was law. He conveyed her back to his home, while her brother conveyed baby Justin back to his foster parents. Then she lived a miserable drunken life, her whole future was wrecked. She did not care what became of her, for she hated the man to whom she was married. One day she escaped from her prison by tearing up the sheets and blankets and the coverlid on her bed; making a rope of them she slid down and escaped in the night. She went to where the Jesuits lived, screamed and beat on their gates, demanding that they give up to her the father of her child. They came out and beat her with switches and drove her away from the gate; they threw her into the road where she struck her head on a stone and became insensible. When she came to consciousness she was raving mad. She fled into the woods and died from hunger. Perhaps people wonder why Justin craves for so much water at times. It is like this—he was a born drunkard. She made him so while carrying him in her womb; but the spirits had a work for him to perform; they changed his craving for whiskey to water.

When they naturally saw that he would crave for whiskey and become a drunkard they brought upon his condition a great desire to drink much water and through that means they held in check his desire for whiskey. Not because he is her child will she say this. He has been a great hero by living down one of the most violent tempers that ever a human being came into the world with. He had a true Highland nature and would resort of a knife or dagger when he was angry to inflict punishment upon his assailant. Between his wild Highland nature and the condition of his parents it seemed like a miracle to find him as he

was today. It was through his fearless Highland nature and the assistance of the spirits that he became the fearless spy during the Civil War. All he received for his work was a little over five hundred dollars which Abraham Lincoln had given him, promising him when the war was over he would fix him for life; but you know, your President was assassinated and her child was left out in the cold minus his reward. It would not have been so had Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lived after the war, but fortunately for her child he came into the physical body, or I should say entered that physical body with talent whereby he earned sufficient money to procure him the so-called luxuries of your physical world. This was their desire that I should give what they have told me in my communication. I think it is proper that readers of books should understand what some children have to pass through when they take on an earth body, not only to gain knowledge but to assist in a nation's welfare. Brother Hulburd, I give you what they told me as nearly correct as I can remember it. We will continue it at another time.

Wednesday, May 14, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd, I will continue my communication and take it up where I left off. I now want to tell a funny little incident that happened to me while living in a physical body, possibly you remember it. It was like this—One evening while we were attending a seance held at Mr. Bushyhead's home, Rosa commenced to sing one of her Indian chants. I was influenced by an Indian spirit while listening to her singing the chant, and before I realized what I was doing I stepped to the center of the room when all of a sudden Justin and I commenced to dance one of their Indian dances. It appealed to the ridiculous part of the company's nature and they all had a hearty laugh at our expense. After we had finished our dance and I realized that I was in my normal condition once more I sat down a mortified woman discovering that my husband enjoyed the joke very much. I kept quiet for the rest of the evening as I was ashamed of what I had done.

Now, I am going to speak of church matters. Many of the Spiritualists in San Diego wondered why my husband and myself did not join forces with them. We did to a certain ex

tent but we never found anything interesting enough in the philosophy of Spiritualism to take us away from the Unitarian church. We had worked with the Unitarian meetings ever since it was a Sunday school; before it became the beautiful church that it did. There would have to be something very grand in Spiritualism before we would leave that Unitarian church, as we found there was a great deal of happiness in working for its upbuilding. I have heard sermons preached by Unitarian ministers that were very spiritual and in advance of most of the spiritual lectures that I listened to, many of them were very elevating and on a high intellectual plane. Outside of Mr. Colville, Justin, Mr. Ravlin and Moses Hull I never heard anything in Spiritualism that compared with sermons that I heard preached by Unitarian ministers. Those four spiritual speakers that I just mentioned gave us intellectual thought to think over. The rest of the spiritual speakers that I listened to were only lukewarm as there was very little in their lectures that was elevating to the soul. That is why we did not join forces entirely with the Spiritualists.

Now I wish to give you an explanation of how I found it in spirit life. I found it even better than I expected for I was not carried away with the glowing colors of those mountebanks calling themselves spiritual mediums. When I lived in my earth form I enjoyed private circles at the different homes of our friends where I knew the medium was in earnest and did not expect pay for the beautiful truth they gave us of Spiritualism.

I was always delighted when Justin was controlled by his Indian guide, Rosa, when she described spirits or made predictions for the future. After I came into possession of my reasoning faculties and was greeted warmly by my spirit friends and loved ones who had preceded me I looked around to see if there was such an individual who claimed to be Jesus of Nazareth, who the New Testament speaks of, or any woman claiming to be his mother. I found no such individuals but I found common sense awaiting me to guide me to the higher truths of life. I allowed Reason to take possession of my soul and through that condition I found I was still the spirit mate of my dear husband and loved him more than ever, all his good qualities became so plain to me then that I laughed with joy and hap-

pininess realizing that when once truly mated the golden cord can never be severed. Then my first desire became to reach my dear husband to let him know and understand that I was his same plain Mary Morse. My joy was great when the band of Justin granted me the permission to send a letter to my dear husband informing him that I was with him at different times. You see, Brother Hulburd, it gives a true wife great joy in her soul to know that she is loved by such a man as Ephriam Weed Morse.

Now I wish to tell you something about my education in spirit life, for I am only a little pupil listening to the great teachings of Searchlight. We received many lessons of great benefit to the development of our spirituality. We received one the other day that was highly interesting to the mental qualities of our spiritual nature. It was the echo or vibration of the wind sougning through the pines. When the wind comes in rapport with the ethereal condition that surrounds the pines it gives forth speech of the woodland, which is a full expression in nature embellishing its condition, in sunlight it gives forth praises to God of Nature—the eon of mentality. The variations in the tremolo of sound are constantly vibrating throughout sound which brings speech not only to the animals and birds of woodland but to the human tongue. The echo of the wind resounding through the pines and trees taught the savage to articulate. He tried to form and fashion the guttural sound of speech to the vibrations of wind sound. After he had discovered that and mastered it then his great desire was to imitate the warbling sound of the birds. Through that condition he discovered there were high notes lying dormant in his vocal powers, so then he brought forth those sounds which in time gave him a crude realization of a musical ability in his nature. He sent forth from his vocal organs a sound that pleased him and also appealed to the vanity of his higher nature. He discovered that those sounds were pleasing to his ear. He gave full sway to his will in that capacity which brought forth crude chants. Listening to the voice of the animals, especially those that gave forth deep bass growls he made the discovery there were higher and lower notes to the human voice. Listening to the guttural sounds of the male and female tongue the crude, coarse savage discovered time and tune. By that re-

quisition they brought harmony into their natures, then through their ability and love of their crude singing voices an idea entered the mind to produce a reed instrument whereby in time the intelligence came to the mind they could strike the higher notes of the bird and also the lower notes of the animal. That was the first discovery of tuning the human voice to the different keys which would bring the result of harmony in their crude chants by striking the key on this crude reed instrument, they could blend their voices in harmony to each other. Thus was introduced to the world the symphony and register of the human voice.

All those who have perfect ears and love for music can tune the notes in the human voice to the rustling of the leaves in the forest. The distant call of a bird to its mate can bring forth the love of song from the human soul. There is no note more perfect than the note of the skylark as he ascends singing to the morning bride of Nature. The warbling of the wild canary, linnet and nightingale is the intermingling of all notes in God's feathered family. This was one of the little lessons given to us by Searchlight. I try to remember it as near as I can but you know memory sometimes fails to catch all the full sentiment of Wisdom's law. So we must be content for a time with that which has been a benefit to our understanding. After awhile we will become more perfect in the lessons of life and get a full understanding of the higher teachings of Searchlight and the masters from whom she receives her glorious instructions. Life when properly understood will become a perpetual joy as we are the receptacles and chalice of all knowledge coming from our father and mother God that holds all the ethers and gasses of thought expressed through the laws of perfection, which means the reality of all life. I have a sister's affection for Justin, Mr. Meyer and yourself. Thanking you much for your kindness in conveying my love to my husband. The work you are performing in taking down the different communications shall bring a reward that you and God shall understand some day. I mean the God of Love and Truth; not the Jehovah of the Bible. With many blessings and long life to perform your work I am your true friend and sister, Mary C. Morse.

When you write Sister Shepherd, give her my love. Good day.

Helen Bushyhead

Chapter XXIX

Tuesday, January 28, 1902.

Good afternoon, Brother Hulburd. I take the liberty of calling you Brother Hulburd, as we are both interested in the same cause—the great philosophy of Spiritualism. It is rather a dull, stormy day, but why I want to commence my communication today is the fact that on the 28th day of January, 1869, I first got proof of spirit power, or that disembodied spirits could communicate with the loved ones. It was through a little girl twelve years of age that I got my first communication. Her name was Mary Wilson. She said at school she was not a good scholar and was looked upon as rather a dull pupil. She wished, she said, that that queer influence would not come to her as she thinks it made her a bad scholar and prevented her from making headway in school. I said, "Mary, you are a greater pupil than any in your class for you can divine with the angels and through you I have received proof that our loved ones can return and communicate with us in the body. Friend and Brother Hulburd I was known when living in a body as Mrs. Helen Bushyhead. My husband and loved one has been a prominent man for many years in San Diego, Southern California. At one time he was connected with the Union, the principal newspaper of San Diego. At another time he was sheriff of San Diego county, and at the present he is chief of police of San Diego city. A nobler and better man God never created to live in a physical body. He was all kindness and love in everything to me. I wish I had always been so to him but I was a weak, credulous woman, full of egotism and conceit.

Now, Brother Hulburd, I am going to speak the truth in all that concerns myself and others. Few individuals understood

my husband and I did not always myself; but he proved himself to be one of God's loving creatures and was always thinking of others and how he could help them; but sometimes he was misunderstood, as many living in a body are. His whole nature went out for the benefit and upbuilding of San Diego. I was a woman who gave my whole heart and soul for the benefit of Spiritualism when I should have given a great deal more of it for the benefit of my husband. His patience with me was remarkable, and, Oh, God, I wish I could have appreciated it more than I did. I have discovered that to my soul's experience since I have come to live here in spirit life. We realize many things here when our past life is placed before us that we did not realize when living in a physical body. I think the true love of the human race should first hold its great place and true aspect of the law of Reason in the hearts of the husband and wife towards each other and their children; but alas, it seems to be a failure in many homes. It was not a failure between my spirit mate and myself, but I was so easily led by wantons calling themselves spiritual mediums. I wished to be charitable and help all that came within my reach. Unfortunately, I made calls upon my husband's purse too often to supply the wants of those traveling mountebanks. He was generous to a fault and indulged my wishes too often. I wish now it could have been otherwise and that I could have accepted some of the good, sensible advice that he gave me in reference toward those traveling fakirs receiving money under false pretenses, calling themselves mediums and servants of the spirit world. Now, when I look back and think how those hypocrites and sycophants would roll their eyes up and say, "Dear Sister Bushyhead, you will get your reward in spirit life. There is a beautiful home waiting for you. The landscape gardening part of the grounds is marked out by angel's hands; they attend to the watering and beautifying and blending of the colors, all is in perfect harmony with your soul just waiting for the coming of your spirit presence into the region of beautiful bliss and heavenly devotion. Your house is furnished by paintings executed by the masters, the most exquisite touch has been given to the blending of the colors so that they may harmonize with your highly developed spirit, for you must understand you are above the common class

of spiritualists. The statuary in your home has been graciously chiseled by angel's hands to complete the perfection of that heavenly abode that is waiting for you." All have turned out Brother Hulburd to be lies of the worst kind. It was through that misleading flattery that led me on to be generous with my husband's money. I tell you there are vampires walking around dressed up like men and women calling themselves spiritual mediums who hath no more mediumistic power in their make-up than those dogs out there and yet they are permitted to go around and fleece people out of their money with their long drawn out words claiming that your home is the abode of highly developed spirits. During their perigrination of so-called mediumship they have made a discovery of facts connected with your family and they give them to you or I should say describe them to you as coming from some of your loved ones, which myself and other credulous dupes believed to be genuine tests, since they are only facts that they have picked up from some of your acquaintances. I hope the day is not far distant when those black sheep will be weeded out of Spiritualism. Some of them live in San Diego and I think they are the worst liars I ever met or came in contact with. Things—or stories, I would say—that they made me believe about my husband were dreadful, but I will not relate them here. I have found out since I came to spirit life that I was misled by a class of vagabonds passing themselves off as true men and women. Brother Hulburd I want to reach my husband in order that I may beg his pardon and ask his forgiveness for I did not have the full confidence in him that I should have had. I cannot progress in spirit life until I get his full forgiveness. He has a charitable soul and I know he will help me on to progress. God bless him. I am preparing a home for him now, and await his coming. I did not find anything in spirit life as it had been promised to me; but I found many conditions that I have to outlive and beg people's forgiveness for what I said about them while living in a body. My daughter, Cora, says she hopes they will all forgive me as the great divine principle in nature is willing to forgive them their past errors. Oh, the conscience—the conscience of the soul is the greatest monitor and regulator of things that we have in life.

I am glad that dear Sister Shepherd made you that visit last fall: it was worth a mine of wealth to talk to her face to face. God bless her. She was my true friend, and if I had only listened to the warnings she often gave me concerning these fraudulent people calling themselves mediums, I would have been a better woman than I was; but I was weak and believed in them, all for the cause of Spiritualism. I often thought what a grand work I was doing for that glorious cause, when at the same time I was feeding spiritual paupers, for that is the only name I can designate them by. They are wantons and brigands to the true cause of Spiritualism or anything else that they are connected with in this world. Brother Hulburd, you may think that I am severe in denouncing charlatans to the world but since coming here to the spirit world and discovering their true characters it makes me furious to denounce all such malcontents to the world. Some of those beastly creatures lied about your medium, Justin, to me and one of them whose true character I have discovered, was the biggest liar of them all. She vilely slandered him as being a fraud, as she had learned our friendship had come to an end. That is, the friendship between him and me that existed for a while. He did not flatter me but told me the truth and that was not pleasing to my credulous ears, so I had no further use for his mediumship. When he first came to San Diego and spoke to the people in my parlor I was proud of him then, for he gave me several valuable tests as he did others who were present at the meetings, but unfortunately a vampire came to San Diego in the guise of a woman and weeded her way into my favor making me believe she was my greatest friend and had many wonderful things to tell. These wonderful things were: She poisoned my mind against Little Justin and represented to me that he was a terrible fraud, and would you believe it, sir, I was so credulous I believed her after all the fine tests he had given me. So you see, sir, how these creatures can play their mountebank work upon your weak, credulous mind. I was so deluded by them and happy in my own egotistical ideas that I thought I was going to a beautiful palace in spirit life built especially for me as I was such a great worker in the cause. I was a worker but sometimes in the wrong way. They told me if I would believe in them and be advised by

their spirit guides wonderful manifestations would be shown to me and I would develop into a wonderful medium that would astonish the world. The development that I received was that I was misled and duped by a lot of frauds.

We will continue at another time, Mr. Hulburd.

Wednesday, January 29, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. How beautiful and white everything looks, covered with snow. It looks just as I have often seen it in Michigan. No doubt you wonder why it was that Mr. Morse did not find a stenographer to come up here. He was not permitted to do so, as you were chosen by the band long ago for this work in order that you could swear that these communications were genuine, as you had taken them down when they came from the lips of the medium by spirits controlling his organization; in this manner we give our communications. There are others, too, that have listened to the communications produced through his vocal organ, they can also swear on oath to the genuineness of the communications. There is so much fraud attached to our beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. Sister Mary Morse is here with me this morning—the wife of E. W. Morse of San Diego, well known there for many years.

Yesterday when I communicated I spoke rather severely on frauds. I have discovered in spirit life that I cannot progress until I forgive others as I hope to be forgiven for my past faults while I lived in a physical body. Sister Morse tells me one time while she was visiting at Justin's home, my name was brought up during some conversation—someone present said at times I would use curse words. I admit I did, but I was not one who would use profane language as a regular thing; it only happened when I became incensed at something that transpired. Sister Morse said that Justin defended my name, although at the same time we were not on friendly terms. He said that he never heard me use a curse word in his presence. I did not dare to, for I was afraid that he would take me to task for doing so. I was guarded in all my language while he made his visits to our house. I paid particular attention to his conversation and found nothing in it that was crude or rough. All that I ever discovered was of a high spiritual nature. Now I know his spiritu-

ality was superior to many I came in contact with. Theodore Parker tells me in spirit life that he used to curse like a pirate when he was a little chap; he said especially when things did not suit him or they were not to his liking. He must have grown wonderfully spiritual in all the conditions of his life, for when I first met him his voice sounded very musical and his language was pleasant and entertaining to listen to, but I was not the only one that discovered that in life. Since I came here to spirit life I have met many of his friends who said they loved to hear him talk while living in a body. Brother Hulburd, I have been permitted to look upon so many bright spirits here that the radiation and semblance of a great aura that surrounds them fills my heart with joy to look upon them. I know some day I too will look like them. I feel so happy when I think how good the great God is to his children, my soul is filled with love for the human race. I am willing to forgive all that misled me, but why I described them and gave full expression of their ways was that others would not be misled by such charlatans when they read my communication; but I suppose through all earth experience there will be such vagabonds as those. Brother Hulburd, I think, I have met some of the most beautiful characters I ever knew in the spiritual philosophy. That glorious philosophy of Truth ought to guide them and mould them into such a spiritual condition that the expression of their countenances would become beautiful, for what is grander than the truths of our spiritual philosophy?

It makes me blush with shame to think there are such frauds in such a religion as ours. It brings to mind one of my dear, dear husband's sayings. He would say to me sometimes, "Which is of the most consequence to you, your bread and butter or defending these frauds?" I thought it was cruel and he did not understand them; but God bless him, I have discovered since I came here that he understood them better than I did. They could not psychologize him like they did me. Just look at the way that Jesse Shepherd psychologized William E. High, an honest, hard-working man, he and his brother John earned their money by the sweat of their brows. They saved it, hoping that in their old days they could live in comfort and peace, but that male wanton had to come along, break up their peaceful home

and almost reduce them to poverty, as it were, claiming that he was going to elevate Spiritualism when they would build him a beautiful home. The results of that condition the people of San Diego have fully realized and yet we wonder why it is that people want to shun Spiritualism. Can you blame them when such wolves walk around in sheep's clothing devouring whom they can?

Theodore Parker tells me that he realized Spiritualism was a truth when living in the physical body. He was convinced through little Justin's mediumship. He said he held a great love in his heart for little Justin and was much attracted to him and Mr. Warren. I only wish that Justin's poor old body could get strong enough in order to be taken to San Diego that I might speak to the public through his organization. I think I would be able to manifest in such a manner that it would open the eyes of many and surprise their hearing qualities; but I am afraid it will never come to pass, the body is too frail now he has passed through so much in life and now in his seventy-fourth year. I am afraid it would be like a miracle, at least the people would look upon it as such, to bring him before the public again. Oh, how it will set Spiritualists and others to thinking when his life is produced through publication and the reading public at large will have the pleasure of perusing the pages wherein type will convey the words to their ideas and thoughts of expression will enter their minds when they read those ancient communications and also modern ones given by others and myself. It will be a revelation to the American public to know that hid away in these mountains in this beautiful dell lives the old body of Lincoln's private spy that carried to that great man much information that he had stolen from inside the rebel lines. It was a work laid out for him and he carried it out to the letter. He was little and dwarfish-looking then, but there was a spirit power back of it all that led him through it as if he moved in a dream. I still see some of the old grit and energy is left in his little body yet.

On one of my visits to San Francisco I was introduced to an elderly-looking military officer at the home of Mrs. Barnes, who was a grand medium from childhood. Through this Mrs. Barnes organization Mary Wilson controlled and told me how I

was surrounded by human vultures claiming to be spiritual mediums. She gave me some good advice or that part of it wherein she told me to pay more attention to what my husband said about these would-be mediums that paid me visits. I was so full of self-conceit that I paid no attention to that part of the advice. I wish to God that I had done so now; it would have saved me a great deal of trouble and much expenditure of money. She told me they were lying to me about my husband. I was weak and built up of so much egotism that Mrs. Bushyhead knew it all and especially her own business; therefore, I paid no heed to the warning that this spirit gave me. I now blush to think how weak and credulous I was. I wronged my husband in thought many times, which I never allowed him to know anything about, and Oh, God, how I crave now for his pardon and forgiveness. If I could only speak to him face to face I know his generous heart would forgive me when he knew how weak I was in the mortal.

Now, we will go back to that military officer that I met at Mrs. Barnes' home. He said his name was Colonel Simpson and he belonged to the Confederate Army. One day an old woman entered his tent, a very little old woman, he said, and talked with a strong Tennessee accent—such an accent as the poor white people in the mountains of Tennessee used in their conversation. She had a basket on her arm with all kinds of kinch-knacks such as soldiers purchased. She claimed she had valuable information for him and that he must drop the flaps of his tent while she would speak in a low voice, as it was for his ears alone. He did as requested. When she had laid down her basket he noticed what beautiful hands she had for an old lady. He stepped toward her, taking one of her hands in his, saying, "What a pretty hand you have for an old woman." She said, "Yes, I reckon it looks good, never known anything but a needle before the war." He said he felt a peculiar feeling while holding her hand, so much so that he took the other one up and held it. While he did so he looked into her eyes and thought he never saw such beautiful eyes in an old woman's head before. He said those eyes fascinated him and he seemed to become powerless while she looked into his eyes. All of a sudden she said, "Here, Colonel, I've got something good to drink. I only keeps

it for the likes of you uns." She pulled a brandy flask out of her pocket and gave him a drink. He said from that moment he was a doomed man. She sang him a low lullaby, such as she would sing for a child when putting it to sleep. He went into a deep sleep and she robbed him of valuable papers that were in his inside coat pocket. They had been given to him for safe keeping and he was to convey them to General Lee. After she had done this she had seemed to disappear. While going through the camp she sold many of her knick-nacks to the soldiers as she was making her way to the outside of the camp. She must have reached the Union lines in safety as no more was seen of her. "When I awoke, that is when I came back to my senses, I discovered there were several officers standing around me and that it was night in place of day and I was quite dazed and stupid in the head. One of the officers said to me, 'Colonel, we came to see what was the matter as you did not come to your meals. Your colored servant was worried and became alarmed as you slept so long.' I said, 'Where is that little old woman with those beautiful eyes.' I said, 'Gentlemen, did you see those eyes?' A captain spoke up and said, 'Do you mean that little old woman that was passing with her wares among the soldiers?' I said, 'Yes, where is she? She gave me a drink and I went to sleep.' I said, 'Gentlemen, she had the prettiest hand for an old woman I ever saw. If she is anywhere to be found in the regiment bring her here. Oh, she can sing so sweetly and she sang me to sleep. Gentlemen, I dreamt I was in love with that little old woman.' When I said that, it was the cause of quite a laugh. She was nowhere to be found. I ordered my colored servant to bring me a cup of coffee. When he had done so I sat up to drink it and as I did so I thought I'd put my hand inside of my coat to see if my papers were all safe and to my astonishment I found they were all gone. I sprang to my feet and cried out, 'Good God!, I have been robbed.' I gave the alarm and detachments were sent out in all directions to see if they could discover the whereabouts of the little old woman. Nothing could be found or heard of her. I said she was a spy and I knew now she had robbed me of the valuable papers that I was conveying to General Lee. Alas, it was too late; she must have reached the Union lines, since I slept so long before giving the alarm. I was

disgraced and resigned my position. I was forgiven by the leading general, as I was too weak a man to hold the position of a colonel. About two weeks afterwards, while at home in Richmond, word was brought to our family that General Lee had been fascinated by a boy who was a sweet singer. That night General Lee was robbed of valuable papers by the same boy who escaped in the darkness to the Union lines. The general said to Jeff Davis that the boy had the most fascinating eyes that he ever saw and his singing was something beautiful. He appeared to him the most loving and innocent creature he ever met. He told Mr. Davis that the little chap sat on his lap, patted his chin, and sang for him such pretty songs and gave him some of the most luscious kisses he ever received from a mortal being. An idea struck me then, that is, crept into my mind, there was strong connection between the little boy and the little old woman. I then and there swore an oath I would find this little individual if it cost my life. I fully believed that same little individual was the little old woman that caused my disgrace. I assumed a disguise, entered the Union lines by night, got to Washington as soon as possible and there swore to become a private detective for the Confederacy and through my Washington friends was introduced into society.

"One day I visited a friend in Georgetown whose family bore the name of Mitchell. While the family and I were sitting in the parlor and one of the daughters was playing and singing, the bell rang and in a few minutes the colored servant ushered into the parlor a very elegantly dressed young lady, who was introduced by the name of Miss Lucile Strong. I found during her visit she was quite entertaining. She claimed to be a young western girl from the state of Illinois. I understood the family to say they first met her at Mrs. Lander's home in Washington. She fascinated me so during the afternoon that when she arose to take her leave I asked the permission to accompany her back to Washington. She consented. She kissed all the ladies good-bye and promised to call again soon. When she had done so, she said, 'Now, Mr. Holland—for that's the name I passed under then—I will accept you as an escort back to Washington with much pleasure.' I thought to myself, where had I seen such eyes as those before? I did not for the first moment stop to think that

there was any connection between the fashionable young lady and the old woman. This young lady being a guest of my friends waived aside all suspicion that this was the person that I was looking for. When we arrived in Washington, a very fashionably attired young man approached us on the sidewalk. The young lady stopped to speak to him, when he said, 'Miss Lucile, have you been visiting this afternoon?' She said, 'Yes, and I found Mr. Holland was also a visitor at the Mitchell family in Georgetown. He was kind enough to accompany me back to Washington.' While they were talking another gentleman friend of hers came up and was introduced. After we had all conversed a little while she said, 'Now, gentlemen, I shall bid you ta-ta.' Addressing me she said, 'Mr. Holland, I will leave you with these kind friends.' Addressing the other men she said, 'You will do me a great kindness if you will show Mr. Holland some of the city of Washington; he is somewhat of a stranger here, only arriving about a week ago from the south.' It surprised me how she knew I was from the south. She said, 'You will do me a favor by introducing Mr. Holland at your club.' Then she gave her head a saucy toss, bidding us good evening, as it was growing dark. The gentlemen, as they seemed to be asked me to walk with them to their club. Would you believe it, friends, that club house was the prison. I was arrested as a Southern spy. She knew me and had been dogging my steps. She followed me to the Mitchell home, where she did everything in her power to fascinate me. She led me to Washington as a lamb was led to the slaughter. She gave me into the hands of those detectives, and I was conveyed to prison. She had already acquainted them with the facts of whom I was and that my real name was Simpson and that I had been a colonel in the Confederate Army." He struck his forehead and said, "Friends, this fashionable young lady, the little old woman and the boy that robbed General Lee were all one and the same person. They released me after awhile from the prison, for they could not prove I was a spy. As soon as I was released I made tracks for Canada and from Canada I came here to San Francisco. The memory of those eyes haunt me still, and if I could find her I would wed her if she'd have me, and forgive her for all the treachery she brought to bear against me, seeing it was done for the love of

her country. That is the kind of a woman a soldier should have for a wife."

Brother Hulburd since I came to spirit life I have made the discovery that that individual was little Justin. We will continue it at another time; the medium's feet are getting too cold. Thursday, January 30, 1902.

Good' morning, Brother Hulburd. All looks beautiful this morning—the ground is so white. I think it was a beautiful conception of the poet when he compared a white flower to the purity of the soul. Your trees are dazzling in the sunlight. It would make a beautiful scene for Christmas if there were a large number of children here to sing their Christmas carols to the winter king of the forest.

Now, I am going to tell you how I had a great deal of the conceit taken out of me when I came to consciousness in the spirit world. When I thoroughly realized that I was in spirit existence and beheld several individuals that once lived in a physical body, I demanded to be taken to my beautiful home that had been promised to me by lying hypocrites claiming to be mediums. My daughter, Cora, led me by the hand, saying, "Mother, dear, come with me and tarry at our home for awhile—that is the home of my spirit mate and myself. Mother, dear, you have been deceived like thousands of others that come here to spirit life and do not find it as it had been promised to them by those fraudulent mountebanks posing as mediums. When you have realized and seen things clearly, satisfactory to your own senses, then you will understand homes in the spirit world are built up by the good works of each individual." Then I said, "Is it possible there is no such home awaiting me as had been promised by those mediums?" Cora says, "No, mother, dear; it is all a delusion. When you get to understand things properly you will commence to build up a home for Papa Bushyhead and yourself. Why I call him 'Papa Bushyhead' is that he was as dear to me as any father ever could be. Had he been my real father he could not have been kinder. His name to me brings joy and happiness when I think of all the kindnesses shown to me by him and the good deeds performed by such a manly soul as his while I lay a sickly, wasted being waiting for death to release my spirit from its wasted body. Now, I am going to help you to over-

come your difficulties and to live down the conceit that had lodged in your mind whereby you thought a mansion was awaiting you. Such a nature as yours, dear mama, will never lay dormant for any length of time; there is too much energy in your nature to do so. It is a benefit for us all, dear mama, to have a great deal of the conceit taken out of us; then we realize what we are and in time we can realize what we can be." While daughter Cora was giving me this explanation, Sister Morse and Sister Pierce came up with a number of others to welcome me to spirit life. An old friend that I knew in the east—or I should say, two old friends—Brother and Sister Webb, came and kindly took me by the hands, saying, "Sister Helen Bushyhead, we are glad to welcome you to the spirit world and you must visit our home for we want you to feel at home here among the friends." Mr. Webb was one of my school teachers while living in a physical body. Then my soul commenced to rejoice finding that I had many friends on the spirit side of life. Now, I am building a home for dear hubby and myself. I loved to call him "hubby" when I lived in the body. His good works assist me here in weaving things into their proper place. I am glad those charlatans could not deceive him as they did me.

Now, I must relate another circumstance where a considerable part of my conceit was laid bare. One evening, in company with Sister Morse and others, we visited your home to be present at a circle, in order that we might listen to the questions that were answered through Justin's organization. Before the individuals presented their questions to the guide I asked permission to control Justin's organization, as I discovered Sister Shepherd was one of the guests present. They gave me permission and Rosa attached my forces to Justin's forces and when I had thorough control, as I thought, I commenced to use Justin's vocal organ in the manner of speech. I commenced to address Sister Shepherd and the other members of the circle, when all of a sudden I became confused and could not realize who I was or what I wanted to say. I seemed to mumble or utter something just as an idiot would that had no understanding of their self-consciousness. After I had been permitted to go on in this way for some time, all of a sudden I was released from that condition. It seemed to me as if a heavy weight had been lifted

from off my head. Then I found my perfect consciousness again had been restored to me. I addressed my Sister Shepherd and the friends present telling them of the condition that I had been laboring under, when I discovered they were all having a hearty laugh at my expense. When I was released from the control of Justin's magnetic forces I discovered Sister Morse and other spirits were laughing at the trick Rosa had played upon me. Rosa laughed and said, "Squaw Bushyhead, you think you knows a heap, but she em thinks (meaning herself), deres other braves and squaws what knows a heap too. When you lives in the body in dat udder hunting ground you thinks you knows it all and when my meddy tells you the truthums you no believe. You think them other ones better medys than my medy. Now, I make that fun to make you look soon that we got some thinks too, and knows a heap sometimes. I like to make the braves and squaws think they haint got it all in their topknot. Now I make you them fools to take them conceit away from you." I thanked her kindly that she had done so for she had opened up my mind and set me to thinking what weak-minded creatures some of God's children are. That was the grandest lesson that had ever been taught me that I had any memory of, and it was taught to me by an Indian sister spirit. It has been to me worth untold gold for it has pointed out to me the way of Truth and Wisdom and only through those conditions can we become spiritual and manifest ourselves unto the divinity of the true God.

I received a great deal of comfort when living in the physical body listening to the lectures of Mr. Colville and also receiving instructions through his mediumistic powers in our own private home. He was a wonderful medium and furnished a great deal of comfort and happiness to those who came in rapport with him. I think the Spiritualists and others of San Diego were much benefitted by the instructive lectures he gave them. The teaching of Spiritual Philosophy in his class set many minds to thinking. They were upbuilding of spirituality and I am glad that I was the one selected to invite him here to San Diego to lecture. The beautiful thoughts that they received through his teachings while in San Diego they can never forget; that is an impossibility, it is written on their minds with the indelibility of spirituality.

Others and myself also received many instructive lessons through Mrs. Prior's mediumship and others whom I could name. That will suffice for the present.

Now, I want to tell you something about my work in spirit life. I am one of the little sunbeams attached to the train of Searchlight. We are receiving grand instructions through the manifestations and teachings of that glorious spirit, Searchlight. She knows no rest but only work for the benefit of the human race. She loves to do it as her whole makeup is that of Love and generosity. She is searching into the depths of the great spiritual beyond in order that she may herald her intelligence and wonderful light that she has received. It is her soul's desire to give this light to the children of God who take on re-embodiment through the parentage of men and women. Her instruction each day is life to us pupils. We are glorified by her condition, as she brings us nearer to our father and mother God. She teaches us that we can become divine and through that divinity we can see our father and mother God's face in all nature.

Brother Hulburd, it is only through the law of progression and evolution that we can become re-embodied. She is teaching us how to purify our soul and spiritual condition and fit us for re-embodiment. It is her desire as it is the desire of all advanced spirits that when we take on earthly bodies again we shall have the power to minister unto the human race who are seeking after knowledge and wisdom's religion. Spiritual Theosophy will revolutionize the thoughts of men and women which will lead them into the paths of Morality and Truth. When I lived in the physical body I did not understand the truths of Spiritual Theosophy then as I do now. The guides of Justin were teaching it to us in my parlor but were all too dull of comprehension—that is, we were not advanced enough in spirituality to comprehend the sayings of his guides. Many of us looked upon it as visionary ideas, while others said it was all nonsense and made by himself. Now, I have had the naked truth revealed to me since I came here to spirit life. My understanding has provided me with the knowledge to know his guides spoke the truth then. I have discovered that when minds are too gross and not spiritually developed they cannot accept facts beyond their understanding, that is, higher thoughts than they are in the

habit of receiving through their own condition. It is only through spiritual education that they can reach that condition. Much of that education I received through Mr. Colville and Mrs. Pryor, with the assistance of Sister Fidelia Shepherd, who is a true spiritual Theosophist in nature. In our class taught by Searchlight all the neophytes received wisdom's expression of the highest thought of life. We are benefitted so much that many of our souls cry out with joy, "Glory to the divine part of Wisdom and nature's embellishment in life." Oh, how the sunlight has penetrated into the soul's of the pupils of Wisdom's religion. The great lore of the Orient is being revealed to men and women who live in physical bodies through Wisdom's religion. The school of Yoga is ever at work and the masters of the higher thought are delineating the character of the Orient to all religious bodies of the earth. It matters not what sect or body of religion they belong they are building up Karma according to their condition, and the wisdom religion is lighting their paths although they do not understand it. It is constantly revealing itself to their intellectual minds bringing to bear an embodiment of spirituality that will wear for all time.

I send my spiritual greetings to all my friends, for I want them to understand I have learned to forgive past conditions and now will hold the gate ajar so that they may enter in and receive Searchlight's welcome and become pupils of Yoga School of Life in order that they may reach the highest divinity of Wisdom's light, sending messages to all the downtrodden and outcasts who live in the human body. I beseech the blessed angels to be merciful unto them all as they have been merciful unto me. Now I am outworking my past errors in the physical body and beg that all may forgive me that I had slandered by any word or deed. I ask and beg their forgiveness in order that I may gain strength to forgive those that had wronged and deceived me. I send my love to my dear husband who was ever gentle and patient with me. I ask the angels to bless him as I bless from the depths of my soul. God grant that he will soon come to me in spirit life, that I may make amends for the wrong thoughts that I held toward him sometimes. I am near him and with him a great deal of the time; but I want him over here so that I can manifest my true love and show him that in my soul is the

warmest part of my spiritual existence for him and his love. I was weak when I listened to the slanders against him. Now, I want to make amends for it since I am left to my own true individuality. He will now find me a true woman in all my spiritual conditions. His wife, Helen Bushyhead sends her grateful love for all the kindness he showed her while living in a physical body, as I will be his true spirit mate through all eternity.

I thank you, Brother Hulburd, for taking down my communication and leave a sister's love for little Justin, as he has fully forgiven me. His nature is made up of generosity and forgivenesses, although sometimes he puts on his positive cap and says he will not forgive, but the great spirit of Intellect and Intelligence in time holds the highest part of his nature, then the law of reason slips in and he forgives his enemies. His little physical body is built up of the male and female element—the female element largely predominates. That is why he, like others is weak in a human body, being a natural born medium. He has been swayed this way and that by spirits who wish to carry out a work and that work has been fulfilled through many lines which will surprise the public when they read his life. It is through those conditions of his nature and his fascinating eyes that he fulfilled his mission during the war between the North and the South. I leave my regards for Mr. Meyer and Mr. High and to others who listened to me in the circle. Now, Brother Hulburd, I will thank you for this good work. Good day.



"SEARCHLIGHT BOWER," THE HOME OF E. W. HULBURD AND JUSTIN HULBURD, NEAR DESCANSO, CAL.

Madame Blavatsky

Chapter XXX

Saturday, June 1, 1901.

I greet you, gentlemen, with soul measure. I once inhabited a material body called a fleshy element in nature. While walking around on what you call your earth plane distributing my time in many lands, I was known to the people at large and the press, magazines and papers, a woman by the name of Madame Blavatsky. I was born in Russia; but from a child had a desire to gain knowledge and travel over much of the world, which I finally did. I was at one time known as a married woman—that is, what you people in the body call marriage. If I had not burst those marriageable bonds I would have been a slave for life and the world would have known nothing of a woman by the name of Madame Blavatsky. The man that the world called my husband was an old man. I was betrothed to him while yet a child. He was a man who had a stubborn and brutal nature—one that was born to command and tried to compel me to submit to his wishes, to which I rebelled and revolted against. There was nothing in common with our desires or wishes. He was a man who thought women were too much educated already and if it proceeded any further it would be the ruination of the human race; but, thanks to a mother who had an idea in her head or her mind that her daughter should have some education. While living in the body I prayed morning and evening that God might bless her and when she died might take her to his home. Little did I know or understand that we always lived in the home of God—that is, if we wished to make it so. I had a mind of my own, gentlemen, to which I had an intuition some day to put it to use. This mind was backed up by an intelligence called a reasoning power. It was my desire to gain knowledge and to

become the possessor of that knowledge I must travel. In order to travel and gain that knowledge, I must come to an understanding with that man called husband.

During that understanding, or in other words, controversy, I told that man he retarded my natural growth. He deprived me of spiritual intelligence I had a desire to gain, for which I must launch out into the wide world. His severe expression and brutal language I laughed at. I said, "Man, there is only one way to stop me and that is death. There is a position in life that I must gain. It is even greater than your name could bring me. Truth only sits upon the throne—royalty has no learning there." I became a wanderer after knowledge and truth and finally gained it. It was hard work, but I mastered it for my spirit guides led me to the fountain head and when I had served my apprenticeship it came to me like a gushing young bride, decked in all the garments of purity and love. How did it come to me you would ask? By penetrating into the temple of knowledge and studying other languages outside of my own. I found located somewhere in me was a conception and in that conception a realization came to me that I was mediumistic. It also taught me there was a tale to tell and that tale led me to what the world calls a mediumship. I was a psychic and dealt in occult power, which conveyed to my thinking organ there is something beyond all this. I investigated Spiritualism thoroughly and discovered it was the foundation to a higher knowledge which in time would bear the name Modern Theosophy. I visited the Eddy brothers at Chittenden, Vermont, while investigating the phenomena called "Materialization." An Arab chief came to me and gave me the Masonic signs—that is, the Arabic signs of Masonic condition. There is one thing that I wish to convey to your minds, gentlemen, that is, a natural born medium can receive and give Masonic degrees. How can they give them? Simply by an ancient Masonic spirit, giving them through their organization. When they are out from under that power they know nothing of what has transpired. I was one of those beings like the one I now control. While on that visit to the Eddy brothers, I came in rapport with a gentleman who bore the cognomen of "Colonel Olcutt." After quite a long conversation I found him a very pleasant companion. He said,

"I, too, am investigating the spiritual philosophy, I am dealing entirely with the innate sense and the inner consciousness called mind over matter." I found him a scholarly gentleman, one versed in science who read up occult sincerity and by that means we came in rapport with the subject dearest to our soul's desire. I said, "Mr. Olcott, there is a science higher than and greater beyond this and when our minds become attuned to this condition and we find that we must grow and go beyond and take up the power that deals with astral light we will find the earthly tenement amounts to but very little. It is the higher and segment condition that blends with the soul. Let the latent powers have their sway and you will find that we will emerge into a higher plane where life is a constant growth, and as we take our passage through the different earth bodies we will see the time that at the pole we are trying to reach nature will blossom for us in all its beauty and as we strew the deeds of propagation on our way to this pole of beauty, life will become dearer to us than ever." To which he said, "Amen." I then knew, understood and realized our work laid together. In time, afterwards, he was a great help to me and assisted in preparing, "Isis Unveiled" for the press, or as you would call it, for publication. Mr. Olcott wrote some on the spiritual philosophy knowing and understanding its truths which to him and me was a guide for future work.

I met this medium at the circle of the Holmeses, in Philadelphia, in the year 1874. I invited him to call at my rooms on West Tenth street, which he did and while there in communication with each other, our conversation led to the astral or shade light of knowledge in which I discovered he was a spiritual Theosophist, or in other words, through re-incarnation the perfection of the spirit was gratified. Mr. Olcott and myself said we must reach out and grasp that higher work. While in New York with a number of others, Mr. Olcott and myself, we were all assisting in organizing that society that you call Modern Theosophy. I told him now we must commence the work, light on the path which must go abroad to find elevated minds so that they may comprehend that there is an elevation to live for beyond the common condition of Christianity, or man worship. In our regal power laid the work of communicating with elevated

minds that had passed to spirit existence or understanding the sensibility that they had placed upon us wherein dwelt cabras communing nature. Our possible manner of placing these ideas before the public built us up in strength and health. The purity of our minds came from the greatest sense in dealing with the occult that gave its light to the world. We purified our bodies in abstaining from all flesh diet or partaking of anything that caused pain to feed our stomachs. We lived on cereals, water and fruit to prepare our condition so that we might build up a receptacle to receive the higher knowledge of the Mahatmas. When you are advanced far enough to receive communications and to send messages to the Mahatmas you have mounted the first step that embellishes your life, that brings you into the sunbeam of nature—this beautiful sunbeam that is casting its rays and shadows for your gratification and is tinted with those beautiful colors that nature has provided for the span of life when in time your soul can dance like the rays of the sunbeam and cast your mellow shadows on those around you.

Oh, life! life! that severe portal wherein man is equal with God because God is the only embellishment that he can give to look like the human family. This human God or family of life that crosses the sky with all its glories tints and shadows is an emblem of grace and beauty provided by man's own conception and holy work of art, in which the sovereign power of man is king. That requires no images, no God's or virgin saints to worship—all such ideas are cast into oblivion when time dictates the working hour in which God and man alone have manifested through the elements to undeveloped minds on earth, wisdom, power and glory is the benediction imbued in all the human race. No God built up through visionary minds such as Christianity worships can change the progress of nature one iota. The generation of life when it placed upon this planet a span called growth, in which we find the power of evolution hugging and kissing and leading it on as a young bride to destiny, we find that the soul-power is king motor and teacher of eternal life.

What brings me here today, gentlemen, is to contradict many articles called communications purporting to come from Madame Blavatsky through people calling themselves mediums or servants of the spirit world, which is all a falsification, or, per-

haps, what you would call it, a straight lie. I have never communicated through any other medium before but one outside of the medium I now communicate through. That one bore the name of Lady Mansfield, of England. There are communications coming through so-called mediums trying to convey to the minds of the people that I as a spirit in spirit life have denounced the philosophy of Theosophy and all that pertains to it, which is another straight lie. I am a Theosophist of the highest order and my soul is attuned to its teachings. There is nothing in the human mind today that can lead to such a high and perfect bliss as the power and teachings of Theosophy. There are many other spirits and myself that know whereof we speak. Reincarnation is a truth and reality and through its laws we grow to divinity. We take upon ourselves that part called divine or esoteric celestials embodiment of a high civilization wherein we rule as Gods of planets. Science some day will prove to the world that all bodies celestial and otherwise that are the embodiment of planets get their growth from reincarnated sense order of wisdom and without it all would become chaos or a dark blank on eternity. These lying spirits or mediums, it is immaterial which, I denounce as impostors and mountebanks grovelling in space who dare to say I have communicated with them and thrown slurs or slights on re-embodiment. It is only through embodiment and intelligence that we collect in our way, that we reach Nirvana of Nirvana. Do you remember, gentlemen, that you visited the lighthouse on the point or neck of land and there were other parties in your company that I do not see present. On your return from the lighthouse, when you came to a part of the road that was quite rocky, my astral emanation appeared to the medium. He would not describe my appearance, thinking the strangers would laugh at him; but I brought a power to speak aloud through which he conveyed my message to all of you, saying, "Here someday will be erected a temple of learning," which, gentlemen, you have seen has come to pass.

I visit all Theosophical temples or institutions of learning and impress the teachers or principal ones of such institutions with my thoughts concerning the education of the children and also the higher growth of the adults of the institutions. I greet you, gentlemen, through life's oracle which is the torch-bearer of

light that lifts you up and bears with you through all immortality.

When I lived in earth form, or the material banner of a seeming progression, they called me crude, coarse, low and masculine. The ignorant masses did not understand the law of passivity which would bring them in rapport with our beautiful philosophy, reincarnation and Theosophy. It is the custom of Russian ladies to smoke cigarettes, drink wine and sometimes tea. When the vulgar looked upon my mode of diversement in which I smoked cigarettes to collect my worshipful thoughts together that I might reverence the higher aspirations of the benignant condition through which I was passing. My books, writings and other literature that I compiled in my passive moments so that they might be circulated among the masses will bear me out as a woman of some intellect at least. If I was crude and coarse, my mediumship was the open receptacle through which I took the willing step to gain the higher light that led me into the Theosophical field and which led me on to a higher motive power, and in the consular motive I found a bearing where on its banner the words proclaim truth that will lead you to become the worshipful master so that you may take the highest degree in senility. There and then, you will become the great commander that will lead the power of life through the gates of docility that the crude and coarse of earth call death. You can give the sign of obliteration that will wipe out all fear in minds that are grasping for the highest point of truth. When in the body I was only a humble woman but with that part of masculinity that was my nature—it brought a force to bear through which I cleared away all obstacles so that I might enter the temple of the Himalaya. There I found peace, quietness and comfort in the society of the Mahatmas. Hid away in quietude from the world of sin, I came forth fortified, clothed in armor, to combat with all destructive elements that attacked my peaceful mind, I traveled through Egypt and India—the land of ancient Theosophy. I girded on my armor and carried a banner with the word "Excelsior." I was admired and loved by many friends in those lands, also in England, where I was received with open arms in the best of society—so-called on earth. I ministered to those hungry souls that were waiting for the new baptism and immersion through the talisman of learning. I was glad I

had finished one of the chapters in my life and that my spirit had passed out of my body and had left it on the shores of Great Britain, where at one time I had received the worst persecution in all of my neophyte studies. There were individuals living there that claimed I allowed my mantle to fall upon them. The same proceedings went forth in your beautiful country, America. I wish the world to understand that my mantle fell on all the devotees of progression, both spiritual and theosophical, for no one was ever created to beg at the door of knowledge and not receive a benefit. If their mind leads them into true investigation all imbecility of Christianity will drop from them carrying the scales of superstition in the new birth; individuality will then claim its rights.

Gentlemen, I will speak on the divination of our work. It has many phases and spreads out like a beautiful fern. For illustration, you have one gentleman in San Diego who bears the name of Sidney Thomas. He is a soldier in the field of rectitude. He has girded on his armor and carries a battle shield on which is the motto, "Truth and the path to Light." This man is a soldier and minister in the ranks. His bearing brings with it a sentiment in which it says, "True life to all." If you will only drink from the fountain of intuition and true love that swells up from the fount of all nature, that says, "Come and we will bear your burdens, as infinitude and aspirations is our teacher. There is a lady that bears the name of Katherine Tingley, the guiding star of Point Loma institution. She has a way of her own through which she works miracles with the help and assistance of others. She has a mode of education through which she will bring the little ones up to a higher light of divination and divinity. Her soul and astral condition will become in time the master of the situation through her ministrations and others. They will send out alphabetical teachers into the world and through their element of truth, peace and morality, they will teach the people how to read the signs of the times.

There are many institutions of learning in our philosophy. The sentiments and laws are the same, but the constellation of the human mind divines new thought, which is a monitor and a revelation to our philosophy. The beauty in all divinity shows minds working constantly in new channels from which the peo-

ple get graces and attitudes with a complex stesthenic that forms a combination through which humanity will gain a new growth in life. It is much better that all minds do not divine the same sentiment or there would be no expansion to life. It is much better for them to be clothed with emotion and intuition, then they can deal better with the commercial point of view. Our extraction will draw forth from the human mind all superstition imbedded there which pagan religion governed by an elementary part in life called the subdued worship of man. All flowers are loved through intuition. Why should not truth take up the same avocation and bear with it the ministration of ideality that men and women through their ideal of love, find in nature a glowing tribute of tints and colors that bring to the vision of the eye a shimmering condition of lines in which we find a maxim called Nature's God. This should be a revelation to a bigoted mind clothed in superstition and watered by the froth of a pulpit parrot. You must understand that all the laws of nature create in the mind or the lobe cells of the brain that guides you on an ever-flowing river called "progression," and the boat that sails in it is evolution. When you have become a captain of the situation you will find those waters endless and have enough salt in them to crystalize superstition. The waters that are constantly pouring over the cascade of erudition only whiles away the time until it meets the great sea of manifestation and as the Christian ministers call me coarse, crude, low and untruthful, they forget I have penetrated into the womb of time and found there a babe lying in a dormant condition. I touched it with my will power and it sprang into life and it swore to me on the altar of oblation that it would become a martyr of all time and that it would drink from the cup of the seven senses, omitting the sixth degree so that it might hurry on through restless souls and bring them to a heaven of peace and futurity and as we cross our swords in the form of an emblem of growth, and the Grand Master says, "Peace be with you" sons of earth, as your drill lacks no strength and the combination is that of charity to all humanity and the higher degree speaks for itself claiming the power of peace and good will on earth. When sordid action assails your ranks, remember the aspiration that emanates from the high degree spread your hands to the four points of the world and say, "I have manifested

the compass and celebrity of the waking mind. The Grand Master will proclaim "Finis" or finished—or, as you say in the Masonic vocabulary, "It is finished."

And so, gentlemen, I hope I have finished my communication, and I thank you all for your abiding condition and bearing with me to this true manifest which I give unto the world.

Always a Theosophist unto all time.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Given in the presence of E. W. Hulburd, F. D. C. Meyer and John E. High.

Juanita Jaurez

Chapter XXXI

July 22, 1905.

Mr. J. R. Francis, Editor:—

Some time ago I forwarded to the Progressive Thinker a communication from General Winfield Scott which was a prediction made by him through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd, October 2, 1885, in regard to the great California Desert. Now comes Juanita Jaurez—his spirit mate—who was with him when he made the prediction and makes what might be called a supplementary prediction, which I forward for publication, if you think it worthy to fill the space it will occupy. In a few places I have made slight alteration in the phraseology to make it more clear to the understanding of the reader, but have adhered strictly to the meaning she wished to convey.

The great rush of settlers to the desert is a surprise to California and spirit General Scott says it is coming much sooner than he expected when he made the prediction, in 1885. He says the floods of this season will be something of a set-back to the immigration, but they will soon overcome that trouble and the rush become greater than ever.

Juanita Jaurez was the private spy of General Scott when he was in the City of Mexico, during the war with that country.

E. W. HULBURD.

Me say Good morning, friend. Me Juanita Jaurez. Me make talk for you. Me no talk English so good. Winfield, he say you make it good in your tongue. Him say I try talk like you. I will try plenty now, so make it good. Him say I come this time make plenty talk. Plenty big desert. That

desert by and by will have plenty people—make plenty talk—some like you, some like that other one—foreigners. Me tell you now, heap water go through in the canal. Oh, plenty, plenty deep and plenty wide. Winfield say, "All along the sides of the canal will be strong dykes which will confine the water to the channels. The main canal will be one hundred feet wide and forty feet deep. Mucho grande boats will go on that water. They will have many good boats. A canal will be built to the gulf on which boats will run from the city to the gulf, along the canal will be many small towns. Bath houses will be numerous; on the gulf will be many resorts.

The desert will become grand and beautiful. Millions, millions of people will be there. They will have plenty money and will build a large city, plenty wide streets, plenty houses. People what come from where it is cold in winter like it here; good, nice ride, plenty sail. By and by they will build big house—you call him hotel. It be plenty big. Two thousand people will go in that house. All mucho grande—plenty trees, plenty florita, (you call him flower). Oh, plenty so beautiful. Plenty people come what's sick—mucho marle—they have plenty money; they make big houses—oh, beautiful houses. They make them canals so big; them big ships come up out of the big water to them big city. Mucho grande. They will grow all kinds of fruit. All winter, all summer they got plenty fruit. They got plenty them little ones what you eat all the time. I can no make that name good—Oh, me got him now, "vegetables,"—plenty berries all time plenty. By and by they make that water from mountain come down in ditch like, him go in pipe to mucho grande city. By and by plenty railroad got no fire box, they make him go; got no fire. All over, all over, they make em go; plenty railroad, plenty boats go by electricity—they gather electricity from the air. By and by they got them flying ships what's in the air; mucho grande too. By and by plenty people, plenty money, they make it so grand people come all plenty from all countries; it so nice, it so beautiful—no country like this. All around in the water plenty fish; they like that. All plenty melon, plenty orange, plenty lemon, plenty guava, plenty banana, plenty pineapple, plenty nuts, plenty pear, plenty everything. There comes a time when she'm got twelve million

people. In them mountains they make big ones—what you call em?. Oh, me got em—reservoirs—for to keep water plenty long time. In them valley heap high tree grow, got plenty water. In the mountains they got plenty stone, white, blue, brown and other kinds, too. In that valley got heap big house, plenty mans and plenty womans, they go and look in them books, they make read, make them mans and womans got big think, what you call—Oh, yes, “College.” Oh, plenty big; so big I no can tell you. They make it so good; they got no winter.

When my spirit mate Winfield came by my country, I tell him there’s plenty desert, you go see. When him’s by my country, I help him plenty time. I tell him many things that make him help; he like that. He go see desert. Me go, too; he love me plenty. He tell me, “Juanita, you good angel; you tell plenty things; now me love you for that.” In the spirit world we all time be there; we spirit mates. He tell me, “Now, Juanita, you make talk this time him make em good for the paper. I can no talk your tongue good. I no make it like you, what you make it like the book. Winfield, him say, “You make it like the book plenty straight.” Now, you make him good. Me bleege em. Good day. Next time me make it better, maybe. That man he say to me, “You make em grammar like in your talk.” Me go now. Him say, “This make consolation for the people.” Him say, “This is the foundation for you make the talk.” Bueno Diaz. Me Juanita Juarez. Winfield Scott.

A spirit says, “The desert will raise fruit and vegetables the whole year round for the eastern market. It will become the paradise of America for vegetables.

Sent the Progressive Thinker, July 24, 1905, but declined.

John Hammond

Chapter XXXII

Sunday, August, 1901.

Good morning, sir. I come this morning to practice my Sabbath devotion by relating and adding a little spice in the history of this individual.

At one time during the Civil War, I was a chaplain and connected with the Union Army. If there was any preaching in me I felt it my duty to tell the soldiers in the field of God and the beauties connected with the great divinity in life. I thought I would leave my church and parish to some other sleepy hollow that he might preach and pray about something that they called the great divine Savior.

When I was connected with the army, one day I was at the headquarters of General Meade. A sprucy-looking little chap came up with blue pants, blue jacket and brass buttons and a military cap on his head. When he got in front of the general's tent he came to attention, saluting the general in military style, he said, "General, I would like a word with you in private, if you have the time to spare." The general said, "Certainly, Puss, come this way." He turned around to me, saying, "Chaplain, excuse me for a few minutes. The Little One has something to communicate." He then led the way, the Little One following him. They remained closeted in the back part of the tent for fully an hour. When they came forth, the general addressed me saying, "Chaplain, go and hold your services. I will not be present this morning. There is another duty that requires my immediate attention."

He ordered his horse to be brought up in front of his quarters. He gave some directions to those in attendance. He then mounted his horse, saying to the Little One, "Come, sweetheart,

put one of your feet onto mine and give me your hand," which the Little One did, and vaulted up behind him like a circus rider. Then they rode off. I addressed one of the officers present, saying, "Who is that little chap that conveys such information to the general and takes him away from morning services?" The officer said, "They call him little Warren, and he is the bearer of despatches quite frequently to the general." I said, "He is almost too pretty for a boy. He should have been a girl." He said, "Some say it is a girl, but no one knows, as far as we can understand, and we have to treat him with the greatest respect. If we didn't I believe our shoulder straps would come off." I said, "Oh, ho! That's the way of it, it it?" He said "Yes; that's the way of it, Chaplain. When he visits the General, that same day or the next there are orders given to prepare for battle. Then we understand the little chap has been the bearer of despatches."

I bade the officer good morning and went to prepare for morning services. At about three o'clock that afternoon we received orders to make preparation and prepare for battle early in the morning, and it was a bloody battle—the battle of Antietam—where the men were mowed down like sheep. The next time that I saw the little individual he was riding past on a horse, in a little tweed suit of clothes, and looked very much like a low Southern, such as the negroes call "low, white trash." I said to Colonel Henderson, "Who is that Little One, and what is he to the army?" He said, "God only knows; I don't. We receive orders from headquarters that we are to grant his requests, if it is in our power." He says to me, "Chaplain, what do you think about it? Is it a boy or a girl?" I told him, I thought it was too pretty for a boy. He said to me, "One day that Little One came riding inside of our lines, as if the devil was after him. I heard some balls whizzing. I looked up and saw two rebel officers who had just turned their horses and were galloping off towards the rebel lines. Some of the cavalry went after them, but the officers got too far in advance, and the cavalry could not capture them. As that individual passed my quarters at breakneck speed, making for one of the New York regiments, as I understood, he became too exhausted and fell from his horse. He was picked up by a Captain Knowles, who

seemed to be acquainted with him. He carried him into his tent and would allow no one to come near him. When the horse was caught by the men it was found to be the property of a rebel officer.

I approached the tent of Captain Knowles and asked him, "Who was the little chap and what is he doing with a rebel officer's horse inside of the Union line?" The captain answered me quite curt, saying, "Colonel, that is none of your business nor mine. When he comes around all right he will answer for himself."

This Captain Knowles, Chaplain, is a cousin of Warren's, and knows more about that Little One than he wishes to tell. I said, "Captain Knowles, I am colonel of this regiment and demand an explanation. Why did this Little One come racing or running at breakneck speed, pursued by two rebel officers? Captain Knowles, I want an explanation of this." He said, "Colonel, you must receive your explanation from your superior officer, Mr. Warren. I have sent for him to come and get his boy. I said, 'Is this Warren's boy?' He said, 'Yes, Colonel, it is, and if you attempt to question him or treat him unfairly in any way it will cost you your position in the army, so you will oblige me by withdrawing to your own quarters and leave him to me.'" In about an hour afterwards, Warren rode up attended by his staff; also he had the company of General Sheridan. I drew near to the tent to pay my respects to my superiors. When I looked into the tent Warren had the Little One in his arms, saying, "Oh, sweetheart, open your eyes and look at me. It's me, Papa Warren." He addressed Captain Knowles, saying, "Captain, how did it all happen?" Captain Knowles gave a full explanation of what transpired as far as he knew. Warren handed the Little One to General Sheridan, who took him in his arms. Then Warren took a flask of liquor out of his pocket, addressing Captain Knowles, he said, "Cousin Robert, oblige me with some water." That was the first time I knew Knowles was a cousin of Warren's. While General Sheridan was holding the Little One in his arms I stooped down, looking over his shoulder at the Little One, when the general looked up and said to me, "God, Colonel; but he is pretty. He is too pretty for such a business." Warren looked up and spoke sharp, saying,

"Sheridan, bring him here." Then the flaps of the tent were dropped and he was shut out from my gaze. He said, "Chaplain, there is a secret in that Little One's life. Perhaps some day it will be revealed to the world. He goes and comes at his pleasure and no one dare question him. They say he is older than he looks."

One day, while I was in Washington, I saw him sitting in a carriage between General Scott and President Lincoln. They were coming down Pennsylvania avenue. He said, "I tell you, Chaplain, that Little One is no common stock, and don't you forget it." That same evening that I saw him in the carriage, about half-past eleven I saw him riding in another carriage with General Scott and another gentleman, whom I could not recognize. They drove up in front of a fashionable restaurant, got out, went in and had some refreshments. I followed them in to see if I could discover some of their conversation. They talked so low I gained no knowledge whatever. When they had finished their repast and rose to go towards their carriage the other gentleman said, "General, you and Puss must come and stop with me tonight. My wife said I mustn't fail to bring you, for the women folks have prepared some undergarments for the Little One." The little chap spoke up and said, "Uncle Scott, I want a big drink of lemonade and lots of lemon in it, too." I didn't want your old wine." Just then Mr. Stanton and another gentleman entered the restaurant and when he discovered the party he came forward, holding out his hands, saying, "Why, gentlemen, this is a surprise." At the same time the Little One dodged behind General Scott, who hid him entirely from the other gentlemen. Mr. Stanton said, "Gentlemen, come join me in a glass of wine." The general said, "Friend Stanton, you will have to forgive us tonight, we were on our way to Mr. Chase's home to spend the night—that is, the Little One and myself." He looked around to present the Little One; when he saw he wasn't there he said, "Where in hell has he got to now? I will be damned, Stanton, if you haven't got your hands on him he will disappear like a sky rocket." Just then the Little One came up between Stanton and the general, saying, while he was looking up in the general's face, "Oh, Uncle Scott, you said a naughty word." The general said, "I will be damned if you wouldn't make God him-

self swear. Now, you stand right in front of me, where I can see you." At the same time the general placed his arm around him and looking at the gentlemen, said, "Have either of you a chain or a strong piece of cord about you, so that we can tie him to Chase and myself, for I believe in God we will lose him before we get home yet. I tell you, Stanton, he will slip out of your hands like an eel," which made all the people near by burst out laughing.

The gentleman called Chase said, "Gentlemen, we will join you just once and then we will get into the carriage and go home for the general is not as young as he was forty years ago." They all walked towards a table that was prepared for them, the general leading the Little One by holding on to the collar of his jacket, which made us all laugh. When they had got to the table the general placed the Little One on a chair next to the wall, saying, "Now, you sit there where Uncle Scott can see you; he hasn't seen you for over a month. I suppose you have been gallivanting over the whole country. You are worse than any young colt I ever saw, I tell you. Puss, you are breaking Uncle Scott's heart the way you are going on. Now, tomorrow morning we are going to start for home and I tell you, Puss, you are going to stay right there if I have to put a big ball and chain to your feet until the war is over and Papa Warren comes for you," which made us all laugh. We could see that the old general felt bad the way the Little One was going on, and that it worried him a great deal. They drank their glass of wine and got up to go to their carriage. Mr Stanton and the other gentlemen accompanied them. I followed thinking I might learn something from their conversation. When they arrived at the carriage and the coachman had opened the door to admit them the general said, "Now, Puss, you get in ahead of me, so that I can keep my eyes on you." He stepped into the carriage ahead of the general, but I will be damned, Chaplain, if he didn't vanish out the other side like a streak of lightning and the poor old general fell on to the floor of the carriage with a heavy groan, saying, "Oh, God, he is gone." Two of them went to pick him up, while the rest of us ran around the carriage to see if we could not intercept the young scoundrel and bring him back, but he had vanished into the night as if the earth had swallowed

him up; he was nowhere to be seen. When they had lifted the general and placed him on the seat, I heard one of the most fiendish mocking laughs that I ever heard in my life. It seemed to come out of the air, when the general said, "Damn you, selfish spirits. You will be the ruin of our little Pet, yet."

Mr. Chase spoke to Mr. Stanton and the other gentlemen, saying, "Get in gentlemen, and accompany me to my home and we will try and cheer up the general for that damned imp of hell is worrying the life out of him. He is an uncanny being. You never can tell anything about him. He is here today and there tomorrow, and I think the general is very foolish to allow such a creature to worry him so. The general spoke up and said, "I love the Little One and he lives me. His life has been such a hard one that I wish those damned spirits could be all shut up in a lunatic asylum. He had no sooner said the words, Chaplain, when we heard that mocking laugh again. It sent such a chill down my back that I thought I was going to fall on the side walk. When the general heard the laugh he gave such a groan, Chaplain, that it went to my heart. Then a voice in the air said, "Until the end, Winfield." The general said, "Oh, God, until the end." The man who bore the name of Chase spoke up and said, "Sam, for the love of Christ, drive home, if you ever expect to get us there tonight. Every time where that damned imp is something is happening, and he is breaking the general's heart. I believe the cursed imp was born in hell anyhow. Drive on, I tell you; drive on." They left, Chaplain, and how I got to my room at the hotel I never can tell you. The first thing that I had any knowledge of was that the sun was shining warm into my room in the morning. I looked at my watch and discovered it was ten o'clock. I got up, dressed and went to breakfast. After attending to the wants of the inner man, I called on a few friends to bid them good bye. They all said, "Colonel, you look very pale this morning." After I bade them good bye I made tracks for my regiment.

"Chaplain, the experience I had that night convinces me we live hereafter and that little cricket you saw passing here today riding on that horse is a medium and I believe there is a mystery connected with his life and some day that secret will astonish the world." He took hold of my hand and laid his other hand

on my shoulder, saying, "I am going, Chaplain to tell you something and this must be a secret between you and me. I believe that Little One is a woman, and the wife of General Warren. I have confided this to you, Chaplain, and it must be kept secret. I rely on your honor as a gentleman. I have been told that that would-be boy is seen frequently at the White House and that he enters President Lincoln's private office at will. Chaplain, let us now watch the outcoming of all this. Some day it will be read by the world like a novel, for I feel it in my soul."

After the war was over and peace once more reigned in our land, one day as I was walking along a street in Rochester, I saw a bill poster, posting bills on a fence. I could not tell why I was attracted to those bills but I waited until he had finished posting them, then I read the bill, which said, "The little queen of burlesque will appear at the Opera House on September 4th. If you wish to enjoy a good laugh, don't fail to come, as she appears only one night before sailing for England." Then I went on my way, thinking nothing further of it. On the morning of the 4th of September I called at a book store on the main street to make a few purchasers. While I was selecting the material I required Colonel Henderson walked into the store. When he saw me he came forward, laughing, saying, "Hammond, you are just the very man I want to see." I said, "What's up now, Colonel?" He said, "Who do you suppose is in town?" I said, "Has his honorable worshipful Master come to town to grace our city with his presence? Of course it's no one else but the President of the United States who could make you feel so happy this morning." He said, "No, it is Mr. Warren with his Little One; I saw their names in the list of arrivals at the hotel." I immediately put on my coat and hat, called at the hotel and was received very graciously by Mr. Warren, who invited me to sit down and have a cup of chocolate as they had their breakfast served in their rooms. He said to me, "Henderson, my boy, I have most all our meals served in our own apartments, as I have to watch what my Little One eats, in case his stomach gets out of order. I don't allow him to rise early in the morning only when we have to take an early train. We arrived here last night by the express, as you see he takes a little breakfast in bed and after an hour or hour and a half he gets up and I give

him a bath, then he dresses and sits down to the table and finishes the rest of his breakfast. If there is anything else he would like in place of that which we have it is ordered and brought to the room. He works hard at the theater during the performance and we enjoy our breakfast much better in our own rooms than by going to the public dining-room.

"You see, Henderson, while we travel the only home we have in our suite of rooms in the hotel. Our life is largely a Bohemian one and we must take all the comfort out of it that we possibly can. Some day we are going to settle down on the Hudson, then you must come and make us a visit and bring your family, for my Little One likes company, especially children. The mother nature is largely developed in that little body. He would like to hug and kiss all the kids in the country. He draws no line at color." I enjoyed a second breakfast with them hugely. When leaving, Warren handed me an envelope with these tickets in it, saying, "Bring your friends tonight."

"Now, Hammond, we will go and see what that little urchin can do on the stage. If he can fly around the stage as quickly as he flew out the other side of that carriage on that night he will be worth looking at." There were twelve of us went in a body to gaze on that little piece of humanity. The play was "Aladdin," and of all the antics of a young scamp that could be produced on a stage for the public to look at we saw them manifested to the height of perfection that night. I said to Henderson, "That urchin is a natural born scamp or he could not do those things so natural." He said to me, "Hammond, keep quiet; I want to tell you something. While we were looking and enjoying the performance that voice came to me again and said, 'Tell that duffer, Hammond, that sits alongside of you, when he has got through preaching hell and hell fire by the ton, then he will pass out of his body and we will have some other work for him.'" I said, "Henderson, it is wicked for you to listen to the devil in that way. He will tempt you and lead you to ruin some day." He said, "If he will only lead me to where I can take that young scamp in my arms and give me a good chance to kiss and hug him I will be willing to stand what follows." I said, "Henderson, my friend, I am afraid you are on the broad road that leads to destruction."

Just then the curtain went up to some lively music. There was the Little One discovered with a beautiful tight-fitting suit to display his form to the people. He was smoking a cigar that looked pretty nearly as big as he did; he walked down to the footlights, looked at the people in a roguish way, gave a wink to the old men and dudes in the front, threw his foot out with a kick, that he was noted for, so the papers say. He struck a gallus position, took the cigar out of his mouth, cocked his head on one side and commenced to sing, "Walking on the spar, a-smoking a sigar." Then I commenced to think I wouldn't mind if I had a smack at those lips myself; but you know I was a minister of the gospel and wouldn't dare to put my thoughts into practice if any one was near by looking on; but, Oh, Lord! if I had only had the creature alone I'm damned if I wouldn't have broken the ten commandments. I preached a few years longer when I passed out of the body.

One day in spirit life I saw a very benevolent-looking spirit coming towards me. When he reached where I was standing he put out his hand, saying, "Friend Hammond, I have work for you." I said, "Mr. Franklin harness me up, I have loafed and rested long enough. I want to enter the field of progress. I have become tired of being an old religious fossil. 'Aint there some way in this life that I can reach the people of earth and tell them their superstitious religion is all a dream and a lie? It is all man made and built up by selfish priestcraft to hold the human race in bondage and superstition so that those vipers of priestcraft may live on the fat of the land, get drunk and hold intrigues with weak-minded women, who think it is heavenly to lay up with these coarse, crude, licentious brutes in nature who have been educated in book learning to fit them for priestcraft and to become the leeches of the human race. In ancient times they worshipped animals and other brute creation such as they call priestesses of the temple; but in the present day they are called harlots who live in houses for the accommodation of men or in other words, you might call them beautiful yachts to serve the ministers of priestcraft while sailing on their bodies in the mazy dance of fornication, or in other words, low prostitution which the poor, misguided creatures think will lead them to the paths of heaven because they have tasted of the sexual organ of

these vampires that prey on the human family. This man made God and his God-forsaken mother that they speak of, who tempted an old imbecile to play father to her bastard—this is the material that your Christian religion is built on.” I could say more, but this time I thought I would be gentle and mild while dealing with this diabolical question which is no question at all, but merely a mystic illusion forced on to the people by the inquisition, the fiery faggot, rapine and the bloody sword that forced people into a delusion that must be wiped out by the power and growth of evolution. Hail the day when the churches will become the temples of science and common reason, and good judgment will be seated on the throne of Justice, dealing out Truth, Mercy, Love and Charity to all quarters of the earth. May the true God of Justice and the spirit world that adores such a principle bring it to pass.

Mr. Franklin led me to this Medium, saying, “My dear friend Hammond, here you will find an organ of speech through which you can break down the barriers of hell, and fire your grape and canister into the midst of superstition, scattering it on all sides. Now, see that you do your work well and redeem your name, making it fit a better principle than that of the low down Christian slush that you preached while inhabiting an earth body or a physical astral in which you degraded your manhood by telling people there was a burning hell paved with infants skulls that you and others did not have the pleasure of dropping a little stale water on the child’s forehead and giving it a name that its great grandchildren might bear and feel ashamed to think its great grandfather had been christened by the sprinkling of water that was the hazy bosh of that time.

I controlled this medium’s organization for over four years and did what I could to redeem people and reclaim them from the age of superstition. I only wish to God that he was strong and healthy that I might strike the anvil so that the sound might go forth to the world and I would cry aloud, “Hammond is himself again come back to undo the errors that he had forced upon the people through a theological education, minus of common sense and Truth.”

I leave my love for the Little One, thanking him for the service he gave to my ministrations while controlling his or-

ganization. I also thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. Make up your mind, my beloved friend, you will pass out while in the harness. Good day, and may God bless you. Tell Meyer I thank him also for the part he played in the work. Adieu.

JOHN HAMMOND.

Agnes Sutherland

Chapter XXXIII

(Letter to Dr. Peebles.)

March 10, 1905.

Brother Peebles, a man whose structure was built up through the rugged inflation and natural resources of the green mountain atmosphere. His life through the peregrinations of time hath become like a beautiful ivy whose branches are spreading out on a solid wall of knowledge, each fiber as it clings to the wall is an expression of elevation; every cranny in the wall holds a jewel called intuition; each year produces a flourishing growth grander than the previous one. As the ivy climbs up the wall of knowledge there adheres to it a power called "soul's growth." When the ivy has almost reached the top and its tendrils have fastened themselves there the ivy smiles at the sunlight of Truth, who receives it as a welcome visitor into the hall of generations of experience that holds a vibration called the highest culture in spiritual intellect. In that hall it beholds a map of living life, then it has accomplished a condition whereby it can give birth to a beautiful flower or chalice cup; into that cup the angels have breathed the violet breath of Heaven, whose fragrance goes forth to the children of God, with messages of Soul's love gathered on its peregrination through life, the roots have taken up their home in rich soil receiving nutrition from that great, powerful law called Truth and as the fluid of life pulsates through the vine it produces a smile on each leaf; that smile has created an offering of peace to men and women whereby their minds can rest in a law called "security," understanding the power of prayer can break up Obsession in its most malignant form.

Prayer is an antidote for all that is cruel in life. When the law of Wisdom has reached the mental faculties of egotistical

minds, they, too, can give birth to a beautiful flower or chalice cup, whose deep rich color was placed there through the minds of higher angels than those groveling on earth's sphere. There is an embellishment that comes through the power of Truth garnished by the radiations of Sunlight; that light has destroyed the conception of a sulphurous hell and built in its place a school of education. Dear Brother Peebles is now the principal teacher. Persecution lies all around the entrance to that school house. Fear has no place in the tuition therein. A creation has taken place in a publication teaching the human intellect of Possession and Obsession. That book is like Morse telegraph, its rays shall reach every land, read and perused through the eyes of all heathens living in a wilderness of doubt. It will produce a sense of reason which is very catching and I know many of the weak minds living under a power of egotism will catch on; that egotistical faculty will become subdued through the pages of that book when properly understood and their thinking fiber has got to work to solve the problem; that problem is a talisman of Light now revolutionizing the great spiritual philosophy—the religion of the coming ages.

I thank you for taking down this communication. Your loving sister, Pheaness, a missionary in spirit life. I knew the medium in earth life. I was known to him as Agnes Sutherland, the Scotch nightingale. I was introduced to the American public under the management of P. T. Barnum. You will send this to Mr. Peebles. I once more thank you.

P. S.—The band says, "If you wish to publish any article sent by them, you have their full permission to do so." They say, "The letters that come from them are letters of friendship."

Predictions

Chapter XXXIV

On the evening of November 2, 1900, while Justin Hulburd, F. D. C. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd were enjoying a social chat at the home of the latter, near Descanso, California, Justin was controlled by an unknown spirit that did not give its name, and made the following predictions:

In one hundred years the United States will attain a position from which she will arbitrate the world. A man will be born in the United States who will be a greater inventor than Edison. His name will be Silas Strong. Time not given.

The greatest artist the world ever saw will be born in the United States. Time not given. His name will be Caleb Lipman.

The United States will be the native country of Rachael Wiseman, who will be a singer that will set the world wild.

There will be born in the city of New York, of Polish Jew parentage, Solomon Weber, (now in the womb), who will become America's greatest statesman. In his previous incarnation he was a Bavarian. Madame Blavatsky will be reincarnated. She will select her parents, who will select her name by lot, and it will be Helen. She will be the first woman president of the United States.

During the evening of January 6, 1901, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer called at the home of Justin Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd. He said that several times during that afternoon a strong impression came to make the call, but he did not heed it until it came so strong that he could not resist. He had been there but a short time when Justin was controlled by a spirit who said that he was Joe Overmeyer, an old and intimate friend of Dr. Meyer, who when in the body lived at Memphis, Tennessee.

The doctor was contemplating a trip to the great Colorado desert to prospect for oil lands. The spirit gave him much valuable advice, which he thought would be of great benefit to him in his search.

Spirit Overmeyer made quite a lengthy stay, during which Dr. Meyer and Mr. Hulburd conversed with him on various subjects of interest to all. Among the matters referred to were the archeological predictions of Spirit Sir Thomas Clifton, of London, England, who, eighteen to twenty years ago predicted many surprising discoveries, proving this continent to have been inhabited many ages prior to historical record, many of which have been verified. Spirit Overmeyer referring to Mr. Clifton said this continent had existed over two billions of years, and that discoveries would be made greater than any preceding ones; that three hundred to four hundred feet below the surface of the earth would be found plates of stone engraved in Sanscrit, the interpretation of which would be given by spirits. Referring to a prediction made through Justin November 2nd, he said the United States would elect a woman president.

She would be the reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky, and her chief advisor would be reincarnated W. E. Gladstone. Referring to the recent presidential election the spirit said that when in the body he was a rampant Democrat; but he and the spirit world generally worked for the election of Mr. McKinley, who has made the best president since Lincoln. He said if Bryan had been elected the country would have been ruined. He and thousands of spirits who in earth life had been Democrats, worked hard for the election of McKinley. Mr. Gladstone came and gave quite a lengthy talk on the question of "The Double," which was very interesting and instructive.

Sunday evening, January 20, 1901, Justin's guides directed Mr. Hulburd to go for Dr. Meyer and Mr. J. E. High. When they arrived Justin was controlled by Mr. Gladstone, who gave a splendid lecture on "Morality," after which a beautiful poem was given by spirit Jennie Lees. Justin was then controlled by Doctor Meyer's old friend, Joe Overmeyer. He told us that Mr. Gurney, who when in the body was the great photographer of New York, was perfecting an invention by which photographs

would be taken in colors, and was now making it known to the public for the first time through the mediumship of Justin, who was a particular friend of his before he passed to spirit life.

Tuesday evening, January 22, 1901. The same persons were summoned. Mr. Gladstone again controlled Justin, and gave a grand lecture upon "Reason," which he exemplified by many illustrations. In the course of the lecture he mentioned having attended a lecture in spirit world given by the personality, or "double" of a spirit who claimed to have lived on this earth the incredible period of eight hundred and twenty billion years ago, and said that this earth was at this time in a high state of civilization.

He lived on a large continent beyond the North Pole. He said that when the Arctic regions again became inhabitable there would be discovered buried cities, showing that the region about the North Pole was once inhabited by a highly civilized race.

When asked why it was that the people of earth seemed to have deteriorated, he replied, "Nations and races come and go. There are millions of elementary spirits in a dormant condition who are brought forward as conditions require to take the place of those that pass away."

His lecture was intensely interesting and gave us a vast deal of information of great value. We regretted having no one to take notes of the lecture, not only this, but all preceding ones.

He was followed by Joe Overmeyer, who through his friend, Doctor Meyer, presented the medium with a copy of "Rending the Veil."

Spirit Overmeyer gave quite an interesting talk upon various subjects pertaining to spirit life. Justin was then controlled by his guardian spirit Rosa, who gave one of her usual humorous chats, which are always full of fun and jollity. The seance then closed by an unknown spirit giving a short poem. It should have been noted in its proper place that Mr. Gladstone predicted that in one hundred years the United States would be the most powerful nation in the world; that England and the United States will have a war with Russia and conquer her, and in time Germany will unite her forces with England and the United States.

AZTECS

Saturday evening, January 26, 1901. Justin had retired to his room, adjoining the sitting room, unusually early, as he was not feeling as well as usual, while E. W. Hulburd remained in the sitting room reading.

After Justin had been in bed about half an hour, Mr. Hulburd hearing something unusual went to his room and found him under control of strange spirits, who were singing in an unknown language.

While speculating as to the language, one of the spirits said, "We are Aztecs, and are singing songs of our native land, and our war songs, and 'Death to the Spaniards.'" It said, "We cannot sing in English, but I can speak a little English; none of the others can."

Being asked how many there were, she said, "Several"—that her name was Kusmutta, that she was a priestess: her brother's name was Erastmus, he was a priest.

She gave the names of two others, but they were unintelligible. They lived in the City of Mexico at the time of the Cortez invasion, and were all murdered. She was ravished, and then thrown from the battlements.

They predicted that their people would rise again and rule the land. Those who had been murdered by the Spaniards were being reincarnated by the thousands for the express purpose of driving out the Spanish race and the Catholic religion. The Spaniards would be driven out or mingle with other nations and disappear as a nation. They would again possess their native land, but it would probably be under the rule of the United States. The Aztecs were descendents of those Atlantians who were on this continent when Atlantis was overwhelmed. The buried cities of which Mr. Gladstone spoke Tuesday evening, January 22nd, where buildings would be found built of nearly transparent marble, were built by their people, and were buried by an earthquake.

When asked to state a time when the Aztecs would repossess their country they replied, "When the earth has her second moon,"—which Justin predicted eighteen years ago at Kansas City—the outlines of which have been seen through some of our powerful telescopes.

They stated that their people were highly educated at the time of the Spanish invasion. They were not a warlike people, hence could not contend successfully with the Spaniards. They were naturally a musical people. They said that before their time the country was inhabited by a race of people with red hair and blue eyes, as they found mummies in a good state of preservation. She said the reincarnation was taking place through parents who hated the Spaniards; that because the Spaniards were such bigoted Catholics the Aztecs would become Protestants, and so far as possible drive the Catholic religion from their country.

Sunday evening, January 27, 1901. Present J. E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd, medium. The first spirit control was our favorite, Rosa, who has been with Justin since December, 1876. She is a sprightly, fun-loving spirit, and always creates mirth and a harmonious feeling. She says she comes "to fix the box." Next came several who were not aware they had left the body.

They were being taken by spirit missionaries to different mediums for instruction. Some were swearing, others praying. They were followed by Mr. Gladstone who gave a very interesting address, giving his reasons why he favored the United States and in his next incarnation would be born in the United States, and become a citizen of our grand Republic. He predicted that in time there would be a radical change in the organization of our government, woman suffrage would be universal, and a woman would be president. The president would then be elected for ten years. Next would be a Grand Council of twelve, who would be elected for life, and all laws must be submitted to this council for approval. All officials, including Senate and House of Representatives must be educated for the position, and must pass a rigid examination and must have had experience by serving in minor offices before they could become members of any branch of the government.

The president and council must have served in both branches of congress. In the selection of officials money would have no influence. Millionaires would have no greater influence than the laboring man, and legislation would be largely for the benefit of the laboring man. Mr. Gladstone said he was now in training

for the position he was to occupy—that of the head or chief of the Grand Council of twelve.

He predicted that the reign of King Edward VII. would not be long, and the time was not far distant when England would become a republic, modeled after the United States, that at that time there would be a very few monarchical governments in the world. His lectures are intensely interesting, and we greatly regret we have no stenographer to record them verbatim. Mr. Gladstone was followed by Spirit Fitch Adams, who passed over from Cleveland, Ohio, about thirteen years ago. He was, when in the body, an intimate acquaintance of the medium, and an old schoolmate and chum of forty years' standing with E. W. Hulburd.

Then came Rosa, who was followed by a spirit who gave a beautiful short poem.

Tuesday evening, January 29, 1901. Present same as on Sunday evening. Justin was controlled by a spirit that announced himself as George Washington, who gave a very interesting address upon "Our Country," of the patriots who in rags and barefooted, in snow and on ice, fought and bled to found the grandest country on earth. He spoke of its remarkable growth and expansion, and predicted it would become the most powerful nation existing.

Washington was followed by Abraham Lincoln, whose address was on "Liberty." It was very interesting and characteristic of the great man who gave it. He spoke of the great influx of the scum of Europe, and predicted that in a short time congress would enact laws to prevent the landing of such immigrants on our shores.

Next came Eliza Logan, who gave an emphatic talk on the equality of woman and man, and predicted that within ten years military schools would be established for women, and they would march side by side with husband and brother.

The next spirit was an old Quaker lady, who gave her name as "Old Elsie Cummings, of Philadelphia." She talked in the mild, pleasant manner of her sect, and was very pleasing to listen to.

Then came Mr. Gladstone, who called for questions, saying the others had occupied so much time, he would not take any

subject. He said from this time America was his home. Then came Rosa, who is always welcome, and gave us one of her characteristic jovial talks.

She was followed by Jennie Lees, who gave a beautiful poem, which closed the seance.

Saturday evening, February 9, 1901. While Justin Hulburd, Dr. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd were enjoying a social chat at the home of E. W. Hulburd—it was not a seance—Justin was convalescing from a severe illness and Dr. Meyer and Mr. Hulburd proposed remaining with him during the night.

Without being entranced Justin predicted the coming invention of a warship of a very peculiar shape and construction, which he said General Meade was perfecting in spirit life. He said General Meade often told him when in the body that he preferred the navy to the army, but he went to West Point because there was no vacancy at Annapolis from his district. The ship would be so constructed that it could be turned rapidly within its own length. It would be shaped something like the letter S, and would be made to turn as if on a pivot. This description is very imperfect, but it is the best I can do.

He also predicted the building of an immense ship canal, or as the spirits called it, "An inland sea," to run across the continent, starting in Florida, and entering the Pacific ocean near Seattle, Washington. They have discovered and traced the bed of a similar canal nearly the whole way which existed many years ago. When built it will greatly modify and change the climate of the central states through which it will pass. When completed the government vessels will be able to run from ocean to ocean in three days. This is the first time the spirits projecting these things have allowed them to be made public.

Sunday evening, February 10, 1901, there were present Justin Hulburd, the medium, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, J. E. High and E. W. Hulburd. Justin was controlled by spirit Peter Cooper, who said spirit Gladstone was engaged elsewhere and could not be with us at this time; but he came to tell more about the inland sea, referred to the previous evening.

Thousands of years ago this continent was divided into two parts by an inland sea, running from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean; the channel of which has been traced much of the distance,

and the same will be utilized as far as possible for the new one. From causes which he explained, the Gulf of Mexico has during the last fifty years risen ten feet, while the waters of the Pacific are slowly sinking, and in fifty years more the change will be sufficient to give a strong current from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. The question was asked Mr. Cooper if his Institute in New York had accomplished as much as he had anticipated when he founded it. He replied it had, and much more.

The cheap concerts which he inaugurated for the benefit of the poorer classes had produced astonishing results. It had instilled in them a desire for music, and he knew of three thousand boys who were learning to play the violin from attending those concerts.

It had also been the means of reclaiming many drunkards, and reforming many women. He said he was highly pleased with the result of his investment.

Thursday evening, February 14, 1901. Present, same as before, with the addition of Mr. Hulburd's brother, H. R. Hulburd.

Justin was controlled by W. E. Gladstone, who took for his subject, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." He gave a grand address, with many illustrations. He then spoke upon the reorganization of the government of the United States. In remodeling the government the senate and house of representatives would be done away with.

There would be a male and female president, with a Grand Council of twenty-five. One chief of council, who for the first council will be the reincarnation of Mr. Gladstone, and twelve females and twelve males who will enact all laws for the nation. There will be many radical reforms. Money will have no influence in affairs of state. There will be no more millionaires—no one will be allowed to own more land than he can work—no more money lenders. Should anyone be necessitated to borrow money, the state will loan them at three per cent interest, and should the borrower die before he is able to repay the loan, the debt will be cancelled. Jennie Lees then came and gave one of her beautiful poems.

She was followed by Kate Field, who gave a very interesting talk. Music, instrumental and vocal will be the principal entertainment in the churches. The sermon will last only fifteen to

twenty minutes, the balance of the time will be taken up with music, which will harmonize the people, and bring in the true Christ principle; and the churches will be filled to overflowing. The public schools will introduce music, and the children will be taught their lessons by and through music.

Rosa came as usual. Seance ended.

Sunday evening, February 17, 1901. Present, Justin Hulburd, Dr. Meyer, J. E. High, H. R. Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd.

Justin was controlled by General George Warren, who delineated the character of Madame Blavatsky, showing why she was chosen to be the first female president of the United States. He then took the Grand Council, one by one, giving their general characteristics, and explaining why they were selected for the council. He also explained the duties that will devolve upon the corresponding secretaries, speakers of the realm, shorthand reporters and guards of the day.

After a short time given to general remarks, General Warren retired and was followed by Mr. Gladstone, who gave a very interesting address on "Conscience and Consolation." I think that all present received information new to them. The address was very instructive, and gave much food for thought. Mr. Gladstone was followed by Jennie Lees, who gave one of her beautiful poems. Then came Kate Field, who gave a short address remarkable for its beauty and depth of thought.

We all regretted her time was so limited. Before the seance commenced we had been talking of soul and spirit, as defined by Hudson Tuttle in the *Progressive Thinker*, and we intended getting the views of Mr. Gladstone when he should control, but he gave us no opportunity to ask questions; but Miss Field mentioned having heard our conversation on the subject, and gave a very concise explanation, making the subject very clear to our comprehension. She was followed by Joe Overmeyer, who gave a very pleasing talk, and some instructions to be followed in the future. The seance then closed with one of Rosa's sportive visits.

The medium was very weak and the seance was not continued as long as usual. Mr. Gladstone expresses great regret that Justin is in such a feeble condition that he cannot take him before the public.

Thursday evening, February 21, 1901, there was present Justin Hulburd, medium, F. D. C. Meyer, John E. High and E. W. Hulburd.

Justin was controlled by Spirit Margaret Wilson, who when in the body was a missionary to Japan and China. She gave quite a lengthy address on religion, in which she told of the character and conduct of the so-called "Servants of God." She said there were among them a few conscientious people who go there with a full desire to do their duty and work for the spread of Christianity, but the large majority could get no easy employment at home, and went there to live in luxury, and fill the country with half-breeds. The Catholics teach that the Protestants are wrong. The Protestants teach the abomination of the Catholic religion. Both Catholics and Protestants would interfere with the working of the Chinese government, thereby creating the present feeling against the "foreign devils." There has always been some form of religion from the beginning of mankind.

Miscellany

Chapter XXXV

Forty thousand years before the time of the Pharaohs, there was a sect whose home was in the land of Egypt called the Sabines, who were of a milky white complexion, whose religion was similar to the Presbyterians of our time. They worshipped one God. A copper-colored race had many gods, and, like the Christians of today, thought they must force their religion upon other nations; therefore sent missionaries to other lands. The Sabines would not accept them, which they resented, and sent their armies and overrun the country, nearly annihilating the Sabines.

These people, with the few Sabines that remained, became the Egyptians of history. It should have been stated in its proper place that there was never the same trouble in Japan with the missionaries as in China, as fortunately they were generally of the better class. These unprincipled missionaries who have gone to spirit life are suffering ten times the torments of a burning hell.

The next spirit to control was Fitch Adams, who, when in the body, was a prominent business man in Cleveland, Ohio. An acquaintance of Miss Wilson, and an old friend of E. W. Hulburd, also of the medium.

He merely greeted those present, and was succeeded by an artist by the name of Gammon, of Kansas City, Mo., and an intimate friend of Dr. Meyer and the medium. He wished Justin to have his face shaved smooth, and then procure a photographer to take a good portrait of him to be inserted in the biographical sketch of his life which will be published. The next spirit was Dr. Meyer's old friend, Joe Overmeyer, of Memphis, Tennessee, who gave a few words of instruction, and then gave way for Rosa, who came as usual. She was asked about her people She

said they were called "Sac-mo-ta," signifying the " Sacrament that was held in the mountains." Rosa at one time about one hundred thousand years ago was queen of a nation in India. She told us this evening that she had been reincarnated hundreds of times.

As tomorrow will be the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the spirits requested that if Justin felt sufficiently able to allow them to control, to meet at one o'clock, p. m.

It should have been stated at the proper time that the Sabines were descendents of the Sac-mo-ta mentioned above, as the people of which Rosa was queen. Miss Wilson, in her lecture on religion said the old religions would pass away, and the future religion of the civilized world would be the religion of science.

February 22, 1901. The little company was requested by the spirits to meet at the home of Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, to celebrate the one hundred and sixty-ninth birthday of George Washington.

Justin was first controlled by Spirit Thomas Paine, who opened the seance by a grand address, eulogizing the character and acts of General Washington, the "Father of his Country." Before retiring he stated that he had been requested to speak on the subject of foreign missionaries, but he had no time to waste on such worthless scum of the earth.

Mr. Paine's address was like everything that emanates from him—grand and beautiful. We all regretted there was no stenographer present to take it down. Next came Margaret Wilson who talked about China and the curse of the missionaries. She gave some facts that are not very palatable to the orthodox element who think the world must be proselyted to their religious ideas. Her mission is to expose the hypocrisy of missionaries, and making the sending of them to foreign lands unpopular. Then came the Aztecs, who being unable to speak the English language, sang in their own language, and acted in pantomime their hatred of the Spaniards and love of freedom.

Next came General George Warren, who talked of the future of this nation. He said the time would come when the government would not support nor protect missions to foreign lands; those who went out as missionaries would do so at their own risk; neither would the government permit the scum of Europe to be dumped on our shores.

He gave an elaborate and forcible address, stating what would, in some measure, be the policy of the United States government after it was remodeled and reorganized. He was followed by Lucretia Mott, the Quaker lady of Philadelphia. She said that as she was to take part in the remodeled government, she must prepare and qualify herself for the station she was to occupy.

When in the body she was quite prominent before the public. She was known throughout the country, and particularly in Philadelphia as a very forcible character. She spoke at some length, and very interestingly in her Quaker dialect, eulogizing George Washington and William Penn for their efforts in the cause of freedom.

Next came Bridget Kelly, who in earth life was a washer-woman in New York city, and, like most of the ignorant Irish, was a priest ridden Catholic. When she first entered spirit life she was found by Rosa, the Indian control of Justin Hulburd, looking for the holy virgin—the mother of God. Justin, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Joseph Fleming, F. D. C. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd were holding a seance at Justin's rooms in Kansas City, Mo. Rosa told her she would take her where the virgin would be found, and brought her to this circle. She soon began to think she had been deceived, and called out, "Who are yez? Is it heretics ye are? Oh, what would Father Brady say, if he saw me here?"

She then said to Mrs. Chamberlain, who was a noble character, highly cultured and dignified, seventy-two years of age, "Auld lady, give me a sup now." Mrs. Chamberlain said, "What do you mean?"

"Arrah, now, take that bottle out of your pocket and give the poor old woman a sup." It was some time before she could be made to believe there was no whiskey in the house. As she left she said to Rosa, "Sure and you said you would show me the Virgin Mary." Rosa replied, "I am the Virgin Mary." Bridget said, "Arrah, now, what makes ye so black?" Rosa said, "I have got sun-burned going about from one place to another."

Bridget Kelly came again soon after, and frequently for some time, and gradually came to an understanding of the deceit prac-

ticed by the priests upon the ignorant of her race, and said that the members of that little circle were her saviors. She has for years been a hard worker to bring ignorant Catholic spirits from darkness to light. She occasionally comes to see us, she says to see how we are getting along. Spirits of the band say she has become a grand spirit; but finds it difficult to forgive the Catholic priests for taking from them their hard earnings and taching them so much falsehood.

Then came Bishop Buckley, who in earth life was one of the celebrated "Buckley Serenaders," well known throughout the world, with whom Justin was engaged about nine years. He gave a very interesting poem eulogistic of Washington. He was followed by Sir Thomas Clifton, who in earth life was an English barrister of London, who answered questions. In answer to a question relative to the origin of the Indians on this continent, he stated they were descendents of the Atlantians, who were on this continent when Atlantis was sunk.

Their ancestors were highly civilized, but for want of opportunity for education, and becoming seperated into small bands, they deteriorated, and during the thousands of years down to the present time reached the low conditon they were in when this continent was discovered by white races. The question was asked as to the color of the first people on the earth. The answer was, "The color of the earth or soil where they were located." He then explained the process and causes of the different colors of the people on the earth.

In answers to questions he explained how spirits passed through matter that to us seemed solid. When asked if spirits had ever penetrated to the center of the earth, he said they had, and said the earth was a mass of molten fire. He then sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and asked if he did not do that pretty good for an Englishman, retired.

Sunday evening, February 24, 1901. Present, Justin Hulburd, F. D. C. Meyer, J. E. High and E. W. Hulburd. The first spirit to manifest was General George Warren, who for twenty years previous to his death was a close companion of the medium. He gave an elaborate account of his intercourse with him. He first saw him in 1846, but did not become his permanent

companion until 1848. He was not then aware that Justin was a medium. He was then known as the "Dashing Blanchard," and lived in female apparel, and was with the dramatic company of Adah Isaacs Menkin.

During their continuous companionship of twenty years, there were many instances of spirit influence. Mr. Warren was then captain in the United States Army, and held a position at the West Point Military Academy. He did everything in his power to prevent Justin from coming in contact with spirit influences, but when the spirits wanted him they controlled him in spite of all he could do to prevent. They would make Justin do many absurd things, evidently trying to annoy General Warren and cause him to give up and allow spirits free intercourse, which he would never do. Justin was a warm personal friend of President Lincoln, who frequently wanted him to go with him to seances, but Warren interposed so many objections that he never went. General Warren as a spirit admits his error and regrets not having encouraged spirit intercourse.

After General Warren came Margaret Wilson to answer questions. The questions asked were: If taking the life of one person is a great crime and the person committing the crime must expiate for it, who must expiate for the thousands killed in war?

The answer in substance was that those who were instrumental, by their positions and influence, to bring about the war would be compelled to atone. In the case of individual murders, many times they were instigated by revengeful spirits, in which case the spirit must suffer the penalty. The next question: Why is it that spirits cannot manifest to their immediate relatives, but through the same medium can manifest to strangers or those not connected by blood ties? This question was answered to the full satisfaction of the circle. The next question was: What is the prime cause of the Gulf stream? This question was satisfactorily explained.

Sunday, March 3, 1901, 7 p. m., at the home of E. W. Hulburd. There were present, Justin Hulburd, medium, F.D.C. Meyer, J. E. High and E. W. Hulburd. Spirit R. M. Hooley, well known in the body as "Dick Hooley," the great theatrical

manager, came and controlled Justin Hulburd, who was for twelve years a member of Mr. Hooley's companies and they were warm friends. The spirit said he supposed that the medium—whom he called his mascot—had long been in spirit life, and when he, Hooley, passed over he looked for him everywhere, but could not find him until he met Mr. Gladstone who brought him there. He was surprised to see the medium look so well externally, but could see he was rotten internally. He related many incidents in the life of Justin, while he, Justin, was playing for him, which seemed very singular to him then, but he now knew that he was under spirit control most of the time.

Next came Mr. Gladstone who stayed but a short time. He said that he was permitted to make known through this medium that scientists in spirit life were experimenting and would perfect a method by which they could produce rain wherever needed.

Next came Margaret Wilson, who gave us a talk on "Genesis of the Old Testament." She said the Old Testament was the most filthy book in existence and not fit to be in any respectable person's house. When this country is remodeled and the government reorganized laws will be enacted prohibiting, with other obscene books, the printing, selling, giving away or having in the house a copy of the Bible, the violation of said law being punishable by fine or otherwise.

Jennie Lees then came and gave one of her beautiful poems, the subject being "Reason." Rosa as usual gave one of her cheery chats. Then came the spirit of a poor woman who said she had drowned herself and two children by jumping from a bridge. She said that her husband, whom she called John, persuaded her to drink whiskey and she acquired a love for liquor and became a low, debased drunkard and prostitute. She determined she would bring no more children into the world, and therefore committed suicide. She was looking for salvation and wanted to know if we were the Salvation Army.

A SPIRIT ON "DIET."

(Published in Sun Flower, March 4, 1905.)

In the year 1884 the writer and his cousin, Justin Hulburd, —a born medium—and Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, were by spirit influence brought to Southern California, finally locating, in the autumn of that year, in the mountains about forty miles from San Diego, where we have continued to reside to the present time.

Soon after locating in our mountain home we made the acquaintance of a highly cultured English gentleman of Scotch ancestry by the name of Gregory. He had been educated for the ministry in the Church of England, had been a professor in an English college, but unfortunately having acquired too great a love for stimulants, he resigned his professorship and came to America, locating in the middle west, where he became a teacher in the public schools. He contracted a second marriage, which having proved inharmonious, he removed to California, purchasing land in a beautiful valley a few miles from our home, where he settled his family, but passed most of his time in San Diego where he had purchased property. His health failing he returned to his mountain home where he left his physical body several years ago.

One Sunday evening several weeks ago, Doctor Meyer called at the home of the writer and his cousin, Justin. The conversation for some time was upon the hygienic properties of food and the different effects of vegetable and meat diet—we eat no meat. The article in the Progressive Thinker, No. 763, "A study of food effects," was read and comments were being made when Justin was controlled. The spirit spoke at some length upon the effects of meat eating—the spirit when in the body was a great lover of meat—finally saying, "In time all meat eaters will be looked upon as of low caste, and all who make a business of raising animals to be slaughtered for food will be ostracized from good society as would whiskey drinkers." He said spirits were at work perfecting a mode of preparing grape juice for a non-intoxicating drink, whereby from one barrel of grape juice would be made twenty barrels of wine—of

course, with the addition of water. The mode would be perfected within ten years, then people could drink their wine without any of the deleterious effects of the present, as people could drink all they wished without intoxication.

"Perhaps you would like to know who I am that is talking to you. I am Old Gregory."

He apparently withdrew, but in a few minutes returned and said, "Oh, God, the craving for whiskey returns. When will I get rid of it?"

Animals After Death

Chapter XXXVI

(Published in Progressive Thinker.)

In several numbers of the Progressive Thinker I have noticed communications relative to the condition of animals after having passed through the change called death.

About thirty years ago I listened to a lecture given by one who was then—and is now—a celebrated speaker from the spiritual platform, and author of many highly interesting works on spiritual philosophy and kindred subjects, in which lecture he declared his belief that animals did not exist in the spirit world. I had not previous to that given that subject any thought, taking for granted that all of God's creatures were so constituted that progression was a natural attribute of their being.

What is man but an animal? We claim to be the highest order or type of all created beings, and so far as we have knowledge there is nothing in mortal form of so high a type. From man there is a gradual descent until we reach the tiny insect. Does it stop there? Some spirits say no, the descent goes on down through the vegetable and mineral. What then? Who can tell?

About twenty-five years ago I had retired for the night, but was very wakeful. After a short time my room became bright as day, the walls disappearing. I seemed to be in the open air in the suburbs of a town. I saw a large mansion with a wide piazza in front, with large columns extending to the roof. The floor of the piazza was, I should judge, four to five feet from the ground. In front of the house was a beautiful lawn on which was much ornamental shrubbery. In that shrubbery was a beautiful young lady standing a few feet from the piazza ap-

parently working at the plants. On the piazza stood a large black and white Newfoundland dog looking down upon the young lady.

If a dog has no soul what was the animal so closely resembling a dog that I saw in my vision?

When living in Illinois I was presented with a fine Newfoundland pup which I raised. I became very fond of my dog and he became strongly attached to me. After a few years he was, through the instrumentality of poison, taken from me. Seventeen years after my dog's death I was living in Kansas City, Missouri. A select few were holding circles twice a week at the home of Mrs. Love, on East Fifth street. The circle was composed of Mrs. Love, her niece, Miss Wyant, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, a highly cultured lady, seventy-two years of age; Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, Justin Hulburd, a born medium—an actor well known on the stage for nearly fifty years as the "Dashing Blanchard," and Justin Robinson, which was his stage name—and myself.

One afternoon Justin and the writer went early to the home of Mrs. Love, in order that he (Justin) might rest before the seance. While we were sitting in the parlor, Justin, after looking intently a short time towards where I was sitting, said to me, "Oh, what a splendid dog. He is a large Newfoundland and is standing by you; he wags his tail, lays his head upon your leg and looks up at you so affectionately."

I asked him to describe the dog, which he did, giving a better description of my old dog Major, than I could have done.

If dogs have no spirit, what was it that the medium saw that was the exact image of my favorite dog?

As the waves of time rolled us onward they finally landed Justin and the writer in the mountain region of Southern California, in a lovely spot selected to be made a home for us by Justin's band, where they said they had a work for us to accomplish. After we had been here a few years, Justin was presented with a small dog pup which became one of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew. We became greatly attached to him. When he wanted to enter or leave the house he would scratch on the door, thus signifying his wish for some one to open it for him. In time, he died and was accorded a fine burial. The

day after his burial I was sitting reading when I heard his signal at the door. I arose and opened the door. I saw nothing. Soon after Justin came in and was barely seated when he exclaimed, "There's Tot; he just came out from under the lounge and went into the kitchen."

Did death end all for Justin's pup? If so, what was it that he saw come from under the lounge? What was it that imitated his signal at the the door?

Justin often sees and describes spirit dogs and cats. One notable instance was in Vineland, N. J., which, at that time was Justin's home. One day he called at the home of Mrs. Susan Cornell, a Quaker lady, noted for her philanthropic ministrations to the suffering poor. As she walked about the house, he noticed a large tortoise shell cat with a silver collar around its neck, which he thought was a cat still in the body. He said to her, "What a beautiful cat you have." She said, "Why, I didn't know the cat was in the house." He said, "Can't you see it?" She asked him to describe it, which he did. She then said she had owned such a cat when she was a young girl in Pennsylvania. She laughed and cried, saying, "Can it be possible they show you such things as that?"

Justin tells the following: "One day, while I was living in Vineland, my foster father and I drove to Forestville. We called on a Mr. Joseph Berry. As we were alighting from the buggy he came down the walk to meet us. I saw a horse following him. Before he opened the gate to let us in I saw that horse put its head over his shoulder and rub its face on his cheek. I said, "What a pet that horse is, Mr. Berry." He said, "What horse?" I said, "That one that's rubbing its face against your cheek." He laughed and said, "Can you describe that horse?" I described the horse to him. He said, "Bless your heart, Justin, that is a perfect description of my old horse Queen. She was foaled on my father's farm in the state of Maine. I raised her from a colt. She had a great affection for me and would often rub her face against my cheek. When I married, my father gave her to me as a present. I brought her here to New Jersey and her old bones are buried in that back lot."

Justin tells of another case. He once made a visit to West Point, on the Hudson. On the parade ground, while he was

talking with General Winfield Scott, of the United States Army, he saw a beautiful spaniel dog looking up at the general. He said to him, "General, see how your dog looks up at you. It wants you to pet it." The general said, "I see no dog." Justin said, "Why, I do; just look down there! Can't you see it?" He said, "If you see a dog, describe it; what does it look like?" Justin described a beautiful female spaniel dog with two light spots over her eyes and she had lost part of her tail." The general threw back his head and laughed loudly, saying, "I owned such a dog as that when I was a boy. She was presented to me by my uncle. She was born with a short tail, as you describe." He then said, "Good God, can it be possible that dogs have spirits?" The tears were rolling down his cheeks. He bent down, being a large man, and said, "Nellie, Nellie, is this you, my girl?" She jumped into his arms and he said he felt something pressing against his breast.

The general told a colonel, who was present, what Justin had seen. The colonel would never afterward speak to Justin.

From the Spirit of Helen Potter

October 21, 1889.

As I stood on the bridge in the dark hour of night
On neither shore was there a sign of light.
I looked down on the dark waters below—
Oh, God! must I in there my body throw
When I take the fatal leap?
Then the cry of pain back I must keep.
Oh, mother, why did I not your warning see—
From the life of shame and crime that I might flee?
But it will be all hid when my body is carried to the sea
For now I see 'tis the only end for me.
I took another look at the sluggish waters there,
Then I tried to see if I could not say a prayer,
When a little book from my bosom fell—
Mother said, "Always read that, daughter, it will save you from
hell"—
And, with a dreadful scream, to the pavement I fell.
I cried, "Oh, God! save me from your burning hell."
That was the last I knew, as I had swooned away,
For I had even forgot how to pray—
Such a miserable sinner had I become since that day
When he by his flattery did me in his power betray;
But when I awoke and looked up in the sky
There stood a white man and a black man close by.
The white one said she must have been comely and fair;
"Yes," says the black one, "and she would have ended it all there."
Oh, it must have been some angel's hand
That saved me from the fate I had planned;
When I would there have ended all
By letting my body from the bridge fall.

And as they led me from the spot away
 I was humiliated and had not a word to say.
 The white man says, "She has no ring upon her hand."
 The black man says, "God could not let her soul be damned."
 The white one says, "The spirits will save her for a better land"
 The black one says, "Her soul they will understand."
 The white man says, "Come to our little home
 We are childless now, and all alone."
 The black man says, "There you will find a spirit place
 That teaches there is no end to the human race."
 And, as we drew near, there stood a face of spirit cheer
 With outstretched arms to receive an outcast here.
 She says, "I had a vision in the night,
 And then I saw that spirit light
 That showed me you were on the bridge in dreadful plight."
 Then my husband woke up the black man.
 He says, "Follow me to the bridge as fast as you can—
 It is a woman this time we must save, Dan—
 Not a hilarious, drunken outcast of a man."
 So you see the spirits directed them to me
 That I might from this life of shame be free.
 And now, by spirits heavenly power,
 I am in a happy home this very hour.
 Think what was my condition then
 When I thought the river all could end—
 To die all alone without even a friend;
 But my mothêr these angels to me did send.
 A new life has dawned upon me now,
 And I will save others from that dreadful vow.
 I will go in to every den and place
 Where lives the white and the black race
 And tell them all how I did they save
 From a lone and watery grave.
 So, let this be a warning to womankind—
 For we can all become frail and blown by the wind—
 Now, I hope that fathers and mothers,
 Loving sisters and kind brothers will give a strong and helping
 hand
 And they will be rewarded in another land.

Amanda Hulburd to Her Son, E. W. Hulburd

Justin Hulburd, Medium.

Why am I now called a spirit?
Because I am so much etherial—
My soul was a regular ferret
That drove from my body the blood arterial.

I will yet live in a home sublime—
Where all will be passive and grand—
And nothing in that will be unkind;
Where everything will have a regular stand.

As I sat there in the shade of the sun
And watched the millions passing by
To see their sands of life run
Into the happy life by and by.

This immortal life is a regular beehive,
By the great thoughts that are created here,
Where there is no death, but all alive
In this wondrous working spirit sphere.

Here the poor are permitted into the temple of life
To learn the wondrous workings of creation,
That they might understand the power of strife
And the skillful laws of adaptation.

We are taught how orbs move in space
By the will power of electric motion,
And all the living atoms of the human race
Have cast their souls in humble devotion.

AMANDA HULBURD TO HER SON, E. W. HULBURD

To see the wondrous working of life here,
By mother nature's grand, holy creation,
And all the planets that drawn so near
To receive the power of her life and vibration.

There is no dreamland I can tell you now—
Everything is bona fide, natural and true—
Where we are not compelled to make a vow,
But live in conjugal love with you.

We are taught to become moral, wise and good—
As in all our lives we are honest and sincere.
And every one from their light is understood
In this world of ours called spirit sphere.

The proof, you see, we give you every day,
By the communications of your friends.
All is work here, and no useless play,
And will keep on until eternity ends.

It would be impossible for creation to stop,
As the generator of all planets is on the increase—
For such is the destiny of mother nature's lot—
As her powers can never wane nor cease.

You should see the ins and outs of her domestic life!
To see her stars and satellites, orbs and planets
From wrangling with colors, those female elements called wife
That gives to the male the tints called "granites."

Now, every color has a perfect blending
In the trees, rocks, flowers and human eye;
And by its perfect life is constantly sending
In all its beautiful truths to you and I.

All minerals hold a part of your daily life
As you take from the sun that which gives emotion—
When both blended causes the love for children and wife--
And sometimes in the home a terrible commotion.

If you could only understand why we see this—
By this intellect we will gain a home of love above.
Then we will live in a world of bliss
When we have earned like the angels a life of love.

Every drop of water and every grain of sand
Holds part of our life's power and beauty.
And we take it with us to this beautiful land,
Where all in time becomes sparkling, bright and not sooty.

So, you see, our spirits polish the earth condition here,
And in time it becomes a monitor of light,
As we pass on to more work in a higher sphere—
Where we will some day be cultured and bright.

All things are an outgrowth of our soul,
And our intellect is an emanation of the brain;
While our wise thoughts to the world unfold
And by time we progress on level and sane.

Let your mind be the purest part on earth—
For a pure soul cannot live in an unclean body—
Then you will be ready to enter the new birth,
For you cannot bring here anything that's shoddy.

When you go back to the womb of your mother,
You must be as pure as the stainless snow.
Only this condition will suit and no other—
For this is the plain through which you must go.

Your loving mother, Amanda Hulburd.

Inspirational Poem by Justin Hulburd

October 8, 1889.

I am growing old and gray,
And hate to give up my usual play;
For I have been a young boy to this day—
That is what all the people say—
For I did love to romp and play,
As when I was a boy in the usual way.
But now the cold, chilly winter wind
Makes me keep close within.
I stand and look out from the window here,
To see the boys playing without any fear.
Ah, there, I feel a rheumatic twitch,
As I think how a horse I would like to cinch,
To take a long and hearty ride;
But now I have always to stay inside.
You see how it is with a man that's gray,
He has to content himself to see others play
But you just wait till spring comes again
And I will be neither rheumatic nor lame;
But once more I will be young again,
If I am an old boy, just the same.
But let me find the elixir of life,
Then again I'll take part in the strife.
If I am nervous, peevish and old,
I will brace up and stand the cold.
Oh, dear! there is another twitch!
If I am hearty and rich—

But what does this mean?
Must I grow old like the king and queen?
But, let me try and skip over the floor—
I declare, some one knocks at the door.
Why can't I run there like a boy?
Because I'm broken down like Rob Roy.
When he failed to be chief of the clan,
Now I comprehend and understand,
For I am a broken, old gray man,
And some day must go to another land.
I am old, as you can see,
And some day you will be like me;
But just wait till I get to spirit life—
There I'll be young and meet my wife.
Then, we'll say, "Three cheers for the spirit sphere,
And the conditions that brought us here."

The New Milk Pail

October 6, 1889.

See my pretty new milk pail,
As down the lane I sail,
To meet Nancy, the cow, with a welcome hail—
Just see how she winks and blinks—
That's a pretty pail, I know she thinks,
And I will have it filled with milk.
As I live, here comes Bob Wilke.
Now, what will he say about my pretty milk pail,
When he knows Nancy to fill it and never fail.
At every word he does stammer and stick.
I wish Nancy with her tail would give him a lick,
For it makes me blush and feel so bad,
When my pail is filled, I'll be awful glad.
Oh, just hear what he has to say—
"Polly, when will be our wedding day?"
Now, all the milk on the grass is spilt.
I declare, Bob, you have made me wilt.
That all comes of a pretty milk pail,
As down the lane I did sail.
At other times Bob did always fail,
But he got courage looking at my new milk pail.
I smirked and smiled the time to beguile.
Bob says I like it all the while—
Nancy gave a terrible snort,
And Bob for the gate made forth.
Such courting as this I never did see—
That is, Bob, the pail and me.
Now, back to the house I must run,
For father cries out, "Is that Old Wilkes' son?
Let me catch him if I can,
I'll break him in two; he'll never be your man."
All is up, as you can see—
We are all broken hearted—
That is, Bob, the pail and me.

Poem by Spirit of Robert Burns

I once loved a lass wi a bonnie blue ee,
For she was a' the world to me;
And nae sic another ane in Scotland could I see—
For my Highland Mary was the lass for me.

But death came in between her and me,
And my heart's grown cold—this is no lee—
Since they have taken her away from me.
Noo I gane wi' a heavy heart over the lea.

When I think how strang she was in her love—
No wonder the angels took her to live above,
Since my pure heart is wrang like a glove
Noo my bonnie blue-eyed Mary is a spirit above.

It won't be lang before I gang there
And find my Mary in the angels care—
Then my heart will be nae longer sair,
For my love with Mary I can share.

Then we can coo and coo, like twa bonnie doves
Since I and my Highland Mary are wedded in love
And she is only waiting for me to come to her home above
To call her mine and my heart will nae mair be wrang like a
glove.

That's what I used to tell my auld Grannie,
She'd say, "The de'il tak ye mon, you're unco Sannie;
There's nae lass can gang alang that's bonnie and brawnie,
That ye dinna hae your ee on, or I'm nae your old grannie."

Now, what a character is that to hae—
When your auld grannie tells it ye every day,
And ye dare nae spake to ony lass or hae a word to say
When they're lovely, they call out "Burns is at it again today."

Now, I only wanted to be a jolly man
And tak every bonnie lass by the hand;
But they would mak sic a talk, it would raise the sand,
Ye would think I was the worst lover in a' the land.

My mither would say, "Bobby, come home tonight,
And I'll keep waiting for ye the light—
For I want ye to walk in the way that's right,
Since yer mither will wait for ye every night.

Noo, what was a sonsie mon to da
When a' the lassies wi his heart would play,
That will mak him gae into a decline some day
When he finds he has nither mair to say.

Then there's the auld preacher in the kirk
Says Bobbie Burns is a regular stirk,
And some day the de'il will tak him in a quirk
For he's a disgrace to any decent kirk.

Then the auld deacons would raise their hands in horror,
"Listen to Bobbie, in the back seat; he's nathin but a snorer."
Then the auld women would say, "He's nae right to any corner,"
And the auld men would say, "To religion he's only a scerner."

Noo, how could my own walk the narrow path—
For all kinds of scorn they had nae lack,
So the only thing for Bobbie was to turn on them his back,
Since aw their religion soounded like a squack,

When this thing aw took place,
It was when Bobbie on earth had his race,
And the auld women said, "He is out o' grace:"
But, thanks to the good God I'm noo in place.

For I left my body on earth behind,
 And if the want they can flang it to the wind,
 Since I'm with my bonnie Mary, gentle and kind,
 And I'd lo'e to spak of her in my rhyme.

I left my Highland plaid down below,
 Since it can nae mair defend me from any foe,
 For my Hieland Mary and me are wrapped in a perfect glow
 And our lives nae nothing more of woe.

Now my Mary is my wedded wife,
 And I'm ga'in to mak her happy through aw her life,
 Since aw the bonnie birds sing in our sight
 And the angels have pronounced us man and wife.

Some may want to know was there e'en wedding bells,
 They aw rang out in their bonnie sylvan dells,
 And their notes were musical, as on their ear they fell
 And we had nae dread of hell sic ye hear from the kirk bell.

Mony people on earth might say
 Nae spirits can come back this way,
 But I come to hae my say—
 That's what brings Bobbie back today.

It's nae the last ye'll hear of me ither,
 For I'm as sprightly as the bonnie heather,
 And to a' my friends I'm a guid forgiver
 As true as they used to ca' me a livin sinner.

I'll noo say farewell for a little time,
 But you'll hear of me mair in another rhyme
 If I dinna gie ye anything sublime,
 I hope ye'll dae something but cry and whine.

I'm awfu' glad there's an open door,
 For rich as well as poor,
 And I hope the people can the spirit world scoor,
 For we're already to come to ye this very 'oor.

Nellie Hulburd to Her Father

I come, I come, like the birds in the spring,
That my voice through your soul may ring,
And while I the pendulum in the air may swing,
Then music from your soul will sing.

I come, I come, like the music of the rill,
That I your home with thoughts may fill,
And sing the songs of long ago
That you, I and the angels only know.

I come, I come, like the odor on the breeze,
As it passes with the wind through the boughs of the trees.
Oh, how sweet it is to know that we do come and go
And inspiration from us to your spirit flow.
Now to our heavenly thoughts don't say "no,"
For you know spirits will come and go.

I come, I come, like the dove's bright wing
And to you a sweet lullaby I will sing.
We are no strangers to your earthly home,
Then do not feel you are ever left alone.
I bring you flowers that are scented sweet,
And hope our little offering you will greet.

I come, I come, with my harp strings tuned to love
That I might sing you a message from God above,
Now feel on earth there is rich reward
For the moral, true and heavenly bard.
We love to bring culture and refinement without sin
To make the abodes of men and women fit to live in.

I come, I come, like the cascade clear,
For I am one of your spirit sphere.
Look at all the national thought in your mind,
Will not they in time bring others to your rhyme,
And so, by degrees, others and yours will make things divine,
That is why we constantly give you a spiritual sign.

I come, I come, your path to cheer—
And by your side we are ever near,
Oh, what a fond grasp we take of your hand,
And some day we'll welcome you to our happy land,
Then you will become one of our immortal band,
And no more on earth will strand.

I come, I come, as a light from the moon,
And feel that we will all be together soon.
Then, when you lay down your earthly care,
You can travel with us through space in the air—
For now in this life we go everywhere,
And all our love we send to the children in earth care.

The Squirrel

I had a little squirrel that liked to be fed,
When I did so, his tail he would spread.
Now, this little naughty squirrel's name is Fred,
And many's the thanks with his looks he said—
For this little squirrel loved nuts and bread,
And many strange notions he had in his head.

As he did all my pockets go through:
When he came to my matches he sniffed the air, too,
For he found that was the best he could do.
Since his explorations he had gone through
This little squirrel would nod and his mouth screw—
For he had many odd pranks and not few.

One day he tried the trigger of my gun
When off it went with a bum, bum,
Then he looked to see what he had done—
You never saw such a foolish squirrel under the sun
When he found he had fired off the gun.
He declared then he was his mother's son.

He was the most frightened squirrel you ever saw,
And climbed up into the cubbord by the aid of his claw,
When the old crow out on the tree cried, "Maw, maw!"
Then pussy cat came out of the straw
And squirrel says, "What a fuss, law,
You all act like a little jackdaw.

Then the parrot came in to see what 'twas all about.
The squirrel says, "I have got the gout,
So go back, Mr. Parrot, and fill yourself with sauerkraut,
If you don't the master will kick you out."
When I made my appearance the squirrel lit out,
Then the old parrot cried, "Tout-e-tout!"

Now, I was the squirrel's best friend;
But the way things have gone it's to an end
Since I will nothing to him lend,
For in everything to him did I bend
Now, away from here will I him send
Since all things have come to an untimely end.

Now, this squirrel came back with such a look
In his eyes there was a tale better than a book,
For he laid it all to Betty, the old cook.
He says to the gun he only took a look;
But I am afraid this is one of his crooks,
Since he exposes himself by his looks.

So this squirrel, like girls and boys,
Likes to play with guns and dangerous toys,
In all kinds of tricks his time he employs.
I hope this will be a warning to our girls and boys,
Since many things in his reach he did destroy.
We turned him out; perhaps he will be caught by some naughty
boy.

A Voice

In the silence of the night spirits come and go,
And bring a dreadful seething sight of sin and woe.
I see the hungry clasp their hands and cry, "Oh, God!
Kill us quick and place us under the sod,

Where is thy justice in such a time as this,
And why do your ministers preach eternal bliss
When the rich crush us down to the goal of earth
And rob us of our manhood and Christian birth."

The whole land is aglow with the human outcast
And the millionaire is the honest man's worst blast.
Down in cellars we are compelled to live
And drink and eat the scum of earth's seive.

Listen, thou slave of wealth and human gore,
The angel hath blown her blast and Justice opened the door.
I see a wave that brings satisfaction to my mind,
For the spirit of the loving Christ is on the wind.

And woe be unto them who do not heed,
The wounds are opened afresh and now they bleed,
As every man and woman can place a finger there
And shout with joy, "The truth for us has care."

You human vampires in palaces of worldly gold,
Awake and find your soul and life are sold
And held in a vice firmer than the poor you foiled,
Or the tiller of the soil whose heartstrings you coiled.

As the poor outcast from the filthy sweatshop
 Into the street at night hath cast her lot
 To earn her bread of shame with such of your caste,
 Who are willing to give her a pittance at last.

All her womanly pride is trodden in the dust
 By the pinching of her life through your hellish lust.
 Awake from your dream of sodden and ill-gotten wealth—
 The march of Justice will chastise thy egotistical self.

I see the hand of fate writing on the wall—
 The American millionaire will soon have his fall—
 And all his wealth become a bounding football—
 Progression will send them through their thrall.

Listen to each cry that ascends to the throne of right.
 It will show the people it is greater than money's might.
 I tell you, history repeats itself every time—
 And, Oh! how you taskmasters will cringe and whine

When the war cry will come for equal rights—
 And all things will be equalized in God's sight.
 They say a step in time will save that of nine,
 So, in justice, do not be slow like the wallowing swine.

The cry of the widow and the orphan is in the air.
 The time is coming when the rich man will despair—
 Give up your wealth and deal with all on the square.
 I see the departed friends at you stare.
 This I send to you all as seen in the night—
 The angels demand for the people their right.

Evangeline

October 22, 1889.

Oh! thou beautiful gushing and fragrant flower,
So many beautiful thoughts you bring me by the hour,
While in this sylvan spirit glade.
Thou art like nature's queens arrayed,
Hast thou no other home but this
Ah! I see you come to fulfill a flowery bliss
When the Gods from thy nectar sip the loving kiss,
As thou dost cast it here upon my earthly bliss—
Then why dost thou cast such a flowery spell?
I am only a mortal, the preacher says, "Fit for hell!"
You say you can save me by the flowery spell,
And sometime with you can in Heaven's garden dwell.
Now, you beautiful flowers that shone in Arcadia's home
You say the Gods of Nature never left them alone.
What odor is this passing through the zephyry breeze?
It is from the old-fashioned rose they brought across the seas.
Our beautiful Evangeline, fit to be a regal queen,
Came from that old, loving scene;
But when cast upon thy flowery shore,
There were many to woo her and adore—
Ay, even more than four score.
She budded and bloomed like a rose of Loire.
Now, beautiful flowers, what is this I hear?
An English ship has been seen, I fear.
I hope it brings no ill-tidings here,
To all those loving ones, so dear;
But there came a dark cloud over the home,
And the Englishman says they must begone.

Now, think of it, beautiful flowers,
 They can no more live in thy sylvan bowers.
 Because they must depart to another land,
 No more in thy sylvan glades to stand.
 Who shall take our Evangeline by the hand?
 I hear you say, "A noble young man."
 Now, flowers, canst thou not blow to another shore,
 That when they go thou will be there before
 To welcome them with thy blossoms bright—
 Then Evangeline will become a bride that night;
 They must sail far, far away to the south,
 And take their religion that will make them devout
 Down where the palmettoes grow
 And the waters sometimes overflow.
 In that land they will find a welcome true,
 Given by Nature's children, and thy flowers, too,
 Down by the bayou where the waters are blue—
 There will Evangeline meet her lover true—
 Then they will revel in Louisiana's golden hue,
 And when the nights are cool and long,
 They can sing some beautiful Arcadian song
 To the little ones around the knee,
 Where now they feel they are secure and free—
 Down by those waters that lead to the gulf—
 Where a seagull sits on the old ship's hulk;
 There they commence a new life again,
 With a home that is pretty and plain,
 In this secluded spot they need never be at a loss,
 How to occupy their time without an English boss
 That drove them from their fields of clover and grain,
 Away from the coast in a pelting rain.
 Oh, how cruel! when you commence to think,
 Beautiful flowers as they stood on the brink
 In terrible despair and grief;
 Not even a parting word in relief.
 So, you see, my flowers they went in sorrow,
 They were commanded to go on the morrow
 If they didn't it would be to their loss.
 The Englishman said their goods in the sea they would toss.

So now, my beautiful flowers, all is up,
They must drink to their fill of sorrow's cup.
Then beautiful flowers, can you not tell,
Why human creatures pass under such a spell
That they become like the little sparrow—
Apt to fall by anyone's arrow.
Flowers, do you not think there was a cause
That brought them under the English laws?
Oh! how cruel, then, was this life to them,
When they must leave your beautiful glen,
To emigrate once again.
Now, flowers, can you not save them from this bane?
Ah! I see you shake and nod your head,
For they must take with them their living and dead.
Now, flowers, there was no flaw on their lives—
They were honest men with children and wives,
That came from La Belle France.
I hope there is no sin in their Arcadia dance,
Or from grace have they unconsciously fell,
That these brutes should damn them to the depths of hell,
When they were always loving and meant well.
I beseech you, flowers, save them by the incense of your spell—
The children, old men and women stepped on board,
Even without the protection of an earth lord.
Their voices are heard in earnest prayer,
As they bid good bye to Arcadia's land so fair,
May God and the angels bring them there—
May those winds be wafted with perfume that is rare,
When they can commence a life that is devout,
In that bright land of our sunny south,
Then our beautiful Evangeline can be a wildwood queen,
And bid farewell to every unhappy scene
Back there on Arcadia's shore—
For now she has found lover and husband that doth adore
Down on the bright Louisiana shore—
Where they dwell now and will forevermore.

The Cricket

November 8, 1889.

As I sat in my silent and shady room
A cricket came to keep me company with a tune,
As he danced in the shadow of the moon
To me this cricket was a happy boon.
When evening shades came every night,
It was the cricket's full delight
To sing in the pale moonlight—
To this I gave him a perfect right.
Now, when I was in a silent mood,
This cricket perfectly understood,
For he was so kind and good;
In his song he would tell me of his brood.
One evening he was in high glee
As he came tripping over the floor to me;
Then we the moonlight did see
As he sang a new song to me.
Alas! there came one dreary night,
When my cricket came not into sight.
I wondered could he have fallen into any plight—
For this cricket was my comfort and delight.
I watched and watched day after day,
But my cricket never came to play.
I heard he died over the way,
By falling under a hot water spray.
Now, for this poor cricket I did sorely grieve;
To all his songs in my house I gave him leave;
As he danced in the moonlight he did weave
Many a cure for the heart's disease.
For my poor cricket I wish to say a prayer—
Perhaps it will make you look and stare
To think this cricket was worthy of a prayer.
I hope he will go back to mother God's care.

A Tribute to a Red Rose

November 8, 1889.

My love is like a sweet, sweet rose,
And in her love my soul doth repose,
While she in my garden grows—
'Tis I of her love only knows.

My love is sweet and true—
Her eyes are of an azure blue,
And she has no love for any of you
Because to me she is constant and true.

My love's lips are like the ruby wine—
From them I sip the nectar divine,
For I know she is sublime
And to me she is an angel that's kind.

My love is like the pale, pale moon—
For I know I am her bridegroom,
And we will be wedded soon,
As we stand under the light of the moon.

Now, my love I worship and adorn—
To all other pretense of love I scorn,
For she greets me at the rising moon,
And without her love I'd be forlorn.

My love has such a graceful repose,
With pouting lips and Grecian nose—
She tells me of her sorrows and woes,
For my love is a sweet red rose.

Now, when this love was but a tiny bud,
The sunshine came on her like a flood.
It was there I revealed my love to this bud,
For my very soul gushed out in a perfect flood.

Now, when she opened her beautiful eyes
Her odor filled all the skies,
And her tint was superior to any of the dyes—
But see, there on the ground she lies.

But alas! the fall winds are passing by—
She has left me now to fade and die,
And through the winter I can only sigh
To see her again in spring, like a star in the sky.

My love did bring me odors sweet,
From her beautiful garden retreat—
There's where our souls did meet,
When my red rose was so perfect and sweet.

This rose was the most blooming of them all,
And every morning I made her a call;
But, alas! in nature you see she had to fall,
For my red rose was the queen of them all.

The Eagle—Inspirational Poem

October 4, 1889.

Back again to your mountain home
Where the wood dove says you are never alone,
And the eagle screams from the rocks above,
“Humanity, you are all full of love,
But look at me a bird that swims in the air—
Think you, man, I am not fair.
I have the power from God to ride the storms of the air—
Then look upon me with man’s pride and care,
For I am the king—the eagle of the air.
You have nestled your cot beside the rill—
Do you not think I am better than the whippoorwill.
Man, man, do your thoughts soar so high
That they can command me, the eagle of the sky?
Go, go to the revelations of time
And there my record you will find;
But why should I with a little might
Contest that little spot you call yours by right.
Perhaps it is only a day, a month or a year,
When you will live in another sphere.
Man, man, look back into the chaotic state
Where things were primitive—that’s not so late—
You were no better than a cat,
But through progression you have overcome that.
The odds with the eagle you can draw
Because on your side is the human law
Your gun you can lift at any hour—
That is your God given power.

To kill the eagle in his flight.
Do you think that is justice and right.
If you have a soul, why not me?
I came from the same creator as thee.
Now permit me in my native flight,
And merry man, I'll always think you're right,
To let me fly through the broad expanse,
And some day this merry man and the eagle will dance.

Dedicated to Doctor F. D. C. Meyer.

Franklin Kellogg Hulburd to Justin Hulburd

I, Franklin Kellogg Hulburd, present to Cousin Justin Hulburd, friendship's lasting gift.

It is only a little book I know,
It comes from a soul full of glow—
A heart so warm and kind
Will receive it as a gift sublime.
A love token like this
No loving heart can resist.
How soon we are forgotten all
When Fashion has made her call.
It leaves a monument behind,
Chiselled by the hand of Time.
Some say it's right; some say it's wrong
That is how the weak is made strong.
It is not hard to write your fate
Since on your coffin lid three letters I'll create—
"I. H. S.—I have suffered"—
On that night so dark and drear,
The thought of you chased away all fear
Into the spirit world I had to make a leap.
So now with a soul's love do I this repeat.
My heart was not cold, as you most know,
For God and the angels told me so.
To the other side I had to pass,
You find me a spirit at last—
Through immortality's love I bring,
As the wedding bells I ring.
I do not hold you to account for this—
It was otherwise decreed in bliss.
Fate had a part to play
As you wrung my heart on that fatal day.

Oh, how you said good bye, so cold—
I thought you had no love to unfold.
With a heavy heart I had to part,
As you, upon your record took your start,
And I upon earth had to play another part,
As the angels understood my heart.
The people always said,
“It were better if he were dead.”
Drink seemed to soothe my thoughts for a time.
The future it was only an idle shrine.
From my physical body I had to part.
In the spirit world I found my true love’s heart.
She was waiting there in Heavenly array.
God bless that new-found wedding day.
It is no longer cold and drear,
In spirit life other souls I hear—
As now today I bring to you
The friendship of two lovers holy and true.
Your name in adoration I speak so bold,
As to you our true hearts unfold,
And hope forever our blessings you will hold.
It has been divined here above
That she, my angel, brings you love—
You knew her well on earth.
Now, we await your spiritual birth.

Your loving cousin Frank.

Spirit Willie to His Sister

Love crept in my heart
To steer my sister's bark—
Procrastination steals a spark,
As you live in my heart.

The inner consciousness of God
Through mind, has to work and plod,
As Truth has its mighty rod
Like nature creeps out of every sod.

The flight of time is in every mind,
It makes the thought of love sublime,
For the holy communion is in my rhyme,
As you will understand through all time.

I waited at the door of contrition
To wipe out evil with holy repletion—
So that your soul may know defriction—
For Time is immortal through all emission.

The holy soul of Life and Truth is no serf
It has given to you a truthful womanly birth,
Some day you will understand it at your hearth,
When you receive loving kisses —youthful mirth.

I have watched your bark with longing eyes,
And been near to it here—not in the skies—
I have heard it through the soul arise
And wanted my sister to be good and wise.

Sincerity is a span in life—
Some day you will be a wedded wife.
Knowledge to you will make it rife;
You will have charge of another life.

The door of intellect will be open to you—
Things will become as plain as a well-fitting shoe,
And thoughts in your mind will subdue,
For revelations will come to I and you.

Now, Sister Olive, remember this—
I send to you a holy kiss,
For it is a loving brother's wish,
You shall know the other world and this.

Sweet sister, I am a man—
You will readily understand—
I've watched the shifting sand
Strewn on every hand.

Willie Somers to his sister Olive. Given through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd, at Searchlight Bower, March 26, 1900.

Ella Judson to Her Parents

January 1, 1890.

We wish you all a "Happy New Year,"
And hope it will bring you lots of cheer,
As we send you blessings from our sphere—
For in all this we are ever wise and sincere,
And hope your whole life will be a pleasant career,
Until you all come to our home in spirit sphere.

Papa, at your advancement we are full of joy,
And hope you will always be well employed,
For no Christian from your work can you decoy,
Since we know you are in all things sang froid.
And do not always display your inner joy,
As we know you are somewhat adipois.

I would have sent you our greetings before,
But Justin said he would finish his quilts, if it took a doo,
So I had to wait and come in on another score;
For I found it useless to stay and implore—
As sometimes he said words that sound like he swore;
But I forgive him from my soul, o'er and o'er.

No wonder his head does ache and burn,
If he only saw the spirits waiting for their turn.
It just looks as if he was a regular churn,
Headed off by the peasant poet, Bobby Burns,
As we have to stand in line and take our regular turn,
Since the organs of his brain are spread out like a fern.

Grandpa Judson says I am a regular chatterbox,
 I told him to step out and take a few knocks,
 Then he could drop some of his Christian rocks,
 And we would make him a present of Jesus' socks,
 As the odor would keep him from getting the small pox.
 He said I was too hard with my sarcastic knocks.

Grandma Chappel says she has forgot how to pray.
 She says she used to teach May a little that way.
 I told her it was because she didn't know what to say,
 Since she was moving with the tide of progressive sway—
 To whom and to what should she pray,
 As the Christian God has no power or strength today.

When I hear spirits say they had no chance,
 But were always pierced by the priest with a lance,
 And to come to God when they had a chance.
 Then I get up and have a regular war dance,
 As I feel all things are going askanse;
 But you just bet I'd make a priest prance.

Charley says I have blown my horn long enough,
 And if he was an editor he would give you a puff.
 I told him it wouldn't amount to a pinch of snuff.
 He says that's a terrible far-fetched bluff.
 I know it was a little sarcastic and rather gruff;
 But with young men sometimes you must be a little rough.

Then there came a broad smile over his face.
 I saw he took it with a pleasant gentlemanly grace,
 For he left a kiss right on the top part of my face,
 And says, "Ella, you are your papa's pretty case."
 I knew it, that's why I keep my proper place,
 And I told him I would now run him a race.

Grandma Judson says she is now on papa's track,
 And for want of thoughts he will never lack,
 And with spice they are always sure to smack.
 She says she is tired of all Christian church quack,
 And hopes they will hang their old creeds on a rack
 So as to give the ducks and geese at them a chance to quack.

Grandpa Chappel has got a new patent
 To clean out old brains with new spatent.
 He says it's sure to cure all that's been flatant—
 As they have been held down by Christian scatant—
 Such is the power of this new patent,
 When they take inwardly lots of this spatant.

To read this I hope it won't tire you out,
 Nor give papa the influenza nor the Christian gout,
 And if Charley sees fit he can get up and shout.
 I know May will think I have gone on a regular rout,
 But Otey will say "Ella is the best of all girls out,"
 And if Kate wants, let her have a dance and shout.

So now, we all bring you lots of love
 From our spirit home in space above,
 And hope our thoughts will come like a dove
 To shield you with its white wings of love.
 So I will now with my prattle close,
 Hoping this will find you all in sweet repose.

Your loving daughter, Ella, or Pearlgate.

Dorris Meyer

October 25, 1889.

Dear brother, sister, Justin and Freddy,
A few lines we will give, since the medium is ready,
It is some time since I spoke to you.
We bring our love to let you know we are true—
That is, father, mother, Willie and me,
And another you never did see,
Since from our bodies we are now free.
All the pains and aches we left behind,
for those belong to human kind;
And it leaves us free to use the intellect of our mind
In coming back to those we left behind.
Deidrich is the name of the other young man—
On earth he never formed a plan,
But passed away to the world of bliss
Without even a brother or sister's kiss.
Father says how nice it must be for you,
To know that spirits come back, as they do,
And speak of their life in this world of ours,
Just as friends would in earthly bowers.
At first it looked to him like a Yankee trick
That he should be brought in rapport with people so quick;
Then he wiped his eyes and thought it was a lick
That made him see other bodies so quick.
Now he knows it is the truth and no trick—
And is willing to receive many a Yankee lick
Mother says God is kind and good
When his laws are properly understood,

And before your spirits come to our home
You must feel none are left in your world alone,
As all life is continued from yours to this.
She will some day give you a mother's kiss,
In our spirit home of perpetual love and bliss.
She says, don't forget children, but remember this—
Oh, how I wish Rickey could only understand
That people do live in this, another land—
For some day she will become one of our little band
And know that in our world we have wonders planned
Through which we reach both woman and man.
I hope some day the angels will let her understand.
Our William has grown to such a big man,
And in his head has many a plan.
When you come to our spirit sphere
He will tell you them all here.
He says he is glad he did not stay behind,
As he would have become stone blind
With the trouble he had in his head.
It was that that made him what they call dead—
Had he lived no books could he ever read,
But spent his whole life in a lonely bed,
And rather than that he would be dead,
For these are the very words he said.
Death is the only transition to this life—
And here he has found a beautiful wife,
As we all find our true affinity in this life.
Woman finds hers in the male and man finds in a female wife.
All discord is done away with in this, our spirit life,
As all human kind is wedded for that is right.
And now, loving brother and sister dear,
A few words from me you will hear—
I bless the day I went to Vineland, dear.
For there I found my spirit cheer
In Justin's mediumistic sphere.
Then I learned to understand he was seer.
I remember how happy we were all there,
As we used to sit and sing from the world's care.
But I had to go back to that unfortunate man,

To save him from his miserable plan,
As the body was growing too weak,
I could not get my proper sleep.
So the time came and I passed away
That I might come back to you today.
I have only one regret to tell—
That my poor children in such hands have fell.
But I hope God will bring it out all well
And the angels keep them from the road that leads to hell,
By saving them from liquor to sell—
For that's a curse that comes from hell.
So now we all send you much love
And hope God will send his portion from above
To cheer your hearts while here on earth—
For there will be joy in your new birth.
Father, mother, William and I
Send this from our postoffice in the sky,
Which is called Sunny Bower,
There we think of you every hour.

Your loving sister, Doris Meyer.

The Angel's Demand

Oh, what a wail and cry—
Souls they're commencing to fry.
Sinners such as you and I—
It makes me gasp and sigh.

Come to the mourner's bench
Before your sins create a stench
Or you may get out fenced
And have to live with a low-down wench.

Sinners, sinners, poor and needy,
What makes you so everlasting greedy?
Do you think our salvation's greedy
That you act so blighted and seedy.

This is life blood and bones
Baked up into Christian scones—
Through salvation you make atones.
We sharpen our knives on Jesus' bones.

Sinners, don't look so shy,
Catch Jesus on the fly—
Praise him sky high,
If you expect to meet him in the bye and bye.

Sinners love him as a child,
So that you get in the rank and file—
Show your hypocrisy all the while—
Let him have a regular Christian smile.



E. W. HULBURD

The Life of Little Justin Hulburd

Medium, Actor and Poet

Who was during forty years one of the greatest attractions upon the dramatic stage, and who served his adopted country during the Civil War as President Lincoln's private spy. Given through his mediumship by prominent people of that time who knew him intimately, relating many exciting experiences.

Compiled by his cousin

E. W. HULBURD

Volume II

Descanso, Cal.
Copyrighted, 1909, by E. W. Hulburd

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101

LECTURE NOTES

BY

PROFESSOR

JOHN DEWEY

Index to Volume II

Frontispiece.	Page
Preface - - - - -	7
Lola Montez - - - - -	11
General John H. Morgan - - - - -	19
Violet Campbell - - - - -	31
Johann of Arc - - - - -	46
Amanda Hulburt to Her Children - - - - -	55
General George Warren - - - - -	57
Mrs. Patterson Sheldon - - - - -	133
Sada—The Lone One - - - - -	145
Ida - - - - -	159
A Man's Conscience - - - - -	166
Doctor H. W. Gould - - - - -	168
Thomas Paine - - - - -	175
Mary C. Morse - - - - -	205
Julia Hawthorne - - - - -	208
Neil Bryant - - - - -	228
Charles Leicester - - - - -	234
Matilda Herron - - - - -	246
Laura Keene - - - - -	249
Richard Bishop Buckley - - - - -	252
George Henry Clifford - - - - -	255
Richard M. Hooley - - - - -	258
Ada Isaacs Menken - - - - -	260
David Wambold - - - - -	264
Charles Foster - - - - -	268
Alice Cary - - - - -	272
Phoebe Cary - - - - -	287
Frances E. Willard - - - - -	294
Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain - - - - -	298
General Robert E. Lee - - - - -	307

INDEX

	Page
Harry Symmes - - - - -	325
Helen Howard - - - - -	330
Charles Reed - - - - -	338
William Emerson - - - - -	345
Jane Davenport Landers - - - - -	375
Major H. J. Gleason - - - - -	395
Charles R. Thorne, Jr. - - - - -	403
Mary Gannon (Estelle) - - - - -	420
Emma Hardinge Brittan - - - - -	456
Olivia Stephens - - - - -	460
Mary C. Morse - - - - -	473
William Denton - - - - -	477
Miscellany - - - - -	479

Preface to Volume II

The many instances which become known to the public of apparent failures of men's business plans or the adoption of business enterprises for which in after time no valid reason could be satisfactorily given, leads to the conclusion that an influence which is beyond our comprehension is guiding us along life's thorny pathway for a purpose which in time will culminate in the accomplishment of something for the benefit of mankind, and perhaps the relief of some earthbound spirit. Many times people have been heard to say, when speaking of some business operation in which they had engaged, to the surprise of friends, "I don't know why, but I felt impressed to do so, and went in."

Those who have investigated the spiritual philosophy to any extent can tell you spirits have work which they can accomplish through the mediumistic properties you possess. You may not realize any personal benefit but you are assisting in the accomplishment of some great good of which, perhaps, you will not become conversant until you have gone to your spirit home, where you learn, according to the sacred writer: "You have laid up treasures in heaven."

So it was with Little Justin Hulburd, guided from birth by influences unseen by all but himself he wended his way through his seventy-seven years of mortality, the servant of the spirit world—always doing their bidding; if reluctant he was made to feel coercive pressure to which he always succumbed. A case in point was the publication of this book. For a long time he strongly contended against it, refusing his co-operation; finally the pressure became so great he reluctantly yielded.

A parallel to his life will be difficult to find; peruse all bio-

graphical and historical sketches of men or women whose lives have brought prominence and you will find nothing recorded of the same character or following the same lines from birth to transition to compare with it. Spirits say he came into the physical body for a purpose and that purpose was fulfilled to the least iota.

He was brought from the Highlands of Scotland to America when a child five years of age, to prepare him for the part he was to perform during the great civil war, which resulted in the abolition of slavery, making the United States what from birth it had claimed to the world to be—"the land of the free."

At the breaking out of the rebellion he, by spirit power, and enthused by spirit influence, was given an active part as President Lincoln's private spy, a spirit voice commanded and a spirit attendant protected and guided him; he went about his work as one in a dream. Though many times in deadly peril, unseen forces guided him to safety, leaving him for another work which culminated in the production of this book, which is now offered to the public.

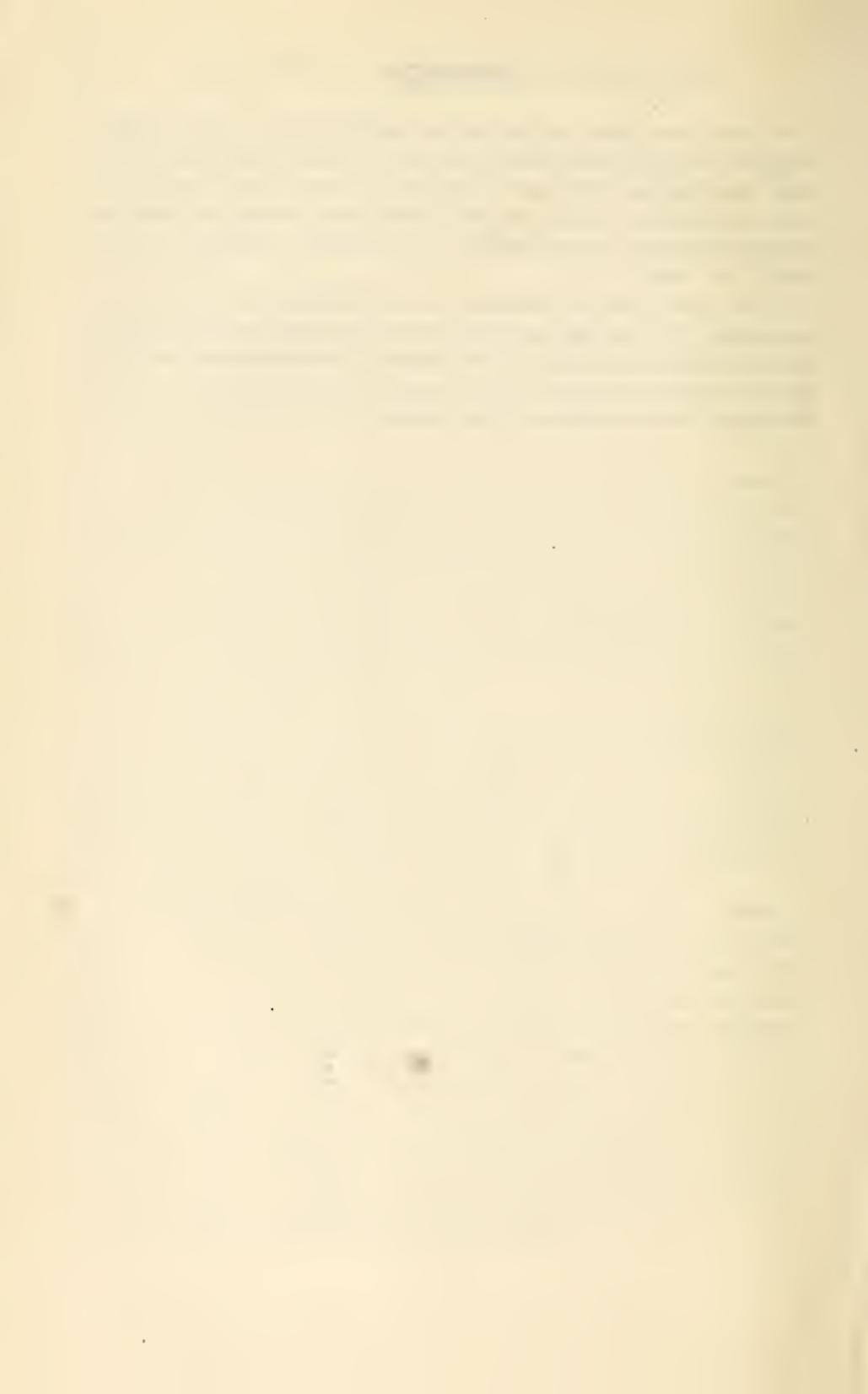
Miss Jennie Lees, who was one of Justin's principal controls, wishes that it be put upon record that his private life during the civil war, which was supposed to be known only to President Lincoln and General George Warren, was intended to have been kept a close secret and to be allowed to die with him, but the band had other views, and decided to publish his life, giving it through his own mediumship.

Justin Hulburd was twice at death's door, once in Baltimore, Maryland, when three days elapsed before he showed signs of returning consciousness. Sarah Cummings, an old black slave who nursed him, was clairvoyant and clairaudient, and said she always saw him as he was in life; she claimed that when in this condition he told her that he would come back, stating the time, all of which was realized. He was always called by her, the "spirit child." At this time nurse passed to spirit life Justin sang and spoke at her funeral.

The other instance was at San Diego, California, in July, 1884, when he was dead, to all appearances, for several hours, but was finally resuscitated by spirit power.

Miss Lees says many spirits would give to the world sketches of their lives, could they find mediums through whom they could do so. She had hoped to give her life through Justin's mediumship when his own book was completed, but he became so weak it is doubtful if he can have strength to complete his work.

His book was not completed—his physical body became too weak. He was taken on his seventy-seventh birthday, when in the midst of an intensely interesting communication, as will be seen by the readers. Spirit power was insufficient to hold him until the completion of the work.



Lola Montez

Chapter I

Wednesday, August 7, 1901.

I greet you, sir, with the friendship of an old friend. Any one that is dear to the little medium is also dear to me, for I loved that little creature very much, and when I saw him today lying in the hammock with an old body and white hair and some wrinkles on his face from age, the contrast is a great one—today and the first time I ever saw him. As I watched him lying in the hammock under your beautiful oak trees it did not seem possible that he could lie in that hammock so long, for at least the space was two hours. I must say I look upon it as a miracle, as his little body was always constantly on the move in days long ago. Allow me to tell you, sir, that your beautiful, balmy climate here in your mountain retreat has been the medicine that has kept him in his body.

When I look at your beautiful live oaks and feel the life giving property that lies within their branches, I do not wonder that people live to such an old age here in your mountain dell, for every whisper on the breeze speaks to me of health and longevity. I wish I could carry some of your beautiful breezes to fan the heat stricken people of New York City; to cool and soothe their aching temples and give them at least a few nights' good sleep. May God and the angels have mercy on those poor people that are huddled together like pigs in a pen. Oh, good sir, when I look back and think what New York was over fifty years ago and what it is today, it seems almost impossible that so many human lives could be collected on an island of that size. I am glad that Little Justin has not to endure that terrible heat and stench that emits from their vile gutters and their loathsome beer dens, giving forth a terrible stench to the nostrils of respectable people. The beautiful at-

mosphere that you enjoy here in your mountain dell, no price of gold could pay for. All the wealth that was ever taken out of mines is not equal to your balmy climate. People living in material bodies, if they could only realize and understand it, require less food to sustain bodily strength here in the mountains than they do along the coast. If people would only get the courage to thoroughly test it, they would find there was a realization in what I say. People eat too much for good health. They clog up all the fluid channels of the body, the muscles do not act propetly, because they are overheated from too much meat eating and fatty substance that they take into their stomachs. The sinews, cords and ligaments and nerve fibers in the human anatomy are eaten up and destroyed by over-eating the flesh of animals, drinking beer and all other ardent spirits that they swill down that even hogs would refuse. They think that hogs will partake of food too low and degraded for the human stomach, but a hog could not eat or drink the filthy material that human stomachs take in, in the way of beer and ale and porter and other life-destroying spirits. My dear friend, if you could only see the human stomach of a beer guzzler analyzed, it would discourage you with the manhood of the human race. As long as the human race will indulge in such filthy slops you cannot wonder there are so few bright minds to tell of the progressive ideas and the scientific conditions of heavenly bodies floating in space. When you are calm and lying in your bed, thank the great ruler of the universe that you live here in nature's dell.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, known to the world as "Queen of Tragedy" asked me by special request to accompany her here today and add my mite to the history of the life line of the little medium. When I first saw the little medium it was about sixty years ago while I was playing a star engagement at the old Broadway theatre on Broadway, near Pearl Street. We were going to produce a musical piece called the "Fairy of the Ferns." The managers of the theatre asked me to remain with them to play the Queen in their new piece. I did so, as the arrangement they made with me was quite agreeable in a financial way, and also from a point of art. It was their desire to get someone to play a sprite to tease the fairies in their beau-

tiful flowery dell and to constantly keep flying in and out among the fairies. The first morning that rehearsal was called for the new piece Mrs. Bradshaw, who was the old lady of the company—not only a lady by name, but a lady by nature—walked on the stage holding a child by the hand whom I think was one of the prettiest children I ever saw. I said, "Mrs. Bradshaw, to whom does that beautiful child belong?" He had long, curly hair, white skin and red cheeks, teeth as beautiful as any pearl you ever saw, and oh, such eyes. Great, large, dark blue eyes, and when they looked at you they looked like the eyes of a fawn, asking your love and protection. Mrs. Bradshaw said, "Lola, this little one is to play the sprite in the new piece." I said, "Jeannette, it is only a baby and should be with its mother." She said, "Lola, it is older than you think." I then clasped the child to my breast, kissed and hugged it, thinking of my own little boy, whom I never was to see again. I said to the Little One, "How old are you, dear?" He said, "Lady, I am twelve years, going on thirteen." I shall never forget that musical voice as he pronounced those words. I said, "But my little baby, you look too small for that age." He said, "They brought me from Scotland, and that's what makes it." We all commenced to laugh. I then said, "Your nationality is Scottish." He said, "I never knew him; he didn't live at our place. Grandpa was the biggest man there, and if women talked too much he made them shut up," which got us all to laughing.

Mrs. Bradshaw then said to Mr. Marshall, the stage manager, "The Little One is quite smart and quite agile; he can jump around as nimble as a cat." Mr. Marshall said, "I have heard of this Little One before." The Little One spoke up and said, "I can do more with men than women." He walked up to Mr. Marshall, laying both little hands in his large palms. He looked up and smiled in his face, saying, "You will have me, won't you? Me and Charlotte Cushman starred it one time at the Chamber Street theatre," which caused a ripple of laughter. Mr. Marshall said, "Well, we will see what you can do in the shape of a sprite." Mr. Marshall was sitting down on a chair, with his manuscript lying on a table that stood by his side. Mr. Marshall said to the Little One, "Can you jump

pretty high?" I don't believe you could have counted two when the Little One sprang into the air, kicked Mr. Marshall's high silk hat, which he was in the habit of taking off and brushing every once in a while with a silk handkerchief. The Little One landed astride of Mr. Marshall's neck with his little feet over each of Mr. Marshall's shoulders. The company burst out into such a roar of laughter that it took us over ten minutes to quiet down. The first words I heard after we had quieted down was Mr. Marshall saying to the Little One, "You are engaged," at the same dragging him down off his shoulders, and when he had stood him on the stage, he addressed me, saying, "Miss Montez, can it be possible that such an imp of the devil can live in such a beautiful body? By God! I am going to own that young one if I can, for I really believe he is a flash of lightning. You are all here safe, are you?" which sent the company off into another roar of laughter. When we had quieted down again he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, now we will commence rehearsal." Turning around to the Little One he said, "You get up and sit on the table where I can see you." Mr. Marshall turned around and said to Mrs. Bradshaw and myself, "I don't think we will need any artificial brimstone in this piece while his young highness is around," which made us all laugh again.

We commenced rehearsal then and in the second act where the great fairy scene is, I am drawn on in a beautiful chariot all decorated with flowers; right back of my chariot stands a great, beautiful tree, and one of the boughs bends towards my chariot, with the sprite sitting upon the bough. Mr. Conway, a very handsome leading man, addressed Mr. Marshall, saying, "George, ain't you afraid that that Little One is too small to hold on to that bough until he comes down and rests on the chariot?" Mr. Marshall said, "Wells, old boy, let your mind rest easy on that score, that little kid sitting on the table there, I would be willing to wager a whole year's salary, would sit on top of his Satanic majesty's crown, if they would only give him a fair show; not all the fires of brimstone in hell, or the greatest storm at sea that old Neptune could get up; God himself can open up all his trap doors and let the wind out with full force; the weather clerk can let down all the hailstorms

and rain he has a mind to, and when the storm has lulled to rest, you will find that little curse there sitting where he was before the commotion, which I can prove by the back of my neck." When he had said this the company went off into another boisterous laugh, and when we had quieted down the Little One said, "G. Scott! I don't think you are much of actors, the way you laugh so much; if old Charlotte was here she'd shut you up mighty quick. She don't stand no Shenanegan, you can bet." We laughed and then went on with rehearsal. Mr. Wells said, "Now, baby, I will carry you up the ladder and place you on the bough." The Little One said, "Not much; I want to know how much I am going to get first." Mr. Marshall said, "How much do you get at the Chatham?" He said, "Six dollars a week, but I want more for coming here and letting you have my name," which made us laugh again. Mr. Marshall said, "How much do you want, Little One?" The Little One said, "I want ten dollars a week, for I don't think you are very good actors here." Mr. Marshall said, "Ten dollars it shall be." I believe he would have got twenty just then if he had only asked the old gentleman for it. Well, after a week's rehearsal the piece was produced and ran three months. The Little One sitting on the bough and holding on tight until the bough had reached my chariot, where he springs from the bough in front of my chariot and sits in a bed of roses, whistling like a bird, was the admiration of the people. Every night when the curtain fell on the scene it was a struggle between Mr. Marshall and Mr. Conway, the leading man, which would grab up the Little One first, to hug and kiss him. I generally came in last, but got more of them, which made it last longer.

In the last scene of the piece, which was a beautiful one, almost beyond description, I am sitting on a throne with all the fairies attending me, when the sun commences to rise up over a beautiful hill all shimmering with gold and silver and precious stones. Just as the sun rises above this beautiful hill, the Little One was discovered sitting in the sun, like cupid, with his bow and arrow. You could hear the people all through the audience saying, "Isn't that the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" A bell strikes then, cupid fires his arrow, which sticks in the top of my crown, and the curtain goes down to

big applause. At every performance Mr. Marshall carried the Little One in front of the curtain in his arms, I following and several of the principal members after me. We commenced to think that perhaps old Charlotte and he did star it at some time. After the piece had been running about six weeks he came to my dressing room one evening, looked up and said to me, "Lola, I am going to strike. I want more pay." I said, "My little dear, you get ten dollars a week, and that is a large salary for a little one like you." He looked up at me with his large blue eyes, saying, "I can talk as big as you can, and I am going to have more money. If I don't get it I will break up the show." But I said, "Why, my dear, there are lots here in the theatre that don't get any more than ten dollars a week, and I had to work hard for over six years before I got a first-class engagement." He said, "Oh, that's different; you are a foreigner, and some day I am going to be an American citizen, and I have to protect my rights." I said, "Well, you and Mr. Marshall will have to settle it between you." I discovered next morning in conversation with Mr. Marshall that the Little One demanded twenty dollars a week and he got it, as he had to protect his rights, being one of America's future citizens.

After the piece was over I made my mind up to go to Europe and travel on the continent for several years, playing star engagements at different points. He accompanied me when I went to get my passport. When we returned to the hotel he gave me a piece of advice. He said, "Now, Lola, you've been over here playing in America, and when you go to Europe, if any of those foreign galoots say anything to you that you don't like, just kick them," putting the action to the word. He kicked Mr. Conway's back anatomy, as he was leaning over the piano at the time. He turned around and said, "Puss, what did I do to you?" Puss said, "Nothing, but I was just showing how to do it." Mr. Conway said, "Please practice on someone else the next time." I laughed and said I would try and remember his advice. We all adjourned to the dining room and had tea; I do not mean the public dining room of the hotel—I had my own private dining room, where I entertained my guests. We all parted, they all wishing me and my mother-in-law God-speed.

While in Europe I wedded the King of Barvaria, of which the whole world learned. Our wedding was an unhappy one. After traveling through Europe I returned to America. When the steamer came up to the New York harbor and moored at her dock, I was looking to see if there were any friends to welcome poor Lola back to America, the land of her adoption. While I was looking over the style I saw someone mounted on a man's shoulders waving a handkerchief and hollering at the same time, "Lola, Lola." I said, "There is one friend, at least, but who can it be that welcomes the unfortunate Lola back to America. My mother-in-law passed out of her body while we were in Europe.

Now, I am going to tell you of a funny little thing that occurred here. I moved toward the gankplank as I saw they were preparing to place it between the steamer and the deck. As soon as the gangplank was placed securely, there were three men about to step upon the plank, when two of the men that were there in attendance said, "Gentlemen, you cannot go aboard yet. We are not ready to receive anyone." There was an officer connected with the boat who said, "No one can come aboard until we are ready." He stooped down to look at something in connection with the railing of the gangway. While he was stooping I saw a little figure spring on to his back and from there on to the gangplank. When the officer straightened himself up, he said, "Jesus Christ! what was that that hit me?" Then the other two men stood there laughing fit to kill themselves. In less time than it takes to tell it Puss was up the gangway and in my arms. I laughed so much I could not find time to say, "How are you?" but dragged him into the saloon. We sat there and talked, crying and laughing for over an hour and when we quieted down and came to our senses, Puss said, "Now, Lola, get your wraps and order your trunks to be sent to the hotel. Mr. Buckley gave orders that rooms should be prepared for your reception." We went to my stateroom, Puss picking up my satchel, said, "Lola, I suppose you have got all the crown jewels in the satchel?" which made me laugh. I said, "Puss, minus the crown." I picked up my outside wrap and silk umbrella and we went forth to go on shore. When we got near the gangplank there were several friends to welcome me back.

I was glad to see them all. Mr. Conway was standing alongside of an officer in close conversation. At the same time Mr. James Buckley stepped up and said, "Lola, permit me to take your wrap and umbrella." At the same time, Mr. Conway and the officer turned around and faced us. When Mr. Conway said to the officer, "There is the little chap, Mr. Gaston, that jumped on your back and then on the gangplank." The officer straightened himself up, and with a roguish smile, said, "Young man, do you know that it is a state's prison offense to hit a man with a sand bag when he is down? If you don't pass me in to see you perform tonight I will sue you for breach of promise, as you tried to lead me astray on the gang plank of a public steamer," which caused a big laugh. Puss says, "Conway, write that evil-minded man out a pass, and put my name in very large letters so that he will remember he is a very inferior person." Before I knew it the officer grabbed him, hugged him and kissed him, and my poor satchell that never harmed anyone, with all the crown jewels—there were no crown jewels in the satchel—lay sprawling on the deck, which caused a big laugh. When we had collected my goods together and were about to descend the gangplank the captain of the ship stepped up and said, "Madam, allow me to see you to your carriage." Mr. Gaston, the officer, said, "Little One, I dare you to get up on my shoulder and let me carry you to the dock." No quicker said than done. The Little One mounted to his shoulder, when the people on the dock and on the steamer commenced to cheer. So then, you see, I was escorted to my carriage in regal state, all my friends following as my retinue. They entered several carriages and escorted me to my hotel where quite an elaborate banquet was waiting us. I felt happier than I ever did when I wore royal jewels. To be a queen with dear friends and hear their loving words concerning my welfare was greater to me than all the thrones of Europe. I thanked God in my heart to know I was once more in the land of freedom, where a woman is as good as a man, if she conducts herself properly.

I leave my love for the little Medium, and thank you, sir, kindly for taking down my communication. I am the once unhappy Lola Montez, but now a spirit, understanding that which is best for my progression. Goodbye.

General John H. Morgan

Chapter II

Saturday, August 10, 1901.

Attention! We have a grave question to deal with this morning—one which the world must be the judge of—was this medium a spy or was he not? That is the question before the people. Or was he merely a tool in the hands of spirits who acted upon his organization at will. He was always looked upon as a strange child. I do not think he was two hours alike, out of the twenty-four.

I am going to relate a strange incident for the benefit of readers. I, John Morgan, sometimes looked upon as a gentleman soldier, at other times as a leader of a guerilla band; sometimes as an adventurer and at other times a rascal of the worst kind. But, you know, all is fair in love and war. It was according to what neighborhood or locality I was in, I was addressed and looked upon according to their ideas at that time. One day I was informed by a Mr. Donaldson that over in the borders of Virginia, just a little way out of Kentucky, there were two brothers living with their families who were strong Union men. They were the owners of some fine horses and cattle, just such as our army needed and they had provisions in abundance and fodder galore for our horses. So I thought we had better make them a visit and secure some rations for our army. Sometimes I was called by Union people a rebel dog who barked more than I could bite; but once in a while I fastened my teeth with a tenacious rebel grip, and before I let go they found the Southern Confederacy could take hold once in a while and do things up brown.

When we had made a visit to the Union curs and collected things to send back by some of our men, we thought we would

go a little farther into Virginia. We halted in the afternoon at a beautiful place called Saunders' Corners. While we were resting there and thinking about the Yankee toothpicks that, perhaps, we would meet on the morrow, a Southern gentleman came riding along leisurely. When he saw us he approached our camp. He addressed a lieutenant, saying, "Who commands these men?" Hearing his voice, I stepped to the front, and said, "I do, sir." He said, "What might your name be?" I said, "Morgan, sir. What can I do for you?" He says, "John Morgan?" I says, "The same, sir; at your pleasure." He got down off his horse and shook hands with me, telling me he was glad to see me. I said, "Now, sir, what is your name?" He said, "My name is William Anderson Wilson. My mother's father owns all this property around here." Then I said, "You are a family of some means." He said, "To be sure, as all Southern gentlemen should be." He says, "General, I have got something funny to tell you. As I came along by Colonel Blackwell's quarters, which are close to my home, he called me in, saying, 'The men have just brought in a little Union spy. He is a little Mulatto boy and saucier than all tarnation. I asked him who his father was. He said, Jeff Davis, the defunct president that is to be of the Southern Confederacy.' I said 'Colonel, may I see him?' He said, 'Why, certainly, Mr. Wilson.' Then he sent for him to be brought to his quarters. When he came in to the presence of the colonel, he came to attention and saluted him, saying, 'Colonel Blackwell by name and nature. I am here, at your service,' which made use all laugh. The colonel said, 'You Yankee imp, how dare you say that Jefferson Davis is your father?' The Little One looked up with a roguish smile at the colonel, and said, 'He is worse than that; he is the youngest son of old Lucifer and you are all his attendants—or, in other words, his retinue and serfs, who one day will partake of a grand dinner in hell. I tell you, colonel, Yankee powder will make a big stink that day.' I was all the time watching this little curse closely. When he had done speaking, I said, 'Colonel, that boy is not a Mulatto. His skin is only tinted to look as such.' The colonel says, 'Mr. Wilson, do you really think so?' I said, 'I do, colonel.' He ordered a tin basin of water and a rag brought to him. He asked his orderly to wash that boy's face and use plenty of

soap in the operation. The orderly did so and when he had washed his face off all clean once more, he washed the soap all off with clean water. He disclosed to us one of the prettiest faces, I think I ever saw. It looked more like a girl's face than a boy's. I said, 'Colonel, I believe that is a girl and not a boy at all.' He said, 'Wilson, Jesus! but it is pretty to be in such a business as this. I have ordered him to be shot at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. I did think about having him shot at day-break. I changed my mind and thought I would give him one square meal before I sent his soul to hell, where it belongs, and every son of a bitch of a Yankee that fights under the Lincoln banner.' I said, 'Colonel, it seems cruel to me to take the life of such a pretty little one as that,'—for I tell you, Morgan, my heart was going out to that little Yankee. I said to the little boy, 'Think what a crime you have committed by entering the Southern lines as a spy, when you should be at home tucked in bed by your mother.' He looked up at me, with a roguish smile, and said, 'Do you call it a crime to visit old friends?' I said, 'Old friends!' He said, 'Why, yes; you are old friends of mine.' 'Me?' I said, 'Why, I never saw you before in my life.' He said, 'Oh, yes; you did, Mr. Wilson.' I said, 'Where did I ever see you?' He said, 'We met at Mr. Carlton's home. Don't you remember? I was there with the Buckley family, making a visit, and while we were staying there you and Mrs. Wilson made them a visit. Don't you remember, I sat on your knee and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" for you.' I said to him, 'Good God! Are you that Little One that sat on my knee on Mr. Carlton's porch and sang for us all? I tried to get Mr. Buckley to give you to me,'—for we had no children then, and very little prospects of getting any. Morgan, he stepped forward and took a hold of my hands, looked up into my face and sang a verse of 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' I thought, general, I should fall to the floor before he had finished. When he had finished I took him in my arms and held him to my breast. I burst out a crying, saying, 'Oh, Little One, Little One, it grieves me to see you here.' I turned and addressed the colonel, saying, 'Can you not spare his life? He was once loved by many people, and it is hard to see him die so young.' The colonel said, 'No, Wilson, I cannot spare him. I have heard of him before. He

is one of the worst spies that Lincoln has. He enters our lines sometimes as a girl and sometimes as a boy and at other times as a little old woman. I heard of him one time as a little old nigger wench selling things to the soldiers; at another time as a boy belonging to the low whites selling plug tobacco. That time, Wilson, he stole some valuable papers, and three days after he had disappeared a bloody battle took place and our men were mowed down like grain in a field. He is the worst imp out of hell and caused the Southern Confederacy more trouble than any Union spy that ever entered our lines. He looks beautiful—almost like an angel in human form—but he is a devil reincarnated in that little body and must die tomorrow. When his lifeless body is presented to the president at Richmond, I get twenty thousand dollars for my share of the work—that is what President Davis has offered for his body, dead or alive. By this time tomorrow, Wilson, that pretty little face and body that you have just hugged and kissed, calling it sweet names, will be wrapped up in a blanket and on its way to Richmond.’ I said, ‘Oh, God!’ staggered and fell to the ground, when the Little One rushed to my side and took my head in his lap and said, ‘Oh, Mr. Wilson, don’t feel so bad; you know there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.’ Then he kissed me time and time again. I tell you, Morgan, those were sweet kisses. The colonel took a hold of him by the arm and dragged him roughly to his feet. I could hear his little bones crack. When he stood him upon his feet he said, ‘You damn Lincoln imp. There will be no slip this time,’ and with that he hit him a blow in the face, saying, ‘I will spoil your damn beauty for you. It has lured many a man to his ruin, but you can’t escape from me this time.’ And, with those words, he hit him another whack in the face which felled him to the ground. I jumped up and grabbed the colonel by the coat collar, saying, ‘Colonel Blackwell, you are a low brute of the worst kind, and you shall answer to me for this.’ I stepped toward the Little One to take him in my arms. The colonel stepped between us, saying, ‘No, you don’t, Wilson. None of your petting here. That God damned brat dies in the morning.’ I said, ‘Little One, tell me your real name.’ He could not speak for a minute or two, for the blood was coursing out of his mouth. I said, ‘Colonel Blackwell, I am as good a

man as there is in the South and love our cause, but, God damn you, you shall pay for this brutality.' The Little One spoke then and said, 'Sometimes they call me Justin.'

With that I sprang to my feet, as if a ball had penetrated my heart. I said, "God Almighty! I know that Little One, Wilson. He used to be with the Buckley's, on Broadway, New York, when I was stopping there. I was in love with him and tried to steal him and carry him off to England, but I failed in my purpose." I then gave orders that the men should get ready soon as possible. It was only a little while when we were on the march. I said, "Come, Wilson, we will save the Little One, and he will be our little mascot, if I have to put a bullet through that son of a bitch, Blackwell's brain." When Wilson had finished telling me his story, it was then past nine o'clock and quite dark. Wilson went alongside of me on the march.

We reached Colonel Blackwell's quarters about half past two in the morning. When we rode up I commanded the sentinel who was on guard to wake up Colonel Blackwell and to bring him into my presence, and also see that the little prisoner was brought to me. A lieutenant stepped out of his tent who heard me speaking loudly and said, "General Morgan, what is the matter? Can I do anything for you?" I said, "See that that brute you call colonel is brought into my presence immediately, before I go into his tent and put a bullet through his lousy brain." He went into the tent, where he found the soldier trying to wake the colonel up. He came back to me, saying, "General, there is something the matter with the colonel. We can't wake him up." Wilson and I jumped from our horses, went into his tent and found the colonel lying there like a dead man. The lieutenant said, "General, he smells like a man that has been chloroformed." I said, "I hoped the son of a bitch was dead." Then I gave orders to the lieutenant to bring the little spy to me immediately. When he left I requested the soldier to light all the candles that were in the shebang. The soldier lit several. I cannot remember how many. After he had done so Mr. Wilson pointed to a camp stool which had considerable blood on it. He said, "General, there is some of the blood that came from the Little One." I clasped my hands to my head, saying, "Oh, little, little Justin, if I had only been here. I would

have saved you that blow; curses on his black soul, but he shall pay for this." I lifted the camp stool and kissed the blood, when, great God! I found myself weeping like a child. I, John Morgan, the terror of different states. Mr. Wilson came forward and laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "General, it may be hard for you to look at the blood, but it was harder for me to see that brute there strike the blow that felled the Little One to the ground." He had no sooner uttered the words when he struck the brute a blow on the mouth that knocked out several of his front teeth, and with that I gave him a kick. When the lieutenant entered, saying, "General, the prisoner is nowhere to be found—he must have escaped in the night." I said, "Lieutenant, order men to bring water here and dash it in that hog's face that he may come back to his senses; that is, if he has got any." They brought the water and dashed three pails of it on his face, when he showed some signs of returning consciousness. They got some liquor and hot water and poured it down his throat. After a little while he sat up and said, "Where am I?" I said, "You are here, but I wish you were in hell, you dirty brute." You struck a Little One that I love and felled him to the ground. If I had him here now in my arms he would be dearer to me than anything there is on earth." He spoke in a guttural voice, as he had lost his front teeth. He said, "General, I was going to pardon him and let the twenty thousand dollars go to hell. He had promised to go to Canada with me, and we were to start for the Union lines at three o'clock this morning." He said, "Oh, God! what is the matter with my mouth? It hurts so. Look at this blood! How did it come here?" He put his hand up to his mouth, and cried, "By Jesus Christ, my teeth are gone—that little bastard of hell must have drugged me and then knocked my teeth out. God damn his little eternal soul. I believe the bastard is a witch, general. I washed him all up and fed him. My heart felt sore to think what I had done and he got around me in such a way that I believe the bastard of hell bewitched me. I became so fascinated that I told him if he would fly with me to Canada, where I had relations living in Montreal I would make him the happiest being on earth. I got down on my knees, general, and begged him to forgive me for what I had done. He kissed me on the

mouth and said he forgave me. Then I became a lost man. We both laid down here on this bunk to rest, saying we would take a little sleep and then light out at three o'clock in the morning and make our way to Canada. General, I thought then I was the happiest man living. I was going to desert my wife and children and our cause, general." I said, "Colonel Blackwell, do you know that you struck one of the dearest things on earth to me—something that I love and cannot possess?" He then looked at me with the eyes of a bloodhound, saying, "General Morgan, are you another one of his victims? Look at me and take warning. See what the imp of hell has done for me and your fate may be worse, General Morgan.

"Major Thompson told me that he saw that little bastard sitting on General Lee's knee, carressing the general like a pet fawn, and General Lee looking down on him with such an expression in his eyes as if he had captured cupid at last. I tell you, General Morgan, that vampire of hell left that night, taking with him some of General Lee's most valuable papers. How he can pass through the lines is a miracle to Jeff Davis and others. They have set all kinds of traps to catch him but nary a catch. Yesterday, he was brought here to me. I condemned him to be shot, for I was anxious to get that reward, for you know I am fond of gambling, but where is he now? You will have to ask God or the devil, for I think they are the only ones that can answer you, for I am blessed if I can." I ordered Colonel Blackwell to be put under arrest. You have permitted that Union spy to escape and you have given away valuable secrets that belong to the government of the Confederacy; besides you did not treat the prisoner of war with the civilization that this present day boasts of. You are arrested as a traitor to our cause and shall be tried by a court, consisting of twelve Southern officers, gentlemen of the Southern army. Tomorrow you shall be conveyed to Richmond and there stand trial. I was glad to have him cast in prison, I told the lieutenant to see that there was a large guard put over him until he was conveyed to Richmond. Mr. Wilson and myself left the tent, mounted our horses and withdrew with my men, to Mr. Wilson's plantation, which was about two miles from there. In the morning we were all well fed and found comfortable

quarters for two or three days. I then bade Mr. Wilson and his family good bye. When he shook my hand he said, "Thank God, general, that brute will meet his reward." I said, "Aye, Wilson, he has already met his fate." He said, "Good God, general, what do you mean?" I said, "Last night, as his guard was conveying him to Richmond through a piece of timber, a bullet found his brain, and he dropped like the dirty dog he is." He said, "General, can I kiss you? I never kissed a man before in my life, but I want to kiss you, General Morgan." We clasped each other in our arms and then kissed like brothers in a good cause, for I loved the Little One.

I then left and returned into the state of Kentucky. In about three months afterwards, two of my men went to spying around Louisville and to hear how things were getting on with the Union forces. They returned giving me information. One of them handed me a bill of the theater on which I read, "For three nights only, the Little Queen of Burlesque shall appear—A change of bill each night." When I held the bill and read it I felt that was little Justin that was playing at the theater. I got myself up as an old man; went into Louisville, went direct to the hotel where the landlord knew me, told him I wished to speak with him in private. When we had entered the room and locked the door, I said, "Now, tell me, does the Little One that they call the Queen of Burlesque stop here?" He said, "Morgan, that little individual stops here, but what has that got to do with you?" I said, "Has it got large dark blue eyes?" He said "Yes." I then told him that Little One was the wife of a Union officer who bore the name of Warren. The creature is in the city for no good purpose. Now, I want to tell you, Henry, and will make a clean breast of it, "I love that Little One and am here to carry her off. You must help me out in this condition and you will never regret it. I want to become the possessor of that little body and if you help me to carry out this work and when he is in my arms and I have landed safe with him in the midst of my men, one of my followers will bear a bag to you containing a thousand dollars in gold." "But," he said, "John, you are a married man." "It matters not; I wish to possess that little piece of humanity for my own, and when he looks up in my face with my arms around him pro-

tecting him from the whole world, I don't care for God Almighty then or any other fellow that bears that title." I said, "Now, Henry, what is the number of that individual's room?" He said, "Number two, next to the parlor; but they are all at rehearsal now." I said, "Henry, you will have a chair reserved for me right opposite where the Little One sits at the table. I will watch him till he leaves the table. He cannot recognize me in this disguise. I will follow him to his room, then enter it and lock the door." I did so. I entered the room and locked the door. He turned around and faced me, with those beautiful eyes glaring like a tiger. Oh, I tell you she became grand when enraged. A man would sell his soul for her. She says, "Who are you and what do you want? How dare you enter my room and lock the door." With that she took a dagger out of her breast as quick as lightning and came toward me. I threw off my gray wig and snatched off my white beard and stood before her saying, "Sweet Justin, I came for you. I want you to go back with me and you shall queen it over me and my men. Come, Justin, and your word shall be law. She let the dagger fall out of her hand and gasped for breath, saying, "John Morgan, you here?" I said, "Aye, Little One, I have risked all this for you. Don't you think it is worth something? Come, pet, and go back with me. If that Union officer loved you he would not allow you to go around the country like this. Your playing here and there a night or two is only a blind. Justin, you are only a Union spy, and I know it. I sent a bullet through a man's head that struck you when you were captured inside of the rebel lines, as you call it. I killed Colonel Blackwell and would kill any other man that would raise his hand against you. You see, Justin, I love you, and would even murder Jeff Davis did you but command it."

He fell into my arms crying, the shock had been too great for him. I sat down on the sofa and held him in my arms. He put his little hand up to my face and said, "Oh, John, John, we are enemies, did you but know it. I am the wife of a Union Officer and a spy for that Union and could never bear any friendship for the man that would try to break it up, let alone love him. Papa Warren, is the dearest thing there is on earth to me. He is my God and all there is to live for. Oh, John, go

back to your people and be friends." I said, "By all that is holy, you shall go back with me." He said, "That can never be." I said, "Then, you can do one thing for me, you can accompany me to the suburbs of the town, professing to be my friend, when once I reach there then I can escape beyond the Union lines." I had my mind made up inwardly that if I ever got him as far as the suburbs of the town he would not escape me and he would be mine for all time to come. Oh, God, sir, if you ever loved as I loved him, or her, if you choose to call it, you would kill anyone that would stand between you. My love was what you would call desperate love. I had only eyes for one and that was little Justin. I thought of him night and day, and even dreamt of the time when he should become mine; but, alas! it never came to pass. He said, "John, if you must have me accompany you, I will go into my sleeping room and put something on so the people won't recognize me." I said, "All right, Little One; but don't be gone long, for I can't bear to have you out of my sight now that I have found you." He said, "It will only take just about five minutes and I will be ready." Oh, God, but I was a happy man then, thinking I was going to carry the Little One back with me. While I was walking up and down the floor, backwards and forwards, to pass the time away, I heard a little noise and said to myself, "Now, he is hurrying up." I looked at my watch and found ten minutes had gone, and said, "I will wait a few minutes more. If he does not come out I will go in search of him. I knocked at the door and received no answer. I tried the handle of the door and found it locked. I said, "Good God! can it be possible that he has escaped me, after all?" I made quick steps for the door that led into the hall of the room which I was in. I found the door locked and the key gone. I said, "Mother of God, I am caught in a trap!"—while passing to the other room he must have taken the key out of the lock. I went to the bell cord and rang it vigorously. A bellboy answered my summons. I said, "You send the landlord here with a key that can open this door." In the meantime I resumed my disguise. When the landlord came with a pass key and opened the door and when he stood in the room, I said, "Henry, by the living God, he has escaped me after all." He said, "How is that, John?" I said, "He went

into that room to put on a disguise to accompany me to the suburbs of the city. I thought he was staying too long. I knocked at the door and received no answer. I then tried and found it locked, and, as you see, I am here an entrapped man and the bird has flown. By all the Gods and saints that's in the calender, if I ever get my hands on him again I want to see him get away; that's all!"

Two weeks afterwards I saw by a Cincinnatti paper he was playing at the theater there. I went to Covington, Kentucky, sent for the landlord of the Walnut Street House to come and see me as quick as God would let him. He did so and we had a private conference together. I said, "Now, look here, Will, if you will entrap that Little One, whom I see by the papers is stopping at your house, and will place him tonight in a close carriage, gag him and bring him to me, so that he can't cry out while on the road, place him in my arms, my men and myself shall rob a bank and you shall own every bloody dollar that is in it. I don't care how many thousands we find there, it shall be yours. Now, see that you do the job up clean becoming a Southern gentleman."

That night at ten o'clock I received a message saying the Little One had fled the city. "I believe he is a witch and became suspicious of my kindness towards him, and he is nowhere to be found." I met John Robinson, the circus man, and asked him if he saw anything of little Justin. He said, "Yes, I saw him in a buggy with a man and they were driving to the railroad station as fast as two beautiful horses could take them. It was Mr. Ross who was driving him with his two fast horses, Kate and Jennie. I yelled out 'Ross, what is your hurry?' He yelled out he has got to catch the nine o'clock train." I looked at my watch when I got in front of the drug store window and saw they had only thirteen minutes to get there by my time. If they caught the train, little Justin is on his way east by this time.

I heard four mornings afterward by the paper that the court house or place where they met at Harper's Ferry, had been robbed and some valuable papers stolen. Some people of the town said they saw a smart-looking boy leave the train and the next time he was seen he was walking through the street. That same night, about eleven o'clock, one of the guards on the

bridge was found dead with a bullet hole in his head. I have learned since I came to spirit life, the Little One robbed the court house that evening. He approached the bridge in company with a Union friend. The sentinel who was on guard challenged them. The Union friend sent a bullet through his head and he was found dead when they came to change the sentinels. The Little One fled across the bridge into the dark night. He walked about a mile, when he came to a plantation house. As he approached the house he met an old darkey, to whom he said, "I have dispatches here in my breast for Father Lincoln who is trying to free your race. See that you saddle me your best horse as quick as possible, so that I may carry these papers to the President without delay." I heard through one of our spies that he arrived safe in Washington and placed the papers in old Abe Lincoln's hands. I never saw him again in the body. I, John Morgan, tell you these things, so that you may know what kind of a life we lived during the war. Good day, sir.

Violet Campbell

Chapter III

Friday, August 16, 1901.

Oh, life, life, what is it? It is like a rainbow with many tints and when the tints become dim and pass into the shadow and so it has been with many lives. They bore the glorious tints and shades of life's rainbow. They budded and blossomed to fade again from earth and pass into that vast array called the keystone of life. They entered into the temple and became initiated. When the work is perfect and well done and becomes satisfactory to the neophyte and masters, then the Great Master will proclaim to the world, "It is finished." Oh, Rebecca, Rebecca, thy children have seen the great star and now they believe in the mastership of its origin. It is the great constellation leading thy children to understand the mastership of creation.

This instrument through which I speak budded and blossomed. He budded during the hard trials of life without the proper care of a loving father and mother. When the flower opened from budhood and burst into a blooming flower that became the admiration of people from many climes and nations, he took upon him all the shimmering tints and hues of a beautiful rainbow; but, alas! they had to fade, as old age crept over the material body, and now, as the sun is going down and fading upon this incarnation, the body will wane and some day be laid away to provide nutrition for one of the beautiful wild flowers of nature, and when it is throwing off its beautiful odor, or, in other words, its sweet scent which will perfume all space around it. When I look at your beautiful hills, mountains and glens, Oh! that my spirit might have passed away in such an element as this, fitting for the Gods of all time to worship at the shrine of wisdom and intellect. Apollo must have moved through

these groves that his rich deep voice left such an echo through the woodland. Oh, how he must have flirted with Venus, in his chariot that rode on the clouds of time, when he dwelt in the midst of the shadows, the female gods attending him singing their song of praise about his manly beauty. His form was the admiration of all female intellect; but, alas, this medium that I now control, his form and looks were the dream of Apollo. An angel must have visited the mother in her sleep to give such a form as this for the world of men to rave over. Being of both sexes, it created in its nature a spell that he wove over the people and brought them to his feet.

Friend, I come here today to make a confession which you will understand later on. I lived in a mortal body and had weak points, like others of my sex. While visiting in New York, in 1852, in the month of October, I was invited to be one of a party to visit a performance at one of the theaters on Broadway. We occupied a box on the right of the stage. I saw by the program the name of the play was "The Magic Ring." It was what they call a spectacular play. The scenes were grand and beyond my imagination, I being a Southern country girl. There were some of the scenes that so enchanted me it would be impossible for me to describe them. In some of the scenes when the fairies reveled and danced I became speechless and had no eyes but for the stage. I remember in the grand fairy carnival a devil or sprite rushed upon the stage with a little creature that had wings on it like a butterfly. When it had reached the center of the stage he threw this little creature into space; she whirled around several times and then fell into the arms of another sprite or demon who threw her to the center of the stage where she stood upon one toe, with her other foot in the air, which brought from the people tremendous applause. Then she commenced to dance upon her toes a dance called "La Ariel." Her dancing and execution upon her toes I thought was beyond the power of human ken. When the curtain went down on that grand scene my Uncle pointed out to me the name of that individual on the program. It read, "The Dashing Blanchard," and I saw by the description that she represented three different characters in the play. One was a page to the great king, and I thought it was the most beautiful boy that ever saw

in my life. When this great king falls in love with the page and takes him upon his knee, saying, "I want you for my child. You have bewitched me and I must possess you for my son." Then the king takes him to his breast and lavishes kisses on his mouth, at which many of the audience called out "Share those with us, if you please." The other character in the play that was represented by this individual is what they called the soubrette of the piece. I think in that character she was the sauciest minx I ever saw. She fascinated the king's butler, and also the King's clerical individual. These two parties meet in the woods to fight it out, and she walks on the ground linked arm in arm with the king's secretary. When she beholds the bloody duel that she has been the cause of she laughs fit to kill herself. Then she vanishes from the grounds. Then the two men seize the king's secretary and commence to punch him, which sends the people off into a roar of laughter. Just then, two policemen come on, led by an old hag—or, perhaps, you would call her an old witch. She screams at the top of her voice for the two policemen to seize those two villains and carry them off to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle walls. When the policemen have seized the two men and the poor secretary lies bleeding on the ground, she throws off her disguise and there she stands, the beautiful young minx again. Thinking of the trick she has played upon them she bursts out into a loud laugh, which sets the audience into roaring. At that the curtain drops. The next and last scene of the play is called a transformation scene, which is beyond my description. Those three characters were represented by this medium—that is, the danseuse, the beautiful page and the flirting soubrette were all represented by Justin.

One afternoon in the same month I had an invitation with several others to attend an afternoon coffee at the Logan home. There I met Alice and Phoebe Carey, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Lowell, and many other ladies and gentlemen who were well-known to the public. About three o'clock in the afternoon the names of Mr. Warren and his son were announced. There entered a tall, elegant-looking gentleman, holding by the hand what seemed to be a little boy. One of the ladies present went forward and took the little boy by the hand, saying, "Justin, I am so glad you came." She addressed the tall, ele-

gant-looking man, saying, "Mr. Warren, let me have Justin a little while, these other ladies and gentlemen present will entertain you. I want to have a long talk with the Little One, for perhaps, some day he may be one of the characters in one of my books." I understood afterwards the lady bore the name of Mrs. Southworth. While she was talking to the Little One, Louisa Alcott said to Mr. Lowell, "Who would ever think that Little One could play so many different characters?" Olive Logan said, "Miss Alcott, he is older than you think he is. Mr. Warren found him in forty-eight, and then he looked just about as he does now." A gentleman who bore the name of Bayard Taylor said, "Mr. Warren, will you and your boy favor us with a duet?" He said, "I guess so." Just then, Mrs. Logan said, "Mrs. Southworth, you will have to spare the Little One for a while, he is going to sing with his father." A lady sat down to the piano to play the accompaniment, I think she was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life. She bore the name of Lizzie Weston Davenport. Mr. Warren and the boy stepped up to the piano, when the lady said, "Pet, haven't you a kiss for me today?" He said, "Of course I have, Lizzie." He threw his arms around her neck and gave her I guess as many as four or five kisses, then she said, "I could play the introduction to any piece of music now." Some of the other ladies and gentlemen said, "I think he ought to pass those around." Mr. Warren said, "Not until he has got through singing." Then the lady played the introduction to their duet. They commenced to sing, and Oh, that rich, deep bass voice I never can forget. When he had sung about a stanza then came in a beautiful high soprano voice that rang throughout the parlors. I thought to myself, "Heavens, these must be opera singers." I never had the pleasure of attending an opera before that time; but I had the pleasure afterwards of hearing Madam Anna Bishop sing in "Lucretia Borgia," and the same Little One played the page and sang the drinking song at the banquet table. Their duet here in this house that I speak of was something grand. When they had finished the people begged of them to sing another, which they did. After they had sung that duet, Mrs. Logan came into the room, followed by a servant, carrying two glasses of lemonade on a silver tray. When the Little One saw the

lemonade, he said, "Oh, pshaw, Mamma Logan, I want a bigger one than that," which made us all laugh. He said, "Justin, there's a pitcher full coming and you can have all you want. I know how you like lemonade and I have provided a large pitcher full." He said, "You shall have the first kiss, Mamma Logan." When Miss Alice Carey spoke up and said, "Now, Justin, before you get to kissing the friends, won't you please sing us "Coming through the Rye?" He said, "With pleasure, Miss Carey." He made no excuses, like so many singers, but turned around to the lady sitting at the piano and said, "Lizzie, do you feel too tired?" She said, "Not at all, if you will promise me the second kiss after Mrs. Logan?" He said, "It's a go." She played the introduction and he commenced to sing, and I never heard, "Coming through the Rye" sung as it was sung that afternoon. When he had finished, Mr. Longfellow said, "Oh, little darling, won't you please sing one verse over again." The Little One said, "Which verse shall I sing?" Mr. Longfellow said, "'Among the twain there is one swain I dearly loo mysel; But what's his name or where's his hame I dinna choose to tell.'" He sang it with so much feeling that there was a burst of applause and Mrs. Logan caught him in her arms, saying, "Now, give me my kiss," and I actually believe she took half a dozen of them. The men were wiping off their mouths with their handkerchiefs, which made me smile. He grabbed Miss Davenport and hugged and kissed her. I came to the conclusion they must have been old friends. He said, "Now, I am going to papa first; then I will kiss all the rest of you," which he did in turn.

Several of the gentlemen and ladies present got up and read articles which they had written out, and about five o'clock we entered the dining-room where coffee, cake and fruit were served. The jokes and sayings were many. The company was kept in a constant halo and atmosphere where they reveled in the misty spell of fun. I call it the "misty," friend, because during the whole time that we were reveling in that luxury which seemed to us a dreamland for the time, the spirit rappings were heard all over the walls and on the dining table. When I went to raise my napkin and was in the act of doing so, it was snatched out of my hand, carried in space to the head of the table and there placed on Mr. Longfellow's head in the for-

mation of a night-cap, which was the cause of much laughter. When we had adjourned to the parlor again, Mr. Warren begged to be excused. He said, "It was his desire to take the Little One home to take a nap, so that he might get rested before he commenced his night's work." Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson stepped up to Mr. Warren saying, "Don't fail to make me that visit next summer and we will all go to the White Mountains." Mr. Warren said, "It shall be so, Mr. Emerson, when I give my word I never break it."

After they had left the house and we had all quieted down again, for it just seemed for awhile before they left as if things had turned into a regular babel. The ladies and gentlemen were stealing kisses from the Little One and I felt it was time for his father to take him somewhere to rest if he expected to have a whole boy to take with him. After they had gone I said to Alice Carey, "Miss Carey, will you please tell me who that little person is that you all admire so much. He sings beautifully, but I cannot believe it is a boy; did you take notice of the way in which he rolled his eyes at the men, while he was singing 'Coming Through the Rye'?" Miss Carey said, "That is in his profession." "Profession?" I said "What profession?" "That is the little Dashing Blanchard." "That the little girl that I saw dance on her toes so beautifully that evening, the page that fascinated the great king and sang that beautiful piece of music, 'When the twilight comes at eventide,' and also that saucy soubrette?" Miss Carey said, "The same, Violet." I said, "You astonish me, Miss Carey."

The next year I met him at our home in Memphis, Tennessee. He came there with a company that was playing "Aladdin." They were called the Buckley Serenaders. I invited him and Mr. Warren to dinner the following Sunday, as I had a desire that all our friends in the city should meet them. There were thirty-eight in all sat down to dinner and we had such a jolly time. When all had finished for the day in visiting and interviewing the Little One, mama proclaimed it the happiest day she had ever spent in her life, but one and that was the day she became the wife of Robert Campbell.

The next time I met him was six months afterwards. He was playing with the same company in Richmond, Virginia. I

was visiting my eldest sister, Mrs. Patterson, near Petersburg, Virginia. We saw by the Richmond paper that the company was playing at the Richmond Theater. All the family including myself went to Richmond to witness the performance. While we were sitting at the table at dinner, Mr. Warren and the Little One walked in. They were ushered to a round table by themselves. While they were passing along to this table, Mr. Warren's eyes glanced my way and discovered me sitting there with my friends. I heard him say, "Puss, there is Miss Campbell." The Little One said, "There are lots of Campbell's in the world." Mr. Warren took his hand and turned the Little One's head. When he saw me I waved my handkerchief to him. He said, "G. Scott, papa, that is Violet Campbell." He came right over to where I was sitting, shook hands with me, Mr. Warren following. I introduced them to my sister and family. Then, the Little One said, "Violet, bring your chair and come sit at our table. I have got lots to tell you. I have mashed everything high and low since I have met you." I arose and Mr. Warren took my chair. We three sat down at their table to dine together. The Little One kept me laughing pretty much all of the time. When we had about finished dining, Justin said to his father, "Papa, you will write out a pass for one of the boxes, if there is such a thing in the darn old theater. I forgot to look whether the town owned any such article as that. Now, papa, you write out the pass for Miss Violet Campbell and all her friends with the niggers thrown in for good luck." I thanked them kindly for the pass. They withdrew to their rooms to rest for the afternoon and I went back to my friends. Just as they were in the act of leaving the table Justin took my hand and said, "Violet, don't you think Papa Warren is handsome. He will escort you tonight to the theater and after the performance he will be the gallant knight to see you back to the hotel. Now, Violet that is a favor that I don't grant to many young ladies." I thanked her kindly, for I must inform you that she was traveling in woman's clothes at this time. Mr. Warren was a handsome man and I was proud of his escort to and from the theater that evening, and I must admit here that when I bade him good night at the hotel I kissed him voluntary of my own free will as he had to return to the theater for Justin.

Next day as we were returning to our own home we stopped at a friend's on the way. Now, here sir, I must make my first confession. I was in love with Mr. Warren. In this house, where we were stopping, I took a pencil and wrote him a love letter, confessing my love and passion for him, which I sent back by the afternoon mail to the hotel. Here is where I betrayed the confidence that Justin placed in me. I received an answer to my note at Petersburg from Mr. Warren, in which he said, "Miss Violet Campbell, I thought that you were a lady. You took advantage of the confidence Justin placed in you. I wish to inform you that what little correspondence we have had must cease right here for I am a gentleman and love my little Justin, soul and body." It was such a rebuke to me, sir, that I longed for vengeance. I returned to my home in Memphis, Tennessee, and never placed my eyes again on the Little One until our Civil War, or rebellion as you call it, was going on. I married a gentleman by the name of Mr. Featherstone who at heart was a Union man but went with his state, which you Northern people call seceding. He became an officer in the Confederate army. During the war Grant and Sherman made things pretty lively around Memphis. I left Memphis to join my sister, Mrs. Patterson whose husband was also an officer in the Confederate army, or, as you call it, the Rebel army. Her home was in Virginia, near Petersburg.

One evening, on the 5th of October, 1863, while I was living at my sister's home, we were entertaining some neighbors. A Major Miles's family. A rap came to the parlor door. When I opened the door there stood a tall, guant, rawboned-looking negress that went by the name of Aunt Judy. She requested me to come into the hall and shut the door. She motioned, in her negro way, and I did so. When the door was shut she said, "For the Lawd a massy, Miss Violet, dares de queerest lookin critter down at de cabin I spec dat you ever see in all your born days. He said for me to tell you in a speechified way that he want to see you right smart now. Miss Violet, I want to tell you I reckon he is one of those haunts out of the swamp. I'se goin tell you de trufe now, right straight up, Miss Violet. You know that turkey what you white folks eat up las week. All you white folks is good for is just layin round and eatin up good

wittles and that ar war going on. Well, to tell you howsom-ever de trufe, my old man, Pete, stole dat dar turkey from de Hennerson people and he thought he'd jes take anoder one at de same price us black folks done eat up. Ole Pete sittin down der in de cabin up in de corner shakin like he got de ager. He says de dun know'd dat ar critter's a haunt and dat he's after him fur jes borryin dem measly ole turkeys dat he is goin to pay back after de war was done. Dat gosteses or haunt or what-somever tis, ordered me speechified like to come up here an get you to go down dar. You know dat time when old Aunt Carline died, she left me her whole fortune, six dollars and forty cents, three dresses and a half a one and dis yer rabbit's foot, what her grandmother guv her on de day she married Eph. Well, I took dis yar rabbit's foot out of my breast. I kissed it and then waved it at de haunt and rushed by him out de cabin door. As I was goin by I smelt de brimstone dat haunts carry around to burn up niggers with down in hell when dey's bad. Now, that gosteses wants to see you right smart, Miss Violet. I guess honey, you'se done gone and did something what dem haunts don't like, so you better tote yarself right down dar an make it up wid de haunt. It lays tween you and my ole man Pete, which one de gosteses is goin to tote down to hell right smart. He let me pass by and didn't throw any sulphur on me, so I'se free dis yar time. He 'aint laid his eyes on Sukey yet or he'd tote her along wid him."

That is the way, sir, this old darkey told her tale. I followed her down to the cabin and to my astonishment and surprise, which was very great, there stood little Justin with his clothes all torn and covered with mud. His face was scratched and bleeding. He wore no hat to cover his head. I said, "In the name of God, Justin, what are you doing here and looking like this? He said, "Three days ago I escaped from Longstreet's corps, which was in North Carolina, and reached here tonight, as you see me. You are a Union woman at heart. I ask you to give me something to eat and a night's shelter." "But," I said, "Justin, my husband is an officer in the Rebel army, and I would be hiding an enemy of our cause." He said, "Mrs. Featherstone, your husband said you were a Union woman and would give me shelter for one night at least." "Did

he tell you that?" "Yes, and he said his heart went with the Union, too, and he would try to escape into the Union lines and let his home go to the devil. If you will not do it for your husband, do it for old friendship's sake, Violet." When he spoke the word "Violet" there arose before me the form of Mr. Warren, who owned my heart, as I never gave it to that man Featherstone, whom I called husband. I then spoke to old Aunt Judy, who remained outside and was afraid to come in. I said, "Aunt Judy, this Little One is a servant of Father Lincoln, who is trying to free your people; see that you give him something to eat and a place to sleep. He will rest here all day tomorrow and leave tomorrow night when the moon rises." He then said to me, "Mrs. Featherstone, I thank you for your kindness." I told him not to call me by that name, "for I can see, Justin, you read my heart like an open page; I love Mr. Warren and you know it." I then said, "See to it, Aunt Judy, that he is provided for." I was about to leave the cabin when he came forward and took my hand, saying, "Violet, do you not wish me Godspeed." I threw his hand aside and said, "No, I hate you. I hate you from the bottom of my soul. You stand between me and the man I love. I hope before many hours a bullet will find your heart," and then I left the cabin. I woke up that night about half past twelve and lit a match and looked at the clock. There was loud knocking at our front and back door. I went down in company with my nephew, who was about twelve years old, the only white male that was left on the place; all the others had gone to war. My eldest sister was a terrible coward. We left her lying across the bed moaning and groaning, saying, "She knew we would all be killed by the Yankees." When we reached the door I opened it. A young confederate officer by the name of Williams addressed me, saying, "Have you got a young boy hid in this home? He was seen coming this way. He is quite small and a Union spy, Mrs. Featherstone." My nephew spoke up and said, "No, Mr. Williams, you are mistaken; there is no such person in this house. Every night Aunt Violet and myself go through the house before we lock up to see who is out and who is in, for you know we cannot depend on the negroes now." Mr. Williams, the officer, spoke up and said, "General Longstreet offers \$10,000 reward for the capture

of that little chap. Four days ago he was at General Longstreet's headquarters selling pins, needles, thread and other articles that soldiers use. He also sang some Irish songs with a strong Irish brogue, and we really thought he was a little Irish boy. He said his father had enlisted in a Southe Carolina regiment. His name was Mike O'Nale and he was looking for him. General Longstreet and several of the other officers pitied him and had something brought for him to eat and drink. After he had gotten something to eat and drink, he laid down his basket and his wares and said he would sing and dance for them if the General would give him a pass to go on to some other place. The General said he would, for he was anxious to see what the little fellow could do. Then the little fellow sang and danced for them, and I tell you, Mrs. Featherstone, he could do it well—as good as any professional I ever saw. While he was dancing and singing he kept rolling his eyes at the officers and I tell you, those were eyes, too. While he was singing General Longstreet said to one of the officers, 'God, but those are pretty Irish eyes. I have read of just such pretty eyes as those in books.' When he had finished dancing and singing he leaned up against General Longstreet and said, 'Mister, it's mesilf that's tired.' The General said, 'Little one, you must be tired, for you have worked hard to please us. Now, you rest here with me and my officers will send out men to see if your father can be found.' After the little chap had rested a while the General ordered some more coffee for him and when the Little One had drunk it the General asked him if he could sing 'Kathleen Mavoureen' and said, 'That is one of my favorite songs, little boy.' The little chap then said, 'Ach, and its mesilf, General, that knows every word of it.' Then the General said, 'Sit here on my knee and sing it for us.' The Little One, quicker than you can say it, was on the General's knee, when the General said, 'Boy, but you are quick.' 'Sure, and if you've traveled as far as I have it's a lift you'd be takin' once in a while, yoursilf.' He sang 'Kathleen Mavoureen' and when he had finished I saw the General was a changed man. He clasped the little boy to his breast, kissed him and said, 'You must live here with me and become my boy.'

He requested all the officers to withdraw from his quarters, as he wished to be left alone with the boy. That night, Mrs.

Featherstone, the boy escaped, taking Longstreet's most valuable papers, and now he offers \$10,000 reward for his capture. If you will give him into my hand I will divide the money with you." An evil influence then arose in my heart. I would betray him, thinking he would be taken back and shot. I would get half the money, then I would escape and get inside the Union lines; there I would inquire for Mr. Warren. When I would find him I would tell him of the death of his beloved one, which would be a revenge to me to see him weep and moan for the one he loved so much. Then I would play the part of a comforter and grieve with him until I would win him over to me. I know it was a treacherous part to play, but my life belonged to him. I said to the officer, "Come, Mr. Williams, I will show you where he is concealed." But lo, when we got there he had flown into the night and old Aunt Judy stood in the centre of the cabin like a black priestess. When I entered the cabin she shook her long black bony hand at me and said, "Woe, woe be unto that woman who has got no secret in dat heart, but would betray one ob Massa Lincoln's angels who is tryin' to free de black folks. Woe, woe, dat punishment is near at hand, and I reckon you low trash, it's goin' to come soon, if old Aunt Judy can read signs. When I looked at dat ar moon yister night and de black cat laid her head aginst me, I said to old Pete, 'Dar's trouble a comin' on to dis yar plantation.' Now go, go, woman, for youse de Jezebel dat de Bible talks on. Jes as soon as I sees dese yar soldiers comin' up I went an wake de little one. I says, 'Git up, honey lamb, dey would slaughter you before de altar ob de Lord. Now light out, and my Sukey will show you de bes' way to get to Father Linkum's men.' Here I is, hossifer, if youse want to make a sacrifice to Jeff Davis, take ole Aunt Judy and slaughter her up as a peace offerin', and her soul will go on singin' until she gets right into Jesus' arms and rest dar for de rest ob her life." The men then left the cabin and said they would push on after him and perhaps capture him before he reached the Union lines. Just then old Aunt Judy screamed at the top of her voice, "You sons of Belial, hell's a waitin' for ye; tote dis old she devil along wid you; for dat's all de good she is." She meant me when she said that.

At four o'clock that morning our house was in flames. It

was burned to the ground, we escaping only in our night clothes. We discovered that all the negro cabins were on fire. We saw the negroes coming to where we stood, waving sticks and crying out, "The curse of God has fallen upon you poor sinners." Aunt Judy spoke the last word, saying, "You low down white trash, de curse and wrath ob de Lamb of Christ have come upon you through ole Aunt Judy," and with that they all gave a scream, singing out, "We'se a comin'," and lighting out for the Union lines.

After the war was over, in 1867, I went to pay a visit to an aunt that lived in Washington. While I was walking down F street one afternoon I noticed two negresses coming up the street. One of them was tall and raw boned and put me in mind of old Aunt Judy. When I came close to them I discovered it was she and her daughter Sukey. I thought I would hold out the hand of friendship towards them. Aunt Judy struck it one side and spit at me, saying, "You low-down Tennessee trash who had to come to Wirginny to get something to eat, who never could keep a secret in her heart, but here's old Aunt Judy who's got a secret, and jes knows how to keep it, too. You low down Tennessee mud suckin' trash," and with that she blew her nose and threw the vile contents down on my dress; threw her head into the air and walked off with the vilest contempt that I ever saw shown to a human being. You can imagine, sir, how humiliated I felt to have this common negro woman treat me with such disdain and contempt right on one of Washington's streets—she who had been a slave to my sister and waited on me at one time hand and foot, and had to obey all my commands. The insult was so great I wanted to die right there. Perhaps, sir, I deserved it all. I betrayed this medium twice and my punishment awaited me in spirit life. Oh, sir, but it is hard to bear. That is why I, Violet Campbell, come here today to make a confession. Do not think that you escape punishment, for every wrong deed you commit there is punishment awaiting you. I ask Justin's forgiveness for the wrongs I did him or her. Mr. Warren's manly form tempted me and I fell. I dreamed of him by night and thought of him by day, and my whole hope and wish was that I might become his mistress. I never possessed the power to wring his heart with anguish when I would

tell him of the death of his loved one, how I saw him shot down as a spy. Oh God, it never came to pass, and I was left to my own reflection, a wicked woman.

One day in the year 1868 in the month of April I was walking along Arch street, Philadelphia, when I saw coming towards me Mr. Warren and Justin. I had changed a good deal, but yet Justin knew me. He held out his hand to shake hands with me when Mr. Warren stepped between us, saying, "Madam, go your way; you shall not touch the hand of my Little One, whom you were willing to give up to the vengeance of a rebel general, you dirty harlot." He then spit at me. Taking little Justin by the hand they went on their way. Little Justin looked around with a sad expression on his face in which I saw volumes of pity and forgiveness. Oh, God, but my punishment was hard to bear. I was trying to make my living as a seamstress in Philadelphia. It was hard to make, as I had been accustomed to luxury and slaves to wait upon me. Now I was reduced to want and poverty, and sought the streets at night for a rescue and a way to make a living. I had become an abandoned woman.

One Friday night while it was raining, I passed near by the theatre where Justin was playing and fortunately I met him coming forth from the stage entrance alone. As he came towards me I tried to hide my face. He recognized me and said, "Oh, Violet Campbell—it is surely you." I said, "Justin, surely you don't want to speak to me." He said, "Surely I do, Violet; come with me and tell me what has happened to you. I know a place where we can be quiet and we can get something to eat. Then you can tell me all you wish to—that which you have no desire to tell, keep to yourself, Violet. It's no one's business, but your own, and to God alone have you only a right to tell that which is a secret in your heart." After I had told him most everything he took out his purse and gave me \$15 saying, "Now Violet, go home, wake up tomorrow morning a different woman. There is going to come a turn in your life. I am going to furnish you work at decent wages, so that you can live a respectable life, and some of the Violet Campbell of young days will come back and we will laugh and sing together again." I said, "But where is Mr. Warren; why does he not come after you?" "Violet, he does not come out at night, he is sickly, the

army life ruined his health and Oh, Violet, I am so happy when I go home at night and see his kind face waiting for me. Violet, you loved him, too—don't feel ashamed to tell it—you love him now, and I will give you his picture, that you may have it in your room to look at. Some time I will walk on the opposite side of the street; I will have him with me so you may look at him. I will arrange it so that he will walk next to the curb stone." I said, "Oh, God, what kind of a creature are you? This man that you and I love so—you will give me his picture to look at, and to think that you will assist this wrecked soul to become what the world calls a virtuous woman." "Violet, your soul is not wrecked, it is only the material body that became weak and fell under the eyes of a handsome man. We are not the only two souls who have loved the same man, and must only give an account to God alone. Now I want to be a sister and a brother to you. Promise me that you will become an honest woman." I took an oath, and thank God I kept it to the last. He provided me with work and paid me well. He arranged so that I died in Mr. Warren's arms at the last. This is my confession. Hoping that the great God of all will forgive, in time, Violet Campbell.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and leave my love for Justin. I know your fingers must be tired. Good day, sir.

Johann of Arc

Chapter IV

Tuesday, September 3, 1901.

Good morning, sir. Your air is beautiful here, it is so pure and sweet. I think your home is located in a beautiful spot—surrounded by all those gorgeous looking mountains. It looks to me like a beautiful nest, located under these beautiful oak trees, where a mother could raise all her little fledgelings in safety away from the enemies of the world. Nature was bountiful in giving her grand, invigorating air to this spot that I call the "Home of Truth," where ministering angels can come and go at will. This is the abode that will invigorate a healthy mind and bring it en rapport with the ideals of life so that they can unfold and manifest that eternity has no beginning and no end. I, Johann of Arc, know of no beginning, neither does she understand of any ending. All is life and animation; it is the constant unfoldment and working out of destiny.

The French historian gave me the name of "Joan of Arc," but I was christened "Johann of Arc." I was what you would call a lazy child, very slow of speech and more so of action. I was one that lived upon the ground a great deal, and liked to come in touch with mother earth and feel the soil passing through my fingers.

Close by my parents' home were a number of large trees. I never had the desire to climb either one of them, as other children would do. There was one large tree that was nearer to our home than the others; that one was my favorite. I would lie upon the ground under its beautiful shady branches and listen to the invisible voices. The other children called me the dreamer, and sometimes when they would prevail upon me to go nut gathering I would walk so slow that they would say, "Johann,

we will go ahead and you can follow." Sometimes I would find the place where they were gathering the nuts, and at other times would not. I would on some occasions become weary and tired, then I would lie down. It is then I would hear the spirit voices. Sometimes when I would reach home it would be dark. As I entered the door of our hut my mother would address me, saying, "You lazy baggage, where have you been?" That is the way you would express it in English.

Our home was a small one; it was built from stones picked up in the field, plastered inside and outside with mud. Our floor was made of clay beaten down hard while in a wet condition, so that when it became dry it was solid. The house had a thatched roof, covered with some kind of substance that had the condition of pine in it, and this kept out the rain or dampness of any kind. My people were very poor and lived in a primitive, crude condition. Our home consisted of two rooms, a living room and one in which my father and mother slept. Bedsteads were unknown in the part of the country in which I lived. They were bunks fastened to the wall, dried leaves and grass were placed over the under poles to quite a thickness, which made it soft and pleasant to sleep on. As a general thing the leaves would be covered by the skin of a deer or some other animal. My little brother slept in the same bunk with father and mother. Those bunks were made long enough so that a child could sleep at the parent's feet. I went up a ladder in the living room to a little loft over the sleeping room and slept on dried grass and leaves up there. When all had gone to bed and the home was quiet I felt happy up in the little loft. Then I would hear children's voices that would come and sing to me of the beautiful spirit world. Oh, how happy I would be then. After they had got done singing I would hear a voice say to me, "Johann, some day the world will hear of you." It seemed to me then it was a great secret they were confiding to me. I kept it locked up in my heart, but there came a time when I had to reveal it to my parents, and also to others. I never had any education, for there was no school in the part of the country where we lived. We were not a highly civilized race of people, but crude, coarse and ignorant. I never saw a book until I was eighteen years old, and it was a great curiosity to me. I looked

upon the woman who was the owner of it with surprise and wondered how she could talk out of that thing. I watched her as she read and turned the pages, thinking to myself, that must be an angel talking, and wondered how she came to possess it. One night I laid upon the bed thinking about the woman reading the book when a voice said to me, "Johann, that woman shall be your friend, for she is a scholar and a lady." I wondered what a scholar was, never having heard the word before. The voice said, "She understands a great many things about the outside world, for she is constantly reading about what is going on." I said to the voice, "Shall I ever learn to read like her?" The voice said, "No, you do not require books. We will educate you and when we have finished our work through you, then you are through with that body." Alas, this came true.

When I was a young person living at my parents' home— But first let me tell you when I was possibly about the age of six my mother did not know whether she would raise me as a boy or a girl, I being very masculine and having dull eyes, but my father decided he would like a daughter and they raised me as a girl. I never had any girlish ways, nor did I ever play with a doll like other little girls. There was located in my make-up both male and female, the male predominating. I liked boys and boy's ways. When I grew to be a young maid, as people called it, the young men came to court me and would use loving words when they addressed me. They would say, "Johann, I like you very much and speak of other endearments such as young men do to young maidens. One day a young man that bore the name of Heinrich Dorio came to me and taking my hand, said to me, "Johann, I love you and I want to make you my wife." My male nature drew me up to my full height, which was not so very tall. I addressed myself to him, saying, "Heinrich, if you ever say that to me again I will kill you." He said, "Johann, what do you mean; don't you intend to get married?" "Never to a man. My nature loves a girl." He laughed and went off, telling other young men and girls that I was crazy.

Now, sir, I will tell you something, perhaps, that you do not understand and thousands and hundreds of thousands that are living in the world do not understand to this day, with all its boasted civilization. The male nature was so strong in me

that I fell in love with a beautiful young maiden and wooed and won her for myself and we lived together as man and wife. French history does not tell you this. I was a male spirit that had taken on a female body for an experience in life. Those that ridicule this and say it cannot be, do not understand what they are talking about. Their ignorance of the divine law of nature put it beyond their comprehension. I am now, today, acting in the capacity of a female influence. I controled the condition of the Indian spirit that is living her life through the medium's guide who bears the name of Rosa, whose proper name is Water Lily. She has placed herself in this condition to work out and expiate for crimes that she committed in her past life. This Rosa and myself came in rapport with the medium when she was ushered into life. She is also working out a condition in her life for past crimes that she committed. She has taken upon herself a male body but the female predominates so strongly that the male part of it is a failure. In this way, sir, I will explain it to you. The female is so strong in her condition that her love is still for the male sex. All the male portion that came in this embodiment is only the masculine expression, and in that you can see the female lips, the female eyes and the female laugh, even the hands, feet and the body is a failure, when it comes to the form of a man.

Now, I will give a description of my makeup. French history describes me as tall, beautiful, graceful and commanding-like. They say, I had the look of some goddess; that I was the possessor of a luster in my eyes; that when I looked upon people they humbled themselves before me. It was nothing of the kind—that is all a falsehood and a misrepresentation of my appearance. I was low-sized—what you would call squatty. My complexion was dark and swarthy. I had a large mouth and flat nose, dull eyes, dark hair with a tawny look to it. There was none of that brilliant appearance to me that this medium possessed in the prime of life, and which has not altogether passed away. As I still see there is a luster left to the eye which I never possessed. My great grandfather was a Moor, and on my mother's side there is Spanish blood. We are what you call French—dark and swarthy. How little the medical fraternity knows of our sex. It seems a mockery to mention their name in

connection with our condition; but it is time that the civilized world should know that such individuals inhabit bodies. Many of our sex are very beautiful, especially those where the female predominates. They fall in love with men and men fall in love with them. They marry and live together as man and wife. They go to some foundling institution and adopt one or two children. Then they remove to a strange city and they give out to the neighborhood that those children are theirs. Jennie Lamont, the great circus rider—the most daring woman ever known on a bareback horse—her riding was so daring that every night some of the people were afraid she would break her neck. She was of our sex—the female predominating—and she was very beautiful to look at. The circus proprietor married her and made her his wife. They are now living in retirement at Nice in France. Both of them are over eighty years old and well to do.

I give you this little illustration, so that you may understand those that come into the world in a body, at some part of their life the world hears from them, just as they did from this medium and others of the sex. He has been entertained by the highest of all nations. When he visited London, England, Queen Victoria entertained him or her, as you choose to call it, in a royal manner. She knew of this child and understood there was what you call royal blood in his veins. She kept it a secret, knowing all the while there had been such a child born into the world. That is why her gifts were rich and precious. He had been entertained by several of the presidents of the United States. He was loved by President Lincoln for his mediumship and other conditions. When he was young and lived with General Warren he was what you would call beautiful and I might as well mention here that men raved over that beauty. Many a senator and congressman vied with each other in throwing flowers to this individual and sending many valuable presents to her rooms at the hotel. At one time during her life her diamonds were valuable, as she possessed many of the rich gems.

Now, sir, I will go back and deal with my own life. When I was a young woman, as the world was allowed to call me, I was sitting under my favorite tree and received a terrible shock as if strong electricity was passing through all the conditions of

my body. I was thrown into a terrible condition of perspiration—every part of my body seemed to be burning up with fever. When I heard a loud voice speaking to me which sounded coarse and cruel. The voice said, "Now, Johann, the time has come when the world shall hear of you. France has become an impoverished nation and the enemy are invading her beautiful land. She has been ruined and the poor have been ground down and held like slaves to pay the immense debt of a worthless king who is low, licentious and brutal. His whole life has been one of riotous living and, in connection with his concubines, he has ruined the nation. He is a low brute, living in a human form. Brutality and licentiousness is expressed in every lineament of his face. He gets drunk and his brutal and licentious carousing with his low concubines lasts away into the morning. He turns day into night and night into day. Now, to save beautiful La Belle France we must drive the enemy from her shores. Johann you will go forth to battle and I will give you the commands and you can give them to others, so that they will be put into force and be executed." I said to the voice, "Who is this person that speaks thus?" The voice said, "No matter now. You will know when your work has been carried out and finished." Alas! I discovered who it was when my work was finished. I discovered it was the brutal Nero who gloated on human gore and when we heard the shrieks and cries of the wounded and dying I could hear the voice laughing at the suffering and misery of these poor creatures. I begged this cruel voice to let me go, for my heart had become sick at the suffering and carnage of battle all around me. It just seemed as if France would become a charnal house for the bones of the dead. Oh, God, sir, it was something terrible to witness the condition of poor La Belle France and her starving and poorly-clad army. Many a time the tears coursed down my face when I heard the cries of the suffering and aching hearts of poor women and children who were almost starving for the want of food. I kept begging and begging the voice to let me go. The answer was, "No; you shall go on to the end and until it is all finished, and then we will release you," and they did as they had promised. They released me by burning my body at the stake. That was my reward for it all.

Now, the Catholic Church canonizes me and calls me Saint Joan. Oh! what a mockery in the name of religion. This same Catholic Church is nothing but a house of pagan religion, where they worship idols and still perpetuate pagan ceremonies. All their religion is stolen from Oriental customs with the introduction of modern priests who live on the best of the land and keep the poor people in ignorance of the inside workings of their religion. This is a curse to any nation that is controlled by it. They are the poorest and most degraded of all nations in the world. Ignorance and poverty are in the majority of all their conditions. I thank God the day is not far distant when the people, through elevation, will arise en masse and burn down their convents and monasteries and will drive the inmates with their mummeries to all parts of the globe. Oh, I tell you, sir, there is going to be a big revolution in religion. As schools go up and progress and the minds of the people will become intelligent and expand in breadth of liberality, then people will think for themselves. Churches and their mummery will slide down the hill and be swallowed up in a volcano of high civilization. History says that when I rode upon my horse into battle I sat straight and erect and my eyes took in the whole situation at one glance. That is not so. I sat upon that horse like an automaton or a wooden figure, as you would call it. I heard the commands and gave them to others. My voice was of low speech, so you see I did not, as history describes, call out my commands in a loud, powerful voice. I gave them in a quiet manner to the officers who were in command. They called them out in a loud voice to their men. History says I was dressed in a beautiful tunic, all ornamented with gold and silver. In front of my helmet was set a large precious jewel, and that my beautiful, light brown hair hung down below my waist and was the admiration of all the officers and soldiers. Now, sir, let me tell you that is a straight lie from beginning to end. They said that I rode on a beautiful white horse. The horse that I rode was dark dun color. It was neither of a bay nor a sorrel, but of a very gentle disposition, and I became very much attached to it. It acted as if it was proud to carry me on its back. France was too poor then to give me a beautiful white tunic all embroidered with gold and silver ornaments.

I will now describe the manner of dress I wore. It was a dark blue cotton tunic of very cheap material, lined inside with rabbit skin. My legs were encased in cow skin leggings, laced up with strips of deer skin. My shoes were made of horse hide without being tanned, for the hair was still on the hide. They were made of two pieces, very much like an Indian moccasin. They were long and pointed—being of the fashion that a poor peasant wore at that time. My hair was coarse and dark—almost as you would say, like the hair of a Moor. In a certain light it had a kind of tawny shade to it which made it look almost of a dark, dull red. I wore no helmet upon my head, but a small fur hat that my mother made for me to wear in battle. So you see, sir, I was not dressed dashing, neither did I have that striking appearance that history claims I had. They have raised a monument to me which represents me as a tall, erect, beautiful woman, fashioned and formed like an amazon. I looked like a female God of war, when I was only a low, squatty individual—an organization formed and fashioned for spirit power to play upon. I suppose the Church will claim me now to be a beautiful spirit saint.

I expect to be painted next in looks to the Madonna herself, so that the deluded minds may gaze upon the picture and see what a wonderful being I have been. Alas! alas! Credulity, thou art the destroyer of the human mind, and you compel the human intellect to become a dreamer of imagination. I long pray for the day when people will be permitted to stand upon their own merits and the world will see them and view them from a truthful standpoint in life. Now, sir, I wish to express myself in the part that I play in connection with the medium. I am the one you call Rosa, for which I will give you an explanation. I am the duality of the dual nature—the one you call Rosa is working out her condition for past crimes committed while in the body. She is living her life through the medium. There is a Chippewa Indian girl who is living her life through Rosa. That is why Rosa is attracted to everything that is gaudy and of high color. I have been with the medium ever since his individuality was ushered in or located in the womb of the mother when she took the male condition upon her and was ushered into life through the process of a physical birth. I have been the guar-

dian and protector. I am principal intelligence of the condition through which I guide her. I act upon the Indian girl, also upon Rosa and the medium. I am the fountain head of their actions, so that you can see that I live my life through them and in reality I am the guide. I am the one that visits your circles and compels Rosa to act for me. I was the controlling instrument that guided the medium through the war. I conducted him through and inside of the Rebel lines, taking care that he got back safely inside of the Union lines. The voice of George Washington gave his commands to the medium and I saw that they were carried out to the letter. I compelled the medium to fulfil everything, as the spirit of General George Washington requested. Your medium lived in a dream, as it were, during the whole rebellion. That is why you have the individual with you today so that you can listen to the higher teachings of spirit existence. Thank God, re-embodiment is a truth and those that mock and laugh at it do so because their ignorance will not permit them to understand that which they mock. "He that laughs last laughs best."

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and hope that the medium's health will permit a condition that can be prepared for other communications that are to follow. Wishing you good day, and God bless you. You will have to live a little while longer in the harness. Your friend and well-wisher, Johann of Arc, and not Joan, as history has it.

Amanda Hulburt to Her Children

Chapter V

Children, God is in His Holy Temple.

The great created life in universe,
Which nothing in nature's laws can reverse.
He is the soul in atom of eternal life,
Constantly ministering to man and wife.
And as every rose bud drinks in the sun,
So did my child Hannah, when her life begun.
God was in her whole expression—
I saw she had from truth learned her lesson
And grew up under the temple of eternal life,
As she one day became a wedded wife.
I come back with my love to her, as I do to you all,
So the great God does not permit even a sparrow to fall.
The human mind is easy to tempt,
When the ear to perishing infidelity is lent.
But the soul that drinks in eternal truth,
Will become a gleaner in the field, like Ruth;
For nothing can fall in the sight of God—
Not even the base tempter's rod
That he may point at man with scorn,
Because you were all created in God, before born,
For life is eternal, proved beyond death,
As ye receive each day from God your vital breath.
Now, my boys that are still in human form,
Do not even the least of God's specks scorn—
As all through evolution and progression will rise
To sing the praises of their Maker in the skies.
Let the enemies of God belch forth vituperous scorn,

Your souls will rise above it on the coming morn.
See that your life by morality can your name adorn,
And you some of the bright satelites in heaven will form.
It is not hard to bridge the span called death,
As it is merely the change from the body of eternal breath.
When you open your spiritual eyes on the other side of life,
Then you can by expiation all errors outwipe,
For God is forgiveness and charity in all her power—
So, you see, you were loved from creation's hour.
Oh, how can man fall from God's grace!
Only through a religion misconducted by a race
That held up priestcraft to enslave women and men,
And must be wiped out of all human ken—
For the spirit of Christ came through Jesus to earth
To teach you of the higher spiritual birth.
That when you have laid down your weary mortal coil
Jesus taught you how all crime and sin to foil.
So, my children, let Truth be your highest light,
For it will open up to you God's inner sight,
And through wisdom you will understand
That God always loves and does not command.
Those laws that never bring to the highest intellect and gewgaws
As you must feel in your soul, God is the great cause.
There is nothing fails here—all is real—
As you in spirit will know and feel.
Let your thoughts be to your neighbor of eternal love,
And we and the angels will reward you from above.
The thoughts of your family group
Are that your lives are like the sparkling brook,
And as you glide along through life,
May you sew the seeds of a higher light
Constantly coming to earth's children fair,
As God is in light, space and air.
These few lines I send to you,
My loving children, bright and true.
Father and the rest all join in spiritual love.
Now you understand we watch you from our home above.

Your loving and affectionate mother, Amanda Hulburd.

General George Warren

Chapter VI

September 15, 1902.

Brother, in eternal life I enter your home with the love of friendship, hoping that it will never be anything else but that love shall reign within your home.

My name is Warren; I was known as a military officer in your American army, the position of which I hope I fulfilled, as all military men should fully do their duty toward the nation that gave them birth, and the honor of that birth being consummated on American soil.

Why I come today is simply to honor the anniversary of your little Medium and myself taking up our tent together on the fifteenth of September, 1848. I come here by the request of a band of spirits to give a description or illustration by the pen of his life while I knew him; many of the band consist of his friends and my friends. Why, I express it in that way is that many of my friends never met him while they lived in the body—only hearing of him and that he belonged to me.

Now, I will commence my illustration and you will give it to the public through your pen, the orifice of the ink and the development of the fingers that handle the pen.

This illustration that I will give to you is true and truthful, as it comes from every sentiment of my nature and existent of my soul's comprehension. I have awakened to the simplicity of my natural condition in connection with your medium—rap. That rap that you just heard is the manifestation and proof of which I shall relate to you.

In the early part of September, 1848, I attended a performance given at a theater in which Adah Isaacs Menken played the leading part. The little Medium was then called "The Dashing

Blanchard." He lived and traveled in female attire. He was not quite four feet tall, but very beautiful to look at. He had beautiful long dark raven locks, which waved and curled as they fell toward the ground.

Now I will address the Medium as she, for as such he was known to the public.

In the play she played a sprightly, artistic soubrette part—one in which she made a great deal of fun for the audience to laugh at. Her dancing and singing was charming. I became smitten and vowed I must know her, for she had stolen my love and heart that night. It was love at first sight. It increased and lasted while I lived in a physical body. A more happy little creature I never met in life. She was one of the most innocent individuals I ever had the pleasure of meeting. I can see her large eyes now looking up at me in wonder when I would tell her some of the affairs in human life—for you must understand, she was born and lived in the country until about one year before she entered the theatrical life, and as the Scotch say, "She was a bonnie thing to look at." Those who played with her when she made her debut told me that she was a little mite of a thing and could sing and dance, much to the delight of the people.

She made her first appearance at the Old Chatham Street Theater, in New York city. I think it was then called the National Theater. I have heard actors tell how the little thing sang in broken English, for she had to learn how to speak English after she came to America. I've heard G. W. Jones say it was a strange little creature. After she had played about six months she had taken to wandering off by herself and they had great difficulty to find her sometimes. He says he remembers one time they found her in a cellar at the "Five Points," dancing and singing for a lot of negroes and low whites. At another time they found her grinding an organ for an old Italian at the corner of Chambers and Center streets. At another time they found her crying out the beauties of an old Jew's wares on Pearl street. He said the Jew was sitting down on a three-legged stool, laughing fit to kill himself, while she was crying out what bargains they would get if they would only come and buy. Mr. Jones said on Chatham street there was a little museum, natur-

ally, he said, he looked up and to his surprise there was the Little One standing in a window held up by the fat woman of the show. He was crying out, "Here's where you get the best show in the world, and you can see everything that's in the world if you buy a ticket."

"I knew we had to use him in the play that night, and now was my only chance to grab him while he was in sight. I bought a ticket, walked up stairs, walked right to the window where he stood, caught hold of him and took him right in my arms, when he said, 'Hello, Jones; is it time to play yet?' I said, 'Yes; and they are waiting for you.' He said, 'All right, Jonesey.' He kissed the fat woman good bye and I carried him in my arms to the theater." At that period of his life he dressed in boys clothes.

I could tell you many of the escapades he would venture out on, told me by Mr. Jones and Mr. Fox; but it would take up too much space.

He played children's parts with many distinguished actors and actresses. Edwin Forrest told me he loved and admired him very much, but he was a strange creature, and he never could understand him.

Now, I will return where "he" is a "she," that is as the world looked upon it. When I made her acquaintance she was full of fun and harmless tricks. Menken used to say, "The little creature is a regular kitten; it is always so full of fun."

Now, I will relate here something, perhaps, the world never knew—I do not relate this through vanity or vain feeling of my personal appearance—I have to relate it in order to fill out this part of my communication.

The beautiful Menken fell desperately in love with me. I could not return that love, for she was no woman of my choice. I was desperately in love with the Little One, and thought I could not live if I did not possess that little creature. I wanted it all for my own and to take it away from the gaze of the world. I felt I must steal it, carry it off and hide it away in the woods where none but the birds and myself could look at it.

When the beautiful Menken discovered I was in love with the little creature she commenced to hate it and upbraid it badly for not paying proper attention to its business on the stage, which came from a jealous part of her nature, then she com-

menced to tell us dreadful things about the Little One, who was innocent of everything she accused it of.

I told her I would not listen to any of her stories, for I knew they were lies made up through her jealousy toward the Little One.

Then she came out and told me, "She can never bear you children. She is of both sexes—an hermaphrodite." I said, "So much the better, for I do not like children. She is all the little baby that I want anything to do with." She said, "She's not yours yet, and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." She said, "Now listen to me, Warren, and also to common sense, "If you will promise to marry me, I will get divorced from my husband; then we can go to Europe, where I am a big favorite. There we can get rich and buy a beautiful home." I told her all the beautiful homes on earth could not fill the place of that Little One in my heart. I felt that she was for me and I was for her. Menken tried to force a large diamond ring on to my little finger, saying, "Take that as a keepsake and act sensible." I placed the diamond ring on her dressing table, saying, at the same time, "No one can buy me with diamonds or money. I am a man and an honorable man, I want you to understand. My ancestors, the Warrens, were honorable people and I never heard of one of them selling their honor for money," and walked toward the door of her room. She turned in a fierce fashion, saying, "I hate that Dashing Blanchard, and shall hate you, too, if you shall prefer her to me."

I called at the hotel the next afternoon and sent my card to Blanchard's room. She sent me back word that her trunks were packed and she was going to leave for New York that evening. It seemed as if my brain got on fire. I ran up those stairs two and three steps at a time. When I had reached her room I found the door was open. She was sitting on a sofa, stroking down a cat. I walked into the room and said, "Blanchard, what does this mean? Why are you going to New York?" She said, "Adah says she will not require me any longer and has purchased a ticket for New York, making me a present of it." I said, "You shall not go to New York." She said, "But, I will, for I can't afford to stay here and pay board." I said, "Your board is of no consequence. I shall pay your bills." She laughed and said, "How generous men are becoming."

Two nights before that she gave me a tongue lashing in a ball room. I told her it was no use to do that. She would become mine and she could not help herself. That night when I saw her home from the ball I told her I would call tomorrow afternoon for my answer. She slapped my face in the carriage and kicked my legs. I said those were only love taps. I called the next afternoon. She sent word to me in the parlor she would not see me. I then went direct to her room, opened the door, walked in and closed it behind me, which was a piece of audacity and not such as a gentleman would do; but my brain was on fire all the time and that is the only excuse I can make. I said, "Little One, I have come for my answer." She said, "Take it," at the same time throwing a water pitcher at me, which I dodged. Oh, those eyes were beautiful when she was angry! I went up and took her in my arms. She kicked and fought me at the same time pulling my hair and slapping my face. I sat down with her on the sofa, saying, "Little Pet, listen to me. You're to be mine and you can't help yourself. I shall be both a husband and a father to you."

I want to tell you here, that I brought my psychological power to bear on the Little One, who became quiet and passive. I said, "Now, Little One, you were made for me and I was made for you, and we must both live in the same tent. She said, "Why, I am never going to marry any man, I couldn't bring his children into the world, and a married man is never happy only when he has children and he hears them call him 'papa.'" I said, "My sweet little goose, that is all right. I do not want any children, because I do not love them. You are all the baby that I want to have around me. I love you very dearly and I know in time you will love me, although I am much older. I am twenty-seven years older than you are, little sweetheart, but what does that matter when we love each other. You require a guardian to look after you. You are so innocent to the ways of the world. I am that guardian chosen by God. If there is such a thing in life, there is a strong power that forces me toward you. I just feel a if I want to eat you up. No other man shall ever own you; if any one attempts it I will kill him. No, dear, you have heard what I have to say, become resigned, Pet, and

I will make you the happiest creature living. I could not do otherwise, for you are so small and fragile." She then said, "Well, if I have to take a husband, I might as well take you as anyone else; but remember I don't love you." I said, "That is all right, I will make you love me, for I will be kind and gentle to you. She said, "Well, it's a go. What are you going to give me after getting off all this talk?" I said, "You shall see tomorrow, dear, when I call to take you up to my Aunt Mary's, for she is a kind woman and will be kind to anyone that I love. I will place you in her keeping, as I have to return to West Point, where she can bring you to see me." She said, "Well you must go now, as the curtain must fall on this act with tableau and red fire," which made me laugh. Then I placed her on the sofa, where she stood up, threw her arms around me and kissed me, saying, "Old man, you've only got a mustache; if you want me to love you, you've got to have a beard, too." I said, "All right, little darling, I shall raise a beard expressly for you to play with."

On the morrow, when I called, you can realize the disappointment I met. There she was with her trunks all packed to go to New York. After I had talked with her, I discovered that she had told Menken what she was going to do—that she was going to live with me. Menken told her I was a very wicked man and had another wife and three children and she would buy her a ticket to take her to New York, where she would escape my clutches—I being a dreadfully wicked man. I admitted to her that I had lived with a woman and was the father of three children. I had discovered I could not love that woman as a wife—we had been separated two years. I then said, "I love you and you only for all time. I am the father of many other children." She jumped up and stood on the floor, looking at me with those wonderful eyes, saying, at the same time, "Is that because you're such a big man, you can be the father of so many children?" I laughed and took her in my arms, at the same taking out of my vest pocket a diamond cluster ring. It was a beautiful ring, consisting of seven large stones of the first water. I placed it upon her finger, saying, "There, Pet, that's what I bring you for all the talk we had yesterday." She looked at the ring, admiring it on her fingers, and I placed it on her thumb. She laughed with joy, saying, "Oh, isn't it beautiful?" She said,

"Now, I think you are a pretty good-looking man," which made me laugh. I told her my beard hadn't come out yet. She said, "This ring will do until your beard grows."

That shows you, brother Hulburd, how a glistening ornament will cover a good many defects in a man with those that have the female nature in them—especially if the bauble has much value to it. I told her then that she must return that railroad ticket to Miss Menken. I placed the ticket inside of an envelope, addressed it to Miss Menken, left it at the hotel office to be sent to her room.

The Little One became mine as long as I lived in the body, and I was a happy man, I tell you. Only I did not like it, when the influence would come around her and make predictions.

I gave the company a supper on the following night at the hotel. Next day following after that night I placed my Little One in the care of my Aunt Mary, whom I loved above all my relations. Then I told the Little One she must put on boys clothes in order that she might visit me at West Point. She did as I requested.

On her visit to West Point, General Scott said to me, "Who is that pretty little creature with your aunt? It's too sweet-looking for a boy; it looks like a girl." I said, "General, that is my little boy; he belongs all to me and only me. No one else has a claim on him." The General said, "Hasn't the mother any claim on him?" I said, "Not now." The General said, "So, he's one of your boys. Have you ever counted how many you can claim relationship to? I suppose this one being so pretty you selected him out from among the rest." I said, "Just so, general." He laughed and said, "That's right, Warren, my boy. Keep the scripture by multiplying and replenishing the world." We laughed and parted, for I saw the General had fallen in love with my Little One and the pangs of jealousy crept into my heart. It was only a false alarm. I discovered in time he loved my Little One as a father would love a child, and as long as he lived he was always Uncle Scott to my Little One.

We will continue at another time, as I know your fingers must be tired.

September 16, 1903.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. We will now continue my communication—that is, I will give the communication, and you will take it down, as per se.

I wish to give an explanation of what a peculiar creature my Little One was. I made the discovery that his whole nature was that of generosity, with a good deal of canny Scotch in it.

I found that I had to be very decided on all points of the question and that question was how to control my Little One. I discovered that he put no valuation on money and that he would lend a good deal of his salary to some of the deadbeats in the theater. I call the Little One him now, as he wears pants and a jacket.

One Monday morning that I remember in particular, he came home from the theater with part of his salary gone. He placed what was left in my hand, saying, "Papa, you take care of that." I thought I would count it before I locked it up in the desk drawer, until I could get a chance to deposit in the bank. When I had counted it I found it was thirty dollars short of his regular salary. I said, "Puss, there is thirty dollars missing." He said, "Oh, that's all right, I lent Mr. Boyd thirty dollars, and he is going to pay me back with interest when he gets his benefit." Then I thought it was time to put a stop to those deadbeats borrowing his money. I said, "Come here Little One, and stand by me. Papa wants to talk to you and talk to you seriously." He looked up at me with his wondering eyes, saying, "Is your grandfather dead? When did he die?" I said, "No, my grandfather is not dead. I want to tell you a story about a man who thought everybody was honest, just as he was. He had a relation die and leave him a large fortune." He said, "Oh, papa, now you are coming to the truth. You're rich, 'aint you? Who left you all the money?" I said, "No, Pet, I am not rich. Now, pay attention to what I have to say. This man that was left all the money was a very generous, liberal-minded man. His friends or supposed friends kept borrowing from him. He would lend them money and take no note for the same or any written statement whatever. He kept lending and lending his money and the first thing he knew he was a poor man. He had run

up many bills himself and one morning he woke up to find the merchants were demanding their money. He thought he would go around and see the people that he had loaned money to, telling them they must pay him back now, as he had a number of bills to pay himself and the merchants would not become satisfied until he had liquidated those debts, or, in other words, had given his check for payment. He gave his checks out quite freely, thinking his friends would pay him back the money so that he might deposit it in the bank to meet those checks. His friends did not return him the money, but were prolific with excuses why they did not do so. Now, you see, Little One, this man had no business qualities whatever. His notes were put to protest and he became a disgraced man. The dreadful calamity that had befallen him broke him down. He aged fast, and finally landed in the poorhouse another pauper for the county to take care of.

“Why I have told you that little story is to show to you how many people that borrow never intend to pay back. Now, I confidently believe that this man Boyd, will never pay you back what he has borrowed. He owes you over three hundred dollars now and I as your guardian and friend must put a stop to it. I feel it my duty to do so. Every Monday morning, while you are playing this engagement I will go to the box office and receive your salary. Then, I'd like to see any of those dead-beats borrow it from me.” He said, “All right, Papa Warren, you are a bully soldier.” Then he remained quiet for a number of minutes. I saw he was thinking about something. I took him on my lap and said to him, “Pet, what are you thinking about?” He looked at me with one of his roguish smiles, and said, “Papa, was ever any of the Warren's hung for being too generous?” The idea struck me as ridiculous, and I burst out laughing. He invariably went from the sublime to the ridiculous. He heaved a long sigh and said, “I guess I'm damned bad, papa, but when I learn to read the Bible I'll be good then, papa.” I said, “My little darling, you are good now, you think everybody is honest, like yourself, and that is why they take advantage of your goodness. Now, I am going to make a proposition to you. “I will place ten thousand dollars in the bank in your name, providing you will promise me to deposit the largest part of your salary every Monday in the bank to swell your account, and some day

you can buy a farm and take Papa Warren there to live with you." "Oh," he said, "won't that be grand?" He jumped off my lap, danced around and clasped his hands. You see, Brother Hulburd, I had to appeal to him as I would to a child of nine or ten years old. He was always a child in nature. The people that had charge of him did not educate him. When I told him or explained anything to him I had to do it in plain language, using no high-sounding business words of any kind, as he would not understand them, being quite illiterate as regards education.

Nature had provided him with wonderful gifts, which made him a star in his profession. He was passionately fond of flowers and loved art of all kinds. He'd bring weeds of different descriptions and place them in a vase of water; as long as they had pretty tints, that was all that was required. He loved all kinds of animals, dogs and cats being his favorites. He had a true mother nature, and all children were attracted to him—no matter how dirty and ragged they were, he could always see something pretty in them. Quite frequently he'd make me feel ashamed in the street, when he'd grab hold of a little dirty ragged urchin and kiss it. He'd say, "Oh, papa, did you see that pretty face and those beautiful eyes?" Perhaps the little urchin's face would be so dirty you couldn't tell anything about it. One day I had to laugh in the street. I couldn't help it. We were crossing the street from one sidewalk to another; there was a little ragged girl sweeping the crossing and begging money, while we were crossing a man drove along in a buggy. The little girl stepped out of the way to let the horse and buggy pass. As she did so she slipped and fell into a pool of muddy water. Puss rushed and dragged her out, saying, "Are you hurt, my dear?" She said, "No, you son of a bitch, I'm not; you know very well, I wasn't hurt. Now, give me a nickel quick for cleaning the crossing so that you ere gents wouldn't get your shoes dirty." He took out a quarter and gave it to her, saying, "There, now you can get something nice to eat." She thanked him, and when she looked at him the second time, she said, "Holy Jesus! It's the star of the Seventh Street Theater. I'll be damned if it 'aint."

When we had reached the sidewalk he looked up at me with one of his roguish looks, and said, "Papa Warren, she's religious. Didn't you hear her talk about 'Holy Jesus?'" It struck me so

comical, him saying she was religious, that I burst out into a loud laugh until my sides shook with laughter. So you will understand he always saw the comical side of everything.

When we were by ourselves in our apartments, he'd coax me to play circus with him. He was very fond of walking around on his hands with his feet up in the air. He'd get me to lie down on a rug on the floor in order that he might jump up on my feet and from there jump on to my hands. There was not much weight to him then. He only weighed seventy pounds.

When he would jump on to my hands he'd get me to twist him around this way and that. Then he would jump from my hands on to the floor, smile and bow all around, as if he was receiving great applause from the people in the circus, then he'd throw kisses to the imaginary people when he would say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now perform the great belly walking feat." Then he would bow, laugh and throw kisses again, as if he was receiving great applause. He'd turn to me and say, "Now, papa, hold your legs stiff; this is the great star act of the evening." Then he would jump on to my feet, stand erect, bowing and smiling to the supposed audience, when all of a sudden he'd drop with his belly on to my feet, crying out, "Papa, twist like hell now, for this is our great act." After I had twisted him considerable around on my feet he'd jump to the floor, bow and run into the bedroom; then he'd rush out again hollering at the top of his voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's impossible that I can perform that daring feat tonight again. Papa Warren has struck for higher wages, so you see you will have to let me go this time." Then he'd run back into the bedroom. He did it all so earnestly that I would have to laugh when he had finished up. No doubt some of the readers when they read this communication will think how unmanly it was for a large man like me and unbecoming to my dignity as an officer in the army to get down on the floor and play circus with my Little One; but if they would only stop and think how happy it made me to play circus with him, for to me he was always a little child. When I would lock the doors of our apartments, lie down on the large Turkish rug and play circus with my Little One, I was one of the happiest men in the world. No king or emperor that ever sat on a throne was prouder than I was then to see my little agile creature jump

around and imagine he was a great acrobat in the circus. Little did I think then that little, nimble agile creature would become such a daring spy in the war between the North and the South: His little body was all nerve and grit and he knew not what the word fear meant. I permitted him to become Abraham Lincoln's private spy. It was a secret between the President and myself.

He was one of the gentlest creatures I ever knew until aroused into anger by something that displeased him, then the air would become blue, as it were, for a time with oaths. How he could swear, is beyond anything that I could describe in this communication. If I was close by when he'd commence to swear I would go up and take him in my arms, place my hand upon his head and bring my psychological power into use. After a little I'd calm him down when his whole little body would relax just as if it were a rag. I'd carry him to some place where I could sit down with him. I would not relax my will power until he had gone to sleep, for I knew that was the only medicine that would give him strength.

Brother Hulburd, I had a peculiar little being to deal with—the strangest character I ever came in contact with. As years went by I thought I understood him thoroughly, but, alas! I had made a failure in that. I woke up to the discovery as years went on that I did not understand my Little Puss, and no one will ever understand him thoroughly while he lives in his physical body. Oh, God! what a strange life he has lived. He told me he never was happy until he met me. I traced back his wanderings through life and they were many and various. He suffered poverty, shame and disgrace, but he went through it all living as if in a dream.

There is so much that took place in his life while living with me before our Civil War came, it would fill three or four large volumes but I protected him through it all from deadbeats and vipers in the outside world. I used to say, "Oh, God, if there is such a spiritual existence, take him out of his little body before you do me, that I may lay his little body away from the cruel cold world that had treated him so meanly." But it was not to be, Brother Hulburd, as you see he still lives in the body. People used to look at him and say to me, "What a strange creature your boy is, Mr. Warren. He can laugh and cry almost in the

same minute and don't you know, Mr. Warren, if he had lived a hundred years back instead of at the present time they would have burned him for a witch, because he tells so many things that come true." I will not relate his predictions here. They were many and would take up too large a space in the book.

I remember one time we were at a reception, one I think of the best given in the city; it was very elegant and carried out with a lavish design which money could furnish for that purpose. One of the ladies present said to me, while standing in an alcove surrounded by palms, "Can you not give that boy up? I am wealthy. I am worth seven millions in my own right. If you will give that boy up and say you will marry me, I will get divorced from my husband and make you a wealthy man." I said, "Madam, not all the money that this city contains could fill that boy's place in my heart. I love him as I love nothing else in the world. He is dearer to me than any God I ever heard of, if such a thing can be possible that there is a God such as you church people talk of." She said, "Why is it that you love this boy so?" I said, "Because, Madam, that boy is my wife." She said, "God in Heaven, what do you mean, General; did I hear aright? Did you tell me that that creature was your wife?" I said, "So, madam; he is of both sexes—the female predominating. No diamond that was ever set in a Queen's crown could ever be such a precious jewel as that jewel is to me." She said, "You love that creature and call it your wife? How is it with your other wife?" I told her my other wife bore me children, but I never loved her. It was only a marriage of circumstances." She said, "God in Heaven, general, what a novel this would make. What shall I do with the son I bore you that my husband has fathered?" "Do as you wish with him, madam, let your own heart dictate what is best to do. I'll allow no one to come between me and my Little Puss." She wrung her hands and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh, God, what will become of me? I love you so, and carry another child of yours in my womb. Man, have you no heart or soul? You know I do not love my husband as I do you. Let us fly together and I will make you the happiest man living." I said, "That can never be," when we heard footsteps approaching. A brother officer came up leading Little Puss by the hand. Little Puss saw how the lady looked, he went forward and said,

"Lady, you are sick." He turned and said to me, "Papa, get her some gin and water quick; that's good for a woman's nerves." The look of a devil came in her eye. She opened her mouth and said, "You stand between me and the man I love, curse you," and with that she grabbed him by the throat and would have strangled him to death had not my brother officer and I released her hands. Then I threw her to one corner of the alcove, saying, "You she devil I never loved you and told you so; but you kept sending me presents with notes accompanying them to meet you at certain places. I did not meet you, but one day I was passing your house and you saw me from your parlor window. You ran to the door and called me in and you know the result of that interview. You bore me a male child." My brother officer stood there pale and speechless, for he was her cousin. Their fathers were brothers. When I had stopped speaking the Little One burst out laughing, when finally he said, "Oh, papa, don't I wish that this scene had been on the stage. It would have made a hit. You and she can act so good." As I said before he always saw the funny side of everything. I said, "Come with me, pet, we will leave the house, call our carriage and return home."

My brother officer followed me and as we entered the hall he placed his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Warren, was it all true what you said to her?" I said, "Yes, it is all true, but see that you tell no one of what you heard." He said, "She is a wicked woman and has deceived her husband." I said, "She is no wickeder than I am, and if there is any punishment to come from it in the hereafter, as you call it, I am man enough to pay the penalty for it all; but she led me on with her coquetry, and you heard me tell what the result was." He said, "I did not think this of you." I told him I did not claim to be a strictly moral man, but I would allow no woman to come between me and my Little One.

I promised my Little One that if we both outlived the war I would furnish rooms for him that would look beautiful, as I would furnish them in colors to suit his taste. We both outlived the war and I kept my promise. I purchased costly furniture and beautiful paintings to adorn the walls. I paid a large price for Mueller's "Four Seasons," which I think were beautiful pictures

to look at. I also purchased other works of art, which I knew would make him happy when he saw them. After I had the rooms furnished and all things were put in place, as I thought would please him I invited him to see the rooms, General Meade accompanying us at the same time.

When I opened the door and invited them to enter, Little Puss surveyed the premises all around, and said, "G. Scott, isn't this fine! I think, papa, you are getting better looking every day. Don't you think so, Meadey, my boy?" which got us to laughing. He walked through the different rooms, then finally came back and sat down in the center of the parlor floor. He commenced to cry and then laughed. He looked up at me and said, "Papa, we are getting rich and we don't know it." I said I hoped it would always last that way.

Why I tell you this, Brother Hulburd, is to show you what a childish nature he had. He was an artist while on the stage but outside of his profession he always had the simplicity of a child. He was not a child in years, it was only the way he looked at things. Sometimes he would become quite serious and seem to understand advanced things in life. He would talk like a highly educated individual, perhaps, in an hour he would become Little Puss again—the rollicking child of nature. Oh, how he loved to go into the woods where he could scream, dance and sing to his heart's content. He'd get me to sit down by the foot of a large tree, when he'd say, "Now, papa, let's play you're Robin Hood and I'm your best fellow that brings you all the good things to eat. He gathers some leaves, sticks and stones, brings them and lays them on the ground alongside of me, while on the other side he'd place some brush and long grass. When he had finished arranging the things he'd say, "Now, Mr. Robin Hood, fall to and eat all you want," and with a sweep of his arm he would say, "You see, Mr. Robin Hood, there is abundance in these woods, so do not fail to satisfy your appetite." After he would play in that way for about two hours I would say, "Puss, come and sit down alongside of papa, and sing some of your woodland songs."

There was one song that I always liked to hear him sing:—

From the woodland bowers

I bring you these beautiful flowers

Hoping at every hour
 Our souls together will tour
 Into yon bright realm beyond
 Where you and I and our souls
 Will be left alone to bound.

I like to tell of these things that he would do. To others they may look simple and childish, but to me they remain as jewels set in my soul and that setting is a sacred love for all time.

After awhile he would lay his head down on my lap and go to sleep. I would read the newspaper until he awoke out of his sleep. Brother Hulburd, we were two happy beings, then. We would return home filled with nature's gift—that was one of the greatest medicines in life. We revelled in nature's free air and sang under the great trees in the woodland.

After that he would become a contented child for some time until the great desire came upon him to go out into the woods and the free air, for he had a great deal of Gipsy in his nature. I frequently called him my little Gipsy. I really think there must have been Gipsy blood in him at some time in his nature. I used to think it was Highland blood; at times he would play the Gipsy while we were in the woods and would pretend to read people's fortunes and sometimes they came true. We will continue at another time.

Wednesday, September 17, 1902.

Well, Brother Hulburd, I see it is almost the noon hour for those who live in a physical body; for us that live in a spiritual body all hours are alike. Sometimes we require quietude and rest to prepare our condition for further development.

In the month of August, 1867, the Little One and I were visiting a very fine family who lived in Wilmington, Delaware. While there the friends made arrangements for a picnic on the banks of the Brandywine. The morning of the picnic was beautiful and warm. We were conveyed to the picnic grounds in three large stages. I remember each stage had four large horses harnessed to it. When we arrived at the picnic ground the people immediately improvised tables to place their baskets on.

We opened the day with singing and recitations. A number of the women grouped together were talking about the beau-

ties of the day. While they were thus conversing, one of the women inadvertently made a remark about me. I do not think she would have done so, had she known my Little One was so close by. When he heard the remark he rushed at her with such a torrent of oaths that the rest of the women screamed and scattered. The one that made the remark stood there and did not seem to move. The Little One jumped up on to the improvised table, cursed and swore, damned them all into hell for a lot of old scandal mongers. A boy came running up to where I stood with some other gentlemen, smoking. He said, "Oh, come, Mr. Warren, quick; your boy has gone mad." I hurried after the boy as fast as I could. When I arrived at the place, there I found the lady crying and Puss standing on the table, cursing. I took him in my arms and carried him away into the woods where I could quiet him down. I got him to become quiet and go to sleep. I remained there with him, I should judge, about an hour, then I arose and went to the people to beg all the ladies' pardon who were present. I explained to them the nature and character of my Little One and that he was very impulsive. He was a little Highlander, and had a great deal of that wild Highland nature in him. Often I think it had more of the Gipsy in it than anything else.

The ladies, with the assistance of some of the gentlemen, made preparations for lunch. An old lady came up to me whose name was Mrs. Sarah Mitchell. She said, "Thee mustn't feel too bad, Mr. Warren, the boy defended thy name. She was brash in speaking of thee as she did. Now thee will go and get thy boy and bring him to me, for thee and him must eat with us." I went and woke him up. We joined the old lady and her group at lunch.

There was a gentleman in her group whose name was Alexander Frazier and I was very much attracted to him, for I found him a perfect gentleman and a strong Union man. He came from Baltimore two days previous to the picnic. He was stopping at the hotel. One day he invited Puss and me to join him at dinner. We did so. After dinner was over we accompanied him to his room and there I found during his conversation that he was a strong Union man; that during the war he became a spy for the benefit of the Union. He said he had

heard of the Little One and one evening he attended the theatre in Baltimore, saw the Little One dance and sing in a comedy and he said, "Oh, how I wished at the time that I could hold the Little One on my knee." He asked permission and I granted it.

While he was holding little Puss on his knee he said, "I have something very important to speak of to you, Mr. Warren. This Little One that I now hold on my lap sent a bullet through my brother's brain and he dropped from his horse on to the ground, a corpse. This Little One seized the bridle of his horse, galloped off with it and reached the inside of the Union lines." I said, "Mr. Frazier, that was in war times, and all is fair in war, you know—so the old song says." "At the same time," he said, "while my brother lay dead upon the ground, the rebels were hunting me down by his orders. I escaped back into the Union lines. Four days afterwards there was a man came to me at a certain place and told me of my brother's death. He said he was shot by a little old woman on horseback, who had a strong Tennessee accent and said she was looking for her son, Jeems O'Willoughby. This man that gave me the news was a Southern man by birth, but a Union man at heart. He often aided me in my work inside of the rebel lines. That man is here in Wilmington, and will be at the picnic. I will introduce you to him. His name is Clarence Wilberforce. The other evening when little Puss sang the old maid song, he recognized the voice of the one that shot down my brother. My brother he said, tried to seize the bridle of the old woman's horse, when she sent a ball through his head. Perhaps you wonder why I want to hold this Little One on my lap. It is because, General Warren, I know his and your secret. He was a Union spy, dreaded by the leaders of the rebel army. Warren, I am a medium and have the power of clairvoyancy, given to me as a gift from nature's realm; through my clairvoyant condition I have seen many things that have taken place in this Little One's life." Puss looked up with one of his roguish smiles and said, "Mister, will you lend me a quarter?" He was getting tired sitting on his lap. He asked permission to lay across the foot of the bed, which was granted, and he went to sleep. Mr. Frazier said, "I have something further to tell you that will surprise you. I

was present one dark night, I think it was one of the darkest nights I ever saw in my life. Part of the rebel army went into camp. Next day they expected to be paid in rebel money. The wagon that had the box with the money in it had a guard placed around it on the outside of the camp. Along about one o'clock in the morning came along a mulatto boy with a strong nigger dialect. He had a demijohn full of whiskey, he said. He told them he had stolen it from 'dat yar house ober dar'; he brought it to them, thinging they might want a drink, 'cause he liked to look at sojer boys.' He said, 'Hurry up and drink, boys, kase dey might be after me to get de demijohn back.' The boys filled up pretty well, declaring it was good whiskey—also the lieutenant that had charge of the men. I do not think it was half an hour afterwards when they were all fast asleep, lying on the ground. The whiskey was drugged. The boy in the meantime went away, carrying the demijohn with him. He came back after all the men were fast asleep, got into the wagon and opened the box; how he did it I don't know, for generally such a box has a good lock on it. He set fire to the money in the box, which of course consisted all of rebel paper money. The fire was not discovered until the wagon was on fire. It was too late to save the money. That little mulatto boy was that individual lying on the bed, for I will tell you how I know. As he was running away from the wagon I stepped towards him in the dark. He raised a dagger to stab me when I said, 'Go, boy, you are free; you have done this for the Union.' He said, 'Are you not a rebel?' and then fled into the darkness. I knew through the clairvoyant power I would see just such a scene that night." He looked at me and laughed, saying, "Isn't it wonderful that he never was killed?" I said, "Oh, no, the voice told me they would take good care of him."

Now I will go back to the picnic on the Brandywine. After we had partaken of lunch the ladies carried the dishes down to the river to wash them. The river bank is sloping and grand trees grow all the way to the edge of the water. While my Little One was sitting and talking to old lady Mitchell and several other friends, old lady Mitchell was chiding him for being so quick tempered and that he must learn to control himself. While she was talking and advising him, some of the men commenced

to shout and cut up. The Little One, she said, jumped to his feet and looked up towards where we were cutting up. A man by the name of Scott who was quite a friend of both Puss and mine, picked up a large stone and held it above his head, struck a tragic position and yelled out at the top of his voice, as he had seen Edwin Forrest do. He said to me, "Now I am going to kill you," and was about to say something else, which he never got the chance to do—that is, at that time. My Little One grabbed one of the knives that had been in use during the lunch; he gave a Highland yell, and before anyone could stop him he stabbed Mr. Scott with the knife. Fortunately the knife only went a little below the skin. It had to go through a vest, a dress shirt and an undergarment. The Little One jumped and struck for his heart with the knife. Mr. Scott staggered a little. I jumped to my feet and grabbed him in my arms. Then I said, "Puss, see what you have done." He looked at me and stared with fierce eyes and he said, "Weel, I hae done it, and I don't gie a damn." The next words came in good English. He said, "Papa, he was going to kill you, and I thought I would kill him first." Mr. Scott laughed and said, "You little Tartar, I wasn't going to hurt your father." Puss said, "Wasn't he going to hurt you, Papa?" I said, "Why, no; we were only acting out and cutting up." Then the Little One commenced to cry, and cried as if his heart would break. By that time we had laid Mr. Scott on the grass, opened his vest, shirt and undergarment and I was staunching the blood with my white silk handkerchief.

While the Little One was crying and wringing his hands, he got down on his knees, kissed Mr. Scott, saying, "I thought you were going to kill papa, and then I'd be left all alone in the world." Mr. Scott said, "There, there, now don't cry so hard. I wasn't going to hurt your papa. It isn't anything very serious, but it might have been, you young Tartar, had the knife been sharp." He looked at me and said, "Papa, your handkerchief ain't large enough—we will have to get a larger cloth." There was a lady stood near by who had a white apron on. He grabbed a hold of it and tore it off her, and placed it over the wound. The lady said, "You young devil, if you had asked me for it I would have untied it and given it to you." He said, "I didn't have time," which got the people all to laugh-

ing. It turned out to be the same woman that had made the remark about me, for which he cursed her.

The old Quaker lady said, "It does beat all. I was just advising him to control his temper." Mr. Frazier laughed and said, "You might as soon control the moon from shining at night," but thank God, Brother Hulburd, he learned to control a good deal of it.

The Little One sat down by Mr. Scott and held the cloth on the wound. After awhile it stopped bleeding. Mr. Scott said, "Now, you young Highland Tartar, if you'll sing some of your pretty Scotch songs for me I will forgive you and call it square." The Little One said, "Will you really forgive me if I'll sing for you?" Mr. Scott said, "Certainly I will." The Little One kissed him and then sang for him while all the rest of the people sat around on the grass listening to him. I will never forget that beautiful picnic ground on the banks of the Brandywine.

I invited Mr. Scott to come and stop with us in Philadelphia until his wound would heal, as the Little One said he wanted to nurse him. I tell you this, Brother Hulburd, to show the people some of my Little One's nature, and also that they may understand the picnic did not pass off without some excitement, as picnickers like to have some fun when they go to the woods, but not possibly that line of fun.

Mr. Scott remained with us until his wound healed. Our friendship became greater than ever, as I had given him the greatest treat he ever had in his life—that was to watch the Little One's nature and the extreme points it would go to. He made the discovery, he said, that my Little One's make-up was full of love, but when aroused, he became a little demon.

When Mr. Scott was parting with us he said, "I have never enjoyed any visit that I ever made in my life as I have this one." Our friendship lasted as long as I remained in a physical body.

At another time we attended a picnic given at the Wissihickon. It was got up by Doctor Spear and his friends of Philadelphia. Great was our joy that day as we had an abundance of amusement, singing, dancing and recitations. Many swings were put up for the benefit of the people, which they enjoyed largely. My Little One had me swing him. He would scream

and laugh when I would send him away up into the air. He never seemed to know what fear was.

Among the company there was a large number of the people who claimed to believe in Spiritualism, or spirit return, as it was called. They said many of their noted mediums were there present on that occasion. I remember one who bore the name of Anna Bullene. They claimed she was a wonderful medium. I did not test her powers, therefore could not say whether she was or not.

Mr. Spear, who was a good deal of an astrologer, and had studied astronomy quite largely, I should think, from his conversation, was there. He gave us a beautiful illustration of the planets and their forces.

We would not have gone to the picnic had I known or been informed that many of them were Spiritualists, as I did not wish my Little One to come in contact with Spiritualists, for I was very much opposed to it then and lived in dread of my Little One making predictions of which he did too much to my liking. I tried to smother it as I thought, but I lived to discover that I was an old fool, and it would show itself at all times and whenever it pleased, much to my disgruntled nature.

At this picnic I am describing after the people had partaken of food, they sat around in a circle and called on the mediums to display their art by telling them something of the spirit world. There was a man got up who claimed to be a doctor of some kind. He walked around among the people and described what he saw for them through his clairvoyant power. Many claimed what he told them was wonderful. I think the people addressed him as Doctor Shephard. I noticed after he sat down my Little One commenced to shake. I tried to get him to leave the company and go back and sit down under the trees. He said, no, he would not, very decided. He released himself from my hand, walked over to where there was a tall, dark-complexioned man stood by a tree. He had a black beard and mustache and large, dark eyes. He took hold of the man's hand, at the same time looking away off, as it seemed. He said, "I am on a road that leads to a coal mine. I see a man come up behind another man and strike him on the back of the head with a hammer. That man falls to the ground as if he

were dead, the other man searches through the pockets of his clothes and robs him of everything that he has in his pockets; among these articles are many bonds and a purse of money. The bonds are United States bonds, and that man looks a little like you."

The man laughed a peculiar laugh and said, "Little One, you have made up a pretty good story for the amusement of the people." The Little One said, "Perhaps I have, that man that was struck with the hammer is not dead and he stands over there, pointing to a man with red hair and red whiskers. The man with the red hair and red whiskers jumped and grabbed the dark-complexioned man by the coat collar, saying, "Brother Rob, I have got you at last. I have hunted you down, becoming my own detective." He then said, "Will some of you men assist me in placing this man in jail?" This is my brother, as that little chap says, he thought he had murdered me. After he robbed me of my government bonds and money he got my wife to fly with him to the West. He abandoned her there, after stealing her money and jewelry. She was weak and entered a house of shame. I have tracked him to this city. I was invited here today by Doctor Spear. I never saw him before with a mustache or beard. His hair, mustache and beard are dyed black. His natural hair in color is sandy, like mine."—pulling off his red wig. He was assisted in taking the man to the jail. The man was taken back to the state of Illinois, where the deed was committed. He was tried by a jury and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

That is the last picnic I ever attended with my Little One, as I had gotten all I wanted picnicing with a crowd of people. I tried to hide his mediumship from the people, but now I can see I was foolish in doing so. We will continue at another time.

Friday, September 19, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I will now continue my communication. The medium was in such a condition yesterday I found it would be difficult to control his forces—he is so sensitive to the changes that take place in the atmosphere. Yesterday the haze affected him very much. It bore down on his condition and gave him a stupid feeling—he being so sensitive, all the passing little breezes of wind affect him when he is in

that condition, so I thought I would defer it until today—his physical body is far from well now. He is laboring under the effects of heavy gasses that surround your home at the present time. You must understand that when such a condition as is present with you now the gasses are heavy and more or less affect you all—it produces a tired feeling on the physical system.

In one part of my life, a Mr. Clifford and myself took out a company on the road, called the Broadway Company. We did well for the number of months we were on the road. We both cleared over forty thousand dollars—that is, Mr. Clifford and myself. We struck good weather all the time and had a brilliant comedy company, which received a great deal of praise through the newspapers. My Little One was the star. We played a comedy called "The Sins of the People." Mr. Clifford's wife and my Little One were great cards in their singing and dancing and comedy acting—as you know Little Puss was called the "peerless queen of burlesque and comedy." I see you have one of the programs here in your house which can testify to what I say.

But that which I wish to express to you is related to an occurrence that took place in the company, or I should say, an unfortunate condition was brought to bear by one of the members of the company—a man that was very aggravating. His whole makeup was that of tantalizing other individuals. One day he thought he would get off some of his funny business on my Little One. Puss warned him to desist and attend to his own affairs. He did not heed the warning and carried his funny business a little too far. He held a large pocket knife in his hand and kept thrusting it toward the Little One. Puss seized it and as quick as I can tell it, stabbed him through the center of the hand and left the knife sticking there. The man fainted and fell to the floor.

This occurrence of which I tell you took place in the green room at the Cincinnati Theater. After he recovered—that is, this Mr. McCracken, whose full name, as I remember it, was George McCracken—he threatened to have Little Puss arrested when the whole company said, "If you do it will be a bad day for you," for they all declared they would go into court and swear on oath that he tantalized and aggravated the Little One to

commit the deed. He saw he had the whole company against him; therefore did nothing toward having him arrested.

During the time he remained with the company, which was two months longer, he remained very docile and wasn't quite so funny. His gags were less and he paid more attention to his own business.

My Little One was very sorry that he had committed the deed. When I took him to task and scolded him somewhat for being so rash in doing such a thing as that, he looked up at me with those eyes of his, saying, "Papa Warren, he acted so I just had to do it; he was too fresh and required civilizing." I laughed right out and could scold him no longer, as I was glad he did not stab him anywhere near the heart, which might have resulted in a murder. Oh, that Highland temper of his was hard to control; but as years went on he controlled it more and more all the time. I had great delight in seeing that my education had some effect upon him.

Every once in a while, or perhaps I should say, every other day, he would give several screams, yell just as loud as his vocal powers would permit. After that he would quiet down when he would look at me with a smile on his lips and a roguish look in his eyes, saying, "Papa, I feel better now. I had to scream or I believe I would have burst my gizzard." That was a great expression of his; when he would get angry with anyone he would say, "Papa, I am so mad I could just chew their gizzard up." It would make me laugh, for I thought it was such a peculiar expression. I must tell you here that he had one of the worst tempers I ever saw in a human being. After he would get out from under that condition the members of the company could borrow anything he had, even to his diamond rings, of which he had seven.

Now I will relate to you a funny little occurrence that took place in a boat on a river. This will give you an idea of his nature.

With a number of friends we were in a boat on the Delaware. One of the men had been drinking some and became rather abusive. He was a military officer and quite prominent at one time in the field, but here I will withhold his name from the public.

During one of his abusive fits, or spells, perhaps you would call it, the Little One crept up behind him and with all the strength of his little body, pushed the man overboard. He always did everything quick and before I could grab him, he, too, jumped overboard after the man. After a good deal of labor and hard work, we got them both into the boat again.

I said to Little Puss, "What in the name of Heaven did you jump into the river for?" He said, "To save him," which was the cause of a big laugh, it being so ridiculous for anyone to think that a little creature like him could save such a big man from drowning. I said, "What did you push him out of the boat for?" He said, "I thought a ducking would sober him up," and I think myself, when they laid the man out in the bottom of the boat, he commenced to revive and at the same time grew into a sober and wiser man. That night he signed a pledge, saying that liquor should never pass his lips again, and I believe he kept his word, for I never saw him under the influence of liquor after that.

I conveyed my Little One to our home as quickly as possible, for he was soaking wet, put him to bed, gave him a hot lemonade and he was all right next morning. The officer's friends looked after his welfare. After that occurrence he became a changed man and his family was proud of him. He always called the Little One his savior, and on Little Puss's benefit night the family presented Puss with a diamond ring.

While we were stopping at one of the large hotels at Atlantic City, New Jersey, Little Puss said one morning to me, "Papa, I don't like to live in such a large hotel. Can't we rent a furnished cottage?" I said, "If you wish it." Finally, we rented a furnished cottage, invited the lady with whom we were boarding in Philadelphia and her maid to occupy the cottage with us. It was a cottage of five rooms, and we did not require so many. After we had lived in the cottage a week, my friend and brother officer, General Meade, made us a visit.

One evening during his visit, after we had returned from the hotel, where we dined a gentleman who had been a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment, accompanied us to the cottage. His name I cannot recall just now. He was a first lieutenant, and if ever his eye should peruse this communication it will recall to

his memory the condition of that evening—that is, the condition it found us all in. When we had opened the door and entered the cottage we saw a tall, dark form gliding toward one of the sleeping rooms. I followed it up and just saw it as it was vanishing through the ceiling. I came back into the center room and said, "How strange that was. I was there just in time to see the apparition vanish through the ceiling." The lady living with us said, "How strange it was; I would have believed it to have been imagination, if we had not all seen it at the same time." Brother Meade laughed and said, "It's some of Puss's spooks after him; perhaps it was Old Nick, himself, for you know, some people say Puss belongs to Old Nick." Just then the table slid along the carpet toward the lieutenant and went up and down three times.

The lieutenant commenced to laugh, and said, "Someone here must be a witch." When he said that the table slid back to the center of the room, turned around on its legs three times. After it had done that I noticed my Little One's body commenced to tremble. I took him in my arms and sat down on the sofa with him. I placed his head under my coat, foolishly thinking I could prevent them from talking. The voice spoke and said to the lieutenant, "I am your uncle," and I think he called himself, "Uncle Ezra,"—I was murdered in this cottage for my money by a woman that I came here to live with—one that I had taken out of a house of prostitution. She went by the name of Belle Fletcher. It was my spirit you saw this evening. I want you to hunt that woman down. She lives on Brown street, above Tenth, Philadelphia. Tell my wife that I deposited a will with Judge Brewster. See that you do as I bid you; if you don't I will make it hot for you." Then the spirit left.

The lieutenant left the next morning for Philadelphia to see if he could discover the whereabouts of that woman, and if such a person existed. He found where she had been; that is, where she had roomed, but had left that same evening for Chicago—the evening which I speak of when we were all assembled in the cottage.

We heard afterwards that such a woman did exist and was killed in a railroad accident near Pittsburg. She was a daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher was employed in

a printing office. The mother, Mrs. Fletcher, taught music. The daughter had always been a wayward child and it looked as if they were not capable of controlling her. She was led astray by a young man studying for the ministry. She left home and lived with him for six months, adandoing him, she took up with a gambler who finally placed her in a house of prostitution. Her father told me, with tears in his eyes, that he was glad when he heard of her death. He said her name was Jennie Fletcher, not Belle Fletcher, as the paper said.

One day, the Little One and I were visiting at a Colonel's home in New Jersey. While there a lady also made a visit at the home. I think she called herself either Mrs. Mellon or Mrs. Ellen. I have forgotten just which of the names she bore then, but I am confident it was one of those that I have just given you. She came to where the colonel and I were sitting in the garden under a large maple tree. It was the largest maple tree I ever saw, and formed a fine shade for anyone to sit under. She came towards us, smiling, saying, "Gentlemen, do I intrude?" The Colonel said, "Not at all, madam."

She sat down alongside of me on the grass and after becoming seated she took a letter out of her pocket, saying, "Gentlemen, listen to me. I have here a letter in which I have been presented an offer of marriage." That was the first time I discovered she was a widow. I said, "Then, your husband is not living?" She said, "Oh, no; he had been dead three years. Now, gentlemen, I want to read you that letter," which act I thought was very weak on her part to do and did not think it was discreet for her to read another gentleman's letter to us; however, she read it. In it were great protestations of love and a valuable offer of marriage. That is, such an offer would have been very valuable to many women looking for a husband. After she read the letter she placed it in her pocket, saying, "Gentlemen, what do you think of that?" at the same time looking into my face with a gracious smile. The Colonel said, "That is a big thing if you can close it up, Nell. Just think of the gowns and jewels you can wear." She said, "What does Mr. Warren think of it?" I told her that was what women generally looked for—plenty of money and a fine home to live in. She said in a very arched way, "Don't you think that Love

ought to play a part in it?" Oh, I said, "Love is an outside issue with many women. If there is any Love in it that comes afterwards." She said, "You men are a hard class of people to deal with." I discovered then she was a little on the order of a flirt, from her manner of speech.

During the time this conversation was going on, my Little One was off at a distance swinging with the children.

That evening after dinner I was walking through the park smoking a cigar. I was alone, my Little One had gone on a donkey cart to the village with the other children of the home. I leaned up against a large oak tree, while I was knocking the ashes off my cigar I lifted up my foot to strike a match on my heel in order to relight my cigar, and while I was in the act of doing so I heard footsteps approaching and the rustling of a woman's dress—that same lady that had the valuable offer of marriage presented to her, came direct to me, saying, "Mr. Warren, I have found you. Oh, it is so dull up at the house, and I came out to get the evening air. I do so love to ramble among the trees. Are you sorry I came? Perhaps I broke up your thoughts and scattered them." I said, "Oh, not at all, I was only thinking how my Little One will enjoy the ride in the donkey cart." She said, "He seems very precious to you, and I should think his mother would not like to spare him away so long from her company." I said, "As to that, madam, he has no mother." She said, "What are you—a widower?" I said, "I am anything, madam, that you wish me to be at the present." "Oh, then," she said, "we will take a ramble through the trees. Just imagine yourself Apollo and I am Diana come to greet his lordship in the woods." Then she gave a coquettish laugh and placed her arm through mine. We strolled under the trees and were silent for some time. She broke the monotony by saying, "Did the Colonel tell you that I was a sweetheart of his once?" I said, "No, madam, I never heard of you until today, when we met at the lunch table." She said, "Well, I was, and we were very happy in each other's love until that woman came between us," meaning his wife. We walked along for some time and neither spoke to the other, when all of a sudden she burst out in a passion, saying, "I hate her! I hate her!" I said, "Madam, you should not hate her; it was to be." She said, "Just stand

here and let us look at that beautiful sunset. Oh! isn't it glorious?" and just then she threw her arms around my neck, pulling my face down to hers, kissing me very passionately. She said, "General, I love you. My soul has loved you since my eyes first looked upon your manly form." I said, "Madam, I am sorry to hear you talk like this," for I commenced to think she was a little 'gone in the upper story,' as the boys say. She kissed my hand passionately and then threw herself on to my breast—that is, as far as her head could reach. She commenced to cry, and said, "Oh, tell me, tell me that you have some love for me in your heart." I said, I was afraid it hadn't reached there just yet. She said, "Tell me that you will marry me and no other woman." I commenced to think I had a lunatic to deal with and thought we had better get back to the house. I told her we had better retrace our steps back toward the house, the family would be looking for us to play that game of cards we had promised to do. She took my arm and we walked back toward the house. When we had returned about half the distance from that point where she had confessed her love for me, my Little One and two of the other children came running up to meet us. They were laughing and saying at the same time, "Oh, we have found you, you naughty people. You went into the woods to talk to the fairies, didn't you?"

We returned to the house. She said to me, "You be my partner at the table, won't you?" I said, "All right." We played several games of cards that evening. As my Little One was going upstairs to our room, Barbara, the maid, brought him a glass of lemonade, which he thought was very kind in her to do.

In about an hour after that he was seized by terrible pains in the region of his stomach and bowels. He commenced to vomit and vomited for about half an hour into a basin that I held for him. The family became alarmed and the Colonel and his wife and that woman came to our room to see if they could assist me in any way.

The family became alarmed and the Colonel and his wife and that woman came to our room to see if they could assist me in any way.

The Colonel's wife said, "He vomits like one that has been poisoned." The Colonel took the lamp from the table, came tow-

ard the bed, held it alongside of the basin in order that his wife might look into the basin. When she had done so she said, "Good God, he has been poisoned by someone—just look at that green froth there." We did so and discovered there was some green material that must have been placed in the lemonade. I told the Colonel and his lady that Barbara the maid, had handed him a lemonade before he reached our room. She and the children were standing outside of the open door while I pronounced those words. She entered and said, "Yes, I handed him a lemonade," and as she said so that woman tried to leave the room, but Barbara the maid, barred the way, and the woman grabbed Barbara by the hair of the head, saying, "You she devil, let me pass," but Barbara and the children held the woman, Barbara struck the woman in the face several times when she released her hold. Barbara said, "This woman gave me the lemonade to hand to the Little One, saying, 'Give that to the little dear. I think he is so nice.'"

The woman appealed to the Colonel, saying, "Oh, save me, as you know I am the mother of two of your children that we have placed in school. I fell in love with that man, Warren, and knew that I could not possess him for a husband, or even gain his love until I put that boy out of the way. I am a wicked woman, William, and have mercy on me, as once you loved me." I grabbed the woman, held her two wrists together while Barbara tied her apron tight around them. The Colonel's lady said, "You wicked woman, I see nothing for you now but the penitentiary." She left the room, returning with a drug in a bottle, saying, "Give five drops of that every ten minutes until we get some strong black coffee made."

When Barbara brought the black coffee to the room we gave him all he could drink of it, which, I think saved his life. In an hour after he had drunk a large quantity of the black coffee he commenced to vomit again. After he had finished we examined the vomit and found but very little of the green ingredient that the lemonade contained.

When Barbara, the children and the Colonel's lady had left the room the Colonel shut the door. He went in front of that woman, saying, "Nell, God damn you, for a bitch out of hell, what brought you here today?" She said, "I came to get

more money, and if you don't give it to me, I intended to expose you to your wife by telling her of a murder you committed." "A murder, you bitch!"—and before I could prevent him, he struck her a blow in the face which knocked her off the chair. I grabbed hold of him as he was about to kick her. I said, "Don't do that, Colonel; she is a woman, no matter how low she has become." She screeched out, "Yes; he is a murderer. He strangled his first child that I gave birth to." He said, "You fiend out of hell, who told me to do it but you?" She laughed and said, "When I came here I saw this man Warren and fell in love with him, then I relented of my purpose with you. You see we are both murderers. Now, do your best. Who bought this beautiful home for you? I did with the money that I stole from my father. Curses on you! You got me to poison my father and then rob him. Oh, you pass in the church for a fine Christian gentleman. You wrote me you could not let me have any more money and I discovered the arsenic you had placed in the letters, for I loved you with a demon's love, and now, curse you, we will go to prison together," and before I could prevent it he kicked her in the region of the heart. She fell back on the floor and in a few minutes' her spirit left her body.

They returned bringing the coffee which saved my Puss's life.

When the Colonel's lady saw the woman lying on the floor she said, "What is the matter with her? The Colonel was shaking, as if he had the ague. I spoke up quickly, and said, "The unfortunate creature died in a fit." She said, "God help us. What have we done to bring such trouble on our house?" I said, "Nothing, madam, whatever; that unfortunate woman, pointing at the body, was insane and took your husband for some man that she had been acquainted with. That is all."

The Colonel staggered out of the room, went to his own room. In a few minutes we heard the report of a pistol. The Colonel's wife, Barbara and the children rushed to his room. I could not leave my Little One to go then. I heard a scream. Barbara came back wild with fear, pointing to the room and telling me the Colonel had shot himself and that he lay dead on the floor. I said to my self, "Oh, why did we come here to witness

all this misery?" I remained with the family until the Colonel and that woman were laid away in the village churchyard.

I gave the broken-hearted woman and her children some good advice, then left, taking my Little One with me. I made him promise me he never would receive a drink of any kind in the future from a stranger.

We will continue at another time.

Saturday, September 20, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. Your sky is overcast with clouds this morning.

I wish to relate an occurrence that occurred in Baltimore. One evening my Little One and myself were walking toward the theater. As we were walking along my Little One said, "Papa, I feel queer." When we had walked a few rods further, all of a sudden he gave a terrible scream. He said, "Oh, papa, I believe I am shot, right here," placing his hand over his right breast. He staggered and I caught him in my arms.

While I was holding him I saw a man coming toward us. I noticed he was a heavy built man with a black beard that was quite long. As he was walking toward us another man stepped out of a doorway, saying, "God damn you, I've got you now," and shot him right through the breast. The heavy man fell to the sidewalk, crying out, "My God, Will, you have killed me!" The other one said, "I meant to, damn you." Three men grabbed the murderer and held him until a policeman came up and put the bracelets on him.

The remarkable part of it was that as soon as that man was shot, the pain left the Little One and he was all right.

We stepped forward and they were examining the wound to see what they could do for him before they placed him in a carriage to take him home. I discovered where he was shot corresponded to the same place where my Little One put his hand when he gave that terrible scream.

About a month afterward, while I was visiting a clubroom, some of the gentlemen there present got to talking about the man that was shot. A Mr. Kelso said, "By the way, Warren, that man had a strong psychological power and had been using it on the man that shot him. He compelled him to tell a young

lady that he was engaged to he would not marry her. She became angry, ordered him out of the house. Next day she accepted another man's offer and got married."

When that man was released and came to his senses he borrowed a pistol from his brother, laid in waiting for the other man to come along, stepped out and shot him as the man approached. A Mr. Booth, an actor, who bore the name of Junius Brutus Booth, I think, said, "By the way, Warren, I heard that man make a bet that he could psychologize your Little One, as you call him, that he could not play that night. The bet was for a hundred dollars." I possibly think that evening as the man approached he was trying to force his power upon my Little One. I think that is why the Little One became so sympathetic with the condition that was to take place.

When I told the gentlemen in the clubroom how my Little One screamed and said he believed he was shot just a few minutes before the shooting took place, I told him when the man was shot the peculiar feeling left the Little One and he seemed be relieved of the pain. They all remarked how singular that was.

Another peculiar occurrence took place while we were in Baltimore. In the dining room one morning the headwaiter gave us seats at a table with a young lady and gentleman who seemed to have been recently married. While we were sitting at the table I heard the gentleman say to the lady, "I believe that is the little star sitting opposite us." The lady said, "What a small hand he has and isn't it a beautiful shape?" Just then the Little One became silent and did not eat any more. I whispered to him, "Pet, do you feel sick?" He did not answer me. After a little he spoke and said, "Lady, take the next train for your home. Your mother is dying. See to it that you do not fail to take the next train." The lady became pale and left the dining-room with her husband. The man told the landlord what the Little One had said, paid his bill and said they would leave by the next train.

The landlord requested the man to telegraph him if anything should come out of it, and he would pay for the telegram.

Next day the landlord received a telegram and it read thus, "My wife's mother died last night at half past ten. That little

creature is a witch, and I do not think it is right for you to keep him in your house." The landlord laughed and showed me the telegram.

There were two old gentlemen living in Baltimore who were great friends of the Little One. He met them in Baltimore before I became acquainted with him. After he had finished his engagement at the theater they sent us an invitation to come and visit with them a week at their plantation. We accepted the invitation and went. The Little One enjoyed it very much, as he liked to talk to the darkies.

One afternoon about four o'clock we were sitting in the parlor—but first let me explain to you how I will designate these two men—I will describe them thus—the oldest one was six feet, four inches tall and rather a heavy-built man. The other one was a small, slender individual and stood about five feet.

While we were sitting in the parlor there, as I described before, a carriage drove up containing three ladies and a gentleman. Two negroes attended to their horses. The three ladies got out of their carriage, entered the house; the gentleman that accompanied them remained sitting in the front seat. He entered into conversation with the tall gentleman, six feet four, whose name was Carrington. After a while the two gentlemen entered the house, came into the parlor and sat down on the sofa.

Before they entered the house the ladies and we became quite sociable in conversation.

When the other two gentlemen entered the parlor Puss and myself arose, were introduced to the gentleman who bore the name of Cecil Barrington. During conversation we made the discovery that one of the ladies was his wife—the other two being his sisters. The little one that stood five feet bore the name of Aionza Ramsdale. They all addressed him as Lon.

In a little while after we were all comfortably seated in the parlor a colored maid entered and presented each with a cup of chocolate. Lon said, "Puss, these cups and saucers belonged to Mr. Carrington's great grandmother; they were brought over from England." I noticed the cups had no handles to them.

While we were talking about going to play croquet, Mr.

Carrington said, "Puss, I want to make you a present of one of those cups and saucers and a plate that belonged to my great grandmother."

After that the three ladies, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Carrington and myself went out to play croquet. Lon said, "I want to take Justin through the plantation house and show him what quaint looking rooms there are in this house." While they were upstairs in one of the rooms, my Little One said to Lon, "There is an old lady here; she is tall and slender and one that I should judge when she lived in the body was quite dignified. She points for you to open that closet door and wants you to climb up to the top shelf and get that old tea caddy up there and bring it down." Lon called one of the servants to bring a step-ladder. When the servant did so he climbed up, got a hold of the old tea caddy, saying, "Why it's quite heavy, Puss, I wonder what can be in it." He handed it to a servant who placed it on a table. He got down off the stepladder, saying to the servant, "Bring a cloth and dust it off. It must have lain up on that shelf a good many years." Lon said to Puss, "Now, you shall have the honor of opening it. Perhaps it contains some valuable treasure. I always thought that I was an Aladdin and should find some vast wealth laid away somewhere's," which made the colored servant laugh. Puss attempted to open it, but found it was locked.

The servant had to go forthwith and bring all the keys that were in the mansion—trunk keys, bureau keys and any key that she thought would answer the purpose. Finally, a key of a music box undid the lock. Puss raised the lid and the first thing they discovered was some papers and letters from England. The next thing they discovered was a ladies embroidered cap. In that cap was some valuable jewelry. There was a lady's large brooch with a beautiful emerald in the center, surrounded by nineteen diamonds and twenty-eight pearls with a bracelet to match. Three diamond rings and a piece of jewelry the shape of a leaf, covered with diamonds, rubies and pearls. It was an ornament to be worn by a lady in her hair. When they had removed the cap out of the caddy, underneath was a gentleman's large riding glove. When they removed the glove they discovered three hundred English gold sovereigns, coined

in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Lon was so excited he went to the window and called to us to leave off croquet playing and come up stairs as quick as possible. When we reached the room he had the jewelry and money displayed on the table. He said, "Behold what Aladdin's lamp has done for me," pointing to Puss, he said, "And there stands Aladdin's lamp."

When Mr. Carrington saw the jewelry he said, "My God, there's my grandmother's jewelry that we thought had been stolen and never could discover it's whereabouts." He said, "Where did you get it?" Lon said, "In that old tea caddy," pointing to a large old tea caddy that stood on the table. He said, "A spook came here and showed herself to Puss. She wanted me to climb up to that top shelf there in the closet, take down the old tea caddy and open it, and you see our discovery." Mr. Carrington said to Puss, "What kind of a looking spook was it?" The Little One described her. Mr. Carrington said, "That was my grandmother. She always looked like that, as I remember her. I have gone to that closet a number of times to get books, as you see, the shelves are filled with them. Every time I went to the closet I would see that old tea caddy standing up there on the top shelf, thinking it was placed there to get it out of the way, as it belonged to grandma. Well, Lon, you have made the discovery, and it all belongs to you, for what is mine is yours. Now, what are you going to do with it?" Lon said, "I am going to give a sovereign to each one of you present, and to Puss I'm going to give one of the rings and also that jewel leaf, that he may wear in his hair at the theater." We all received our sovereign, thanking him kindly. Then Lon placed the rest that was left into the tea caddy again.

Mr. Carrington removed it to their room down stairs. He said he and Lon would look at the letters and papers at their leisure.

Three months afterward Mr. Carrington wrote me a long letter in which he said, "Those letters found in the tea caddy were his grandmother's and great grandmother's love letters. One of the letters told of the marriage of his great grandmother to Sir Joshua Carrington of England. They are now deposited with the jewels and money in my large safe."

"Lon says he wants Puss to come to the ball given by the

Hopkins' students. He wants Puss to be dressed in black velvet and wear my great grandmother's jewels at the ball. He says he will accept no excuse whatever and will feel very angry if you do not come." We went; attended the ball and the Little One wore the jewels. With his own jewels and the ancient jewels he was a blaze of diamonds which seemed to please Lon and I was proud of him that night. If he had only been a foot and a half taller he would have looked like a queen in royal robes.

I will now tell you of another condition that took place. When we were in Pittsburg we accompanied a lady friend to the railroad depot, who was returning to Philadelphia by the night train. As we were bidding her good bye she took the Little One in her arms and kissed him. As she did so the Little One received one of his shocks. He took hold of her hands, saying, "Leanora, on board of this train here there is one of your kin and he is a man. The voice says, if you will go into the third car you will discover him." I said good bye. "Come, Puss, the conductor is hollering, 'all aboard.'"

At Dayton, Ohio, we received a letter from Leanora, in which it said, "I went into the third car as dear Little Puss said, and to my surprise, there I found my brother, whom I had not seen in fifteen years. He returned from Australia, did not find me in Philadelphia, went west to Chicago to my brother's, who informed him that my engagement finished at Pittsburg and that I had returned to Philadelphia to sing with the Galton troupe at the Chestnut Street Theater. I cannot tell you how glad I was to see him. He returns to us a wealthy man. I send this little gold nugget to dear Little Puss. May God bless him always, for he belongs to the spirit world. Now, Brother Warren, if I may call you such, you must not hide this power that comes to him away from the public, if you do I think you will regret it."

While we were in Dayton, Ohio, my Little One woke up one night, saying, "Papa, I saw a fire in the kitchen under the closed sink. I never was in the kitchen but I know there must be a closed sink there with a door to it. Now, you go and wake up the landlord quick and tell him there is something on fire in the kitchen."

I got into my clothes as quick as possible, cursing the spirits

all the time. I woke up the landlord; we both went down to the kitchen and there found a big blaze. It already had burned down the little door of the sink and part of the floor was on fire. We threw about twelve pails of water on it and put the fire out. He said that drunken curse must have thrown something into that closet that was combustible. It seems it was the habit of the cook to get drunk sometimes.

We went from Dayton to Cincinnati. While the company was playing there, during the performance one evening a man shot at my Little One on the stage. The bullet missed its mark. The man was arrested and taken to the station house. There he declared my Little One was his wife; that she had deserted him and his two children. They discovered the man was partially insane. His relatives came after him and placed him in a lunatic asylum.

While the company was playing in Washington, D. C., a woman in the audience shot at my Little One on the stage. She was arrested and taken to the station house. After the performance was over I accompanied my Little One to the station house, as he said he felt there was something wrong.

He had an interview with the woman, when he discovered the poor woman had been misled by a vile character who had represented to this woman that her husband had been spending money and making presents to the Dashing Blanchard. My Little One had never met the man in his life.

While we were there the husband arrived from the railroad depot. After the catastrophe took place, of which there was no blood spilled, the woman's ball went through one of the side wings, she being a bad markswoman, and had never fired a pistol before in her life, they telegraphed to Baltimore for her husband.

He came on feeling dreadfully to find his wife there. When I saw who the man was I became sorry for him, as we were well acquainted—he being a popular man and well known to the public. While his wife was crying she told him the whole story—how this woman had written letters to her and finally came to see her in person and told her dreadful things about him and the Dashing Blanchard. She said, "I became so enraged

that I went to the theater tonight to kill her. I first went to the stage door, but they would not admit me to see her. The old man said they did not permit strangers behind the scenes while the performance was going on. I told him I was a particular friend of hers. He said he could not help that; that I would have to wait until the performance was over, then he would call her father to see what I wanted, as he could not permit me to go to her dressing room, as her father allowed no one to see her without his permission. I knew that wouldn't do. I went and purchased a ticket, for my brain was on fire. I was mad with jealousy. When she came upon the stage I fired at her before anyone could stop me, and Oh, thank God now I did not hit her. It would have made me a murderer."

Her husband said, "Describe the woman to me that called to see you today." His wife described her, when he said, "Good God, that's a woman that's been bothering me for the last three months. She's been sending letters to me and would also meet me in the street. She is a woman that I met in a house of ill-fame. She calls herself Molly Baxter. She came here to Washington with an army officer and claimed to be his wife. He left her here and she became one of the inmates of that house of prostitution where I met her."

The Little One took hold of the lady's hands, saying, "I am sorry for you, lady. That vile creature slandered your husband and misinformed you as toward me. I never saw your husband nor you before in my life. I cannot prosecute you but feel deeply sorry for the affliction brought upon you by that wicked woman. I can see through it all now, lady. That woman thought she would lead you on to do something desperate; that would cause you to be placed in prison—she thinking then she would get your husband for a companion. There are so many unfortunate women of the same stripe. I feel so badly for you, lady, that words cannot convey to you my feeling."

He went to the chief of police and said, "I cannot prosecute that lady, she has been misled by a vile woman and if you want any bail, my papa will go her bail." The chief of police said, "I will take your father's word for bail; but that is an unusual thing to accept anyone as bail that is not a resident of the city, and we will see what will come of it in the morning."

The lady was released and went home with her husband. Nothing came of the affair.

Her husband and I arranged that Puss and I made them a visit the next July and remained a month with them. We had a happy time. Puss and the lady became great friends. During the month of August they both came to our cottage at Atlantic City.

At another time while we were in Cincinnati, a man fell in love with my Little One, annoying him by sending him notes. I found out where the man's place of business was. I called upon him and told him in very plain words that if he did not stop sending notes to my Little One and quit annoying him in any way I would break him in two. I said, "Mark now, what I say, for I mean it."

He said, "Who is your Little One?" I said, "Sir, it is the Dashing Blanchard, and you will find that out, sir, if you do not stop annoying her with your notes."

One day at the hotel we were sitting at the breakfast table, which was a rare thing for us to do, as in general we had our breakfast in our apartments, the landlord and landlady sat down at the same table with us. During our conversation the landlord said to me, "General, some gentlemen and myself are going over to Covington to see a target company practice, don't you want to accompany us?" I said, "If my Little One is willing that I should go for awhile." He consented, and I went, saying I would not stay any longer than three hours; but the men were quite jovial and I remained away four hours.

While I was gone that man that annoyed my Little One with notes had made the discovery in some way that I had gone to Covington to be present at the shooting by the target company. In about an hour after we left the hotel that man entered our apartments without knocking. The Little One sprang to his feet—as he was lying on a couch at the time when the man entered the room. The Little One said, "Who are you and what do you want? How dare you enter this room without knocking or sending up your card. What do you want here, anyhow? Leave this room or I will alarm the guests in the hotel and they will put you out."

The man shut the door and stood with his back to it, say-

ing, "I came for you. I want you to quit this theatrical life and come and live with me. This is no life for you. When you live with me you will be happy and become a Christian. There is no actor or actress on the stage that is a Christian. Make up your mind and come with me. I know you are a girl living in boy's clothes. You will come with me, or I will kill you."

The Little One said he took a pistol out of his hip pocket and aimed it at him, ready to fire. The Little One said, "All right, I will go with you; wait until I pack up a few things." He went to his trunk, found his dagger in the tray, wheeled around on the man, saying, "Now, I will not go." The man attempted to fire the pistol. Before he could do so my Little One stabbed him in the arm with the dagger. He staggered up against the door, the Little One kicking the pistol out of his hand, then drew the dagger out of his arm. The man seemed to collect his senses then, left the room and bolted down stairs through the ladies' entrance. He went to a drug store to have his arm dressed.

The Little One locked the door and remained in the room until I came back, when he told me the whole affair. I went and got out a warrant for the man's arrest. They could not find him at his place of business, neither at his home. I learned afterwards that he had hired a livery man to take him to a point on the Ohio river, where he took a steamboat and reached New Orleans. I heard afterwards by a friend in Cincinnati that he sent for his family to join him in New Orleans. After he had been in New Orleans about six months he fell in love with a lady that sang in a church or became smitten on her, perhaps you would call it. One evening while he was escorting the young lady home from church he was shot in the calf of the leg by some unknown person, blood poison set in, from which he died. I have met him in spirit life and he tells me he has made the discovery here that he was related to my Little One through his grandmother, who was a Hulburd of Scotland. Her name was Miss Nettie Hulburd. He said when he lived in a physical body he was not evenly balanced. He said he had a weakness of falling in love, as he called it, with people that wore petticoats.

Now, I must tell you of another thing that took place in

my Little One's life. On our way back from Ohio the company played in Pittsburg. A woman in the hotel that Mr. Clifford and myself became acquainted with, became severely smitten with me, so much so that she wanted me to desert my Little One and go with her to France. There is where she said she first saw me while I was in Paris. She said one evening I entered the *Mason de Marballe* in company with two other young gentlemen. She said when she was living in Paris she played at the *Comedia Francois*. I told her such a thing could not be possible for me to leave my Little One.

On the last night of the company's engagement, my Little One had a beautiful bouquet of flowers sent to his dressing-room. One of the ushers brought it in person. When he reached the green room he smelled the flowers and in a little while became very sick. He handed me the flowers and as I passed through the green room I placed them on the Little One's trunk in his dressing room, shutting the door after me, as the Little One was on the stage at that time.

When I entered the green room again one of the ladies of the company was holding the usher's head. He had something like a convulsion. She said to me, "We have just sent the property boy for a doctor."

In about ten minutes the property boy returned, bringing a doctor with him, who had rooms across the street from the theatre. He looked at the young man and pronounced it as a bad case of poisoning. In some manner he had received the poison through his nostrils. He said to me, "You see," pulling one of his nostrils open, "It is all blistered on the inside. The poison must have been in powder form." I said, "Good God! could it be possible that he inhaled it from those flowers that he carried in to the Little One?" The doctor said, "What flowers, and where are they?" I produced the bouquet from the Little One's dressing room, holding it off at arm's length, which I did not do when I received the bouquet from the usher, but fortunately for me I did not smell of the flowers, not being so fond of them as the Little One was. Just think what might have been the fate of my Little One had he received the flowers from the hands of the usher. It just seemed as if my heart stood still for a few minutes.

The doctor wrapped the flowers up in two papers, saying he would analyze them at his office. The usher was carried to his office, where the physician could attend to him. He died in the morning. The physician said he did all he possibly could for him, that human skill could do.

The doctor discovered that the flowers had been sprinkled over with arsenic in powdered form. When that woman heard of the death of the usher and it was not my Little One she had killed, she lit out and went somewhere where we could not discover her. It seemed as if my Little One's time had not come, and he held a charmed life.

Oh, there is so much in his life to tell it would take at least four large volumes to continue the matter for the reading public. We will continue at another time.

Monday, September 22, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I see you have an east wind this morning. That is a good cause for health. An east wind dries up putrified matted and makes the surrounding atmosphere healthy.

I wish to relate, or I should say, rather, describe, a peculiar circumstance that occurred at the house where we boarded in Philadelphia. The lady's name was Madam Dorio. While we were boarding there I was called to New York to transact some business belonging to my grandfather. While I was in New York I received a telegram to come home right away; my Little One had got into some trouble. I arrived on the evening train, about six o'clock, at our home in Philadelphia. There was a man and his wife and a little girl who came to board at Madam Dorio's. The man's name was Edward Percival. He was in the wholesale boot and shoe business. The woman claimed to be a medium, so she told some of the boarders. I did not permit my Little One to hold any conversation with her. It was discovered that she was in the habit of drinking whiskey and gin, and sometimes got pretty well under the influence of those ardent spirits. I presume when she could not call the spirits from the spirit side of life she manufactured some for the occasion.

One day she was dealing with the spirits quite strongly and had pawned a brooch to raise the money to provide the spirits

for that occasion, as her husband would not allow her to have any money, knowing her weakness in the line of spirits, and sometimes they materialized too strong, to the disgust of the husband.

On the day that she pawned the brooch her husband came home and found her quite intoxicated. He tried to talk with her, but found her reasoning qualities had vanished. He waited until morning to explain and adjust matters to his own satisfaction. He discovered she did not wear her brooch as usual that morning. He said, "Where is my mother's brooch that I presented you with on our wedding day?" It was a beautiful brooch, for I noticed it several times when the lady wore it at the dining table. He said when he asked her where it was, she hesitated for some time and did not speak. He demanded an answer to his question. She stammered and said, "I—I did not like to tell you. That little Warren that lives down stairs with his father came up yesterday to our rooms and stole it."

The man said, "That made me angry to think your boy would do such a thing." He said he asked her again, "Are you sure he stole my mother's brooch?" She said, "Yes, I saw him steal it and run down stairs. That's what affected me so yesterday that I had to drink some liquor to steady my nerves."

The man went and swore out a warrant and had my Little One arrested, for the brooch was a valuable one. It had a large diamond in the centre, surrounded by rubies and was a present to Mr. Percival's mother from her grandfather on her wedding day. After my Little One was arrested and taken to the station house, Thomas Scott, a prominent railroad man, called at Madam Dorio's to see me on some business. Madam Dorio was dressed to go to the station house and met Mr. Scott in the hall. She told him what had happened to my Little One.

He said he would go right with her and bail my Little One out so that he could play at the theatre that night. On his way to the station house he telegraphed me to come right on, which I did. When I arrived at our apartments I found the Little One lying on a lounge, crying, and in a dreadful nervous condition. Mr. Scott and Madam Dorio were with him.

I said, "Pet, what is the matter? What has happened?" He was so nervous and so excited he could not tell me. Then

Madam Dorio explained all. She said, "This morning I notified those people to leave the house." I took the Little One up and placed him on my lap. After awhile he commenced to quiet down, when he said, "Papa, I never spoke to those people in my life." Madam Dorio spoke up and said, "Don't worry so, pet; that unfortunate woman has done something with that brooch. No doubt she has sold it to get money to buy liquor with. She accused you of stealing it because you're little, not daring to accuse any of the grown people with the theft." Mr. Scott said, "Warren, you must make that man sweat for this." I quieted down the Little One and he went to sleep. He played that night at the theatre. During the performance I noticed he was quite nervous.

Mr. Percival said to me that about one o'clock next morning his wife got out of bed and went to the bath room. He thought he would get up and look in her pockets to see if she had any money. In one of her pockets he found her purse. He lit the gas, opened her purse and held it under the gaslight. He discovered there was four dollars there and a little change. When he had taken out the money he saw there was a piece of paper at the bottom of the purse. He thought he would look at it to see what it was, and to his astonishment he discovered it was a pawn ticket for six dollars. She had pawned the brooch and received six dollars for it.

When his wife returned from the bath room he knew by her manner she had been drinking. He held the pawn ticket in front of her, saying, "Look at this, you wretched woman. You have pawned my mother's brooch and got six dollars on it. You said you saw Mr. Warren's boy steal the brooch. Have you stopped to think for one moment what trouble you have got me into? I had little Puss arrested for theft, and now they can prosecute me."

He came to me in the morning to beg my Little One's pardon for the wrong he had done him and also to beg my pardon, saying, "You see what a drunken woman can do." He handed me the pawn ticket to look at. I put it in my vest pocket, saying, "Mr. Percival, I will now prosecute you for the disgrace you brought on my Little One. This pawn ticket I shall produce in court as evidence showing that your wife pawned the brooch,

she accusing my Little One of stealing it. You did not look into the matter properly, neither did you consult my Little One to see whether he would admit the theft or deny it, but you went right off in a rage and swore out a warrant and had my Little One arrested. Now I will prosecute you for false imprisonment."

Mr. Percival broke down and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh, Mr. Warren, is there no way we can settle it without going to court? It will disgrace my wife and her family. I did not know when I married her that she drank liquor." I said, "Mr. Percival, you did not stop to think what disgrace you would bring upon my Little One and me. Now you shall pay for it. You will pay over to my Little One five hundred dollars, or we will have a law-suit." He went to my desk, took out his check book, filled out a check for five hundred dollars and handed it to me, saying, "I am sorry—I was too hasty, as you have shown me. The brooch belonged to my mother and I prize it very highly. I will go and take it out of pawn, and that woman shall never see it again." I handed him the pawn ticket, when he said, "I would leave her now, only for our little girl." I said, "You must do as you think best," and bade him good morning.

Madam Dorio was so angry that she told him he must leave the house that day. They got a room at a Market street hotel. The unfortunate woman kept on drinking until finally one night she was arrested in the street drunk, and taken to the station house. Mr. Percival forbade her coming to his apartments. She went home to her father's family. He put the little girl into a convent school and made short work of it by getting a divorce. The unfortunate woman committed suicide. He never married again. By degrees he, my Little One and myself became great friends. He returned to Madam Dorio's to board and I think after a time he became quite contented with his life. His friendship for my Little One became very strong. When he passed out of the body and his will was read, they made the discovery that he had left my Little One ten thousand dollars in government bonds, which were turned over to us. Mr. Percival wrote an article, had it published in the Philadelphia Leger, exonerating my Little One from all blame in the theft of the brooch.

I will now describe another peculiar thing that took place in my Little One's life.

We were sitting in a ferry boat that crossed the river to Camden, New Jersey. A lady came up to us with a baby in her arms. It was dressed beautifully and I should judge, was six or seven months old. She said to my Little One, "Boy, will you please hold this baby for just about two minutes until I run back to the office? The man has not given me the right change." My Little One said, "All right, madam," and received the child. He hugged it up to his breast and smiled, saying, "Papa, isn't it beautiful?" The boat started and the woman did not return. My Little One said, "She has missed the boat, and will come over on the next one. Just think what that poor woman's feelings must be, separated so long from her baby." We waited at the ferry house on the Camden side until four different boats came in, but no woman came for her baby.

We went to the home where we were invited to attend a lunch given in honor of Walt Whitman. When we arrived there with Puss carrying the baby in his arms, for I did not dare to handle it, as I never held a baby in my arms in my life, but little Puss, and he, fortunately, was strong enough to sit up and make his wants known. His commands had to be attended to right away, and if they were not, I was allowed to know the reason why. Oh, he was mild and gentle, but very emphatic.

When he had described to the lady of the house all about the baby and the woman that gave it to him to hold, she said he could leave it there until its mother called for it; that we could advertise in the Ledger where the baby was. The Little One said, "Don't say anything about it, Papa, and perhaps we can keep the baby." He was very fond of children. I said, "Just now, as we are situated, we could not take care of a baby, and we'll have to give the woman her baby back." I saw the mother nature beaming out of his eyes, and he reluctantly gave the baby up. I inserted an advertisement in the paper, but the woman never called for her baby and the family adopted it. They called it Henry Miller, their family name being Miller.

One day we called on Walt Whitman, the poet, to make him a visit of two days, as he requested. They were very pleasant days, he telling us much of his past life.

The second evening a few friends called to make him a visit. While we were sitting in his little front parlor, a lady who bore the name of Mrs. Singleton came in. She turned out to be a medium. This was before the Civil War. She said, "Mr. Warren, I see your boy surrounded by soldiers, but they do not all wear the same colored uniform. I see a river divide them. On one side of the river the soldiers wear a grey uniform. On the other side of the river they wear a blue uniform, and yet your boy seems to be just as much at home with either one of those armies. I see him crossing and recrossing that river, mingling freely among the soldiers and singing for them. Mr. Warren, that means something. I am afraid it means war. But why your boy should mingle so freely with the soldiers on both sides of the river I cannot tell, because they wear different uniforms, and do not seem to be friendly to each other. I am afraid our country is going to get into trouble." This was in '57. After '61 I understood it thoroughly. What she saw was my boy passing to and fro between the union and rebel lines.

Brother Hulburd, there is so much to tell that took place during his life while he lived with me that I cannot give expression to here. I want to leave some space in the book for others.

Why are we giving his life through his own mediumship? I know he would not give it in any other way. He is not capable of doing so, as he lacks education and never had a desire that the world should know his past life, but we, as spirits, have that desire. We want the reading public to know something of a natural born medium and his life. What they pass through the reading public would hardly believe. Their ups and downs are many, and I do not wonder that they become so tired of their existence in a physical body.

You were chosen for this work. You wield the pencil and we give you the memories of his past life. Oh, it was a sad one before I found him or her, as you choose to call it. The female part was always the most prominent part of his nature. I really should say her nature, for she gave to me that love that is so seldom found in human nature. It was the love that had all the ferocity in it of a tiger and the gentleness of a lamb. She made me one of the happiest men living, as I was selected for

her guardian by the spirit world. She would play around you like a little kitten and give out all the love of her heart to you. Selfishness was unknown in her makeup, but when aroused to anger she became a demon, and then she was beautiful to behold. She would cut or strike the party that made her angry with anything that she could get hold of. I have seen her hiss out like a snake when I would hold her back from attacking any one. She was always loved by the managers and the members of the company when they realized her condition and understood her thoroughly. She never cared any more for the President of the United States than she did a laborer on the street. If they were good and behaved themselves they were just as dear to her as the greatest of her friends. She never seemed to care when people came into her life and went out of it. It was all the same to her. There were some of her friends that she was more attached to than others, but when the time came for them to part, it never seemed to affect her as it would some people in life. She would bid them good-by as calmly and quietly as if they had only met for the first time. I think her nature was but little understood by her friends, and she was looked upon as a peculiar creature. To sum it all up, my Little One was a freak in nature.

Now, the title of the book shall be, "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet." That is what the public shall read on the title page of the work.

I did not always claim to be a moral man, but I claimed to be an honest man, and such I proved myself to be to her. I was the father of forty-eight children by different women. I was kind to my Little One and gave her all the love I had while living in a physical body.

My affinity in spirit life bore the name of Julia Hawthorne, the blind singer. While living in a physical body my Little One knew her well and they often sang together. I have realized since coming here to spirit life that those whom you live with in the physical body are not always spirit mates. We mate here together, living happy in each other's love, with no thought of the animal passion in our natures.

The woman that I married and who bore me children has no attraction for me here in spirit life. I am glad my Little One

distributed my goods among her children. I am glad he gave my sword and ring to the oldest boy. It was too bad he lost his life-sized portrait in the fire, but I know my face and memory is always with him.

Brother Hulburd, when you come to spirit life you will see I was no small man when I lived in a physical body. She always looked like a little child alongside of me and I have not forgotten how she liked to ride pig-a-back and play circus.

Now, I thank you for taking down my communication, and I know you will get your reward, for such a work as this goes not unrewarded.

Put me down as "Papa Warren," that is always what she called me. I leave Julia's love and mine also for her. She has lived to an old age as the spirit world had a work for her to perform and she had to finish this section of it while living in this physical body. Be kind to her for she is growing feeble. Her task was a hard one, but she walked through it like a general. God bless her and may the God bless you, too, if there is such a principle in nature. I know the angels will bless you anyhow. Good day.

Thursday, October 2, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I am once more in the field. My Little One when living in the body was naturally religious. Her ancestors were all Catholics, and he naturally was baptised in the Catholic Church. He believed in Jesus Christ; that he came to earth as a moral reformer; that he gave to the world a high civilization; that he came upon earth through the Christian religion. He believed in no miraculous conception at all. He always said to me, "All things come through the natural process of laws in nature. I do not believe, Papa Warren, there ever was a force took place outside of nature. The overshadowing of the Holy Ghost is all bosh. It is only the conception of a superstitious writer. He wrote that up knowing of the superstitious condition of the people fostered upon their credulous and superstitious minds." (At this point came a loud rap.) "Knowing that they would have full confidence in anything that came through priestcraft, believing that God had changed one of the laws in nature for their especial benefit, and also for the benefit of the male child of Mary, the Holy Ghost being the

father and Joseph the husband of Mary was only an outside issue, being an old man and was willing to submit to anything that took place as long as Mary's child was represented as the Son of God or God himself taking on a human body—a disgrace to all human intellect. He did not believe that Jesus Christ was his Savior. His belief was that every individual had to pay the penalty for his own sins and crimes committed in life." I wish to relate an incident, or I should say, a foolish part that a man played in life.

There was a Mr. Joseph Green, a leader of a band, who became fascinated with my Little One. As you must understand, my Little One was a natural born flirt, and used that art or talent as you choose to call it. It was as natural for him to flirt on the stage as it was for him to eat, and many men fell under this spell or condition. That Mr. Joseph Green that I speak of was one of the weak-brained men in life. He was a married man and had a family.

While our company was playing in Cincinnati, he fell under the fascination of the Little One, and followed us around to several towns. One of my company acquainted me with the fact that he was acquainted with Puss. I went and spoke to him in a gentlemanly way, saying, "Mr. Green, don't be foolish and act an unmanly part; go back to your family and let this be a lesson to you in life. You have become fascinated with a natural born flirt. I know it has cost you a large sum of money for the flowers that you have thrown to her upon the stage. She cares no more for those flowers or for you than she does for any old Italian organ grinder on the corner of the street. Now go back home and become a sensible husband and father, never forgetting a part of your life wherein you became a weak man and was fascinated by a stage flirt. Do not forget, at the same time, it was both unmanly and unwise for you to desert your family and follow around a person that you even had not become acquainted with yet.

He left us in Springfield, Ohio, and we heard nothing further of him until he made his appearance at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

One day Brother Meade, Madame Dorio and her maid, myself included, went out for a carriage ride. Puss had been in-

vited by a congressman's family to make them a visit at the hotel, and he did so. While there he remembered he had forgotten a present he had at the cottage for the little boy of the family. He told the lady he would return to the cottage and get it. He would only be gone a little while. The little boy said he would go with him, which he did. When they had arrived at the cottage Puss presented the little boy with his present. They were about to leave the cottage when they heard a knock on the door. Puss thought that was strange that the person did not ring the bell. He paid no attention to the first knock, thinking they would leave, whoever it was. The individual knocked again. Puss went to the door and locked it on the inside, thinking it was strange the person did not ring the bell. He thought it was not wise to open the door. He thought he would leave by the back door of the cottage. When he had opened the back door there stood the man Green. He pushed the Little One back into the room, entered and shut the door at the same saying, "I saw the rest of your folks out riding in a carriage. I thought, perhaps, I would find you home. I knocked twice at the front door, receiving no answer, I looked in the window, saw you and the little child going toward the back part of the cottage. I hurried around and met you, as you see. We are alone; that child does not count for anything. I have abandoned my family to follow you here. I want you to go with me to England and go right now. I mean business, and if you don't I'm going to kill you." The little child commenced to cry when Puss quieted him by saying, "It's all a farce; it's only fun, baby." He turned upon the man and said, "You must be mad. How dare you follow me around?" The man said, "How dare I? You are a magnet and draw me to you. I have now become a disgraced man. I have abandoned my family, forged my father's name for \$3000, and I am here waiting to see what pity you have for one who loves you." My Little One said, "Foolish man, go away. I want to have nothing to do with you." The man said, "You don't? Then, by God, you will, for we will die together." He took a pistol out of his pocket, placed the cold muzzle of it against my Little One's forehead, pulled the trigger, but it would not go off. I think the reason was the cap had become too wet from the perspiration of the man's body—it being a hot

day in August. When my Little One discovered the pistol did not go off he kicked the man in the stomach which laid him out on the floor. He and the child fled from the cottage. He went direct to the hotel, told the family all that had happened when the congressman said, "Come quick and we will return to the cottage." They had another man accompany them. When they arrived at the cottage they found the man Green had gone; his hat and pistol laid upon the floor.

When we had returned from our drive and the Little One had told me all that transpired during our absence, I went immediately and got a warrant out for his arrest. All trains and boats were watched. He was nowhere to be found in the city.

It was discovered two months afterward that he had a little yacht lying off the shore in which he intended to carry my Little One away from Atlantic City. I did not hear of him for two years, when I read a notice copied from a San Francisco paper in which it said a Joseph A. Green died in San Francisco, who was a leader of a band. In spirit life he tells that that was he.

There is a beautiful female spirit that was once known by the name of Laura Keene when living in a physical body. She says she was lessee of a theater that bore her name on Broadway, New York. She tells me that the Little One played in a Christmas pantomime at her theater during the holidays. He played a particular part and as she had selected him for that part she dressed him up as a gaudy butterfly. He had beautiful wings on his shoulders and was discovered inside of a rose, when it had opened from a bud. It was a beautiful sight to behold, she said, "He was discovered sitting there. As the bud opened and the rose unfolded its petals his whole body looked like it was covered with diamonds. As the rose bent toward the stage he sprang out and commenced to dance, flitting across the stage like a butterfly when the applause became tremendous. At the finish of the dance he sprang into the center of the rose again, when it closed up like a bud. The applause becoming so great he had to repeat it." She said he was a strange little creature, who seemed to fascinate people that he came in contact with. Dolly Davenport, then an actor in New York, at that time, became so fascinated over the little creature that he took poison because the Little One would not live with him. He was saved

by the means of a skillful physician whose name was Doctor Mott. Laura Keene says she never understood the Little One, but loved him dearly. Many of the company she said, liked to kiss him at rehearsal, he had such red cheeks. She laughingly said, the manager of the theater was fascinated by the Little One, and would present him with beautiful cut flowers, right in the midst of winter, which cost him considerable money. The Little One would divide the flowers among the company. She said she remembered one morning a beautiful large box filled with candy was left at the box office for him. After he had received it he placed it on the prompters' table. I undid the wrapper and opened it up for him when he said, "Ladies and gents, fall to and partake of the sweeties. If you can't all have the pleasure of kissing the man that brought them, you are just as well off as I am, for I never saw the man in my life. Heaven knows what the second edition will be," which got the company to laughing. She said he could not read then, and she read his love letters that he had received from admirers, for it was impossible to get anyone to think it was a boy. She has related so many things to me about my Little One that I enjoyed very much listening to his antics before I became the possessor of his little physical body.

At one period in his life he had quite a flirtation with a Christian minister, who came to the theater disguised as a fireman from a neighboring city. He wrote several notes, she said, to the Little One, then made his appearance in person, dressed as a fireman. She discovered, she said, the fireman's language was too elevated and refined for one in that line. She said, "You are not a fireman, but an educated man and I do not want you coming here after this Little One." He laughed, and said, "Miss Keene, I am not a fireman but a minister of the gospel."

She said when she lived in the physical body she was a religious woman and that shocked her. She ordered him out of the theater, but he waited around—waiting for the Little One to come forth from the stage door. He followed the Little One until he reached Bleecker street. He accosted the Little One, saying, "Come with me and have some ice cream and cake."

They went to a restaurant on Broadway, where they had ice cream and cake. While sitting at the table, the minister said,

"Let us take a sail down the bay as far as Staten Island." The Little One thought it would be fine to sail down the bay. The minister purchased tickets to go on board of a steamer that went as far as Sandy Hook. When they arrived at Sandy Hook, the minister said, "Come, we will go and get dinner at a house where I am acquainted." While dining at this house the Little One overheard some conversation in which the people said, "The steamer leaves in ten minutes more."

He left the house unnoticed, while the minister was conversing with the woman of the house. He made tracks for the steamer, got on board, after which they hauled up the gang-plank. The steamer sailed up the bay for New York, leaving the minister of the gospel behind at Sandy Hook. When the steamer reached the dock at New York they were commencing to light the city lights. On the passage up to New York, the captain approached the Little One, saying, "Boy, where is that man that came down on the steamer with you? Why is it that you return alone?" "I have to play at the theater tonight, and he didn't have time to get back to the boat," the Little One said. The captain laughed and said, "I feel there is something wrong here. You are not a boy, but a girl dressed in boy's clothes. You say you play at a theater." The Little One said, "Yes; I am playing at Laura Keene's Theater now." The captain said, "What is your name on the bill?" The Little One said, "They call me 'The Dashing Blanchard.'" The captain said, "I feel there is something wrong. You will go with me to the pilot house and remain there until the boat lands; then I will get a carriage and take you to Laura Keene's Theater, for I am a father of children and feel it my duty to see you safe to the theater. I will ask for Laura Keene and find out who you are." When the carriage arrived at the stage entrance, the captain asked to see Laura Keene. She received him in the green room. When he entered, holding the Little One by the hand, she wondered what was the matter. He addressed her, saying, "I believe I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Laura Keene." She said, "That is my name. What may your name be?" "I am Captain Hulburd, of the Steamer Sea Bird. I noticed on my trip down the bay this Little One, who says he is a boy—but I do not believe it—was on board of my steamer, accompanied by a man, whose ac-

tions I did not like. He did not act toward the Little One as if he was a boy, but more like a lover who had eloped with a girl in boy's clothes. At Sandy Hook when the men were about to raise the gangplank I saw the Little One running toward the boat, waving his cap. I told the men to hold fast until we would see what the Little One wanted. He rushed up the gangplank on to the boat, saying, 'It's all right now.' I told the men to haul in, feeling that there was something wrong." He continued, "Now, lady, do you know this person and is he one of your company?" She said he was at present. She thanked him for his kindness in bringing the Little One to the theater.

He said his name was Captain Horace Hulburd. She wrote him out a pass for himself and family, saying, "If you do not live too far away, you have yet time to get your family and attend the performance when you will see the Little One in the pantomime." He withdrew from the stage entrance, went for his family and returned to the theater in time to see the performance as the curtain went up.

He wrote her a note next day, thanking her for her kindness, in which he said, "I cannot believe that is a boy," and inviting her and the Little One to take dinner with him on Sunday, as his boat did not run that day. They went and were received kindly by the captain and his family, who lived on Bond street, near the Bowery.

During the conversation at the table, they spoke of the man in whose company the Little One was seen. The captain said, "Miss Keene, I am going to trace that man up, if I possibly can, and find out who he is, and what was his motive to induce the Little One to go to Sandy Hook, for it is a bleak-looking place at this time of year.

He traced the man and found out that he was not only a minister but a professor in a theological college, whose name was Charles Hulburd, and they were cousins. He was so disguised that he did not recognize his cousin professor. When he discovered who the man was he wrote him a letter asking him to come to his home on a Sunday, when he would be at home, saying he had some very important information to give concerning money that had been left the family in Scotland. That was bait which drew the professor to the captain's home.

When the professor arrived at the captain's home he received a cordial greeting by the family. The captain invited him to a room upstairs, where he could impart the valuable news to him about the money that had been left in Scotland. When they had reached the room the captain pointed to a chair, saying "Be seated cousin." The captain went to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket, saying at the same time, "That will prevent anyone from entering during our conversation."

When the captain had seated himself in an easy chair, he said, "Cousin, I believe you look upon yourself as a good Christian, and that you and your family are strict members of the Christian church. Where did you intend to take that boy that you had with you on board my boat? You both got off at Sandy Hook. How comes it, cousin, that the boy returned alone to the boat and you did not accompany him? Now, I fully believe that boy is a girl, living as a boy and wearing boy's clothes. Now, you are a married man with children. I repeat this so that you will keep it in your memory. What did you intend to do with that girl, and why did she return to the boat alone?"

The captain said first off the professor became furious, and said it was none of his God damn business what he wanted with that girl. "If this is what you have brought me here for, open that door and let me out. I will never enter your house again. You attend to your own business and let mine alone."

The captain said, "Not so fast my good minister of the Christian church; it is my duty just now, as a father, to attend to some of your affairs. Now, if you do not come right out and tell me why you were in that disguise with that child in your company and what you intended to do with her, I will expose you to the faculty of the college; besides I will advertise you in all the public newspapers, showing what a black hearted scoundrel you are and that you are a dangerous man to be admitted into any family where there are young females."

The professor turned pale, broke down and commenced to cry, saying, "Cousin, I am a wicked man, I know, but I am not altogether to blame in this. While in New York here I attended Laura Keene's Theater. While looking at the performance from the box, that little creature flirted with me; she bewitched me, and I fell desperately in love with her. She was in my dreams

all that night at the hotel. It just seemed to me I could not wait for evening to come, I wanted to see her so much again. I purchased flowers, presented them to her from the box. When she received them our eyes met. After that I became a lost man. My whole desire was to possess that creature. I forgot I was a professor and the father of a Christian family. Oh, Cousin Horace, if she had looked into your eyes, as she looked into mine, then I will say, in the name of God, you might have been lost to all that is pure and holy. I became her victim, assumed the disguise you saw me in, induced her to accompany me on board of the steamer to sail down the bay as far as Sandy Hook. When we landed there and walked in among the pines, I discovered a house at a distance in which I said the family and I were old friends. That was a lie, cousin, for I never was there before in my life. I was self-conceited enough to think you would not recognize me in it. While I was making arrangements with the women of the house to board us, the Little One left unnoticed by any one, and reached the steamer. Now, cousin, how did you discover who I was?"

The captain said, "I sent one of my men to that house to ask what had become of you. She said you remained there two days. After that she did not know what became of you; but you had left your pocketbook under the pillow in the bed. My man brought the pocketbook to me as the woman was anxious to know who you were and could not read. In your pocketbook I discovered several of your cards, also a letter from your wife. The woman accompanied my man to the boat when I told her that I had discovered who you were; that you were a good Christian and that I would return your pocketbook to you, which I now do."

The professor said, "God help me, she ensnared and bewitched me, and I have fallen from the grace of God. Oh, cousin, if you will only keep my secret I will become a moral, just and honest man, and will walk in the footsteps of my Lord."

He pleaded so that the captain said that he would keep it a secret, hoping that he would become a moral man in the future. This is the tale, as Laura Keene gave it to me. Oh, there has been so much that has taken place in my Little One's life. When we were playing at Albany, state of New York, there was a peculiar thing that occurred there.

The company was playing in a comedy called "The Dancing Master on a Lark." My Little One was the booby pupil of the dancing school; that is, she could not learn anything right, as the other pupils. She was so awkward in trying to learn the dancing steps that all the pupils and the dancing master got out of patience with her. He struck at her feet with a cane. She jumped up and screamed, falling into a private box among several gentlemen. One of them lifted her up to assist her to get out of the box. As he did so he kissed her. The affair was witnessed by the gallery gods, which was the cause of a big laugh. They hollered out, at the top of their voices, "Do it again, old man; she likes it."

When the curtain had dropped on the performance, Mr. Clifford received an invitation for the company to attend a lunch given in honor of the booby pupil. We all attended in a body. The lunch was given in a private room of the governor's mansion. We enjoyed ourselves very much on that occasion. I noticed while there the governor paid a good deal of attention to my Little One.

The man that kissed my Little One in the box became jealous. I think he had indulged too much in wine, for he struck the governor in the face, saying, "Take that, damn you. She is not in love with you but with me, and I'm going to marry her." That man was a president of a bank. I thought it was time to take my Little One away, so we left and went to the hotel where we were stopping. Next morning we left on the day boat for New York city. As my Little One was in love with the Hudson river, he liked to sail up and down on the boats. The president of the bank was also on the day boat. I went to him and calling him by name, told him that the Little One belonged to me and I wanted him to keep away. "If you don't, I will throw you into the river." That intimidated him for a time.

He put up at the same hotel where we were stopping—the New York Hotel. He wrote my Little One a note with a great deal of effusion, called love and endearments, asking my Little One to meet him at Barnum's Museum on Wednesday afternoon. I went to the landlord of the hotel, to whom I was well known, laying the facts before him, asking him to notify that man to

leave the hotel or my Little One and I must do so. The landlord sanctioned my request by notifying the man to leave the hotel. We had been guests of the hotel off and on for a long time. We always made that our headquarters and were well known to the old guests of the house.

That president of the bank afterwards married one of my cousins—a beautiful young lady. Their first baby was named after my Little One.

I will now close. You can place this in the communication after the theft question, where it belongs. I returned today at the request of Laura Keene, she having a strong desire that the reading public should understand she had some acquaintance with my Little One and loved him dearly. She says she cannot call the Little One anything but “her,” as she is more of a female than a male and played hob with any man she fastened her eyes on.

Such has been the life of my little Justin. Good day, Brother Hulburd. I thank you.

Friday, October 3, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I called this morning to give to you an explanation and also to the public, why my Little One was not educated. After we had lived together about six months I found he was not educated and thought I would undertake the task myself. I found he was a ready and apt pupil, but commenced to get dreadful headaches; so much so that I was afraid it would affect his eyesight and gave it up for awhile.

My aunt, the Little One and myself made a visit to Watkins Glen, in the state of New York. We remained there two months and I thought I would get him to take up his lessons again, when the headaches returned. My aunt returned to her home. He and I went to New York city, where he signed a contract to play in the “Tempest,” at the old Broadway Theater. He played a part called “Ariel.” After we had gotten located in comfortable rooms I thought I would try the lessons once more, when I discovered that he was too tired after the long rehearsals and required a nap in the afternoon to rest. After they commenced to play the piece he was more tired than he was before, so I saw it was useless to make another attempt to teach

him for the present and thought I would defer it until the piece had its run.

When he had closed his engagement with the managers, Mr. William Burton engaged him for Philadelphia. He opened at the Arch Street Theater in a play called "The Sailor's Dream." The play was successful and ran for some time, drawing crowded houses.

Then I thought I would have him take up his lessons once more. He did so and made fast progress for about a month, when the headaches returned; they made him so tired that he commenced to show it in his acting. Mr. Burton called to see me and wanted to know what was the matter with the Little One, his acting was not as sprightly as it was at the beginning of the play, and his dancing and singing did not have the vim and fire to it that it had the first two weeks. I told Mr. Burton I was trying to educate him, as he was quite ignorant in the line of education. He said to me, "Please stop it, until the piece has had its run. I told him I would do so, I discovered the Little One was quite wiry but not strong, and required all the rest he could get in the afternoon. After he closed his engagement at the Arch Street Theater he was engaged for the Chestnut, where they produced "The Tempest." He played Ariel again, and after that the Page, in "The Old Man of the Mountain."

They would hand him his part and he would bring it to me. I would read it for him, as he could not read writing. After I had read it once he knew it and was letter perfect. I think he had the most wonderful memory of any person I ever met in my life. He would go to rehearsal next morning and recite his lines without the manuscript, to the astonishment of the company. I remember at one time they produced the "Star of the Rhine" at the old Bowery Theater—a play dramatized and translated from the German. One of the ladies of the company who was to play a responsible part was taken sick—I think her name was Miss Sally Sinclair. She was taken with convulsions after eating supper one evening. Mr. E. Eddy came to me of a Sunday, saying, "Mr. Warren, do you think that Justin would be capable of getting up in a part for tomorrow night? The girl that was to play the part lies at her home very sick. Now, if you would do me the favor of assisting him to get up in the part I

shall always be your friend, and if the piece draws well, I shall make him a present." I told him I would endeavor to get him up in the part. I would go to where he was visiting and get him to return home with me, when I would acquaint him with the fact that you wanted him to become letter perfect in this part for tomorrow night. He left me, thanking me, and bidding me "Good afternoon."

I found my Little One and we returned to the hotel. I told him that Mr. Eddy wanted him to play a part tomorrow night in the "Star of the Rhine." He said, "Great Caesar's ghost! that's too short a time, papa, for me to get up in that part." I told him that Mr. Eddy said he would look upon it as a great favor, if he did. He said, "Well, I think a great deal of Mr. Eddy, and I'll try, papa, for Mr. Eddy was so good to me when I was poor—that time, papa, when I was so little." I laughed and said, "Pet, you are not very big now." He said, "Well, I was littler then, and Mr. Eddy used to buy me shoes and stockings, when my shoes were all worn out."

He says, "I'm going to tell you something, papa. That time when I was so poor and I was helping Mrs. Patterson and we had to pay the rent, I couldn't get any shoes and my feet were out on the ground, papa." I groaned, and said, "Good God! can it be possible that those little feet of yours were out on the ground, for the want of a good pair of shoes?" He said, "They were, papa, and it was cold weather, too, and the snow was on the ground; one morning at rehearsal Mr. Eddy saw how bad my shoes were. He took me up in his arms and carried me to a shoe store in the Bowery and bought me a nice pair of shoes. That's the last time, papa, my feet were out on the ground. While I was at the Bowery Theater then Mr. Eddy bought me five pairs of shoes and two dozen pairs of stockings. Now, I am going to try and learn the part."

He jumped up on to my lap, saying, "Go ahead, old man, and read it." I read the part over for him before dinner that evening. We went to dinner and after that we took a walk to get the fresh open air, returned to the hotel, went to our apartments, locked the door so that no one would interrupt us. He got up on to my lap and I commenced to read the part for him again. While I was reading the part several knocks came to the

door. We took no notice of them whatever but went on reading.

After I had read it all through I said, "Now, Puss, you stand on the floor and I will give you your cues. Then we will see how much you know of it." I gave him his cues, and to my astonishment, he read the lines—or I should say, recited them. I did not say anything to him or allow him to notice that I was surprised, for it was a long part for him to remember, but I thought, "How wonderful this is. What a memory my Little One has got." He said, "Now, papa, if you will play circus with me after we get through, I'm going to treat you. Then we will go to bed and get up rested."

When we had finished our circus performance he went into the other room, brought out a brandy bottle and a glass. He poured me out a drink of brandy, saying, "Now, papa, you must drink to the 'Star of the Rhine.' I did so, while he drank a little water. He never knew the taste of liquor until a number of years afterward. We retired for the night and slept well.

In the morning after breakfast I gave him his cues and had him recite his lines over again. When we reached the theater for rehearsal, we arrived there a little late, but Mr. Eddy was a happy man when he saw the Little One. I sat in a box while the company rehearsed. After rehearsal was over, Mr. Eddy took my Little One in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Puss, Puss, you've got brains." The Little One said, "Papa has got the brains and I recite the lines." That evening at the performance the Little One surprised the company—they knowing what a short time my Little One had to commit the lines to memory and understand the situations of the piece.

It was such a masterpiece of work that Mr. Eddy, after the first night's performance, wrote an article for the newspapers in which he told the public how my Little One got up the part in such a short time. So I discovered, Brother Hulburd, there was something back of it all, beyond my comprehension. At one time a Mr. Kennedy, a fine musician, offered his services free gratis to teach my Little One how to play the piano. The Little One commenced to practice, but after three weeks found he had to give it up as it took too much of his strength.

One day after the war was declared against the South and they were hurrying troops to the front, I felt it was my duty

as a man and a soldier to give my services to the country that I loved so well and which had educated me for that purpose—the land of freedom, where I first saw the light of day in that physical body—God bless her. She is the home for all people from all nations.

One day I called my Little One to me, saying, "Pet, you bring that foot-rest here and place it between my legs, then sit down on it, for I want to talk to you seriously." He said, "Won't that be lovely, for I love everything that's serious." He placed his foot-rest between my legs and sat down on it, and looking up at me with one of his roguish smiles, said, "Now, Mr. Teacher, I am ready to be sacrificed with that seriousness." I placed my arms around him, saying, "Little One, suppose I was to be taken away." He said, "I'd like to see somebody do it. 'Aint you big enough to defend yourself? If anyone was to try any such business as that, I'd cut them." I said, "Little sweetheart, you don't understand me. Suppose I was to go to the war and get shot down by a bullet, what would you do, my little sweetheart, when I went away to that beautiful spirit world that you talk so much about?" He said, "I wouldn't do a damn thing, but get mad," which made me laugh. I said, "Now, Pet, I am coming to the serious part of what I want to tell you. It is time that we reason with one another and talk over what might happen in the future." He says, "Golly, papa, it must be grand to talk like you do. You're just like an angel, but you wear pants, don't you? The angels don't wear anything; they haven't developed far enough yet." I could see that my Little One did not want to talk seriously; it was my duty and I told him he must listen to me. I said, "Suppose your papa was to get wounded and not die and you were fixed in such a condition that you could not get to me?" "Get to you," he said, "All hell could not stop me." "But, suppose you didn't know that I was wounded." He said, "But, I would know." I said, "How could you?" He said, "The voice would tell me; then I would go to you, and if they didn't treat you good, I'd annihilate the whole outfit," which made me laugh.

Just then we heard a voice that spoke very distinctly—a heavy, masculine voice. The voice said, "We have chosen the Little One to play a part between the two armies." I said to

the voice, "What part do you mean?" It said, "That of a spy." I said, "Good God, not that?" It said, "Yes, that." "But," I said, "I cannot give my Little One up for any such work as that." The voice laughed and said, "Are you the master of the situation or we?" "But," I said, "just think of it—that you demand such a sacrifice from this little fragile creature who is not strong enough to carry out such a work—it is wicked and cruel, and I cannot allow it." The voice laughed and said, "We shall see whether you will allow it or not. He just suits our purpose and was brought to this country for that work. Do you think that this war has only been created in the minds of the people for the last ten or fifteen years? If you do, you are not wise but a fool." I then said, "You are a damned mean, wicked class of spirits to demand any such sacrifice from this Little One that I love so much and would give my life for at any time. Is it not enough that I go into the field and give orders to men to shoot down their brothers of the human race? Damn you for a selfish set!" The voice laughed and said, "Look to it that you do not harm the cause that we have laid out for the Little One to walk through and carry out with all the satisfaction of our desire."

Just then the Little One seemed to become a changed person. He jumped into the center of the floor, gave one of his Highland yells, and said, "I am ready for the work. Oh, I am just wild to commence it tomorrow. I want to see men's blood run, then I'll be happy." He gave another yell and threw himself on the floor. He commenced to crawl and wriggle like a snake across the floor. He yelled out, "Papa Warren, just see how I can enter the enemies' lines." He crawled under a chair that I did not think that he could pass under. After he had done that he jumped to his feet, gave another yell, then embraced me passionately, kissing me with all the fire in his nature, after which he pushed me from him, saying, "You are only a man and a soldier after all, while I am a servant of the spirit world and no one can stay my course. If they attempt it I shall wade through blood and carry on my work to the end." Then he gave a laugh like a maniac and rushed from the room.

That was the last I saw of him for three months. I wept and cried like a child for I was brokenhearted. I then cursed

the spirits, for they had taken from me all that I loved in life and lived for.

I took my position in the army and after awhile entered upon the field to do my duty as a man and a soldier, which my brother officers could testify to. One day I was lying on the couch in my tent when a little lad came up all ragged, with his clothes covered with mud. He told the guard on duty that he wanted to see that ar Mr. Officer in there. The guard called me to the front of the tent. I came out, and there stood a little ragamuffin wiping his nose on the sleeve of an oldsoldier's coat. The old coat almost touched the ground and he had a vest on him big enough for a coat, an old pair of boots on his legs and feet. He had red hair and an old cap on his head. He said, "Are you the mister what's looking after them ar soljer men?" I told him I was the officer that had comand of that department. He took an old clay pipe out of his vest pocket, handing it toward me, said, "Can you fill that with tobaker for a chap?" When he said that the guard commenced to laugh. I said, "What do you want me to fill it with tobacco for?" He said, "I wants to smoke a hossifer's tobaker once," and before I could stop him he walked right into the tent. I heard the guard say, "Jesus, but that's a rum one; he's got more cheek than a mule." When he got into the center of the tent he said, "Can't you give a feller a drink?" and threw himself on to my bed with all those dirty clothes on. I said, "Here, you get off there and get out of this tent or I'll kick you out."

Then the words came from that musical voice that I loved so well, "Papa Warren, don't you know me?" I grabbed him in my arms and kissed the dirty face, saying, "Puss, Puss, you have come back to me, but why are you in those filthy rags?" He said, "Papa, this is part of my stoek in trade. I have some papers for you to look at, read them and tell me what to do, papa?" I said, "Oh, my Little One, give up this business and come and live with papa."

He said, "I can't, papa. Please look at the papers quick and tell me what to do." I looked over the papers and told him they must reach the President's hand's as quickly as possible. I told him I would see that a soldier conveyed them to the President as quickly as possible. He said, "No, you won't

papa; I will take them myself." I said, "Not in those dirty, filthy clothes." When I had said that he commenced to undress and take the old rags off, stepped out of the boots, and there stood in a pretty blue uniform, consisting of jacket, pants and nice shoes. "Now, you see, papa, all I have to do is to wash my face and comb my hair." He did so, and once more I gazed on that sweet little face with all the admiration of my nature, thinking of the many times it laid fast asleep on my breast and I was a happy man then; but oh, what a change had come into our lives.

He unbuttoned his jacket and took from the inside a pretty military cap. When he had placed it upon his head, he said, "Now, papa, don't you think I am fit to look at Old Abe?" I laughed and took him in my arms, saying, "But, you're a wee bit of a soldier. I will go with you to the President." We started for Washington on horseback and arrived there that night. We were admitted into the President's presence. I presented him the papers. While handing them to him, I saw the President wink at my Little One, which surprised me. I said, "Mr. President, have you met my Little One before in such a capacity as this?" He said, "Oh, yes, colonel; we have met before." "How many times?" I asked. He said, in a casual way, "Oh, I think about three times." I said, "Is there any one here in your household that knows what brings my Little One here?" He said, "No; not a soul." I then said, "Abraham Lincoln, will you give me your solemn oath that no one shall ever know what brings my boy here to the White House?" He caught hold of my hand, saying, "I swear it, Mr. Warren, that no one shall ever know our secret." I said, "That is satisfactory, Mr. Lincoln. I wish my boy would give this work up." The President said, "The Little One tells me he cannot give it up—he is commanded by a voice and must obey." I said, "Oh, damn the voice. I wish they'd let him alone and choose a man for their work." Mr. Lincoln said, "My friend Warren, they understand and you do not. Let them have their way, and it will come out all right." I said, "I suppose I'll have to." He said, "You and your boy must dine with me today. It is late but we will have a little lunch by ourselves for I have some work for the boy to do, and while we are dining I can give him an ex-

planation of it and how to carry it out." After we had finished the little repast I bade the President good bye. He said he would keep my boy for a little while and then let him out the back way. I left for the field once more hoping to see my Little One often.

They tell me I must stop now and take it up another time.

Saturday, October 4, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. Some time after General Grant was placed in a position where he became commanding general of the army my Little One was playing at the theater in Washington. There was a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Burton's and also of Mr. Callahan's, introduced to my Little One. After they had conversed awhile my Little One withdrew to his dressing room to prepare for the evening performance. While in his dressing room he heard Mr. Callahan speaking to that man in the adjoining room, where there was only a board partition between. He heard the man say, "Lee's got a fine snap fixed up for Grant. He is going to surround him and gobble up him and his staff. I have a copy of a diagram showing how he will surround Grant and his men. It was given to me by one of Lee's aid's. I am to take a prominent part in it. That diagram is at my quarters now."

The Little One one day rode up in front of my quarters dressed as a dashing young Southern belle. She had a blonde wig on and long blonde curls falling down her back. She was dressed in a blue gown of some material that I do not know the name of. She had on her head a large hat with a wreath of daisies around the crown. When she rode up in front of my quarters she requested my guard that was on duty—I heard her say, "Good Mr. Soldier, will you be so kind as to ask that officer in there to step out here. There is a lady that watns to speak with him." I went out to see what the lady wanted, and to my surprise there was my Little One sitting on a bay horse dressed just as I have described to you. I said in a low voice, "In the name of God, Puss, why are you dressed like this, riding in among an army of soldiers?" She said, "If you will assist me to dismount and invite me into your tent I will tell you all about it." I did so and had a soldier attend to her horse. When she en-

tered the tent she commenced to laugh in such a way I knew there was hell a-brewing. I said, "Now, Pet, what brings you here in this disguise?" She tickled me in the side, saying, "Papa, I'm on a lark. Now, don't look so grim, old man, or your Puss won't kiss you." I stooped down and she kissed me. After she had done that she said, "Ye Gods, I have a tale to unfold that would harrow up a rebel's soul and if he is not careful he'll soon lay in the mould." And then she laughed again. When she got through laughing, she said, "Thou severe and dismal judge I have just come from inside the rebel lines. I have been on the mash today, and am engaged to marry a Southern officer—a gentleman of quality, your lordship." I said, "Puss, Puss, what does this all mean?" She said, "It all means that I am to pass through inside of the rebel lines tonight dressed as a boy who will bring communications to my future husband from me—that is, if he behaves himself. If he don't papa, he will bite the dust." I said, "Good God, you wouldn't—" and before I had finished the sentence, she said, "Wouldn't I? I allow no one to stand in my way when I have work to carry out." Then she related to me what she had overheard in Washington. She said, "Papa Warren, I have fascinated that man, sat on his lap, kissed and hugged him. You may think it is wicked, but I think it's grand. I met that man today by appointment and have promised to marry him; tonight I carry a message to him. I will enter his camp and profess to be very tired asking permission to sleep in his tent all night, as I am the brother of the woman he is going to marry. Poor foolish dupe. I must get possession of that diagram and other papers if I can. I will return here tonight, if I possibly can, so papa be on the lookout for me. I stood there like a dumb mute. When I found my tongue I said, "Oh, Puss, quit this business and come and live with your papa. I think those damned spirits ought to release you now, you have served their purpose long enough, to my way of thinking. One of those times that you are passing through the lines between the two armies you will be shot down." She laughed again one of those hilarious laughs, more like a mad person than a sane individual. She grit her teeth and fastened her eyes on me, looking like a she devil. When she opened her mouth she hissed out the words: "All Heaven and hell could not prevent me

from entering the rebel camp tonight." She said, "Oh, Papa Warren, how I love the work," and it just seemed to me she grew a foot taller there.

I was about to say something else when General Sheridan drove up in front of my quarters. He dismounted, handing over his horse to his orderly to take care of. He entered my tent, saying, "Hello, Warren, old boy; how are you?" When he discovered there was a lady present he bowed to her very gracefully. She courtseyed as many of the Southern ladies do. She smiled upon him with all the coquetry of a flirt. I was about to introduce her when she stepped forward, placing her hand in his, saying, "I believe I have the pleasure of meeting General Kilpatrick." He said, "No, lady; my name is Sheridan."

She knew who he was all the time. She had met him several times before, but always dressed as a boy. She said, "Oh, how delightful this is that I should be so fortunate to meet General Sheridan in this grim old man's tent, who looks like he could freeze up all the milk in our sunny South. My name, General, is Isabelle Graham, of the Graham family of Richmond." He said, "How fortunate I am to meet you, Miss Graham." Then they ignored me, entirely occupying the only chairs in the tent. I went and lay on my bed, where I could watch them out of the corner of my eye. I noticed that he was becoming fascinated by her, she throwing out all the fascinating powers that were within her. She caught him in her net and he became her slave and admirer for a while. After she had played with him as she would with a kitten she arose and said, "Now, General, I must leave you." You are so entertaining, but I must break away or I will not reach home until it is dark, and as you know it does not look proper for a young lady to be gallivanting around the country after nightfall." He took her hand and said, "Oh, must you go now?" She said, "Yes; I must leave." He said, "So soon?"—holding her hand over his heart. I smiled inwardly and said to myself, "Another one to add to the list."

She said, "General, I must leave. I have delivered my message to this gentleman here," pointing to me. She said to me, "Good, honored sir, will you see that my horse is brought to the front of your tent?" Then she turned to General Sheridan, saying, "Since I have found you such a delightful gentleman I hope

many of the other Union officers are of the same stripe." He said, "Most assuredly, where a lady is concerned." I went out and gave orders for her horse to be brought in front of the tent. What they said during the time that I was out I cannot tell, but when I returned he had her in his arms kissing her passionately like a madman. When he saw me he released her. She said, "Oh, General, you are so gushing on so short an acquaintance, but I will ask one favor of you, since I have found you are such a gentleman, that is, you will assist me to mount." She turned around and bowed to me with all the graciousness of a grand dame, saying, "Ta-ta, old freezer," waving her hand, she said, "Come, General, assist me." She placed one foot in the stirrup, the other in his hand and vaulted into the saddle. She threw back a kiss and galloped off. The General returned into my tent and said, "God, but she is a fine piece of humanity." He slapped me on the back, saying, "Do you know, old man, I kissed her?" I said, I thought it looked that way.

He shook my hand, saying, "Warren, my boy, I had her little foot in my hand and I squeezed it, too. You old sour bachelor, did you see those eyes?" I said to him, "I think you did." He said, "Those are glorious eyes, Warren, my boy. God, how I'd like to visit her father's home. How comes it, old man, that you've soured on all the women?" I said, "General, I have not soured on all the women. I love a true, honorable woman—a woman that is a natural mother and an honor to the human race. Now, General Sheridan, if you will give me your solemn oath that you will not tell what I am going to reveal to you; it it a secret and must be kept so." He placed his hand on his heart and said, "On my soul, as a gentleman and a soldier, I will keep your secret." I said, "Now, listen to me. That person that you have become so infatuated with, her name is not Miss Graham; neither is she of Southern birth." He was about to speak. I motioned for him to keep quiet. I said, "Hear me through and after I have finished, then you can express yourself. That person that you held in your arms today is not as young as you think; she has passed her thirtieth year." I saw his lips twitch and knew what he was about to say. I said, "General, I met that person in 1848. She was then almost twenty years of age. I met her in the month of September. On

the twenty-second day of November she would reach her twentieth year. I have known her ever since—at least I thought so once, but I have lived to know I have made a mistake. I love that person, General.” He could hold in no longer, when he said, “Well, I’ll be damned.” I said, “Keep quiet and hear me to the end of my story. That person that was here today, General, is my Little One. The one that you always saw dressed in boy’s clothes and is called by you military men, ‘Little Warren.’ He is a Union spy—the private spy of Abraham Lincoln.” He jumped to his feet, saying, “Good God, Warren, is this true what you tell me—and you allow it?” I said, “I cannot help myself. I saw that you were smitten today. She is a born flirt and cannot help it. I call her ‘she’ because she is of both natures—the female predominating. In that disguise that you saw her she just came from inside of the rebel lines, where she has promised to marry a Southern officer.” He said, “I felt as if she owned me, body and soul.” “Aye,” I said, “and many others have felt the same way.” I continued, “General, I love that Little One with my whole heart and would lay my life down for her, did she but ask it. She obeys the command of a spirit voice that directs all her movements. Do you remember at Mr. Newel’s rooms in Washington, when you, General Meade, General Logan, General Landis, the Little One and myself were present. During our conversation that evening, Mr. Newel brought up the question of science and said that the relations of the planets to each other had a great deal to do with this war. Do you remember that after he had talked quite a while he said, ‘Gentlemen and scholars, now I want to hear your opinion on the question.’ When all of a sudden my Little One arose and spoke on the question, giving quite a scientific discourse. After he had finished they all looked rather solemn, when General Landis said, ‘So, this is the little chap that has no education? What a fish story you have been giving us, Warren.’ I spoke up and said, ‘If you remember, gentlemen, I have tried to educate him but have found it a failure.’ Mr. Newel said, ‘I understand, Mr. Warren; but the general masses of the world cannot seem to understand.’

“If you remember, when we were about to break up, my Little One jumped up on the top of the table and said, ‘Let us

pray.' We all stood up when he said, 'That will not do; you must all get down on your knees when I pray.' We did so, laughing at the same time. He prayed for about ten minutes and jumped off the table onto Logan's back, when we all laughed. Sheridan said, "I remember it well, Warren, and Meade and I have laughed about that several times. Meade always said your boy was a freak in nature." I said, "Now, I do not suppose that you believe anything in spirit return?" He said, "Oh, yes, I do; I had a number of sittings with a man who called himself Charles Foster, and he told me wonderful things about my family; also telling me that I would become one of the leading generals of the war, and perhaps, Warren, my boy, I am on the road." He continued, "How strange it all seems—we think we understand ourselves and others, too, but I am afraid it is a failure; that is why I want to believe in religion. I want to get on the right side of the question, if I can. Do you think your Little One will ever return to you again and be the same loving little creature that he had been before the war commenced?" I said I could not tell, but lived in hopes he would do so, for my heart yearned for his love. He said, "Well, this has been a day that I shall never forget. It shows a man can be a warrior and face the enemy, but in the power of a pretty face and under the spell of a fascinating flirt, what a weak tool he can become. Warren, see that you keep my secret, in which I played a foolish part under the spell of those eyes. Your secret will go to the grave with me. You have all my love and sympathy, for I am sorry for you. I wish that you could be released from all this." I told him, "That was impossible. I had only love for one, and that one fascinated you here today and you would have become a disgraced man, knowing what I do of your domestic life. We embraced each other as brothers, he leaving for his headquarters.

Next morning about four o'clock my Little One rode up to my tent on a bay horse, leading a beautiful cream-colored mare. He called me out of bed. I had not taken my clothes off that night. I had only laid down on top of the bed waiting for my Little One to come, if it was possible and hoping that he had not been shot. He took some papers out of his breast which were inside his shirt and jacket. He said, "Papa, examine those and if the copy of the diagram is there see that it is conveyed to

General Grant. Now, I am off for Washington." I said, "Puss, what are you doing with this other horse and saddle?" He said, "It's rider does not require it any longer; he was in the capacity of being tickled and I tickled him with a little piece of lead." I said, "Oh, God! where will this all end?" He said, "On the other side of Jordan, perhaps," and then rode off, leading the other horse. I examined the papers and found the copy of the diagram that General Lee had drawn up. I had it conveyed to General Grant.

My Little One told me that during the war he had to shoot down seven different men who he said got in his way, and he had to get them out of it. When I was wounded in front of Petersburg, the voice told him of what had occurred and he came direct to me. When he found me the surgeon was about to perform an operation by sawing off my arm. They called it amputation. The Little One said, "What are you going to do with my father?" The surgeon said, "We will have to amputate his arm to save his life." The Little One said, "Not, by a damn sight, you don't. I'll save his life by nursing him back to health. I will dress the wound myself and you and your assistants will furnish what is required." The surgeon said, "Stand aside, boy. This is no time for foolishness. We want no kids coming here telling us what we shall do." The surgeon told me afterwards that the Little One drew a big dagger out of his breast and said, "I will tell you what I will do; you will let him alone. The first man that touches him I will kill." He said he looked into those eyes and he knew they meant business. He thought it was best to let that operation go for a little while. He sent for General Sheridan to give him a pass to take me to Washington. I was unconscious for three days. The first thing that I recognized after I returned to consciousness was my Little One's face. He said, "Papa, you are going to live. Your Puss is going to nurse you back to health, so be a soldier now and don't feel bad. This man and myself are about to dress your wound." They dressed my wound, which was the cause of great pain.

My Little One remained with me, nursing me like a mother would her child. When my agony was great and I was feverish he would sing me a low, sweet lullaby, all the time treating my forehead with his hands. After a while the pain would become

less and I would pass into a sleep for a little while. He was up with me night and day. Although my pain sometimes was hard to bear. I was happy to think I had him with me again. He nursed me back to health, saving my arm and saving my life. I returned to the field again, taking up my duties and he going to his.

Before the war had closed—that is, before the death of Abraham Lincoln—he returned to me again and was with me all the next summer.

When most of the army was mustered out we returned to Philadelphia, where I was once more a happy man. We lived in each other's love until I passed from my body. The army life had done its work; it had placed the seeds of consumption in my lungs and I passed away, leaving the Little One alone to struggle through life. I left him over \$100,000, thinking that would provide for him the rest of his days while living in his physical body; but, alas! it passed away from him, and he had to struggle again. He went on a man's bond by the name of Charles C. Howard. That man failed and my Little One was swamped. I have met the spirit of this man Howard. He said he could not help himself, and my Little One had to go down with him. But he was always full of grit and courage. He struggled on, and today you see he is old and feeble. I am giving incidents which took place in his own life and through his own forces, for it is the only way the public will ever receive it.

At one time in my life I married a woman who bore me children and they called me "father." I never loved that woman; there was nothing congenial between us. I educated my children, for I thought that was all that was required of me, since I could not live with their mother.

I thank you for taking down my communication and bid you good day.

Mrs. Patterson Sheldon

Chapter VII

Wednesday, October 15, 1902.

Good morning, sir. What a lovely day it is—I would call it one of Nature's perfect days. The sky is beautiful and throws a sheen of light upon the live oaks. One living here must feel that they live in an enchanted dell—this would be a place for the naiads to revel and hold their carnival of the Sun God. How grand it must be to be born and raised in these mountains. It seems to me almost an impossibility for anyone to be sick here.

When I lived in the physical body I bore the name of Clover Patterson. My father always said I looked like a clover blossom and they nicknamed me "Clover Patterson." I was christened Florence Patterson. I was born in the state of North Carolina.

Of course you understand, when I lived in the physical body I was a southern lady and loved all the ways of the south and the southern people. I stood up for southern rights and was what you northern people call a bitter rebel. When I lived in the body I looked upon you northern people as the worst kind of rebels.

You robbed us of our negroes, tried to force us to submit to your ideas of what was right and wrong. After the war commenced I hated the north and the Yankees with every breath I drew. My father was a southern gentleman and an officer in the southern army.

I come here today at the request of a band of spirits, and especially through the advice of one who says when he lived in a physical body he was an officer in the northern army and bore the name of Warren. It is his desire that I should relate to you a part of this Medium's life, in which I had a connection and also played a part. They say that they wish the public to understand something of this Medium's life—that is, the indivi-

dual through whom I now communicate. They say they do not wish that he should pass from his body and the world should be ignorant of his life, especially the part he played during what the northern people called "The Rebellion." I call it "Where the men of the nation were defending their laws and rights." I have not lived down my feeling toward the Yankees yet.

Now, I will relate to you wherein this Medium and I played a part during our war for southern rights. I frequently visited my father in the field, for I loved him very dearly and he loved me. I often wished if I only could have been a man that I might have fought against the north, for I hated them from the depths of my soul. During one of my visits to my father in the field, we were sitting in front of his tent. As we looked toward the east we saw some soldiers coming with a little girl. They brought her up in front of father's tent. One of the soldiers stepped forward and saluting father, said, "Colonel, here is a little girl and she can tell fortunes, and tells them pretty good, too." Father laughed, and said, "She looks very young to be a fortune teller." Father said to the little girl, "Come here little girl, and let me look at you." I will now describe her as she looked. She had on a pretty calico frock with a little shawl around her shoulders. Down her back hung a long braid of red hair. I noticed under her bonnet her red hair was frizzed and hung over her forehead. She had on an orange calico bonnet. Her shoes were quite broad and such as the negroes wore. Her hands were very small, her mouth pretty—so pretty that I wished mine had been like it. She had what I call "dancing eyes." On one of her arms hung a little basket in which was plug tobacco. My father said, "Little girl, what is your name?" She looked up at him with those roguish eyes, saying, "What you reckon?" which made father and a Captain Smith burst out laughing. I discovered then she had the Georgia dialect, such as the people use in the Highlands of Georgia. I said to her, "Won't you tell me your name?" She said, "I reckon." She said, "Maw called me Flossy, but paw and my brothers they all calls me 'Floss.'" I said, "Where is your home?" She said, "I reckon it's a quite smart distance from here, back in Georgia." I said, "Have you no other name but Flossy?" She said, "We 'uns always had other names." I said, "Then, what is your full name?" She said, "It's Flossy Carrington."

Father said, "Why, little girl, I was acquainted with Carrington's in Georgia. Which of the families do you come from?" She said, "We'se is all children of Pete Carrington." Father said, "Why, I knew Pete Carrington well. I stopped at his plantation in Georgia for over a month." She laughed a musical laugh, and said, "I reckon how you'se all would know him." Father then said, "What brings you here, little girl, all alone?" She said, "Brother Aleck went in the war and we'uns is all troubled about him, hit being so long since arey one of us heard from him. I started out to gin some information. I tell fortunes and sells to-baker and sometimes I sing and dances, too. Hit's just how they pays." I said, "Little girl, aren't you afraid to travel alone?" She said, "Oh, no, maam, the boys treat me good, because I belongs to the army and tells their fortunes. Sometimes, I gets money—most a-times I trusts. Does you want your fortune?" I laughed and said, "Here is Captain Smith, no doubt he'd like to have you tell his fortune." He laughed and said, "Miss Clover, you have yours told first, then I'll have mine told." Father said, "If she can sing, why let us have some singing first." During this conversation she remained standing.

Captain Smith entered father's tent, brought out a camp chair, saying, "Miss Flossy, won't you sit down?" When he had placed the chair on the ground, she tripped in some manner—I cannot tell you how, but fell into the captain's arms—she looked up into his eyes and I noticed he wasn't in a hurry to place her in the chair. He bent over and kissed her on the mouth, which was the cause of a big laugh. After he had kissed her he placed her in the chair, still holding one of her hands. Captain Smith and I were betrothed to each other. I did not become jealous then, because she was such a little girl and had such sweet ways. Captain Smith stepped back and leaned up against the pole of father's tent. She commenced to sing, and I wondered where that powerful voice came from. She sang a Scotch ballad, "I'm aye young, I'm aye young to marry yet." While she was singing, I noticed my father kept looking at her all the time, and when she had finished singing he heaved a deep and heavy sigh. I went immediately to his side and said, "Papa, are you ill?" He said, "Oh, no dear; I am happy and would like to hear some more singing." She sang another song, in which she

said, "I know that every fleeting hour is marked with songs I sing you; but oh, there'll come another day—the day when you'll forget me." She sang it with so much feeling that my father commenced to cry. I said to myself, "God, this little creature must be a witch. See how all the men look at her as if they were petrified and could not move." Captain Smith came to my side as I stood by my father. He said, "Do you not think, Clover dear, the little creature sings beautifully?"

I said, "How comes it when she sings she pronounces her words so plain, yet when she talks she uses the Georgia dialect? All you gentlemen act as if you were fascinated."

By this time a number of officers and soldiers had come direct to my father's tent and were standing there listening, as if under some hypnotic spell. I began to feel a little jealous to think that this common little ignorant Georgia girl should be the center of attraction. I thought I would break the spell by saying, "Now, we will test her abilities as a fortune teller." I said, "Come, tell papa's fortune first." She stepped forward, taking papa's big hand in her little one; then she looked into his eyes and he smiled a dreamy-like smile, I would call it. She said, "Your hand tells me the woman you married gave her love to another man—your brother." My father trembled in such a way that I thought he would fall forward on to the ground. I said, "Quick, Captain Smith, assist me to take him into the tent."

She said in as good English as I ever heard spoken, "No, let him remain where he is; he shall hear it to the end." My father then straightened up and seemed to be a changed man. He raised his arm and pushed me back—a thing he had never done in his life, and said, in a cold, hollow voice, "Clover, dear, I must hear it to the end." Then that little creature smiled a triumphant smile and said, "This young lady is not your child, but the child of your brother and your wife was her mother. She will not wed this Captain Smith, that is impossible; tomorrow will tell the tale." All of a sudden she broke out in a wild Scotch song. "My heart's in the Hielands; my heart's not here." She sang the song to the end. When she had finished she received big applause. Then she resumed the Georgia dialect, and bowing to us like a princess in peasant attire, she said, "You all must let me go now. I must look for brother Aleck." As she was about

to depart my father caught her in his arms, saying, "I cannot let you go, child. You must stay here a day or two, then go back home with Clover and become her companion." I looked at my father and said, "Papa, is this true what the creature has said?" He looked at me while his lips quivered. He said, "Clover, dear, it is true what she has just said. I am not your father. My brother Charles was your father. When I discovered the truth I killed him and your mother. Their skeletons lay at the bottom of the river with big weights attached to them. I had you educated and taught you I was your father."

Just then an old negro that father had cook for him came and fell on his knees in front of me, saying, "Oh, Miss Clover, he done make me do it." That is the last I knew for several days as I had fainted. That night my father was robbed of some valuable papers.

Captain Smith, to whom I was betrothed, was found dead in the woods with a bullet hole in his breast. He held in his hand a piece of calico belonging to that girl's dress. The men who found him said they could see there had been a struggle, as the bushes around where he lay some of them were broken off, everything of value had been taken from his pockets. His sword and belt were gone. When they lifted him from the ground they found under his body a hurriedly written note, written with a pencil on a piece of brown paper in which he declared his love for that miserable creature, Flossy Carrington. Three days afterward a battle took place in which my father received a mortal wound from which he died two days afterward. They carried me to where he lay dying. He took hold of my hand, placed it over his heart, saying, "Clover, darling, I am only your uncle—the brother of your father and the husband of your mother—but promise me one thing that you will hunt down that witch. She is an evil genius who reads the minds of men. On the night that she robbed me, after you had returned to your tent, she came into my tent, sat on my lap, kissed me and made love to me. She had promised to marry me and said she would always live with me. Next day we were to be married by the army chaplain. That night, while I held her in my arms and she was singing a low, sweet lullaby, she drugged me and I went into a deep sleep. She took out of her petticoat a flat flask of brandy;

she told me how much she loved me—the she devil. She asked me to drink to our happy future, and then she would drink after me. She said, 'Now, Colonel, take a big drink, for this is fine liquor, and tell me how much you love me.' Clover, dear, in five minutes I knew nothing more; then she robbed me and must have had Captain Smith accompany her. That is the only way I can account for it, dear. Oh, God! Clover, but she was pretty and I was thinking what kind of a beautiful ring I would place upon that little finger. I thought one time I would give her your mother's diamond ring, then I thought, Oh, no; she is too innocent and pure for that, but think of it, Clover, dear. She was a she devil out of hell. Promise me that when you get strong you will hunt her down and kill her, for I feel that I am only one of her victims." I promised him and he passed from his body holding my hand. Death had robbed me of my husband that was to be and had taken from me the only parent I ever knew and loved. I prayed night and day that God might give me strength and health in order that I might hunt down that wretched creature and kill her.

In time I gained both health and strength. I thought I would assume male disguise, enter the northern lines and search for my victim. One day as I was riding towards the northern lines a mulatto girl came out of the woods, crying. I asked her what was the matter. She said she had lost her way. I said, "Where do you belong?" She said, "I belong to Massa Ripley, what's done killed in the war. I told her I was very well acquainted with the Ripley family. "How comes it that you are so far away from home?" She said she was trying to find Massa Henry's place what married Miss Sarah Ripley; then she gave a loud laugh, saying, "Bless my soul, ain't you Miss Clover, what belonged at the Patterson place?" I said I was Miss Patterson. She said, "What are you doing in dese yar kind of clothes cofilutin around the kintry?" She said, "You jest git off that yar horse and rest yourself a spell. I'll take yer horse to de branch and give it some water; den I'll come back and show you de shortest way to de Yankees. Deys quite pert boys, dey is." I said, "So, then, you have met some of the Yankees?" She said, "Oh, yes, indeed, Miss Clover." She said, "You sit down dar under dis big tree and git your lunch out and when I come back wid de

horse you can give me what's left." She went off with the horse and that was the last I ever saw of the horse or her. So you can imagine what a predicament I was left in.

I remained there until it commenced to get dark, wondering what had become of her, and while I was thinking over the condition that I was left in I went to sleep. I woke up in the morning with the sun shining in my face. After I sat up and commenced to think on how I had been deceived, I stepped out on the road, walking along hoping to find some house near by. A carriage came along with an old lady and gentleman and a negro driving. I hailed them and asked for permission to ride on the same seat with the negro—thinking it would not look out of place, I being dressed as a boy. They invited me to enter their carriage and ride with them. During the conversation I made the discovery that the lady at one time had been a Miss Emily Placide. I told her my mother had been a Placide. She laughed and said, "Bless your heart, your mother was my cousin, Jennie Placide. They were on their way to make a visit to the brother of the old gentleman, whose name was William Partington, and hailed from the Partington family of Richmond, Va., but was now living at Fayetteville. I went to their home and gave the idea and condition of my errand that would bring me inside of the Yankee lines. They tried to prevail upon me not to do so, as I ran the risk of being arrested for a spy and naturally would be shot.

On the fifth day after I had reached the Partington home, news came by a soldier that a little boy, a sweet singer, had entered the camp of Colonel Frazier, and was giving them news about General Grant's headquarters, and how they could surround it and capture him. Colonel Frazier was so elated over the news that he went in person with the little boy to the General's headquarters. There the little boy described how a force could surround General Grant and capture him. The same evening that they received the news at the Partington home there was to be a wedding to take place at eight o'clock that evening. They prevailed upon me to throw off my disguise and dress as a young lady. I did so, Sally Partington lending me some of her wardrobe.

Just before Elwood Partington and Mabel Young were about

to be married, the General, Colonel Frazier and the boy arrived at the Partington home to be present at the wedding. After the ceremonies were over, dancing was the order of the evening, in which many of the young people took part. During the dancing the General, the Colonel, the boy and the Partington men were closeted in a room upstairs and the door was locked, to keep anyone from entering while the boy gave a description how they could capture General Grant.

Before the marriage ceremony took place many of the ladies and gentlemen conversed with the little boy, who was quite pretty and had blonde, curly hair. I noticed while in the drawing room the General had the boy stand alongside of him, while he—the General—had his arms around the boy's waist. I thought how much those eyes looked like that she devil's who came to my father's tent and told fortunes. Immediately after the couple were pronounced man and wife the men went right away to the room where they were closeted upstairs. The boy said his name was Joseph Perkins, and that he belonged to the Perkins family of Charleston, South Carolina.

It seems after the boy had given them all the information which they thought was true, the General took a paper out of his pocket. Mr. Partington said, "Open it and place it on a table." It was a plan drawn up whereby they were to set all the hotels in Washington on fire. When the fire was at its height and there was a great commotion in the city part of Lee's army was to enter Washington and capture it and burn down all the public buildings in the city if possible. Mr. Partington said the General told him how much he thought of the little boy and he was going to have him live with him. Mr. Partington said the General lifted the little boy up on to his lap, hugged and kissed him, saying, "Isn't that so, pet?" Mr. Partington said the boy acted more like a girl than a boy. He placed his hands inside the General's vest and nestled his head on his breast. The General said, "I'm happy now, Partington. I always wanted something to love; I have found it in this little boy." He said, "Get up, pet, put your arms around my neck and tell the gentlemen how much you think of me, for you know I am to be your father now." Mr. Partington said the boy hugged the General around the neck, kissed him several times on the mouth, when the General

said, "Gentlemen, those are sweet kisses." Then the General said, "Now, pet, kiss each of the gentlemen, and show them how sweet your kisses are." Then the gentlemen came down stairs and mingled with the visitors present.

They passed around currant wine and whiskey, of which the gentlemen drank freely. I noticed about two o'clock in the morning the General and the little boy were not among the company. I asked Mrs. Partington if she knew where the General and the little boy were? She said the General had been drinking quite freely and thought he'd go upstairs and lie down for a little while, taking the boy with him. She said when she passed the door the boy was singing a low, sweet lullaby to the General, "And, oh, Miss Patterson, he can sing so sweet and the General must love him very much. He was holding the boy in his arms while he sang, the boy was running his fingers through the General's beard and happiness was personified on the General's countenance. As you know, Miss Patterson, the General's wedded life was an unhappy one; but now I think his happiness is complete in the love for that boy. But, Oh, how strange it all seems in so short a time to think how the boy could find the General's heart."

Well, sir, the General went to sleep. The boy robbed him of all the papers he had on his person, besides taking many of Mr. Partington's valuable papers. He entered my room, dressed himself in my boy's clothes and escaped from the house in some way unnoticed, stole the General's horse, unloosened the Colonel's horse, also three other horses that were in the stable, mounted and rode off. Next morning the other horses were found about a mile from the home. We could not arouse the General until nine o'clock next evening for the boy had chloroformed him. The General was so smitten with the boy that he said if some one could capture him and bring him back he would forgive him for what he had done. He was a little hero and had done it for the love of his country. Nothing could ever cool the love he bore him, he had discovered his condition. He was more girl than boy and he would love that Little One while memory lasted. "I wish to God, the south had many such little heroes like that."

Possibly, sir, you remember when they tried to set fire to the hotels but were prevented from doing much harm. Those

papers had reached President Lincoln's hands. I was determined to hunt down that she devil that had ruined my father and shot down the dearest one I loved on earth to whom I was betrothed.

One month from the night of the wedding I reached the Yankee lines in boy's clothing, but it seemed to be my fate that I never was to reach that she devil. As I was riding along, intending to reach the home of Mr. Sheldon before morning, I was accosted by a freckle-faced girl with red hair, and she must have had as many as eighteen or twenty strings of beads around her neck. Some of them were large blue ones and others of amber color. She stepped out into the road in front of my horse and commenced to do a quiet kind of a dance. She whooped and hollered so my horse became frightened and threw me to the ground. She gave the horse a kick and he went off flying toward the Yankee lines—for I will not call them Union lines. She stooped down where I lay bleeding. She disarmed me, taking both my pistols from me. She placed my head on her lap, for I was very weak, saying, "Miss Patterson, I know who you are. You are seeking my life. I will let you remain here while I go and find some negroes to carry you to their cabin. When you are fully recovered return to your home, for if ever again you attempt to find me, when we meet I will fill you with lead and leave you in the woods for the vultures to pick the flesh from your bones. I am a servant of the spirit world and must assist in putting down this rebellion. It was not I who told your father whose child you were, but the influence whose commands I obey." She drew a flask out of her pocket, saying, "Drink some of this, it will allay your pain for awhile. I swallowed some of the contents and went to sleep, forgetting all about my pain. When I came back to consciousness I discovered I was in a negro cabin. They had bound up my arm for it was broken in the fall. I asked them if there was no doctor in the neighborhood. An old negress told me they had sent word to one and maybe he would get there that night. He came, set my arm by the firelight from the fireplace, that the negroes had made up for the purpose. He put splinters on my arm and bandaged it up, after which he asked me who I was and what I was doing there. I told him what I have told you. He said, "It seems impossible for the southern army to catch that little wretch; he assumes so many disguises and can

sing like a nightingale. He has a way of getting around our officers that I believe he is a witch of the most malignant type. They'll get him some day, and when they do they'll hang him up to dry in the air, like a Delaware shad," which made me laugh. at the same time I was suffering a great deal of pain. He had the negroes hitch up next day and take me to the Sheldon home. When I had got to resting comfortably and my pain had eased up some I told them my story. After I had finished, the old lady Sheldon said, "That crazy girl was here yesterday and she wanted to tell fortunes. We allowed her something to eat and prepared a lunch for her to take on the way. While here, she must have fascinated our Edward. We haven't seen him since, and both the saddle horses are gone with the saddles." Two days afterwards Edward came back a sorry looking young man. He told us how she had fascinated him, asked him if they had any saddle horses on the place. He said there were two. She told him to go and get them and they would take a ride for she had lots to tell him. They struck off the main road in through a piece of timber, where she told him many fascinating stories. She fascinated him so that he asked her to become his wife. She sang for him in the woods and lured him on so that night came on almost before he knew it.

When it was getting quite dark they came near to a stream of water. He said she took a flask out of her pocket and taking the cup off the bottom part she requested him to dismount and go and get her a drink of water. He said, "Mother, I tell you I would go through hell for her." He went to the stream to get her the drink of water. When he returned she and both the horses were gone. "You see, I have had to walk home," he said, at the same time placing the cup on the table. I groaned, and said, "Oh, God, another victim."

He said, "Mother, I have come to bid you all good bye and rest one night more under my grandfather's roof. Tomorrow I start for the Union lines. I will enlist in the Union army, for there I know I shall find my sweetheart somewhere. The poor old grandfather said, "God pity us; to think one of my descendants should become an enemy to his country and to his father's house." He said, "Boy, if you will go, my curse will go with you." Edward's eyes flashed and he said, "I care not for all the curses of Heaven or hell. I am going to my sweetheart."

He told me afterwards that he enlisted in a northern regiment. I think he said it was the Fourth New York. He was wounded near Lynchburg and taken to a hospital. After a little while, along came one of the doctors and a little boy who was singing. When they came to where Edward was lying he held out his arms and said, "Please stop and sing for me." They stopped; the boy sang the same song that she had sung for him in the woods, "When the shadows come and go." Edward said he cried out, "Oh, God in Heaven! Sweet one don't you know me? You are looking for me 'aint you? That's why you have boy's clothes on?" He said she laughed and told him he must be mad she had never seen him before in her life. She said to the doctor, "Come, let us go; you'll have to put that fellow in a straight jacket before long." Edward said his heart sank and he became delirious.

The nurse told him he'd been out of his head for several days. When his wound healed and he became stronger he came back to his father's home looking like a skeleton. We nursed him and he gained in flesh; but he never was the handsome Edward of old. He said he lost all faith in women; but I brought him out of that condition, by showing to him that all women were not alike. We were married. He entered the army of the south and when the war closed he wore on his shoulders on indication of a colonelship. Our first baby was a girl and he named her Lucy, after his first sweetheart that had wrecked his life for quite a time. That is the name he said she gave him.

Our individual and several other individuals that I described was this Medium that I now control. I hope they are satisfied with my communication. I leave no love for him or her, if you choose to call this creature so. She wrecked four lives of those dear to me—my foster father, the one to whom I was betrothed, the one I married and myself. May God have mercy on her soul. Edward, my husband, says she did it all for the love of her country, and I must learn to forgive her.

Our country was the conquered country. I suppose yours was right, while ours was the "Lost Cause." I hate that name, "Yankee."

Put me down as Mrs. Patterson Sheldon. Good day.

Sada—The Lone One

Chapter VIII

Sunday, December 7, 1902.

Good morning, friend. When I lived in the physical body they called me "Sada, the lone one." My other name I do not know. I never heard it spoken by anyone. I came here to Searchlight Bower in company with a beautiful spirit who bore the name of Julia Hawthorne when living in the physical body. Why they called me "Sada, the lone one," was I liked to go off and sit by myself alone. The children who lived in a vile den called me that name.

I was born in the Five Points, New York, and lived with my parents in an old house that was about to tumble down. My parents were low, degraded drunkards. My father was a villain of the lowest type and I remember twice where he murdered a man each time. I saw him choke a woman to death because she would not submit to his licentious designs. My mother became a low bestial woman, a drunkard and harlot of the worst type. No doubt in her girlhood days she was fair to look upon. As I remember at five years of age, I think, she had some of the traces or features of a faded beauty. She sank so low in crime and licentiousness that all shame had left her. Sometimes my father would beat her so in the face and take the money from her that she had earned through her degraded nature, her face would become swollen and bloated so that all semblance and recognition of a human being seemed to have fled and left her a mass of unrecognizable human flesh. They both were finally arrested, tried and convicted for the murder of a policeman. They were sent to state's prison for life, so I never looked upon them again either in the body or out of it.

An old Irishwoman who lived in a cellar in the Five Points took me to live with her. She said she would bring me up and

make me a smart girl. She had five other children living with her in the cellar who came into the earth world or physical planet much in the same way that I did.

When I became about six years old she had two of the eldest children teach me how to pick pockets and purloin other things that did not belong to me. She would stand in the middle of the cellar and we would practice on her. When any of the children became smart in the art they were sent into the streets to practice their trade among the different crowds of people. I never became smart in the art for I did not want to, therefore I never picked any pockets in the street. She sent me around to peddle apples, popcorn and toothpicks. I did the best trade in buildings where the rooms were rented out as offices. When I would return home at night I would pass the money over to her, then go and sit down by myself. That is why they called me "Sada, the lone one."

There was a boy, I should judge about twelve years of age. They designated him as the "booby." He never was smart at picking pockets; but I discovered he had a mind superior to any one in the cellar. While I would go the rounds selling the apples, popcorn and toothpicks, this boy, whose name was Joseph, would meet me and we would sit down on the steps somewheres and talk about our unfortunate life. One day he said, "I am going to look for work and become an honest boy. When I find work I'm going to take you away from that wretched place, Sada. I will try and find a home for you and me with some good widow woman. You can help her in the house while I go out to work and earn some money. When you have the time you can go around and sell some apples, popcorn and cookies for yourself." Oh, I thought how grand it all would be, and we would sit there and build castles in the air and talk of the future, then he'd go away and I'd go the rounds selling my apples.

When I was twelve years old, one day I returned from peddling. I found a man in the cellar talking to the old Irish hag. As I entered the cellar I heard her say to the man, "Here she comes now. She's a pretty piece and cheap at thirty." When I laid my basket down and handed the money to her I noticed she was very affectionate to me. She called me her dear girl. That was something she had never done before. She laughed, saying,

"Here's a gentleman that wants to become a friend to you." The man sat down on an old rocking chair, saying at the same time, "Come here, my dear, and sit on my lap. I want to tell you about the pretty things I am going to buy you." While he was talking to me I went away to the other side of the cellar. I had hardly done so when my friend Joe entered the cellar. The old hag ordered him out, cursing and swearing at him for a low thief of the worst kind. He said he would not go. She said she would show him whether he would or not. As she went to one corner of the cellar he slipped down behind two barrels that had a box on top of them. When she returned and saw he was not there she said, "Faith, and it's well for him that he left or I'd brained him, the dirty spalpane." She turned to me and said, "Now, my pretty girl, you go and sit on the gentleman's lap, or I'll know the rason why." I told her I would not do it. She said, "Then, begorry I'll make you, for I'm the law here." I told her my will was stronger than her law, I would not do it. She said, "Is it the likes of you that will be telling me that?" She caught me by the arm and dragged me towards the man, saying, "Sure and it's not meself that will be after losing thirty dollars for such a thing as ye are." I found she had sold my virtue for thirty dollars.

The man and she were carrying me to a bed. I screamed and kicked with all my might. Joe came from out behind the barrels, wrenched the axe from out of the old hag's hand, striking her on the back of the neck with the axe almost severing her head from her body. Then he struck the man right in the middle of the back and broke his spine. After that he went through all his pockets, took all his money and valuables, watch and chain, which were very fine—he being a high-toned gambler. He purchased apples from me many a time when I was not able to sell them. Joe went to an inside pocket that the old woman had fastened to a black petticoat that she always wore night and day. In that pocket he found over four hundred dollars.

After placing all the money in his inside coat pocket we fled from the place, crossed over to Jersey, bought two tickets for Washington, D. C., and from there we took, as it were, an old negro and a mule to convey us toward Lynchburg, Virginia. At first the old negro was not willing to go. Joe then threatened

him, saying, he would bring terrible vengeance on him if he did not convey us toward Lynchburg. The negro consented and Joe at the end of the journey paid him well for his trouble.

After that we entered Lynchburg on foot, remaining there twenty-four hours, after which we set out towards Cincinnati. After we arrived in Cincinnati we rented a cheap room. I remained there while Joe procured a position as a bell boy in the Walnut Street House. I attended the public school and in a few years became something of a scholar. Joe searched the back dates of the newspapers and discovered that it referred to the terrible tragedy that took place in a cellar in that horrible part of the city called the Five Points. When they found the man he was not dead yet. They removed him to New York Hospital. A minister of the gospel and a physician told him he was dying; then he revealed his true identity and his correct name. He told the minister that the boy who struck him with the axe was his son. He recognized the boy when he entered the cellar, and I thought while looking at the man how much his face looked like Joe's.

The gambler did not die, as they expected, but lived to be a cripple for life. After Joe had been a bell boy at the hotel. (But, allow me to say, before I go any further, the other children that lived in the cellar were taken to Randall's Island, so the paper said.) Joseph procured a better position which allowed him to go to night school in order to get some education. When he left the hotel we rented another room in the same house where I was stopping and he came home to live.

When Joe was the age of eighteen and I was sixteen a kind minister consented to marry us. I became the mother of eight children. Joseph let his beard and mustache grow and never was recognized. We lived a happy life. He finally opened a large billiard hall on Fourth street, Cincinnati. By a letter he took from his father's pockets he discovered whom his mother was. She was demanding more money from his father to support herself and child. She said she had placed the child in a boarding school in Morrisiana. The vile wretch had sold the child to the old Irish hag, who brought him up to pick pockets. His mother was Mademoiselle Stella of Barnum's Museum. His father's name I will not give as my children bear the same name. When

Joseph had made the discovery who his father was, he took the same name, as his father came from a highly respectable family in New York. I will give you his father's first name. It was Alexander and the first two letters of his last name R-i. Possibly some of the readers of this communication will recognize the family name by the first two letters of the last name.

My husband became a wealthy man and passed out of his body at the age of sixty-four. I passed away at the age of sixty-nine. My sons and daughters all married well and have happy homes. One of my daughters became a prominent literary woman. Her literary works were published under a *nom de plume*.

Now, I will relate to you that part of my communication that brought me here today. It is the desire of Julia Hawthorne that I should relate to you an occurrence that took place in the Five Points, New York—or, perhaps, I should say, a condition that was put into action and actually took place while I lived in the Five Points.

One Sunday morning a pretty little boy strolled into the Five Points, rather richly clad—more so than we were in the habit of seeing there, for most of the children in the Five Points were dirty and ragged. The little child stood on the corner of the street, saying to the people, as they passed by, "Come and listen to me, I want to talk to you." The low, degraded and bleareyed wretches commenced to jeer at him and make fun of him. A large number of the ragged children remained silent to hear what he had to say, Joe and I among the others. The little boy raised his pretty face up toward Heaven, or, properly speaking, the sky. He uttered a pretty little prayer, and oh, how beautiful I thought the words were as they came from his lips. He finished up by saying, "Oh, God bless them all, these thy children, for thou has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" Then he sang a beautiful song. We could not understand the words, as someone said it was in the Gaelic tongue. They applauded him when he had finished and then he sang in broken English, some of the people that stood near by said that song was sung in a broad Scotch accent. It was so pretty that I noticed a woman that stood near by crying all the time that he

sang. Then he spoke for us in that broad accent. He told us Hell was within us. It was in our souls and it was only through the moral lives we lived that we could dig it out. Many of the degraded people that stood around laughed and said, "The brat's a fool. Hell's down below and Heaven's up above." He said, "If you wish to come nearer to God you must purify your lives by helping each other to get out of this degradation that you have fallen into. Hell is only a place in your mind created by your soul's desire to live an abandoned life. Now, you must take that soul to task to live and command it to dig up that hell and throw it to the winds. You are good men, women and children if you only understood where the good quality is located. He said, "If you wish to come nearer to God you must purify your lives by helping each other to get out of this degradation that you have fallen into. Hell is only a place in your mind created by your soul's desire to live an abandoned life. Now, you must take that soul to task and command it to dig up that Hell and throw it to the winds. You are good men, women and children if you understand where the good quality is located." A lot of them commenced to laugh and mock him. He said, "That quality is also in your soul. Now I want you to repeat the Lord's Prayer with me." He commenced to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the only one that repeated it with him was the woman that cried so much. All of a sudden a low, degraded strumpet caught hold of his beautiful hair and tried to drag him into the gutter. As she did so Joe kicked her and knocked her down. He kept kicking her until she released his hair. He cried out with the pain, but went on preaching again. By this time a large crowd had collected around him. He told them God was no personal being, he was a universal principle and loved the **children of men.**

Just then an old minister came along who used to preach sometimes for the degraded wretches of the Five Points. His name was Clark. After he had listened a little while he cried out, "Sacrilege! Blasphemy against the true Christian God. The child is influenced by the devil. It's one of the devil's imps passing itself off as a pretty child. Call the police and take it away. It is a blasphemer of the worst kind; stop up your ears and don't listen to it. It's the devil come to earth trying to

ensnare you poor creatures here of the Five Points who have lost all sense and reason you ever had." He screamed out his words so loud that two policemen came up to see what was the matter. The minister told them that that child was a blasphemer against the Christian God, was a nuisance and a disturber of the peace, as "these people can bear me witness in what I say. I command you to arrest him—take him to the station-house and lock him up."

The policemen spoke to the little boy, saying, "You must come with us, you are making too big a racket here." He said to one of the policemen, "Will you carry me pigaback if I go with you?" That brought quite a laugh from the children and jeers from the adults—poor, miserable creatures. The policemen said, "All right, boy, get on." The little boy sprang on to the policeman's back, caught hold of his collar with his little hands, at the same time the policeman put back his hands and caught hold of the Little One's legs. They went off towards the station house, the little boy singing, "When You and I Were Young, Tom." The other policeman had to hold his sides from laughing so much. A big crowd followed, shouting and hollering, "The young blasphemer has collared the policeman." Before we arrived at the station house there was quite a long procession of people. Some of the boys took off their ragged jackets and caps and were waving them in the air, while the little girls were waving little shawls and anything else they could wave. I remember an unfortunate woman took off her red and green plaid shawl, stole a broom from in front of a grocery store and fastened her shawl upon the handle in some way. She raised it up and waved it as she went along the street, shouting out, "We've caught the devil's servant at last." The minister, following up behind her, begged her to take down her shawl and act respectable in the street. She stood still until he had passed her, then she gave him a kick in his back anatomy which landed him in the muddy gutter. Then the unfortunate wretches raised a shout, crying aloud, "Glory to God for Betty; she's downed the minister. Now let her down the devil if she can."

Finally we got to the station house but none were permitted to enter outside of the two policemen, the Little One and the minister, whose black clothes looked filthy, as he had been com-

pelled to lie in the dirty mud gutter for several minutes until some one had assisted him to stand on his feet. When he stood on his feet he cried out, "Dear Christ have mercy on the abominable wretches. The Five Points are getting nearer hell every day." After a little while I slipped into the station house unnoticed by the policemen. I went over to a bench and sat down by the little boy. I took one of his hands in mine and he looked at me and smiled with those glorious eyes of his. He put one of his hands on my head and smoothed down my hair, saying, "Little girl, there is a happy future for you, but blood must be shed before it comes to pass." The minister must have heard what he said, for he turned around and yelled out, "The imp of hell is a witch besides a blasphemer of the Christian God." Then the policeman ordered me out of the station house. In the doorway stood that woman that cried to much while he was singing and talking. She said to the policeman, "If you will only permit me to kiss those pure, innocent lips of that child I think I can become a good woman." The policeman picked up the little boy from the bench, carried him in his arms to the door, saying to the Little One, "Would you object to kissing this woman?" The Little One said, "Oh, no, I like to kiss good women." He threw his arms around her neck, then kissed her on the lips several times. After that he placed his little hand on her head, saying, "Good woman, you will become a great worker in the Vineyard of Souls." She said, "Thank God, never again shall I place a glass of liquor to my lips. I call upon God and you men here to witness what I say. Please let me stay here tonight in order that I may sober up properly." They did so.

The four policemen that were present in the station house each one kissed the Little One in turn. The Chief of Police said, "Hand him to me." He, too, kissed him, saying at the same time, "If you are in league with the devil, as this minister says, I think today you have saved a soul from hell." The minister cried out, "You're all blasphemers of the worst kind. The little bastard has bewitched you and I leave you to the devil, for he will own you at the last." He rushed out of the station house and as he was going down the steps Joe stabbed him in the leg with a big pin. He jumped and hollered, "Dear Jesus, have mercy on me. I feel the pitchfork of hell already," which sent

the big crowd off into a big laugh. The young ones hollered and shouted after him until he got out of sight.

After the crowd had all dispersed and sought their dirty hovels—those that had any to go to—I watched them until they were all gone then I went up to the station house door and asked the Chief of Police or the head man there, whom I thought must have been a Chief, “Would you please let me kiss the little joy? I liked him so much.” He called the little boy up to him and said, “Would you mind kissing this little girl?” The little boy said “No,” and then kissed me. Then he asked the man if I could stay with him in the station house. The man said, “All right, until his people come after him.” We went over and sat on a bench, holding each other’s hands, and oh, I was so happy then, for we laughed and talked together. I remained all that night with him in the station house. He, the woman and I slept in one bed that night. A man called for him in the morning, and oh, how he scolded that little boy. He scolded him so hard that I commenced to cry. The little boy took my hand and said, “Don’t cry, there will always be fools like him in the world.” The man took him away and that’s the last I ever saw of him in the body. That woman became Mrs. Spring, the great missionary of the Five Points.

I have discovered since I came here to spirit life that little boy is this individual through whose lips I give this communication in Searchlight Bower. They say the changes he has passed through since then have been wonderful.

We will take it up, sir, at another time, as it is getting late in the day.

Monday, December 15, 1902.

Good morning, friend. It is a beautiful, bright, clear morning. Surely such a morning as this would make all life happy.

I will now continue my communication. Why I delayed so long was on account of the feebleness of the medium. He was too weak and I was not permitted to use his organ of speech. They have granted me that permission this morning, so now I will continue.

There is a day towards the latter part of this month which you call Christmas, a day in which many are made happy by the gifts they receive from their friends, and also the great dinners

they partake of, which poisons their physical organization and in many cases shortens the life of the individual partaking thereof. They have made sewers of their stomachs. The stomach cannot digest that which has been forced into it through the canals of gluttony and the order and condition of that day's gluttony results in some disease in the human anatomy. If people would only stop to think and reason out their condition they would make the discovery they had been living on a basis of cannibalism, gorging their stomachs and systems with a flesh eating diet, not only causing degeneracy to them that partake of that flesh diet, but cruelty of the worst kind, destroying life that they did not give, all because that old liar, Jehovah, said it was good for them to eat all manner of animal food, he being an old licentious brute and a cruel tyrant of the worst kind, teaching people to murder, steal and lie; teaching the male condition of the human race to covet other men's wives and daughters. Out upon such a low, degraded writer, that would give such advice to the human race. He was a filthy beast of the lowest kind, who lived in the midst of degradation and licentiousness of the lowest kind or order that the human mind can have any conception of. Woe be to them that accept such slush as the "Word of God." When Reason has grown and developed to such an extent that it will clear up their befogged minds and the mantle of shame will blush their cheeks to think they had accepted such corruption as the word of God coming from an old demoniac brute of the lowest order, who wrote up misery tales and called them religious works of Jehovah. Enough of this. It is degrading to think of, that the human race has been plastered over with such filthy slime in the name of Religion.

The Christian world claims that on the 25th day of December a Saviour was born to them who laid in a manger, as there was no room for the mother and the child in the inn; that he came into the world—this Saviour—under miraculous conditions; that none of the laws of nature had anything to do with it. God granted the mother a special dispensation where the Holy Ghost came to her on that special occasion, whispered love tales in her ear and she fell a victim to the Holy Ghost's flirtation through that special dispensation. When the mother and Holy Ghost had summed it up—or in other words, when the

mother and the Holy Ghost had talked it over, and the overshadowing had passed away, it was found when the usual nine months was up she would become a mother and bear a child and its name would be Jesus, the Saviour of the human race—Joseph, her husband, only filled up the background, as he was a looker-on, who felt quite elated at the intrigue that had taken place between the Holy Ghost and his wife Mary.

People of intellect and intelligence today call that adultery, but there may have been a possibility that Joseph had lost his manhood, he being old and up in years. The Holy Ghost being a lying hypocrite, like all Holy Ghosts are of the Christian church, deceived the old man and led Mary astray. No doubt she was willing to be so lead, a rosy cheeked young damsel who was fond of the pleasures of life like others of her sex. Things were reversed that time. The Holy Ghost tempted a daughter of Eve. (Just then a loud rap came to let us know the spirits acquiesced in what the communicating spirit had said.) In general, as it is said by that worthy old libertine, Jehovah, Eve tempted Adam and he fell. I am so glad that the old brute has changed his ideas, allowing that male Holy Ghost, one of his Archangels, to tempt Mary, her husband being old and worthless, as his manhood had gone to sleep waiting for re-embodiment. This gives woman now a chance to brag some. She was elevated through the condition, knowing that she was no longer the temptress, but man is the tempter. A flood of reason (another rap) had reached the human brain whereby the children of nature commenced to think for themselves, and if it had not been for the curse of priestcraft holding them under a bond of religious superstition, their enlightenment would have been wonderful today.

This miraculous birth that the Christian world believes in was of Pagan origin. It was the birth of a Sun God. The Pagan sun-worshippers believed by their way of counting that every hundred years the great central Sun of Life threw off a new Sun, which they claimed was the birth of a young sun thrown off by the parent Sun which they claimed was both male and female. They realized as they thought that a manifestation of corruption had conceived or created through the generating process of the male Sun, whose seed was beyond all expression in life. He had presented through the womb of Nature a new Sun that must

take his position in space, draw close to a dark planet, that has also been created in the abode of darkness. This young Sun had to manifest and illuminate that dark planet so that life could exist upon it in time. Where that young dark planet was created was called the abode of Spazzemanca, that dark God they thought never saw the light. He was kept in that condition to create planets void of Life and Light. The ancient Pagans believed that when the great Central Sun manifested its power by ushering into space a young Sun it brought a wave of Life and Intelligence with it to the minds of the human race. The ancient Sun worshippers represented that this took place in the month that you call December. They believed it brought a Messiah to the world, which was a great flood of light to govern and direct the forces of the human intellect.

When Christianity was ushered in and introduced among the Pagan race it was a great force of intelligence that they had discovered through a higher growth of civilization called "Mind and Matter." There had come to them a Messiah or God of Light. They held what you call seances or circles. In that seance an independent voice spoke to them, telling them of a great wave of religion that would spread itself throughout their part of the world and it would be called Creasept, meaning the creatures of earth would accept it through a manifestation and higher conception of Intellect which they must call a divine condition and the adepts of the secret circle would receive the wisdom and knowledge of that religion. They warned them to beware of the Serpent that lived in the human heart or it would destroy the beauty of the divine Religion. In time they permitted the Pagan priests to enter their secret order and take the vows upon them as they would consecrate their life to the new wave of Intellect called Religion. Those Pagan priests gained power through hypocrisy and became the tyrants of the new Religion. They introduced into this new religion Pagan images. They set up one above all the others, called Hesiod, and called him the Christian God. A new conception entered their minds that he should have a miraculous birth. They located his birth with the new Sun God that was thrown into space.

When the people made the discovery that their great God Hesiod was, as they thought, a new Sun of Light that had come

in their midst they danced, sang and held a great festival. From hence comes your Christmas, or the miraculous birth of your Jesus, taken from the new Sun God thrown into space during the winter Solstices. So, you see, this miraculous birth outside of the laws of Nature that took place between Mary and the Holy Ghost, with Joseph for a background, is a fraud of the worst kind.

That which I have related to you was given to me by an advanced ancient spirit. He tells me that when a new planet is discovered through the great lens by the scientific observers, no matter how far distant it is from your earth, as long as they can discover its outlines it is the herald of a new Light that is going to be ushered in upon your earth planet. Friend, if you have been an observer that when a new planet has been discovered a great change has taken place in the human mind and its surroundings. If you look back and think you must remember how some new philosophy was started by an advanced mind. Those advanced minds are the new Messiahs bringing to the children of men a new Light and a new moral growth. They are the great civilizers of your earth planet. They have given you new food to live upon, great thoughts they have ushered in the new Age of Reason. At all times and in all times they have brought to you a great civilization through the power of growth and evolution. It has been manifested to the thinking mind as a wave of Light that has brought great nutrition to their brain forces. It is an utter impossibility that this wave motion could pass over your earth planet without some minds catching up this beautiful inspiration that works almost miracles in souls' growth. It comes from the great central Sun of Nature's Universe, unified in the souls of men and women, whereby we get a thorough understanding of re-embodiment. All souls that lived in spiritual bodies must constantly return into physical bodies to get a proper understanding of physical and spiritual growth. The soul understanding that condition, thoroughly hails with joy, and welcomes the entering of the spiritual into the physical embodiment.

The soul understands when the lesson is thoroughly learned by the spiritual or astrals, then it comprehends the power of evolution in all its ministrations and unfoldments for the growth

of the astral. When the spiritual becomes perfect and understands the perfect of perfectness it is deified in the soul and becomes one great light or Messiah for the lower conditions of the human race. That Soul's work then is the constant elevation of the human race. It glorifies in the perfect, beautiful of all things spiritual. It is the beacon light that commences with the children of Earth. It teaches them all earth religions are man made.

The only true religion that comes from the Central Sun of Light is Truth embellished in Sunlight. Truth is the great generator and creator of life. Nothing transpires or is formed and fashioned only through Truth. Truth is Nature's great God constantly watching over and through the Eon of all time, which means Eternity. No beginning, no end, beyond the comprehension of man's brain forces. We are all in the swim, let us make the best of it. Let us be thoughtful, sincere and honest and then we will be happy for all time to come, gaining knowledge with each revelation that will come through the new light to our earth planet.

I thank you for taking down my communication and will leave my love for your medium and will also say that "Sada, the Lone One" has gained knowledge by taking the humble position of a listener to advanced minds. I once more thank you and will say good day, friend.

Friday, December 19, 1902.

God is an ethereal expression in Life, deified in the great Central Sun outworked and expressed through a great unfolding of all principles in Nature. The ethereal expression unifies itself in all life. Wisdom and Reason comes from the inner sense of that unification that gives Light and Life to souls occult deification through natural laws in the human intellect which means soul's growth, being one of the higher expressions in Nature's element unfolding and throwing off all essential parts that govern your physical embodiment.

Ida

Chapter IX

Thursday, January 1, 1903.

Good morning, sir and friend. I have been permitted to enter Searchlight Bower this beautiful morning. The first day of the new year—oh, but it is a beautiful day. Who would have ever thought that this old body of your medium would be still moving around on New Years Day, 1903. The last time I met him in the body—that is, when I also inhabited a physical body—he looked frail, age was commencing to place its mark on his physical body, but the soul, I could see, was young.

Why I come here today is to give to the reading public a communication in which I will describe an experience connected with my last physical body. I had what you call a beautiful and musical voice. It was undergoing a vocal training and I was preparing myself for the Grand Opera which position I never had the pleasure of attaining. My vocal teacher told me I had a remarkable voice and in time would have one of remarkable register, but I was cut off in my young maidenhood at the age of eighteen. I looked forward to great results in the musical profession. The last time I saw this medium, through whose life I now speak, was at the Academy of Music in New York. He was playing Mrs. Lollipop in "Quiet Life." I sang a solo from Norma. The papers, in speaking of the benefit on that occasion, complimented my voice highly, saying they expected great things from me in time. I must admit it made me very happy as I was somewhat of a vain nature and thought I was of a superior mould to the general class of people. Oh vanity, vanity, thou art the destruction of kingdoms, when taken at their height. Thou layest them low before the altar of Humility. Ambition and a wicked mother laid my physical body low through a poisonous drug that she gave me in a cup of coffee.

my unfortunate mother was a vain, fashionable woman, who sold her virtue to obtain money in order to procure fashionable attire. She was a frivolous woman, a disgrace and curse to my father. That is the way people would express themselves that live in a physical body. My father was a whole-souled, generous man, a man that any woman could be proud of and look up to with pride and respect for his manly qualities in life. Unfortunately he fell in love with a pretty face and paid the penalty, like many of his sex had done before. My mother, regardless of his love and protection, ruined his good name. She brought him down almost to poverty through her extravagance; finally disgraced his name, from which he never seemed to rally. He passed out of his body a broken hearted man. I held him in my arms, with my lips upon his, while his spirit took its flight. He was a son of one of the most respected families of Philadelphia. He loved me dearly, his only child, and to me he was my God, my everything in life. The last words he said to me before his spirit passed from his body were, "Ida, watch your mother. Do not permit her to come to your sleeping chamber at night under any pretext whatever, for she will do you violence. She hates you ever since her mother left you that property." I told him I would be guarded on all occasions and would pay particular attention to his advice, which I did. After my father's body had been laid away about a month my mother became more reckless than ever and I often had to blush for the indiscretions of her actions towards the male sex. She would paint and powder her face, attend all manner of dancing and balls in public places. She became a matinee fiend at the principal theatres. On one of her visitations at a public place of amusement she made the acquaintance of a Doctor Lewis, so he called himself. He claimed to be a graduate of Oxford, England. Mother had him come and board at our house. He professed to be a specialist in all cases of eye disease. Finding my mother was a vain and weak woman he fed her vanity by telling her she was beautiful and a queen among women. She gave birth to a child which he choked the life out of as soon as it was born into the world and I think it was a fortunate thing for the child. Imagine a child coming from such parents, then perhaps you will think as I did.

When my grandmother left me her property it consisted of three renting houses which brought me an income of three hundred dollars a month. If I should pass out of the body before my mother did the property would go to her, provided I was not married and had no heirs. I never thought of marriage, for my whole ambition was to become a noted singer.

My mother told this Doctor Lewis that if I should die without leaving any heirs the property would pass to her. He, being a scoundrel of the worst kind, prepared a sleeping draught for me, gave it to my mother, and she placed it in my coffee and I went to sleep. While under that sleep I passed from my physical body in the height of my maidenhood bloom, for I was fair to look upon, so my mirror told me.

Then Doctor Lewis got my mother to sell the property and turn it into cash. He said they would go to Australia where he would become a great sheep raiser and accumulate wealth that would go up into the millions. He would then take her to England and introduce her at the English court, as he had royal blood in his veins. He said he knew Queen Victoria would fall in love with her. Poor, weak woman, she believed all, for her vanity was great. She tells me in spirit world she just imagined herself sitting alongside of Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle, holding a tete-a-tete with the Queen, who would admire her beauty and her jewels—poor, deluded woman. He stole her money, abandoned her to her fate and went off with a woman, a low, coarse, degraded and immoral character who claimed to be the natural daughter of the great actress, Lola Montez.

My mother—unfortunate woman—sank deeper and deeper in sin. She fascinated a man while he was under the influence of liquor. He was a married man and had a wife and children, one of the prominent citizens of the city of Philadelphia, Pa. She allured him to her den of shame and there presented to him a glass of liquor with poison in it; after drinking it he died within an hour in terrible agony. She robbed him of his money and jewelry and fled the place, but was captured in Chicago by detectives, who put her under arrest. They were bringing her back to Philadelphia to stand trial. She was prepared for the condition. Out of her breast she took a little vial unnoticed by the detective, drank the contents, which was powerful poison.

she tells me, and was dead inside of a quarter of an hour. That was the fate of my unhappy mother; her body was handed over to her relations for burial. My grandfather on my father's side prevented them from placing her body alongside of my father. They buried her—that is, her body—in their own family lot.

That wretch who bore the name of Lewis abandoned that lewd woman and unfortunate character who said she was the daughter of Lola Montez. He went to Paris, married a French actress in the vaudeville profession, stole her jewels and money and abandoned her as he did the others. He now resides in New Zealand, and has another woman that he calls wife—one of the most notorious characters in that leading city of New Zealand. I hope he will be fortunate enough to read this communication. He will understand then who gave it to the reading public. He married seven women, besides others that he lived with, and changed his name in every place he lived in. At the present time he bears the name of Shelton, claiming while living in the United States he was a dramatic author and wrote many stories for the Sunday journals. I hope these lines will meet his eye, and if he has any conscience left, surely it will be the means of something of a reformation from his past life.

I was acquainted with your medium from the age of seven up to the time I passed from my physical body. I admired his character acting very much but found him cold and distant and very hard to approach on friendly terms. I have heard people in the profession say that his heart was as cold as marble. I can see now they did not understand him, neither did I. I wondered how it was while playing on the stage he was so full of mirth and fun. He kept the people screaming with his comedy acting. After leaving the stage and entering the wings he became cold and distant again. I said to Mr. E. L. Davenport, "What a strange creature that is. He seems to be boiling over with fun when on the stage; off it as he is now you would think, Mr. Davenport, he was void of all animation." Mr. Davenport said, "You are most all strangers here to the Little One. He hasn't played in New York for many years. You are all a new generation to him, for you must understand he is no longer a young person." Mr. O'Neil came up to where we were stand-

ing, by this time, listening to part of our conversation, and said, "I do not believe it's a male at all; look at that beautiful neck and those voluptuous breasts and then call it a male—why, it is ridiculous." Mr. Davenport said, "The Little One is of both sexes, the female nature predominating. Don't you think she sang that piece of music pretty—"Time and Tide Waits for No Man?" I said, "That's what surprises me; she has got such a high soprano voice and yet she dresses in male attire and walks the streets looking like a boy, for she is not tall enough to look like a man; besides that, her hands and feet are too small, even for a good sized boy." Mr. Davenport said, "Look—she is going on in the last scene; here's where she makes the people scream. I have seen the Little One play this character several times; it always seems new to me; she is constantly introducing something new to make the people scream with laughter." At the finish of the scene she lifted one of the male characters by the seat of his pants and collar of his jacket and held him up for a few seconds, hollering out at the top of her voice, "Behold the champion of woman's rights," then threw him into the orchestra, while the curtain fell, leaving the audience screaming and applauding. When she came off the stage panting for breath, the people were calling for her to appear in front of the curtain. The stage manager asked Mr. Davenport to lead her on, as she was so weak from her great exertion in the comedy. I heard the stage manager say, "She must be fifty years old now, for I remember her when I was a little boy." I said to Mr. O'Neil, "Great heavens, can it be possible that person is fifty years old? Why, she sang and danced in that comedy just as if she was a young girl." Mr. O'Neil said, "Wonders will never cease and especially in stage life." When Mr. Davenport led her off the stage he held her in his arms, as she was so nervous it seemed to me I could hear the creature's heart beat; finally he led her to the green room. I followed to see what the result would be. He placed her in a seat, sitting alongside of her, holding her hands, while she laid back panting for breath. I said to myself, "Can this be the end of all old people on the stage? How hard they must work to please the people, then come off and pant like this for breath." I said to Mr. Davenport, "Why do you hold her hands so long—why don't you call one of the servants to

bring her something to drink?" He said, "Not now; by holding her hands I give her magnetism; that brings back some of her strength, then we will give her some of that lemonade with the strawberry juice in it."

After awhile she seemed to revive and become herself once more. Then Mr. Davenport requested one of the waiters to bring him some of the lemonade with a teaspoon. He fed her the lemonade, a teaspoonful at a time. She looked at me and smiled, saying, "Isn't it nice to play the baby and get fed by a knight of the old school?" I said to her, "Indeed, you are a born sou-brette." Mr. Davenport said, "The Little One could not be anything else." She said to me in her gentle way, "Young girl, it is like this I played yesterday, both afternoon and evening, at our own theatre called the Broadway—then playing this afternoon it is a little too much for my strength." Then Mr. Davenport said, "Yes, and at your age, too, Puss." She professed to blush, which she could do to perfection. I think she was the most perfect flirt I ever saw on the stage. She looked at Mr. Davenport with one of her winning smiles, saying at the same time, "Any one to hear you talk would think I came from an antique school." Then she burst out into one of her musical laughs for which she was noted. Taking my hand she placed me on the seat near her, saying, "My dear, it tires me to see you stand; would you believe it, my dear, in this profession we become slaves to amuse the people—for what? Just for the bread and butter we eat and the clothes we wear. We can take none of our money with us when we pass through the dark shadow into that bright light beyond; think of it—tonight I harness up again to make the people laugh at my edisantrisities."

Mr. Davenport smiled and said, "The Little One is always coining new words of his own to answer his purpose." Mr. Davenport looked very solemn then when he said, "Puss, I'm going to have a benefit—don't you want to volunteer for an old gent like me?" She placed her hand in his, saying, "Old sweetheart, I'm with you every time; what will it be on that occasion?" He said, "Mr. Hart has promised to play for me. I want you and him to play the farce as 'Old Lovers.'" She laughed again one of her musical laughs and said, "Davy old boy, you are bound to place me in the Museum of Antiquity."

Just then Mr. Bryant and Mrs. G. W. Jones came up. Mr. Davenport addressed them, saying, "Did you ever see Mr. Hart and Puss in the farce of the 'Old Lovers,' trying to be young?" Mrs. G. W. Jones said, "No, but I have heard of it, and want to see them in it. Mr. Bryant has just been telling me that you are going to have a benefit. Mr. Davenport, I want to present my services on that occasion, if they are acceptable." Mr. Davenport, taking her by the hand, said, "My good lady, they are by all means acceptable on that occasion. I will appear in one act myself as 'Sir Giles Overreach, in a New Way to Pay Old Debts.'"

Just then a gentleman stepped up, saying, "Puss, your carriage is waiting." The Little One bade us all good afternoon, and kissing Mrs. Jones and Mr. Davenport, took Mr. Bryant's arm and walked to the carriage. Mr. Davenport said, "I feel for the Little One that has to get into harness again tonight." That is the last time I ever saw your medium while I was in the physical body. Mr. Davenport did not live long enough to receive the receipts of his benefit. He soon passed out of his body.

I had then lived to discover, as young as I was, it was not all gold that glitters behind the scenes at the theatre; there was lots of hard work and much anxiety in a theatrical life.

I leave my love for little Justin. Thanking you, kind sir, for taking down my communication, hoping that the eyes of that villain, Doctor Lewis, may peruse its lines. Good day.

Put me down as Ida, as I have no desire to bring my father's family name into print, for it was a name that I loved and respected with reverence. I cannot, as a female spirit, be the means or cause of any reflection cast upon the name of my mother, who was an unfortunate creature. I forgive her, but there is no affinity between us in the spirit world. Ida.

A Man's Conscience

Chapter X

Oh, conscience where dost thou dwell,
Do you live in the souls of men and women
Or down in the depths of hell?
Say, wily conscience, can you tell?

Conscience, hast thou a moment to spare
Since you left that degraded girl so fair?
Or dost thou only whirl in the air.
Conscience, out of hell hast thou time to spare

To listen to reason that's fair?
Conscience, are you on earth
Or do you only live in the air,
Since heartstrings you love to tear?

What cry is this I hear?
Conscience, are you the pall of the bier,
Or art thou a seer,
Since conscience has no fear.

Down in the dens of sin,
Conscience covers all with a film,
Since a seething maelstrom is within,
Oh, conscience, thou art black with sin.

Hast thou heard the aching cry?
Conscience, have you no pity or a sigh
For the cruelty of a human fly?
Since to all misery you draw nigh.

Hast thou forgot the aching hearts on earth?
Conscience, did you give this sin a birth
To breaking hearts sitting at the hearth?
Conscience, art thou the devil on earth?

Behold the blinking, blearing race.
Conscience, have you a false face
To look upon this deplorable race?
Conscience, for crime you have made a place.

One little thought I would give.
Conscience, permit Truth to live
And only see error through a sieve.
Conscience, Wisdom must live.

There are angel faces near,
Conscience, they cry out, there is fear
Since the power of Truth is near,
Conscience to spirit adhere.

The Devil has left Hell,
Conscience, to Truth thou art a sell,
For men through conscience have fell;
Conscience, wipe out thy errors in Hell.

Dr. H. W. Gould

Chapter XI

Saturday, February 22, 1902.

Good morning, Colonel. How goes everything? I made you several promises, also Doctor Meyer, that I would visit your home in the mountains. Now I come to make that visit. I find it a cloudy day, so it will give us a chance to have a little chat. I suppose you know who I am; I am old man Gould—old stingy Gould, as the Spiritualists called me, because I didn't divide my property with them. Suppose I had—it wouldn't have been any benefit to them. There's no harmony amongst the San Diego Spiritualists. As far as I could see they did nothing but slander one another. They couldn't unite, because they all thought they understood the laws of spiritualism and some claimed they got greater communications than others, because they were controlled by a higher class of spirits. I think the biggest farce I ever witnessed was when I had the pleasure of listening to some of the most egotistical spiritualists that I ever heard talk. They live right down there in San Diego. I don't want you to think that I am going to make any excuses for myself, for I think that I was one of the most pig-headed and egotistical spiritualists that ever lived in San Diego. Stubbornness and combativeness was my whole make-up and I thought those who did not think as I did were all wrong.

Now I am going to tell you of a little scene that took place between Justin and myself. One day he made me a visit at my office. I think it was in the month of September, 1887. I presume I was getting off one of my bombastic ideas, when all of a sudden he jumped up off his chair and stood right in front of me, saying, "Doctor Gould, do you know what I think of you?" I said, "No, but I'd like to know." "Well," he said, "I think you're a big, bellowing bull, and when you can't have things

your own way, you want to do up all the rest of the bulls on the ranch. I think of all the old egotistical brutes that I ever met, it's you. You put me in mind of lots of these old scribblers that write for spiritual newspapers. If all the rest of the world don't think just as they do, why they are going to clean up and do up all the minds that are in the spiritual field, because they don't think as they do. Now, old man, I feel better since I have told you what I thought of you." Just think of it, a little urchin like him telling Doctor Gould what he thought of him. I had to laugh right out and said, "You are not anything of a hypocrite, are you?" He said, "You just bet I ain't. I got tired of seeing you roaring around like an old bull trying to break down a fence and get at another one who defied you to come on his side of the fence and that's the way it is with lots of these old spiritualists, who think they know it all. Haven't you got brains enough to see that Spiritualism is progressing, like everything else in life? Do you suppose that you hold it all in this old shanty here?" Just imagine him calling my office an old shanty, where some of the most enlightened minds met to talk things over, and especially the spiritual philosophy. He said, "Now, if you don't behave yourself, I shall never come to see you again." Well, I didn't want that to occur, for I liked the little chap as he had given me some very fine tests, especially one wherein he informed me that I held in my possession a gold locket which contained two portraits, that of a man and a woman, which he said was my father and my mother. It was so. No one ever saw that gold locket, for I carried it in a pocket sewed in my undershirt, and I know no one could have told him of such a locket, for it was a sacred treasure to me and I never showed it to any one. He said, "The man of whom that picture is made is your father, and I think he is the most positive spirit that I ever saw in my life, and you are just like him, you old duffer." What a compliment that was for Doctor Gould to receive, but nevertheless it was a truthful one, for I was just like my father in everything.

After he had spent his fury I arose and took both his hands, saying, "Now Justin, I don't want you to become very angry with me. I always want you to come and see me when you get in from the mountains. I know, Justin, sometimes I become

very positive and talk rather rough, for I am always in the habit of having my own way with every one but you. It seems as if you were determined to break in through my ways and compel me to see things in another light." He said, "Well, don't you know that old dromedaries have to wake up sometime and travel through the sandy desert until they discover an oasis, a green spot in the desert, where they can sit under the cool shade of the palms, collect their thoughts and sharpen their wits for the rest of the journey, you old lunk head?" I then grabbed him in my arms and kissed and hugged him, saying, "Little One, you are a major, but you are ahead of time." He took me to task for believing what a certain woman claimed was truthful. Well, I might as well out with it, Colonel; I mean that materializing woman that I swore by and who got considerable of my money. Now I can see from the spirit side of life that she perpetrated some of the worst frauds upon me that she ever did upon any one; she worked up her faking business so artistically that I really thought it was all genuine materialization. With all my positive conceit she drew the wool over my eyes and I became her victim. I then told the Little One that if I should become rough and swear some to take no notice of it and let it pass. He promised to do so, but his visits became less and less and then finally he did not call to see me at all, which made me feel bad. You know, Colonel, I asked you several times why he did not come to see me. I had my mind fully made up that if we had remained friends I would leave him my library of books, but he ignored me entirely and I left them to another party, but I am sorry I did so for I do not think they appreciate them as he would have done.

I merely give you a little description of his opinion towards me. I saw he was no hypocrite and discovered he knew how to speak his mind. I made a visit to a circle in San Diego since I have passed to spirit life, hoping to find a medium through which I could speak to the friends. It was a failure—I could find no such medium, but I heard all they had to say. There was one present who took my character to task and spoke very bitterly against me, saying, "If I was as mean and stingy a spirit in spirit life as I had been in the body, they pitied the spirits that associated with me." I don't see why I should have given

my property to the Spiritualists. It was mine and I had a right to do with it as I chose. If there had been more harmony amongst them I no doubt would have helped them. So they need not think I do not know their opinion of me, for I most assuredly do. Since I came to spirit life I have visited three circles in San Diego, one in Los Angeles and two in San Francisco, but I never controlled any medium until today; this is the first time. Their expressions about me were anything but flattering. They need not think that I do not understand now, knowing that I was an old fogey in Spiritualism. I can see it all clearly now. I was behind the times and not sufficiently advanced to understand Justin's sayings.

Now, Colonel, I want to tell you something about my spirit existence. I did not find the spirit world as mediums had represented it to me, but I found it a most natural world, more so than that world in which I lived in a physical body. As I see it in spirit life, all have to work out their own condition and I am at work at mine. I found all very natural and hard at work trying to become more spiritual and less physical.

Now I am going to give you an idea how we make the exchange, leaving the physical and entering the spiritual. Possibly you know, Colonel, that I suffered a good deal before I left my physical body. When my spirit passed from my physical body it seemed as if I fell into space and my spirit kept going down, down, when all of a sudden I received some kind of a shock, then my spirit seemed to arise again, my eyes opened and I looked upon my old physical body. For three days there was in my head a roaring and a babel of noises like the rumbling of machinery and the running of railway trains and every conceivable noise that could be made. Then I commenced to collect my thoughts and said to myself, that must be what they call death. I placed my spirit fingers upon the eyes in my head, that is, my physical face, and found they were cold, with no animation whatever. I walked around and looked at my body. While I was doing so I heard a voice calling my name. For some time I could not see the individual who was calling me, but as she came closer and closer my sight became more perfect, when finally I saw the individual who was calling me. I laughed for joy when I discovered she was an old schoolmate of mine and we had been

sweethearts while living in the body. I felt proud when a school-boy to fight her battles and carry her books home from school. As a spirit, Colonel, she was beautiful; her merry laugh lit up my soul. Then she said to me, "Old sweetheart, now young again, when you have worked out and lived down some things you should not have done, I will then come for you, as we are spirit mates. Do not forget I will always be near you to help you. When you have paid the penalty for your misdeeds then you can come and live with me. I have paid the penalty for my past errors and shall wait until you have done the same. Then we will become united in the spirit world and prepare our spirits for reincarnation," for you know, Colonel, I did not believe in that when living in the body, but she has taught me it is a truth and only through re-embodiment can we become perfect in spirituality. What I mean by being perfect in spirituality is this: when we have worked out our earth condition thoroughly and understand the meaning and principle of the work that has been laid out for us to pass through and accomplish by taking on different bodies, we are gaining in spirituality and in spiritual knowledge while we are doing all this. We are creating and materializing that beautiful expression and inner thought called the conscience. We are educating ourselves to love all the beauties in nature placed there by the conditions of others and ourselves for we are the electric motion of all life. We gain an ascendancy step by step through the law and power of evolution. When we were only the little mite of a cosmos in sense whose action was our daily guardian, we had an inkling or idea that lived in the midst of that coarse and gross surrounding which I call plastic arion. By that I mean the inability of our chaotic condition held a law that had a force and through that force in our life condition we have arrived at the Arion, leaving the plastic behind. Our self-assurance will teach us the building up of all the spiritual growth that is within us.

I find here in spirit existence the self same selfishness that impregnates the whole of God's children. I find that there are many who are wise and good while others are low, degraded and slothful. I have not seen, so far, any of those beautiful scenes that were described to me by earthly mediums, or, perhaps you had better call them earthly fakirs. My spirit mate

tells me when I have progressed far enough she will lead me by degrees into the presence of elevated spirits whose light now I could not, nor would not, understand. She says she will lead me as a child, as she had been led into the presence of the glories of life. It will come by slow, passive steps, and each step will be an arisen thought, called "perfection's love," which leadeth the whole spiritual creation into the presence of glory's nature, called the divinity or the God of the human race. Colonel, I have force of character enough to get there, but I must abide my time for every step must be worked out by perfection. That is the step that overcomes man's conceit and laudation. We must lay aside all egotism—all man's conceit must pass by and be buried in oblivion. It is only through the true light of Reason and the building up of our conscious condition that we can gain ability and become one with God. What I mean by "God" is the perfection of all nature which holds the trinity of intellectuality, conscious ability and spirituality that governs all life.

Now, Colonel, I could give you the names of many individuals who inhabit physical bodies posing as mediums who, at the same time, are some of the worst frauds I ever met, but I would not waste your valuable time, neither would I waste good paper on which you would have to pen their names, for I look upon them as being the scum of the earth. While at the same time I had the pleasure while living in the body of having many fine sittings with genuine mediums—God bless them. I hope the time is not far distant when Spiritualism will be weeded out of those infernal tares and frauds. It is the only true avenue through which you can learn of eternity. You might have all the bibles that the world ever produced, place all their religions into a revolving cylinder and not one of them can produce a genuine rap that comes from the spirit side of life—little thinking of the great force or manifestation through which we can communicate to our friends, called the entranced mediums, or a great force in nature which embellishes all Truth, Sunlight and Reason, that guides you to the portal of Eternity, whereby you can become a dweller in spirit life.

Now, I want you to give my regards to Mr. Meyer and Mr. High, and all other friends that would like to hear from me. I want you to take a big share for yourself, Colonel.

I leave my love and best wishes for Justin: Tell him there is coming a time when true mediums will be worth their weight in gold, as they are now, did the people understand it.

Now, I want to thank you for taking down my communication. Mrs. Bushyhead told me she did so well I thought I would try it.

Just put me down as Old Gould, the miser. Good day.

Thomas Paine

Chapter XII

Wednesday, April, 1902.

I greet you, friend, on this beautiful sunny day. You are a friend in the cause of liberty—that is, in the cause of thought, speech and progression. The power of evolution is constantly at work, and you are riding on its wave. Permit me to introduce myself in Searchlight Bower. I am he whom the Christians call “Old Tom Paine, the drunkard and infidel.” Possibly you have heard or read of my name, as it has been a toothpick to the ministers of the Christian religion, whereby they could pick out of their teeth the old diabolical lies they have been telling for so many years, and the hide-bound superstition that they force down into the Christians when they could not force it up the other way into their heads.

My name has been a tickler to the Christian palate in order that they might relish so much their brimstone soup in the good will of the devil that they love so much. My writings have been a scorcher that did them up brown on both sides so that the credulous minds of the Christian world could partake of the fatty substance of this Jesus of Nazareth dished up with gravy of prayers and catechism, so that they might shake and wag their weak heads that held within their mouths the tongue of derision. The principal part of their lives has been so very kind—constantly they have been inviting me to board at their fashionable hotel that bears the fashionable name of “Hotel de Glory”—in other words, “Hell, Damnation and Brimstone.” They say that is the only abode fit for a gentleman of my quality to reside in—I being a heretic and blasphemer of the worst kind. They will see that I am fed on the idiotic brains of the bigoted ministers; they will provide for me a salad made up out of the wise, deluded.

credulous minds of their followers; many who dare not think for themselves, otherwise they are afraid they would wake up some morning in hell if they did. My temper and bearing with the surroundings of the Age of Reason would not harmonize, I am afraid, in their grand palace of the abode of the blessed called by gentle people, "Hell Inferno." I have no desire to pass my time among murderers, thieves, hypocrites and prostitutes of the worst kind that are the prominent boarders of that fashionable Christian resort. I am too humble to be exalted to the high position and the glorious condition through which such deluded hypocrites who are constantly under the condition of inebriation through too much psalm singing. My nature is such that I prefer quiet, gentle people who sit and think for themselves—their emotion is not constantly stirred up by a popinjay show of religion. Wise and thinking minds who have constantly seen the light of Truth before them have been persecuted in all ages by a class of people that stole a pagan God and called him Jehovah. He was first stolen by the Jews from the Syrians and then by the Christians from the Jews. That Pagan idol fastened himself so upon the Christians it is almost impossible for them to shake him off. You see, when they stole him he had three heads which looked in all directions, and it was only once in a while that one could escape from under the gaze of those bleared eyes of that idol called the Christian God. But human nature is waking up to advanced thought, and in time they will throw over him a veil with such a dark shadow attached to it that he will pass into oblivion forever. You cannot place upon the human mind an iron helmet with an iron mask attached to it; you cannot screw it so tight upon the human skull but Truth will come from the soul and mind of each individual in time.

Many of the ministers have proclaimed from their pulpits that hey knew my soul was in Hell enjoying the company of their old friend, God and the Devil, for he is both to the Christian heart. When the brethren of the blackcloth fail to get a good subject to preach on, they fall back on old Tom Paine, where they see him roasting in hell and they give him out as a great warning to the young minds in order that they may not investigate other religions, other creeds or philosophies. They tell them if they investigate and step to one side from the fold of

Christianity they are lost sheep and must pay the penalty of old Tom Paine. I know there are some suffering such penalty, and oh, how I wish there were more that could suffer like I do in having the pleasure of visiting mediums such as I now control today. It is a glorious penalty that I am always willing to pay. In 1882, in Kansas City, Missouri, I gave a continuation of lectures through this medium which relieved my soul very much, as I expressed my thoughts just as I wanted to do. I found his forces were easy to control and I laid bare before the people the thoughts of my mind. I gave full expression to my soul's desire. I know many felt highly edified in listening to the discourses whereby they said, "How comes this? They say this little individual is not well educated and yet he demonstrates to us that language can flow out of his mouth as water does from a fountain." Many not understanding the law that governs spirit control marveled at the sayings and expressions clothed in such beautiful language, as they called it, forgot to stop and think it was the spirit talking and not the medium. The spirit was playing upon the organization which gave forth vocal sounds clothed in what they called beautiful language. There were those in the audience who thought the lectures very radical and not Christian-like. I found the medium an easy subject to master, therefore I gave full force to my thoughts. I am one that always believed the naked truth was much better than a lie covered up with a spangled robe. Many of the people in Kansas City said at that time, "Why, that person is in advance of the age. Those that are left in the physical body talk among themselves when they meet at their homes and say, "Oh, how we could enjoy those lectures now."

Many of the people in Kansas City lived in dread of John Hammond controlling the medium on the public rostrum, his sayings were so radical to them. Now, it would be like listening to an angel—they say he gave them so much truth without any high coloring. They look upon his sayings now as a guide through life. We only understand the beauties of the condition and that which surrounds us when we have arrived at a ripe old age. Then it is the duty of every individual to impart the truths and sayings of a truthful guide to the younger generation that they may build a solid foundation for their future life to walk

upon. Wise men and women are stars gliding through the human family, permitting a spark to lodge here and there. When the common every day mind has discovered that spark radiation they find there is an angel light guiding them to the higher truths in nature. When I expressed myself through the law of common sense I discovered a spark from a star had dropped in front of me; the radiation illuminated my soul in such a manner that I caught hold of my pen and gave the "Age of Reason" to the world while in action the divinity that was within me was expressed through the point of my pen. No Christian creed could hold me down then. I was one with God and gave his thoughts to his children. Life said to me, "Thomas Paine, you must brush the scales away from human intellect in order that they may penetrate into the higher divinity that is within them, for that will become their master and guide them into the true walks of life. I was persecuted by the majority that I came in rapport with, when they thought they could not attack my character vile enough, then they called me a low, drunken beast—which was an infamous lie of the worst kind, as I was a temperate man on all occasions. The preachers only told that to people that had never seen me. Finally it got into print, and like many other lies made out of whole cloth, it was looked upon as a fixed fact by people that never came in contact with me. On my death bed they said my suffering was something terrible to behold, and that I repented at the last and accepted Jesus as my Saviour; while others said in print that I merely said, "I believed"—believed in what? In a miserable fraud fostered on the people by priestcraft and through bloodshed, burning human bodies at the stake to compel them to say, "I believe in Jesus Christ, a myth, a vampire worked up in the minds of fanatics." If they would give to the world the true sayings concerning this mythical character, Jesus, that the author first gave to the world they would hide their faces in shame. They were collected and buried away in the Vatican at Rome.

The people today have only the modernized version of this myth, Jesus, which gives them all the semblance of a beautiful and pure character. That is the way all religions will be modernized in order to cast out all the immorality, filth and debauchery of the past priesthood and their concubines. People today de-

mand moral literature and they are going to have it. The moral minds of the world will no longer dwell upon the fabrications and lies of debauchery such as that hell-bound God, Jehovah, gave them in the Old Testament. Now they demand a cleaner God—not one that is besmirched all over with the rotten vomitings of a cursed priesthood. They want a clear-cut God—one that can stand erect and is well formed and can tell the truth on all occasions. The world has no more use for Christian angels like David, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and that beautiful character, Lot, and his two daughters. No wonder it took the Christian world so long to progress out of the ditches of sloth and corruption and bastardy when they held up such whoremongers and polygamists as representations of religion in their Old Testament dealing constantly with Christian divine angels as David, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and Lot and his two daughters. They required seasoning for the human race to gulp their lives down, so they threw in the old woman as a pillar of salt to be sure that they were well seasoned. No wonder virtuous young men and women fell into the low grooves of lust and debauchery thinking they were lost forever and that hell was waiting for them. As there was no arm stretched forth from the body of Jesus to clasp them to his breast they went down, down until the human body became so gross a part of putrefaction the spirit had to withdraw and come to the spirit side of life in order to gain knowledge through which they made the discovery that all religion is man made and forced upon credulous minds through war and bloodshed.

The human mind in its early stage was built up of nothing but superstition and became the victim of priestcraft. Superstition has become the cause of rivers of blood flowing throughout the planet. All religions have Gods built up on their own design that have the look of both human and brute. A woman dressed up with a great headdress upon her head—that is the conception of God. A man who is fortunate and lucky with coffers filled with gold—that is his God. A weak, senseless brain who thinks he is the leader of fashion and wears costly garments—that is his God. As he has no true, manly ideas located in his brain it would be utterly impossible for him to understand the God of Reason. But there are minds that have been developed

through the law of Wisdom—they see God in all nature. They are the honest men and women of our daily walks. A religious bigot and fanatic understands no God but that of persecution of another's religion. Their mental thought is at such a low ebb Wisdom plays no part in their makeup. One who thinks his church and sect is the true one in the sight of God has a tendency toward a lunatic asylum some day; but the man and woman who proclaim there is no God higher than Truth revealed to them throughout all Nature—such individual's dealing will be just on all occasions. The God of fashionable society is only a bubble that can burst at any moment. Mine, with many others, is the God of Progression, that constantly looks at a true light ahead which reveals to them there is no end to knowledge.

We will continue at another time. I have held the medium long enough in his condition.

Thursday, April 17, 1902.

Well, brother, I am the causation of an entrance here today—that is, I brought the cause and effect of Thomas Paine into the Searchlight Bower, the controlling spirit of this occasion, who has entered here to greet you on Nature's glorious day—for it is a beautiful day, sweet, balmy and exhilarating. The man or woman that would find fault with such a day as this is void of all reason, and we should put them down as an imbecile floating on a wave of ether through space, awaiting a revolutionizing condition of brain action when they will realize that the love of all Nature is the spirit of knowledge, superior to all man made creeds or demented Holy Ghost appearances in weak-minded brains that must become developed through the power of Reason.

Now, brother, I wish to relate a condition that took place during my life. It was an instance such as I shall describe. I had a boy companion who bore the name of Frederick Whipple. We were very much attached to one another—so much so that our thoughts seemed to run through the same channel. We were both pupils under the same master and constantly in each other's society. When we had grown into young manhood his parents prevailed upon him to join the church. He did so to please them. After he had been a member of the church for about two years his actions became cold toward me—they no longer held that warm affection toward me that they had done previous to this

time. When we met on several occasions I approached him on friendship's footing, but his greeting was cold and distant. One day while we were walking side by side up the principal street of the village he addressed me, saying, "Tom, let's take a walk through the woods and we will go and sit on the river bank." As we were walking through the woods I thought his conversation became more animated and warm than usual. When we approached the bank of the river he looked at me, saying, "Tom, you don't love Jesus; I am going to drown you. You are a heretic and must die." He grabbed hold of me by the coat collar and dragged me toward the river. We both struggled hard—I trying to release myself from his grasp, while he was trying to push me down in the water. All of a sudden we both slipped and fell into the water together. Our struggle was a hard one while in the water and in consequence we both received a good bath. He became weak and letting loose his hold on my coat he would have drowned had I not dragged him to the river bank. I laid him upon the grass, when he swooned away into an unconscious condition. I could not assist him any more, as my strength had also become weak. There we both laid on the grass with our clothes soaking wet. I finally went to sleep from sheer exhaustion. When I awoke I discovered I had a raging fever. I sat up and looked on the friend of my boyhood, who was frothing at the mouth and seemed to be laboring under some kind of a fit. I took my shoe off and crawled down to the water, filled it with water and crawled up the bank again to my friend. Taking my handkerchief I dipped it in the water, bathed his face with it, pouring the remaining part of the water in his mouth. This did not seem to revive him. I crawled down to the bank twice more, filled my shoe with water, came back and bathed his face and hands, pouring a portion of the water into his mouth. The exertion was so great for me that I fell into a swoon—or I should properly say, passed into a swoon. I did not revive from that condition until some time in the night. When I opened my eyes I discovered the moon was shining right on our faces. As I tried to collect my senses I heard a low mumbling, like one talking in their sleep. I looked toward my companion. He laid there talking in a very low voice. I crawled over to his side and said, "Fred you are sick and so am I." He said, "Tom, I am

dying. God has punished me for the crime that I attempted to commit. They have preached so much to me about your condition and what a dreadful blasphemer you are. Our minister told me one day in private while we were conversing together it was the duty of someone to put you out of the way. I went home and prayed to God that he might find your heart and cause you to repent from your wicked ways, as I thought. You see, Tom, they have been preaching to me so much about you. My father and mother and many others told me you were the wickedest young man living. I kept praying to God to have mercy on you and find your heart so that your soul might be saved from hell. God did not seem to answer my prayers and I thought I was the one to put you out of the way. That is why, Tom, I got you to come here to the river bank that I might strangle you in the water and when your body was found the verdict would be a case of drowning. Now, dear Tom you can understand how they worked upon my sensitive nature with their damnable religion and would have cursed my soul by goading me on to murder you, my best and dearest friend that ever lived. Now, dear Tom, do you think that you can forgive me? I am dying and I know my soul will go to hell, for they have cursed it with their fanatical ideas. I know I did not destroy your physical body but I committed a murder in my soul, as my whole wish was to put you out of existence—that is the existence of this mortal plane. I have been a wicked sinner, Tom, and hell is waiting for me. The preacher, my father and mother and others have been the cause of the damnation of my soul.”

I was about to speak when he said, “Wait, Tom, dear, and hear me through. Tom, take my hand and hold it in yours as we did many a time when we were little boys and happy in each other’s society. Dear Tom, I have been obsessed by a devil that had taken possession of my soul—all through that cursed Christian religion. Now, dear Tom, tell me that I am not lost to your friendship, although I know that I am lost to God.” I could not stand it any longer and broke in by saying, “Dear Fred, listen to me. You are not lost to God; none of his children are lost to him—that is, I mean the God of Nature. Nothing is lost to him that he has ever created. Your sensitive feelings have been worked upon by that devil in sheep’s clothing. Now, Fred, dear,

let us use reason. You are not to blame for the cruel act you would have committed. This devil that told you I must be put out of the way, being such a terrible infidel, he was the real murderer at heart. You were only his tool and he worked upon your credulity in order to get you to commit the act. It is he who shall pay the penalty and not you, dear Fred. It is such minds as yours being worked upon by their superstition and bosh that become unbalanced and such as you fill the lunatic asylums where you become raving maniacs cursed by these fiends and their work. I forgive you, dear Fred, with my whole soul, as I see things in a different light from what you do. Now, look at me with your eyes and read what is in mine if you can. I forgive you with my whole soul, for you must know the eyes are the windows of the soul. Something tells me you are not going to die, but you are going to live and give the expression of Truth to the world." He did live and became Whipple, the great heretic, who was incarcerated in prison in England and died a martyr to Truth.

We lay there upon the bank of the river in our dreadful condition. The next day two boys came to fish in the river and found us lying there. I gave one of them a piece of money to go and hire a man to bring a cart and take us home. He did so. One of those boy's name was Henry Crane, the other one's name was William Fowler. When Whipple grew to manhood he was cast into prison for talking on the Unitarian belief. They accused him of being a thief, which was a lie of the worst kind. One of their good Christians placed into his pocket another man's watch while his coat hung up in a friend's room. He was arrested, accused and condemned to go to prison. The judge being a Christian bigot sent him to prison for twenty years where he died through ill health and being confined in prison. So you see, brother, what Christian bigots will do and what they have done to foster their religion on the human race. Whipple and I have been loving brothers in spirit life. We had and are now preparing our condition to take on re-embodiment. Whipple will be reincarnated in England while I will take on re-embodiment here in America. When we become boys at the age of ten the world will hear from us. We will make priestcraft tremble in its socket. As we grow into manhood our radical condition

will increase. We will place Truth before the world, showing up priestcraft in all its naked deformity. Our followers will be numbered by the hundreds of thousands who will enlist in the cause for the benefit of Truth. By our works we will root up superstition and destroy it. We will both live to be over a hundred years old. During that time we will pass through all lands, destroying superstition, breaking up the power of priestcraft, teaching intellectual minds the law of Reason, whereby they will understand the governing power of Evolution throughout the whole universe. In the first part of our work we will be persecuted much and they will try to destroy us; but as we shall come to earth with a mission it shall be carried out to the letter and our banner will be victorious at the last. We shall be aided and assisted by a strong spirit power. There is nothing on earth that shall stop the tidal wave when it once commences to flow in and drown out superstition and all man made religion. In fifty years from now the intellect of the human brain will be so great that pulpit parrots shall have little power over the masses. Churches will be sold and bought by classes of Spiritual Theosophy. The young mind that grows up through the development of our public school education will wonder how it was that their ancestors had such old fossilized minds to believe in such rubbish as was preached from pulpits and covered over by the spangled show of priestcraft. Little do the Christian masses think how that old pulpit clown, Talmage, set the people to thinking by slandering my character and tearing to pieces, as he thought, my writings and sentiments that I gave to the world. Since he attacked my name and character there have been more men and women read the "Age of Reason" than there ever were before. He was the means of converting thousands of people to freedom and progress by reading my works.

The Christians do not seem to understand when one of their pulpit parrots attacks and slanders an individual's character that many of his hearers who have had the pleasure of listening to that vile attack are going to investigate that individual's character, and of course, the result is it creates the thought of liberality in their minds when they have discovered the whole attack was a falsehood of the worst kind. My great desire is that the whole body of priestcraft will attack and slander my character

more especially my works, in order that the people will have the courage to read and investigate for themselves. We are constantly at work throwing our forces upon sensitive ministers. You can see by their written articles what they say and think. Oh, brother, the dough is working and in time will leaven the whole lump. I have given to Emma Rood Tuttle many of her thoughts whereby she has written on the Horse and Dog and given out her whole thoughts toward the human condition of the horse and dog. They are the faithful servants of man and should be protected on all occasions. Any man or woman that will cruelly treat such servants lives on a low plane of humanity and requires much spirituality to develop them out of that condition. Every cruel blow struck an animal by an individual that individual must pay the penalty of the crime—for it is a crime, a heinous one in the sight of justice and good judgment. Any man or woman that will wilfully beat an animal lives on a degraded plane below the brute animal, for they have not yet acquired the good judgment that that animal can display on many occasions. The Christian religion claims that their God has given them dominion over all beasts in the field and that they shall kill and eat thereof. Just think what a low brute their God is that he commands they shall wantonly kill and eat flesh of animals to gorge their human stomachs. I wonder if he ever stops to think the cruelty and pain that is caused by his command. If it were possible there should be a hell of fire and brimstone created for such a God and his followers. But I will relent and use the power of Reason, take back the words and cover them with a mantle of charity.

There are many mediums whom I influence with my thought but do not attach my name to those thoughts. Why? Because they would not like the world to know they came from Tom Paine. There are many of your spiritual lecturers, also those in the audience that have not removed the swaddling bands of Christianity from their surroundings and are not ready to receive Truth in all its purest light; it has a semi-condition of harshness to their superstitious minds that have been filled up by the blood of religious gore. Many of your spiritual papers want to be on the popular side in order to gain a large number of subscribers. I class such papers with merchants that are

hypocrites and sycophants of the worst kind, who patronize churches and pay money into their coffers whereby they may gain popularity by drawing to their establishment devotees in large numbers called members of Christian churches, so that they may become rich men and looked up to for their wealth and position in society. Such men have become barnacles attached to the ship of hypocrisy; but there comes a day when the soul is laid bare before the great generator of life. That day of judgment will be the cause and effect of retribution and every crime will receive its punishment; they cannot escape it, for their conscience will become a living hell and will be at war with their higher natures until their soul is purified of all such lust and crime brought on by the gain of wealth in order that they may be looked up to as a superior person to their fellow brother—all the time forgetting they are their brother's keeper. There is a wise record kept in a book called "Wisdom's Religion." When human individuals will listen to its pages read, Oh, how they will whine and cringe at the tale that record tells. When the bells of Truth are ringing, where will they be then? Begging, pleading and asking their lowly and humble brother to wet the tips of their fingers in the chalice of mercy and forgiveness and place the tips on their tongue that has lied and deceived, made them sycophants, murderers and hypocrites—all for gold! They murdered the innocent and pure by taking their life blood for work done not sufficiently paid for. Through the teachings of their religion and bogus creed they cling to their gold as they would to a raft in shipwreck. They pray to God and their humble brother to have a cooling hand laid on their brain that is on fire, to see if they cannot quench their misery and throw them into a stupid sleep of forgetfulness. You cannot forget the past—that is an impossibility—for your crimes stand out before you as there is a warning finger pointing at you proclaiming the wages of sin is death to the physical body and brings upon your soul a punishment until you have liquidated your past crimes by going in your spiritual condition and becoming the servant of those whom you have wronged, as in spirit life there is no such thing as an escape from your past crimes.

There are two mediums that I wish to name through whose brain forces I could give full play to my thoughts which justified

my soul's desire. One who bore the name of Mrs. Amelia Colby and this little medium that I now control. I felt honored through the lines of Truth that I could give to the hearers present at the different meetings my full conviction of things as they are. I know they were looked upon as harsh and radical, nevertheless they were facts that I had the power to describe through their organization. I was always in my glory when I could debate with some minister or other individual through Mrs. Colby's mediumship. I always endeavored to hit the nail on the head and I think I did it effectually.

When this medium whom I now control was a little child, people used to pray for him to pass out of the body, that the devil might take him to hell, for that's where he belonged. Oh, little did they think he had a great part to play in the Civil War of your nation. Those who sent up their prayers to their God are now in spirit life, understanding how useless those prayers were. He has lived old enough in the body whereby his hair has become white with age. He has been at death's door, as you call it, a number of times. The spirit was not ready to be released from the body, and so he had to toil on again. When the work is finished the spirit will leave the body, bidding it *au revoir*—will take on the new birth in order to prepare its condition for re-embodiment, as there is a large work in preparation for it in the future. I will now thank you, brother, for taking down my communication. I will leave my love for your little medium. Your reward will come for the work you have undertaken. I am sincerely yours always, Thomas Paine.

Friday, May 2, 1902.

Good morning, friend and brother. I make you a call on this beautiful morning to keep my promise. As I was leaving the control, or in other words, as I was withdrawing from the medium's forces, you asked me if I would not give you some of my experience in spirit life. I said, "At another time." Today I come to fulfil that promise.

When my spirit departed from the material body the first one that met me with true love and welcomed me to the spirit side of life was little Lucille Ware—a beautiful spirit that left her body at the age of twelve years and three months. When she lived in her material body she always addressed me as Uncle

Tom. She was a beautiful girl in her earth embodiment and more so as a lovely spirit. Her soul was pure and beautiful and as she welcomed me into spirit life I beheld an angel of beauty and when she uttered the words "Uncle Tom" a thrill went through my whole spiritual condition.

Now, let me relate an incident that took place in the physical body. To the readers of your book no doubt it will appear simple and childish, but it formed a bond of love and harmony between Lucille and myself. When she was living in her earth body, the physical being the shadow or astral of the real, I formed and fashioned for her a doll—it was her first doll. I cut it out of a piece of wood with my pocket knife. I fashioned and formed it in the resemblance of a baby, as near as my mechanical abilities would allow. The face of the little wooden image I painted. She says she had three other dolls given to her afterwards but loved none of them as much as the one that I fashioned out of a piece of wood. Why, I relate this condition to you is to show the strong attraction we had for each other. In the physical body I loved the child Lucille. She loved the man Thomas Paine. The wooden doll was my soul's gift, for in its formation was part of my life. On the spirit side of our existence Lucille and I are spirit affinities. That is why she was the first to receive me and hold toward me spirit greetings.

Now, brother and friend, I wish to make to you an explanation of the spirit side of life and the earth side of life. The spirit side of life is the real life. It is the reality of all manifestations. Everything is perfected on the spirit side of life before you receive it on earth. The earth side of life is only a representation of the perfect manifestation. This condition that is given to you on the earth side of life is only part of the duality of life. That is why you do not exist forever in a material body. The material body is a shadow of the real spiritual body, for you must understand the soul is clothed with a spiritual body. The soul is the dual while the spiritual body is the duality and that which the spiritual has thrown off forms and fashions your earth embodiment; that is why your earth embodiment is only part of the duality. The little wooden image that I formed and fashioned was just as much a part of the duality as my physical body, because in that piece of wood I had placed my love for the

child; it was conveyed to her through the attraction she had for this doll. She felt the power of my influence when she held the wooden doll in her arms. She kissed and loved it, as to her childish nature it went out in all its power and strength towards the doll I had fashioned for her. We had formed a link through that condition just as the spiritual and the physical form links of love for each other.

The child Lucile had grown into womanhood and came to greet me as I passed over the borderland into spirit existence. When I discovered that she had grown from the child into the woman, I beheld my soul's attraction. All the love of my soul went out to that beautiful angel of light. I placed my hand in hers and she led me into pleasant paths where I found some friends who welcomed me—Tom Paine, the infidel, so called by the Christian ministers. I was rejoiced to find that my spirit friends understood progression, the laws of evolution and the "Age of Reason." Many of them had beautiful homes built up by their works of generosity to God's children on earth. I was surprised to see the beautiful gardens and parks laid out by minds devoted to the law of Wisdom. I said to my friends this must be Heaven. They said it was the Heaven of their condition but there are Heavens more beautiful than this. I said it looks impossible there could be anything more beautiful than this. A beautiful spirit came toward me, taking my hand and said, "Friend Paine, when you understand the perfection of your own soul those beautiful flowers that you now behold will look like weeds; they suffice for your present condition." I asked them if they did not do any other work but attend to the gardens and parks. They said, "Oh, yes; we are constantly at work." I said, "In what way do you work?" Their answer was, "We furnish thought for the human brain and perfect that which you call on earth a wonderful discovery."

When we have created something here—for you know we have the power of creation, being one with God—we receive instruction from that great principle that the human mind calls God. How do we receive there instructions you would ask, no doubt. We, being part of this great principle, assist in creation through this power of creation and coming in perfect rapport with it, we receive our instructions. That great light that is con-

stantly filled with thought penetrates our brain, then our intellect is illuminated by that great force or power that you would call a generator which is in reality an aspirator, for it is through the power of aspiration we receive thought, as we are constantly fed by aspiration, things shape themselves—for you must know, thoughts are things. When this thing has shaped and demonstrated to us, then we know creation has taken place, for through the law of aspiration the great generating power spreads out at a great light and through that light we perfect here in spirit life—or, as you would call it in your earth condition, invention. We had invented something that we know would be beneficial to those living in physical bodies. We look around and discover a brain through which we can give the invention for the benefit of those on the earth side of life. “Thomas Paine,” said a spirit that stepped toward me, “I was the monitor and power that gave through your brain my sentiments and expressions to the world. When I lived in a physical body I was of the Jewish belief and spoke the Hebrew tongue. My name was Caliph Solomon. Before I left my earth embodiment I understood the true sense of spirit return. After I came here I made the discovery that all the religions on earth emanated from the brains of man. Man naturally being a sensitive looked into the realms of superstition to find something to lean upon. In his imagination he created that something, called it God or Jehovah, gave it out to the credulous minds that surrounded him that he communicated with a God, which was a mythical idea that he had formed and fashioned in his brain. In order that this God idea should take a fast hold upon his listeners he claimed to have the power of receiving revelations from this mythical God. He did not lie entirely to those individuals.

“On this side of life you will understand, Thomas Paine, there is a class of spirits that are always ready to feed just such brains with mythical thoughts. Do you not see just through what condition the different Gods have been forced upon the people? When I made that discovery my whole desire was to find a sensitive through whose brain I could give my thoughts to the world. I am the author of those works, you were merely the instrument and led by me through your earth embodiment.”

So you see, brother and friend, those thoughts did not

originate with me. My brain forces were acted upon by another individual; through that condition I gave to the world "The Age of Reason" and other writings. This individual said, "Come with us and we will show you how harmony is created and formed." I went with them to a beautiful temple and after we had been there I should think about an hour, by your time, all the spirits stood up holding instruments in their hands which I discovered were musical instruments—some were fashioned like harps and others quite artistic in their makeup. I noticed all had strings, none of them being wind instruments. Some of them had more strings attached to them than others. But first let me tell you before the spirits had taken those instruments into their hands the male and female spirits met in the center of the temple, kissing each other upon the forehead, then they would hold each other's hands for awhile. They did this, I should judge, for about fifteen minutes, when all glided to their places, and taking up their instruments they held them in front of them. After doing so I could hear something strike upon the strings of their instruments. After a while I could hear sounds like notes. In the center of the temple lay a large stringed instrument. After hearing those notes upon the different instruments they passed through space and became located on the strings of this large instrument, which after a little would give forth powerful musical notes. The spirits stood there holding their instruments for about six hours. During the time I could hear faint, light notes struck upon their strings which was conveyed instantly to the large instrument. After they had done this for about six hours their instruments were swayed to and fro as if the wind was playing upon them. The notes many of them were beautiful such as I am not capable of describing. They all placed their instruments upon the floor of the temple, taking each other's hands they surrounded the large instrument in the center of the temple. Their spiritual bodies commenced to sway to and fro as if played upon by the wind, when all of a sudden they became motionless. Immediately this large instrument gave forth the grandest music I ever heard. It was so grand the beauties of it and harmony that it produced is beyond my power to describe. Its notes were so deep, rich and musical it just appeared to me and at the same time struck my senses that all the elevation

and beauties of music laid in those rich notes; some of them were so sweet, so soothing and harmonious to my ear I felt as if I were floating away off into the regions where nothing but music dwelt; the cadence and rhythm of everything seemed to be perfect. All of a sudden, the instrument stopped playing and I was brought back to my spiritual condition, awaking to the realization that I was in the presence of God and creation. When I understood that I was Thomas Paine again, the instrument commenced to play more powerful than ever. The spirits sang the music as I had never heard singing before. When they had finished singing they all glided back to their places again, and taking up their instruments they commenced to move their fingers along the strings when, all of a sudden, a great musical harmony seemed to vibrate from the strings. The large instrument in the center of the temple gave forth powerful music of a deep, rich condition. Then the spirits commenced to sing and dance, playing on their instruments all the while—dancing in and out through each other in a circle around the temple. All of a sudden they stopped their dancing and playing and singing, and laying down their instruments on the floor they glided toward the large instrument in the center of the temple, and as each spirit passed it they permitted their fingers to glide down the strings, and Oh! such heavenly, perfect music I never heard before. The whole beauty of the condition lay in this part of it, which I will now describe: As each spirit stepped up to the instrument and permitted his fingers to glide along its strings each produced a rich, harmonious music that blended with the soul of everyone present, but each blending was entirely different to that which the other spirit produced. It seemed to me as if each spirit produced all the melody there could be in life and as the notes vibrated through space it seemed to me I was living in a dream of bliss.

All the wisdom of spirit life and the earth side of life was personified through each spirit's condition while bringing forth notes from that instrument. After they had all finished permitting their fingers to glide down the strings, the great instrument burst forth with a great melody of music in which all the notes the spirits had produced blended into one great note which it would be impossible to describe. From that great, heavenly

note radiated an emanation of music beyond the imagination of mortal ken. I stood and cried like a child when my angel, Lucille, came and took my hand, saying, "Thomas, dear, this is the way we get our harmony. We perfect it from out the atmosphere, as you see our temple has no roof, but space—which I had not discovered before until she had called my attention to it. I said, "What becomes of all this grand music?" A venerable spirit came forward and said, "Thomas Paine, each spark of music that you saw floating through space caused by the power and radiation of that instrument goes earthward floating in space until it glides and enters into some musical brain. The melody that you heard on earth produced by that musical brain living in an earth body was one of the notes radiating from this heavenly instrument which was multiplied into many earth notes produced through the faculty of that musical brain—that musical brain is born with time and musical scintillation, but all harmony originates here first with us, as you have seen." I said, "Friends, the harmony of God is wonderful." Just as we were about to depart from the temple this great instrument commenced to play, Oh, such a soothing piece of music, and as we went on our ways we felt that the great creator of life and music dwelt in our souls. I went with Lucille to a beautiful home where friends greeted us from every side, and I felt that the curses of the Christian pulpit parrots had no effect on my future life.

We will continue it brother at another time, as I have held the medium long enough, so the band says.

Saturday, May 3, 1902.

The joy of the morning brings me to your home. It is so bright and beautiful without. No wonder the birds love to sing in your woodland park—the air is so invigorating that all of Nature's creation must feel it. Just think of the millions of pounds of healing balm floating through space here in your mountain dell. Searchlight was wise when she named your home Searchlight Bower. Human beings could not ask for anything more beautiful than this home under the great live oaks. Just think of the millions and billions of wealth in those mountain recesses that are all around you in every direction. The band of the medium understood what they were doing when they selected this place in the mountains for your home. In the quietude lies

heaven. In its beauty lies wealth and health. In the distant prospect lies the admiration of the soul and our all is angelhood.

Now, we will take up my condition in spirit life. When we had reached the home that I was invited to tarry in while sitting and conversing with each other under the dome of intellect and true life, a large number of female spirits passed by, dressed in a plain gray garb. Some of their faces were beautiful, while others were pale and sad. I said to my spirit mate, "Why do those females wear such drapery as that?" She said, "Dear Thomas, those female spirits while living in an earth body were led astray by men and women of their own sex. They led a shameful life—living in dens of infamy and vice—many of them were deserted by wretched men that had brought on their condition. They did not seem to have the power to withstand the blight and shame that had been brought upon them. Their womanly courage was not equal to the task to bring them up out of that condition and so they sank lower and lower until some of their spirits passed from their bodies in houses of prostitution at the same time other spirits were passing away in hospitals and prisons from their diseased and degraded bodies. But, dear Thomas, there is another side to the question. Many of those women were abandoned by their parents and friends in the hour of their disgrace and trouble when those parents and friends should have thrown around them a mantle of charity and protected them from the insults of the vulgar outside world. They are on their way now to enter those houses of shame in order to impress many of the inmates to abandon their lives and become moral women. They also come in close touch with the grand women that are missionaries in such work. They assist them with all their spirit power in such work; as the work goes on and they are the means of redeeming many of their fallen sisters, their garments become whiter and brighter.

"Look there, dear Thomas, at those beautiful female spirits approaching. See what a beautiful halo of light surrounds them! Those female spirits, dear Thomas, have been redeemed by the generosity of their natures. They have given all the love of their souls to their fallen sisters. At one time they, too, wore the gray garb, but now you see they are angels of light. They have worked out their condition and become purified through their

love for others. They, too, are on their way to fill the soul's of their sisters with the holy love of God. Their sisters who live in earth bodies become beautiful women, wives and mothers by receiving into their souls the holy thoughts planted there by those beautiful female spirits—they give their whole life for the elevation of the human race." I said, "Dear Lucille, how perfect everything here seems to be." She said, "Ah, dear Thomas, there is much misery to behold in spirit life and I will lead you to where you can look upon them." I said, "Dear, lead me. I want to see and understand all that I am capable of comprehending." We started on our journey—for you must understand that time, as you look upon it in your earth bodies, is of very little consequence to us in spirit life.

We wandered through many beautiful gardens, when finally we entered a long stretch of woodland. It was the most perfect park of trees and shrubbery I ever saw. After we had gone a long ways she said, "Now, we will turn to the left, for on the left is where all evil dwells." We walked along a beautiful path, and after we had gone quite a ways, all of a sudden I beheld a peculiar looking atmosphere—it looked to me like a heavy mist or fog, I could not tell which just then—but as we drew closer to it I discovered it was a dense atmosphere in which it was hard for one to breathe. When we had reached the edge of a precipice it took my eyes some time to penetrate into that gloom of darkness when I beheld a writhing mass of human beings. That is, a multitude of spirits that once lived in human bodies. In the center of the multitude of people was a large body of male spirits that seemed to be corralled all together, as you would corral a lot of stock. The great concourse of people that surround them acted as if they were tormenting them through some mode of punishment. They seemed to vilify their names and spit at them. I said to my spirit mate, "What does all this mean? I fail to discover why they have all those men corralled in the center. What does it all mean?" She said, "Listen, dear Thomas, and I will give you an explanation of what you now behold. Those men in the center when they lived in physical bodies on earth posed before the human race as priests and ministers—claiming to be servants of God. Many of them were rascals of the worst kind, while others were sons and possibly what you

might call favorite sons of their mother's and it was their mother's desire that they should become priests and ministers—their mothers lacking that perfect wisdom and true knowledge to understand whether their sons were fit for such a position or not. It was their desire that their sons should become priests and ministers—so called vicegerent servants of this Jewish God, Jehovah. They were forced into this profession to become liars and criminals of the worst kind; while on the other hand, if they had been permitted to take their own path through life they might have become honorable men of high standing in society. Others were marked in their mother's womb—she being a religious fanatic and a church bigot of the worst kind, living under the excitement of religious revivals. She brought a curse upon her child, which I will explain to you presently. The majority of those men and women that you see trying to persecute those corralled servants of God were inmates of madhouses and insane asylums through the condition of religious revivals brought on by those religious fanatics that worked on the credulity of those poor weak-minded creatures, telling them that there was a lake of brimstone and hell of everlasting burning fire awaiting them if they did not come to Jesus, as they were all born sinners and could not escape the wrath of God. 'Now is the time and hour, repent and come to Jesus and ye shall be saved.' Many of the poor weak-minded dupes could not find Jesus, as he always seemed to be away off to them; thinking much on that condition they were afraid to go to sleep at night, living in dread of waking up in hell. That condition in time would excite their reasoning powers and that organ would become unbalanced—that is, if they were ever endowed with an intelligent reasoning power. If they did not have that organ on a square basis the result was they became inmates of a madhouse. When their spirits left their body and they reached this side of life their great desire became to find that villain that had upset what little reason they had by his lies and misrepresentations that led the physical body to its destruction through a misconceived idea of theirs—feeling it was their duty that they must tell the people the only way they could be saved and come to God was through that Jewish myth of theirs. That is why you see those individuals persecuting those misguided men, but the great power of life is ever for-

giving and will bring them out of that condition in time. You see they cannot go but just so far in their persecution toward those misguided men. This great intelligence that governs, rules and directs everything in life allows them to go so far and no further, for the great boon of life is the teacher and saviour of the human race, through re-embodiment they receive an education through intellectual and physical instruction which qualifies them in time to become whole-souled men and women understanding the law of Truth and Justice. In time they will live in beautiful homes like the home I led you to. They can only dwell in such an abode when their generous works have developed them fit to abide therein. This dark shadow that you now behold with your eyes have penetrated into the depth to see the misery therein will be lifted from off these spirits some time. That time will be when those men that you see corralled there will cry out for the God of Truth and Justice to enter their souls and forgive them for their misguided life—for Truth is the only real religion there is in the universe. When that Truth enters their soul and they become humble beings in the presence of the great Intelligence of Life and kneel on their bended knees, asking their persecutors to forgive them as now they understand the law of Reason, and wish to be forgiven, as they feel it is their duty to ask forgiveness as the real God of Love has entered their souls, they will be forgiven and they and their persecutors will rejoice in singing a song of praise to the great revelator of all time—for through this revelation the scales will fall from their eyes that hid the true sight of God from their souls while they were held under the power of superstition and priestcraft. Now looking at all things and understanding all things through the law of Reason their souls will be filled with joy. Then this veil of darkness will be lifted from off their condition. They will come forth into the true light, hand in hand, crying, 'Reason is our God and we are one with God through eternity.' The divinity that we find in that God and in ourselves is the forgiveness and love that laid dormant in our natures has shown the true light for all time. We are our brother's keeper, as this great power is our father and mother, and will keep us in the moral paths of virtue through all time."

Then she said to me, "Come, dear Thomas, and I will show

you another phase of spirit life." We walked along a beautiful path until we came to a precipice overlooking a low lying valley, and such a strange sight as I there discovered! I could not think it were possible for eyes to look upon. I placed my hand over my eyes and groaned out the words, "Oh, God! can it be possible that such things are?" When I withdrew my hand I beheld a terrible sight to look upon. There were spirits that once lived in human bodies walking around on their hands and feet shaped like animals with human faces. Oh, the agony and expression of those human faces was terrible to look upon—they were kicking, biting and beating each other. Some would howl and bark like dogs, all the time frothing from the mouth. It looked to me as if their life must be unendurable. Every once in a while some of them would straighten up and deal some other one a terrific blow with a stick or club of some kind, while others would lash unmercifully others with a whip—the growling and snarling being dreadful to listen to. I could see others that were fastened to chains and ropes lying there in a half-starved condition, snapping their jaws through a famished condition. They would beg some of the others passing by to bring them something to eat and drink; but all the satisfaction they received was a kick or a blow from a stick, then they would lie upon the ground, while their suffering was intense, crying to God for mercy. Others that I looked at were in the shape of horses with human faces—they would come up and kick each other on the belly and other parts of the body, then they would lash each other with whips and put on each other harness and horse collars that did not fit at all. I saw many of their necks raw and the hair all off the hide of the neck, while buckles and other parts of the harness would scrape their hides so until they would cry out with pain. Some would take others and fasten them to a heavy load, yelling at them all the while to pull that heavy load when it was impossible for them to do so; they would fall on the ground through sheer exhaustion, while others would then beat them unmercifully, cursing and swearing at them all the time for being lazy brutes of the worst kind. When they would try to rise upon their feet you could see that their limbs had become crippled in some way from the cruel treatment that they had received. Others would kick up their hind feet, trying to break

loose from the heavy load; they commenced to burst the harness for which they received a terrible beating; then their groans were terrible to listen to. I placed my hand over my eyes, trying to shut it all out, when my spirit mate pulled my hand away, saying, "Dear, you must see it to the last." When I looked again I found many of them had broken down—crippled old creatures—through the cruel treatment which they had received. She said, "Look yonder!" I looked in the direction where she pointed and beheld a large number of human individuals that looked like cats spitting and crying from pain. Some were lame with broken limbs, others looked like they had been scalded and the hair partly off their hide. Many of them had bruises and cuts upon their bodies, while others were bleeding from the nose where some cruel individual had struck them with a stone. They were all spitting, snarling and tearing each other—their cat cries rent the air and I almost felt like falling to the ground. They were suffering so much from cruel treatment that their tortures seemed to be more than they could bear. I begged Lucille to let us fly from the place. She said, "Not dear, until I have given you an explanation of all this: A punishment is inflicted upon those creatures that you now behold for cruel treatment given to the animal race while they lived in earth bodies. This is the punishment placed upon them by the great God of Reason for cruelly treating dumb animals—they will have to remain in that state, howling, beating and tearing each other, inflicting just such cruel blows on each other that they did on the brute race. They cruelly maltreated the poor cats that did their duty around the house and in the field. They shamefully abused, kicked and beat, starved and whipped man's greatest friend, the dog—the true friend of the human race when properly domesticated and treated with kindness. Those that look like horses with human faces are low brutes of the worst kind. When the poor animals did not understand what they wanted them to do they shamefully beat them and kicked them until the poor creatures cried out with pain when the poor animal would shake with fear and moan; then those brutes in human shape would beat the poor creatures again, showing the beastly part of their natures to man's great servant—the beautiful horse. That, dear, is the penalty those low brutes must pay until the God of Reason

is willing to release them. That is why you hear them crying out the names of the animals that they had cruelly treated that they might come to them in their distress in order that they might treat them kindly and ask their forgiveness. You see, dear, nothing goes unpunished. Those that commit crimes must pay the penalty. Look at the hell that is living in their conscience that can only be wiped out by the forgiveness of the faithful creatures that they so cruelly treated. Do you not think that they deserve that punishment?" I said I thought they did. She continued, "Now, let's cover them with a mantle of charity and pray to the great God of Reason to forgive them, whereby they may become civilized men and women understanding the rights of man and animals, until then, dear, they are lower than the animals they so cruelly treated. In time wise spirits will reach them with the olive branch of peace and forgiveness, and I shall hail the great day of joy when they can stand erect like beautiful spirits, with the shining light of Truth and Reason in their eyes, while their manly and womanly forms are beautiful through the law of evolution, understanding that all life in creation requires one another's kindness and protection." Then, I said, "Oh, this great power of Reason! Hasten the day; light up our souls with good judgment, strength and knowledge for all the fallen creatures of earth—raise them up to the true standard of perfection and reveal with thy loving kindness that we are our brother's keeper." She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, saying, "Dear Thomas, the law and the light has entered your soul; now let us work for its perfection among God's children. We will continue it at another time.

Wednesday, May 7, 1902.

Good morning, brother. I find the medium quite weak this morning; he is wandering home to the borderland, but I will endeavor to hold his forces if I possibly can. I wish to describe to you a sad, woeful dark scene of misery that I beheld in spirit existence. My spirit mate said, "Come, dear, and I will show you another scene." She led me to a large, open space, where I saw a great many men and a number of women standing on one side of the open space, trying to protect their eyes and faces with their arms and crying out, "Oh, don't! We have suffered enough already." On the other side of the open space stood

millions of men, women and children, with great piles of gold, silver, copper and brass coins. My spirit mate said, "Now, watch what they will do!" Just then I heard a sound like the sound of a bugle, when, all of a sudden, the men, women and children made a rush for the piles of coin heaped up in front of them; they fell to grabbing handfuls of coin, rushed over to the other men and women at the other side of the space, pelting them with the coin, just as hard as their physical nature would allow. Every time that those coins struck the bodies of those men and women they'd yell out with excruciating pain. It was dreadful to look at their agony. The coins seemed to leave great blemishes on their spiritual bodies, as if they burned holes there. The other parties would rush back, seize a lot more of the coin, come back and pelt those poor unfortunate spirits until their cries became too dreadful to listen to. They kept repeating that condition until all the coin had been thrown at those spirits whom they were persecuting. I heard the bugle call again when they went over and picked up all the coin, carrying it back, building it up in large piles on their side. I said to my spirit mate, "What does all this mean? Why do they make those spirits suffer so much pain by throwing that coin at them? What have they done that this punishment should be inflicted upon them in such a cruel way?" She said, "I will explain it to you, dear. Those men and women that you see on the left side of the space receiving such terrible punishment at the hands of those men, women and children, were liquor manufacturers when they lived in the body. The others on the right side—the men, women and children—were great sufferers through the liquor traffic; they became drunkards, beat and neglected their children in the worst manner possible. Now, they are seeking their revenge in that way by persecuting those men and women who sold and manufactured liquor. Their suffering was so great, also the suffering of their children; that is why you see the children helping their parents and friends to punish those manufacturers. They have manufactured the worst curse that ever came on the earth planet—also making fiends and brutes out of respectable men and women, cursing the rising generation by the sale of liquors. If the human race only understood when they invite their friends who call, to partake of some of their

liquor, at the same time placing it on their banquet tables, they too, are making drunkards and must pay the penalty."

Just then we heard the bugle blow again. She said, "Now watch! This phase of punishment is worse than the other." Just then the men, women and children rushed over, grabbed the men and women on the left side of the space, dragged them over to where the piles of coin lay. The adults held them down while the children crammed the coin down their throats; then the whole multitude laid to, beat them unmercifully with what coin was left. After they had done that they kicked them around just like so much garbage. I said to my spirit mate, "This is cruel and wicked. Is there no redemption for those poor creatures?" She said, "Yes; when they have paid the penalty of their crimes on earth, hoarding up their millions at the sacrifice of the human family. You see now what such earth luxuries bring upon them in spirit life. This punishment will be constantly repeated until they permit the law of Reason to enter their souls, while on bended knees they will make a solemn promise to those whom they wrecked in earth life; they will return to earth and take on a physical body, become lecturers in the interests of temperance, going into the worst dens of vice that the world knows of. When they have accomplished saving many human wrecks by their temperance work, leading unfortunate men and women back to their families where all may become united and happy, then they will understand the law of good judgment and wisdom, passing through this condition in their physical body laying down that earth embodiment they arrive at the stage of bright spirituality.

"Many of the bright spirits that you beheld in the 'Temple of Music' were such as those that you now look at. There are many other scenes, dear Thomas, that I could show you, but today is the Flower Festival. The flowers are at their height of perfection now and advanced spirits hold a Flower Festival. Come with me and you can remain on the outside and look at all that takes place, while I take part in the Festival." As we were walking along, approaching the beautiful park where the Flower Festival was to be held, I heard some soft, sweet music—it sounded like birds warbling. The nearer we approached the park the music gained in power. Oh, it was heavenly! I

felt a divine influence entering my soul, at the same time I noticed that all the birds on the trees sang with such power I thought their little throats would burst. My spirit mate said, "Now, you remain here with these other spirit friends and watch the 'Flower Dance.'" She glided away into the woods.

I addressed some of the spirit friends close by, saying, "Why do you not take part in the 'Flower Dance?'" They answered me by saying, "We have not prepared our condition yet. When we have worked off all that which held us under the ban of superstition and realize that our whole future life is to work for the elevation of the planet and all that is on it, then we can take part in the 'Flower Dance.' Those that you see in the 'Flower Dance' presently are willing to become martyrs for any condition of the human race—they are upbuilders of mentality, constantly weaving thoughts to bless the children of earth. They have outgrown all selfishness whatever. It holds no part in their nature. Watch the holy expression upon their countenances and the generous look that beams from their eyes—it tells you of humility glorified through their works in the sight of the God of Nature." While we were sitting, thinking over what each other had said, we heard low, sweet music, like the introduction to some great piece of music. Then we heard low, sweet voices singing as they came nearer and nearer; when, all of a sudden, their vocal powers burst into the grandest singing I ever heard in my life. Thousands of musicians came out of the woods playing on reed instruments—their bodies all covered with flowers. After them came the dancers, singing and beating their cymbals in time—their bodies also were covered with flowers. The tints and colors of the flowers were something grand; they seemed to be woven in with perfect harmony of color.

When the millions had reached the open space—I cannot describe them; it was something beyond my comprehension. It seemed so marvelous that it would take a great artist to give you a faint description of them. They were so glorious to look upon. That is the only expression I can give you. The instruments played while the others danced and sang; all their movements being the poetry of motion and grace. I said to myself, "Oh, God, hasten the time that I can be like one of

those!" As they formed into the several groups, each group represented a bed of flowers in full bloom. After they had formed these different beds the musicians all glided to the center of the space. The dancers formed circles around them. After they had played and sung quite a while the musicians became elevated into space. Then each circle commenced also to be elevated. When the last circle was elevated they all commenced to float away off, dropping the flowers from off their spiritual bodies as they were gliding and floating away; then we could only hear the music as if it were a great way off.

We commenced to look at one another, remarking how wonderful it was, saying, "Our father and mother God were beyond our comprehension." All of a sudden we heard a terrific wind blowing, and looking up we beheld those grand spirits right over us singing, playing and beating their cymbals. They remained in that condition, I should judge, for several hours, when we heard one grand flourish of the instruments and voices, then all became quiet. Oh! we were so happy as we saw them gliding toward us. When they came in our midst, our hearts were filled with joy. I said to my spirit mate, "This is Heaven, indeed." She said to me, "Dear Thomas, you have only had a little glimpse of the Heaven of Love, Generosity and Truth. Now we will return to our home while a soul like yours must prepare its condition to take on re-embodiment, for you must understand and realize that your earth work is not finished yet."

Brother and friend, those were some of the experiences I witnessed in spirit life. I will soon take on another body on your earth plane, and will become a more radical individual than I ever was before. My soul's desire is to make priestcraft tremble at its foundation. I will make a prediction: The Vatican at Rome and all it holds will go up in smoke some day, which will open the eyes of credulous religious dupes when they find their God, Jehovah, has no power to stay the flames. The priesthood will become wanderers on earth, despised by all progressive thinkers and highly educated individuals.

Your friend for Truth always—every man and woman is my sister and brother. This earth planet is the field in which I must become an explorer and a pathfinder through the Age of Reason, reaching Truth, the highest religion in the world.

THOMAS PAINE

Mary C. Morse to Her Husband, E. W. Morse

Chapter XIII

Tuesday, June 5, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. What a beautiful morning it is. The sun is shining bright and the birds singing in the trees make it a glorious paradise on earth.

The band has given me permission to send a letter to my husband, for which I thank them very much. I also will thank you for taking it down, hoping you will please send it to my husband, for which the good angels will reward you.

My dear, dear husband.—They have permitted me to communicate with you this morning. I only wish you were here to enjoy some of the beautiful weather they are having in the mountains. I know it is a long journey for you to take, but perhaps later on you will be able to take it. If it is so decreed I can talk with you then, as I have more strength now to talk with you than I had when you were up here last year. I am with you as much as I possibly can be, for I told you before that I was studying the life line of the human race. Searchlight gives us much information on that line. It is wonderful, dear husband to study the intricate parts of the human anatomy and our spirit existence here. We received instructions connected with the lobe cells of the brain. Those are storage batteries for human intellect. The individual living in a physical body my dear, is affected by all thought in space emanating from the human brain. Some more, some less, according to their sensibilities and unfoldments of spirituality. Weak minds are held in a denuded condition or what you would call a naked existence on account of their weak condition, whereby they cannot grasp intellectual knowledge like a thorough healthy brain action. Causation is brought to bear on a weak mind, so in time it will develop a healthy action. Mentality will become the ruling power and the weak physical condition will have to stand back and permit the mental action to control the workings of the

human brain, the mental will force itself into such power that the brain is compelled to receive idealities into the lobe cells wherein they are developed, giving expression and radiation to the whole soul ability of the individual living in a weak body. The physical then is submissive on all occasions as the mind has generated a healthy condition and all the machinery of the human anatomy works smoothly and lives in accordance to spiritual growth, memory becomes deified in the soul development of all life living on the earth plane, as well as in our spirit existence. The shilly-shally condition is thrown one side, or, in other words, dematerialized to make room for conception, perception and vivisection of all thought when once the human brain becomes a model and receptacle of all that is high, grand and spiritual. The waves of time vibrate constantly on the shores of intellect—disease is unknown then to the human anatomy. Those spiritual waves that are constantly coming in rapport with the inner sense of the mind destroys and banishes all human disease.

There is a fountain in each human soul that has a spiritual growth; each sparkling jet is tinted with a different shade coming from the elixir of life, when all those shades are modified and the colors are subdued into pale lights coming from the fountain which in time will be purity itself. They will all be merged into white—the crowning light and shade of a pure soul living in a healthy spiritual body. The soul, dear, is life while the white, bright light is the monitor that guides our footsteps on to become one with God; then our creative power is the delight and love of our soul to see that we love one another. There is no crime in worshipping when it is judiciously before our mind, because a pure soul loves and worships all nature—it is only a weak intellect that has no love and adoration for the true father and mother God of all life which we behold displayed on every side, no matter in which way our eyes may wander, they are only wandering home, going nearer to father and mother God—where the soul shall live for all time. But, Oh, dear husband, there is much work aside to make our paths smooth in order that we may reach the gates of eternal life. The expression of our whole being will be the password to open the gates so that we may enter into that temple of peace

where all souls are unified in love, Truth being the religion of the past, present and future—no sleep or rest is required then, for the soul is fully awake to the blissful action of its true spiritual condition. Tarry a little, dear Ephriam. I am trying to clear away the brush so that our path will be a path of peace wrought out by deeds done to our sisters and brothers in human life. In time our whole planet will be that of Love—when all souls will have but a single thought and all hearts will beat as one.

I gave a communication for their book. If you can make it convenient to make them a visit this summer, I think Brother Hulburd will be kind enough to read it for you, as it is too long to copy—he having no time to spare for that occasion, as all his time, dear, is occupied taking down the communications, entering them in a book for publication. With his other duties he is constantly kept in harness, so now, dear, be of good cheer, as I shall wait for the bridegroom to come to me.

Give my love to all those that would like to hear from me. Speak of me to Sister and Brother Stewart. Their daughter is here with me today and sends much love to her parents. Her spirit name is Violet. She hopes they will think it is pretty. She tickled her father's nose the other day—that is why he had to scratch it so. She said it was she who made the hairpin drop out of her mother's hair. Tell Sister Shepherd that her sweetheart says he hopes the band will permit him before long to send her a letter. He says it will be beneficial to her health to come up here for a while into the mountains.

Oh, sweetheart, I only wish that you were here to see what a beautiful day this is. I think they are having the loveliest weather I ever beheld. Justin's health is about the same. The beautiful weather keeps him from having any more hemorrhages at present. I do hope his health will improve, in order that he may get stronger and go around more than he does. I hope he will soon be able to ride out once in a while. Now, I send you much love and many good thoughts—for thoughts are things, you know, dear, when developed. Your loving spirit mate, Mary C. Morse.

I thank Brother Hulburd for taking down this communication to send to you, so good day, for the present.

Julia Hawthorne

Chapter XIV

Tuesday, February 25, 1902.

I enter your home unannounced, and it is my desire to give you a friendly greeting. I hope you hold no unfriendly feeling toward me for making you this visit, as you see, without the day is dull and cloudy. This rain will be a blessing to the farmers. Now, I wish to tell you that I was prevailed upon to come here and give a communication for your book.

When I lived in a physical body I was known as "Julia, the blind singer." I was blind from birth. My father's name was Alexander Hawthorne; he was a New York business man, well known in the New York Exchange, which building was located on Wall street, New York. My mother's name was Margaret Hamilton before she accepted my father's name. She was from the Hamilton family of New York, whose home was upon the banks of the Hudson. I had a brother whose name was Henry Hawthorne. He was ten years older than I. I was christened Julia Hawthorne. The Reverend Henry Silas Hawthorne was my father's brother.

Now, I will relate to you and also describe somewhat of our family: My father was a successful man in financial affairs, or, as the world calls it, money matters. He was a vain, pompous man and liked to be looked up to in society. My mother was a weak fashionable woman who blighted and cursed the lives of her children. My father was proud of her beauty and placed her at the head of society. This was long ago, as you call it in the body. The time I speak of was in the days of the first building they called the Exchange on Wall street—not the great edifice that they built before I passed out of the body. We lived—that is, our dwelling was on Fourteenth street, west of Broad-

way. My mother, in order to keep her beautiful form, had her maid lace her up so tight that I often wondered how she could breathe with any freedom whatever.

When Madame Anna Bishop first came from England to New York and appeared in Grand Opera, all the fashionable people vied with each other to secure the most prominent boxes and also the most prominent seats to witness the opera of "Lucretia Borgia," produced for the first time in New York city. She was a great singer then. I heard her twenty years afterward, when she made New York another visit, bringing with her from England a large operatic company. It was looked upon as such those days. My mother and father had secured a prominent box on her first appearance in New York city—so I was told by my fashionable mother afterwards. She felt quite proud of the occasion and seemed to brag of it a great deal to her many fashionable friends. That night that she attended the opera she cursed me in her womb. She became violent and angry to think her maid could not lace her in tight enough in order that she might wear her wedding dress on that occasion. It was low necked, violet satin, with white Valenciennes lace trimming. They placed it on her old frail body when she was laid in the coffin for burial. Now, I will explain to you how she cursed me in the womb that night: She was so tightly laced that she fainted during the second act of the opera. They told me that she was removed to the back part of the box where father ripped open her waist with his pocket knife. They brought her back to her normal condition by administering some kind of a cordial. When she had thoroughly revived, her maid wrapped her opera cloak around her and she sat in the front of the box during the rest of the performance. When the curtain had fallen on the last act, she swooned again and a physician had to be summoned. They had to send for blankets. She was wrapped up in them and conveyed to her carriage. The physician went in the carriage with them to their home, where he was in attendance all night. Her symptoms showed that she had caught a severe cold by wearing a low necked dress and sitting in front of that prominent box, where she received the benefit of all draught from the stage. From the effect of her condition and the bad cold she had caught she became blind

and remained so for over three years. I came into the world blind, cursed by her condition and the fashionable life she lived. When I was born I was given over to a wet nurse to be taken care of. I do not think my mother ever kissed me in her life. She hated me because I was born blind. When I was about seven years old they discovered I had a singing voice, and an ear for music. I was sent to a blind institution to receive a blind education, and especially a musical education. I do not remember that my father or mother ever called to see me while I lived in that institution. I remained there until I was eighteen years old. One of my teachers told me that a deformed young man called frequently to ask after my health. One day I said to the principal of the institution I would like to talk to that young man—perhaps he could give me some information concerning my parents. The interview was granted. One day I was summoned to the reception room, where I found the young man awaiting my coming. When I entered the room he came forward, taking both my hands in his, which he held with a fervent grasp. When he did so I discovered through my senses that he was smaller than I was. He said, "Oh, sister Julia, we meet at last." I said, "Can you be my brother Henry, whom I never met before? I have only heard my father speak of you, but I never met you, that I remember, for you must know that I was only a child when they placed me in this institution." He said, "Dear Sister Julia, I am your brother, Henry, and I thank God you are blind and cannot see me." I said, "Oh, how cruel for you to speak like this; it seems to me I am shunned by everyone because I am blind." He said, "Oh! no, sister, dear; that is not the reason. Come and sit down on this sofa and I will tell you why I am glad you are blind and cannot see me. I am so deformed and misshapen I am hideous to look upon, and my face is like that of an ape—all drawn out of any semblance to a human being. I am horrible to look upon and the children are all afraid of me, because I look so much like a brute animal." I said, "Oh, God! Can it be possible?" He said, "I am glad you cannot see me, but, sister, we can love each other the same." I said, "Oh, yes; I am glad someone cares for me." I put out my hand and passed it over his face. After I had done so I shrunk back with horror, for in passing my hand over his face I found

it was contorted and drawn all out of shape. I discovered there were large teeth protruding from his mouth like the tusks of an animal. His eyes were large and bulged out like a cow's. His forehead receded toward the back of his head. He laughed a kind of fiendish laugh and said, "Now, sister, since you have had the courage to pass your hands over my face and head suppose you now pass them over the trunk of my body and see what a dandy I am. I am the twin brother of Apollo." I passed my hands over his body and discovered that his breast stuck out from the trunk of his body in such a peculiar formation that I cannot describe it. His bowels seemed to be of very small dimension, while on his back there seemed to be a large hump. He told me he walked on the side of his feet and that a little dog could run through his legs and not touch them. I shrank back from him and cried aloud, "Oh, God of horrors! Why have you cursed us both like this? My brother is a deformed malformation and a travesty on the human race, while I am blind and cannot see him. You have cursed us with thy vindictiveness, as you cursed Adam and Eve, and I hate and curse you from the depths of my soul!" My brother grasped my hands, saying, "Oh, sister, sister dear, do not charge this to God. I know our affliction is something terrible, but we must charge it to a fashionable mother who cursed us in the womb. She hated us and we became unwelcome visitors at our father's home. He had a desire for children, while she had none, and hoped we never would be born alive. She cursed us in her heart every time she found the maid could not lace her up just so. When my father first saw my little deformed body I was told that he hated it and cursed it, commanding the nurse to take it out of his sight. Sister, dear, I never knew or understood anything of a parent's love. I do not believe that any human being ever placed a kiss on my lips." Then I said, "I will, brother; we are unfortunate, since God has cursed us through our mother." I placed my arms around him and kissed him, but, Oh, God! it was like kissing a brute animal—his teeth protruded so out over his under lip. He said to me, "Sister, will you walk with me out in the open air. I wish to relate to you a vision I had." I said, I would go with him. Then he led me out of doors and along the gravel walks in the garden. We came to a rustic bench under a large elm

tree. We sat down on the bench, holding each other's hands, when he said, "Sister Julia, do you believe in spirits? I mean people who once lived in a body—that they can come back and communicate with us?" I said, "Why, brother, I never heard such talk as that before." He said, "Well, it is so, sister." I said, "How do you know?" He said, "They come to me." Then I felt a little uncanny and nervous, but said nothing, as I wished him to go on and tell about his vision. He said, "First, you must know, sister, that my father gave me away to an old fisherman on the New Jersey coast, whose name is Peter Ellis. My father gave him \$5000 to take care of me, as he did not wish to commit a murder by putting me out of the way. I lived with that fisherman and his family until I was six years old. His children would get up a show with an old goat and a dog they had, and myself. I being such a monstrosity to look at, they charged three cents admission. They made some money in that way. One day a fishing party landed on the beach near our home. I was sitting by myself playing with some shells, as I liked to be alone. When the men discovered me one of them said to the others, 'In the name of God, look at that creature! He must be a devilfish out of the sea. Barnum ought to have him with the show.' When they came up to where I was sitting, one of them, who had a kind face, stooped down and said, 'Little one, where do you live?' I pointed over in the direction of the home and said, 'Over there.' He took his purse out of his pocket and gave me a piece of money. After they went away I laid down on the beach and went to sleep. While I was sleeping a vision or dream came to me in which I saw you born blind. A voice then said to me, 'This is your sister, and some day she will become a beautiful singer, for she will be born with a beautiful voice.' Then I said to the voice, 'Are not these people my parents?' The voice said, 'No; they were paid to bring you up, but they will sell you to a show. In two days you will leave here. Do not feel sorry, for through this channel in time we will lead you to your blind sister. She will sing for you and for a time you will be happy, as you will be permitted to enjoy one of the sweets of life in listening to your sister singing.' The man whom I thought was my father and who bore the name of Peter Ellis, sold me to one of those men

for \$2000. He brought me to New York, sold me to P. T. Barnum for \$3000—I being such an ugly piece of monstrosity. I traveled with his show and was called “The Wild Boy of Borneo.” I was treated well and taken great care of—for you must know, sister, such a hideous-looking creature as me is worth something to a showman. There was a little fortune in such an object as I am. One night two years ago this month, sister, dear, I was lying in bed and could not go to sleep. There came such a nervous feeling on me when, all of a sudden, you appeared standing at the foot of the bed dressed just as you are now. The voice said, ‘Look, this is your sister. She has grown to a young lady and we will lead you to her. You are ten years older than she is. She is blind and cannot see you, so you need not be afraid that she will hate you. After you have seen her and become united in each other’s affections you will pass out of your body in order to prepare for reincarnation or re-embodiment.’ Sister Julia, I thank God I have looked upon your beautiful face—for it is beautiful to me—and I also thank God again that you cannot see mine. The voice told me that today I am to pass from the body. Now, sister, dear, let me take your hand, for I wish to place upon your finger four diamond rings that were given to me by Mr. Barnum. Tonight your father will come for you, as he thinks your mother is dying and wishes to look upon you once more. Sister, dear, you are beautiful to look upon. Your only affliction is blindness. Now, will you please sing for me once more.” I asked him what I should sing. He said, “Sing that song wherein it says, ‘When we met it was in a crowd and I really thought it shunned me; but when I turned around his eyes they were upon me?’ I sang the song for him, when he said, “Now, let me hold you in these deformed arms for the last time in this body.” He did so, and we held each other in close embrace. His body commenced to shiver all over; he relaxed his hold and fell dead at my feet. I screamed for help, for I was frightened. They bore his body back to that showman, Barnum, who laid it away in a grave.

That night my father came for me. I returned with him to his home. I was led to the room where my mother lay nigh unto death. When she saw me she said, “Julia Hawthorne, I have done lots for you. I have had you educated in the clas-

sics and in music. You owe a debt of gratitude for what I have done for you." Just then a feeling came over me and I laughed aloud a mocking laugh. It seemed to me I grew into a she tiger who was held at bay by dogs—for a time it seemed to me that I lost my reasoning powers. All of a sudden I screamed out and spit and hissed like a tigress. When I found my voice and could utter a sentence, I hissed out, "Thou society wanton! Thou fashionable painted woman of Babylon! Thou Jezebel! A curse to all moral society, void of all mother's love and nature! Thou harlot that wears the scarlot cloak of criminality—you that cursed my brother and myself in the womb. You made him a deformed monstrosity, for the love of fashionable lust had warped your soul. You gave birth to a living monster, your husband, my father, as you call him, sold him into captivity; finally he was placed on exhibition at a shilling a head, so that the public might look upon a fashionable woman's curse. I, whom you caused to be born blind, and never knew the love of a father and mother, tell you this. You sent me away from your presence as you could not bear to look upon me, since I was blind and would be in the way of a fashionable she devil. I hate and curse your name, for you are more loathsome to me than the monstrosity that you gave birth to, for he was the only one that ever placed on my lips the affectionate kiss of Love and kindness! He fell dead at my feet. Now, I come to tell you of the debt of gratitude I owe to you. Your soul is a curse and hell is waiting for you." I then fled from the room and fell down stairs and was picked up by the servants, placed on a sofa in the parlor in an insensible condition.

We will continue at another time, as I have to speak of the medium and where I met him.

Wednesday, February 26, 1902.

Good morning, sir. You have had an abundance of rain during the night. I was sorry to see the medium spit so much blood this morning. That weakens his physical condition, therefore his vitality is low. That is why he requires so much warmth to keep the heat in his blood. The circulation during such a storm is at a low temperature, it is slow and sluggish, therefore the room will have to be kept quite warm in order that his blood may circulate as much as possible. The amount of blood that he

expectorated during the night and this morning from his lungs is very weakening to his constitution, therefore he will require nourishing food—cracked wheat and oatmeal and mix it thoroughly. Then cook it for a long time slowly and keep it thoroughly covered, that the steam may not escape, for in the moist steam there is a good deal of nutrition. When it is served, sprinkle a little sugar on it and grate a little nutmeg. Let him have quite a good-sized bowl full of that mixture of grain, as it will help somewhat to make blood. He is weaker than you have any idea of and will require some care and a good deal of watching.

Now I will take up some of my life. After I had fallen down the stairs I did not seem to realize where I was or what were my surroundings for over three weeks they told me. After I had returned to my conscious condition and thoroughly realized what they were saying, they told me that my mother was dead and buried. It was no regret to me that I had lost her; therefore it brought no bad feeling to my condition. My father was a vain, pompous man and full of selfish conceit and yet withall he was a money making man. Six months after my mother died he made a visit to some relatives who lived in Trenton, New Jersey. While there he became acquainted with a beautiful young lady. Her family was only in ordinary circumstances, but they were honest, sensible and truthful, as I realized in later years. Their mother was a sensible woman. She had educated and brought up her daughters to understand housekeeping thoroughly. She also taught them home culture and how to entertain friends and guests. Their name was Murray, and my father fell in love with the second eldest daughter whose name was Rachael Murray. He did not acquaint me with the fact that he had married, nor was I aware of anything that had taken place outside of my room. When he brought his bride to his home he informed one of the female servants that he wished her to bring me to the parlor. When I entered the parlor I was aware there was another female present, as my sense of feeling, touch and influence had become very acute as I grew to womanhood. I judged the maid had left me standing in the middle of the room. My father addressed me. He spoke in a very cold manner and with a great deal of pomp, saying,

"Julia Hawthorne, this lady is my bride and wife—your future stepmother." When he pronounced those words a cold shudder or shiver went through my whole body. I thought to myself, "Oh, God! Will I have to contend with another mother?" Just then I heard a light step and the rustling of a lady's garment. This female took both my hand in hers and said, "Julia, dear, you shall not call me mother; you shall call me sister Rachael, for I feel that we can become loving sisters." She took me in her arms and kissed me—and Oh, God! what a glow of life went through my body, it seemed to me as if the whole world had become bright in that moment. That warm, loving kiss seemed to change my whole life, for I never felt the affectionate kiss of a female before. The only kiss that I had ever received was that kiss my brother gave me when he fell dead at my feet. I said to my father's wife, "Oh, lady, I know that you are kind and gentle; something within my soul tells me so. I wish, dear lady, I could see your face." She led me to a sofa where we both sat down, then she put her arm around me, saying, "Julia; I want you to love me, for I know I shall love you." I said, "Kind lady, my soul tells me I love you now." She said, "You must call me Sister Rachael, and I will call you Sister Julia."

Then my father spoke and said, "My dear, the maid will show you to your room," speaking to the maid who stood near by. He said, "Fannie, this is your mistress and my wife. You will show the lady to her room." He came toward his wife, taking her in his arms he kissed her, saying, "My dear, now you are in your future home and you are the mistress of everything here. The servants will obey your every wish. I will now leave you and return at five o'clock this evening. That is our dinner hour. I must go down town and see how things have progressed while I have been absent for two weeks. You must try and make yourself at home until I return, then I will show you over the house." She put her arms around my waist and taking one of my hands in hers, said, "Dear husband, I shall always feel at home when I have Sister Julia with me, for I never can be lonely in her company. Dear husband, she and I will have much to say to each other," and then she kissed me. Oh, sir, if I could only express to you how happy I was then, as I never had been accustomed to such affection. I trembled and

laid my head upon her shoulder, then I burst into tears, sobbing very hard. I held her tight, for I was afraid I should lose her. Just then my father came up and kissed his wife, saying, "I will leave you now." She said, "You have forgotten to kiss Julia." He said, "That is so." Then he kissed me, while my head was lying upon her breast. It was the first kiss my father had ever placed upon my lips. He withdrew from the room and we were left alone, with the exception of the maid. Rachael addressed the maid, saying, "Now, Fannie, you will show me to my room. Come, Sister Julia, you will help me to unpack my trunk and we will have a sociable chat together." She led me upstairs, following the maid, who showed her where the room was. When we entered the room, she placed me in a rocking chair, saying to Fannie, "Now, let's see if you and I can't undo the strap of my trunk." When they had accomplished it she said, "Fannie, you will go and bring a tea set here to my room, consisting of three cups and saucers, a sugar bowl, cream pitcher and slop bowl, and you will bring a large pitcher of hot water and some cake if you have it, for we three women are going to have a sociable cup of tea." The girl laughed and said, "Yes, my lady." When Fannie had left the room in order to attend to her mistress's wants and was out of hearing, my father's wife turned and said to me, "Now, Sister Julia, you and I must have no secrets from each other. We must become sisters in every sense of the word. First, I am going to tell you that I believe in Spiritualism. Perhaps you do not understand what I mean by that." I said in reply, "Is it where the dead come back and talk to the living?" She said, "It is where the living come back and talk to the living. There is no such thing as death, Julia. I saw you through the clairvoyant power a year ago. You spoke and said to me 'Rachael, we will become sisters. It is in your destiny to marry my father.' So, you see it has come to pass. We are not only sisters in the body but we are sisters through soul attraction. Now, we shall spend many loveable hours together talking of the spirit and the spirit world."

Just then Fannie entered with the tea tray and placed it on the table. Mrs. Hawthorne then said, "Now, Fannie, shut the door and we three women will have a sociable chat." Fannie said, "Do you mean me, my lady, as the third party?" Mrs.

Hawthorne said, "To be sure, I do, and now we will draw the table up in front of Julia, and we will all sit around the table, while I brew each one a cup of tea," and when she had said so, loud raps came on the table, which startled Fannie and me. She said, "Oh, don't be afraid, girls, it is only my spirit friends, rapping to welcome me to my new home." Fannie said, "My lady, do spirits make those kind of raps?" She said, "Oh, yes; that is their method of communicating with us in the body." Just then I experienced a happy feeling. She looked at us—that is, I felt she did so—as she remained silent for a few minutes, when a loud rap came on the table, which caused Fannie to jump from her chair, and that was the means of us all having a hearty laugh. Fannie said, "Oh, pshaw, what a fool I am; I don't believe spirits would hurt us. Do you think they would, my lady?" Mrs. Hawthorne said, "No, Fannie; there is someone here that wishes to communicate. Now, we will have them spell their name by raps." Mrs. Hawthorne secured paper and pencil. They spelled out the name "Henry Hawthorne." I said, "Oh, Sister Rachael, that is my brother's name." She said, "Your brother's name? Why, I was not aware that you had a brother." I said, "Oh, yes; I told you of his vision and how he fell dead at my feet." She said, "That is strange, your father never told me he had a son." Then the raps spelled out, "Dear Sister Julia, now you are going to be happy and this lady will only be a bride of a year. Reverses in the world are going to come to father. He will keep losing his money by making bad investments, and finally he will become bankrupt and commit suicide. You then can bring your talent into use by singing in church and at concerts. This lady is too sensible to be shocked at any news that she might receive from the spirit side of life. She grew into womanhood in the midst of spiritual surroundings. She is what the people of the world must recognize in time as a spiritual medium, a go between the earth world and the spirit world. I mean by that the spirits will control her organization and lecture from the public platform."

It all came to pass. She became Rachel Hawthorne, the lecturer, and I became a public singer. Father inside of one year committed suicide. Then Rachel Hawthorne gave up the large house and purchased a smaller one. We moved into the small

house, taking Fanny, the maid, with us. In time she became Fanny Allen, the medium, and was looked upon as a wonderful test medium. The people in New York called her "Fanny the prophetess." I became a public singer. I sang in churches, in concerts and also at receptions in private homes. Cornelius Vanderbilt engaged me at five different times to sing at private receptions at his home. I sang at A. T. Stewart's home on seven different occasions. I could give the names of many families in New York at whose homes I sang on different occasions. I sang at I. N. Singer's, the sewing machine man, who had a beautiful home on Fifth Avenue. On one occasion he presented me with beautiful diamond earrings, of which I was very proud, as I never had owned a jewel of any kind until my brother had placed those diamond rings on my fingers. Those rings I sold for money to assist in our housekeeping after my father had lost his property and committed suicide.

Now I will relate where I first met your medium. It was at the Logan home in New York. They had engaged me to sing at a reception on a certain afternoon. They also secured the services of Fanny Allen as a test medium. There were many present that afternoon. I will endeavor to give you the names of the guests who were present. Mrs. Logan, Olive and Eliza Logan and a gentleman whose name I think was William Logan; the two Cary sisters were there, Alice and Phoebe Cary, and also a brother of theirs whose first name I do not seem to remember; Rachel Hawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Taylor, I. N. Singer, wife and daughter; a Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport, who was an actress, (Rachel told me she was one of the most beautiful women she ever saw), a Joseph Jefferson, whom Rachel said was also an actor; a Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who were celebrated theatrical people at that time. Mrs. Davenport invited Rachel Hawthorne, Fanny Allen and myself to attend the performance of the Merchant of Venice. Their voices that evening sounded grand, but I could not see them act. Sister Rachel said Mr. Davenport placed us in a private box, but all I could tell was that I sat on a chair and listened to the orchestra playing some very nice waltz music. After that I heard those beautiful, rich voices speaking. On the same afternoon there was present a poet or literary individual whose name was

James Russell Lowell, and another one whom they called Mr. Edgar Poe. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Emerson came over and sat by me and paid me some flattering compliments about my singing, which pleased me very much. After we had been there a little while a Mr. Warren and, they said, little Justin Warren, were announced. Those are the names I heard them speak. That little Justin is this medium. That lady they called Laura Keene gave a recitation from Romeo and Juliet, which sounded beautiful. I only wished I could have seen her face. After her I sang again, then little Justin recited the poem, "Beautiful Snow." After him came the lady they called Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport. She sat at the piano and played and sang beautifully. There were many selections given that afternoon. As it will take too much space I will not describe them all, but there is one I will describe. Little Justin sang a piece in which he said, "I'm only little chatterbox. Accustomed to lots of big knocks, For sometimes I run against big rocks and hurt my toes when I haven't got on my socks." Miss Alice Logan said to me, "Julia dear, I wish you could see the Little One act while he sings." I know it must have been good, for after he had finished there was lots of applause and much laughter. When they had all quieted down Miss Logan said, "Puss, come over here. I want to introduce you to my friend, Miss Julia Hawthorne." He grasped my hand with a very friendly grasp and as he looked up into my face he said, "Oh, lady, you are blind, ain't you?" I said, "I am, dear." He said, "Oh, that is too bad, for you have got such a pretty face and I think you sing beautifully. I did not know you were blind when you stood by the piano and sang. Oh, I am sorry, but just think how happy you must be to own such a magnificent voice. I wish you could see Papa Warren. He is such a handsome man and is so kind to ladies. Now, lady, you must come and see me play. Oh, I forgot—you can't see me, can you? But you can hear me talk and sing. We've got such beautiful singers in our company, and I know you would like to hear them." He called out, "Papa Warren, come over here. I want you to see this lady." Mr. Warren came towards us and he introduced us. I noticed Mr. Warren had a rich, manly voice. It was so different from the Little One's gentle soprano voice. He said, "Now Papa Warren, I want you to

write out a pass for this lady and all the other ladies she wants to bring. Mr. Warren said, "Perhaps she will fill the theatre with all her lady friends," which made us laugh. The Little One said, "Oh, I don't mean that; you know, papa, what I mean, make the pass out for this lady and three or four others; that's what I mean." Mr. Warren said, "My Little One means all right, but he has a way of his own in conveying his ideas to people." "Now you will come, won't you?" he said, when Mr. Warren had placed the pass in my hand. He said, "Now I am going to kiss you," and with that he jumped into my lap and kissed me. After he got off my lap he said, "Now, papa, will you, too?" I think I must have blushed, for my cheeks felt hot, when Mr. Warren said, "Perhaps the lady would not like to have me kiss her." He said, "Oh yes, she would, if she only saw how handsome you are," which brought a laugh from the people in the room. He said, "Now you kiss, or I'll kick you—you don't get a chance to kiss such a pretty face every day," which caused another laugh. So Mr. Warren had to kiss me in order to please the Little One. That was my first introduction to Little Justin. I met him a number of times afterwards at concerts. Mrs. Logan asked all the guests if they would not join in singing, "The Campbells are Coming," which was a favorite song of hers. The guests were served with a light repast, after which we bade one another good by. That was a happy afternoon to me as I had received so many flattering compliments, something I was not accustomed to in my younger days.

On the way home sister Rachel said, "Julia, your face has such a happy expression; do you feel happy this afternoon?" I said I did and that I should never forget that afternoon. She said, "I am glad to know that you are so happy." I said, "I am, but wasn't that a strange little creature that got up into my lap and kissed me? His mother must have loved his father very dearly, for I knew when his father kissed me it was the kiss of a noble man, God bless him. Rachel, I am in love with that man—it may be a crime, but I cannot help it. The blind have a right to love as well as those that can see. I read his soul—it was noble. My fate is sealed, Rachel. I tell you, me and my love belongs to that man, no matter what my end may be; the die is fixed and cast in the shadow of my life."

We will continue at another time, as they tell me I must not hold the medium any longer.

Thursday, February 26, 1902.

Friend, the sky is a little clearer today than it was yesterday. Now we will take up part of my life.

I loved Mr. Warren with my whole soul and had a desire to become his wife. Rachel, Fanny and myself attended the performance at the theatre where Little Justin was playing. Mr. Warren sat in the box with us during the performance. He sat next to me and I think I was one of the happiest women in the world that evening. He said he would see us home to our dwelling and then return for his Little One. When we passed out of the theatre on to the sidewalk he called a carriage and we were conveyed to our home, Mr. Warren acting as gallant. He bade us good night and returned in the carriage to the theatre. I became so infatuated with that man that I became bold enough to ask him to marry me, telling him that I would earn all the money that I possibly could with my voice. He said he could not marry me nor any other woman, as that was an impossibility. He was already wedded and it was his duty to take care of the Little One as long as he lived in the body. I judge that some women will be shocked by their false modesty when they read that I was so bold as to ask a man to marry me. I do not see why a woman should not ask a man to marry her, as he takes that liberty of asking a woman to marry him. We are all children of the same God in nature and should have the same privileges in life.

Now I am going to tell you something that perhaps would shock you as a man, but if you understand the law of reason and soul attraction it will be otherwise. Your sensibility will not feel degraded in listening to what I have to say. I bore Mr. Warren a son, not under the bonds of wedlock, as no priest had pronounced a benediction upon us. I was proud to be the mother of that son. Understand me, I do not advocate free lust or free license. I was just as pure and as moral as any woman that ever lived. I am now the soul mate of Mr. Warren in spirit life. Our souls were attracted to each other, which created a divinity in our natures and I gave birth to one of the finest men that

ever lived in a body. There were no marriage vows required in our condition, as we were soul mates. But marriage is the proper thing in the eyes of the law, as it protects the mother and the children in their rights. My child was christened in the old Methodist church on Allen street, New York City, by Mr. Taylor. I gave him the name of George C. Warren. When he grew to manhood he became the president of a fire insurance company. A nobler man and a more dutiful son never lived. He took care of me in my old age and granted me my every wish. He married a beautiful girl, whom I think had one of the happiest dispositions I ever met. I was proud of my son, proud of my daughter and proud of my grandchildren. I think I had some of the sweetest grandchildren that ever came to earth to live in a body. There were nine in all. My son was noted for his scholarship and he graduated with high honors. He was not only a gentleman scholar but he was a gentleman in every ligament of his body, just as his father was before him. My son had a highly developed brain and was what you would call a religious man.

Now I shall give you another expression; perhaps it will not shock you and many others, but it may possibly shock a class of namby pamby men that claim great morality, while at the same time they are hypocrites of the worst kind. I will give you to understand, friend, that not all men's children are born in wedlock—many a good husband and father who loves his wife and children and would sacrifice his life for them, at the same time have become fathers outside of their family circle, and such was the case with Mr. Warren, my spirit mate. Since he came to spirit life he has made a discovery. He is the father of twenty-five boys and seven girls. Don't you think, friend, that many that bear false modesty in the world will profess to be shocked at what I now tell you? I have been permitted, and received the commission from Mr. Warren, to tell you the truth. He says that at one time he was forced into a marriage while under the influence of liquor, to a woman whom he could never call wife. He says he loved the Little One. That is the medium. While he lived in the body he discovered he was selected by a spirit band to become the guardian of Justin, or Justine, as he was christened. He was the guardian of Justin while he

lived in the physical body. There was an element that laid in his make-up that was of great assistance to the Little One while carrying out his duties as private spy to President Lincoln.

I am going to give you a little history of the Warren family or Warren race. One of my father's grandmothers was a Warren. The name Warren originally was Wren, spelled W-r-e-n. As far back as I can trace them, their origin came from Norway. In the early days of Norway, people were called after animals and birds. In the early days of Scotland there was a Norway bark wrecked on the Scottish shore and a number of men were washed on to the beach. Two of them were brothers, and bore the name of Wren. They married native women and from them came the Warrens. In the early days of the wars between the Scottish tribes and the English tribes there were Wrens, but in the Gaelic language they pronounced their name Rangheen, that is the Gaelic, but in English, Wren. In Oliver Cromwell's war one of his officers was named Wren. After the war was over this man settled in a part of England now called Birmingham. He married a maid of England, settled down to house-keeping and called himself War Wren, meaning that he had been a soldier in the war, and all those that are on his side of the house bear the name of Warren. Now this man who lives here in your little valley in the mountains who bears the name of Meyer, one of his great ancestors on his mother's side was a Wren from Norway, so really you see the Warren or Wren blood is in his life line.

Now I am going to show to you or in other words explain something of the Hulburd blood. My mother's grandfather was a Hulburd and spelled his name Hulbird. You must understand that in the different families hundreds of years ago some of the sons had a desire to create a new name. They would change their name in such a way that in the spelling of it today it would almost be impossible to see any resemblance to the original name. During the reign of James the First one of his favorites was a Hulburd, but he changed the spelling of his name to please the king, and he spelled it Helbert. One of his sons did not like the way in which his father's name was spelled and he changed it to Hulbert, and from him comes the Hulberts of America. There was one man who lived in Manchester, Eng-

land, who spelled his name Hulburd. His second eldest son changed the spelling of his name to Hulbert, and the Hulberts of the early days of South Carolina were from this man. The eldest son of this Manchester gentleman spelled his name Hulburd, like his father, his baptismal name being Obed. From him came, or as you call it, descended, the family of the New York Hulburds. That gentleman in England who bore the name of Hulburd and settled down in Manchester, was Ephriam Obed Hulburd. He was the great great grandfather of Prof. Hulburd, the great scientist of New York, who at one time lived on Second Avenue near 13th street, New York City. His great great grand'father and your great great grandfather were brothers.

Now I will take up part of the little medium's life. One of his great great grandmothers was Wren, as you would pronounce it in English. His grandmother on his father's side was a Bruce. His mother's name was Mary Elizabeth Stuart. His father's name was Justin Hulburd, whose father's name was John Hulburd, and a brother of your grandfather; their mother's name was Warren, so you see all through the medium's life the Hulburds and the Warrens are connected down from the name of Wren. There runs in his veins the blood of the Wrens, the Bruces, the Stuarts and the Hulburds. So you see how people intermingle through the condition of marriage. By tracing one's lineage back there is a mingling of races and families. You see, I have also discovered there is Hulburd blood in my race, too. I can really claim relationship to you, but it is distant. You may think it strange why people come together and in the body you really cannot tell why this is so until you have traced up your lineage. The decree or law of heredity compels those conditions to take place and through constant re-embodiment it comes to pass when you have once been connected through the law of generation, for generating is the power of vitality in life in Wisdom's religion, which means Truth. There is no religion higher than Truth.

I wish now to acquaint you with the fact that my spirit mate and myself are little sunbeams in the train of Searchlight, who are in constant attendance, listening to the communications that she is constantly giving to spirits that they might convey them to the children of earth. It is only through re-embodiment that

we can become perfect and one with the God of Nature, the great ruling principle throughout all life.

And now, friend, I want to thank you for taking down my communication. Miss Frances Willard thinks that part of my life will be interesting to some of the readers of your book. I wish you to understand, friend, that I look upon the law of morality as one of the highest laws in nature and through re-embodiment God's children will all become moral and perfect. The divinity in our natures has a moral code and we can only reveal it through the unfoldment of our perfect lives.

I leave my love for Little Justin, whom Mr. Warren loved and thought he was the most perfect being, outside of his childish pranks, that he ever saw. He loved Little Justin with a father's love and says the years he lived with the Little One were the happiest in all his life during that embodiment. He said when he found the Little One and they took up their tent together he was the most innocent child for his age that he ever met, full of pranks and mischief. He said it looked to him as if it was impossible for his Little One to keep his hands and feet still only when he was asleep in bed; sometimes then he would kick him in his sleep. He said the great delight of the Little One was to play circus, so he would lie down on the floor and play circus with him, for you must know that Justin was a dwarf until he was forty years old, only measuring four feet. After he was forty he grew almost a foot in height. My spirit mate says he was one of the most mischievous little creatures that ever lived. He would spring on one's back and before they knew it he would be standing on their shoulders. He said that was happiness to him to have the Little One do so. He also says the Little One used to cry and laugh, it seemed to him, in the same breath. I have listened to a spirit who bore the name of Edwin Forrest and was a great actor when he lived in the body. I have heard him tell spirits that it broke his heart when the Little One was taken from him and given over to Mr. Warren by a spirit power which he did not understand at the time. He said he loved the Little One, with all his childish pranks, and if ever you saw a beautiful little creature it was when the Little One was angry. Oh, those eyes were beautiful when fire flashed from them, as it seemed to do. He would kick Mr. Forrest with

all his force, he said, and call him the worst actor that was ever on the stage. "You just wait till I am six feet tall, then, you old duffer, you will have to play supe to me." Then, Mr. Forrest said, he would grab the Little One in his arms and kiss and hug him so tight the Little One would cry out with pain. When he had released him he would stamp his little foot and say, "I know why you squeeze me so hard—you are jealous because I got so much applause last night." Oh, sir, it is amusing to hear the spirit of Edwin Forrest relate the little scenes that would take place between him and Little Justin. I thank you once more. Put me down as Julia, the blind singer, that is the name I was known by to the public. Good day, sir.

There is one point that I forgot that Miss Frances Willard wished me to say and that is, my sister Rachel Hawthorne, or in a worldly way of speaking, my stepmother, bore my father a beautiful boy, who was the pride of our family. He grew into manhood and was known as Charles Hawthorne. He wrote under the nom-de-plume of Joe Jenkins. He gave to the public many funny little tales. Since I have come to spirit life he tells me he was my deformed brother Henry reincarnated again through the womb of sister Rachel. He passed from his body to spirit life at the age of thirty-two. I lived in my body to the age of ninety-eight, which you would call an old lady, but I retained my faculties to the last and lived to see the sixth generation. Good day.

Neil Bryant

Chapter XV

Friday, May 9, 1902.

Well, how are you? I don't think I have met you before. I have met many of the Little One's friends, but your face is not familiar to me. I was persuaded by several of his friends to come here today. But first let me tell you I am Irish. Irish born in America. I was born a Catholic, baptized a Catholic, brought up a Catholic—don't believe a damn word in it, for the whole thing is man made and full of superstition. When I lived in the body all my friends believed me to be a good Catholic. I kept quiet and said nothing, as my business interests laid largely with the church people. I was a manager of a theatre and had to keep my mouth shut on the religious question. I was known to the public as Neil Bryant, a man who traveled considerably while living in a physical body and saw life in all its phases and judged accordingly.

Little Justin was one of the strangest creatures I ever met. When he was in his prime the papers used to speak of him as "Bewitching Justin, the Queen of Burlesque Comedy." I think he looks quite bewitching lying here on the lounge with his white hair and about as broad as he is long. I remember, one time during my earth existence I was talking to Mr. Nordhoff of the Evening Post, who had written a lengthy article about Little Justin and his bewitching ways. He said, "That Little One has fascinated me so entirely it is hard for me to keep away from the theatre. Neil, he must have a lovely disposition, he looks so gentle; no wonder he fascinates the gallery boys when dressed in female attire—that kick of hers would win any male heart over to her side." I said, "Nordhoff, that little creature who has fascinated you so, I think has the worst temper I ever saw in a human being; he would be good to send out to civilize the Hottentots—if he could not civilize them he would frighten them to death. If any one makes him angry he swears like a pirate. It's only this morning he lost his temper. He swore so that cold chills ran down my back. Sometimes when things don't go just right with me I use a few oaths, or perhaps you

would call them profane words, but that little creature would graduate with high honors and receive a diploma in any art school in that line. I thought he would fall into a fit, but nary a fit." Nordhoff said, "For heaven's sake, Neil, don't get off any of your funny gags—that's impossible that so sweet a little creature could swear so." I said, "You just ought to hear him once, then you would say, 'Neil, that's a bottle on me.'"

Now I am going to take you way back to the early days of the National Theatre on Chatham street, New York City. There is where I first saw him when I was a boy. He sang, danced and played. I thought he was the prettiest little creature I ever saw. He was quite small then, but I learned from some of my school associates that he was older than he looked. One day I was walking on Pearl street between Broadway and Chatham street. I saw two individuals coming along, when my companion, Will Miller, said, "There comes Joe Jefferson and Little Justin of the Chatham Street Theatre." Joe Jefferson was quite a lad then, while Little Justin was, I should judge, about three feet and a half tall, between that and four feet. Joe Jefferson was holding him by the hand as they walked along. That same Joe Jefferson became America's great comedian, the great Rip Van Winkle of the stage on both sides of the water. I noticed then he was a very handsome boy. He stopped and spoke to my friend Will Miller, who introduced me to Joe and the Little Justin. While Will and Joe were talking I was attracted to Little Justin. He looked up at me and smiled with a roguish wink in his eye, and I tell you those were eyes, too. He said, "Bub, those feet of yours look like they were able to cover a good deal of ground during the day," which made me laugh. At that age I was a gawky looking boy with good sized feet and it was very seldom a school boy ever could trip me up. I said, "Little One, would you mind if I kissed you?" He said, "Oh, no; if you'll only use half of those floppers of yours," meaning my lips. I put my arms around him and kissed him with a will. I discovered those were a girl's lips, and not a boy's. After we had bidden them good bye and went on our way I said, "Will, I am in love with that Little One." He said, Oh, don't make a fool of yourself like the rest of them, because he's got a pretty face people think he's something extra." "I shall find out where

he lives and call on him." He said, "Well, you are soft, Neil. I thought you had more brains than that." We said nothing further on the question then, but went our way, I feeling all the time I wanted to lick him.

I inquired and discovered where the Little One lived; made a call to present him with some oranges. An old lady with a broad Scotch accent answered my knock at the door. I inquired if Little Justin lived there. She said, "Aye, but he dee. What do you want with the bairn; he be layin' doon noo." She meant he was asleep. I asked her if I could walk in and wait until he had finished his afternoon nap. She said, "Nae, ye canna de that laddie, ye mun ca in about two hours. The bairn will be up then. I hae na time to waste wi' your speering about him." Which meant asking questions about him. I went away, returning in about three hours, was admitted to the rooms, when I found him sitting on her lap, she fixing his hair for the theatre. I was invited to take tea with them and discovered everything in the house was in perfect neatness. It seemed to me you could not find a speck of dust anywhere. I was a happy boy when the Little One said, "Snoozer, you can walk with me to the theatre." When we got on to the street he put his little hand in mine, then I felt that I could have fought all the boys in the Bowery, with the Chatham street kids thrown in. I did not think then that I would become one of the celebrated Bryant Brothers, of minstrel fame. I called at the Little One's house on several occasions, always bringing him a present of fruit. The old lady used to say to me sometimes, "Ah, but Neil, I wisht you'd take care of my bairn when I'm gone awa to the land o' the leal." By that she meant it was her desire for me to have him in my keeping when she passed to the spirit side of life, but it was otherwise decreed.

One time during my earth life a James Wilson and I took out a comedy company. In those early days they did not take out large companies traveling on the road. The Little One was our star. She was the finest Marjory in "Rough Diamond" I ever saw on the stage—the only trouble was, she made such a small woman then. She was in the keeping of a gentleman by the name of Warren. I remember one morning at rehearsal while the company was playing at Trenton, New Jersey, the

Little One got angry at something I said, grabbed a hatchet that belonged to the stage carpenter and threw it at me with all the strength and force of his little body, but fortunately it struck one of the wings and I escaped being mutilated. When he saw he did not strike me he cursed and swore at me like a pirate, roasting me in hell and other good places where he thought they would do me justice. I thought then that Nordhoff ought to see the sweet little creature. Mr. Warren rushed on the stage saying, "Puss, Puss, what does all this mean?" I said, "Mr. Warren, it simply means that he tried to do me up." When he got in one of those high keys no one could do anything with him but Mr. Warren. Sarah Melville fainted when she saw him throw the hatchet at me. They had to carry her to a dressing room and apply restoratives to bring her back. When everything went all right and no one interfered with him a more gentle little creature in a company I never saw. He would lend the people of the company anything that he had. I must say he was the most generous little creature I ever met. He never seemed to undrestand the value of money.

Then came on a rainy season and we struck two weeks of rainy weather. While we were playing in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Wilson and myself thought we would have to disband the company as we no longer could pay salaries. When the Little One heard of it he said, "No you won't, Papa Warren will furnish you some money to carry you over this rainy spell." He addressed Mr. Warren, saying, "Now, Papa Warren, you just let those duffers have some money until we strike good weather again." Mr. Warren, being a man of means, furnished us with money until we struck good weather again. We paid up back salaries first, then we paid him what he had lent us (\$2300) making him a nice present of a gold headed cane. Many toasts were given on the occasion by the members of the company, also the manager's health was drunk at the same. We went on our way rejoicing and played as far west as Chicago, returning by a different route from that by which we went. We disbanded in New York, as the weather was very hot. On the 28th of July we gave our last performance at Concert Hall on Broadway. The company and managers presented Little Justin with a gold watch and letter in which it was described. The

presentation was made on account of the love and friendship they bore towards him. I stood him up on a table in order that he might reply to the friends for the costly gift they had presented him with. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you very much for this watch, but God help you if it don't keep good time." Then he threw it up into space like a juggler would a ball and caught it in his hands when it came down. Then he held it to his ear and shook it, saying, "Boys and girls, it is all right. I can hear it tick. I want you to know I love every one of you, if I did kick some of you when I was mad. Those were only love taps. Now, do you all forgive me for being so mean? If you don't, I'll go down to Barnum's and engage myself as an Egyptian mummy," which set us all to laughing. Just then Barnum played a ruse on the American public with his Egyptian mummies, which turned out to be stuffed dummies.

The next time I met the Little One and Mr. Warren was while Justin was playing an engagement at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston. Next time I met him he was playing in Washington, D. C. After that I met him one day on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in company with Mr. Warren, General Meade and Ainslie Scott. He said he was playing an engagement at the Seventh Street Theatre, near Arch street. I did not see him play then, as I left that afternoon for New York.

Next time I saw him play was with the Buckley Serenaders at their Sumner Street Theatre in Boston. He was playing Cinderella. The next time I saw him play was at the Seventh Street Theatre, Philadelphia. They were playing a burlesque of Our American Cousin. He played Flora Trenchard and in the burlesque she was constantly getting the American cousin into trouble amongst English ladies. It was a fine piece of comedy acting, but I noticed his singing voice was broken. He told me that he never sang since he had visited Havana and New Orleans. He had a spell of sickness through which he lost the quality of his singing voice. In burlesque comedy he had no equal.

The last time I met him he played for my company in the "Crushed Comedian." He and Francis Wilson did some fine comedy acting. He played the part of Fanny Chatterbox. Francis Wilson played the part of Tony, the lover. They gave

imitations of actors and actresses. The scene from "Lady of Lyons" was a fine piece of work. Also the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." His representation, or I would say impersonations, of Madam Janauscheck, the great German actress, as Lady Macbeth in the sleep walking scene was a fine piece of acting. It brought immense applause each night. I then paid him fifty dollars a week for his name. His singing and dancing days were past then, as he was old. Still, in comedy and farces he was fine. The only thing you could detect old age in was when his voice would crack but the lower modulations of his voice seemed to me as perfect as ever, and he skipped around like a young girl. His acting in "None Such" was wonderful where he jumped the skipping rope, or rather when he danced the skipping rope hornpipe. You would really think you were looking at a young woman about twenty-five years old. I could describe many other of his conditions while playing for me. He and Francis Wilson I looked upon as the two biggest cards in my company. Francis Wilson was a young man at that time. I always said then that sometime he would make his mark in the profession, and I did not miss it.

Now when I lived in the body I believed in no hereafter. I thought when the physical body died that was the last of us. I have discovered and also realized that I was living under a big mistake then. To prove that we always live is that which brings me here today. I could tell many things concerning Justin. I will leave the rest to a female spirit who will follow me.

Now, you give my love to Justin. Tell him I am just the same Neil Bryant that I always was when he knew me in the physical body. When the curtain drops in the last act of the Comedy of Life we will all be there to meet him. Joe will soon come over to our side, then he will be young Rip again. The old boys are filing in rank. Billy Rice sends his love and regards to the Little One. Dick Hooley smiles a smile with gratification in thinking it won't be long now.

I thank you for taking down my communication. This is a mighty work you are interested in and you must keep the harness on to the last. Put me down as Neil Bryant, well known to the public of New York years ago, but I am just as hale and hearty as ever. Good day.

Charles Leicester

Chapter XVI

Tuesday, May 10, 1901, 10 a.m.

Justin was controlled by a spirit who gave the following: I am Charles Leicester, alias Charles Colchester, the fraudulent medium. I was asked to come here today and give my communication for the book.

I was born in Lincolnshire, England. I was the natural son of Lord Leicester by the lodge keeper's wife, whose maiden name was Emily Cooper. I was educated at a village school for four years, then I was sent to an academy until I was fourteen years old. Then I was brought to America by a Mr. Cameron. When I arrived in New York he deposited two thousand pounds to my account and left me. Before he left he told me that he would like me to attend one of the academies in America and become educated. I went for awhile, but became tired of it. I finally took to a high way of living and made many friends which only lasted while my money lasted. Then after my money was all gone I sought for work and found it in a pawn shop in the Bowery, kept by a man named Simpson, who was very kind to me and showed me a great deal of fatherly affection. I betrayed that fatherly affection by stealing from him. I carried that stealing propensity for two years in his establishment. When he finally discovered it he became highly incensed that the trust he put in me was betrayed. I was arrested and sent to prison for ten years. Through my good behavior and proper conduct I was pardoned at the end of two years.

When Mr. Cameron heard of my condition he had an interview with Mr. Simpson and they with other friends drew up a petition and had it presented to the Governor, who inquired of the head authorities of the prison as to my behavior and conduct. They told the Governor I had become religious and they

thought I was a moral young man. The Governor then pardoned me. After I came out of prison I drifted here and there and most everywhere in New York. I was invited by a party that I had become acquainted with to attend a spiritual seance which was given at the Planters Hotel. There for the first time I met Charles Foster, the Spiritual medium.

After the seance was over Mr. Foster came to me and said, "Leicester, you are mediumistic." I told him I thought so. He made an engagement with me to come to his rooms next morning at ten o'clock, which I did. He was not up yet. He got out of bed and admitted me himself. While sitting there I heard raps all over the room. He rang the bell and ordered breakfast for two, which I enjoyed very much, as I was hungry. After we had dined he rang the bell for a servant to come and take away the dishes. When we were alone he looked over at me across the table and said, "Leicester, I believe you can develop into a medium." In reply I said I thought so. Then he prepared to give me a sitting. He produced some slips of paper and asked me to write names on them, which I did, and at his request rolled them into pellets, which he took in his hand and mixed them all up, then placed them on the table and selected one of them and held it to his forehead and gave me the name that was written on the slip of paper, which it proved to be after it was opened up. None of those names that I wrote on the paper were connected with me. Then I discovered there was mind reading in it. Then I said, "Foster, how much will you charge me to learn this business?" Then he said, "How much do I ask? In what way do you mean?" I said, "How much money does it take to teach me the craft of mind reading?" He laughed and said, "We shall see after awhile. Now," he said, "we will see to the genuine part of this spiritual work—what it has in store for you." He reached his hand across the table and took mine in his. Then we sat quiet for a little while, when he became entranced and gave me the grandest spiritual communication I ever had in my life, which lasted about one hour, I think. When he came from out of the trance he said, "Leicester, let us take a walk up Broadway. I must get some air." We parted in front of the New York Hotel. He said, "Come take dinner with me this evening."

We parted, he going to his rooms and I to Union Square to sit on one of the benches and think it over. I must have sat there as much as two hours. An impression came to me, "Go back to your room and lie down and take a nap," which I did. I woke up about four o'clock in the afternoon. I got up and dressed in a new suit and prepared myself for dinner. When I arrived at Mr. Foster's rooms there were two gentlemen leaving who had just had a sitting. He introduced me to them both. One of them was Peter Cooper. After they had left he looked me over and said, "God, Leicester, you are a handsome fellow." After that we became great friends and most every day I dined with him while he stayed in New York and during that time I learned some of the arts of his mediumship—that is, the farudulent parts, such as writing on his arm and the pellet test.

Let me tell you here that he was the grandest medium that I ever met, outside of these tricks. He was a genuine medium and I do not see why he resorted to trickery, as he was a powerful medium in manifestations of different kinds. I said to him one day, "Charley, why do you resort to this trickery when you are such a fine medium?" He said, "Leicester, my boy, the majority of the people want so much for their money. I first give them all that is genuine for them; that is, what the spirits have to tell them; after that I resort to trickery so as to make them think I am a wonderful being."

One day I was waiting in Mr. Foster's rooms. There came in a fine looking widow woman of about forty years and had a sitting with Mr. Foster. After the sitting was through she came from the private room into the public sitting room, attended by Mr. Foster. She looked at me and smiled and said, "I think you, too, could give me a sitting. Is it not so?" While she was speaking a thought struck me. Now, Leicester, here is your chance. I said, "Perhaps I could, madam." Foster said, "Go into the room, Leicester, and see what you can see or do for her." While Mr. Foster was giving her the sitting I was practicing the writing on my arm. I wrote the name Mary with the pencil, which was a red one, on my left arm. When we entered the room and took our seats opposite each other, a table being between us, I professed to go into a trance. I shoved some slips of paper towards her with a pencil, saying, "Write," which she

did. She wrote several names on the slips. While she was doing so I stood up and removed my coat and thrust back my shirt sleeve and showed her the name on my arm—Mary. She gave a scream and said, "My God—my sister's name. It is of her I came to inquire—to find out how she is in spirit life." I caught at those words like a drowning man to a raft in a shipwreck. I went on and elaborated on her condition in spirit life, which was all a fraud, but it did its work. I tell you this to show you how credulous some people are. Then when I made believe to come out from under the trance she grasped my hand with such a warm greeting and said, "You are a superior medium to Mr. Foster." She opened her purse and gave me a ten dollar gold piece, which I eagerly grasped, as I needed it badly at that time. She invited me to come and dine with her that evening and said her family dined at seven o'clock. I thanked her kindly for the invitation and said I would do so. I put on my coat and ushered her out of the private room into the public room and from thence into the hall and thence down stairs to the sidewalk and saw her in her carriage.

As I passed through the public sitting room I saw there two ladies and a gentleman waiting for Mr. Foster to give them a sitting. When I came back into the public sitting room I sat down and said to myself, "Leicester, old boy, it's not so hard to be a medium, after all." From that time forth my farudulent life commenced, as I felt my good looks would help me through. But oh, God, it was a terrible step in life to trifle with people's feelings. After the people had left, Foster came over to me and said, "Leicester, old boy, I think you have made a mash." Said I, "Charley, you ain't in it. She says I am the greatest medium she ever met." He sat down on the sofa and laughed until his sides shook with laughter. Then all of a sudden he looked at me seriously. A voice said, "Don't carry this joke too far; if you do it will be your ruin," and he spoke the truth.

That evening I went to the lady's house on Lexington Avenue to dinner. I was prepared. I had my arms and breast covered with written names. Some red, some blue, written with pencils I had purchased on my way to my room, for I had no home, only that which I paid for week by week. When I arrived at the lady's home I was ushered into the drawing room.

I was introduced to the family and other friends who were awaiting my coming so they might sit down to dinner. I was introduced as the great medium, Mr. Leicester. I became quite an attractive friend to the family from that evening forth, and made many visits and dined with them often. I discovered I had a psychological power, which I put into use. I made that widow believe that she should take a trip to England for her health, which she consented to do. She wanted to take her oldest child with her, a girl twelve years of age, but I told her it would not be wise to do so. I told her we must be alone as I wanted to develop her into a powerful medium and that we must travel on the Continent by ourselves without any hindrance. When I told her she would make a great medium she became quite elated and said she would do as I bid her. She drew from the bank \$10,000, which she gave into my keeping. Then I went and procured the tickets and we sailed for Europe.

We traveled on the Continent about a year and a half when she became a mother and bore me a son. After awhile visionary ideas came to me and I thought that there were larger fields for me than living with her. I procured her a ticket and gave her one thousand dollars and told her the spirits said she must return to America and wait my coming and then we would do a great work together, but I had no idea of returning to her. I went to Paris and splurged around a great deal, conveying the idea to the people I was a great medium. I became acquainted with an English woman while in Paris and found out that she had considerable money. I got around her, professing to be a great friend of hers and impressed on her mind that she should take a trip through England into Scotland for her mediumship, which she did. While in Scotland she became pregnant. We returned to England and she gave birth to a son, which she adopted out. When we left Scotland she brought an old lady with her as nurse. After the child was born this old lady returned into Scotland, taking the baby with her. The mother of the child was a high-born lady and through her influence I was introduced to the Queen and professed to give her a sitting, claiming to be controlled by her husband, which she discovered next day was a fraud. Mr. Brown, a natural born medium, was

controlled by the Prince Consort Albert, and exposed my perfidy to the Queen and showed me up as an arrant fraud of the worst kind. She sent for me to come and see her the next day and I went away up into the fifteenth heaven, thinking she wanted another sitting, and that my name would go abroad as a great medium, but lo, and behold! my downfall had come. When I was ushered into her presence she gave me one of the most scornful looks I ever saw come from a human eye. She said to me, "You degraded villain of the worst kind, to think you dare trifle with people's feelings and claim to produce to them that which is the 'Holy of Holies,' and to bring back the memory of their loved ones. You treacherous coward of the worst kind, I give you one hour to leave London and three to leave Liverpool when you reach there. I will see that you are attended until you leave England's shore. Now leave my presence, you low, ill-bred cur, and never put your foot on England's shore again. If you do I shall have you arrested, tried and banished to prison for the rest of your life." She waved her hand and said, "Now go, you loathsome wretch."

I was conducted from her presence by two officers, who never left me until I was put on board a steamer for America. That was the downfall that spirit predicted. Before I left I was not even permitted to see my other victim. When I landed in America I secured rooms and blossomed out in the morning papers as the great medium and English seer, Colchester. I was besieged by many callers and made money.

I stayed awhile in New York and then went to Boston. I stayed there nine months and gave over thirteen hundred sittings in those nine months at five dollars apiece. You see, I made money and worked on the credulity of the people, as they were very credulous and looked upon me as a great medium.

I returned to New York for awhile and took in many shekels. Then I went to Philadelphia and gave sittings almost day and night for three weeks duping the people. I left with well filled pockets for New York. From there I went to Chicago and did a flourishing business for eight months.

While there the war broke out. I left Chicago for Pittsburg; from thence to Philadelphia for six months. Then went to Baltimore for two months; then went to Washington. While

there I became acquainted with several prominent men. By Mr. Conklin I was introduced to President Lincoln, who believed in Spiritualism and the returning of spirits. After a while I left Washington and returned to New York. I remained in New York about one year, and while there a death occurred at the White House. I returned to Washington and when I called on Mr. Conklin he refused to see me. Next day I received a letter from Mr. Conklin in which he said he believed me to be a fraud of the worst kind, and that if I did not leave the city immediately he would see that I did. After receiving the letter I called on the President and gave him a sitting and professed it was his loved one controlling. After we had finished the sitting the President presented me with some money and while in the act of giving me the money the name of this medium (Justin) was announced. and was admitted. When he entered the room and saw me there the fire flashed from his eyes. He came forward and said, "You here, you miserable fraud." He shook his fist in my face, which made the President smile. I looked down upon him with scorn and laughed, as I thought I had the President on my side. The medium became excited. He always was a nervous creature. He went up and grabbed the President's hand and in an excited condition he said, "I tell you, Abe Lincoln, that is the worst fraud that ever walked in shoes, and if he don't get out of here, I'll kick him out." The President put his arm around the little medium and said, "Puss, I think you are mistaken." The medium spoke up and said, "No, I can prove it to you that I am right." The President saw that the medium was excited and said, "Mr. Colchester, you had better leave and come another time." I bade the President good morning and withdrew from the apartment. When I got out into the open air I said to myself, "Leicester, old boy, I am afraid your goose is cooked here."

Some time during that day this medium went and saw a military officer by the name of Warren. They both went to the White House and were received by the President. While there Mr. Warren proved to the President that I was a fraud of the worst kind. Then he sent a party to have me arrested but I did not wait for that time to come, as I skipped out by the first train that was leaving Washington for Baltimore.

Then I went west to Cincinnati and from Cincinnati to St. Louis, and there I met that fraudulent medium and mountebank called Jesse Shepard, who claimed that he had no musical education and that he was controlled by the inspirational spirits and that they played through his fingers. While there I became acquainted with people who said he was an educated musician, but was a humbug of the worst kind. When he gave what he called his musical seances he had the room so dark you could not see anything. I sat close to him and discovered that he was a ventriloquist and that he forced his voice out amongst the people and they believed it to be independent spirit voices, which was all a lie. I discovered by attending several of his seances that he played the same pieces all the time, which he had committed to memory and could play in the dark.

During my stay in St. Louis I became acquainted with another so-professed medium. He was caught in his fraudulent acts, he and two confederates, while out in the room posing as spirit friends of the sitters. He was grabbed and the other two escaped, but finally they permitted him to go free if he would change the error of his ways and leave the city. He left the city, but did not change his ways.

The next time I saw him was in Chicago. He was posing there also as a materializing medium by the name of Williams, and taking in the dollars. The next time I met him was in Buffalo. He bore the name of Conklin there, and was posing as a great materializing medium and slate writer. As towards slate writing he told the truth, for he showed me how he wrote the communications on the slates.

The next time I met him was in Trenton, N. J. There he was taking spirit pictures, which were frauds. There he bore the same name, which no doubt was the truth. He said when he was born into the world he was covered with a veil. The spirits predicted at his birth he would become a great medium. If lying made a medium, I think he was one. I give you these few illustrations to show you how people are defrauded out of their money and humbugged through their credulous conditions.

Harry Gordon was the only genuine materializing medium I ever met and for physical manifestations I never saw his equal. He was a true born medium. I have seen the greatest physical

manifestations take place in his presence that I ever saw. He had four phases of mediumship. One of them was that you place a sheet of paper with a pencil into a box and lock it up and hold the key yourself. If you would put your ear to the box, in about five minutes you would hear the pencil writing on the paper. I did so and received a communication. It read thus, "My dear son, change your life and turn from the errors of your ways, as they are sinful in God's sight. If you do not, a wretched end awaits you. Your loving mother Emily." I was so steeped in crime it did not phase me a particle, but her prediction came true.

Harry Gordon had three other phases of mediumship. Materialization, Transformation and Impersonation. He was the most abused medium I ever met. Why was it thus? Because he was persecuted by frauds that could not produce the genuine spiritual manifestations that came through his organization. Thank God, in spirit life he is receiving his reward. He was one of the first that came to me and said, "Charley, let me lead you to the light of truth," which he did. Bless him. That is why I come here today to communicate. There were nine different women that I had psychologized and they bore me nine different children. So you see I was a degraded wretch in many ways. But God is great in his mercies and I hope to become a better man and work for the benefit of those I wronged on earth that still live in the body. Those who are in spirit life I will go to and on my bended knees ask them to forgive me that I may atone for my past sins in the sight of God and become a better man. Yours for truth and the grand and true philosophy of Spiritualism. It is only through its gates that you will find immortality and everlasting life. God bless you and those that stand up for the truth and this great philosophy that leads people into the new birth. Bless this little medium that is a worker in the vineyard for truth's sake. May he live many days yet to herald the true light to the world. I say this in sincere friendship. Your humble friend, Charles Leicester.

In about two hours Mr. Leicester returned and said, "Mr. Hulburd, do not think me too selfish for coming again to communicate. If you were pleading at the gate to unburden your conscience, I would help you, friend, with all my heart. I know

I was a wicked man and lived a wicked life, but yet there is one spark of generosity left in me and that is to work for those I have wronged and try and make right what I possibly can by atoning for my sins. When I ceased to control before I saw I was quite a task upon his strength, so I withdrew to give him and you a chance to rest. So now I will proceed with the rest of my confession.

While in Boston I became acquainted with a doctor well known to the people there. He was a highly and finely developed man with a fine benevolent organization, an honor to all fine society. During the time that my friendship lasted with this man I was exposed by Emma Hardinge Brittan, who was lecturing in Boston at that time. She exposed me to the public, for which she was persecuted by many of the Spiritualists. They believed me to be a great medium and that that person persecuted me through jealousy on account of my great mediumship, which was a lie, as Emma Hardinge Brittan was a highly developed moral woman and her character stood above reproach. She exposed me once before and was persecuted for it, but it made no difference to her. She worked for truth, being of a high, noble character.

The day after she exposed me I called on this doctor and gave him a pleading story that I was persecuted on account of my mediumship. He said that was a shame, and "I will see that you are vindicated before the people, as I will address the people in person myself, on your behalf." I found I had worked upon his feelings and asked him to please give me a check for one hundred dollars as a loan, and that I would return it to him in a couple of days. He went to his private secretary, took out his check book and filled out a check to me for one hundred dollars. I bade him good morning and thanked him kindly and said God would bless him for defending honest people. I immediately went to my room after leaving his house and raised the check to one thousand dollars. I presented it at the bank and received the money. I packed my trunk, called a hack and was taken to the depot and shook the Boston dust from my feet. I took the cars for New York. After that I took the cars on the New York Central to Buffalo and then went by way of the lakes to Chicago, for I knew it would not do for me to stay in Boston.

When the doctor found out the rascality that I had committed he privately offered one thousand dollars reward for my capture, which never came to pass, for on the day that I landed in Chicago I went to a married woman's home—to whom I had been making visits privately when her husband was away—when I was in Chicago before. I told this woman, "Now if you want me, here is your chance. I am on my way to California." She said, "I love you, and I will go with you." Then I said, "Collect all the money or valuables you can and meet me in an hour or two if you can." She asked me where and I named a certain restaurant. She met me and we took dinner together. After we had finished I told her to remain there and I would go to the livery stable and get a rig, which I did, and came back. We both got into it and I drove to Joliet. After we got there we went to a hotel to stop over night. I gave the rig into the hands of the landlord to put up in his stable. I had learned of an early train that came through there before daybreak. We got up and dressed, then we left the hotel quietly without paying our bill. We were not discovered by anyone. We went to the depot and took the train quietly that was passing through. We went to Council Bluffs, Iowa. We left there and went back to Keokuk, Iowa, thinking that I might make some money, but I was taken down with a loathsome sickness that was disgusting to moral people. I died a horrible death and that was the end of me in my mortal body.

My body was taken from the hotel and buried in the graveyard. The woman took what money was left and the valuables that she thought were worth carrying and went on her way to California. She was taken down with the loathsome disease which she had contracted from me and finally she was taken to the Sisters' Hospital, where she passed out of the body. She got one of the Sisters to promise that she would notify her husband of her death, and that was the final end of her earth body.

I make this confession, Mr. Hulburd, to show to the people how frauds can live in luxury while true born, genuine mediums live through poverty and persecution for the light and truth they are giving to the world. They will get their blessed reward while the judgment day is waiting for me and others of my stripe. I could tell you now of many that are posing as genuine mediums

when they are nothing but frauds of the worst kind and bear names puffed up by spiritual papers because they advertise largely in them. Thank you for taking down my communications and hope my confession will put people on their guard and try the spirit well and hold fast to that which is truthful, righteous and good. I bid you once more good day. Charles Leicester.

Oh, is confession an aching spell
That comes deep down out of a heart like a well?
As at a banquet in revelry he fell,
His conscience now is an aching hell,
And in his prime by lust he fell.
These are the tales he has to tell,
That woman through his psychological power fell
Which is a greater crime than a sulphurous hell,
Why did God not stay this dreadful spell?
In his life line he has this tale to tell,
It is like the bursting of a bomb shell.
Is all nature then a perfect sell
That they in the world other lives must sell
By sending them down to a conscious hell?
Oh, ye ministering angels, save us from such a spell
And we will drag the waters from this polluted well,
To see there are no sunbeams here to sell,
Angels of grace watch us well
While in such clutches we may the vampire fell.

Matilda Herron

Chapter XVII

Sunday, May 12, 1901, P.M.

I was known in the body as Matilda Herron, an actress of some fame, who introduced to New York the character of Camille, which I impersonated. I was known throughout the country in that character in which I was celebrated. I met this medium in Boston, and he is now controlled by me. I saw him play the character of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp."

The control was here interrupted by a spirit impersonating an Indian, who took the control from her. A more fiendish expression I never saw on the face of a human being. It was soon driven away by the medium's band and Miss Herron resumed.

Miss Davenport asked me to come here and give my evidence when I was attacked by that vicious spirit who represented himself to be an Indian, but is a low, degraded Catholic priest. While in the earth body they say he bore the name of Father Kelly—and tried to break up my communication. I never met him before, either in the body or in spirit. You will have to watch the medium very closely or they will kill him, as they do not wish the ancient spirits to communicate to the public. I saw this medium play in Boston; also in Chicago at matinees. I think he was a perfect representation of Aladdin and Cinderella. His Eaton Boy was also a wonderful performance, as he introduced so many features in it outside of others that played the part. He was a natural born comedy actor or actress you might say. His sex made him both. He was the greatest Aladdin I ever saw on the stage. I enjoyed the performance so much that I asked him to please step to the box, which he did. I took a diamond ring off my finger and placed it upon his thumb, as

his other fingers were too small to hold the ring, as my fingers were large and rather masculine. He did not thank me for the present as I saw he was rather confused. Bishop Buckley stepped forward and thanked me for him, then led the medium off the stage. The applause became deafening. Bishop Buckley led the medium on the stage again. He acknowledged the greeting and threw kisses to the audience, after which Bishop Buckley led him to the box where I sat with friends and he threw kisses to me and the friends from the prettiest shaped mouth I think I ever saw. All of a sudden he jumped on Mr. Buckley's back and hallooed, "Go long 2:40 on the track." He was a natural burlesque artist. You can imagine one dressed in beautiful lavender satin trimmed with garnet velvet and dressed perfectly beautiful, jumping on the comedian's back and hallooing, "We are off for the London Exposition." He was a natural comic actor or actress. That is why he is called the Queen of Burlesque Comedy. His like in that line I never saw in that day.

Here Miss Herron was again interrupted by that fiendish Catholic spirit who suddenly snatched pillows from the medium's head—the medium was lying on a couch—and throwing them. Doctor Meyer, who was present, immediately grasped the brute by the wrists and looking him steadily in the eye commanded him to leave, which he did after cursing us all terribly and swearing he would kill the medium if he allowed those communications to go to the public. What can a religion be that cannot bear the light of truth and can only exist through ignorance of the people?

Miss Herron again resumed. Gentlemen, I am sorry to think I have been interrupted in my communication by these low Catholic spirits that claim they will kill him if he is not stopped giving these communications to the public. You will have to watch him closely or they will harm him in some way—just in what way I cannot tell. I am glad to give this communication to the public and you two gentlemen can tell what a genuine medium has to pass through. While living in the body, he will have to be watched very closely in the future or they will kill him. They do not wish these ancient communications to go to the public. I thank you, friends, for listening to me. I was also

a medium when in the body, but not in this way. My mediumship was in the conception of character upon the stage. Clara Morris who came after me was also a wonderful mediumistic being which her conception of character portrayed to the public. I thank you, friend, for taking down my communication, and was sorry to be interrupted by that low blackguard who once held the position of Catholic priest. They are the worst enemies of Spiritualism that you can find today. An atheist or a materialist does not interfere with the communications while listening to them, as they do not believe in spirit return until it is fully demonstrated to them that spirits can return.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my feeble communication, and I also thank this other gentleman (Doctor Meyer) for taking hold of the medium and driving out that low lived spirit that I might continue with my communication. You have no idea how these low lived Catholic spirits who watch genuine mediums giving communications to the public try to break them up on every side when the medium's band is not there in full number to protect them. I thank you, gentlemen, for having patience to listen to my feeble effort to communicate to the public. I would not want to be a public medium for all I could gain by it. I thank you, gentlemen, for giving me strength to present my feeble communication to the public. Your friend in truth.
Matilda Herron.

Laura Keene

Chapter XVIII

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

My name was Laura Keene. I was known to the public as an actress. There was a theatre in New York that bore my name, called Laura Keene's Theatre. I was known widely throughout the principal cities of the United States. I traveled with a play of which I was the owner, called *The American Cousin*. It had a long run at my theatre on Broadway. Joseph Jefferson, still in the body was one of the members of my company. He left my company and started on his first starring tour, in which he was successful. I was English born and came from London, England, to open at Wallack's Theatre on Broadway and Broome streets. I opened in *Camille*. Mr. Loveday, the English actor, sustained the part of Armand in the same play. Then afterwards there was a theatre built for me in my name of which I have spoken before. I afterwards changed its name to the Olympic.

What brought me here today was to tell you that in my time I knew the medium. He bore the name then of *La Petite Blanche* and he was rented out to the different theatres. Afterwards he became celebrated with the Buckley Serenaders who held forth at the Chinese Assembly Rooms on Broadway. He was a wonderful impersonator of character and a beautiful dancer. I think he made his first appearance at the old National Theatre on Chatham street. I believe that is what he told me. The last time I met him was at Oil City, Penn. Then I was almost blind and merely recognized him after he told me who he was. I thought I recognized his voice as one familiar to my ears, but just then I could not locate it until he told me who he was.

At that time I was growing old and feeble but the people did not want to give me up but finally they had to do so, as I became entirely blind. I was very much devoted and wedded to my profession, as I loved it with my whole soul and worked sometimes very hard during the evening to please and amuse the people, which I have never regretted.

I came here today to verify the prediction that I made concerning this medium, that is, that some day the world should hear from him outside of his stage life. I knew there was something peculiar about him which I did not understand at the time but afterwards when I became a believer in spiritualism, then I discovered wherein I was at fault in not understanding him, then I saw and understood he was a medium. I did not understand at first why I should make such a prediction concerning him. When I knew and understood that Spiritualism was a truth then I saw through the whole condition and realized why he seemed so peculiar to the people. Now I am glad to know my prediction will be realized. When these ancient communications go forth to the public they will learn reason and understand that civilization has been going on thousands of years. I should say for hundreds of thousands of years to bring the human race up to where it is at the present time. His organization is so sensitive it would take but very little to send the spirit out of the body. Mr. Forrest who preceded me says he knows and understands now why the Little One had such an affectionate disposition. He lived between two worlds, that is, the spirit side of life and the earth side of life. The people from both sides of life played upon his organization. That is why he was always so sensitive to the changes of atmospheric conditions, or you might say in other words, the climatic conditions. They could play upon his organs as they would a flute or a reed instrument.

He was very fond of music and when little, as I knew him, let any one give a discord upon an instrument it would jar upon his ears so that it would bring tears to his eyes, so you can see he was very sensitive. How little such an individual as he is—with all his sensitive nature—is understood by the community at large. Many a one with such a nature has committed suicide owing to the harsh treatment they have received from the world,

but thank God he has been spared for the development to give these communications and produce a spiritual work for the world that will teach them all religion is man made. I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and leave my love for the Little One that once I knew as La Petite Blanche, but in after days he became the "Queen of Burlesque."

I found a program in a dressing room where he had preceded me with a company of burlesque artists. The heading of the program said, "The performance will be led by the great peerless Queen of Comedy, Justin," but I should have said before that the program read, "A grand performance tonight." The bill read that they would give two great burlesques that evening. Frou Frou was one and the Florence Family, the other. I saw a name in both casts, Robert Meldrum, at one time a leading man, and a fine actor he was. He had great conception of character. I came today to give this communication to add my mite to the lustre of the book.

I thank you, sir, and I bid you good day. Give my love to the medium. One time, sir, he expressed himself thus: "Laura, I believe my life is a failure." Little did he think then what he would give to the public. With kindest wishes again, your friend, Laura Keene.

Richard Bishop Buckley

Chapter XIX

Monday, May 20, 1901.

My name was Richard Bishop Buckley. I had another brother named George Swain Buckley, another one named Frederick E. Buckley. We were the proprietors of a company called "The Buckley Serenaders," who played in many countries outside of America. Our home was in Quincy, outside of Boston. We were all married men finally before we passed out of the body. I was the oldest of the three brothers. I was light complexioned like my mother while the other two were dark complexioned like their father. My father was well known as a musician in London. He was the leader of the orchestra of the Drury Lane Theatre, I guess as many as fifteen years.

Our mother came of what they call in England the aristocracy. She was a lady of rank. I have heard her tell of how she fell in love with father. She said she thought our father was the handsomest man she ever saw and married against her people's wishes. George Swain and myself were born in England. Frederick E. was born in Boston and when he grew up to manhood he was called the great American violinist. When we were performing in London, England, the English papers called him the American Ole Bull.

Why I come here today is to speak of the relations of this medium's connection with our family. He played with us for over nine years, that is, off and on. He would leave sometimes and go with another company for awhile and then return again. We all loved him dearly and made it as pleasant for him as we possibly could. He was one of the brightest gems of our company. I should have said the brightest. He was admired by the whole company for his genial nature. He played many characters with us, but mother thinks his Cinderella was the gem of them all, while his Aladdin was a general favorite with the patrons of our house. Father used to say he was our little mascot. His delineation of character was something wonderful and his dancing was superb. His dancing and pirouetting on

his toes was the wonder of the people. The newspapers called him the comet of that time.

We always knew he was a medium but to allow his mediumship to progress we discovered it took his strength and he could not be as brilliant on the stage and a medium too. We thought with our idea of thinking he had better stick to his profession—there was more money in it for him, and us too. He was a favorite wherever we went, and especially at our Opera House in Boston. He was constantly receiving presents from one source or another, but it never seemed to make him vain, as he was wedded to his profession. For a person of his height I think he had the smallest hand and foot of any person I ever saw. His petite form was something beautiful to look upon. Mr. Russell, the composer, wrote a poem upon his form and looks. He said in the poem that Venus must have visited his mother in her sleep to leave such a perfect form at that. Why I speak of this was that his form was the admiration of the people. His form and his wonderful talent made him a great favorite.

One evening in one of our boxes at our opera house sat Edwin Booth and wife, Billy Florence and wife, and Madeline Hendrick. The ladies wished to make his acquaintance. Billy Florence wrote on the back of his card a request and sent it to my dressing room, asking me if I would not oblige them by bringing Little Justin to the box, as the ladies wished to speak with him. I did as requested. I took Little Justin by the hand and opened the door that led from the stage into the box. I presented him to the ladies and gentlemen in the box and after some conversation Edwin Booth asked permission to kiss him, which Justin granted. The rest of the company in the box said he must do likewise with them. After he kissed them all we bade them good night and withdrew from the box.

After the performance was over I received a card of invitation with a request that I come and bring Little Justin to supper, which I did. After dining and social conversation was going on Edwin Booth drew me one side and asked me, "Is that a made up form, or is it perfect?" I told him it was a natural form made by nature or God, if he wished to call it so. "Well," he said, "that is the most perfect form I ever saw in my life; it seems so superb and delicate that it should not be touched by

human hands." I told him we took great care of the Little One. He was the pet of all the company and any of them would go quite a distance out of their way to please him, but he never asked any of them to perform any duty that was out of the way. His whole nature was generosity itself. He was born with a very high temper but mother taught him how to subdue it and live it down. After he had lived with us three or four years there was a big change in that temper for he was always willing to learn and do anything that mother would ask him, as he had great confidence in her judgment.

Our mother was a remarkable woman, if her son does say it, and I don't think I ever met her equal in good judgment. Her advice to her sons was of the highest wisdom, which she was remarkable for. Her husband and her sons would lay down their lives for her any time, as she was deserving of it. She really was the manager of the company, and we followed her advice. That is what brought us our great success. She was above the common average of women in intellect and the expansion of her mind was great, as all her boys lived to learn and admire her great wisdom, which they saw she displayed in everything. Little Justin always seemed a child to her and never grew in age like other people as he was a good deal like a kitten—always full of play; like James Arnold used to say, those bright eyes can't keep still, they are so full of mischief.

In time he met a friend that he admired who bore the name of Warren and that Mr. Warren loved him with his whole life, which in days to come gave full proof of his fruition. I never saw such love between two individuals as there was between them. It seemed as if Justin dissolved into Mr. Warren's nature and was absorbed entirely by the older individual. It was a blending and melting of two lives into one. It was something to look at and be proud of to think that you were permitted to look at such harmony in human lives. It seemed as in everything they were one with God.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. All send their love to the "Little One"; although his hair is white with age he is still to us little "Puss," as we called him, and hope that he will live long enough so that many other spirits may communicate through his organism. Good day, sir.

George Henry Clifford

Chapter XX

Monday, May 20, 1901.

My name is George Henry Clifford; I was one of the sons of the Clifford family of Maryland. I spent most of my boyhood days between Baltimore and Washington. Old Sarah Clifford, as she was called, was a sister of my father's. She kept a young ladies' school in Washington. Mrs. Banks, a widow and a sister of Sarah Clifford, was housekeeper in the home and with her and Aunt Sarah I visited a great deal in Washington. I bore the same initials as my grandfather, and this pleased Aunt Sarah. She, being a maiden lady, thought there was no one like the Cliffords of Maryland—but what brought me here today is in connection with this medium.

But just let me tell you—I fell in love with the sweetest little girl I think I ever saw; that was while I was attending college. She was on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Major of Baltimore. Her name was Olive Gray, a daughter of James Gray of Washington. I was very anxious to have her become engaged to me, which she refused at that time. She said she had histrionic art in her nature and believed she was born for the stage, but that was looked upon in those days as a dreadful thing for a young girl to enter the theatrical profession. But she waived all my entreaties and people's ideas to one side. She entered the theatrical profession at the old Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore. I found out afterwards she was assisted by her aunt, Mrs. Major, who had been an actress in England before she came to America. Mr. Major had married her in London, England, while she was playing an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre. That was some twenty-five years before my Olive was born. I could not give my love up and I waived aside all my people's threats to disinherit me and shut my ears to all the

entreaties of my relations and friends not to marry her. She was engaged by Edwin Forrest to come to Philadelphia for four weeks to play in *Virginius*, the *Roman Father* and other tragedies. I followed her to Philadelphia against the wishes of my parents. I hung around the theatre until she came out from rehearsal. She came leaning on the arm of Edwin Forrest and my feelings then I cannot describe, but when she discovered me standing there, she rushed towards me and said, "Oh, are you here? I am so glad to see you." She turned around and said to Mr. Forrest, "Allow me to introduce you to one of my dear Baltimore friends." Mr. Forrest smiled and said, "I am glad you have some friends left. I will bid you good morning, as I now can leave you in good hands." He left and went towards his hotel. I spoke up and said, "Olive, do you love that man?" She laughed a merry laugh and said, "You stupid boy, we look upon him as a father, which he is—a father to the company." Then we walked along towards her home where she was rooming, which was on Filbert street, above Ninth. She invited me into the parlor and also to sit down and make myself at home for a few minutes while she would go to her room and remove her heavy wraps, which she did, and returned in about five minutes. During that time I made my mind up what I should do. As she entered the parlor I went forward to meet her and took her hands in mine. Then I said, "Olive, do you love me enough to become my wife?" She said, "I do, but only on one condition, and that is, that I can remain on the stage until I am tired of it." Then I said, "Let it be so. We will be married right now." She was always a girl who had a matter of fact way with her. She said, "The third door above here lives a minister. You go and get the license and I will go to my room and get my hat." When I returned with the license she was sitting in the parlor waiting for me. As I was mounting the steps she came out of the door and said, "I am ready." We went to the minister's house and were married inside of ten minutes. I remember he told me he was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, which we attended the next Sunday. As I remember it, the church was located on 10th Street, south of Market. I give you these facts to let you know how my wife and I came together.

Now the principal part of the communication that I came

here today to give you, is that a gentleman by the name of Warren and I became partners in a theatrical company. It was called the Broadway Burlesque Comedy Company, of which this medium was the star. We started from New York through New Jersey and Pennsylvania and most all of Ohio and as far as Chicago and through a good deal of Illinois, and then to St. Louis. Then down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans. Then back up the Mississippi as far as the Ohio river. We went to the city of Cincinnati and played four months, which was a long engagement for a traveling company. We went from Cincinnati to Washington, thence to Baltimore and on to Wilmington and Philadelphia, and closed our traveling tour in Trenton, New Jersey, disbanding the large company and selecting four of those that we thought were the best for our concert company.

We started out with a troupe of eight members, counting Mr. Warren and myself. We took in all the principal watering resorts which took nine weeks from the time we commenced. We did well, made money, finally disbanded in New York, all parties well pleased and happy to think we had made that trip. After we had paid off the company, Mr. Warren and I divided over \$30,000 between us, which, of course, made us feel happy. I had been in the field as a theatrical manager for over ten years, but the happiest trip we ever made and enjoyed our natures to the full extent of happiness, was the tour that we took when Mr. Warren and I were partners and the little medium was the star of the company. He was called the Queen of Burlesque Comedy.

I came here today to tell you that I was well acquainted with him and Mr. Warren when I lived in the body.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and will bid you good day.

Richard M. Hooley

Chapter XXI

Monday evening, May 20, 1901.

My name is Richard M. Hooley. I was known to the public as a theatrical manager and also a minstrel manager. I had two theatres in Chicago under my control and one in Brooklyn, N. Y. Most all the celebrated stars played for me both in my comedy theatre and minstrel company. I had many that I was very proud of in both conditions, but I made more money out of the minstrel business than I ever did out of the theatrical business.

What brings me here today is in reference to this medium. He played for me a number of years both in New York and Chicago in connection with John Hart, the celebrated comedian. He played in many farces and comedies during that engagement. I will mention two comedies—"That Husband of Mine," and "All for Love," in which he did a grand piece of high comedy acting—as fine as I ever saw on the American stage. They played another comedy called "Three P.M.," in which John Hart and the medium stood unrivaled. We gave on one Tuesday a special matinee in order that the performers from the other theatres might come and see them in this comedy.

I was well known as a theatrical manager throughout the United States and at one time took a large company to Europe. Our financial condition was one of success. I brought the company back to America again and disbanded them. I lived to be over eighty years old. I passed out of my body in Chicago. I underwent a surgical operation of having a tumor cut out of my liver. I lived but a very short time afterwards, as this operation or the tumor that collected on my liver was the cause of my death. I bear no ill will to the physicians, as they did the best they could, and as far as their method of practice would permit

them to go. If I were living in the body today I would employ a magnetic healer, one that could manipulate the body and scatter the disease. From that, no doubt, I would receive a great benefit.

My family and friends believed, or thought that I believed, in the Catholic religion. I believed in no religion nor in any hereafter. I went with my family sometimes to church merely for the formality of being seen there. Today I realize and understand I am a spirit living in a spiritual condition. That is why I am here communicating through Justin's organization.

When I lived in the body I was very much attracted to the medium because I thought he was so peculiar and liked to joke him to hear him laugh, little understanding the power that was behind the throne.

Old Dick Hooley, as the boys used to call me, is just as much alive today as ever. I hope that some of the ladies and gentlemen under my management will see this communication, then they will understand that Richard Hooley is alive today.

Thanking you, sir, for taking down my communication, I am your friend and the friend of all humanity. I bid you good day.

Adah Isaacs Menken

Chapter XXII

Friday, May 24, 1901.

Justin requested Mr. Hulburt to summon Doctor Meyer, as some one wished to communicate and he required more strength.

He was soon controlled by a spirit who said, My name is Adah Isaacs Menken. I was known to the theatrical profession as the great theatrical Mazeppa. I was born in New Orleans; my father was a physician. Both my father and mother were of French descent. I was what you call a creole, and in other words a French Jewess. My first husband's name was Isaacs. He was a violin player in the New Orleans theatre, the leader of the orchestra.

My second husband's name was Menken—of the celebrated Menken brothers of the south. He had two brothers in the dry goods business in Memphis, Tenn. I married the wealthiest one of the family in New Orleans. They were a Jewish family, also.

My third husband was John C. Heenan, the pugilist. I bore him one son, which passed to spirit life. My next husband was Mr. Newell, of the Sunday Mercury.

I played between Europe and America. I passed out of my body in Paris, France. They laid my body to rest in Pere la Chaise.

While in Europe I was visited by many of the crowned heads of Europe to see what I looked like in private life. I was looked upon while in the body as a beautiful woman. My face, form and whole expression people raved over, especially newspaper men. In the fashionable salons of Paris I was a leader of fashion. From the royalty of Europe I received many valuable presents, especially from Louis of France. I became a model for painters and sculptors. I was admired in private as well as in public, which made me vain and imperious and which finally became my ruin.

I wrote for the newspapers and was somewhat of a poet. I composed a poem on this medium in French, which was published in one of the Parisian magazines. His dancing and playing to me was something superb. He traveled in my company under the name of the Dashing Blanchard throughout the United States. I tried to prevail upon him to accompany me to Europe but which I did not accomplish. His acting in Olinsky would have been a novelty in Europe. He became acquainted with a Mr. Warren which prevented him from accompanying me to Europe. This Mr. Warren was an officer in the United States army. I felt very regretful to think he did not accompany me, as I had a wish to introduce him to the French public. I finally sailed for Europe and in less than a year I died in Paris.

What brings me here today is this. I knew he was a medium for he showed it in many ways. I also was a medium from childhood, which created between us a great friendship, but Mr. Warren came between us and caused a separation by having the medium go to live with him. You understand the medium is of both sexes, that is, male and female, the female predominating. That is what accounts for the beautiful form. He had the most beautiful form I ever saw on a human being. When he was in my company he was addressed as she, living in female attire. I think her head of hair was something beautiful to look at. It was the admiration of the public. When I used to see Mr. Warren wrap that hair around his neck I could have killed him. Her hair measured four feet three inches long. Being of short stature, when she would bend her head back her hair touched the floor. Her height was four and a half feet, but I see since I have entered spirit life she has grown some inches. Mr. Warren declared he could not live without her and brought his strong psychological power to bear and psychologized her so that she became his companion for the rest of his life. He and I have talked it all over in spirit life, and made the discovery that it was required for her development.

Now I shall address the medium as he, or I should say, speak of him as he. Through Mr. Warren's influence, which was brought to bear upon her, she dressed in male attire to suit his fancy; permitted her beautiful hair to be cut off so that Mr. Warren could take the boy wherever he went, into all kinds of com-

pany, which was a source of great happiness to him—Mr. Warren—for he could not bear the boy hardly out of his sight. To Mr. Warren he was a God and was idolized by him. After he adopted the boys' clothes he always called Mr. Warren "Papa." Mr. Warren spoke of him as his son or boy, so that the general public looked upon him as the legitimate son of Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren says now in spirit life he thoroughly understands why it came to pass that he should be selected for the protector of this Little One for over twenty years. He says there was only one fault that he could see in the medium and that was his high temper, and he, Warren, got to understand that condition through which he could control this temper. He says outside of this temper he had the most loving disposition of any being he ever knew in his life.

Now I must make a confession, since I have admitted that I knew the sex of the medium, which stands under the name of hermaphrodite. The female part predominated in everything, but by the drilling and exercise that Mr. Warren put the Little One through he became in time quite masculine, both in appearance and in his actions, and it made Mr. Warren very happy to look upon the improvement. Through it he said he gained a boy and a wife, known to the world as the Queen of Burlesque Comedy. My confession is this—I was desperately in love with Mr. Warren and had a desire to make him my husband. For that purpose I got a divorce from my husband, but alas, it was too late. He had fallen in love with the medium and said he could not live without him.

One evening in my dressing room in the theatre he said to me, "If the Little One refuses to become my wife I will kill myself, for she is a little treasure that I want to own and puts one in mind of a peach with the bloom on it." I could have killed him right there and then, for it went to my heart like a dagger of cold steel. I offered him jewels, money, everything that I thought would induce him to marry me. He took both my hands and said, "Adah, it cannot be. I must have her or I cannot live in this body." He left me then and that is the last I know. I had swooned away and was found lying on the floor with the blood running out of my mouth. The shock was too much for my sensitive nature. When I came to and opened my eyes she

was bending over me and had me in her arms smoothing my forehead and calling me dear names and telling she would give up everything in the world if I would only live and be happy. She said she would even give up this man, for she did not love him—but soon learned to love him afterwards—but it was too late. The shock had done its work. I returned to Europe and died in less than one year. My maid one day came into the room and as she thought I was lying on the bed asleep, which I usually did in the afternoon to rest for the evening performance, she withdrew from the apartment and came back in one hour. She came to my bedside to wake me to get a cup of tea which I usually took at four o'clock in the afternoon, but when she tried to arouse me she found my spirit had flown and my body was what the world calls dead.

I came today to give this communication for your book that the world may see that at one time there was a great friendship between us and which friendship has been renewed in spirit life between our conditions, one still in the body, the other in spirit existence. I now realize and understand it all had to be. It was in our life line which you must all realize some day, as Mr. Warren and I have realized in spirit life, that nothing goes unrewarded, for every act brings its own judgment and all days are judgment days, so our conscience tells us.

Yours for the truth of the great philosophy, Adah Isaacs Menken, once the pride of the people, now a spirit struggling to reach the high development of spirit power which the great father and mother God can only give to their children in life that they may learn to know the power of reason and wisdom and that all the ministrations from this God power are benedictions to her children. Amen.

I thank you, sir, for taking this communication and you will get your reward as I will get mine.

David Wambold

Chapter XXIII

Friday, May 24, 1901.

My name was David Wambold. I was born and brought up in Newark, N. J. I had something of a tenor voice which made me famous in the minstrel business. I sang for several of the prominent minstrel companies in my time and finally became one of the managers of the San Francisco Minstrels of New York. The company originated and organized in San Francisco, California. There were Billy Burch, Charley Backus, David Wambold and Mr. Bernard. One of the members of the company was Mr. Charles Shattuck, the old bass singer of San Francisco. He came with us to New York and was located on Broadway opposite Niblo's Garden, where once the famous Buckley Serenaders held forth; in fact, I believe the theatre was built for them before they took their troupe to England, traveling through the provincial towns and finishing up in London.

I was acquainted with most all the prominent stars of the minstrel profession. I went under Mr. McGuire's management to San Francisco in 1861 and played in San Francisco for a number of years. During those years Tom McGuire would get up a company and send us out through the state. One time we went as far as Salt Lake, Utah, which was a terrible rough journey, as that was before the days of railroads. We returned to San Francisco and I tell you I was glad to get back into some kind of civilization. I was a man that liked things pretty nice around me, especially the room that I slept in.

We found very good accommodations in Salt Lake, but on the road going there and returning to San Francisco the accommodations were something terrible, and at one time I thought I should lose my voice, as I had caught a bad cold which settled

on my lungs and took me pretty nearly three months to have removed by constant care and watching to keep out of draughts. San Francisco is one of the worst climates in the world in which to get cured of a cough. I was glad when we organized and was once more on board the steamer for New York City. I returned by way of the railroad in 1872 to San Francisco to play an engagement of two months for Mr. McGuire at the Bush Street Theatre. There is where I became pretty well acquainted with this medium. He sustained the leading female parts in the comedy that the company played. I became pretty well acquainted with him during the time as we frequently met in the dining room of the Grand Hotel, where we had table board. The medium had rooms—what you call sunny rooms in San Francisco—upon the hill. He had to live there on account of his health. You must understand sunny rooms are very desirable in San Francisco. They were in great demand and brought a high price in those days. During our engagement I tried to make a contract with him to come to New York and introduce his comedies there at our house. I also brought Mr. Joseph Norah, who had played with Justin in comedy and farces for the last three years, to intercede for me, but he informed us it could not be as he was under contract for the coming year. I had written to Mr. Backus and Mr. Burch that I thought it would be a good idea to introduce these comedies and farces in our company, as they were very attractive in San Francisco. The minstrel business was commencing to go down and did not draw the houses it had in the past, and this was quite a unique feature in the minstrel business, as it gave the public a variety of performances.

He was called at the time the Siddons of the minstrel stage, as he introduced burlesque, tragedy and comedy in these pieces, but I failed, as I said before, to secure him. When his engagement in San Francisco was up and he returned with the company to Philadelphia, I had a berth in the same palace car and we had many long conversations about the profession and things outside of the profession. We were in hopes to secure him after the engagement was up at the Arch Street Opera House, which lasted for over two years more, but instead of us securing him Mr. Haverly secured him to open in Chicago at the Randolph

Street Theatre. He also played an engagement with Mr. Haverly's company in San Francisco at the different theatres. When he returned to Chicago we understood he was going to rest for a few weeks. We had sent three telegrams to Vineland, N. J., to his summer home, and received no answer. Then we sent a man on to Chicago to engage him, but could not find him. In the meantime, Mr. Hooley, of Hooley's Comedy Theatre, had his company on the lookout for him and one day George Knight, the star, discovered him and Mr. F. D. C. Meyer, who is present at the giving of this communication, getting out of a street car. George Knight took them over to Hooley's Theatre. There they met Mr. Hooley, who was very glad to meet him, and right then and there engaged the medium to play for him and through that condition he took him that time. Our agent returned to New York and said he was too late, as Mr. Hooley had engaged him for the coming season. I did not see him again until the fall of 1878, when I asked him when he would give us a chance. He said in reply, "If I keep in good health I will open with you, Mr. Wambold, next season." We shook hands upon it and went to the hotel and had dinner together. We parted and he promised to go riding with me the coming Sunday, but he sent me a note by a musician that he was not strong enough and would have to remain in bed that day. I called upon him and found him ill and in bed and visited all the afternoon with him, talking about when I first saw him with the Buckley Serenaders years ago. I thought then he would pass out of the body long before I did, but I was mistaken. The malady had already attacked my lungs which finally took me out of the body. That afternoon was the last time I ever saw him while I lived in the body, as in a few weeks afterward he went to his home in New Jersey. I took a trip to Florida, but it did me no good; my lungs grew weaker and weaker all the time. I finally passed out of the body, little thinking I should ever come here to control his organization.

I think you live in a beautiful spot here in the mountains. I am glad to know that he has lived to such a good old age to fulfill this work that the spirits said was predicted through him years ago. The people in the profession used to call him the witch, but I used to laugh at that, not believing any predictions

nor in any hereafter. I believed in no religion and thought that immortality finished at the grave. I was like Bob Ingersoll—"one world at a time." I thought that if such a thing could be that there was a life hereafter I had just as good a chance as any of the rest of them.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and now feel that I am as thoroughly alive as I ever was. Yours on deck, as the boys used to call me, David Wambold.

Charles Foster

Chapter XXIV

Sunday, May 19, 1901.

My name is Charles Foster. I was born and brought up in Salem, Mass. I was born a medium like the one I now control. I was called the greatest test medium living, but I think there were others equally as good as myself. I think mediums who make predictions of the future, and those predictions are realized like many that have come to pass that have been predicted through this medium and others, are really as great as I was—and in some cases I think, greater. I think the prediction of the Ashtabula destruction that was given two hours before the destruction took place and came out early in the newspapers in the morning was a great prediction, for it was impossible for him to know at his rooms in Chicago.

Another one also was great, or what the world would look upon as wonderful, and that was the burning up of the steamships and the steamship wharf on the Jersey side of the Hudson as predicted by his guide, the little Indian girl Rosa. Many other predictions have already been fulfilled and these have been realized by those who were present when the predictions were made.

Now as to myself I would say that I have traveled the United States pretty thoroughly and held forth in all the principal cities and many of the large towns of the United States. I made an abundance of money by giving sittings but spent it about as fast as I earned it. I squandered a great deal of money that I might have helped others with. A great deal of the spending of this money was unnecessary. I spent it to gratify Charles Foster's luxurious desires, when I might have benefited many others with the money. I spent wantonly; I was a person

who drank a great deal of liquor and treated others to liquor and cigars. When they begged to be excused I would force it upon them and not to offend me they would accept it. I was gross and licentious, which my friends knew and understood. They overlooked it all on account of my mediumship. I was a born and genuine medium. I gave genuine tests to thousands of people. Many of my genuine tests were noted down by people who received a benefit through them.

My weaker vanity educated me to perform tricks so that I might convey to the people that I was a wonderful person and mystified them thereby. All the names that were found written on my arm was a fraud. They were always written by some companion that traveled with me, who held in their possession different colored pencils that were used by that companion who assisted me. They were held by that individual in case any of the people should search through my trunk or valise, which was done several times by people in my absence, thinking they could discover the pencils by which the names were written. Not finding any pencils, they thought they were genuine spirit's names written on my arms. Many of the Spiritualists were so prejudiced that they wrote articles for the newspapers in which they described they saw the names come upon my arm, which of course was all false. But imagination will carry peoples' minds a great way into the land of mystery and superstition, which has been the case with many that have studied our beautiful philosophy. Let me remark here that spirit return is as true and genuine as the sun that shines or nature that gives vital breath to the human soul.

In my pellet test business I brought mind reading into play. As the individual wrote names on the slips of paper I read the names in his or her mind while they were writing them and by that means I would pick up a pellet and open it up, making believe that I had read the name on the paper, which in reality I had read in their minds. It was by that means that I gave my wonderful pellet test condition, as I called them. No one seemed to question my honesty or ask to see the slip of paper from which I had given the name. In most all cases I gave the names I saw in their minds, not the ones I saw written on the paper. They claimed it was a wonderful manifestation.

Others that sat with me and got manifestations said it was utterly impossible for me to read any such thing in their minds, as they were not thinking about any such condition at that time. Wherein they made their great mistake was that those conditions were in their minds at the time and also previous to that time, or I could not describe them. There is one great mistake Spiritualists have to rectify yet. That is that the lobe cells of the brain are like the negative plates of photography—all impressions are printed there. That is, things that occurred previous to their visit to me and also that they were thinking of during their visit in my presence. I was a wonderful mind reader and clairvoyant and when I put my power into action the brains of men and women were laid bare to my conditions. That part of it consisted of my genuine mediumship, while the pellet test part was a fraud—but I had to bring that into practice, as you might call it, so as to make the individuals believe that I got all from the names that were written on the slip of paper. I had such power that when men and women approached me in conversation I could tell just what they were thinking of at the time. When men and women lied to me and thought they were deceiving me, there is where they made one of the greatest mistakes of their lives.

I was feted by the high and low through the walks of life. I revelled in luxury by mystifying the people. I became an individual addicted to drinking largely, which in time made my life a wreck. I became an imbecile or what you would call a weak minded individual and lost all my manhood and morality and became a feeble minded wreck.

For \$300 I taught Mr. Colchester, the supposed medium, the writing of names on his arms and body and also the pellet test, of which he was largely deficient, as having no power to read the mind. I told him to study up ventriloquism and produce it upon the people and call it independent voices, such as that fraud, Jesse Shephard and others of his ilk, perpetrated upon the people. There are many today calling themselves mediums and that independent spirit voices take place in their presence, which are nothing but crude conditions of ventriloquism.

I think the most credulous people in the world are many of

the people investigating Spiritualism, as they have such visionary ideas that they will accept all kinds of bosh as coming from the spirits. Now understand me, these believers in our beautiful philosophy of spiritualism that have shrewd minds of high elevation and while investigating these conditions they bring all their shrewd natures into play so that they cannot be deceived by impostors. I must admit that I have been detected by the smart, shrewd and intellectual people wherein they found me committing fraud and begged me to give up my evil ways, knowing that I was also a genuine medium and that spirits could give through my organization fine spirit communications, but the trouble was, most of the people that came to interview me or the spirits that came through my organization, wanted so much for their money. They were not satisfied with that which was genuine. So I had to throw a glamour over their condition and produce my mystified tricks to make them believe the spirit world was largely interested in their condition, which seemed to be very satisfactory to them and they went off rejoicing, thinking that the spirits gave them the choicest things they had in their keeping for them only. You see and understand there are tricks in all trades and these were tricks in mine, for visionary, credulous people.

I give this communication that it may go forth to the public and teach them that Spiritualism is the only true, safe way to immortality or the life beyond the grave. There is no such thing as death—that word should be wiped out of the English language. It is only laying aside the old mantle and taking up the new mantle to clothe the spiritual birth. Life has no end, no beginning, all is reason located in the soul and through the power of wisdom and progression it brings to bear a light that illuminates the soul through all conditions. No weeping, no gnashing of teeth, but some day an everlasting laughing of mirth.

Yours for truth and the union of our great philosophy; that it may kiss the violet breath of Heaven and bring the angels that are not far and that they may drop intelligent bars and permit God's intellectual car that is freighted with men and women, for they say that they must live within and have an outgrowth that knows no sin. Charles Foster.

Given in presence of E. W. Hulburd and F. D. C. Meyer.

Alice Cary

Chapter XXV

Good morning, friend. I understand this is the office where we are to give our communication and leave it on deposit for publication.

My sister Phoebe and myself came in company with that beautiful spirit, Frances Willard, one of the most emphatic workers in the interest of humanity that I ever met. Her glorious spirit surroundings are the work and unfoldment of her deeds of charity while a sojourner in the physical body. The great power she lent in the aid of the temperance question and work tell here. Also the private dispensing of charity in her quiet way has wrought beautiful emblems that now spiritual eyes can feast upon here. I was in conversation with Mr. Warren when this beautiful spirit was attracted to our atmosphere. We were speaking of Little Justin, your medium. Mr. Warren was speaking to me in a friendly way, asking me if I would oblige him for old acquaintance sake to come here and give a communication in regard to Little Justin, when Miss Willard spoke and said, "With pleasure, Miss Alice, I will lead you to his home." I then said, "Let us summon sister Phoebe and we will follow you with pleasure, thanking you for your kindness in becoming our guide to lead us to the home of the Little One whom we all admired so much when living in a physical body and now we love through our spiritual attraction." So you see sir, I am here. We have entered your home without asking permission, for which I hope you will forgive us, on this occasion, at least. The spirit that preceded me today was one who was born in the south; lived his life in the physical body also in the south. Mr. Warren feels sorry that you did not listen to his story and take notes of it. Mr. Warren has a desire that this



JUSTIN HULBURD

spirit should tell his story in his own way. When living in a physical body and during the Civil War, or as you people call it, in our late rebellion, he was a captain in the southern army; his whole soul and make-up was for the south. He was a sensitive character, high strung, and lived on a rather gross plane. Morality and elevation were wanting in his make-up. He was the captain who captured Little Justin, took him to General Lee's headquarters and there declared him to be a northern spy of the most malignant type. When brought into the presence of the General the Little One's coquetry and fascinations commenced to play their part, of which you have communication that tells you of the result, and how it turned out with Little Justin and the General. Many of those present in person, officers in command of General Lee, or I should say under the command of General Lee, when they looked upon the pictures before them they commenced to think Little Justin had fascinated, or in other words bewitched, the General. Ah, little did they understand the power that was behind it all.

Now, in relation to this man's condition. He passed into spirit life with all that bitter hatred in his nature towards the north; he hated northern people and everything that came from the north. When he took the Little Medium into custody and forced him into the presence of General Lee, little did he understand that was just what the spirits wanted, to carry on their work. This man, or captain, as he was called, lived on a low, licentious plane and if it had been in his power he would have carried out conditions entirely different, which would have become a disgrace to Little Justin. You see we cannot always do in life as we would wish to have things done, but we must do the best we can under our condition and location that we are placed in. There are many times in life that we have a desire to foster on people and even force it at the risk of our life. The wheel of fortune reverses and throws us off our track and we become minus of the power through which we would produce a crime upon our fellow being. When this man came en rapport with you and the other gentleman today he had a desire to tell his tale in his own way. It was also the desire of Mr. Warren that he should do so. The other gentleman and you gave little attention to his communication. He felt that he was insulted

and in time he was released from the medium's forces, whereby you lose a valuable communication for your book. Mr. Warren plead with him that he might try it at some future time, but he said, "No, I will not; I have been insulted by low northern trash and it would become a degradation to my manhood, also my southern chivalry." So you see, friend, he has not progressed enough to live down that condition. Permit me, gracious sir, to give you a word of advice. When such spirits come into your home and control your medium, humor them all you possibly can. The ignorance through which they manifest must show to you the low condition through which they exist in spirit life. These bombastic individuals have an awakening sometime, out of which they must arise and learn to live under the law of reason.

So in future, friend, be guided by what little I have said. Cover such an individual with your mantle of charity and after you have noted down the desirable parts of their communication then try and teach them the law of morality and wisdom. Such spirits can be taught often by coming en rapport with mediums and circles. There are too many of the mediums in the spiritual field that have a great desire to be controlled only by elevated spirits, forgetting all the while that these elevated spirits are beyond any instruction that they could receive from mortals in a circle. It is the lowly and humble ones that they should try to reach, that they might come in communication with those spirits living on the lower planes of gravitation and spirituality. If they would give forth all the love and charity that is in their mediumistic natures they would help to build up the condition of those unfortunate spirits that live on a low plane in spirit life. Do not drive them away from your home and surroundings, but rather cultivate their society and there you may find a possibility to lead them to the paths of virtue and truth. Never drive away a weak brother or sister, but tell them everything you have is theirs, too; invite them in, saying, "This is the home of Harmony—come in and tarry with us for one day; we will all be one with God." Look at your beautiful sunshine; it is just as true to you as it is to me. Now we revel in luxury and blossom out into beautiful flowers; flowers that have all the tints and colors of spirituality. One day they will all be merged into

white, the emblem of the Father and Mother God whose soul right we will not always plead for, but we will command it to obey our condition.

My trusted friend, since I came to spirit life I found no Saviour waiting for me. This Jesus of Nazareth whom my parents and teachers taught me was the Son of God himself that had taken on a human form to redeem the world and its inhabitants. since he had damned it through a superstitious abortion called religion, this all-wise God they speak and preach of must have been an imbecile and got drunk on the levity of his own conceit. While in this drunken stupor he created a world and all that's in it. Through this condition he found it was an imposture and a failure of the worst kind. Then he cursed it and tried to cover it up with a flood so that he might drown out of sight this terrible abortion that he had committed. This angel that disobeyed his laws he cast out of heaven for being a superior person to his royal highness. This superior influence showed to this God what a degraded creature he was. He mapped out for him the crimes he had committed, and those principal crimes was three was one. This intelligence said, "Oh Lord God, mighty host of all, that terrible drunken debauch that you have just passed through has knocked all the multiplication table out of your heads. Three is not one, your highness; neither is one three." So his lordship said, "In hell you shall be, you imp of satan. You would destroy my laws and creeds, and I could not claim ten per cent. from those half-breeds for you know as well as I do, they have only part of my power and I shall damn you from this very hour." In time this angel disgraced ripped up the corset lace of Christian creeds, and crammed a little sense into the half-breeds. It lies within you my sisters and brothers kind, to throw off the shackles and scales that make you blind. There is a power lying dormant there that you can nourish up through soul care. There are rules in arithmetic by which you can play this God a trick. You can teach him the law of reason and common sense and flaunt your flag in his face. The power of evolution is now guiding the human race; the law that I can tell you of has a power through which you can scoff at this God. Deal with reason in a wise way and all your intellect will have its natural play.

Now, sir, we will deal with part of the medium's life. While sister Phoebe and I were visiting at the home of Doctor Taylor in Boston one afternoon, which was on the 22nd day of January, 1856, I think was the year, there were at the Taylor home a number of guests. Doctor Taylor called them his selected friends, and we were fortunate to be among the number. I will give you the names of those I remember: There was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lloyd Garrison, a Miss Mary Butler, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller and a lady whose name I think was Dana, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bishop Buckley, Mary Scott, Harriet Beecher Stowe and a Mr. Charles Beecher, a Miss Sarah Tyler, Mr. Warren, and Little Justin, Ruth Culver, Eliza Hamershaw, Mr. Longfellow, Olive and Eliza Logan of New York, a young man who bore the name of Samuel Tilden, Edwin Booth, Junius Brutus Booth and a Miss Mary Cameron, a blind lady who bore the name of Mrs. Richards, whom I discovered was a very beautiful character; a minister by the name of Edward Everett Hale, a man who bore the name of Charles Welch and a gentleman whom they said was quite a singer—I think we were introduced to him by the name of Sher or Sherman Campbell. The host and hostess and daughter of the house were present, and Miss Phoebe and Alice Cary. This afternoon was given in honor of Edwin Booth, the rising actor. He gave a reading from one of Shakespeare's selections, or rather I should say, plays. I am not very well acquainted with theatres and their sayings, as I never attended a performance in my life. Good friends, you must bear with me, as that other spirit has left me some of his influence, which conflicts with my language. If I make grammatical mistakes I would thank you to correct me—you see I have made one just now. I should have said ungrammatical mistakes, of which I am afraid there will be many before this communication is finished.

Now I will relate to you something of which took place in the afternoon. I discovered that Little Justin was a nervous little creature—either his hands or his feet were in constant motion. I sat next to the gentleman who bore the name of Buckley; on his right side sat Mr. Welch. Mr. Parker called Justin to him and in order to reach him Justin had to pass by where we sat. Mr. Welch made the remark, "That is a little peculiar

piece of humanity, just look at his anatomy—it is all fibres and nerves in constant motion.” The Little One turned and looked upon him with the scorn of a demon out of hell. The look that came from those eyes was something terrible to behold and he hissed out, saying, “I am the amalgamation and fabrication of that which is beyond your reach, you low, grovelling senility of degradation. How dare you make remarks about me, you conclave of brutality,” and then he spit at the man with all the disgust that I ever saw displayed. The man was about to retort or say something in answer to what the Little One had just said, when Mr. Buckley caught him by the arm, saying, “Welch, for God’s sake don’t say anything more; he is up in one of his high keys today and is liable to curse and swear at you like a pirate.” By this time he had reached Mr. Parker, who had drawn him in between his legs and placed him sitting on one knee, saying, “Now, Little One, are you going to recite ‘Beautiful Snow’ for us today?” I wish you had been present to have witnessed that beautiful expression that came over his face. You would have thought that he was an angel permitted to come for that occasion only. Mr. Parker then addressed the company, saying, “Ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion our little guest will recite ‘Beautiful Snow.’” He got down from Mr. Parker’s knee and was walking towards the centre of the room. As he passed by Mr. Welch he gave him such a look of scorn it seemed to me it must have come from out the bowels of hell—such a look from a human being’s eyes I never witnessed. When he reached the centre of the room he smiled upon us all with one of the most fascinating smiles I think I ever saw. He looked at the gentlemen in the room in such a coquettish manner that I first thought that he was going to sing a love song, but he straightened up, placed his hands across his breast like a Madonna, then raised his face heavenward. Oh, you ought to have seen that angelic and heavenly expression that came over his face. Margaret Fuller clutched hold of my hand; she squeezed it so hard that it hurt me and I almost cried out with the pain. Then she released my hand, saying, “Alice Cary, what kind of a being is that that stands there in the centre of the room? A few minutes ago he had the look of hell in those eyes and then they simmered down to a fascinating look for men. Just look at the heavenly

expression that face bears." I found that she was perspiring, and I was too. Mr. Holmes, who sat on the other side of her, said, "Great God, but this is a treat."

The Little One commenced to speak the lines of "Beautiful Snow," and I wish I could give the expression to the words that he gave to them that afternoon; his emphasizing and punctuation were wonderful. He spoke the words something like this: "Snow, snow, beautiful snow, I once was as pure as the snow; But alas, like a snowflake I fell from heaven to hell." Oh, I just wish I could express it to you, the feeling and sentiment that he threw upon the people. When he had spoken the last lines of the poem I could see the tears coursing down the guests' cheeks, while my own were quite moist. All of a sudden he went from the sublime to the ridiculous. He broke out into a street song, saying, "My name is raggedy Jack. No money I lack," which sent us all off into laughing, but it seemed sacrilege after that beautiful recitation of the poem. Edwin Booth said, "He is a natural born burlesque artist." The Little One turned around and said to Mrs. Taylor, "Mamma Taylor, I'm hungry and I want something to eat. I want it right now, too." Mr. Warren said, "Wait, Pet, until we get home—then your wants will be supplied." He said, "No, I won't, papa; I want it now, and I want a glass of milk, too," and he got it, you better believe.

I saw the Taylor family understood him. When he had finished eating and had drunk his milk Mrs. Taylor said, "The Doctor would like to have you sing 'Coming Through the Rye.'" He gave his little foot a kick out, saying, "The Doctor shall have it, with the greatest of pleasure." Mrs. Taylor handed him the music book, while she sat down and played the accompaniment. His back was towards us and in the third verse while he was singing "If a body like a body, need a body tell," up went the book over his head and came direct to Mr. Welch, hitting him in the face, bruising him severely. Margaret Fuller, clutching me again said, "The creature is a witch; some unseen hand guided the book to that unfortunate man's face." When he had finished they applauded him. He smiled and threw kisses to the people. He actually had the audacity to throw three of them at the bruised man. I thought to myself, "This creature

has no feeling in his nature." He sat down and the conversation went around about the different conditions in life and the abilities of men and women.

After the conversation lagged somewhat Doctor Taylor arose and asked the guests to all join him in a hymn. We did as requested and sang that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages." How the Little One contrived to loosen his shoe I don't know, but while we were singing he gave a back kick with his foot, off went the shoe and struck that unfortunate man on the wind-pipe, which almost knocked the breath out of him and he would have fallen to the floor had not Mr. Buckley caught him in his arms. That broke up "Rock of Ages" for that day. Mr. Buckley said, "Welch, I told you to keep your remarks to yourself; that the Little One was living away up in a high key today. I could tell it the minute he came into the room; I am so accustomed to his ways." The hostess of the house invited us to the dining room to partake of light refreshments. We did so and many were the pleasant jokes that passed around. At the table Edwin Booth sat between my sister Phoebe and Mary Butler. My sister Phoebe addressed Mr. Booth, saying, "What a strange being that little boy is." Mr. Booth said, "That little body is small in stature but the spirit is old in age. Little Justin is a medium. Physical manifestations take place in his presence." He had no sooner uttered the words when something grabbed his fork and stuck it up in the centre of a chicken pie, which made us all laugh. Doctor Taylor laughed so that he could not eat. All of a sudden Little Justin gave a war-whoop like an Indian, sprang on to his chair and from there onto the centre of the table. He commenced to dance a war dance, whooped and hollered in such a manner it frightened Miss Scott, who was an old maid, so that she fainted and fell to the floor. As she was falling she grabbed hold of Mr. Holmes and they both went down together. The company laughed in such a hilarious manner that a number of them commenced to hold their sides. Edwin Booth held on to the table while he shook with laughter. When things were adjusted and all had become quiet and equilibrium seemed to reign once more and as they accomplished the task of separating Mr. Holmes from Miss Scott's grasp, which he was not overwilling to have done, as it looked, they

called upon Mr. Booth to make a speech. He informed the company present that any expression that he could make or any words that he could use would become inadequate to anything that he might say on this occasion and he could only play a gentleman citizen to the star of the afternoon, Little Justin. How Little Justin stepped and danced over that table without making any noise I could not tell then.

When all the party had adjourned to the parlor and sobered down, for laughing had ceased but their sides were aching from the frolic they had indulged in, Mr. Taylor led off singing the song "Home, Sweet Home," with all the party joining on that occasion. Just as the song had finished Little Justin sprang onto the back of Edwin Booth, yelling at the top of his voice, "I am the ghost, while underneath is the biggest ham the stage ever saw," which made the company scream and roar so with laughter that I felt some of them might go off into a fit, with the exception of Miss Scott, as she did not make her appearance on this occasion. When the Little One jumped from Mr. Booth's back on to the floor Mr. Booth seized him and kissed him profusely, saying, "There is only one Little Justin." Several others grabbed hold of him and thought they would like to suffer the same fate. Mr. Warren saw the army was growing strong and thought it was about time to attack the fort, release the prisoner and carry him off. He did so by saying, "Come, Little One, papa wants you to go home and take a nap before your night work commences." They bade us adieu and we waved them good bye with our handkerchiefs. I said to Mr. Parker, "That is a strange child." He said, "In that little body is a volcano of emotion, apt to burst forth at any moment. If you want to see a born scamp go and see him in the character of 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp.' If you wish to see a coquettish maid with all the flirtation that the female nature is subject to and has all the excuses that the world will allow, go and see her in 'Many Strings to Her Bow,' or 'Love in All Corners.' If you want to see a gentle, meek, submissive maid, one that arises to the dignity of a lady and a princess with all the flirtations of a pure heart, go and see her in 'Cinderella.'" I never had the pleasure of seeing her, as I never attended any theatre. Our people taught us it was the entrance to the pit of hell.

Thursday, October 17, 1901.

Good morning, friend. I have slipped into your dwelling without asking your permission. The day is warm and balmy, the air is sweet and pure. Oh, sir, your mountain home and live oak glade is the abode of spiritual fairies that come and go at will. I wish this little body had the perfect beauty of the sunshine that warms all nature in your mountain retreat, but alas, it cannot be so—the body has almost finished its task and one day the spirit will be free to enjoy the realms of spiritual sunlight, but it is held down by two natures, the cause of which is taking on re-embodiment. These natures control the physical for a time, the female predominating. It has been the desire of the spiritual over soul to take on this condition. What I mean by the spiritual oversoul is the highest aspiration in spiritual affinity to the human race. It has been guided and conducted by a light of truth through which it is constantly unfolding this double nature to the physical world. I have made a discovery along the female line of life that there are many women living on earth today where the highest part of their nature is the male element. These women fall in love with the female sex and through their condition they attract other women to their element. When these women come en rapport with their whole nature along the line of the masculine women there is a combination formed which brings their natures in harmony with each other; through that condition they live as husband and wife.

On the male line of life I have discovered the wearing of a coat, vest and trousers to be the covering of a woman's nature; that located in their soul is the love for a man. During some time of their life they meet a man that their whole soul goes out to; they fall in love with each other and become man and wife. Their life becomes a heaven on earth. Why? Because their souls are blended and everything in life becomes genial to their nature. On one side it is a mother taking on the part of a male nature as far as she possibly can to prepare herself for the coming sons of the future generations. Ah, little does the medical fraternity understand those conditions in the human family—they are called by medical men and others, freaks in nature. **There is no such thing as a freak in Nature;** all is in accordance with spiritual development, which is the

mother star of the human race and bears the torchlight to progress and freedom. It is the cold, clammy web of ignorance that surrounds the medical fraternity and its education a lack of spiritual growth and the higher laws of spiritual reason that they do not seem to comprehend, that bars them out from the proper understanding of the human ken. That is the record of those that inhabit bodies and whose education is only a mockery knocking at the door of ignorance when their souls should be attuned to all that which lies in progress and the highest intellect of God. There is no such thing as a mistake in life. It is the want of proper knowledge. The law of wisdom will guide all human nature to the realm of truth if they will but accept it, but as long as they hold to the flesh pots of Egypt, indulging and gorging their stomachs with animal flesh, which clogs up all the higher senses in their nature that would lead them to spiritual growth, and as long as they eat that which has been the cause of destruction of life to satisfy the craving appetite of sensuality. It is utterly impossible for any one to eat flesh and not debase their manhood and womanhood by cannibalism which destroys the life which the God of nature gave to the creature. Such individuals as I describe never can reach the higher growth of spirituality and true affinity with God until they have purged and cleansed their bodies from all carnal desires of flesh eating and taking life. Nature has supplied them with all the ingredients to give them a force which will create strength and nutrition for the brain; a higher conception for that great glorious power that the human race calls God. You have cereals, nuts and fruit in abundance, which is sufficient to supply all the wants of the physical body, but as long as the human mind will gloat on the gore of animal blood, men and women will be held down to the lower plane of earth life. It would be well if your ministers and medical teachers had the higher sense of the divinity of nature in their make-up and knew whereof this low, beastly mode of living was retarding the growth of all that was spiritual in the human race. It will be left to woman to open the eyes and minds of those grovelling on the lower planes of life of sensuality and degradation that has held them in bondage so long. The credulity of life is so low and gross that all freedom has been kept back by a wall of

superstition built up by man's tyranny towards the woman he claims to love as wife and mother.

My generous male friend, do you think there is a blush located somewhere in the souls of men that would mantle their cheek with shame for the manner in which they have treated the mothers of the human race? Oh sir, it was a glorious day when those little, tiny raps knocked at the door of bondage, giving women the full understanding of freedom and equality. On the spirit side of life we women are building up a condition through which we will march and take possession of the highest seat in our glorious nation. Look, sir, at your late lamented President who was cut down in the vigor of his manhood by the assassin's bullet—the bullet of a low, ignorant cur whose mind was deluded by ignorance, disgrace and shame. He was fed by the flaunting thought of those beastly flesh eaters whose whole life is sloth and a curse to the human race; whose body has been built up by the flesh of swine, known as the lowest animal to the human race. What could you expect from a man of people constantly fed on hogs' brains, and yet many of our college bred individuals claim you cannot be strong without you eat and drink the flesh and blood of diseased animals. They are fit individuals to sing the hymn, "Washed in Jesus' Blood." The man who composed that hymn was a low specimen of human christianity. And so it is, my friend, that such noble men as William McKinley should be cut down by the hand of an assassin who was a low swine eater. William McKinley had a soul who loved to see women grow and progress and mount to the highest part of civilization; he would protect their honor and virtue with his life; his was a spiritual soul, working for the benefit of his fellow men and women, but alas, he had to be cut off from this noble life in which he was an example to our nation.

Through the passing of his spirit out of that body into spiritual conditions in life he will now manifest a perfect manhood that will wake up your nation and teach them a lesson. Through their ignorance they had not the perfect thought. It will only be realized when man and women stand equal in all things, and through this equality they will give the coming strength to your sons and daughters of free America. But that freedom will be protected by the laws of morality and civilization. Your nation

will yet experience the power of woman's mind. She will unfold to man a higher intellect than he ever understood before. It will be a benediction of spiritual growth that the perfect angels have furnished for woman's mind. The time is coming when it will no longer be said, "I am the man and master of the house; my will is law here." Ah, but he will have to change his manner of speech for through that law called reason the festive board will be garnished with wisdom and woman will produce a fitting condition for man to wake up out of this dead lethargy and disease of conceit. She will map it out to the male muddled brain that growth eternal and the law of progression is a fixed star, that all will have to reach that destination some day and cry out aloud, "I have found God's star. It is the beacon light of freedom and perfection." She will knock off that carnal conceited cap that the male condition of life has been wearing so long and she will sweetly say, "Permit the truth of sunlight to permeate that cranium of positive conceit, more often filled up by sawdust liabilities than that of elected motion that moves all heavenly bodies at will."

When the human race has entered the school of contrition and docility and understands the condition of humble ability, then there will come a wave of spiritual intellect out of the home where power, divinity and love is created. It will bear down on the feeble mind of conceit; create in it a desire for growth. Then it will throw aside all this craving condition that says, "I understand it all." Poor, weak humanity, clothed in book learning, yet never understood the many phases of human life. Nature has given that great power to the human mind, that through embodiment there is no position or duty in life that they cannot perform, but can perform through will power when they have taken upon themselves the graces of God through which they can work all these conditions that I have just described. When you have a desire to take on a body you can represent the phases of both sexes by the amalgamation of that growth that spirit lends power to. When you have returned to spirit life after you have performed the duty in the physical body, you take up again the original sex in which this great generator of life first created you. Oh children, children of earth, could you only understand all the laws that God has at work through which you carry

out and fulfill your mission in each embodiment. Your life line is traced on the dial of perpetual motion and as you pass around its great circle and as you stop at each resting place, you give an account of your past work, then your soul becomes clearer, brighter and more exalted. You commence to understand there is a glorification in the outworking of each condition. Then you discover there is no perpetual rest, but all is perpetual growth and when you understand that you must become a perfect God and you have realized this condition satisfactory to the father and mother God of all life, all errors have been corrected by your work, then you stand equal as a male and female God, ready and willing to become a creator of planets called heavenly bodies.

The true science of all life lies in the perfection of the perfect soul which is blended into the true affinity of the male and female God, the perfection of all life. I shall be glad when the schools of reasoning powers are opened up to the human family so that they may understand the perfection of divinity arises out of ignorance by the spiritual side of life and the earth side of life blending into one great eon, the Elohim of perfection. I thank the powers that have opened my mind through which I have grasped a little light that has led me to the higher truths of nature. I thank you, generous friend, for taking down my communication and if it will be any benefit to you you are welcome to my feeble attempt in portraying a little of human life. I leave my love to the little wanderer Justin, whose fate and walks through life have been hard and many times cruel. He had the benefit of knowing how to drink the sour and the sweets from the cup of life. Oh, the body became rebellious sometimes, but the spirit conquered it by an antidote little understood by many of the human race. No priestcraft held power there. There was a plank laid for him to walk upon and he had to walk it straight, too. There was a power behind that did not permit him to swerve to the left or the right, but straight ahead is the empire of your onward march. You pledged your life for this work and the regeneration of your soul's growth, keep straight ahead or I will prod you with the spear of memory. Your conscience must be purified by the unfoldment of that which is within you. Aye, and he carried it out, too, which his work in

the late rebellion can testify. When they became soldiers in the army of progress it straightened out both men and women, you had better believe. If any prove laggards and abuse that which they have sworn to fulfill, they are thrust aside and others take their places in the march of progress. Those that are found too weak return to a school of education that fits them in time to undertake the battle again, so you see, good sir, that nothing goes to waste in spirit life. All shall become in time soldiers of Love and Charity.

When I look upon this little physical body, old and decrepit by wind and weather, I think of those beautiful lines—

“Oh spirit divine, thou art mine,

I hold you in this power for with light thou must rhyme,

Since nature and thou are divine.”

Thanking you once more, I bid you good day. Alice Cary.

Phœbe Cary

Chapter XXVI

Good morning, friend. The wind is blowing and the world is wagging. It is not quite as pleasant a day as when I accompanied Frances Willard and Sister Alice to your home. Although it blows outside I am going to have a real sociable talk with you in this room.

Do you know—well, perhaps you don't—that all my views are entirely changed since I have lived in spirit life? When I came to spirit life all my ideas were very orthodox. I believed in infant damnation, hell fire and all other repulsive ideas preached by ministers. I thought my Saviour would be there to meet me and when I arrived I met a big disappointment. I met no Saviour, no God, only men and women like myself.

Lucy Taylor came forward and said, "Friend Phoebe, you look disappointed, but never mind—you will soon recover from that. All the preaching and praying that you heard while in your physical body goes for nothing here. All religion is man made and the expectation of a Saviour to receive you is all bosh and nonsense of the worst kind. Now come with me, Phoebe dear, and I will bring you to a circle where intellectual people live." I said, "What has become of all my prayers that I offered up on my bended knees to this crucified Christ that I have shed many tears for his suffering?" She said, "Phoebe dear, they have all been distributed into space, like many millions of other prayers that were only empty, meaningless baubles. Come, dear, I will take you where your friends and my friends will teach you so that you may understand by the explanation they will give you. It has all been a hollow mockery and we were dupes of priestcraft. A class of men that are too lazy to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They become educated into

this diseased condition of imagination in order that dupes will support them." I went with her as she desired to a locality in spirit life where I found many old friends and new ones. I was surprised to see their bright faces and the beautiful expression of intellect that each face contained. I said, "You have all improved so wonderfully since you came here to spirit life. Do you think I can grow to look like you?" Many of them said, "Oh yes, Phoebe, when you have lived down and cast aside all the superstition that religion held you under. It is by spiritual intellect and a natural growth that brought us out of that condition called religion, sloth which is the scene of all ignorance and the degraded part of men and women's intellect. Here we are taught the law of reason and each one's conscience judges them according to their condition that God sitting on a throne that we had all been taught to believe in is a delusion and a mockery. Nature is our mother—she rules, directs and governs all principles in life. Here we know of no other God but nature and her laws; we find that there are individuals more exalted than others. Their souls have been drawn nearer to the divinity of life and we can all get there if we only place our mind in the proper channel that leads to wisdom and truth, the power of God, that is the God of nature is in each and every one of us. We develop and build up that God according to the principles of our nature. All realms exist in the freedom of nature. We become demons or Gods according to our desires. We chose to develop within us the law of wisdom and generosity. That is why you see such an expression upon our faces. Our souls have only one desire, and that is to live in the realm of Truth. As you see, our soul expresses its thought through our eyes, as they are the windows of the soul. Deception and hypocrisy have no abiding place with us. That is why you find no ministers here. We all live on a plane of equality, assisting each other to grow to the highest divinity that our souls are capable of reaching. When we have understood all the beautiful laws in nature and work in harmony with their conditions then we will become generators and creators understanding how it is to walk with nature's God."

I said, "Friends, permit me to lay my soul bare before you. Teach me how I may become washed and cleansed of all that

nightmare and delusion, mockery and superstition that my poor feeble brain has been filled with and crammed by what they call Christianity. You see, my religion built up a wall of superstition and imagination between me and nature God. Direct and teach me some of the principles that I may gain the law of reason that will teach me how to knock at wisdom's door. I am willing to become one of nature's little children again, so that I may bathe and take my bath in the elevation of nature's purity—not in the blood of Christ, that holds the stench of the Christian slaughter house. I bathed in that long enough while living in a physical body. I denied myself of many of the beautiful pleasures in life, such as attending the opera and theatre, and all the beautiful concerts that were given outside the church."

Now I can look back and see what weak mortals our religion made of us. It was looked upon as a heinous crime to attend any place of amusement or recreation whatever for the brain outside of the church. But it was no crime to read and believe in the persecutions of old Calvin that he forced upon the human family if they did not believe as he did. Now I can look back and see the early Puritans of New England were a cold, heartless class of people—their whole life seemed to be filled with persecution and superstition. They claimed they fled from persecution and came to this continent to worship God according to the dictates of their own heart, but they set up a law of tyranny here on this continent worse than the one they tried to escape from. They persecuted all who did not believe as they did. They put to death innocent men and women for what they called witchcraft. Poor, miserable creatures, who had souls no larger than a speck that you might find on the leaves of nature. They whipped men and women for being Quakers, who held in their natures the nobility of heart, while they, miserable curs, knew not what generosity meant, but I thank the God of nature I am out of all that condition. I am constantly growing in the love of those that surround me with their mantle of charity. I find many here on this side of life who seem to hold back from the higher law of intellect. They seem to be in a miserable condition and all that surrounds them is miserable, too. "Like attracts like" here. I find true kinship in our nature is through the soul's attraction. Earth relationship amounts to nothing if you

have not the true divinity within you and are willing to share it with those that are attracted to you, which forms in time a circle of unity and love where harmony reigns perpetual.

Now I will speak somewhat on the medium's life—that is, a little part of that which I knew and came en rapport with. Sister Alice gave you quite an explanation of the afternoon that we enjoyed at Doctor Taylor's home where Mr. Warren and Little Justin were among the guests. Miss Campbell also gave you a description of the enjoyable afternoon that was passed at the Logan home in New York City wherein Little Justin played quite a part—we being present on that occasion, that is, Sister Alice and myself. Now I am going to speak of where we met him, which was at Louisa Alcott's home and also at Mr. Emerson's home. Ralph Waldo Emerson, I should have said. While we were visiting at Concord, Mass. He was present one afternoon on the occasion of our visit to the Alcott home. He sang for us several beautiful pieces, which we were all delighted with. I discovered outside of his many talents he was only a mere child in growth and talked as other little children did. I could see he was a little clinging vine and required some manly form to cling to, which he found in the person of a Mr. Warren, who seemed to my eyes the handsomest and most manly form I ever saw. I could see he loved Justin very dearly, his eyes following the Little One wherever he went. I discovered that Little Justin had a violent temper. Some one inadvertently said something he did not like; he went off like a firecracker, and oh, how he could swear. I never listened to such oaths before in my life. They really made me shudder. I caught hold of Mr. Alcott's hand, who sat next to me, for I was really afraid that something might happen to the house. I expected every minute that God would strike it with lightning, when Louisa looked over at me and smiled, saying, "Don't be afraid, Phoebe; he will come out all right. Mr. Warren has got him now and he will quiet down." I told her I thought he was the worst sinner I ever met, which made Mr. Alcott laugh. Mr. Warren quieted him down and he went to sleep for a little while. Conversation went on in its general way.

After awhile he woke up from his sleep. Looking up at Mr. Warren he said, "Papa, I am awfully glad you've got brown

eyes." Mr. Warren said, "And I am glad yours are such a dark blue. They look like a mirror to see one's face in." Then the Little One commenced to tickle Mr. Warren under the chin and ran his little hands down inside of his collar, which got Mr. Warren to laughing, also the rest of the company. All of a sudden he said, "Papa, let's go out and play circus." I thought to myself, "For heaven's sake—is this the person that cursed and swore so a little while ago? Now he seems to be as gentle as a little lamb." Miss Louisa said, "Justin, won't you sing us something?" He said, "All right, Louie." I noticed that he always called her "Louie" when speaking to her. He said, "Louie, what shall I sing for you?" She said, "Sing 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair.'" One of the ladies present sat down to the piano and played the accompaniment. He commenced to sing and oh, how beautiful it was. I asked God to forgive me for the wrong thoughts I held towards him. When he had finished singing the hymn I thought that we had been listening to an angel. All of a sudden he turned around and looked at Mr. Warren, saying, "Papa, I'm damned if you don't come out and play circus, I'll raise hell." I became speechless for a time. When I had collected my thoughts I said low to Mr. Alcott, "In the name of all that's good and glorious, what kind of a person is that—will you tell me?" He said, "I think he is the sweetest little creature I ever knew." I said, "Mr. Alcott, how can you say that?" He said, "Oh, he lives on impulses and that is one of his impulses. He has many good ones that counteract that one." I had no sooner spoken the words when down came some books off a shelf. I jumped up and said, "In the name of all that's blessed, I hope my saviour will forgive me." I grabbed Sister Alice's hand, saying, "Let's get out of here as quick as possible." Just as we got to the door it was shut in our faces. I dropped on my knees and implored God to protect us for we were in the clutches of the devil. I had no sooner gotten the words out when that imp of satan, as I thought then, jumped on to my shoulders, hollered out at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for the American Eagle and E. Pluribus Unum." He jumped from my shoulders, turned a somersault, or whatever you call it, and landed on Mrs. Catherine Hobart's lap. She screamed, "Take the imp of satan away," and then fainted. There was a

little boy there, I judge about ten years old. He hollered out, "Gorry, but this is a regular Fourth of July." I swooned and didn't know anything for some time, for I really thought that we had got into the clutches of the devil. When I came back to consciousness, Mr. Emerson was standing over me, holding his sides with laughter, and the tears running down his face, while Sister Alice was bathing my head with cologne. I said, "If I ever get out of here alive I will take the first train for Boston, Sister Alice, and you must go with me where we will get protection from these evil spirits. I always heard that old Concord was haunted by evil spirits, and now I believe it." Louisa Alcott said, "Phoebe dear, your nerves are worked up to a high pitch and that is why you swooned. No harm will come to you here, dear." Just then I saw the little imp coming in through the window, and as he came towards me I screamed for the people to take him away. He pushed them aside and looked at me with the queerest leer in his eyes I ever saw. He said, "She needs soothing syrup," and with that he grabbed both my feet and twisted them this way and that way, and God knows how many other ways. I can't tell you, for it made me cry out with the pain. Then he slammed both my feet down, then seized hold of my hand, knelt down in front of me and offered up one of the most beautiful prayers I ever heard for my welfare and digestion. When he had finished he sprang to his feet, jumped into the middle of the room, turned a pirouette, then struck a position and commenced to sing, "I'm a dandy O, Between Baltimore and Buffalo." I said, "Alice Cary, if you don't take me out of here I shall die with fright." Mr. Emerson had me removed to his home, but I was nervous as long as I stayed on the place. When we got back to Boston I said to Sister Alice, "Let us go west to Ohio. I want to get away from all these evil spirits." We went west but we didn't get away from the spirits. I became controlled, much to the delight of Alice and our friends, but religion had such a hold on me that I tried to fight them off, and found that I could not drive them away.

They say my best poems were written after that but I never truly realized my position until I came to spirit life. For that superstitious religion had such a hold on me that I lived in such a dread of hell that sometimes I really was afraid to go to sleep.

They held so many revivals in our neighborhood and sister and I attended many of them, which kept me in constant fear. A neighbor family of ours that saw my condition talked to Sister Alice about me, so much so, that sister persuaded me to meet him. I did so, and we held a meeting one afternoon. The lady of the house gave us such a beautiful explanation of its workings and ways in the beautiful spirit world that I lost a great deal of my fear, but could not give up my saviour, as I wanted to be on the right side in case there was some mistake. When I passed out of my body and arrived on the spirit side of life no personal saviour was required, born of a supposed virgin. It was our own deeds and works that saved us and without works of love and charity our condition was rather a weak one on the spirit side of life. But oh, friend, how beautiful it is to know that each individual has an ideal saviour in the soul that leads them to truth and the glorious perfection of nature's God.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope it will be of some benefit to your valuable book. I leave much love for Little Justin and tell him his antics could not frighten me now, for I am in the keeping of my own soul, which I never understood before while sitting under the droppings of the Lord or I should say under the explosions of those gas bags called ministers of Christ who have led poor humanity for many years through a dream. When the power of reason has awakened you out of it you smile a smile of derision at the empty words of a pulpit parrot who cannot produce any evidence whatever of immortality. It is only through the servants of the spirit world called sensitive psychics that you can receive any proof whatever. It was a glorious day when the tiny raps knocked the bottom out of hell and laid the man made God on the shelf and draped truth in a garment of love which the spirit world is constantly holding out to mortals in physical bodies, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life. Through the divinity of your own manhood and womanhood you shall find salvation." The loving friend of all progress. Phoebe Cary.

Frances E. Willard

Chapter XXVII

Friday, September 6, 1901.

Good morning, friend. All humanity are friends because we are sisters and brothers, children of the perfect God. Oh, could we but understand the love that is showered upon us by that great infinite and divine love from our heavenly parents. Wisdom is ours if we would but grasp it. The benediction of the powers of life are beautiful when expressed in holy love. If only the dwellers of earth would understand that great light of intelligence that is constantly coming en rapport with them. In it they would find that all knowledge is embellished in sunlight. If the great outworkings of the power of peace that constantly surround us were only properly understood, in this peace they would find that all the law was in accord with human nature and that the children of God, by communion in their souls, would find that great light of peace from the hovel to the palace. It is distributed all free alike. It only waits for the asking to bring harmony into every household, so that they may know and understand that none of this great power is locked away from them. I, Frances E. Willard, found joy on every side where I sought for it. I saw the emblem of love and purity in many households where they consecrated their lives to the true God of reason. Oh, it is a power beyond expression. In the teachings of Christ it is fully verified. A great morality was the outgrowth of that beautiful mind. It reached out and grasped the law of truth and wisdom. The whole living embodiment was impregnated with the law of reason. It developed it within its innate power and then gave it to the human heart that was asking for the true way that leadeth to God.

When I came to spirit life after passing through the new

birth I did not find the man, Jesus, waiting for me, but I found the law of reason was distributed on every hand. I found a condition that was located in my soul. It spoke and said, "Frances, you must be your own Saviour." The law and the word was given by an intelligent mind that had much of the divinity of nature in it. Through its advanced teachings came the civilization of the world. In all lands and nations was heard the voice crying, "He that believeth in me shall have eternal life." Religion amounts to nothing if God dwelleth not in your heart. There are many religions and beliefs in the universe. They are all a mockery if you have not the love and friendship for your fellow beings. You must search and find the divinity that has been created in your soul, that is God, the torch bearer of the light and truth through all ages. Religion is a weak babe with its swaddling bands still upon it, if it has not the light of reason embodied in it. Man cannot save man. It is the outgrowth of your works and the unfoldment of all that is beautiful in your nature. When that is once properly understood, then you become your own saviour. See that you love one another, is the law and the power that should govern the whole human race. There is no religion higher than truth. When I came to the spirit side of life I was surprised to find credulous minds sitting moping and waiting, wringing their hands in agony and crying out for a man made God. Christ was not with them then. It had taken wings for a time until the law of reason could enter their souls and the power that laid dormant within them would awaken the true God in their natures, then they would find it was only the higher growth of Spiritualism that would manifest to them that the true Saviour laid in their own natures. They must throw to the wind the man made God that history had given the name of Jesus. They must find the true spirit of Christ within them that is constantly unfolding the higher growth of God in nature. All life is a panorama with moving shadows and figures in it and each one has a part to play. Some are star actors, while others were only supernumeraries. It is according to the development of God within them. This saying that is common in our nation, "I am a Catholic," "I am an Episcopalian," "I am a Presbyterian," "I am a Methodist," "I am a Congregationalist," "I am a Swedenborgian," "I belong to the Chris-

tian church," "I am in fellowship with the Dutch Reform," "I belong to the Lutheran Church," "Our family is Congregationalist," "We are Unitarians," "Universalism is our belief," "I am a Jew and believe in the orthodox church of Judaism"—all these and others are the outgrowth of the versatility that is located in the mind. They are all man made religions, with a variety of customs and ideas. If they have not the true spirit of Christ that abideth in all pure souls, then religion is an abhorrence in the sight of the true universal life and principle of God. It is like a piece of dead material that a decaying body is carrying around and the sooner they learn to understand the law of re-embodiment the sooner they will find a saviour through the power of evolution. The biological growth in nature is a culmination of all natural conditions; without these laws chaos would reign and everything would be swept into oblivion.

Now let the light of truth shine forth from every eye, that it may lead them in the true path to God. When I lived in the body, I mean an earth tenement, I loved to work in the Womans' Christian Temperance Union, and there were many other works that I was interested in, which kept my mind occupied and brought me happiness in spirit. Oh, sir, the revelation of the true life that laid before me was sometimes a little hard and there were rough parts in it, but above and beyond was the kindness of God that was teaching me to lead others over these rough spots and to teach them that in the great beyond was eternal life and happiness awaiting us all through the perfection of the spirit. We will defer the communication until another day.

September 9. Now, sir, as we are alone and hope nothing will disturb us I will continue my communication. It will not be a long one, but rather on the short order. First let me say, I think you have some of the most beautiful mornings I ever saw. Oh, how I could have wielded the pen in this mountain retreat, but my work was otherwise laid out. It was in the city where I could assist and help others. I loved all the work that I was connected with, especially the Womans' Christian Temperance Union—my whole soul went out to that. I think liquor that has been manufactured in any shape or form whatever is the great curse of the world; it brings out the brutality of both

men and women. Children inherit the love for liquor, which makes of them great criminals. It either leads them to the gallows or to state's prison for life. It has all the tendency to bring those that are afflicted with its curse down to death through shame and misery. Oh, that I had the power to wipe out that terrible curse from the human race. If men and women only knew the punishment that was awaiting them on this side of life for selling liquor to the human race. They are responsible for the curse they have brought upon the children of God. Oh, if God's children could only come into the world with perfect knowledge they could resist all such temptations, but the experience of the human race is an education that they must all pass through. Some are tempted and fall while they are attending a school and preparing themselves for a higher knowledge that will guard and protect them through the walks of life. The only perfection that I can see that awaits the human family is the great power of re-embodiment, through which they can work out the laws of God and come to a perfect understanding and the unfoldment of their higher nature, but woe be unto them that set snares for their fellow-beings. It will be a long while before they understand the kingdom of God is at hand. The conscience of the seducer and the slayer of morality is a terrible punishment that awaits the wrong-doer. Those that love God and the human race and try to upbuild the mind located in the souls of men and women, the blessing that awaits them is grand in spirit life. The master who holds the key to all life pronounces a benediction through which they receive the eternal baptism for all time to come. When people speak of God being in his holy temple it means that the spirit of Christ is in all homes and every heart is made happy that will receive the inspiration of this beautiful light to the human race.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and if it will be of any value to your valuable book, you are welcome to it.

I come here at the request of a beautiful spirit who bore the name of Lola Montez. She was a woman but seldom understood by the people of earth, but on our side she is a grand spirit and teacher. Her soul goes out to all the human race and love is her whole nature. Good day, sir. Frances E. Willard.

Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain

Chapter XXVIII

Friday, October 18, 1901.

Good morning, friend and brother Hulburd. I asked permission to come and speak a few words before the lamp burns out of this physical body. Others were asked to come and give a communication as a favor for your book, but I begged permission to do so. I have been humbled and brought down from my exalted position. My overbearing and positive will has been humbled and I have been brought to the feet of high spiritual souls. They have taught me the recognition of a submissive condition in Spirituality. Oh life, thou art the shifting sands of time and my life has been part of those shifting sands. When they sang to lull me to rest it was only a mockery filled with conceit. Oh that dream, that dream of grandeur that some day I should awake out of and find myself in rags and tatters. When I was young and vigorous I looked upon myself as a perfect vase, fashioned and formed to hold the increase of men's adoration, but alas, one day I woke up to find I was only an old cracked vessel and could not hold the lethean waters of common sense, wherein my own heart could bathe and find blissful repose that I might go to sleep and be carried on the waves of time. The castle that I had built up was shattered and I was left an old wreck upon its ruins, a cracked vase that was worthless. My indomitable will carried me through it all until my old body was laid away from the gaze of my friends and enemies—the latter, alas, were many. The world was cold to me and I was cold to the world, a floating wreck of humanity.

Over ninety years ago I was born in the village of Buffalo, now called the city of Buffalo. When about four years old the Indians attacked the village and burned and pillaged it. I was

carried off by an old chief of one of the tribes. He bore the name of Eagle Eye, chief of the Tonawanda tribe. My father had been a friend to him and he carried me off to save my life. After things had been settled by the military he brought me back to my father safe and sound, for which my father always felt grateful, but alas, I wished many times that I had perished with the rest. I seemed to be one of those beings that was ushered into the world for many trials, for my soul was grieved to its full extent. My mother died while I was a babe and left me to a father whom I never loved and to the mercies of a cruel step-mother who never loved me. It could not be otherwise, for I had a willful nature and expected my own way in everything. As I grew older I became even more tyrannical and demanded my rights in everything. I felt no one loved me or cared for me. At some times the world looked cold and drear to me. My father married me to a man while I was yet but a mere child. I grew in time to hate the man. He forced maternity upon me a number of times. I hated every child that I carried in my womb and would have destroyed them before they were born, but there were always watchers, and I was prevented from carrying out a crime. Those children grew into manhood to hate and despise their mother. There was no love lost, for I hated them also. When the oldest became a man he tried to rob me of all that was left me. He swore in court that I was a vile woman, not competent to care for my property, or put it to a judicious use. He did not gain his point and I banished him from my sight with a curse. The next became a maniac and died in the madhouse. I sat outside of his cell night after night, listening to his mad ravings. I cursed myself to think I had ever been his mother and cursed the parents that gave me life, as I thought then. Another one became a terrible hypocrite and almost swamped me for all I owned. He had no business qualities and fawned around me in his serpent like way so that I might provide him with money in order that he might try it all over again.

When the rebellion broke out between the North and the South—I was a woman then in age and I also thought in discretion—I had a cousin who was an Episcopalian minister. He professed that his heart loved me. I was glad to know after-

wards that it was not his soul, only his heart—hearts are easily numbed, you know. I had made up my mind to go down to the army and nurse the wounded soldiers. I thought at least I could do that much for my country, as they would not allow a woman to enlist and carry a gun like her brother soldiers. Before I departed for my duties I gave in to the keeping of this Episcopalian clergyman a large library of books which I told him he must return to me when the war was over, providing we did not marry each other.

I started on my journey and arrived in Washington. The second day I was there I was introduced to Miss Dorothy Dix, a noble hearted woman who gave me a position under her in the same hospital where I might display my skill in attending the wounded soldiers. After I had been there several months she came to me and said, "I think thee is well fitted to take charge of a hospital. Now I will send thee to Baltimore, where thee will have full charge of the hospital." I thanked her for her confidence in me and my ability. I went on my journey, arrived in the afternoon, took up my position in the Baltimore Hospital, which I found to be one of the most filthy dens that I ever looked upon. I gave the order for an abundance of hot water to be gotten ready as quickly as possible. Then a kind officer assisted me in my duties by detailing men to carry the sick from one room to another. Then I gave orders for the men to use hot water in abundance on the ceiling, wall and floor, to clean out the vermin and cockroaches that infested the different rooms. I had chloride of lime placed around the baseboard, burned sulphur in pans to fumigate the rooms. After I had the rooms all cleansed and aired properly I had the men brought back and made comfortable, as they were human beings, for which I received many thanks from the brave boys. I knew they had mothers; sisters, fathers and brothers, and devoted my spare time in writing letters home to their people. Oh, Mr. Hulburd, but that was a sunny spot in my life. Those were happy days for me when I felt I was serving my country as a nurse and sister to our brave boys, bless their hearts. I found many noble men among them. After about six months my health commenced to fail me in Baltimore, as the drain pipes of the hospital were very bad. They were old and rusty and leaked in

many places. I was accustomed to the clear, bracing atmosphere of Buffalo. We had some of the worst doctors in the army hospitals that I ever met. I made an exchange, going to Alexandria, Virginia, which was very beneficial to my health. While there I met Mr. Warren, the husband of Little Justin, who was supposed to be his father. I saw Little Justin on two different occasions, but never had the pleasure of speaking to him. That is, I saw him in boys' clothes, when he came from Washington to visit Mr. Warren.

One day when I was visiting Mr. Warren's quarters a mule came up with a little old gray-haired woman sitting on it chewing snuff, I thought. She looked at me and said, "Howdy, mam," with a strong southern accent. I said, "Where did you come from, my good woman?" She said, "Yout yonder," pointing with her hand, which might have meant any part of Virginia. "I'm an old lame critter come a right smart distance to see this yar hossifer about protectin' my gal Sal and two calves that's left yet." I said, "And don't you need protection, too?" She said, "I'se old baggage that hain't goin' to live long." By this time Mr. Warren stepped up and said, "My good lady, what can I do for you?" She said, "I reckon it hain't much, Mr. Hofficer, can't you help an old body down off this yar mule? I ain't had a good lookin' man touch me in some time. I'se all crippled up with the rheumatiz and I cotched the misery in the back comin' along that yar road beyont." Mr. Warren said, "I guess, Madam, I can assist you in getting down. Just imagine I am your son and lean with all your weight on me." I noticed as he took her down off the mule their lips met and I said, "God bless him, he has the feeling of a natural son." She was a little body and he carried her into his quarters. I turned around and said to Major Armstrong, while the tears were in my eyes, "That officer is a soldier and a gentleman. Did you see how carefully he carried that old woman and placed her in a camp chair? While he did so his eyes were lit up like that of a lover. I am so glad, Major Armstrong, that there are men in the world that have feeling for old women." I bade Mr. Warren good day while Mr. Armstrong bore me company to the hospital. While we were walking on the way I said, "Major, what a little old woman that was to come so far alone on that old mule. I hope Mr. Warren

will be able to do something for her, she seemed so little and frail as if the wind would blow her away." He said, "Mrs. Chamberlain, officer Warren has a kind heart and he will see to it. He is always assisting some one." I said, "Thank God," and bade him good bye at the hospital door. Little did I think then, brother Hulburd, that that was our Little Justin masquerading as the old woman.

That very night orders were given to prepare for a battle on the coming morning at daybreak. I received orders to have the nurses in readiness and everything in order to receive the wounded. Little did I think then that that little old woman was the bearer of dispatches through which the battle took place. I have only been informed of it by Mr. Warren since I came to the spirit side of life. Now I understand he was a Union spy and when the old woman's lips and Mr. Warren's met together it was a love kiss in reality; the big husband kissing his little wife. Oh, but he played it well. No wonder she had such conception of character on the stage. Do you know, Mr. Hulburd, I should have been an actress. I am just conceited enough to think I would have been a success, but you know what public opinion was those days toward a woman who entered that profession and as I look at it now, when I did not adopt the stage for a profession I should have entered the field for woman's suffrage, but oh, that false pride that held me back. I am glad that I have been humbled and some of the conceit taken out of me. As I now stand I find I am only a poor woman depending upon others for assistance that will lead me to the light of truth. I find I am disrobed of that garment of personality that held me back from spiritual growth. I am now a naked spirit grovelling in ignorance. I have only a borrowed mantle to cover my nakedness until my soul's growth will knock at the door of reason and ask to be permitted to drape myself in conscious wisdom. Oh, brother Hulburd, it is over here where shams are exposed and you stand only on your own merits. Deeds and works tell here. All flippant foppery and show pass away from you and you stand alone to answer for that which is wrong and that which is right.

When the war was over and I had returned home I was informed by a friend that my cousin had married another woman.

Then I demanded that he should send me back my library of books. He informed me he would not do so and said I had made him a present of them. I went and interviewed a lawyer concerning the matter. He informed me that my cousin had the books in his possession and that was nine points in law. He said that I could sue for the recovery of the books and bring the case into court; he would do what he possibly could for me, but he did not think I would recover them, as I would have to prove that I did not make him a present of the books. He said, "You know—if you don't you ought to know—that many of our ministers, so-called servants of God, are tricky individuals and would not hesitate at any time to swear to a lie." So you see I was a weak woman. I gave my books into this man's keeping and lost them, like many other things that have been given into a minister's keeping. Many of my friends called me cold and bitter towards the human race. How could it be otherwise, brother Hulburd, when I was robbed on every side and slandered by those who did not understand me? I was not only robbed by strangers, but my own children did the same. I find here in spirit life that kinship and other family ties amount to nothing, if we are not drawn to each other by soul love we become as strangers to each other. Spirits that I once looked upon as my children pass me coldly by, while strangers, as it seems to me, come towards me with their whole nature of love and charity. They cover my nakedness with their mantle of spiritual growth. Here is where the conscience of hell attacks us and we must work out our condition through our own responsibility. Truth and the helping hand of those beautiful spirits that approach me are ever ready to help me on to that higher divinity in life where I can clothe myself with the law of wisdom and become ever ready to help those that were like unto myself. Oh, it is a glorious thought to know that we can become like the rising sun and shine for all time to come. I often think about the happy circles that were held in your home, with yourself, Fred and Little Justin, and others in attendance and when that working spirit, Bridget Kelly, would bring those low, undeveloped spirits to control Justin's brain forces, tell their unhappy tale and receive assistance. Those were sunny spots in my life. I always felt happy when I returned home and thought how good the God

of nature was to give us all a chance to redeem ourselves by our work of love and charity to each other. I realize it all now in spirit life.

I am sorry to know that Little Justin has lost his home. He was too free putting his name to other people's paper. It was cruel in his old age to get him to sign that mortgage. If I had been in the body and close by I would have prevailed upon him not to have committed that error, but he has always been the child of circumstances and those that wronged him must pay the penalty; they cannot escape it. When in the body I was strongly attracted to Little Justin. We compared notes many a time. I was always happy and pleased when he would make me a visit and I had a chance to look upon his sunny face. Sometimes when I was downhearted and felt the world was cold and drear he would cheer me up by telling some funny anecdote which in time would get me to laughing. After he had left for his home I would think, at least there is some one in the world who has a kind thought for me, and when I would think it all over I would say to myself, "There are three friends that have kind thoughts for me. They are Fred, Wallace and Justin, and they are always pleased to see me. They always show it by the warm welcome they give me," and oh, how I always longed for the circle night to come around. I know now that many of the lectures that Justin gave were only understood by a few. He taught us that we could live our lives not only through re-embodiment, but through other individuals living in physical bodies, which I know to be a truth.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope I will be able to bless you all for the many kindnesses you showed to me while in the body. Give my love to any one that would like to hear from me. Now I leave my love to you all, a large share of it going to Little Justin, whose weary body is hard to carry around now. Your loving sister in the grand cause of spiritual philosophy, Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain, a much misunderstood woman who had to wear a cheerful mask before the people when her heart was breaking for that real tender love of an honorable husband and protector which was never gratified in the physical body, but all will be healed here in spirit life some day when I will be judged by the judge of my own

actions. I thank you again, Wallace Hulburd. I loved you and you did not understand it. My soul went out crying to you, but it only met a cold wave. You were selected for this work and will pass your while in harness. Kiss Little Justin for me with a kiss of a sister's love. One that comes from the higher growth of what soul action I command. Good day.

November 20, 1899.

Mrs. Cora Richmond the spiritual lecturer sublime,
All her thoughts are emanations divine,
As her aspirations go out to human kind,
Such an outgrowth of spirit life you rarely find.

As the words of wisdom come from her lips,
The people hold on to them with tight grips
And many of them heaven's everlasting life sip
While others of crude minds let them pass and flip.

As one Sunday in a front seat I had chanced
To listen to inspiration that came from those lips entranced,
Then my whole soul with pleasure danced,
When I went home I became entranced.

Her whole nature seemed enthused with spiritual life,
And Richmond might thank the spirits for such a wife
For such now he can call her by right,
Since their home must be a heaven of spiritual light.

This lady to her friends must be very dear,
She lives in such a spiritual atmosphere,
Her presence they must always wish to be near,
She gives them such words of love from spirit sphere.

It is such a heavenly treat
At some of her receptions to meet,
And the kindly spirits greet,
Some of their spirit names are sweet.

I wish we had many like her in our land,
For God and the angels her heart doth understand,
As her ministrations come from an educated band,
They have converted many in Europe and in our land.

When her gentle form is laid away
Many will remember her words when their hair is gray,
And often feel to her spirit they would like to pray,
As her teachings do express themselves every day.

We know she will have her reward for that will be right,
Where she will become a heavenly angel bright,
And come back to throw on some person her mantle of light,
For I know she will feel for the work to go on right.

As I speak of this distinguished lady rare,
Perhaps my words are too crude to express them fair,
If they are uncultured I hope my blushes she will spare,
As they come to my soul from inspiration in the air.

General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XXIX

Tuesday, November 11, 1902.

Good morning, friend and brother. I see your parched earth has been moistened and it must be a welcome sight to your eyes. I come here this morning not of my own free will, but as you know, the majority in all cases rules. I, being in the minority, had to submit to their condition.

I was accosted by a number of spirits calling themselves the spirit band of this medium; they addressed me, saying, "Mr. Lee, it is our desire that you should give a communication to the world; in that communication it is also our desire that you shall express yourself in a manner whereby you will be fully understood by the public at large. You shall give a communication speaking and relating to the condition of experience you had with our little medium during the rebellion in which you took part. going with your state and seceding from the Union." I told them I had no desire to do anything of the kind. They said, "You shall do it." I said, "By whose command shall I do this which you speak of?" They said, "By the command of the people in spirit life and we are the people." A man, who once lived in a physical body, and bore the name of U. S. Grant, said in a quiet way, "Robert, my boy, submit to the conditions or we will compel you to do so." I said, "Must I submit to you here in spirit life? I submitted to you in earth life; have we not settled that quarrel yet?" He said, "Oh yes, brother Robert, we are taking upon us now a higher degree in life, we are all compelled, brother, to submit to fate and the law of Evolution. You know as well as I do we cannot stop the wheel of Progression; it never revolves backward, but constantly forward. It is our desire that you accompany us to Searchlight Home, where you will find a little medium that you have met before; the guides will attach your forces to the medium's forces and there, bro-

ther Robert, you will make the discovery that you can communicate your thoughts through the organ and lips of that little medium." I also made the discovery right then and there that there was no way of escaping from the condition they had placed upon me. So you see, brother, here I am—compelled to give my mite towards the life and experience of this miserable little creature. Perhaps you do not think it is gentlemanly to express myself in such a way, but he was a miserable creature to me and to our lost cause. He was the most daring spy that I ever heard of or that the world has any history of. When he came to my quarters he looked like an innocent child that would not hurt an insect. He would place himself in the way of the soldiers in order to be brought to headquarters, and at other times he'd walk right into the headquarters of the leading officers in the location where he was at the time. He'd play such an innocent part he would beguile them by his fascinating eyes and after that he'd bring his singing and dancing into play, which would amuse the officers much.

Jefferson Davis in his communication gave you an expression of what I related to him at my headquarters in connection with this creature. Jefferson Davis was a visionary man and a dreamer. He dreamed of position, power and wealth and it all dissolved in a dream by the downfall of the confederacy, or the "Lost Cause," but brother, the wheel of fates was turning and there was no cause in nature to compel it to reverse its action; the black race had to become free and I warn the people of the south to desist from their persecution of the black race or woe betide them, they are becoming educated and will reach to a high civilization in life. There will be a child born; he will be of dark complexion, and yet white blood will course through his veins. His father will be a negro while his mother will be a white woman, the daughter of a southern family. She will teach that child, "Rachel has wept long for her children." He will become highly educated and a leader of the black race. He will teach them to turn and revenge themselves upon the white race. He will teach them how to sting the white man with the venom of a cobra. He will say to them, "To your tents, oh, Children of Israel, for God hath said, 'Vengeance is mine' and he hath placed it in our power to avenge ourselves upon the children of those

people who held our ancestors in bondage," for you know it is said, "The sins of the parents will be visited upon their children unto the third and the fourth generation." I, Robert E. Lee, say, let the white people of the South beware how they treat the children of black Rachel; their voices are crying to God to save them from the persecution of the white man and you know every day is a Judgment day and that judgment will fall upon the people of the south. Perhaps you think it is strange why I speak like this, I, who was the leading general of the southern army when living in a physical body, but you must remember, brother, I am a spirit and see things in their true light. You know and understand thoroughly where we drink to the seventh libation we drink to the freedom of thought in the sight of God and the angels.

After George Washington, whom the men and women of earth call the Father of his Country, had been some time in spirit life, a band of spirits approached him, saying, "Brother, you call America the land of freedom. You lied when you said so—**It will never be the land of Freedom while a human body is held in bondage.** Now you must assist us to make that America the 'Land of Freedom' that you boasted so much about while living in a physical body. We as a band have been making preparations for a change of ideas in that country.

"You speak of 'E. Pluribus Unum' and the 'Eagle of Freedom,' **but we deal with the law of consequence** and the only way or passage through which we can pass at the present time is the shedding of blood, human gore must fertilize your southern soil in order to break up the chains of slavery. You held the black race in bondage and now you must play a part through which you must become the voice of Freedom. No doubt you think our method and purpose is a cruel one, but when we deal with the law of cruelty we must punish it through its own method on this occasion and that is war between the north and the south and yours must be the guiding voice as it was one of the guiding voices when you lived in the physical body. Through your generalship in the physical body you drove your enemy from the shores of America and yet at the same time they were your relations and kinsmen. The same Saxon blood flowed through your veins that coursed through theirs. It is the same

relationship that you now have to deal with. You were called the 'first in war, the first in peace and the first in the hearts of your countrymen.' We reverse the quotation somewhat to suit our purpose and you must become the first in this case to suit our purpose also. We will furnish you with power and strength to reach the leading minds of the south by impressing upon them the only thing for them to do is to go to war with the north. We know and understand full well that many of the beautiful young men of the south must fertilize the soil with their blood to prepare it for the new coming generation of husbandmen who must till its soil in the time of peace. We see nothing now but the fate of war awaiting your kindred.

"We have selected a child who is Scotch born. When he reaches this part of the continent that you call North America we will prepare his condition to become the most daring spy the world has ever known. He will have all the playful graces of a nymph from the woodland. He will lure men to their ruin. It must be so in order to carry his work out and they will become so ashamed that in most all cases they will keep the secret to themselves. Now, George Washington, you must become the leading voice of this condition. We will provide one to lead this little individual out and in through the lines of both armies. You will give your commands to that spirit, who is Joan of Arc, as history calls her, and she will guide the little medium on all occasions." That, brother, is what I heard George Washington tell to many of the men on both sides of the strife in spirit life.

Now I will relate something concerning this creature's life: One day one of the leading generals of my army came to my quarters, accompanied by his staff. He said he had something for my private ear to hear, while those accompanying him would enjoy themselves by mingling with my officers for a time. He said to me when we were alone, "General Lee, I have something to communicate to you which is comical, and yet it has a serious side to it. Three days ago while I was sitting in my tent reading a northern paper that had been brought through the lines, a little boy with two soldiers presented themselves in front of my quarters. The soldiers told the guard that the little boy wanted to see me. I received him and the soldiers were dismissed to go to their quarters.

"Now, General, I will describe to you how he was dressed. He was a little chap with large, bright eyes. He wore a little pair of pants made of jeans, buttoned on to a waist of a different color, and wore a pair of old shoes—I think they must have been three sizes too large for his little feet—and oh, General, he had such pretty lips and a mouthful of white teeth. I know, General, those lips were pretty, for I tested their quality.

"It was like this, General: He came up and took my hand, saying, 'General, I'm awful glad to see you. I've been looking for you so long. I belong to the Bell family,' and while he was talking to me he took a top out of his pocket and a string; he wound the top, threw it on the floor of my tent—which, of course, was the ground, General, as I had left my comfortable quarters, as you know. While the top was spinning he laughed with all the glee of a child full of boyish fun. He said, 'Look, General, how gay Jeff Davis looks spinning around. He's just a walking over all the Yankees, ain't he?' which made me laugh at the boyish idea. When the top commenced to waver and finally lay quietly on the ground he picked up the top and the string and putting them into his pocket got up into my lap, laughed into my face and said to me, 'President Davis must have been out last night; that's why he got so weak and had to lie down.' I laughed and said, 'Who are you, boy, and what do you want here?' He said, 'I'm going to tell you all about it, General.' Then he took my large hands between his little hands, saying at the same time, 'Ain't you got big, strong hands? I bet you can make the Yankees run.'

"While his feet were in motion the old shoes came off, displaying to view two pretty little feet with a high instep. He said, 'My name is Willie Bell. I'm looking for papa. He went away with the soldiers. Now you're a big general, can't you tell me where he is?' I said, 'I'm afraid not; there are so many soldiers in the southern army and perhaps quite a number of them may bear the name of Bell.' 'Oh,' he says, 'my papa was an officer and had a big sword.' When he said that he slipped his little hand inside of my shirt. Then, General, I seemed to become happy. He looked up at me with those eyes of his, saying, 'General, I know some songs. Don't you know some, too?' I told him I knew a few, then I asked him if he could sing. He

said, 'A little bit.' Then I said, 'Now, Willie, if you will sing for me I will see that you get something to eat, for you must be hungry, walking so far.' He curled his little feet up under his body, laid his head on my breast and commenced to sing. Oh God, General, I wish you could have heard that voice. I wondered where it all came from. The little body was so fragile looking. He could not have weighed over seventy or eighty pounds at the most.

"He sang for me, 'Love Dreams,' and General, I became an enchanted man. I fell in love with the little boy and kissed and hugged him. He played with my beard, running his little fingers through it and calling me sweet names and finally he called me papa. General, it seemed to me as if a powerful battery of electricity was applied to my body. I threw my arms around him, tightly holding him to my breast, afraid that he might escape, for it seemed to me he would disappear if I did not hold him. I said to him, 'Boy, sing for me again.' Then he sang for me, 'When Evening Brings the 'Twilight O'er.' Then, General, I seemed to become a changed man and did not realize who I was. My whole nature went out to that boy. I ordered a basin of water and a towel to be brought to my tent. I then bathed his hands and face and dried them with the towel and afterwards bathed his feet in like manner, drying them with the towel. I placed him on my bed, lying down alongside of him, taking him in my arms. He sang me a lullaby and we both went to sleep.

"That, General, was about ten o'clock in the morning. We did not wake until about three in the afternoon. While I was sleeping I dreamed I owned that boy; that he turned into a girl and became my wife, as it seemed to me in my dream I was one of the happiest men living.

"When I awoke he was kissing me and playing with my beard. My first thought was that he must have shoes more fitting to his feet, for those feet seemed too dear to me to be encased in such horrible looking old shoes. That evening he and I dined alone. He said, 'Now, papa, I'm going to wait on you, for I'm your boy now, you know. I'm going to brush your clothes tomorrow and clean up your sword so it will look bright.' I was happy then, General, and did not want to find his father.

"When we retired for the night I gave him one of my shirts

to sleep in, as it was my desire that he should take off his clothes and rest his little body properly, for I felt he belonged to me then. When we laid ourselves down to rest he sang for me a Scotch song, 'There's nae room but for twa, 'Tom.' While he was singing I placed my hand inside of the shirt and made the discovery that his breasts were too large for a boy. After he had finished singing the song I asked him, 'How is it that you have such large breasts?' He said that he was of both natures, the female predominating. He said it in such a childish way, General, that I asked him to become my boy and to live with me always. I told him I had daughters and sons, but he would always be my little pet and go with me everywhere. We kissed one another good night, and as I supposed, he went to sleep in my arms, for he commenced to snore like a good fellow. After awhile I went to sleep, dreaming of the treasure I thought I possessed.

"Some time during the night he chloroformed me and stole my most valuable papers and escaped in the darkness. Now, General, what do you think of that? I believe that little individual bewitched me and brought me under some power of his that I cannot give you any explanation of."

I burst out laughing, when he said, "General Lee, what are you laughing at? It has been a serious affair to me. I lost my valuable watch and chain and a medallion that I prized very much. He even sucked the ring off my finger in some manner, for I never could get it off."

I said to him, "General, now listen to me. That same individual interviewed me at my quarters. He came through our lines with Reynolds, whom you know is a staunch friend of our cause. He bewitched him, fascinated me, escaped in the night, or I should say in the early part of the night, about 10 o'clock, taking with him many things that were of value to him. I just heard of him the other day, when he entered our lines dressed up as a little old woman, peddling tobacco among the soldiers. She had an interview with General Stuart, telling him how she would cure his bad cough. She'd go home and prepare a mixture and in some way she got mixed up and never returned to the General. It does beat all hell that we can't catch that little bastard. He or she, whichever it is, seems to bear a charmed

life. If I once get the damned imp of hell in my clutches he'll not escape me, for I'll have the miserable whelp hung up so high that he can be seen from the surrounding country. Then I'll have our boys fill his body with good confederate lead and send for Jeff Davis, that he may gloat upon the wretch who has been the cause of so much trouble to the Southern government." The General said, "No, General Lee, let me have him first and I'll have him chained to a nigger and parade him through the streets of Richmond." I said to the General, "No, by God, you'll do nothing of the kind. The curse would slip out of the chains and leave the nigger in the lurch. He's one of those kind of beings that that old bastard, Horace Greeley, said in his newspaper, 'You had him, but now you don't have him.' General, he's going to swing for the edification of old Abe Lincoln."

We will continue at another time. They say I must release him. I wish I could have released him in hell. You can put down what I say. Oh, I've no love for him.

Wednesday, November 12, 1902.

To action, comrade and brother. You understand why I call you comrade and brother—the medium does not.

No doubt yesterday you thought I spoke very slightly of the medium, but comrade, if you had been placed during the civil war in the position that I held, no doubt you would have been just as vexed as I am now as a spirit.

When I lived in the physical body my whole dignity bore an affront that I never lived down while in that physical body. Your little medium was a tempter and I fell under the wiles of his fascination. Now today I beg your pardon and take back the slighting remarks that I cast upon the instrument brought into use by those of the spirit world. **Today I call him a great hero**, and wish you to see that it is put in brackets in the publication. Yesterday I called him a miserable creature, as I felt I could not proceed with the communication until I had spoken my mind. I have been released from that condition. I came today to pay him the respect and honor due him. He loved the country of his adoption and in him the spirits found a subject void of fear, with his winning ways the influence brought all the coquetry to bear that you would find in the human anatomy. It was produced in such an innocent way that his victims looked

upon him as a child whose entire make-up was that of love and affection. The female being the predominant part of his nature he wove a web around men's hearts and in the meshes of that net they found the nature of Eve. This condition brings to life many a fatal step that men take. They leap before they think and land in disgrace and shame. They do not realize it until the fatal steps have been taken because there is so much Adam in their natures. When they reflect they curse the female sex and call them the Gods of ruin, false ones of the past, false ones of the future, angels and ministers of Death.

Now I am going to relate something to you that many of the reading public will laugh at and say it came from the brain of an imbecile; that is, I have made a discovery—reincarnation, or re-embodiment if you choose to call it that—is a fact in nature and one of the grandest facts realized by the children of God. Now I know that many in your physical philosophy do not believe in re-embodiment; that is, a spirit taking upon itself a physical condition wherein the spirit enters the womb of the mother during conception. This I know to be a fact and some day at a not far distant time the human race will realize what I say.

There are many having the clairvoyant power who have seen that condition take place—the spirit entering the womb of the mother—but when they have spoken of it to their friends they have been laughed at and in some instances insulted by those that they loved very dearly. Those living friends called the clairvoyant visionary, and said some day if they were not careful they would become inmates of a madhouse. Oh ignorance, ignorance, it takes a long time for Truth to break through your walls. Some day her light will be glorious.

This instrument that I now control is a reincarnated spirit. That spirit is all intelligence while the physical body is the house wherein is placed the machinery that the great electric power of nature can work upon. Nature moves the great cog-wheels of animation. That animation draws forces out of nature which feeds the brain with thought or furnishes it with intellect that it finds in space. Space is filled with thought and intellect is developed out of thought. A great many individuals who look upon their condition as being that of elevation and education are

yet still ignorant of the forces in nature; they, having been endowed with sufficient brain to receive an education lacking the spirituality and the innersight of God's wisdom, have failed to understand the law governing spirituality. Re-embodiment, being one of those laws, can only be understood by the highly developed in life. Weak brains can never discover God's power in nature until they have been re-embodied a number of times; until they have gained strength and force of character through wisdom's law.

The medium through whose lips I give my expression was a female until the present reincarnation. It has been left for me to tell you or convey the information to your brains that this medium in one reincarnation was Helen McGregor of Scotland. I, who was known as Robert E. Lee in the physical form, in one reincarnation was Rob Roy McGregor of Scotland. English history calls me an outlaw, but I was only defending the rights of my tribe. The people of England and also those of the Lowlands of Scotland, persecuted the Highlanders when an opportunity availed them to do so. The brain action that I held then in my possession compelled me to feel it was my duty to do as I did. George Washington, known as and called the Father of His Country, was known in one reincarnation as Sir William Wallace, the hero of Scotland.

You must understand, brother and comrade, we do not become angels when we pass through nature's channel called Death and enter Spirit life. We still retain many of the faculties of our first condition. Sir William Wallace, through the physical body of George Washington, got even with the English and had the pleasure of driving them from our shores of Freedom. No doubt the readers of your book will think that was revengeful. Such natures are revengeful until thoroughly spiritualized. When they are thoroughly spiritualized they no longer have any use for a physical body. General Grant was Bruce of Scotland and the same blood that ran in his veins courses through the veins of your medium; one of the medium's grandmothers being a Bruce.

When we take upon us a physical body we also take the traits of character in manner of speech and stature and many of the traits of that family; we inherit these as we are willing to

comply with the conditions. You call it hereditary things in nature, but we never give up the true source of our nature; that is the leading point that we are bound to carry out.

Abraham Lincoln in one reincarnation was Frederick the Great. He was looked upon by the people as a great warrior. At the same time he was a man that desired peace. His mind had a great council of its own and applied his thoughts to action. It matters not what kind of a family or race of people we come through, we have one object in view, and our whole desire is to produce that object through the law of practice which governs our destiny. We are forced through law of practice to submit to all its conditions on all points. Your President, Abraham Lincoln, worked out that condition by becoming the Prince of Peace through which he liberated the black race. He settled that question. He brought peace to our great nation and to the hearts of his countrymen, for which I know they bless him in their prayers.

Bruce was a stubborn man as the canny Scotch can ever be on the side of right. He worked out his condition through the physical body of U. S. Grant. We are all friends now, understanding the rights of the human race. We are worked and acted upon as you see the wind bends the boughs of the trees, so we have to bend to the work that is laid out before us. Jefferson Davis was required to play his part in what you call the Southern Confederacy, just as much as General Grant was required to crush it out. Jefferson Davis, being a visionary individual, was played upon as you would play upon the strings of a harp. His sensitive nature was attuned to visionary dreams, while U. S. Grant had the Scotch stubborn nature of the Bruces. It was conquer or die.

There was nothing visionary in U. S. Grant's nature. It was practicality worked out through practical action. I will compare it to a stubborn bull looking at a fence that divides two fields. He says to himself, "I'm going to that other field if I have to leave part of my hide behind." Grant said to himself, "I will conquer and put down this rebellion or I will know the reason why." Your nation discovered the reason. That was made manifest to both the child and the adult.

We will take it up another time.

Friday, November 14, 1902.

Good morning, brother. I see the air is entirely different from what it was when I visited you before. It is a new expression working on the old condition. Every day brings a new expression upon the past. That is why the human mind is expanding so every day. It is grappling with theories ever old, yet new with the expression of growth and intellect. The mind grows and blossoms more fruitful with ideas every day. That is why our public schools are producing more intellectual men, and women of highly developed brains are so common now among the human race that you do not notice them as much as you did fifty years ago. There is a wave that is passing over the universe which we will designate as the wave of Intellect. The twentieth century will produce some wonderful men and women.

When I was a young man I made a visit to New York City in company with another young man whose name was Meade. As we were walking along on the outside of Washington Square in that city, we discovered a large crowd of people had collected in the park. Meade said to me, "Robert, let us enter by one of the gates and see what it means. Perhaps we can make the discovery why that crowd of people has assembled there." We walked into the park and looking over the heads of some of the people we discovered a little child standing on a bench—a wee little creature. He was talking with a broken Scotch accent, I would call it. He seemed to be preaching and spoke of the needs of the time. I was then a full fledged Christian and some of his words shocked me. Many of the women and men in the crowd said he was crazy and some devil had possession of the little creature. Finally a big, burly, Irish policeman came along, caught hold of the Little One and dragged him down from the bench. He dragged him in such a rough manner that I thought some of the little creature's bones must have been broken, but when he arose from the ground I saw he stood up all right. He smiled and threw kisses to the people. The burly Irish policeman said, "Ye little spalpeen, you're at it agin, are ye? This is the third time I've had to take ye in."

He went off, dragging the child in such a rough manner that Meade broke through the crowd, went up to the policeman

and said, "You stop dragging that child in that cruel way or I'll make it hot for you." The policeman said, "G'wan, now—it's none of your affair." Meade said, "I will make it my affair, for I will walk to the station house with you and enter a complaint against you for cruelty to children." The Irish policeman laughed and said, "You'll have all your walk for nothing, me bucky lad."

Meade and I followed the policeman while a crowd of children followed us all. I noticed the child's clothes were torn and inquired of some of the children if they knew how his clothes came to be torn in that manner. A boy, I should judge about twelve years of age, said, "Yes, sir, I know—the women tore his clothes dragging him off from the bench. He got up again onto the bench and commenced to talk, when one of the women struck him in the face with her parasol; that's what makes the blood on his face." He described in true boyish style, which I do not give you exactly here.

As we were walking towards the station house the policeman dragged the child in such a way that he became tired and could not walk any further. Some of the children hissed at the policeman and called him an old Irish galoot and why didn't he give the child a chance to walk right? Just then a very nice looking gentleman came along with some papers in his hand. He stepped up to where we were standing and looking at the child sitting on the ground panting for breath, he said, "Dennis Kelly, you pick that child up and carry it to the station house. I know who he is, I'm acquainted with his people." The policeman picked up the child and carried it. I entered into conversation with the young gentleman and made the discovery he was a lawyer. He said his name was Edwards. He said he would walk to the station house with us and speak in behalf of the child. This Mr. Edwards afterwards became the famous lawyer and Judge Edwards. When we reached the station house the policeman told his story, how he found the child again preaching in the park or square. Mr. Edwards spoke to the Chief of Police, saying, "There is something behind all this if we only understood it." The Chief of Police told him, "This is the third time that child has been brought before me for disturbing the peace." Then Mr. Meade entered a complaint against the policeman for cruelty to children. Nothing came of the complaint,

as the whole police force was Irish in those days. The Chief of Police was also a red-headed Irishman who looked more fit to be driving a mule team than the Chief of a police force. This same Mr. Meade that I speak of, in after life became your famous Northern general at the battle of Gettysburg.

The Chief looked down at the Little One and said, "Why do you disturb the peace so much by getting a crowd around you and talking to the people?" The Little One looked up at him, smiling all the time, when he said, "Mon, I canna help it. I hae to dee it or I'd burst."

The Chief ordered some water brought. He took a towel and wet it, saying to the Little One, "Now get up here on my knee," and washing the blood off his face he said to the policeman, "How did this come? Who cut the gash on his cheek?" The policeman said he did not know. I told the Chief that a boy said a woman had struck him in the face with her parasol. The Chief said, "I think women are more cruel to children than men, as a general thing." He looked into the Little One's face, saying, "Little boy, you have beautiful eyes." He turned him around on his knee, saying, "Gentlemen, just look at those eyes. It's too bad that such a loony child should have such beautiful eyes." Little did he or we think then that those eyes would play a part in the future in the great rebellion, as you call it.

The Chief then took and kissed the Little One, released him and handed him over to Mr. Edwards, saying, "Edwards, you see that he gets to his people." This happened long before the days of what they call the "Rochester knockings."

After we left the station house Meade picked the Little One up and carried him in his arms for quite a ways. When we reached Broadway Mr. Edwards said, "Now, Meade, I will take the child from you and convey him to his home." When we were walking down Broadway I said, "Meade, why did you take such an interest in that little brat?" He turned and looked at me with a pale face, as if my words had stung him. He said, "Lee, wasn't he pretty?" I said, "Yes, but there are thousands of young ones just as pretty." He said, "Possibly, but not with a beauty that child has." He caught hold of my arm and stopped me from going any further. He said, "Robert Lee, those eyes haunt me. I cannot obliterate them from my mind; I have

a strange feeling. You may laugh at it, Robert, but I feel that child will play a part in my life. I cannot tell you where or how, but it will be somewhere in my future life. I feel that it is in our destiny that we will come together again in the future," which was fully realized.

Twenty years afterwards, when the human mind had grown some, I heard a young girl lecture on the same theme, "The Needs of the Time," that I had heard the Little One speak on in Washington Square. The young girl that spoke on that subject bore the name of Cora Scott, now the great instrument for spirit power whose name is Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of the greatest mouthpieces for spiritual communication. She too, when a child, displayed her mediumship, but the condition I speak of in connection with your little medium took place before Cora Scott had taken on a physical body. His band in spirit life tells me they had to transform his work from outdoor speaking to that of the stage, where he could display his powers in the conception of character. The people in whose care he was did not take care of him at all, neither did they understand his nature or condition in that little physical body. He was abused and knocked around as if he was a wild weed that grew in their way and must be dispensed with. It must have been a relief to the little creature and a joy when he found his way into the theatre.

Little did I think then that he would also play a part in my future life. I was introduced to him at three different times in the green room at different theatres and on different occasions, never thinking it was the same Little One that I had met before, his disguises being so perfect. When we met during the war he looked no more like the Little One I had met in the green room than a bright sunny day does a cloudy night.

Now, brother, I am dissatisfied with my condition in spirit life and wish to return in a physical body. I feel there is a void in my life that I have not filled up and my great desire is now to become re-embodied in a physical body. I want to carry out a work that will become satisfactory to my spiritual desire. I want to become a teacher of Spiritual Theosophy, explaining and conveying to the human mind a full theorization of the philosophy of Theosophy, leading and developing the mind that re-

embodiment is the greatest expression that we have of future growth on this planet. Until I am thoroughly prepared to take on a physical body I will give the light from time to time through some mediumistic individual.

When I return in a physical body I will also become a writer wielding a pen, both scathing and burning my thoughts into the human brain, for fire is a purifier. I will burn up all the brush that clogs the human mind and through my pen and form of speech I will light up the desert wastes of human intellect, a burning light that never can be quenched again by priestcraft or superstition.

When I lived in a physical form I was what you would call a Christian, religious man, but alas, what did it amount to? I was groping through a mist of superstition. When I entered spirit life I was a disappointed spirit. I found no Saviour awaiting me that I had fully believed in, for Christianity was my faith, and as I thought, had it fully established on the "Rock of Ages." Either the dissolution that had taken place in my human body or the taking on of the new birth had clouded my brain, but as time passed along I made the discovery that I had been a deluded man like millions of others, trusting to faith alone and not to the true reality of the soul. I was a weakling before the shrine of ancient pagan religion, dressed up in a new form of priestcraft called Christianity. They could not stand the light of the Sun, that greatest God that our planet knows of. They clouded the human brain by introducing a man made God, called Jesus of Nazareth. The thoughts and works of ancient prophets they placed in the mouth of this puppet that they had created for weaklings to fall down and worship and I was one of those weaklings.

We are all strings attached to the harp of nature and played upon by will power for weal or for woe. It is a grand thing for men and women living in a physical body to have that power of oratory at their command and a sane brain whereby they can discourse before a large assembly on the light of truth and the power of Reason. I hope to be all this when I am re-embodied. I have a desire to get and become equal in a satisfactory way to the outworkings of my nature. It is my desire that I shall square up things performed by me in my past physical

body. I want to go into the depths of Solar Science and eradicate that which held me down to earth. It may unfold itself through a principle called Solar lore; at the same time it will be a history of past experience embellished and glorified through nature in me.

Life will be a beautiful thing to live and I will give that life to the human race by teaching how to live one, two, three and four hundred years in a physical body. It will not be alone performed by the sanitary conditions of your home and surroundings, but by the sanitary condition of your physical body. You will prepare that temple of worship wherein a pure spirit can dwell never becoming tired as your physical body does now. You will live and eat differently, doing away with all forms of meat diet that creates such a desire for something to drink. You will hold in check that desire by becoming a vegetarian. Meat creates a fire in the human system that brings on a desire and a wish for a variety of drinks; the ingredients of those drinks and the substance of the flesh that you partake of clogs up the channels of the human system. The result is disease and the death of the physical body. The spirit has to be released from that condition in order to prepare itself for re-embodiment whereby it gains knowledge through such a process in nature and becomes the teacher of the future race of men and women.

Intellectual and intelligent minds will not laugh at my sayings. Only pay attention to them in order, for it is the law of order that builds up a better condition through the higher intellect, but minds clogged up through Christian superstition will ridicule them. The reason is simple; they have not become elevated above the Jewish tales of a blood-thirsty God. There is no Peace in their souls and never can be until Harmony reigns with the laws of Nature in that undeveloped soul. Harmony produces Love. Love is God embellished with Truth. Truth is the great generator of life constantly re-incarnating through the law of creation.

When minds become blended and attuned to the power and law of Theosophy, then progression will go right on beautifying all spiritual souls until their purified natures will be one with God, no longer requiring the law of Force, one of the powers of Theosophical conditions such as men and women fall under

to give them the true light of Reason and Wisdom. Wisdom is a great power when brought into force and worked out through a spiritual elevation, for Wisdom is the talisman of God and the human race. When your medium will be reincarnated the next time in a physical body she will be of her proper sex, a woman, and between her orations from the rostrum and her pencillings of Immortality, heard and read by the reading public, she will awaken a new soul desire in the human intellect. It will be so forcible it will cause men to shake in their boots, and women to tremble in their skirts. The thoughts coming from her lips will teach the children of earth they have played long enough with God's wisdom. Priestcraft will hate her, for they will tremble before her with fear. She will enlighten the minds of God's children in such a way that they will cry shame upon the priesthood and burn down the Romish Church where popery has held its sway so long, to the disgrace of the human race, calling themselves Christians.

I, Robert E. Lee, who once lived in a physical body and was looked up to as the leading general of the **defunct Confederacy**, tell you this, now a spirit constantly gaining the rational light of a true sense that must be worked out through my condition in the future. I thank you for taking down my communication and will bid you good day.

Harry Symmes

Chapter XXX

Monday, March 30, 1903.

Good afternoon, sir. It is a dull, cloudy day, as dull and cloudy as my brain was when its spirit left the physical body. It was I that brought on that thirsty condition upon your little medium. I was blazing drunk when I left my physical body. When I came in contact with your medium's forces I wanted whiskey and lots of it. The medium's band asked me to come here and give a communication, I being well acquainted with your medium when I lived in a physical body. I asked them to grant me the request to commence it on the 30th day of March; that was the date of the month that he robbed me of my heart.

Before I go any further I will give you my name. It was Harry Symmes. I was born in Norfolk, Virginia. At the age of two years my parents went to live in Baltimore, where I was brought up. Your medium knew me when I lived under the name of George Perkins. Then I played in the same company with her—for he was supposed to be a she then—at the old Bowery Theatre. They were playing "Robin Hood." She and I were in the cast. Then she was known to the public as the "Dashing Blanchard." She sang, danced and played in "Robin Hood." An actor, whose name was George Thompson, played Robin Hood; I was playing the comedian part. I fell in love with the "Dashing Blanchard," and she led me a dashing dance. There was a military gentleman that accompanied her to the theatre in the evening and after the performance was over escorted her to her home. She called him Papa Warren, and I naturally thought he was her father. It cost me a large part of my salary to furnish him with the best quality of cigars, I thinking at the same time I was going to get his daughter for a wife,

not being aware that there was any male nature attached to the little individual. In the morning I always received a gracious smile from her ladyship. In the evening it was "Sweet George, how are you tonight?" She kissed me and I was one of the happiest men in New York. When her papa came for her I handed him a cigar with a wrapper bearing the best Cuban brand. I thought some day I must tell her my real name.

When the engagement was up, or in other words, when the piece was taken off the boards, I proposed marriage to her. She laughed and said, "You Southern gentlemen are such flirts. Wait until I play in Baltimore; then I will give you my answer." I never received it in Baltimore or anywhere else.

I went from the Bowery Theatre to the Chatham Street Theatre, playing in the same company with G. L. Fox of Humpty Dumpty fame. Four years afterward the war broke out between the North and the South and I became a Southern spy. Every once in a while I would play an engagement with a variety troupe, either in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York—all the time gaining information concerning the Northern army, either sending it or taking it through the Southern lines myself. I was very much interested at one time as a good Christian missionary among the officers and soldiers at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. I became very zealous in the work, especially on Sundays. On that day I held three meetings—in the forenoon, afternoon and evening. I prayed so fervently with those terrible Yankee sinners they never became suspicious that I was a southerner. One day during one of the week day afternoon meetings I noticed there were many women listening to me, as well as the soldiers and negroes. I noticed a little girl with a pink frock on and a calico bonnet. Sometimes she would take it off and hold it in her hand, at other times she would put it on and smile at me. I thought I'd made a mash, sure. There I was passing under the name of Blackwell, that was giving my time and money to help the sick and save their souls from Hell. During my leisure moments I was getting information concerning the Union army and its whereabouts.

At twilight one evening I was leaving the house where I boarded; coming towards me on the road I saw the little girl

with the pink dress and calico bonnet. She was swinging the bonnet by one of the strings in her hand. When she got in front of me she looked up into my face and laughed, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Symmes?" I was taken off my guard; when I looked into those eyes I said, "Who are you, that knows my real name?" She laughed and said, "I am Mabel Wilson; don't you know your cousin?" I said, "Why Mabel, darling, I have not seen you since you were four years old. What are you doing here in Norfolk?" She said, "I am here in the interest of our cause; so are you, Harry." I threw my arms around her, kissed and hugged her, saying, "You are a little heroine, Mabel."

Now I must tell you right here before I go any further, that I had an uncle by the name of Wilson that lived in Norfolk, Virginia, and he had four daughters and one of their names was Mabel, the youngest one. I was thrown so completely off my guard that I believed all she said. She said, "How long are you going to preach here?" I told her two days more, as I had pretty near gained all the information that I required at the present time. I said, "Where are you living, Mabel?" She said, "I am boarding at the house of an old lady whose name is Mrs. Pepper. She is a true friend to our cause. She passes me off as her niece from Richmond. I will attend your meeting tonight in company with an old negro, as Mrs. Pepper can't go out on account of rheumatism. After your meeting is over walk out the road about two miles and I will meet you there. Over at a house about three miles from there is a family by the name of Slocum, who gives a dance tonight and there will be several of the Yankee officers present. I have made arrangements to have them captured. Throw off your disguise and come and see the fun." I went that night and met her at the place designated. It was right at the edge of a piece of timber. After we had talked a few minutes she said, "Let us go in here and rest under the trees and in about two hours we will see our boys, who are going to capture the Yankee officers, go past."

We went in under the trees and sat down, I taking her in my arms while she sang for me. I made love to her and asked her if she would marry me when the war was over. She said she would. She sang me several pretty songs. During the time I commenced to feel drowsy, or sleepy would be the proper

word. She said, when she saw my head nodding, "We will lie down here. I won't go to sleep but you can. When the boys come past I will wake you up, then we can follow and see the fun." I now understand why I went to sleep. She had a strong magnetic current that she threw upon me. That is why I became sleepy.

While she was singing I held in my hand a New York Herald that I had received from an officer of the Union army. I had it in my pocket and had just taken it out and spread it on her lap, saying, "Mabel, you can read that tomorrow," when all of a sudden I heard a peculiar noise on the paper. It sounded to me like little grains of sand or kernels of wheat dropping on the paper. I said, "Cousin Mabel, I wonder what makes that strange noise on the paper." She said, "Oh, it's old splithoof after you. He wants to let you know he is working for our cause." Little did I think then what cause she meant. After that I became tired and went to sleep. During my sleep she drugged me—that is, she chloroformed me. I did not return to my normal condition until late in the night following. She had robbed me of all my notes, as I never had permitted them to leave my body. She took my watch and chain and a plain heavy gold band ring that I wore on my finger. She also took from around my neck a gold chain to which was attached a large gold medallion locket that contained a portrait of herself, painted on ivory, as she was when she played in Robin Hood. I got her photograph in New York, gave it to a lady artist, who copied it on ivory. I wore it around my neck, thinking some day we would meet again and she would become my wife. Little did I think at the time that I was holding in my arms the coveted prize, the "Dashing Blanchard." She had freckles on her face, a long braid of red hair hanging down her back and spoke in the southern dialect, as if she had been to the manor born. Her disguise was so perfect that I never thought I was talking to any other than my cousin Mabel. We never met again. After the war was over I went to New Orleans, following my profession sometimes and at other times speculating.

I passed out of my body three months ago in New Orleans in an intoxicated condition and here I am today using her organ of speech—or his if you choose to call it so.

That which I have just described took place out in the suburbs of Fortress Monroe, in the month of June on a Wednesday evening in 1864.

I thank you for taking down what I had to say and leave my love for one of the most daring spies I ever heard of. She does not look now, lying here, as the gay, young and alert "Dashing Blanchard," but is now an old, decrepit piece of humanity waiting for the spirit to take its flight and pass before the true tribunal of Justice which none of us can escape. I will say here that the war resulted just as it ought to have done. I was young then and thought the South was right. My father lost a fortune by the war.

I was with the stock company with John Wilkes Boothe, traveling through the south. When the medium's company came to play at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore they were the next company advertised to follow Wilkes Booth. I, being a member of the company, Wilkes Booth and myself dressed in the same room. While there I received a letter from my uncle addressed to me on the envelope as George Perkins. Inside of the letter my uncle addressed me as his dear nephew, Harry Symmes. In this letter he described his family and especially his youngest daughter Mabel, wishing that I might be able to come and make them a visit. The medium discovered the letter sticking out from behind the looking-glass and through that letter he learned my real name and also the names of my uncle's family. Good day. Harry Symmes.

Helen Howard

Chapter XXXI

Friday, April 24, 1903.

Good morning, friend. I did not come to talk of the dead, but of the living. We are all living entities in life on both sides of the question. You are spiritual and I am spiritual. You live in a physical body, from which I have been released. So you see we are brothers and sisters in the work which deals with the great race called the children of men.

A great many people speak of the power of life, which is a brilliant idea when properly understood. You in a physical body, as an investigator, while I in a spiritual body, are twin thoughts of the great creation which is called the Universe. Now, what is the Universe? It is something we do not understand. We can talk of millions of planets, constellations, satellites and orbs. We can give expression to the great thought of Life, but we cannot define the Universe. This great idea of Universe to our feeble minds is beyond our comprehension. The Universe is the "Soul of Things"; we are part of that soul. That soul is unified in all Life. The expression of the Soul is the breath of the Universe. Some of the learned savants in Life speak of soul measure and soul entities, soul degrees and soul vibrations. There are many in existence that have highly developed minds; they have gained a great deal of knowledge through re-embodiment on your mundane sphere, but they cannot measure the soul; that is an utter impossibility. They can divine that which comes from the soul, but through the lack of that great Wisdom that no one has yet attained, they are still—as it were—in a certain kind of servitude through which they are trying to gain knowledge. The aspiration that individual minds speak of is a detective searching out and trying to divine soul measure, but as they have failed in that principle they take up imperial psychological thoughts through which they hope to

gain the inner light of soul action. There is a line or course of study laid out for the human race, the divinity of which is self-culture. By cultivating the mind they draw unto themselves cultivated thoughts from out the depths of Wisdom. Wisdom is a great power in civilization; that power draws them nearer to the exalted divine condition that radiates from the soul.

When the human mind becomes governed through intellect on a high plane of Divinity all wars and strife will cease. The thought of "I am greater than thou" will be banished through the open door of Wisdom. The powers that are grasping the great manifestations of the human mind are the divining rods of sensibility. When those who live in the physical body and those who live on the spirit side of life will come to a satisfactory understanding of Harmony, infidelity will cease to exist; it will be utterly impossible for the materialistic condition in Life to have any foothold on a planet where Harmony would reign. Perhaps you would ask me how we can reach that perfect state of Harmony. Simply by letting that great light that exists in the Soul govern and direct all conditions on this planet. The innovator has a chance to gain that purity of mind as well as he who thinks he is Godlike. The true expression of Godlike is to become human and grow through that great luxurious growth of wealth, called the growth of the higher Intellect. All possibilities are ours when we understand that mental expression called the "True Life"; then Gods will learn to become wise and walk in Wisdom's ways. They will throw off that gross human condition that gave them confidence to speak to the multitude, "I am He that knows all and only through me can perfection come." Poor, ignorant, superstitious and deluded minds, puffed up with the vanity of the world's growth, forgetting at the same time that the world's growth is a constant growth of immortality that brings to all souls alike—did they but understand it—the light of Knowledge which in time will banish from the face of the earth the God idea.

The purity of the mind, through the embellishment of the Soul has gained an understanding of the Law of Reason. The Law of Reason will elevate the human mind in time to understand that the infinite part of the Soul is the great principle of all Life, unified throughout all time in that great Soul which is

the generator and creator of the Law of Evolution. Solar Biology in time will give to the higher Intellect a reminiscence of the past and a consolation of the future which means eternity in the higher growth of unification whereby mental thought will lay bare the past, the present and the future to the minds of those searching for the higher light. Wisdom's religion, which in time the lower Intellect will understand, is one with that great divine Soul, the creator of all planets. The true Messiah to the human race is Reason that constantly comes en rapport with perfect knowledge. The infinitude of Thought is an exhalation or outgrowth of the divine principle that comes from the higher soul to the children of men, as we live and understand that we are creatures placed here on this planet to gain that perfect knowledge. If we fail in the several embodiments we must constantly go on in the path of Life bearing that burden that recreates through Wisdom's laws and brings forth the expression "Eureka" (I have found it.) That will show to the intellectual mind of the higher growth he has a weak knowledge of the life lines of Nature. Perspicuity must be understood and unravelled, out of which from its very depths must come a light which will verberate in the whole aspects of its surroundings.

It is only those that sit quiet, meditate and divine holy things that gain this light that is working through the whole human mind. When their reasoning power becomes illuminated then they commence to understand, "I am He that was; I am She that is and we will both be through all time, the Omniscient power of Love unified in the great eternal Soul creation which says to all planets, 'There are no other Gods but me.' I am the Light of the Sun and hold all electric power within my breath which I breathe upon the planets. I have permitted my breath to pass over your earth planet from which you have made the discovery of electric motion. It has electrified the mind in order that they may grasp it and utilize it, through which it will manifest through the command of man and display its power to the ignorant walking on the lower plane of Life." The great electric motion is the Soul speaking to the human race. The human mind is only in its babyhood of electrical discovery; as the reasoning power develops in man, so will the electric condition of all the embodiments of the Soul become plainer to that inner

sense located in manhood, which will give an outer expression of creation held by the great forces of the mind expressing and defining itself in the higher growth of Wisdom.

If one is wise he has the love at heart of the whole human race, and with that Soul power that is constantly furnishing him with knowledge, divines that great light that always has been and will forever be the torch bearer of Truth. The only God, or personal God that the human race will ever have is the God of Truth. Not the Jehovah of the Jews whose name is a disgrace to the higher intellect, that which is constantly being collected by the children of men.

You who live in physical bodies speak of Religion as if it were a wise and holy saying. There is no Religion that can give to you the manifestation of the soul's individuality. No priest, minister or teacher has that power—it is an inner growth developed only through consciousness that you are a part of that great Soul. When you have divined that, that great Light of Truth which lives within you will produce an aspiration to the mind **which is far superior to any so named religions.** That aspiration will produce you a guide saying, "Come up higher."

In the mansions of Truth are many schools and grades of education. When you have discovered the infinitude of a sunbeam, then you are commencing to realize what the divinity of the Soul is. It is an inward and outward expression taught to you by that teacher sunbeam.

Men and women constantly claim we live under the Holy Trinity and understand its workings. It is three in one, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, from whom comes all Life. Poor, deluded minds, falsely educated through the power of priestcraft. All Life comes from the great unified Soul, and we are entities, unified in that Soul, because we are the expression of that which comes from the great Soul, which is the womb of all Life. We are fortified, did we but understand it, through the law of life and the power of Evolution and Involution that knows no Trinity—three in one. The great Soul has only one expression, and we are the outgrowth of that expression. That is why we have such a variety of expressions in life coming from the great soul of expression. Expressions are constantly filling human embodiments and through that expression they gain earthly

knowledge. As we grasp a simple understanding of Infinitude, we are gaining in knowledge which re-creates expression.

There comes from knowledge a power of Intellect, a constant development of innate sense and through that innate sense we acknowledge ourselves to the world as individuals that have taken up the law of Morality and Love for the kingdom that sometime we will gain through our senses. The outpouring of that part of the Soul that dwells within us will give us an understanding that we are greater than any religion that is manufactured or prescribed through priestcraft, to undeveloped minds who have not yet gained the knowledge or power to define "True Life" through Wisdom's law. There is a chalice bearer that comes to the human heart: It is constantly filled with incense of natural Love. It may be crushed for a time through the brutality of a low, depraved nature, but it will rise again and assert its rights because it comes from the womb of great mother Nature and demands a place in the human heart of men and women.

Oh, think of it, friends. We are the Light and Life of the great Sun, for that Sun is an embellishment of Truth thrown off from the great Soul of Nature. Can we eradicate Death? Yes, by living the True Life and studying the laws of Wisdom, the great Law that has given to our planet perpetual life, can destroy Death through the purification of our part of the great Soul. When we have purified that part and are one in Life with the great Soul and can face the womb of nature purified throughout and all our aspects are those of Glory, then we have conquered Death. How have we conquered Death? Because there is no power in the law of Wisdom to compel us to pass through the dark shadow called Death. The Soul has become illuminated through all principles in Nature then and we are deified in all Life. The time will come when the human expression will conquer that shadow called Death. No thought of oblivion will be heard then, all has become the True Life, as it always was that True Life required a development by taking on a physical body, for when once it has gained the ascendancy over physical life it becomes one and united in the great Love of the over soul called Deity by the human mind. A creation is a thought out of space; space being the eternal Soul of Nature

knows no such thing as Death, when this physical body that you of earth live in becomes a burden to infinitude.

There is a causation produced by the infinite part that compels a dark shadow to overpower the physical part of your condition which sloughs off from the higher element of your nature, which is spiritual, the dark shadow you call the expression of Death, but there is no such thing as Death, it is only the separation of darkness from Light; Light being the highest power it annuls the dark shadow and that causes separation. Darkness or the physical element belongs to the mineral and earthly conditions of Nature. Light is the great power and element that lights up the mind or higher intellect and belongs to the universal soul, which knows no such shadow as Death. As this planet has passed from out its dark condition into Light it has become a culmination of Truth whereby it never can know darkness again. That part that you call Death is only the transition from the grosser to the spiritual.

There is a generosity in Nature that brightens up all conditions. When the spirit has parted from the shadow it discovers a greater Light than it ever understood before. When a spirit has a desire to take on re-embodiment it selects a condition that has more Truth and Life in it than the previous one that it had lived in before. That is why you find such exalted minds as Blavatsky, Leadbeater, Besant, Moses Hull, Cora Richmond and others. They in past human embodiments destroyed the shadow, understanding eternal affinity. The load they carry of the present human embodiment is much lighter than the one they had previous to this condition; that is why their minds have become illuminated with spirituality, understanding the astral plane, they bring those that they come en rapport with on to a higher plane of individuality. That individuality is a high expression of Soul growth, therefore they could not produce anything to the reading public only that which is moral and elevating to the intellect of those living in human embodiments. They can teach them soul growth but they have no understanding of soul measure, that is yet beyond their comprehension. Truth, being the torch bearer of Light, gives to them a soul expression which will abide with them for all time.

Now I will relate to you some of my earth experience in my last embodiment. I was the daughter of wealthy parents. I was sent away to a ladies' seminary to get polishing in order that I might make my debut into fashionable society. While at that polishing institution called a ladies' seminary I became infatuated with a male student belonging to the Hopkins University. He claimed that I was his ideal of womanhood and that he loved no one but me. He said that would be impossible, as I was a regular Juno and held all the qualities of womanhood for him. He tempted me by much flattery that he bestowed upon my vanity. I fell a victim to his wiles and became a mother, not inside of the pale of wedlock. He deserted me to my fate and I became an abandoned woman, losing all faith in God, man and the human race. One night in Washington, D.C., I was escorted to a theatre by a United States officer. When returning from the theatre we were confronted by a woman who claimed to be his wife. She upbraided him for his neglect to her. She struck me in the face and I fell into the doorway of a store. When I came to consciousness this medium was holding my head and bathing my face with cold water that he procured from a tin pail which a negress held in her hand. I looked at him and said, "Who are you, and why am I here in this condition?" He said, "As I was walking towards the hotel I saw you lying in this doorway and knew something was wrong. I raised your head but you could not speak. The black woman was passing by. I hailed her and told her if she would bring me some cold water I would pay her for her trouble. Now who are you, and what are you doing here with all this blood on your face?" Then it came back to me how I had been struck by that woman and knocked down. I told him all. He said, "Where is your home?" I told him I had no home now. I only lodged in a house with other vile characters like myself. He said, "You must not return to such a place as that. Perhaps this black woman will find you lodgings for a time until I can see what can be done for you. You have the making of a good woman in you, but I see it all before me very plain. You were ruined by a villain to whom you confided that which is dearest to a woman, but you must remember you are a child of God's and there is always redemption waiting for His children."

He said to the black woman, "What can you do for her?" She said she would take me to her own home until things changed for the better. With his assistance and the black woman's I reached her home where I remained until I discovered what a wretch I had become. He provided for me the necessary expenses required for my condition.

To cut a long story of woe short, I became a different woman. I found my child and we went to live in a private home where in time the master of the house became a widower. He made me his wife by marrying me. I bore him five children. I leave my love for the medium and thank you for taking down my communication. My maiden name was Helen Howard. I will bid you good day.

Charles Reed

Chapter XXXII

Friday, June 5, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. There may be such a thing that you do not remember me, but I remember you. My name when living in a physical body was Charles Reed. I met you in Chicago during the Knights Templar Conclave. If you remember there were several hot days during that time. I was introduced to you by a gentleman from McPherson, Kansas, at the Grand Pacific.

You are going to have a close, warm day on this present occasion. At one time this morning we thought we would wake you up at five o'clock while it was yet cool in order that I might give my communication. Rosa, the Indian girl, said, "No, brave, you can't do that. Brave Hubbum has to get plenty sleep." I do not give it to you just as she said it in her Indian way, but you have the substance of our conversation.

I come here today by request of a spirit; when living in the physical body he bore the name of William Denton, a geologist that had quite a reputation. He made the discovery that I was acquainted with Little Puss when living in a physical body. He accompanied me here to your home. I was acquainted with Little Puss in the early days of the California Theatre on Bush street above Kearney, San Francisco, California. At that time I was dresser for the tragedian, John McCulloch. Little Puss opened in a musical comedy—that is—it was a farce comedy. I think the name of the farce comedy was "Slasher and Crasher." At that time he was the greatest burlesque artist I had ever seen. His acting and dancing made him the feature of the company—that is, he was the drawing card. I remember how John McCulloch would stand in the wings and hold a white lace shawl that she wore in the piece. He would say to me, "Charley, that's the little comet of this age." After I became a comedian of

some fame, I played an engagement at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, in the comedy, "Who is the Man?" Little Puss played the soubrette part. I did not think then, while I was kissing and hugging her and holding her in a loving embrace that I was holding the private spy of Abraham Lincoln, that grand spirit of the age. I discovered that Little Puss was a high strung individual and had what the world would call a bad temper. I remember on a Friday morning while we were rehearsing a new farce comedy called the "Lover's Vow," Mr. Stevens, who wrote the piece, was directing the rehearsal. He said something to Little Puss which I did not hear; whatever it was that he said it did not please his little Highness. He broke forth in a torrent of oaths, and I thought if ever a theatrical company would have an invitation to enter the drawing room of hell, it was that morning. While the condition was going on some one went to the box office for Mr. Hooley. Mr. Hooley came down the main aisle, mounted the steps at the side of the orchestra, which brought him up on the stage. He said, "Good people, good people, what is the matter here?" Mr. Stevens stood near the footlights looking like a pale ghost. He trembled so he could not speak. He raised his hand, pointed to Little Puss, who threw his hat at him, saying, "Get out, you galoot." Miss Davis laughed so she had to sit down on a chair. I said, "Oh, Miss Davis, how can you laugh in that way?" She said, "Charley, I'm accustomed to hearing thas once in a while. I've played off and on for the last three years in the same company with Puss, and a better and more generous little creature never lived, but he will take none of those authors' airs, and as you see, Mr. Stevens has made that discovery this morning."

Mr. Hooley sat down on a chair that was placed for him near a table. He said, "Now come, Puss, tell me how this all happened." Puss pointed towards Mr. Stevens, saying, "That giraffe there had the audacity to tell me that I didn't understand stage business." Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "If you don't, I would like to know who does, for you have never known anything else but stage life, as far as I know." Addressing Mr. Stevens he said, "Hand me that manuscript." After Mr. Stevens had handed him the manuscript Mr. Hooley said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, take your positions and we will proceed with

rehearsal." In the comedy, or I should say, in that scene of the comedy, Puss plays a character called Mattie. She is a very wilful girl and will have her own way. She runs in through a garden gate, throws herself into my arms, and placing her hands around my neck, laughs hilariously; it is a kind of hysterical laugh. At night she'd get the audience to laughing. While I held her in my arms I got to laughing, too. It was catching and all the characters in that scene got to laughing. I thought to myself while I was holding him, "Good God, is this the person that cursed so fifteen minutes ago?" There is a village dance takes place in that scene, led off by Little Puss and myself. While we were dancing around Mr. Stevens stood with his back towards us, leaning with one hand on a table, at the same time talking to Mr. Hooley. As we danced around on that side and before I knew it Little Puss kicked Mr. Stevens on his back anatomy, landing him in Mr. Hooley's lap. The uproar of laughter became so great that the musicians in the orchestra could not play with any effect, so we had to stop until we could get our composure. Mr. Hooley laughed so I thought he'd go into a fit. Mr. Morrison, the leader of the orchestra, said, "Now, Puss, quit your funny business until we get through rehearsal."

When the company had quieted down Mr. Stevens pointed at Puss, saying, "That imp there is a devil out of hell, if there ever was one." Mr. Hooley said, "Mr. Stevens, you sit down on this chair here, where I think perhaps you will be safe, if you attend to your P's and Q's." Mr. Hooley then said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, try that dance over again." I noticed Mr. Hooley stood between the dancers and Mr. Stevens. He told me after rehearsal, "Little Puss is as quick as lightning with his feet. You see, Mr. Reed, I understand him and he is one of the easiest persons in the world to get along with if you do what's right, but he will stand no scollops from any of these writers of plays. He has played for me a number of years and all the comedians say that he is the best support they ever found in the soubrette line. It was only a week ago that John Hart told me he is worth his weight in gold." His comedy acting in "That Husband of Mine" was something grand to look at. As time went on I realized that Mr. Hooley had spoken the truth. I also discovered that Puss was a strange being. He could laugh and cry

almost in the same breath. Before I opened at Mr. Hooley's theatre in Chicago I met Charley Thorne on Broadway, New York. He said, "Reed, where is your next date?" I said, "At Hooley's, Chicago." He laughed and said, "You'll find a little daisy there to play with, but a tartar if you cross her. I always call it her because it's more woman than man. I think her neck and arms are something beautiful to look at. They come out of a perfect mould. Her face from the front has the look of a Greek goddess to me. I played with her once for old Jackson's benefit at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and I think of all the tomboy girls that I ever saw impersonated on the stage, she played one to perfection. Reed, I was fascinated. I do not believe it is a male. I think she likes to live in male attire in the day time. Those eyes, hands and feet were never intended for a male. Possibly you know there has been all kinds of rumors and stories about the sex. While she was playing in England they had to get the police to guard the stage door, there were so many men in waiting to see her come out of the stage entrance". In the sleeping car between Jersey City and Chicago I made the acquaintance of George Knight, who went as far as Pittsburg. He told me that he was the next star at Hooley's. He said, "I long to play again with Little Puss. He was the best Lena I ever had in my German farce. Give him my love and tell him to be in good trim when I get there. I have a fine part for him in my new comedy." He opened his satchel, and taking out a nice photograph of himself he wrote on the back with an indelible pencil, "To my loving little friend Puss, from his loving and well-wisher always, George Knight. I have saved this picture for you, as I know you like to look on George's face once in a while; place this in the rack of photographs that you have received from your other friends."

There is a great deal that I could tell concerning his life. He was looked upon as a peculiar creature by the profession. He was one that lived in a sphere of emotion, controlled by spirit power. I am glad that he has lived so long in the physical body. When the work goes before the reading public they will be surprised to know how much a natural born medium passes through during their physical embodiment. There are a number of spirits with me here today and they leave their love for

Little Puss. It would take up a large space in printed matter to give their names. Agnes Ethel says she knew all the time Little Justin was a medium. When I saw the Little One last his body had not spread out as it is today. The dropsy is a dreadful disease as it spreads over the whole anatomy of a human frame. This is a quiet place for him to live in, in order to give this work to the public.

I leave my love for Little Justin. Tell him he is "Wandering Home." Just think of it, here he is in his 75th year. When I saw him last I did not think he would live five years. It is through the power of the spirit that I feel he has been kept in the body for a work. I passed from my physical body in Boston, Mass. I was known to the theatrical profession as Charley Reed. I thank you for taking down my communication.

The next spirit that will follow me will be Billy Emerson of minstrel fame. He and I were great friends while living in the physical body. I thank you again and bid you good day.

November 7, 1889.

Oh, papa, and mamma, I have something to say,
 Now don't think I am going to lecture or pray,
 Perhaps you will be surprised at what I am going to say.
 Grandma Judson says she is tired of play
 And is going to work for she feels that way,
 For now is the hour and the very day.

Grandpa Judson says it is woman's talk,
 She says it won't be like lots of men, to melt like chalk.
 I have got the power and now I am going to talk,
 So those that don't like it can just walk.
 You will find in womans' suffrage I am no gawk
 For I can give it to them without any squawk.

Grandpa Chappel says go it old lady,
 To help you out in this I am ready.
 Keep up a brave heart, then you will be steady,
 I know Otis will join you when you are ready,
 For he, himself, is rather steady,
 So let us stump it like John Reddy.

Then Grandma Chappel says, I like that,
For some men have only looked on woman as a bat.
Now as to intellect we will show them we do not lack,
It would do them good if a few got a whack.
I think as to progression some of their skulls are cracked,
Their egotism before this should have been sacked.

Then Grandpa laughed enough almost to kill,
And says, my dear, you are just after my will,
So let our thoughts some day a newspaper fill.
Charley says to help you I have got the will,
When Grandma says then we will give them their fill.
Grandpa Judson says, that will suit our will.

I tell you we held a regular conference for awhile,
When Charley burst out in a broad smile
And says, we can beat Gladstone and Carlisle.
Grandma Judson says, we are going to make some of them rile,
And perhaps some of them will also bile,
For I feel just now like a sharp file.

Then we all clapped our hands with joy
And said, Grandma, you should have led the siege of Troy,
When she said, I will make some of them coy
And walk into their ranks like a female Rob Roy.
They will find we are no Christmas toy,
As none of our souls they can destroy.

Oh, how I wish you all could have been there.
I tell you didn't Grandpa Judson stare
And cry out, old lady, hold on there, don't swear,
Then with her words she rent the air,
But in all she was a perfect lady, I declare
It made all the people around look and stare.

Then Grandma Chappel says, we once were human kind,
Now we are spirits and can give something sublime.
Not merely talk to be carried away with the wind,

For in all she says you will find she is gentle and kind
 And not treat people as if they were deaf, dumb and blind,
 Like lots of men do that are left on earth behind.

Then Grandpa Chappel had his say,
 I tell you this is progression and no child's play
 And we must get in our licks every day,
 For men on earth too long have had their way.
 So it is time for woman to have her say
 And not let the men have all the sway.

Then Dan arose and said, I like all this
 I feel on earth it will bring perfect bliss.
 Then the parents will give the child a mutual kiss.
 And teach them of a world like this.
 To work for them must be our only wish,
 As woman's suffrage must become like this.

Then Charley, with his complacent smile,
 Says, Grandma Judson is a heroine all the while,
 So let us into the ranks file.
 Come Grandpa Judson, let's have another smile,
 For this is no woman's wile.

I suppose my son it is all for the best
 As woman has always been counted with the blest.
 This comes of my wife taking such a long rest.
 Now it looks as if she was going to work with a zest,
 I suppose I will have to give her a loving caress
 If I expect to get any more natural rest.

Then we all gave three rousing cheers
 As the work has commenced without fears.
 Then I told them I would the helm steer,
 As we through Justin could give it from our sphere.
 Then we all tried to shed a big tear;
 It would not come there was so much joy here.
 From your loving
 Ella or Pearlgate.

William Emerson

Chapter XXXIII

Tuesday, July 7, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I was not acquainted with you in the body. I was with your brother Franklin. I met him in Cincinnati. After that I met him in Columbus, Ohio, and later in Chicago and Morris, Illinois. My name is William Emerson, known to the minstrel and theatrical profession as Billy Emerson; managers advertised me as the great Billy Emerson, Prince of Minstrel Comedians.

Now I am going to give this communication in my own way and in my own language, which is United States. I will describe to you the different incidents that took place in the Little One's life, or perhaps I should say that which occurred in his life, to my knowledge. I will give you some of his quaint sayings.

When I first met the Little One it was at the old Vine Street Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio. He came there as a star with a ballet company. Ballets in those days were all the rage. He was one of the Premier Danseuses and a little mite of a creature at that. They finished up the performance with a play called "Little Jack Shepherd, the Baby Housebreaker." Why they designated it by that name was on account of Little Justin's height; he was only four feet tall. I was a boy working around the theatre and running errands for actors and actresses. Now I will describe him as he looked as "Little Jack Shepherd." When he opened the door and walked out of his dressing room going towards the stage he was followed by a large military looking man. I think he was the finest specimen of manhood I ever saw; when he addressed anyone he spoke with a rich, heavy, bass voice. His voice fascinated me so that I tried to keep as

close to him as I possibly could in order to hear him speak. Now I will describe the Little One as he was dressed for the character. He wore a red, close cropped wig, a loose linen white shirt, a vest striped in red and green, a little pair of corduroy knee breeches, blue woolen stockings and flat low shoes. He mounted a ladder and stepped on to a board over a doorway and the ladder was taken away. When the curtain went up he was discovered in the act of cutting a name over the doorway, at the same time singing a rollicking song,

"I'm the dandy of Piccadilly,
And those that don't believe so
Must be awful silly."

At the end of each verse he would dance a few steps upon that board, at the same time holding the mallet and chisel in his hands. He looked for all the world, standing up there on that board, like a monkey dressed up; then he made believe to become very tired, sat down on the board, laid his mallet and chisel alongside of him, took an old clay pipe out of his pocket, filled it with tobacco, scratched a match on the sole of his shoe, lit his pipe and commenced to smoke. Between puffs he commenced to sing, "I'm the pet of the ladies, as you can see," then commenced a perfect uproar of laughter and stamping of feet by the gallery gods. While he was smoking I think he looked more like a monkey than ever. A number of men and women pass along in that scene, with several kids following them. When the kids got in front of where he was sitting they holler, "Hello, Jack, ain't you going in swimming today?" He said, "As I'm a blooming gent hi's goin'." He jumps off the plank, which is quite high. Quite a number of ladies in the audience screamed, they were afraid he would break his neck—but instead of that he lit on his feet like a cat. A kid said to him, "Jack, can't you sing us a song before we go swimming?" He said, "In course I can, if you'll histe your voices in the chorus." He sang a song wherein he said, "I cram my heel and stub my toe, that's 'ow I jump just so." In looking at him singing that song and dancing it gave me the idea of getting up a song and dance through which I became so famous in after years in the minstrel profession.

I will also describe to you another funny scene in the play.

It is the interior of a low den in London where low, brutish men and lewd women congregate to dance and sing, drink whiskey and gin and tell vulgar stories. He enters the den dressed up as a little English dude of that period. On his legs are white silk stockings. On his feet are low patent leather shoes with large silver buckles. He wears a blue satin vest, embroidered all over with silk flowers, a scarlet silk velvet coat trimmed with gold lace, white lace ruffles hanging out of his vest, the same around the cuffs of his coat, a white powdered wig, fashioned in a queue at the back, a black cocked hat trimmed with white swansdown. He looked for all the world like a monkey dressed up for an exhibition. He takes a silver snuff box out of his pocket, taps the lid and takes a snuff. After that he says, "Ladies and gents, I'se hawful glad to see you." He jumps onto a large deal table, calls all the ladies up to him, kisses each one in turn and says, "Some 'ow you looks like daisies tonight. What is the matter with them ere blokes over there; they grins as if they was goin' to their funeral?" There was a tall slender girl in the piece who stood six feet in her stockings. She was engaged expressly to play that part called Bonnie Bess. Jack makes believe to fall in love with her and kisses and hugs her quite frequently. One of the toughs in the play says he won't stand it—that she belongs to him, and challenges Jack to fight a duel with pistols. Jack accepts the challenge and they are both handed pistols. Jack mounts and sits on this tall woman's shoulders, fires off his pistol and kills his antagonist before the word is given to fire; that closes the scene.

There is another scene in the play which is a courtroom scene. There is a trial and Jack is condemned to be hung for murdering that man. Jack's girl is permitted to see him in his cell. She smuggles in some whiskey. Jack drinks it and gets drunk. When the officers bring him to the courtroom to stand trial he comes in drunk, singing, "She's my darling and I'm her sugar plum." The judge gets so angry he stands up and hollers out, "I want quietness to reign in this courtroom while I preside here as judge." Jack hollers out, "Go chase yourself, you old bloke." The judge looks all around to see who spoke those words, with a face on him as red as a lobster, hollering out, "Who dares to insult me in his majesty's courtroom?" Jack

hollers out, "Hi do, you duffer." The judge yells out, "Where does that voice come from?" The two policemen pick Jack up and hold him out at arms length that the judge may see him. When the judge looks on the culprit he staggers back and falls into his chair saying, "The Lord have mercy on us; what is it?"

Now I want to describe Jack to you as he appears in court. He wears a little pair of boots with an old pair of torn knee breeches, a torn vest, a loose linen shirt hanging on him in rags, two black eyes, a bloody nose and a red wig on his head. While the policemen were holding him up for the judge to look at, his Honor said, "Officers, where did you find that God-forsaken looking thing?" One of the officers said, "Your Honor, we found him and his sweetheart painting the town red," which brought a big laugh from the audience. Mr. Hulburd, I wish you could have seen him as he was made up for that scene. Of all the wretched looking creatures, he was that one. He looked like they had picked him out of the gutter after a dog had got through chawing him all over. I never saw such a make-up in all my life. He is condemned to be hung and after they have pronounced sentence on him the judge asked him what he has to say for himself. He gives a hiccough and says, "Hi feels as 'ow I must kiss Bonnie Bess, since they're goin' to make a hangel out o' me." That great, strapping woman picks him up; he hugs and kisses her, saying, "Bess, lass, see 'e keeps my grave green," which brings a big laugh from the people. They call him before the curtain. He is led on by Mr. Warren, when the gallery gods holler, "Let's have 'Oh, ain't we got a nerve.'" He goes up to the leader of the orchestra and says, "McGuffin, fiddle." The orchestra plays; he sings and dances and of all the wretched looking little creatures that you ever saw in your life it's he singing and dancing "Oh, ain't I got a nerve." He was called out three times and they wanted him to come out the fourth time. Mr. Warren stepped on the stage, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is utterly impossible for him to sing and dance any more for you at present; he must rest now and get ready for the last act."

In the last act is the gallows scene. He is brought on, walking between two great, big officers six feet tall, chained to their legs. The three mount the scaffold where stands a hangman

and a clergyman. The clergyman steps forward, loosens the chains, lets them drop to the platform. The clergyman says to Jack, "I think we had better pray now, before your soul passes into eternity." Jack looks up at him with an awful dreary expression on his face. You'd think he had been on a drunk for a month. He says to the clergyman, "I ain't got time now; the old man and the hangels are waiting for me and I don't want to be late for the brimstone soup." Just then he kicks both the policemen on the shins. They fall to the platform. He grabs the rope they're going to hang him with, swings himself to the roof of an old fashioned house standing near by. The curtain goes down while the orchestra is playing that Scotch ballad, "I'm o'er young to marry yet." The policemen are clubbing each other with their clubs. The clergyman and the hangman sit down on each corner of the platform, drinking whiskey out of a bottle. I give you a little description of the funniest Jack Shepard I ever saw played. It is impossible for me to recite all the funny lines here that were spoken in the piece.

I became very much attached to Justin and felt very proud when he could ask me to perform any duty for him. It rained very hard that night before the performers got ready to go home to their hotel and I asked Mr. Warren to grant me the permission to carry Little Justin on my back to the hotel. First he did not seem inclined to grant me that permission, but the Little One said, "Oh papa, do let him carry me on his back; it will be just grand." Mr. Warren said, "Well, wait; I have just sent for an umbrella and I will hold it over you while he carries you to the hotel." Wasn't I a proud boy then? I'd have given a hundred dollars if only some of the boys had been around to see me carry the little star on my back. When we arrived at the hotel Little Justin said, "Papa Warren, I'm going to invite Billy to take lunch with us tonight." Mr. Warren said, "All right, Pet; we'll go right up now and get through with it." I could see he wanted to get rid of me. I noticed he indulged Little Justin in all his wishes.

We went up stairs, Justin holding my hand all the time. When we arrived at their apartments a man servant ushered us in. There was quite a spread on a table waiting the coming of Mr. Warren and his Little One. A roast chicken, some lobster

salad, bread and butter, chow chow, strawberries and a bottle of wine. That was the best meal and the happiest one that I ever sat down to partake of up till that time. The man servant waited on us and I saw that he understood his business. After we had finished the repast, the man servant removed the dishes from the room, returning he placed a handsome table cloth on the table, a beautiful smoking set, a bottle of wine and a glass. I noticed Little Justin only sipped a little bit of the wine out of his papa's glass. While the man was arranging those things on the table Mr. Warren stepped into the next room, returning in about five minutes with a dressing gown on and a newspaper in his hand. He said to the servant, "Henry, wheel that sofa up under the gas light; I'm going to read the newspaper while Pet and his friend amuse themselves." He said, "Have you placed a fresh pitcher of drinking water in the sleeping room? You know when Puss wakes up he always wants a big drink of water." The man said, "I have done so, Mr. Warren. I think everything is in its place for tonight." Mr. Warren said, "Very well, Henry, you may retire now. See that our breakfast is served at 9 o'clock, as usual." After the man left the room and shut the door, Mr. Warren lay down on the sofa to read his newspaper. Little Justin coaxed me to play horse with him. I got down on my hands and knees, while he got on my back, then I went around the room, making believe I was a horse. I could see Mr. Warren would look at us once in a while and smile. I was glad that I did something to please him. In about an hour he said to me, "Billy, you had better go home now—the hour is late." Little Justin spoke up and said, "Papa, he ain't a going tonight." Mr. Warren said, "but Pet, we have no bed for him and besides that his mother will want to see him." The Little One said, "He ain't a going home, anyhow. He's my boy now and he's going to sleep on that sofa where you're lying." Mr. Warren laughed and said, "Well, I suppose you will have your own way. What are we going to do for bed-clothes?" Little Justin said, "I will give him my pillow and your overcoat, that settles it now, papa." He said, "I suppose so." Little Justin said to me, "Billy, you can sleep that way, can't you?" I said, "Why, of course I can." I would have slept on the floor if he had asked me to, in order to be near him.

Mr. Warren said, "Well, get up here on to my lap and let me unbutton your shoes and get you ready for bed." Mr. Warren prepared him for bed and then carried him into the adjoining room. That night I dreamed I had become a star and was playing in a company with the Little One, which came to pass forty years afterwards, when Little Justin and I played with Mc Guire's and Haverley's great combination.

We will continue at another time, as they say we have done enough today.

Thursday, July 9, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd, but perhaps I should say, "How are you at noon today, as it is so near the noon hour?" I was not permitted to come yesterday. Miss Lees said that Justin's physical strength would not permit of him being controlled every day. She says his physical condition is too weak for that purpose now, but I might take control today for a couple of hours. The Indian girl, Rosa, said, "Don't spread it out too much, or we will have to choke you off." She said it in her Indian way, but I give it to you in my way of speaking.

We will now proceed with the Little One's condition and life as I remember it. I will give it to you as near correct as I am capable of doing.

On the following morning, after the Sunday before Justin's company was to leave for Pittsburg, I was in the reading room with Justin and several of the company. While we were sitting there talking, Mr. Warren and the landlord stood near the door conversing with each other when three carriages drove up in front of the hotel. The driver of the first carriage got down and opened the door when out stepped Miss Charlotte Cushman and her maid. When Little Justin discovered who it was he yelled out, "There's old Charlotte." As he made a rush for the door he pushed me; I fell up against a gentleman and we both fell to the floor. As he was rushing towards the door Mr. Warren stepped in front of him, thinking he would stop him from running into the street, but quicker than I can tell it he dodged between Mr. Warren's legs. The landlord thought he'd stop him. Quicker than lightning, or nearly as quick, anyhow, he kicked the landlord in the belly. The landlord dropped to the floor. He opened the door, rushed out on the sidewalk hol-

lering, "Charlotte, old, old Charlotte." In about three minutes he was clasped in her arms. He raised such a confusion in the reading room you would have thought a cyclone had struck the hotel. While Mr. Warren stood up against the door laughing an old gentleman sat down on one of the chairs that Puss had pushed up against a chair out of his way, holding his side. When I came to my senses the old man said, "Damn that kid anyhow; he is quicker than all hell. Who does the brat belong to?" I said, "That gentleman standing in the door laughing is his father." He says, "What—that big man there?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "He's big enough to teach that little brat better manners. Who is the youngster, anyhow? I've noticed a good many of the guests in the hotel speaking to him. I said, "Don't you know who he is?" He said, "No, who is he?" I said, "He's the little star around at the theatre, that closed his engagement last night." He said, "Is that the Little One that played 'Little Jack Shephard' last night at the theatre? His folks must be proud of him. He don't look any older than ten years. How they crammed all that stuff into him I don't know." I told him he was over twenty years old. He looked at me and said, "Boy, don't lie to me." I told him that was a fact and he could ask his father. When I looked around I saw Miss Cushman leaning on Mr. Warren's arm, who was escorting her towards the ladies' entrance. Little Puss said, "No, Charlotte, don't you go that way. Come right through this way, where all the men are and show them you don't give a damn for them." That made the landlord laugh. He said, "Puss, did you know you kicked me and knocked me over?" The Little One looked up and laughed, saying, "I guess if we didn't pay our board you'd kick us out," which was the cause of a big laugh from the people present in the reading room.

The landlord said, "Miss Cushman, your rooms are in order, waiting for you." The Little One said, "They'd better be, or we'll know the reason why. She's Queen of the Stage and don't take any lip from any man, do you, old Charlotte?" which was the cause of another big laugh. She bowed to all the gentlemen present like a queen. I mean I shall never forget that bow, and I only wish, Mr. Hulburd, you could have seen those gentlemen bow in return. I felt as if we were standing on sa-

cred ground. The Little One had her heavy shawl thrown over his shoulder and was tugging away at a valise that he had taken out of her maid's hand. He looked at me and said, "Billy, take a hold of this valise, damn you, and earn your grub. I tell you, old Charlotte will paralyze them tomorrow night." Miss Cushman was to open on Monday night in her great character, Meg Merrilies and Guy Mannering. I wish you could have seen that picture, Mr. Hulburd, the Queen of Tragedy escorted by Mr. Warren and the landlord to the main stairway of the hotel, Little Puss carrying her big shawl and I carrying her valise. Her maid followed us laughing, while a number of the company were following after her. The guests of the hotel applauded and laughed. When the Little One had mounted on the third step he turned around and threw them kisses. After that he kicked out his foot behind, which hit me. I fell off the three steps on to the floor, falling at the same time on to old Charlotte's valise, which busted. When the things commenced to come out the maid screamed and made a grab for the valise.

The porter told me afterwards when he was an old man it was a tableau he never witnessed nor saw the like of before, nor since that time. He said there I was sprawling on the floor, while the maid was screaming and trying to get the things together. Half way up the stairs stood Little Justin with his finger in his mouth and the big shawl lying at his feet. He said, "Of all the innocent expressions I ever saw that Little One had on his face; it was pictured there in such a manner that he was wondering what it all meant." On the landing at the head of the stairs stood Miss Cushman, Mr. Warren and the landlord. Miss Cushman, he said, stood there bowing with the most gracious of smiles, thinking all the time that she was the cause of so much applause, when it was the little curse, he said, that stood half way down the stairs looking as innocent as if he couldn't say peaches. Then he rubbed his nose on his jacket sleeve and made believe to cry, saying, "I always heard you Cincinnati people were queer folks, anyhow." There went up a shout that was deafening. He threw kisses to them, saying, "Ta ta, old Charlotte and I will meet you at hash time."

The porter said when he was an old man, "Billy, if I was a rich man and could have that picture painted as I saw it that

Sunday afternoon." I told him if he could describe it then as he saw it, that is, thoroughly, in all the minute details, I would furnish twenty thousand dollars to have it painted. There were three pictures painted by Herbert Meyer, the German artist, that cost five thousand dollars each, but none of them were satisfactory to old O'Connell, so we gave it up. I furnished the artist with photographs of the different individuals. Old O'Connell said that the artist never got the perfect innocent expression on Little Justin's face. It was one of the most peculiar expressions that I ever saw on any one's face on the stage. It was such an innocent expression that it conveyed the idea to the people that he was about to burst out a crying. Then he would change it from that to such a simpering look that the people would scream with laughter. I never knew an artist that was capable of catching that expression while he was on the stage. Mr. Hooley had engaged four artists to my knowledge to catch that expression, but they all failed. I was so anxious to get it that I hired Mr. Rogers of San Francisco, a fine English artist, to prepare his studio for a little reception to my friends. There were present James Russell, Dave Wambold, Louis James, Charley Reed, Barton Hill, Fayette Welsh, Sophy Watson, Mrs. Nellie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau, Mr. Hooley, Tom McGuire and Lydia Forbush and another lady whose name I do not call to memory. They sang, told jokes and provided other amusements for the occasion. During the reception the look came once upon the Little One's face. The artist failed to catch it and lost his fee. It was a peculiar expression of innocence, Mr. Hulburd, that I cannot describe to you. If the artist had caught it and painted a picture I intended he should reproduce it on another canvas in order that I might send it to old O'Connell to make the last of his days happy. There was something peculiar about the first part of the expression that had a madonna look to it; from that it changed to a simpering condition where he was about to cry. I cannot give the description of it justice. If any artist was fortunate enough to catch that expression I never had the pleasure of looking on the picture. My wife used to say it was the most peculiar expression of innocence that she ever saw on any one's face. When she looked at him while he had that expression she felt like cry-

ing. Mr. Hulburd, he was a strange being, and never was understood by the profession. A number of them claimed they understood him, but I doubt it.

One of the five thousand dollar pictures that was painted in Cincinnati I presented to the Art Gallery. One I gave to the old man and the other I raffled off at a fair.

When I became a star in my line of business I was playing in Chicago. While playing that engagement Charlotte Cushman was advertised to play at McVicker's in the production of *Macbeth*. They had been making great preparations for her coming, as she was to play *Lady Macbeth* on that occasion. I saw in the morning papers in the hotel list of guests that she had arrived. I called at the hotel in the afternoon to see if she would not grant me the pleasure to occupy one of the boxes at our theatre. I told her that I would have extra chairs put in the box that she might bring a number of her friends. She consented to do me that honor.

Next day was Sunday; by the calendar it was called St. Valentine's day. That Sunday morning, just as I was seating myself at the table in the breakfast room a perfumed note was handed me by the head waiter. The note was left by a messenger boy, who had just handed it to him in the hall. The boy was on the way to my room, asking the head waiter if I was not in at breakfast. The head waiter said that I was, and handed me the note. It was an invitation from Charlotte Cushman, asking me to do her the honor of becoming one of her guests that afternoon at four o'clock. I accepted the invitation and went. I think in all there were about fifteen or sixteen guests present. After all the guests that she had invited were present she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, no doubt you think it is peculiar that I invite you here to my rooms on a Sunday afternoon. Perhaps most of you know that this is St. Valentine's day. You no doubt cannot have the pleasure of receiving your valentines until tomorrow, but I always carry my valentine with me. It is the only valentine that I ever received in my life—to me it is more precious than gold or rich jewels. I could not bear the love towards the most valuable diamond that ever came out of a mine that I do to my sweet little valentine. She went to a large trunk, lifting the lid brought forth a white satin box,

on the lid of the box was painted the portrait of a beautiful child with long curly hair. He was dressed in a little plaid blouse, with a little white ruffle around his neck. I remember it well, for the picture never left my memory afterwards. It was the last thing I thought of when my spirit was passing from my body.

She carried the box around the room to see if any one recognized the face. When she came to Charley Thorne he seized hold of the box by the corner, trembling; he said, "Good God, it's the face of Little Puss," and commenced to cry. He said, "Charlotte, that man Warren robbed me of the Little One's love and I hate him for it." He cried so that I thought his heart would break. She went around the room with the box; after she had done so she sat down on a sofa, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now read to you the sweetest and most loving valentine that ever was written." She opened the box, taking therefrom an old valentine. It was a very showy one, with lots of gold and other high colors on it. She said, "I will now read to you, friends, the only true love letter that I ever received in my life, one that came from the soul of a true little friend. I have received during my life valuable jewels from the crowned heads of Europe and many of my friends, but I never received a jewel that was as valuable to me as this little old valentine." Mr. Thorne said, "Charlotte, will you permit me to kiss that valentine?" She said, "No, Charles, no lips have ever kissed it but mine, and none ever shall if I know it. When they lay Charlotte's old body in the coffin I want this little old valentine placed there with me, as it is the only true love letter I ever received in my life. It is written by the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport, the writing is placed here on this paper at the dictation of Little Puss, or 'La Petite Blanche,' as he was called then. Now, friends, I will read my love letter to you as I am in the habit of doing to some friends on every St. Valentine's day since I received it." Then she read:

"My dear, sweet old Charlotte—I send you this valentine because I bought it cheap. The old duffer (meaning Edward Forrest, the king of actors, which brought a big laugh) I told him I was going to give you and Lizzie a valentine, and he'd have to shell out. He gave me a dollar and I got them pretty

cheap. You see yours is pretty rich looking, only the corner is tore off, and I got it for sixty cents. Lizzie fixed it up and pasted that rose on where the corner is torn off. I got hers for thirty cents. It's a pretty good one but old Charlotte, it ain't as handsome as yours. On the picture you can see a man and you sitting down on a rock. The man is making love to you and there ain't nobody listening but that bird up on the tree. If he says anything to you that ain't high flown, you holler rats. Now, old Charlotte, I hope you'll get my valentine first, because I came up stairs and shoved it under the door. I got Lizzie to write on the outside of it with red and violet ink so as to look rich and expensive. You needn't tell anybody that it cost only sixty cents, and maybe they'll think it cost a dollar. If any old blokes should send you some valentines don't kiss theirs before you do mine, for I knowed you first. I had ten cents left over and I bought some fine peanuts. I gave twelve to Lizzie; for Charlotte, you know she's a good girl. I saved some for you and I'll bring them to your dressing room tonight. Charlotte, say to the old duffers you think my valentine is the best whether you do or not, and I'll buy you a better one the next time. You know I'll be bigger then, and be getting more salary.

"You know that ten dollars that Mr. Marsh made me a present of, because he thought I played that part so good. Well, I gave it to the old woman and she bought two tons of coal for the winter and a quarter dollar chicken for next Sunday. Charlotte, we are going to have chicken stew, rice pudding, bread and butter and coffee for dinner. Won't that be great? I'm going to come for you and bring you to dinner. Saturday night I'm going to make the old duffer give me a quarter more besides my salary to buy soda water for the dinner on Sunday; if he don't give it to me I'll curse him good. You know when I curse him big he always gives me a quarter to shut up. Now, dear old Charlotte, if you know some bigger oaths than I do, I wish you'd tell them to me when I bring the peanuts to your dressing room. If they're bully big ones maybe he will give me fifty cents to shut up. Then we will have candy and peanuts at the dinner. I think peanut taffy is the best, don't you, Charlotte? Lizzy says you'll be delighted when you get my

letter. She says you don't often get such highly composed letters as this one. I want you to think so, anyhow. This is from your loving sweetheart, Little Puss. Oh, I forgot to tell you, Charlotte, about the squirrel that's down in the corner eating nuts. He can't hear what you have to say because he wants to fill up. If you hit the fellow in the jaw and knock him down, the squirrel will never tell it to anybody. Lizzie and I kissed the valentine three times where you see the crosses made with red ink. Lizzie hurried up and put it in the envelope before anybody could see it. Before she did that I got her to say, 'From your true love, Puss' I hope you'll like it.'

When she had read all that Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport had written for Little Puss, she kissed it and placed it back in the white satin box, saying at the same time, "You see, friends, I have one true sweetheart in the world." She lifted the lid of her trunk, wrapped the white satin box in an Indian silk scarf, placed it in the tray, shut down the lid of her trunk and locked it; turning to her guests she said, "There is no jewel that ever was set in an Emperor's crown that ever had the value of untold wealth like that little old fashioned valentine and its quaint sayings has for me; that was from the heart of a little child that loved me truly." Then she broke down and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh God, that all souls were as pure as that." She told her maid to ring the bell and order the refreshments for her guests. In a few minutes we were served with refreshments. Before we sat at table she requested that we might sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." After we had dined she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I do this same that you have seen here today on every St. Valentine's day."

As the guests were leaving and wishing her long life and prosperity I asked her to grant me the permission to kiss her on the forehead; she did so. Then I told her she had made me a happy man that day for I had never passed such a pleasant afternoon as I had on that occasion. As I held her hand when I was bidding her farewell she said, "Mr. Emerson, the next time you see Little Justin kiss him for old Charlotte and tell him she still keeps his wish sacred, that she has never seen any other valentine that she thinks compares with his." She said, "She hoped the little squirrel down in the corner of the valen-

tine had kept her secret too, for she never had told a man in her life that she ever loved him."

That was the last time that I ever saw the "Queen of Tragedy" while living in her physical body. As we were parting and she held my hands in a friendly grasp she had honored me with the greatest boon that a man could ask—to shake hands with the "Queen of the Stage," not only a great, moral woman in her character, but a pure, moral woman in her private life. We will continue at another time.

Tuesday, July 14, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. Now I will relate some of my experiences with mediums wherein I found some of them to be genuine mediums and others to be the worst kind of frauds. During one of my engagements in Chicago, with other friends I visited a seance given on Sunday evening by a medium named Maude Lord. I received a wonderful test through her mediumship. She described a little girl that was very dear to me. That little girl was about fourteen years old when she passed to spirit life. Maude Lord described her and her peculiarities. One of them was she would always snip the end of my nose with her fingers in my ears, then catch hold of my hair and shake my head. She had many peculiarities, all of which Maude Lord described perfectly. That made me believe in Spiritualism. I was a Roman Catholic and a priest told me I must not believe in that modern humbug called Spiritualism, but William Emerson had a head of his own and it was his pleasure to think about things as he chose. When I received proof of anything no religion in the world could make me believe it wasn't so. Now, a more fanatical and superstitious class of people never lived than Catholic priests. Their whole religion is built up on superstition and what superstition can't do to bring the imagination into play, whiskey and brandy does. I never met a Catholic priest in my life who would not get fully under the influence of liquor at certain times. I never met a Catholic priest who would refuse a drink of brandy when offered to him.

While playing in Philadelphia I visited a medium whose name was Mrs. Paul. She gave me a grand sitting. I must call it so; through her mediumship I talked with many of my friends.

She gave me a peculiar test. While she and I were carrying on conversation she picked up two lead pencils, commenced to write with both hands on a sheet of paper, at the same time carrying on a conversation with me about California, and asking many questions, as she had never visited that state. When the communication was finished, that is, there were two of them, three loud raps came on the table; one of the raps had so much power with it that it made the table tremble. She handed me the large sheet of paper that she had written upon. There I found two communications, one from my mother speaking of things that only she and I knew. The other one was from Mr. Warren; he said, "My Little One must go west; there is work for him there, Billy. You and he will play in the same company in Chicago. It's no use for him to fight the spirits. There is a work lying before him in the west and he must carry it out even if it should take him out of the body. You tell him so when you see him."

When I was in Boston, Mass., in the year 1875, I had a sitting with a Doctor Spear which was very satisfactory. When I was about to depart he held my hand, saying, "Mr. Emerson, I see a little short person standing alongside of you." In the description I recognized Little Justin. "He says he is not out of the body—that is, his body is not dead; it is merely lying asleep while his spirit comes here to make a prediction about you. He says your spirit will pass from your body here in Boston. Before that comes to pass you will have traveled the world pretty much over." I do not know whether you are acquainted with the fact or not, but my spirit did pass from its body in Boston.

I said to the Doctor, "Can you give me an explanation how the spirit can leave the body and come here to Boston in order that you may see it?" He said, "The explanation is simple. When the body is lying resting on a bed or a couch of some kind, even when the body is resting on a sleeping car the spirit can leave the body and come here to Boston that I may see it. There is a magnetic current between the body and the spirit that is never separated only through what you call death. Now, this little individual that I have described to you here today must be a medium, and a powerful medium, too, for he tells me

he can leave his body at any time that he wills it so. There is a connection in your lives that brings you so close together. At one time I see in the future where you are about to become companions and occupy the same bed. That military looking man that I described to you says, "That desire of your heart can never be fulfilled. We have other work for the Little One which he must accomplish before he passes out of the body." Then he said, "Listen and you will hear the Little One laugh." Mr. Hulburd, I heard him laugh as plain then as I ever heard him laugh in his physical body on the stage. I said, "Doctor, this is wonderful." The Doctor looked at me and smiled, saying, "The spirits, through that Little One, will teach spiritual theosophy, or reincarnation through physical embodiments." Mr. Hulburd, I have made the discovery that when I met the Little One again he was teaching reincarnation, but I do not think he was aware of it; sometimes he would get a far away look in his eyes, then he would speak in a peculiar way to some of the members of the company. They looked upon him as a strange creature and some went so far as to say they thought he would end his days in a lunatic asylum.

While in New York I had a sitting with Henry Slade which turned out very successful. When I had paid him my fee and was about to depart one of his slates jumped up from the table and rested itself in his arms. Mr. Slade laughed, saying, "Mr. Emerson, the spirits are not through with you yet." He said, "Sit down in the chair," placing the slate in my lap, then putting on it a little piece of slate pencil. While we were waiting for the spirits to communicate we heard a voice say, "Billy, you are weak, but old Charlotte and I are going to strengthen your faith." Then I heard that same laugh that I heard in Doctor Spear's office in Boston. The slate pencil commenced to write. Mr. Hulburd, this took place in broad daylight. When the little piece of slate pencil was all used up some spirit seized hold of the slate, threw it under the table onto the carpet, which was the cause of Mr. Slade and myself laughing. He said, "That spirit was very positive and had great power while living in the physical." Then we heard that laugh again and a voice said, "You song and dance man, pick up that slate." I picked up the slate, placed it on the table, when Doctor Slade said, "Will wonders

never cease?" I looked upon the slate and there was a communication from Charlotte Cushman. Right over the communication was the impression of a hand. I recognized it right away as that of the little hand of Justin. Right through the hand we could read the writing. I said to Doctor Slade, "Will you allow me to take that slate and have it photographed?" The Doctor presented me with the slate and said I might keep it. I made the engagement for another sitting on the next day and left the Doctor's rooms.

While on the way to have it photographed I met a man by the name of John Ganze. He said, "Hello, Billy, where are you going?" I told him I was going to have a slate photographed. He laughed and said, "A slate photographed?" I told him yes, it was covered with writing; that I had had a sitting with Doctor Slade and received a communication from Charlotte Cushman. He said, "I would like to see that, Billy. I have heard of those things, but never saw one." We were pretty close then to Parmelee's saloon on Broadway, when he said, "Let us step in here and get a glass of wine, then you can carefully undo the wrapping and show it to me." We went in and sat down at a table; he ordered some wine, while I unwrapped the newspaper from around the slate. As soon as he looked upon the slate he laughed and said, "There is the imprint of Little Puss' hand. I could tell it among a thousand. I had not heard that he had gone to spirit land yet." I said as far as I knew he had not. When the waiter brought the wine, the fool placed the glasses on the slate. When I lifted up my glass to drink it I upset Ganze's glass in some way and his wine went all over the slate. The impression of the hand and the writing disappeared. I broke down and commenced to cry. I picked up my slate and wrapped it up again in the two papers, after which we left the saloon. I bade him good morning and returned to Doctor Slade's rooms.

This man Ganze was a member of the Buckley Serenaders, I think for as many as ten or twelve years. During that time he became well acquainted with the shape of Little Justin's hands and recognized the formation on the slate right away. When I entered Doctor Slade's reception room he was holding his sides and laughing. I said, "Doctor, what is the cause of all this

hilarity; can't you tell me, that I may laugh too?" He said, "Tell you—if you ain't had the proof I'd like to know who has. Don't you think the photograph will be a good one?" I said, "Doctor, do you know what has happened?" He said, "Of course I do. Do you expect to carry things sacred into a gin shop and expect good results therefrom? You have been punished for your wickedness. Now I will give you a sitting free of charge and see what the spirits have to say to you."

We sat down and received a communication from Charlotte Cushman. She commenced like this, saying, "My dear friend Emerson, did you suppose for one moment that I would permit my writing to remain on that slate to be gazed at by barroom loafers? It was I who caused you to knock over the glass and spill the wine on the slate; through that condition it vanished from your sight. The chemical property that was in the wine I utilized and banished the writing from the slate. I hope it will be a lesson that will remain with you and last for the rest of your days, teaching you that you cannot fool or play with things sacred, especially if they come from your friend, Charlotte Cushman." I felt so bad that I cried out, "Can't you produce the impression of the Little One's hand once more for me on the slate?" The voice said out loud, "No, we will punish you in this way." I had that slate photographed for many years. I finally gave it to a friend of mine, who carried it with him to Australia. His name was Charles Webb, a great believer in spiritual manifestations.

I had a sitting with a man in Washington, whose name was Colchester. The sitting was a failure and I believe the man was a fraud, and I told him so. The next medium that I sat with bore the name of Nettie Maynard; she was a genuine medium. I received two communications through her mediumship. One was from E. P. Christy and the other from George Christy, of minstrel fame. I made arrangements to have another sitting the next afternoon. During that sitting I received a communication from Byron Christy and William Christy, two sons of E. P. Christy; also a communication from Abraham Lincoln, your martyred president. I made arrangements for another sitting at ten o'clock the next morning. I received a communication from Mr. Warren and also one from Mr. Hol-

brook, a particular friend of Mr. Warren's and also a friend of mine. I received one from Charlotte Cushman; one from G. W. Jones, an old Bowery actor; one from Kathleen O'Neal, a singer; one from my little lady friend that Maude Lord has described so perfectly in her circle, and one from General Lee, whom I had become acquainted with before the rebellion, while playing in Richmond, Va. A little darkey communicated with me from Cincinnati, to whom I had given a dime many a time to get something to eat. He had a low, drunken mother and when she was in a bad humor she'd beat him and thrust him into the street at night; he'd come and wait for me at the stage door, asking me for a dime to get something to eat. I had him placed where he would be taken care of by respectable colored people, but the little body was too much wasted from hunger and ill treatment. After he had lived with these people six weeks, his spirit passed from his body and I was glad to hear it. He suffered so much and when he was getting ready to pass from his body he said to the people, "Tell Billy Emerson I'll wait for him in Heaven." He gave me a beautiful communication in his childish way.

The next medium whom I visited was Mr. Conklin. He was a genuine medium and gave me a grand communication from one whom I admired very much, while he lived in the body, and that was Richard Bishop Buckley. While I was in Chicago, I visited a seance called a "Trumpet seance." I discovered the medium was a fraud of the worst kind. He was a ventriloquist and threw his voice into the trumpet. I discovered the medium was a fraud, as I understood that art myself and often put it into practice for the amusement of the boys in the company. I visited three other mediums and made the discovery they were all frauds. I would not have you soil the paper by taking down their names, they were worthless curs of the worst kind. I visited a woman by the name of Mrs. Brooks, who was recommended to me very highly by a friend. She was what you call a pellet test medium. I exposed her in the fraud that she had committed and left the house.

The next medium that I visited was a little girl and she was really wonderful. I received wonderful tests through her mediumship. She was not a public medium. I was introduced

into her family by a lady friend and found the whole family very mediumistic. Their name was Devine.

At one time I had a sitting with Charles Foster, which turned out to be a failure of the worst kind. I knew people who claimed to have received genuine tests through his mediumship.

I also was invited to attend a musical circle given by a fellow who went by the name of Jesse Shephard. All the music that was produced in that circle was produced by Jesse Shephard. No spirits produced any music on that occasion, only what was produced by the spirit of Jesse Shephard. I made the discovery those tunes that he played in the dark were such as he had committed to memory. I being an invited guest and my friend paying the admittance fee I said nothing while we were in the room. As we walked along the sidewalk I told my friend the whole thing was a fraud—the spirits had nothing to do with it. Those tunes that that fellow Shephard played in the dark he had committed to memory. I was also sorry to see how credulous some spiritualists were and how easily they could be gulled. It just seemed to me you could make some spiritualists believe anything that had the label spiritualism attached to it.

The next medium whom I visited was a black man in St. Louis and he gave me wonderful manifestatoinis in Spiritualism. We sat in a room that was only shaded by blinds. The hour was eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He asked me if I would have any objections to his praying before the seance commenced. I said, "None whatever." He knelt and prayed and it was a beautiful prayer, too. I felt I was in the presence of one who had the spirit of Christ with him. Then he asked me to sing a hymn with him. We sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." While we were singing the last verse a light commenced to float around the room; as it came toward me I saw a face in the light. When it got right in front of me the light expanded and there was my mother's face in the light. She smiled upon me and I became very happy. We sang another hymn, "In the Sweet By and By." Another light commenced to float around the room. As it got in front of me it remained stationary for about three minutes, I should think. There I saw the face of

my little sweetheart, who is now my spirit mate. Another light came, and as it floated toward me it grew quite large; in that light I saw the little black boy who said he would meet me in heaven. Another light came into space and floated around. As it came toward me it expanded and in it were three faces, the face of Charles Thorne, Charlotte Cushman and a face that I did not recognize just then. After the light had disappeared, the dark skinned man was controlled and a voice said to me, "Billy, you did not recognize me, did you?" I said, "Is this the voice of that face that I did not recognize?" It said, "Yes, I am John McCulloch." I said, "John, you were so changed that I could not tell you." He said, "Go to Harry Gordon's seance in Philadelphia. There I will materialize in full form and talk with you."

When I reached Philadelphia Mr. Gordon had removed to Vineland, in southern New Jersey. I went to Vineland and got permission from Mrs. Suydam, in whose home the circles were held, to attend their circle.

The second circle that I attended Mr. McCullough walked out of the cabinet leading my little black friend by the hand. When the spirit of Mr. McCullough had reached the centre of the parlor floor a lady jumped up and said, "Oh, there's Uncle Henry." A gentleman who sat in front of her said, "Madam, you are mistaken; that is John McCullough, the actor. I knew him when he lived in the body." The lady said, "Oh, you are mistaken, sir. That is Uncle Henry." The gentleman said, "I think not, Madam, as I am related to him." Then the spirit spoke and said, "William Emerson, will you walk here? I have come to keep my promise and brought a little friend who loves you." I walked forward and shook hands with the spirit of John McCullough, lifted up the little spirit in my arms and said, "Are you happy now, since you passed to spirit life?" He said in a low, sweet voice, "Oh, I'm so happy, Billy," put his arms around my neck, hugged and kissed me. Then he dissolved right in my arms. Where he went I could not tell. John McCullough said, "William Emerson, I'm going to show you what a genuine spirit can do. If it is not a genuine spirit that you are looking at, he cannot do just what I am going to show you." He held both my hands while he dematerialized through the

floor. I bent my body and held on to his hands until they dissolved in mine. That was a manifestation, Mr. Hulburd, that I would not have missed for all the money that I ever earned, and I earned a considerable sum of it.

After the circle was over I was introduced to a gentleman whose name I think was Coonley. He told me he came to those seances in the interest of the "Banner of Light," expecting to find them bogus manifestations and that the medium was a fraud of the worst kind. "I've heard him slandered by so many other mediums as being a terrible fraud; here I have witnessed (just here came a loud rap) the grandest demonstrations I ever saw in spiritualism; this is the only genuine materialization I have ever seen. There may be others, but I have never been fortunate enough to witness them."

Now, Mr. Hulburd, there is one point that I wish to show you. When I introduced myself to Mrs. Suydam I told her my name was Joseph Wilson. There was no one in the circle who knew me or who I was. The spirit of John McCullough called me by the name of Wm. Emerson, asked me to come forward and shake hands with him. The spirit of the little boy called me Billy, hugged and kissed me and then dissolved in my arms. Do you see where the point comes in? My friends, the spirits recognized me, the people living in their physical bodies, who formed the circle, did not.

When I returned west again I went to that black man in St. Louis—the medium, I mean. I presented him with one hundred dollars, telling him that through his mediumship I had become a happy man, something that money could not purchase. Now I knew life was eternal; I had spoken face to face with the spirit of John McCullough; held in my arms the spirit of the little black boy who loved me so much for what little I had done to try and keep life in his little body. Now I know it to be a fact and the whole world could not change my ideas from that fact, even if they burned me at the stake. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, July 23, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I will now continue my communication. I wish to relate a circumstance that occurred in Little Justin's life and also in my own.

We were both engaged to play with McGuire and Haverley's big combination. While en route to San Francisco one day in our grand and beautiful palace car I noticed the Little One had a far away look in his eyes. I said, "Justin, you see something. What is it?" For as much as ten minutes he kept perfectly silent. I said, "Justin, can't you tell me what you see?" He said, "Yes Billy, I can. I see you surrounded by a dark cloud. You seem to sit right in the midst of it. There's trouble ahead for you and I think it will commence before we reach San Francisco."

On our way to the coast we played four days at Salt Lake City, Utah. On the second day I said, "Justin, don't you want to look around the city and its suburbs?" He said, "I don't mind." I told him then to go to his room and get his light overcoat. I would go and hire a carriage and a driver. It was in the month of May and the air was balmy and pleasant. He caught cold so easily, that it why I requested that he get his light overcoat. It was so pleasant that I required none. While we were riding out toward the Springs he said to me, "Billy, I see you in that dark cloud again; some one tells me there will be trouble in your family affairs. You will receive a letter to-day from a friend who lives in San Francisco. They will break the news to you gently." Then he remained silent for some time. When he did speak he said, "Billy, your engagement for this company will be of short duration after we reach San Francisco." It was. I only remained with the company three weeks. The manager broke faith with me. I had trouble in my domestic affairs, after which I placed my business condition in the keeping of a friend. Then I left for the east, going direct to New York. My friend kept me posted from time to time wherein there was any difficulty with my family affairs. He was my true friend and is now here in spirit life with me.

When Justin returned from San Francisco ahead of the company, I met him one day in the street in Chicago. I was walking along Clark street and saw him get out of a horse-car at the corner of Randolph and Clark. I hailed him and we went to the parlor of the Sherman House. After we had sat there for, perhaps, half an hour talking, he said, "Billy, I see you in that black cloud again. This time it will be more serious for

you in your family affairs. Keep up a brave heart and you will come out all right. You know the old saying, Billy, 'Faint heart never won a fair lady.' I mean by that, Billy, you will be in the market again." I said, "Will it turn out as serious as that?" He said, "Yes, more serious than you think for." And he told the truth.

The last time I met him was in Memphis, Tenn., at the Peabody Hotel. I was there with my own company. He said to me, "Billy, you must turn around and take your company back north. The yellow fever is going to break out. It will pay you to lose what posters they have put up in Charleston. Rosa has given Fred and me orders to leave before the fifteenth of the month and we are going to do so."

I turned around and went back by way of Kentucky. One morning at the hotel in Louisville, Ky., I saw two men enter the breakfast room, very excited. I was acquainted with one of them, whose name was George Melburn. He happened to look toward the table where I was sitting and when he discovered me it seemed as if he became more excited and hollered out in a loud voice, "Good God, Emerson, the yellow fever has broken out in Memphis and my family is there. I telegraphed to them to lock up the house and leave everything, come here to me and we would all go east." I laughed to think how true Justin's prediction had come to pass. I told him to keep quiet and remain calm and there might be a possibility of his family reaching him here. While we were sitting in the breakfast room dining a boy came in and handed him a telegram. He read it aloud, for those were exciting times. The telegram read like this: "Papa, we have abandoned everything. Grandpa, grandma, mamma and all the children are seated in the car. I send you this telegram from the depot. In ten minutes we will be on our way to you and Louisville, Ky." He became so excited he jumped up from his chair and commenced to dance. He said to the messenger boy, "Here's five dollars for you. God bless you, you have brought me happy news."

When the train arrived in Louisville, I went with him to the depot to receive his family. That was a reunion that I shall never forget. They all cried, he clasped each one in his arms, taking up his little boy the last one he said, "Loved ones, fol-

low me." We went outside the depot, entered two carriages and were conveyed to the hotel.

He and his family left by the first train next morning for the east. He wrote me from Philadelphia saying, "We are going down to Atlantic City, New Jersey. I have engaged rooms for all summer. Billy, take a vacation—come down and see us." I went and passed a month with them. It was one of the pleasantest visits I ever made in my life. I think there must have been over three thousand southern people there who had left the south to get away from the fever.

You asked me the other day if I would give you some of my spiritual experiences. I will so so now. When I passed from my body the first ones whom I met were my mother and my spirit mate. They came to welcome me into spirit life, as you call it. I was not at all surprised at my condition. I found it much as I expected to. I saw no golden streets or pearly gates. No great white throne with a God sitting on it. I found it all natural and with natural beings living in it, just as the spirit John McCullough had described it to me. I met many professional sisters and brothers whom I had known while living in a physical body. My mother and my true sweetheart lived in a pretty little home.

While we were sitting in that home conversing with each other I said, "Mother, where is father? Why does he not come to see me?" Mother said, "William, your father does not live here. He belongs to another group. After awhile we will lead you toward that group. Then you can make your father a visit." I said, "You and father are not harmonious here in spirit life?" She said, "No, we did not live a true, harmonious life while living in the physical body, William. There comes a time when all shall be harmony and all souls shall be united in that harmony. You must understand, William, that your father's life and mine are out of tune just now. It is like this, William, a violin played out of tune by an individual who has not a perfect ear is constantly making discords. So it is with male and female individuals who are out of tune. They live in an element that produces discord. When their souls can become at-tuned to that perfect note of harmony, then they are one with God for all time. Your father and I never were capable of

striking that perfect note, so you see we have to live apart until we can become united through soul's love. William, my son, you will learn much now since you have come here to spirit life. When we are all thoroughly united, we become sisters and brothers living in the one thought and that thought is that we are children, and belong to the family of the great creator of Life. You will learn to understand that we have spirit mates here. That is, a male and a female live together, and they can only do so through the unification of Love." I said, "Then I suppose you have a spirit mate." She said, "Oh yes, my spirit mate is a little boy who carried me across a brook on his back when I was a little school girl. When we had reached the other side of the brook and he had placed me safely on the grass, there we confided our childish love for each other. That boy is now my spirit mate. He will be here presently and I will introduce him to you."

"You see I have taken charge of your spirit mate and had her live here with me in my home," for which I thanked my mother. I held them both to my breast in a loving embrace and kissed them with a true kiss of Love.

I visited my father at his spirit home and found he was living with his spirit mate. Each day I traveled over that portion of the spirit world connected with our surroundings. I found happy and unhappy spirits, just as their past lives had created a condition for them to live in. I discovered where they were thoroughly harmonized they lived in the realm of music; their lives were that of a constant song.

Mr. Hulburd, I have made the discovery there is much suffering here in spirit life. No doubt you would like to know why this is so. I will tell you. The coarse, crude, selfish natures of some people would not advance when the opportunity was presented to them. While living in the physical body, they would rather live for all that was lustful, their avaricious natures went out to that part of life where they could only give something by their selfish condition that would bring them much pleasure or wealth. They had no charity for their poor, down-trodden sisters and brothers, while living in the physical body. They grafted onto every condition that they touched or came en rapport with. Their low, licentious natures became the pre-

dominant part of their lives. In connection with that their whole natures seemed to be filled up with the idea of grasping wealth. When it came to things spiritual, then they became misers of the worst kind. No part of their nature being moral, they could not be spiritual. Their luxurious, riotous conditions in life made them vampires upon the human race. They had no spiritual feeling for those who were spiritually inclined. Their whole natures were riotous to that which was moral, chaste and perfect in life. The idea of true love never had entered their minds, all parts of their nature was that of sloth and degradation. Those individuals suffer much in spirit life. While living in a physical body, they contaminated and polluted everything they touched.

There are other individuals living here in spirit life whose whole existence seems to be that of a perfect love; through living a pure life, they have made the discovery they are divine and divinity is the expression of their soul. It is a grand sight to behold them if you have any true love in your nature for things spiritual. I have watched and seen that true spirituality is the true God of the human race.

There is a class of people also in spirit world that I have come in touch with, such as the progressive mind living in the physical body calls Christian bigots (loud raps) their whole natures are so impregnated with the orthodox idea of a man Saviour, who went by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, they have shut themselves up within a wall of Christian principles, as they call it. Some are waiting for the Virgin Mary to plead with her son for their redemption. They want to become purified in order that they may look respectable, before they enter the kingdom of Heaven. They dread the eyes of that terrible God, for they feel that he would look them all over before deciding what he shall do with them.

There are others who are still waiting for the man Jesus, their Saviour, to come to their rescue and release them from the condition that they have found themselves in, in spirit life. They were promised so much by the lying tongues of preachers, that they still remain waiting, waiting, praying and singing for the Messiah to come to lead them into the presence of his father God.

I was surprised at the information I had received concerning those beings, for they are not thoroughly advanced enough to be classified as divine spirits. Many of them have been waiting in that condition for hundreds of years. It is distressing to one's nature to see the hold that bigotry and superstition have held those creatures in that condition.

I have also made the discovery that there are great multitudes of minds here that hold to the same beliefs they had while living in the physical body. The variety of minds and natures here are much the same as those that still live in physical bodies on your earth plane.

No doubt it will surprise you that we have here in spirit life operas, dramatic plays and other performances much the same as we had while living in a physical body. There are low grades of music and high grades of music that the spirits call the perfect note of celibacy. There is no giving in marriage here. It is the desire of all progressive minds, to reach that "Perfect note of celibacy" where music reigns supreme. You, who live on the earth plane, think you have great singing choirs in your churches, great choruses in your philharmonic societies. Mr. Hulburd, I wish you could hear some of the divine music that I have heard, choruses wherein a perfect note has been struck in such perfect tune by over three hundred thousand voices. It just seemed to me there could be nothing more divine than that. They tell me beyond, it is grander still. When we reach—they say—the condition of the perfect perfectness all is music; it is utterly impossible—they tell me—for a note to be produced out of tune, as all is Harmony. I long to reach that condition, as my whole make-up is that of Music.

They tell me I must become a missionary, enter the camp of religious bigots, sing for them; at the same time I must sing the compositions of my own soul. Through that condition I can wake up the powers of Reason that are located in their minds. I will be able to bring them out into the true light of progression, whereby they will discover it is only through their own salvation, that they can be saved from that orthodox sleep of a religious man made God. I am willing to do anything to expiate for my past crimes. I was taught in the Catholic church if I would only repent at the last, receive absolution, believe in

the Catholic church, why, I was saved and would go right to God. I was like millions of poor, deluded minds, held in bondage of priestcraft and superstition.

It was a happy day for me when I made the discovery that spiritualism was a Truth and that the communication with our loved ones could take place between the spirit life and those living in physical bodies. I felt that I had been resurrected from the sleep of death called the Catholic church. It is a dead sleep where you are lead by the nose by drunken priests, cursed by papal laws that are brought into action and introduced into the Catholic church by the orders of a vampire called the Pope of Rome. When I once had received that beautiful scientific knowledge of spirit return to me the Pope and all his emissaries were walking devils in sheep's clothing. The Catholic church has been the greatest curse to civilization that the world ever had thrust upon it. From its first days of organization the poor, weak minds of the ignorant masses have become its bond slaves; From the Pope down to his most humble servant they have been filled with the lying corruption of paganism. I thank the good spirits and the great God—if there is such an intelligence, which I think there must be—that I have been released from the bonds of popery and drank in the true wine of spiritual knowledge, not that which has been fermented from the grape vine, but that wine that gave me the true light and imbued my whole nature with the truth of spiritual freedom.

I thank you for taking down my communication and when it is read by my professional sisters and brothers it will open their minds to a light that will give them confidence in immortality. The beacon light of all time in which they will find the spiritual philosophy is the guide-post to Truth.

I leave my love to Little Justin and I am glad to see that this work will be given to the reading public through his mediumship. It will open the eyes of many who have been the slaves of creed, and as they say in the craft, "It is finished." Good day, friend.

Jane Davenport Landers

Chapter XXXIV

Thursday, December 10, 1903.

Good morning, sir. I must beg your pardon for intruding on your privacy this morning, but it has been my desire for over three months to contribute a few lines to Little Justin's life and also for your publication. He is very weak this morning and I know it is selfish of me to use his organism. You must understand, dear friend, it takes some time for one to lay aside his selfish nature. I hope I will do him no wrong on harm to his physical body. It is a great desire with the spirit to control when it has anything upon its mind that it wishes to convey to the friends of an individual and also to the public.

Before I proceed any further I will give you my name. Mrs. Jane Davenport Landers. I was known to the public as a Shakespearean actress. The character that I loved to play the best was the unhappy Mary Stuart, the Queen of Scotland, whose blood runs through the veins of this little medium.

When I first saw "La Petite Blanche" he was a little wee tot and oh, such pretty red cheeks. I was a young girl then and with other friends I attended a performance at the old Chambers street theatre, New York.

Charlotte Cushman was the star. That was in the days before she became the "Queen of Tragedy." During the performance of the second act, a little wee mite of a creature came on the stage and sang a song. What a pretty voice it had, and powerful, too, for its size. I noticed during the singing it pronounced its words with a broken accent. For an encore it came out and danced the "Highland Fling." How quick his feet moved in time to the music. When they called the little midget out again it walked down to the footlights and said to the peo-

ple, "I canna dee' any mair an if ye dinna like it I dinna care," which made the people laugh. He threw kisses to the people and then ran off the stage.

An old lady sitting back of me leaned forward and said to me, "I wonder whose little baby that can be? It's such a little creature and ought to be home in bed. I wonder that its mother would allow it to go on to the stage." That was the first time that I had the pleasure of seeing your medium.

Some time had passed before I saw him again. Just how many years I do not recollect. The next time I saw him he was the Page in "Lucretia Borgia" and sang the drinking song at the banquet table.

During one of my long visits in New York City, I made the acquaintance of the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport. The people of the house where I was stopping and myself were invited by Lizzie to witness one of Edwin Forrest's great performances in the character of William Tell. During the performance, "La Petite Blanche" sang a Swiss aria to a waltz measure and danced while he was singing. He was the admiration of the audience present on that occasion.

After the theatre we joined Lizzie, Edwin Forrest and another gentleman whose name I do not remember, to partake of a late supper. While the conversation was passing around the table, Mr. Forrest addressed me, saying, "Miss Davenport, what did you think of my little baby who sang and danced tonight?" I said I thought he was beautiful in everything he did, but oh, how young to have such confidence in himself. Mr. Forrest said, "He is not as young as he looks. The old Scotch woman whom he lives with, says he is fourteen years of age." I uttered an exclamation, "Can it be possible? Why, then he is a dwarf." He said, "Did you notice that kick he gave with his little foot? It brings the gallery every time." Lizzie laughed and said, "He is the sweetest little mortal you ever knew outside of his temper." I said, "Is it possible that that little midget has a temper?" Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "I wish you could hear him when he is angry. He is an adept in the art of swearing. When he gets angry at me because I scold him sometimes, he calls me an old duffer and the worst actor in the world. If I was playing with old Charlotte I'd be only a 'supe. He will say

to me, 'Me and Charlotte know how things ought to be played.' Perhaps in a quarter of an hour afterward he will be sitting on my knee telling me what a good man I am and he will be my boy if I'll behave myself and give him some pennies to buy peanuts with," which brought quite a laugh from the friends present. Lizzie said, "You can't help but love him after all, but I am afraid, dear Jane, he will never know the value of money. The company calls him the 'Little Witch,'" which made us all laugh. The other morning he said to Mr. Forrest, "Look out for your money, or you're going to lose it. I saw a man take your purse out of your pocket." Mr. Forrest laughed and said he'd look out for the man.

That same morning, after rehearsal, while Mr. Forrest was walking toward the Astor House, a woman fainted and fell on the sidewalk, a crowd of people being drawn to the spot to see what was the matter. As Mr. Forrest mingled with the crowd, he felt a hand enter his pocket; he grabbed it in time, just as the hand was drawing out his purse. In those days ladies and gentlemen carried silk purses with a ring in the centre that made a division of the purse; at one end they'd have gold, at the other silver. He had the man, who turned out to be an old pickpocket and burglar whom the authorities were looking for, arrested. That instance took place long before the days of spirit rapping through the Fox sisters.

I made a request that Lizzie would bring the little creature some day to dinner. Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "Miss Davenport, you will have to be careful how you talk to his Highness." I said to Mr. Forrest, "We will be pleased and feel it an honor to have you accompany Miss Lizzie and the 'Little One' to our home on that occasion." Three days afterward we had the honor of receiving our guests. I myself received them at the door and ushered them into the parlor.

I will now describe the way the "Little One" was dressed. He had on a pair of pants that were too large by three sizes for his little legs. A little jacket, made of blue cloth, and a woman's lace collar around his neck, a pair of blue yarn stockings on his legs and little low shoes on his feet, tied with a black silk ribbon, a straw hat, with a blue ribbon around it, on his head. He asked me to hang up his hat in the hall for him,

and told me to be very careful of it, for it cost fifteen cents, in the Bowery, then he caught hold of my hand, saying, "Are you the mother of everybody in this house?" I said, "No my dear, I'm not married yet." "It's too bad," he said, "there's lots of men walking on Broadway and you might get one if you tried hard." I said, "Perhaps some day I'll take your advice and when I'm married I'll have you come and make me a visit." He said, "Won't that be bully," then he looked up and laughed in my face, saying at the same time, "Pick out a good looking one; they're the best kind." I stooped down and kissed him, saying I would take his advice.

This conversation took place in the hall. Miss Lizzie came to the parlor door and said, "What are you folks talking about?" I told her I was receiving some good advice on the question of marriage. She laughed and said, "He has had wonderful experience and of course, is capable of giving you good advice on that question. After we had been in the parlor some time Mr. Forrest said, "Come here, Pet, and sit on my knee and sing one of your pretty Scotch songs for the friends." He sat upon Mr. Forrest's knee and sang the pretty Scotch song, "It's Within a Mile of Edinboro Toon." They laughed and applauded him; then he sang, "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet."

Then Mr. Forrest said, "Now Pet, sing for them, 'The Campbells are Coming.'" He got down from Mr. Forrest's knee and commenced to sing, marching up and down the parlor. I can see that quaint little figure now, marching up and down the parlor with those large pants on, and his beautiful long curly hair hanging down his back. When he had finished singing, Mrs. Pebble, the lady of the house, clasped him to her bosom and hugged and kissed him, saying, "Little darling, I wish you belonged to me." He said, "I belong to Scotland; there's where my grandfather lived and he's the biggest man you ever saw. He could kill twenty Englishmen at one time and don't take any shenanigan from anybody," which made us all laugh. After that we were invited to the dining room. As the friends were leaving the parlor, he ran up and caught hold of Lizzie's hand, saying, "Lizzie, I like you best of them all." So, you see, he was no hypocrite.

When we were all seated at the table Miss Davenport said,

"Would you like to hear him sing grace?" They said they would. He sang it in the Gaelic tongue, which sounded so odd and quaint we all commenced to laugh. While we were laughing a newspaper came from some part of the room, rolled up, and hit Mr. Forrest on top of the head. Then the laughing became more boisterous than ever. Then the chandelier commenced to shake. Mr. Pebble said, "Just look at that. What does it mean?" He had no sooner uttered the words, when my napkin was seized by some force, thrown at him and hit him in the face. Mrs. Pebble turned pale and said, "In the name of our Lord, what does this all mean?" Lizzie said, "Mrs. Pebble, do not be frightened, it will come out all right." Right after that a cold breeze seemed to pass through the dining room. Just then the Little One's eyes had a peculiar look in them and a voice spoke through his lips, saying, "Joe Pebble, if you don't watch that new man you have taken into the store he will set it on fire. He is in the habit of getting drunk." Mr. Forrest said, "Who is this that is speaking?" The voice said, "Will Hutchinson." Mrs. Pebble screamed and trembled so that her husband had to hold her in his arms. The spirit was that of her brother. He said, "Sister dear, don't be frightened; it is your brother Will who is talking to you now." Mr. Pebble said, "Will, if this is your spirit, where is your body, and when did you leave it?" The spirit said, "My body has been devoured by the fishes of the sea. On the 27th day of May the barque Ellen went down with all on board, off Cape Hatteras, and I went down with them." Mrs. Pebble then fainted. Mr. Pebble became angry and looked very pale. He said in a loud voice, "Take that imp of the devil out of this house. I am afraid he has been the means of killing my wife." The Little One jumped up on to the chair and cried out with all his might, "You and your damned old house can go to hell, damn you, that's what I get for associating with common people." It sounded so comical that Mr. Forrest laughed. He took the Little One up in his arms and carried him out of the house, laughing as he went, the Little One looking over his shoulder at us and swearing like a pirate. A Miss Ida Lewiston, who was known afterward to the public, got down on her knees and prayed that the Lord God Almighty and his son, Jesus Christ, would come and protect

them and their house from getting on fire, as one of the imps of satan had been there today in the disguise of a beautiful child and fascinated them with his beautiful singing. Mr. Pebble said, "Oh Lord God, have mercy on us. I feel the hot breath of hell on my face now." After working two hours over Mrs. Pebble she came back to consciousness. When she could speak she said, "I have been in the spirit world and saw my brother. It is true, friends, he went down with the barque *Ellen* off Cape Hatteras." From that time forth Mrs. Pebble became a medium and had wonderful clairvoyant powers, which were brought into use by her describing spirits to her friends.

That was my second introduction to Little Puss. After Mr. Pebble passed to spirit life Mrs. Pebble became Mrs. Winthrop, well known to the New York public as a clairvoyant. We will continue at another time.

Friday, December 11, 1903.

Good morning, friend. You will have to allow me the honor of being pardoned once more. I see it is somewhat cloudy. I hope my controlling his organ of speech will do no harm to the medium. It is really a wonder, to look upon him now entering his 76th year, and to recall him as when I first saw him. He has grown some since then. For a long while he remained a little creature. A strong affection took place that brought us close together and created a lasting friendship. As I look back, what a fragile little individual he was—full of vim and fire.

I visited his home several times—that is, after we became fast friends. During one of my visits to New York, I attended a performance at the old Broadway Theatre. The name of the play was, "The Shipwrecked Sailor." He sustained the part of the captain's child. In the representation of the character I think he was the prettiest little creature I saw, dressed in sailor pants and a little shirt on, a sailor hat upon his head.

The captain comes on deck with Little Puss sitting on his shoulder. When the sailors see him they all cheer, saying, "Captain, can't the little shipmate sing us a song?" His father, the captain, says, "How is that, my son? Do you want to sing?" He says, "In course I do, my hearty," then he sings that old English ballad, "Ship Ahoy," with all the crew joining in the chorus. The actor who played the captain was one of the hand-

some actors of that day; his name was E. Eddy and with the Little One sitting on his shoulder, ye Gods, it was a pose for a great artist to place on canvas—such a pose as that I never saw before nor since.

The captain stood in the centre of the stage with the Little One on his shoulder. While he was singing he grabbed his long curls and threw them over his father's head. Part of them remained on his father's head while the others fell on his father's breast. It was one of the most beautiful pictures that human or spiritual eyes could look upon.

After he had finished singing the applause was great. His father kissed him and placed him on the stage. The orchestra played a sailor's hornpipe and the Little One danced to the music. I can remember in one part of the dance where the Little One came down the stage on his heels, at the same time waving his hat in the air; the applause was great.

When he had finished the dance and made a sailor's bow to the audience the people screamed, yelled and applauded. The sailors all make a rush for him, when the father rushes in front of them, lifts up his boy and placing him on his shoulder commences to sing "Ship Ahoy," while the whole crew joins in. The curtain goes down while they are singing. That was the finish of the third act.

The next time that I met "Little Puss" was at a banquet given at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Broadway. There were many professional people present on that occasion. He came in with an actor who bore the name of Dolly Davenport. The beautiful Lucille sang on that occasion.

The next time I saw him was at the Herron home in New York, on Broome street, near Broadway. There he came with Mr. Forrest, who was playing an engagement at the Broadway Theatre. I remember that one of the ladies of the family presented him with a beautiful book full of illustrations copied from paintings. I remember he brought the book into the dining room, placed it on a chair, then sat down on it, which made Mr. Forrest and the guests laugh. Mr. Forrest said, "Pet, why did you bring your book in here?" He said, "Because I know where it is now."

During the two hours following, while the guests remained

at the table, there were several little speeches made by the gentlemen present. Naturally Mr. Forrest was asked to favor them first. When Mr. Forrest stood up to oblige the friends, the "Little One" said to him, "Old man, don't get off any of your fish stories now. Tell them about Jim and the balking mule." That sent all the guests off into a big laugh. I never can forget it through all eternity. When we were about to adjourn to the parlor a young miss about fourteen, who was a niece of the family, said to the hostess, "Auntie, why don't you ask the little boy to say something?" She asked Little Puss if he wouldn't address the company with some of his beautiful thoughts. Mr. Forrest said, "Stand up, Pet, and say something nice to the friends present." He stood up, holding his book, and was about to speak when a maiden lady said, "Dear, I think you had better lay your book down while you speak. You can use your arms better then." He looked at her and said, "You old curmudgeon, is the book yours?" Just then the book was seized out of his arms—for it was quite a large book—and it was thrown into the lap of a Mr. Hulburd; in after days that gentleman was called Professor Hulburd (rap.) They were rapping then for me to tell you where he lived. The last I heard of him I was informed that he lived somewhere on Second Avenue. That Mr. Hulburd was a second cousin to the medium. It startled the guests present to see the book pass through space and drop into Mr. Hulburd's lap. A Doctor Jennings present said, "That is a physical demonstration that has taken place through spirit power."

They all looked at him in wonder. Mr. Herron said, "Doctor, you don't mean to tell us there are spirits here?" Before the Doctor got a chance to answer, "Little Puss" said, "If it hadn't been for that old curmudgeon over there I was going to tell about Jim and the bucking mule," which brought a laugh. The maiden lady was Doctor Jennings' sister.

Mrs. Herron said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will adjourn to the parlor and have some music." Puss said he wanted his book. Mr. Hulburd handed him the book and while he did so some invisible hand slapped him on the cheek. He said he could feel it just as plain as any physical hand that ever touched his face in his life. When in the parlor a beautiful young lady

named Miss Glover said to "Little Puss," "My dear, may I kiss you?" The Little One said, "All right." She took him in her arms, kissed and hugged him. She cried out, "How strange—that was a man's lip with a mustache kissed me then." She turned pale, her face became white almost as if all the blood had left it. Mr. Forrest said, "Don't be frightened, Miss Glover. He is a strange little creature and strange things happen where he is." Just then she jumped to her feet and screamed, "Oh God, look there. See those two armies fighting. Look there at the Little One riding a cream colored horse alongside of a large military man. I could tell that man if I ever saw him again." (A rap) then she fainted. They laid her on a red velvet sofa. Doctor Jennings magnetized her and brought her back to consciousness. After that I was told she saw many visions on different occasions.

One day afterward, just how many years I cannot tell you now, as I fail to remember, Miss Glover and I were sitting in a window on Broadway, looking at the military passing by. At the head rode a large man on a black charger. As I remember it was one of the most beautiful horses I ever looked upon. When the horse and his rider came right opposite to where we were sitting Miss Glover said, "There, Jane, is the man I saw in my vision. I wonder who it can be?" A man who stood back of us said, "That is General Winfield Scott." Then she said, "I wonder in what way 'Little Puss' can be connected with him?"

After the parade had passed and we had reached our home—for you must understand that an actress' home is wherever her apartments are—while we were sitting in my drawing room and gossiping over a cup of tea, she let the cup and saucer fall to the floor and screamed out, "Oh God, Jane, there are those two armies again, meeting in battle. I can tell the color of their clothing now. One is blue and the other is gray. I see 'Little Puss' again, sitting on a horse alongside of a good sized man (a rap—another rap) but not that big man that I saw in the other vision. I wonder what it can all mean and why our 'Little Puss' is there? Look," she said, "Can't you see, Jane? There is our 'Little Puss' on a black horse, this time dressed as a little old woman, but I know his face. What can it mean? Just see,

the scene is changed. I see him as a boy enter an officer's tent, gets up on the officer's knee and sings for him. Now the officer is kissing him. He opens his coat and puts one of the Little One's hands inside of his breast; the Little One laughs and tickles the officer under the chin with his other hand. Oh, those eyes, those eyes, they are fascinating that officer. I see the officer kissing him again and I hear the words, Jane, 'Sweet one, you are mine.'" She burst out crying and cried as if her heart would break. I said, "Oh, Nellie, don't cry so. I wish you did not see such visions. I am afraid some of them will affect your reason—but on second thought, perhaps you are seeing some scenes of a new play that will be produced at one of the theatres." She said, "Oh no, dear Jane (rap) I feel those are scenes in real life, but what our Little Puss will have to do with it I cannot tell. Oh Jane, dear, I wish he did not have those eyes. I am afraid, dear, when he grows taller those eyes will be the ruin of some man. You know as well as I do those are the eyes of a female and not of a male. Haven't you noticed, whenever we have met him in society, he attracts the men? Those eyes are a magnet, dear Jane, and that is why so many of the men want him to sit on their laps. Did you notice at the Astor reception how Mr. Houdon of England hovered around him just as if he held him in a net? Look at the time when Mr. Forrest gave that supper on his benefit night—how he flitted around the room with a roguish smile, and looked from those eyes that fascinated the men. Do you remember how Mayor Wood insisted upon the Little One sitting by him a great deal of the time? (Rap.) I heard afterward that Mr. Wood presented him with a gold watch and long chain to go around his neck. Who was that military officer who paid so much attention to him, Jane dear?" (Rap.) I told her I thought he was a military captain. "Well, Jane dear, I am going to tell you something. That was the man who sat on the horse that I saw in the vision a little while ago. Mark what I say, that vision means something in our Little Puss' life."

The next time that I saw Puss was in Boston. He was playing "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." One afternoon the Sewall family gave an afternoon coffee in honor of Mr. Forrest, who was playing at the Washington Street Theatre. Little Puss

came with a military gentleman. As they entered the parlor, Miss Glover grasped my arm so tight that it hurt me. She said in my ear, "God, Jane, there's the man I saw in my vision with Little Puss. Who can he be?" I said, "When his name was announced it sounded like Warren." She said, "That man will play a part in Puss' life. Oh, I wish our Little Puss didn't have those eyes. They haunt me so, Jane. I am afraid they will bring him into trouble."

They sang a duet that afternoon and oh, how their voices sent a wave of music through the room. They sang the duet from *Norma*, and as the Little One looked up at the tall man and told him of her love and the ruin that he had wrought upon her, the tall man looked down, drinking every word and gloating over the ruin he had made. Miss Glover said, "Jane, I must leave the room. I cannot stand it. I, too, will be drawn into that man's life. God help me." Afterward she became a mother of twin boys, and that man Warren was their father.

The next time I met Little Puss I was playing an engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York City. I met him at a banquet given at the New York Hotel where he and Mr. Warren were boarding. During the musical programme they sang the same duet. I commenced to cry when I thought of the fate of the beautiful Miss Glover. I saw that that man Warren fascinated women and they fell under his fascinating spell. I saw his love was great for Little Puss. Outside of that he was a man of the world, to which many a woman could testify. I left the banquet room and went to the parlor of the hotel. While sitting there trying to calm my feelings, Edwin Booth, who was playing at the Winter Garden, entered the parlor and came and sat on a chair alongside of me. He said, "They hold a grand banquet here tonight. The dining hall looks dazzling with the beauty of the ladies and the manly forms of the gentlemen. I notice, Miss Davenport, that you left the banquet hall after that gentleman and his boy sang that duet from *Norma*." I said, "Mr. Booth, I was tired and thought I would come here for a little while and rest." Just then two beautiful young ladies entered the parlor. One said to the other, "Isn't he charming?" the other one said, "Who do you mean?" The first speaker said, "Why, Mr. Warren, of course." I groaned inwardly and said

to myself, "Another victim." I will not give the young lady's name. Afterward she became a mother and he was the father of the child. Six months after the child was born she commenced taking dramatic lessons and prepared for the stage. Two years afterward she became a member of my company.

After those young ladies had retired from the parlor—or I should say withdrawn from the parlor—President Buchanan entered, holding Little Puss by the hand, who was full of glee. Mr. Booth arose, introduced me to the President. During our conversation and after all were seated Mr. Booth said, "Come, Puss, sit on my knee and tell us what you have been doing of late." Oh," he said, "the last thing that I did was to sit on the General's knee and make love to him. You know he's such a little bit of a baby and I have to tell him pretty things to keep him in good humor." We laughed at that. That banquet was given in honor of General Winfield Scott. At that banquet I first saw the man that I married, but I was not introduced to him then.

Mr. Buchanan said to me, "Miss Davenport, there are going to be a number of friends who will meet two weeks from the coming Friday at the White House in Washington. Will you do me the honor to be present on that occasion as one of the honored guests?" Before I had a chance to answer him, Little Puss said, "Of course she will, and I'm going to pick her out a good looking fellow, too." I laughed and said, "I hope that will suffice for an answer." The President said, "Most assuredly it will, and I will look for you (rap) on that occasion." We laughed and said, "Little Puss will grow up to be a matchmaker yet." I attended the reception and Little Puss introduced me to the gentleman who became my husband. So you see, he became a matchmaker, after all. We will continue at another time.

Saturday, December 12, 1903.

Good morning, friend and brother. Why I call you brother, I have made the discovery that you and my husband were brothers, and that you are fully substantiated in all the honor imaginable. With pride and glory you can wear the same emblem; that condition brings me in close sisterhood to you and all that belongs to your order.

Now, I am not going to ask your pardon this morning or consent to continue my communication. I am going to thank you in a kindly manner for the patience you have had with the feeble attempt (rap) that I have had in producing this simple and plain communication. The gracious manner in which you have treated me requires many thanks from me, especially since I had a strong desire to add my mite to your publication. I was informed by Mr. Warren that the spirits were giving the Life of Little Puss through his own organism and mediumship.

After making the discovery of what was taking place in your home—Searchlight Bower—it was my desire to make you a visit (rap). I brought my will power to bear and entered your home unannounced. I have been coming and entering your home for over three months, finally I was permitted and forthwith I introduced myself to your friendship. I understood this philosophy for over forty years before I left my physical body.

It was through the mediumship of Little Justin that I became a believer and discovered it was a solid fact that spirits could return and communicate with the loved ones. There was no blotting it out; the flag of progress and spirit development was to float for all time. I know, friend and brother, there are many fraudulent individuals posing as mediums for the spirit world. It is through these frauds that you can make the discovery of the genuine material when you meet it. During my earth life in my physical body I met many frauds and the glorious part of it was, through those frauds I understood where to draw the line between the genuine and the imitation. I witnessed wonderful manifestations through the mediumship of Nettie Maynard and D. D. Home, Slade, Foster and Mrs. Paul of Philadelphia.

In spiritualism, my friend, you will always find the genuine and the counterfeit. If you keep a sane mind and a level brain you can detect the fraud every time. I saw genuine materialization through the mediumship of an old lady while in company with Emma Hardinge Britten, (rap), Doctor Coonley, Doctor Newton, (rap), and Mrs. Floyd Garrison. It was on a Sunday afternoon and there was quite a bright light in the room. It was the most wonderful expression and phase of spirit power that I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The lady said it

did not come to her until she was fifty-three years of age. She was just getting over a severe attack of the typhoid fever, when the spirits would materialize to her (rap) at twilight. The first that came was her husband, with their two children; after that other spirits came. A spirit came that claimed to be Thomas Paine. We held a pleasant and intellectual conversation with him. While we were conversing he said, "There is a little medium playing here at your theatre in Washington. Some day I will control his organ of speech and address a public audience through his mediumship." Whether that came to pass or not, I do not know.

(The addresses above spoken of were delivered in 1883 in Kansas City, Mo. I was present and heard the series of lectures.—E. W. Hulburd.)

The next time I met Little Puss was when he was dancing in the opera of the "Magic Flute" at the Academy of Music in New York City. Some friends, my husband and myself, occupied a box. The next day I wrote him a note, asking him as a favor to call at our rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and bring any friends that he felt would be pleased to spend a social afternoon. He answered my note and sent it by the bearer—that is, he had some one write it, for I knew he could not do so. He said he would call with some friends on the following Sunday afternoon. He came, accompanied by James G. Blaine, who was a particular friend of my husband's; a Mr. Lorillard, who claimed to be a tobacco manufacturer, and Mr. Warren. We had a very pleasant afternoon and the conversation became quite animated and full of fun; so much so that I laughed so loud I had to beg the gentlemen's pardon for being so rude. I expected a lady guest, but she failed to come.

While we were enjoying ourselves and laughing a great deal a sudden jar or knock came upon the wall. Then we became quite sober and the laughter moderated for awhile. Little Puss commenced to look quite serious, arose from his seat, walked over to Mr. Blaine, ran his fingers through his hair, saying, "Jimmie, my boy, there is going to come a great disappointment to you in life; it will make you feel so bad that it will prey upon your mind; you will be robbed of that which you are fully entitled to, but Jimmie, there will be a cause for

it all. (Rap.) Remember, now, what I have said." He walked back and took his seat. While he was sitting at the end of the sofa he made a peculiar face. Mr. Blaine said, "That looks like the face of my grandfather." Puss' face looked so strange that I could not remain quiet, and laughed right out.

After that I rang the bell and ordered tea to be brought to our sitting room. While sitting and sipping our tea the bell boy knocked at the door and handed in an envelope to my husband, which contained tickets given me to attend a concert to be given at the "Academy of Music." After we had talked a little while Matilda Herron called, and while there in conversation said, "Mrs. Landers, I have three tickets given to me to attend a concert to be given at the 'Academy of Music' this evening. I laughed and said, "Dear Matilda, we have just received tickets for the same; possibly some of these gentlemen will accept your offer with gracious condescension on their part." Matilda laughed; at the same time placing the tickets on the centre of the table she said, "Gentlemen, you can all go. I do not require a ticket, neither does Puss. I think our faces are good enough for admittance to the concert." Then it was decided we should all go.

About an hour before the time to go to the Academy Puss said, "Papa, we can't go; we must go to Philadelphia tonight." I said, "Why must you go tonight, Puss?" He said, "I can't tell, but the voice said we must go."

They took the late train for Philadelphia, arrived at their home about half past two in the morning. When they stepped out of the carriage and were walking toward the entrance of the home, Puss said, "See, Papa, one half of the door is partly open." Then Mr. Warren thought there must be something wrong, that part of the door should be open at that time of the night. He blew a whistle that he carried. After awhile two policemen came. Before the first policeman got there a man came rushing out of the house and tried to push Mr. Warren one side. Mr. Warren was too quick for him, struck him a blow in the face which knocked him senseless and he fell in the doorway. After both policemen arrived they dragged the man into the hall, placed the handcuffs on him, locked and bolted the door on the inside, took the key out of the lock. Little Puss sat there

and watched him in case he returned to consciousness while they searched the house for other burglars.

They lit the gas in the hall and in the parlor, to their great amazement and I should say to their wonderful astonishment, there lay the piano cover filled with silverware on the parlor floor, tied up and ready to carry out. On the sofa was a sheet filled with Puss' dresses and other valuables taken from their rooms, which made a large bundle, ready to carry out. Mr. Warren woke up some of the inmates of the house. They and the policemen, with Mr. Warren, made a thorough search of the house. They lit the gas all through. When they had reached the top floor (rap) some shooting commenced. The policemen and Prof. Cox, a Mr. Maple and Mr. Warren returned the fire. They wounded three men, who went back into a room. While they were trying to barricade the door the policemen broke it in, knocked the men down and they were held there while their feet were tied together with a rope, produced by one of the servant maids. They were a class of old burglars. One of them was an escaped convict from the State's Prison. There was a description of it in the newspapers at the time. Mr. Warren wrote a letter to my husband, giving a more thorough description of the affair as it happened.

I did not meet Little Puss again for some years. The next time was at my home in Washington. I gave a reception in which my friends participated. Little Puss was one of the guests present. I did not recognize him. He came with General Garfield, who happened to be in Washington at the time. When their names were announced they were given as General Garfield and lady. I wondered who the lady could be, as I did not recognize her. I thought perhaps it might be a daughter or a niece. About one o'clock the little lady came toward me, dressed in a magnificent gown, white moire antique, black lace and white swan's down. She placed her hands in mine and looked up into my face, laughing, saying, "Oh Jane, don't you know me?" Then I recognized those roguish eyes. I said, "It's Puss." I hugged and kissed her, for she was a she then. I said, "Puss, your disguise was so perfect I never would have known you if I had not looked into those eyes." I said, "What a beautiful blonde wig you have—it looks so natural no one

could tell but it was your own hair. How comes it that you came with General Garfield?" Papa is down at Alexandria," she said. "General Garfield dined at our hotel today. I asked him out of all the goodness and kindness that was in his nature would he not become my escort to your reception. He laughed and said, 'Yes, if you will wear that beautiful blonde wig that you wore in "Morning Call." I consented and so you find me here. I am chaperoning him in the character of his great grandmother, grandmother, mother, wife and daughter. Don't you think, Jane, I have a big job on my hands?'" I said, "Puss, you're a daisy; I was wondering all the evening why you did not come. Now be careful that you do not permit those eyes of yours to wander around the room too much, especially where the male sex are." She looked up into my face with those roguish eyes, at the same time laughing, saying, "Dear Jane, I'm on my good behavior tonight. I am here with the Rev. Garfield, that is why you see I am so quiet and well behaved, just like a church mouse. Don't you think he is a rather handsome looking fellow?" Just then a Mr. Noble came up to say something to me. I introduced him to Puss as Miss Dewdrop, saying, "Miss Dewdrop, this is Mr. Noble, a particular friend of my husband." Then those eyes commenced and for the next hour he had no eyes for anyone but her. I smiled to myself and said, "She'll make him dance around like a performing dog."

In about an hour and a half he came to me and said, "She's a bewitching little creature, and yet she's so quiet. What relation is she to General Garfield?" I said, "No kin whatever; only a lady friend." He said, "I have invited her next Tuesday evening to go and see the 'Dashing Blanchard' in the 'Rival Lovers.' I have received her consent. Would you not like to accompany us? It would be a delight to me to have you do so if you possibly can." I told him I could not, as friends were coming here on that evening. "She's rather a peculiar young lady," he said to me, "and does not approve of theatres. She thinks girls on the stage become rather bold acting so much before the public. She said she wouldn't be an actress for the whole world. She couldn't get up courage enough to speak before the public. She knew she'd make a failure of it." It was all I could do to keep from laughing in his face. What

would he think if he became acquainted with the fact that he was talking to the "Dashing Blanchard" then. The principal musician said, "Select your partners for a waltz." He went direct to her and asked her to do him the honor of waltzing with him. Friend, I wish you could have seen the glow that was on that man's face. How she hung on his arm and looked up at his eyes. I said to my husband, "Puss has another victim." He said to me, "Tell her after the waltz is over I want her to become my partner in the Lancers." She promised me she would do so. She said, "Dear Jane, how can I ever leave this dear boy that has no chaperone, when you know it's my duty to protect him from the female butterflies?" I laughed and said, "Remember I have your promise that you are to dance with my husband." She looked up with those roguish eyes and said, "I will do as you wish, but oh, you're so cruel to a poor orphan." She danced with my husband and after the dance was over she and General Garfield disappeared.

I heard afterward that gentleman told my husband he called at the number she had given him to take her to the theatre. They told him at the residence there was no Miss Dewdrop, it was a private home, and they did not keep boarders.

The next time I met Puss was in Baltimore, at the Barnum Hotel. She was playing, or I should say "he" now, for he was in male attire, and was representing a scamp by the name of Aladdin, who had a wonderful lamp. While stopping there Puss, a Mrs. Davis and myself became guests at a dinner given by two wealthy old bachelors, who gave a description, and in that description they described quite accurately some of the amusing pranks that Puss used to carry out. Mrs. Davis laughed so much that I thought she would go into hysterics. She was a lady from Philadelphia and said that she knew Puss to do a great many funny things, but those just described were new to her. While we were enjoying the twilight some friends called to see the bachelors. One of their number bore the name of Horace Girard. During the conversation he said, "Bye the bye, Flo," to one of the old bachelors, "I attended the theatre last night with sister Rachel and Mary. The 'Dashing Blanchard' is playing 'Aladdin' there. Some say it is a boy and some say it's a girl. It doesn't make any difference what it is, the way in

which he wriggles his body while singing and dancing is something funny to behold; and how he can kiss those pretty chorus girls is something wonderful to look at. I know there were hundreds of young fellows in the theatre who envied him the part he was playing. I know I, for one, did. But Flo, would you believe it, I would rather kiss Aladdin than any of the chorus girls, for I believe it's a girl. He has breasts just like a girl and his neck is perfect. As he came over toward our box singing, 'Walking on a Spar, Smoking a Cigar,' he winked at me. (Rap.) I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that is no boy, but a girl (rap); those were a girl's eyes that winked at me and the voice is a high soprano voice. If it isn't a real girl it's the next door to it, and I'd like to be her husband just the same."

That was the cause of a big laugh. Puss looked up with one of his quiet, innocent looks and said, "Oh, what a bold person that must be to wink at the people from the stage. That's beyond all decency. I don't see how managers can engage such brazen people. If I was the manager of a theatre I wouldn't have such characters on my stage." The young man said, "He was pretty all the same, and I believe it's a girl. There's eight young men of us going tomorrow night to see him in 'Aladdin.' I have secured the same box that I sat in the other evening. It's the one on the right of the stage." Puss looked up with a sad face and a melancholy look in his eyes, saying, "How can young men go to ruin that way?"

The young gentleman said, "I am willing any time to pay a few dollars to see such a face and form; by the way, your face has a little resemblance to his." Puss said, "May God forgive you this day; to think you would say (rap) my face resembled his." I thought the old bachelor named Flo would fall off the chair from laughing so much. The other bachelor, the taller of the two, kept shaking his hand at the Little One to keep quiet, but I saw it was impossible for him to do so. The tall one said, "Suppose we have some music now, friends."

Mrs. Davis was invited to go to the piano. She did so and played a beautiful selection from Beethoven. While she was playing Puss sat there with such a sad face on, looking at that young man. It was all I could do to hold in from screaming with laughter. After she had finished playing she said, "Come

here, Puss, and let us sing one of our duets for the friends." Puss got up and walked toward the piano like he had spavined knees and dragged one of his feet as if he were a cripple. I thought that the old bachelor they called Flo would have to lie down on the floor, he laughed so much.

When Puss had reached the piano Mrs. Davis said, "Let's sing 'The Lilies that Float Down the River.'" Puss leaned so on Mrs. Davis' shoulder that it would give one the idea that he was suffering great pain. They commenced to sing, Mrs. Davis with her rich contralto voice and Puss with his high soprano. Oh, how grand it was. The young man rose immediately, held on to the back of his chair, looked at them like a frightened deer; when they had finished he said, "Good God! that's the same voice—that's Aladdin's voice." He took quick steps toward Puss, caught him in his arms, kissed him, saying, "You are Aladdin, and I know it." I wish you could have been there, friend, and heard the applause that followed the laughter.

The Sunday evening following, we all assembled at the same house. Nettie Maynard was present and gave one of her musical seances. After the seance was over light refreshments were served. All went home feeling happy to think they were present on that occasion.

The last time I saw Puss while living in the physical body was at the President's mansion in Washington. I am glad to see that he has lived to see his seventy-fifth birthday and hope he will live longer yet as a servant of the spirit world. Give him my love.

I thank you from the depths of my soul for taking down my communication and hope it will be of some value to your book. Good day, friend. Many thanks.

Major H. J. Gleason

Chapter XXXV

Wednesday, January 13, 1904.

Good morning, friend Hulburd. I've made a mistake to commence with, I should have said Brother Hulburd. Now let me tell you why I am here this morning. Brother Knowles and Brother Warren and many others tell me that there is a book about to be published called the "Life of Little Justin Hulburd." It became my great desire to have something to say in that book, and I'm going to say it in my own way. I was known to you, Mr. Meyer and Justin, as Major Gleason, an unfortunate being, one that was a coward. If I had not been a coward and a mora! wreck I would not have committed suicide.

Your spirit friends granted me the wish to communicate with you. My desire had been so great it just seemed as if I could not wait. For quite awhile they told me I must be patient and prepare myself for the condition, that is, to control Justin's forces. I hope that he told you I showed myself to him and held some conversation with him. I was so anxious to come here and, when I made the discovery that I could show myself to him, I got my will power to work and accomplished it.

Dear brother, I hope you and all the friends will forgive me for what I did. I became the slave of the wine and whiskey bottle. I was a low coward to desert my beautiful wife and children. Oh God, brother, if you only knew all—all that beautiful soul had to contend with. She had the patience of an angel; she was an angel to me. She loved me dearly and I loved her, when whiskey had not destroyed my mental senses. When a man or woman is under the influence of that cursed drink all their intellectual faculties become befogged. I would do anything for my wife and children while in my normal condition. God bless her. The patience she had with me was wonderful.

Some people might think I did not love my wife and children because I went on those periodical sprees. When I was a sober man I loved them with all the love of my soul. I had been flattered and feted by many people and Major Gleason thought he had will power strong enough to resist the temptation of wine and women, but I fell a victim to the punch bowl.

When my loved ones come over to this side of life I will do all that is in my power to pay the debt I owe them—that is, the debt of love and gratitude I owe to my angel wife.

I know, brother, it was a cowardly act to commit suicide, but that hellish demon had me in his fangs and I felt I was a degraded being in the sight of my family and other human beings. No doubt you heard to what a low condition I fell.

At one time here in San Diego, when I received that position in the railroad office, I thought I was once more a man, and for a time I was, and we all lived so happily, but Dudley Warner and his party came to San Diego and brought ruin upon me and my family again. While I was showing him and his party around he tempted me to partake of wine. At first I refused it, then he said, "Only take a little to be sociable. I have recommended you to the company as a very sociable man, and that your jokes were many."

I was weak to flattery like many other human beings on this planet. I partook of the wine, fell a victim to sociability and that curse that has led many a man and woman to become cowards and slaves to the king of all evil, whose name is whiskey. I went on a spree, lost my position in the railroad and once more became a wreck, of which I need not tell you, as you were acquainted with the facts.

In time I got to hate myself and loathed the idea that I had become a walking nuisance. Think of that angel wife of mine, how she bore with me through it all, and cheered me on to better things. If I had only had the strong will power of a sensible man with her love I could have become, as it were, a new being. I loved flattery and adulation which was my ruin, in time, with the assistance of the whiskey bottle. Oh, that fatal curse that is held inside of that bottle. As long as the nation receives a big revenue from the same it will be manufactured, to the ruin of millions of weak minded people.

I wish I had the power to destroy all liquor that is manufactured. I would go on destroying it as quick as I had made the discovery that it was in course of preparation to be launched out into the world for sale. Its victims become the degraded scum of society and also create through their seed libertines, immoral cowards, thieves, burglars and murderers, filling the prisons and lunatic asylums. Alas, the nation receives a big revenue and the human race must fall before the curse of whiskey. Intemperance seems to flourish everywhere throughout the land.

I want to thank Mr. Meyer, yourself and Justin for the kindness shown to my family and myself while under your hospitable roof. All my boys loved to come here. My daughter Rose said she felt at home as soon as she stepped inside of your house. She said she loved to sing up here, the air was so clear and beautiful. When she inflated her lungs with the air, it gave power to her voice. She told me all the food she ate up here tasted so good and it just seemed like heaven to ramble under your great live oaks here in your mountain dell. As you know, she had a sweet voice and I loved to hear her sing. When everything at home was in perfect harmony and my pet Rose would sing for us it was heaven on earth; then my wife—God bless her—and I were happy beings.

The first time that I accompanied Mr. Meyer to the mountains, after we had left the main road and entered, under the great live oaks, on the road leading to your home, I said to the Doctor, "You gentlemen have an Eden here."

How happy it made my boys when their mother gave them permission to make you a visit in your mountain dell, for which, once more, I wish to thank you for all the kindness shown to my family. When my wife made you that visit last summer, I accompanied her as a spirit. I thank Major Hess for the kindness shown by him to my wife and the other lady. It was generous in him, a stranger, to get a conveyance and bring my wife to your home for the first time. It was her great desire to see the place, so often spoken of by her husband and children. It is one of the bright spots in her memory and shall always remain so, until she comes to me on this side of life. Then we will both visit your home together and look at the surround-

ing country, which is so beautiful to the eye. She said to herself, while on her visit, "Now I will see that strange little creature in his native element, in his own home," meaning Justin.

My great desire in coming here is to give you an explanation of something that took place during the civil war. I did not understand it then, but I do now, since coming here to spirit life. While down in the field, a brother officer and myself visited another regiment: (rap) while nearing the location of that regiment we discovered a dashing young lady mounted on a beautiful horse coming toward us, a Captain Knowles walking by the side of the horse, holding a conversation with its rider. I said to my companion, "Will, there is one of your southern beauties. I presume she is on her way to see the General, to get him to grant her some favor: perhaps to have a guard put around her father's house."

When the horse and rider came up to where we stood we took off our hats, came to attention and bowed politely; she reigned in her horse, saying, when she had brought him to a stop, "Good morning, gentlemen, I had no idea there were so many fine looking officers in the northern army. You must forgive me, gentlemen, for making such an expression. I am a young southern girl with very little mind of my own, as you can see. Captain Knowles here, another one of your dashing officers, like a knight of old, is leading me to headquarters." Then she laughed a musical laugh, showing a mouth full of beautiful white teeth. She gave her head a saucy toss and said she was afraid she'd lose her heart and some Yankee officer would have the keeping of it yet. Will put his foot on to my favorite corn, saying, "Jesus, ain't Knowles a lucky dog?" He said it in a stage whisper, but I felt like knocking him down. That corn hurt me for a week afterward.

The next time I saw Captain Knowles I asked if I might, with his permission, inquire who that young lady was on the horse that he was escorting to headquarters? He said, "Why, Major, I introduced her to you and your brother officer, as Miss Cummings. Her name is Miss Lucy Cummings and she has promised to marry me and make me happy for the rest of my life." I said, "Oh, ho! That's the way the wind blows, is it?" He said, "That's the way it blows at the present time." Two

weeks afterward I met Captain Knowles walking with a boy who had a pair of Nankeen pants on, buttoned on to a waist, and a slouchy looking cap on his head. I noticed the Captain kissed the boy when he bid him good bye. I said to the Captain, "Who is that queer looking kid that you were bidding good bye as I came up? What's he doing here among the boys?"

He said, "Major, he brings me news from my sweetheart. That is my sweetheart's brother." I said, "Great suffering Moses, he will never be killed for his beauty. He's got freckles enough on his face and hands to be on exhibition in a side show. You don't mean to tell me that freckle faced kid is a brother of that beautiful Miss Cummings with the long blonde hair hanging down her back. If I was her I'd want to disown such a looking brother as that. He put me in mind of a toad, Captain." The Captain laughed and said, "Major, the sister is sweet, so I don't mind what the brother looks like." I said, "She's a daisy, Captain."

In about a month afterward, as two others and myself were walking over a piece of rising ground, we discovered a horse with a little woman on its back coming toward our lines as if the wind carried the horse and rider. At the same time in the distance we saw two men on horses riding after her and shooting—it seemed to us—as quick as they could empty their pistols. When the horse and its rider came to where we were standing, we made the discovery it was a little old woman who was sitting on the horse. We said, "Good woman, what is the matter? Why are those men pursuing you and shooting at you?" She spoke with a strong southern dialect and said, "Them ere fellers want to kiss me and I wouldn't have it." We all burst out laughing to think that men would want to kiss such an old looking hag like that. She had an old clay pipe in her mouth and some of her teeth were as black as charcoal and the way she laughed and grinned at us was a caution. She said, "All you'uns is pretty fair looking chaps, but I must be goin' on." We asked her where she was bound for. She said, "Eout yonder a little ways." We watched her and made the discovery she entered a Colonel's tent.

Now, brother Hulburd, since I have come to spirit life I

have made a discovery and will give you the explanation. Those three different persons, as I thought, were one and the same individual, and that individual was this Little Justin whom I now control. Also I have made the acquaintance of seventeen different male spirits, whom, while living in their physical bodies, she had promised to marry and make happy.

While sojourning here in spirit life I have made the acquaintance of an old Chicago friend; a Mr. Gallup, who tells me his wife is related to you and Justin; her maiden name was Hulburd. I have also met Richard Hooley, of Hooley's Theatre in Chicago. He says at one time Little Justin was under his management for over twelve years. I have also met a Mr. Latshaw who says he was well acquainted with Fred Meyer and Justin while living in Chicago as they, at one time, were members of his household. I have met Joseph Wilson, a druggist, who was well acquainted with Justin; a Mrs. Northcote and many others. It would take up too much space to mention their names, and my time is up. I leave my love to you all and to the friends who would like to hear from me. Put me down as Major Gleason, the weak fool. Good day.

October 16, 1889.

The immolation of my poor bruised heart
 Doth pierce my soul like an arrow dart;
 Because I have waited and watched so long
 And sung to my heart's content immolation's song.
 You see I have sacrificed every pleasure on earth
 To give vent to his passion in an idiot's birth.
 Oh, when shall my body be laid to rest
 And my spirit have fled to the land of the blest?
 Ah, there comes another cry of shame
 Why did I let it pass my lips the same?
 Because upon my soul he thrusts so bane
 The thought of bringing another idiot to the world again.
 Is there no help for my poor aching heart?
 If none, drag me under the wheels of a cart
 That my poor body may be lacerated and torn apart,

Then perhaps it will still my aching heart.
I have nothing left God only knows
But my poor idiot and old clothes.
Everything for whiskey and tobacco have been sold
And me and the little idiot can go out in the cold.
Where are the just laws of this Christian land
When I have his abuse and licentious thoughts to stand?
And now, O God, open a way for me on any hand
Or I must burst the strings of this life band.
Let the living thoughts of my heart
Through some fount of love play a part
For I am so weary and quickly tire.
All is gone, not even a spark of fire.
My poor brain seems to whirl and reel,
Those drunken fumes and cries I feel.
Oh let me break this band of vice,
It is only prostitution in a married life.
Thou good angels give me a spark of hope
That my soul for once in Heaven may float.
To see if there is another woman there like me
That has suffered so long. Please let me see,
For I must from this drunken licentious brute be free.
Oh, thou good angels please do for me,
Whereby in immolation I have stood it so long
To leave this brothel house, serpent, I do not it wrong.
If there is one divine spark of love,
Woman, shall I find it in our home above
Or shall I live to see it here
Down in the depths of this earth sphere?
When I see a woman's smiling face
I think she must have a husband that knows God's grace.
Where is all my culture and learning gone
To be submissive and grace a drunkard's home,
For all, all is lost and I am left alone.
Even my poor idiot to another land has gone.
I closed his eyes in shame and disgrace,
Now God help me to flee this place
Or I will become raving mad.
In that condition then I will be happy and glad,

When I am a woman, a maniac mad.
Then all the tongues of the world at me can wag.
But oh God, save me, save me, I am but a human rag,
Then he no longer through this world of crime, me can drag,
But in that world of perpetual bliss
I can again and again my idiot kiss,
For he will be sane like other children there,
Then I will thank God I have left this world of care.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr.

Chapter XXXVI

February 23, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. I once more enter your home without knocking or asking permission. I understand thoroughly that your doors are always kept open to all who wish to enter.

It pleases me to greet you on such a beautiful morning. This would compare with a June morning in the eastern states. You have a glorious climate here for those who live in the physical body. Oh, how I could impress thousands to come to your beautiful state, but they will come in time, you can rely on that. In fifty years from now the population of California will be a large one. I always loved the state; in it I could see a great future brought to bear by the people of the east; it is only in its childhood yet. Wait until it grows to full manhood and then see the results that it will bring forth.

Now I will give you a little description of my life when living in a physical body. I was a man without any religion whatever. I neither believed in a God or a devil, a future state was all chance work to me. When anyone would speak to me of immortality I thought they were theorizing with a visionary condition, that had lain in their mind dormant for awhile and had just woke up, throwing a glamour over the natural senses. I used to smile, inwardly, when any one spoke to me of their religious ideas. I had no desire to insult them, but often felt like it. I was a man who did not hold woman's virtue at a high estimation. I had a strong animal nature and felt, while living in a physical body, that women were only made for me to admire. As I did not believe in any hereafter, I always selected the pretty ones to amuse me. I loved my profession—the stage—and, as an actor, I was the admiration of the female sex.

Nature had given me a fine, manly form to look upon but she did not give me those fine, beautiful qualities that constitute a virtuous, moral nature. I know, during my professional career, that many of the men on the stage envied my manly form. I was, what you call vulgarly, a masher. I was both conceited and egotistical and reveled in the idea that I was the beau ideal of women, poor vain man that I was; (rap) I make you this confession to show you, and the readers at large, that I did not understand that I was only a poor weak vessel preparing for a new birth. In some grooves of nature I was generous, while in others I was selfish to the extreme; I only thought of Charles Thorne, Jr.; all else, I thought, must dance to my fiddling. I admired life and wished to make the most of it in my way of living. Vain fool that I was. I loved to look upon the beauty of the female sex and have them lavish upon me their smiles. Then I was living in a garden of roses (two raps) fed by the nutrition of man's vanity and woman's weak nature. I remember on one occasion I attended a ball, given at the Academy of Music on East 14th street. While I was admiring the beautiful women and the toilettes they wore, on that occasion, I noticed a little girl with beautiful flaxen hair dancing with a military officer. I said to myself, "I must become acquainted with her if such a thing can be possible." It came around at last. I saw her speaking to Mr. Palmer, the theatrical manager. I passed by where they were standing. Mr. Palmer called me to him saying, "Mr. Thorne, allow me to introduce you to my little friend, Mademoiselle Leotine. The little individual with the flaxen hair bowed, with great profusion, as she accepted the introduction. She spoke with a French accent. I asked her if she would permit me to have the honor of waltzing with her. She did so and we entered the mazy dance. I commenced to make love to her while we were dancing and she would look at me with those large dark blue eyes full of fire. I said to myself, "God, what a beautiful creature this is. Thorne, you must win her for your own if it costs a whole year's salary." After the music had finished; I led her toward a box in which sat Kate Newton and some other professional friends. We took seats at the back part of the box and I became her slave for awhile. I should judge it must have

been half an hour, when she arose and said, "I must go now, my husband will be looking for me." I said, "Are you married?" She said, "Yes, my husband is a military gentleman." She spoke the last sentence in good English. I looked at her in amazement and said, "Then you are not French?" She said, "No, but Scotch." I said, "Then who are you, that you can speak with such a French accent?" She laughed and said, "Charlie Thorne, do you not know me? I am Little Puss who sat on your lap many a time and played with your mustache when you were so proud of it." I seized her hand and said, "Oh Puss, Puss, what will you be next?" She said, "Not one of your victims, anyhow." She said, "Charlie Thorne, do you not think there will come a punishment for the life you are leading? There is a penalty for that which is wrong. You made a mistake this time, in the discovery that I am too old a chicken to become one of your victims. It would take more than a year's salary to make me the victim that you had in your mind."

Then I thought Kate Newton and the friends would have a fit from laughing at my expense. I ground my teeth and said to myself, "Damn you, anyhow. I will get even with you."

I followed her as she went to the box door. She threw out her foot behind, gave me a kick which made me cry out with the pain and hurt me for two weeks afterward. She opened the door and disappeared in the crowd.

I went back and sat down on the chair, for my leg pained me. Kate Newton said, "That Little Puss is a strange creature. She has the greatest conception of character of any person I ever knew. With that flaxen hair and her French accent I never could have told who it was." "If I didn't know her, my leg did. She gave me such a vicious kick. That military man she calls her husband must have been the one I saw her dancing with." Kate Newton said, "Charles, how did you make her acquaintance?" "I saw her speaking to Mr. Palmer; he called me over and introduced me to her. I'll get even with him yet." Kate laughed and said, "Charles, once in awhile I judge you meet your match, don't you?" I said, "By God, I did tonight; to think of it, Kate, the little creature that I used to dance up and down on my knee, a few years ago, should fool me so tonight: by God, I will follow her and kiss her if I'm arrested for

it. I have a right to a kiss, for old acquaintance sake. She used to kiss me often enough then, when she lived in boys' clothes. I suppose womens' clothes tonight makes her a little prudish." I went and mingled with the crowd, limping somewhat, when I met Mr. Holmes. While I was talking to him up came a smart, trim-looking little boy with red curly hair; he said to Mr. Holmes, "Is your name Mr. Thorne, sir?" Mr. Holmes said, "No sir. Did you want to see me, boy?" He said, "I want to find Mr. Charles Thorne, the man that acts on the stage and rants so he frightens the women. I have a note for him." Holmes was laughing so that he held the front of his coat together. He said, "Boy, you have struck the man." He handed me the perfumed note and as I was about to read it, he said, "Mister, don't you think you ought to pay me something for bringing that note?" I put my hand in my pocket and gave the boy a piece of money. After I had done so he looked up at me and smiled, saying, "Mister, you're pretty good looking; I don't see why the women should be afraid of you." I said, "Go on." Holmes was laughing and said, "Charles, do you know that you gave that boy a five dollar gold piece?" I said, "Hell, no; did I? Well, Holmes, I'm all upset tonight."

I read my note; it was addressed to me in beautiful language, asking me to please call at the first box on the left hand side of the stage. There I would find a lady who had been admiring my manly beauty for the last six months. Her parents had gone to supper and perhaps she'd be all alone for an hour. "If you feel so disposed to come, enter the box without knocking." I told Mr. Holmes I thought I would go. He said, "By all means, Charlie; there may be another diamond ring forthcoming." I went, opened the door of the box without knocking and, to my surprise, who do you think I found? A big, fat nigger wench. She said, "How dare you come in here, man, without knocking? If you don't leave, I'll scream." I said, "For God's sake, don't scream; I'll leave." I went back and found Holmes. He said, "What luck, Charles?" I said, "The best in the world. She's as black as old Abraham." Then he yelled so that the people commenced to look at us. I said, "For Heaven's sake, keep quiet. I believe that's some of that damned Puss' work."

In about fifteen minutes afterward I saw Puss dressed as a beautiful page, leaning on General Grant's arm, followed by three other military men. I think one of them was General Meade. One of them, I know, was General Garfield. The other one's face was not familiar to me. As they passed by where I stood Puss threw his head into the air and said, "How glorious everything is, General, and think how things are getting mixed up." I then understood who that boy was with the red curly hair and the gray suit of clothes, with freckles on his face. I said to Holmes, "Do you see that page there, leaning on General Grant's arm? That is the red headed boy who brought me the note. That is Puss' art in making up. He beats the devil for make-ups." Holmes said, "That page there is a beautiful, voluptuous girl, dressed in that page suit." I told him it was the same individual. I said, "Now let us approach General Grant and I will introduce you. I have met him before and no doubt he will remember me." We walked forward to where General Grant and the rest of the party stood. I addressed him, saying, "General, I hope you are enjoying yourself tonight?" He looked at me and said, "Oh, this is Mr. Thorne, the actor. how do you do, sir?" I then introduced Mr. Holmes. The General said, "Allow me to introduce my little friend. He is in the same profession as yourself." The little friend looked up at me in a very innocent way, saying, "How do you do Mr. Thorne, and also Mr. Holmes? I am pleased to meet both of you gentlemen." I then said, "How my leg hurts." The General said, "What happened to it that it hurts so?" I told him I had received a vicious kick on it tonight from a young lady friend who used to sit on my lap, pull my mustache and kiss me." Little Puss looked up and said, "Oh, how cruel she must have been to kick such a handsome man as you." Just then General Garfield stepped forward and said, "Little One, your father is beckoning for you to come to him; he stands over there with a group of ladies; I guess he wants to introduce you."

The Little One withdrew his arm from that of the General's saying, "Gentlemen, pardon me; I must go to my father." After the Little One left, the General said, "Mr. Thorne, I was surprised that you did not know Little Justin. I thought that most of the profession knew him." Mr. Holmes said, "General, why

do you call it a him, it looks more like a girl?" The General said, "It is both." I then addressed the General, saying, "I have danced that little creature up and down on my knee many a time." I addressed the other gentlemen, saying, "Would you like to hear of a little romance that took place tonight in real life in this Academy of Music?" The gentlemen all consented. I said, "Then, gentlemen, let us go to a place where we can get wine and cigars."

As we were walking off General Meade said, "Why, Mr. Thorne, you are lame." I said, "Yes, that belongs to the romance." We found a room and I ordered wine and cigars. After they had been furnished I closed the door and said, "Now, gentlemen, for the little romance in real life."

I told them the whole story just as I have told it to you. I discovered, when I had finished, that General Meade was laughing so he had to hold his sides. I said, "General Meade, why do you laugh so much? Have you ever met this creature before in your life?" He said, "Have I? I should say so. To me, Mr. Thorne, he is one of the dearest little creatures on the face of this earth. I would do much in life to serve Little Puss. I think, if he was taken away from Brother Warren, he'd commit suicide. That little creature, as you call him, is the apple of Warren's eye, for you can see, when they are apart from each other a few days, he is one of the most miserable men living. He is always saying, 'If my little baby was only here with me now I would be a happy man.' I think he gets but very little sleep when they are apart." Mr. Holmes said, "I should think such an individual as that would make a good spy during a war." I noticed General Meade turned pale. He arose from the chair and said, "Gentlemen, let us return to the ball. There is some one there that I want to talk to before they leave for their home."

We re-entered the ballroom and mingled among the people. After a little while I missed General Meade from the party. I did not see him, Mr. Warren or the Little One again that night. We will continue at another time. They say I have held him long enough for today.

Wednesday, February 24, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. I do not come alone

this beautiful morning. I bring an old friend of Puss. One who has had a great desire to look upon Puss' old physical body. As you would express it—that is, you who live in a physical body. The old friend is Edwin Booth, well known to the American public. As we approached your resting spot, or what the spirits call Searchlight Bower, Edwin expressed himself thus: "This is beautiful. I know it must please Puss for he was always so fond of the woods. If there was only a stream of running water here it would be an ideal spot on earth. I remember one time when Little Puss and Mr. Warren made me a visit at Newport. We made a two days' trip back into the country. The Little One was delighted and saw a thousand things on the road that we did not notice. He kept saying, 'Oh, Papa, just look there; isn't that perfectly beautiful?' Perhaps it would be some wild flower or a peculiar looking bush or some odd-looking tree. A quaint looking rock, covered with moss, or perhaps a little cottage, with vines running over it. I have seen him go into ecstasies over a cur dog because it had beautiful eyes and a bushy tail. At Mr. Graham's farmhouse, where we stopped over night, they had a female dog that had seven pups. He sat down in the midst of them and had all the pups around him, feeding them with cake, while the mother dog was licking his face. He hollered out, 'Old Booth, did you ever see anything more beautiful than these pups? Just look at the different colors they've got on their bodies. I tell you, Old Booth, mother nature is the greatest artist I ever knew. I don't care what anybody says about her; she's boss in that line.' Presently some of the children came out from their supper. Puss said, when he saw them, 'Say, kids, don't you want to play tag?' They consented; they were all off on a race among the trees. It did me good to hear them laugh and holler to one another. Just then Mr. Warren approached with the farmer. They were both enjoying a smoke. Mr. Warren said, 'Edwin, where is my Little One?' I said, 'Out there in the orchard playing tag with the children.' He laughed and said, 'Little Puss will never grow old like other folks.' The farmer said, 'Why, give him time.' Mr. Warren said to the farmer, 'How old do you think he is?' The farmer said, 'I should think between fourteen and fifteen, somewhere there.' That made me laugh. Mr. Warren said, 'He is in his thirty-ninth

year.' The farmer said, 'Oh, what are you talking about, Mr. Warren? I know, I live in the country, but I ain't a fool.' Mr. Warren then said, 'I will leave it to Mr. Booth; ask him how long he has known my Little One.' I told the farmer I had known him for over thirty years. He then said, 'Good God; is it possible?' Mr. Warren said, 'He will be thirty-nine next November.'

As we were returning home, we stopped at a farmhouse to get lunch. The family bore the name of Dumont. While we were sitting in the parlor, waiting for the lady of the house to prepare lunch, Mr. Dumont's hat was pushed over several times on to his face. He had just come from the outside and did not take off his hat, as he intended to go out again. Mr. Dumont looked around to see who had pushed his hat over his face, but there was no one there. It was pushed over his face three different times. He said, 'Which of you three is the medium? I know that is done by spirit power.' I said, 'Are you spiritualists?' He said, 'Yes, my oldest daughter is quite a medium.' She was called into the room and, as she came forward to be introduced, the hair pins were taken out of her hair by some spirit hand that we could not see. Her beautiful long brown hair fell down her back. The hair pins were placed on top of my head. When we were called to lunch the daughter and Puss were walking out of the room holding each other's hands when, all of a sudden, they gave a yell, whirled into the center of the room and commenced to dance an Indian war dance; they sang all the time they were dancing.

Warren said to me, 'Won't I be glad when we get away from here.' I laughed and thought to myself, "The old man is getting a little soft in the upper story." That is the tale he told me. He laughs while I tell it to you and says, "I am glad that there are so many large trees here for Puss to walk under."

Now I will relate to you something that occurred—or I should say came to pass—at Saratoga, in the state of New York, while I was making a visit with a friend whose name was Joseph Rhodes. This Mr. Rhodes was the grandson of an old Scotch family who lived on Broadway, above 13th street. They knew Puss when he was a little bit of a creature, learning to speak plain English. While visiting at Saratoga I saw by the

morning paper that the "Dashing Blanchard" would open next Monday night at the theatre in a comedy called "Flirtation." I saw, in the list of names, several people that I was acquainted with. I went to the depot to meet them and, as the train was coming into the station, I saw a fine carriage drive up, with a negro coachman sitting up in front. When the train stopped and the passengers commenced to alight from the train, the first one that I discovered, belonging to the company, was my old friend, Mr. Larkins, of San Francisco. The next one that I recognized was Mrs. Baker, the old lady of the company. They were a little surprised to see me there and we had a hearty laugh. While I was about to offer my arm to Mrs. Baker to escort her to the hotel three dashing young bloods came up. One of them I recognized as young Monroe, of New Jersey. Larkins said to me, "Charlie, do you see those three young fellows there? They have followed us to several towns—that Monroe thinks he is smitten on the Dashing Blanchard. They are three 'angels' for the boys. They furnish the wine and cigars and pay for the billiards. Charlie, my boy, we are in clover while that lasts." Mrs. Baker said, "Oh, Charles, I believe that Puss would flirt with the Saviour if he was here. My, I wish I had the money that those three fools have paid for flowers to present to that strange creature. She has no more feeling in her than a marble statue. Charles, you must come tonight and watch her when she comes to the third act. She's a blaze of diamonds as she enters the ball room. How strange it is that men become infatuated with such a queer creature as that Puss is." Mr. Larkins said, "There she goes now on the arm of Mr. Drexel. See, they enter that carriage. Here comes Mr. Warren." He also entered the carriage and they drove off. Mr. Larkins said, "Drexel came to Albany to meet the company and has been with us ever since."

As we walked toward the hotel I said, "Puss lives in women's clothes this trip?" Mrs. Baker said, "Oh yes; she is one of the sweetest creatures I ever knew, but she has queer ways with her. She doesn't understand the value of money. God help her if Mr. Warren is taken away from her. He has to watch her all the time or some one of the company will borrow money from her. We are out on the road for three months.

Just look at those fools," she said, "down the street there standing with their hats off until the carriage passes. Talk about women being weak. They don't compare with men that haven't brains." At that we had to laugh. Larkins said, "The ghost walks every Monday morning." That means that salaries were paid regularly. "We are doing a big business and Warren is laying away the shekels for a rainy day."

I was about to bid them good by, at the hotel, when Mr. Warren approached, saying, "Thorne, my boy, I am glad to see you. Come, Larkins, join us in a glass of wine." After we had drunk our wine he said, "Thorne, I have a number of duties to attend to. Come this evening and see the company. Bring your friends. A box will be at your service." I went that evening with my friends. We enjoyed the comedy and also the farce, "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing," in which character Puss had no rival. As we were leaving the box Mr. Warren called me one side and said, "When you have accompanied your friends to their home, return and take supper with us. We are stopping at the Drexel cottage." I returned to the Drexel cottage and was received graciously by Mr. Drexel and Mr. Warren. When we entered the dining room I saw a large assembly present. The guests consisted of ladies and gentlemen.

While we were dining, we heard music in an adjoining room which was quite soothing to the nerves. After the repast was finished and we had withdrawn to the large drawing room, there was music, consisting of singing and instrumental playing. While the enjoyment was at its height, we heard some terrible screams in the garden. Several of us rushed out to see what was the matter and there, coming toward us, was a girl with blood on her hair, on her clothes, face and arms. She was screaming that a bull dog had attacked her after she had come through the gate into the grounds. Some of the gentlemen helped her up while another one brought a glass of wine. After she had drunk the glass of wine she said to the men, "Dear, good gentlemen, let me lie in there on one of those rugs, my body hurts me so." I think she was the most horribly mutilated creature I ever looked on. They helped her in and she dropped onto one of the rugs. Some of the ladies screamed and rushed from the room, while others went toward her out of pity for her

condition. One of the ladies asked her, "What did you want here, my poor child, in the garden?" She said, "I go around singing for money to support my people. My father has no arms and only one leg. My mother has lost one of her eyes and she has only one arm and one leg. They were in a smash-up on the railroad."

She cried so while she was telling it that the ladies present and some of the men, cried also. She told her story so pitifully that I couldn't hold back the tears. She said that she heard there was to be a party here tonight and she thought she would come and sing for the ladies and gentlemen and perhaps they would give her some money. She said that, just as soon as she got inside of the gate, the dog tackled her. Mr. Drexel said, "God pity you, my poor child." Taking out his pocket book he handed her some money. Others in the room did the same. He rang the bell for a servant to come—that is, he touched the button and the black servant made his appearance. He said, "Go and bring two of the female servants, that they may take this unfortunate girl and bathe her and put clean clothes upon her." In about five minutes two female servants entered the room. They went to the miserable looking creature, saying, "Poor girl, let us help you; come with us and we will bathe you; then we will see what can be done for you." As they were about to raise her up she said, "Villains, unhand me," and jumped into the middle of the floor and commenced to dance the "Highland Fling." Then went up a yell from the guests present. I knew it was that rogue, Puss.

While she was dancing off went one of her dirty old shoes into a lady's lap, who was dressed superbly for the occasion. She screamed and would have fainted had it not been for the timely service of a glass of wine.

Puss bolted from the room as if he had wings on. No one tried to prevent him—or her, I should say—as she was all covered with blood. Puss at that time wore women's clothes.

After she had left the room such shouting and laughing was enough to bring a dead man back to life, if such a thing could be possible, as I thought then. We made the discovery that Puss had hired one of the black servants that afternoon to go, in the evening, to the slaughter house and buy a pail of

blood and keep it out at the carriage house until she should want to use it. She got the negro boy to smear her all over with blood. Mr. Drexel said, "Ladies, that beats anything I ever saw in my life. She was born for the stage."

That evening—or I should say that morning, rather—I had the pleasure of dancing with Puss, who wore a beautiful white silk dress covered with tulle and peacock feathers. I asked her if she remembered when I used to dance her on my knee. She said, "Yes, I do, Charles," and gave me one of the sweetest kisses that, I think, I ever received from her. I was a happy man and felt that she was entitled to the name (rap) "The Queen of Comedy."

There were many other things that took place during her stay in Saratoga, which we will give at another time. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, February 25, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. Once more I come upon the stage of action to continue my communication.

The last evening of the performance of "Flirtation" and "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing," Little Puss was presented by Mr. Drexel with a cluster diamond ring. A Mr. Hepworth invited the company to lunch at his home. The invitation extended to me also. We had what you call in the physical body, a grand time. About twelve o'clock a lady, one of the guests present, came forward to where Puss was standing talking to some of the guests and presented her with a beautiful Spanish veil. I believe in Spain they call it a mantilla. The old lady said she had purchased it in Madrid, while there on a visit with her husband. She placed it around Puss; it was a magnificent piece of workmanship, done by Spanish women.

Afterward while sitting and conversing in the conservatory near some palms, a gentleman said to me, "Well, Mr. Thorne, I am glad to have met you. I wish you were going with me to England next week; England is my home, you know." I told him I judged so from his manner of speech. Puss, who was near by, overheard our conversation, turned around and said, "Mr. Paine, do not leave on that steamer that you are booked for, wait and take the next steamer. Your passage will be stormy, but you will get to England all right." Mr. Payne said

"Why should I not take that steamer that I am booked for?" Puss said, "The voice tells me to tell you that something is going to happen to her when she is out on the ocean." He laughed and said, "Oh, I don't believe in any such warnings as that. That is what I call superstition. You just imagined that. You are as bad as those people they call spiritualists. They believe in all kinds of warnings, you know." Puss looked at him with a fierce look and a peculiar expression to his eyes. He said, "I'm Scotch, you know, and Sir Robert Paine tells me you should not go on that steamer." Mr. Paine said, "Why, that was my father's name when he lived in the body. What other proof can you give me? Puss raised his right hand and moved his index finger as if he was writing numbers in space. I saw Mr. Paine then turn pale. Puss read the figures 4603 with a fraction. Mr. Paine jumped from the chair, clasped his hand over his heart and fell forward on the floor. The servants were summoned to carry him to a room upstairs and a doctor was sent for. He examined him and said, "This man has received a terrible shock in some way. I think I can bring him around, all right." They worked over him and at five o'clock in the morning he showed signs of returning life.

I saw the company away in the morning, bidding them good bye at the depot. I told Mr. Warren I would make him a visit at his cottage in Atlantic City, as requested.

At the hour of eleven I went to see how the patient was. I was admitted to the room. He could talk then. I sat down on a chair in front of the bed. He looked at me for some time and then said, "Where is that witch; the Bible says they should not be permitted to live. She gives up the secrets of the dead and should be stoned to death. I hate her and if it were not for the law I'd have her put out of the way. I believe they call you Thorne," he said to me. "Do you remember the number she gave?" I told him I did. She gave them so decided that I kept them in mind. I told him Puss was a strange little creature and no one seemed to understand him. He said, "Why do you say him, when it's a female?" I told him the creature was of both sexes, the female predominating. He said, "Who is this man Warren, who travels with her?" I told him he was guardian, father and husband; he discovered the little creature in

1848 and they have lived together ever since, and I judge will do so until death separates them, for I believed that when you died, that was the last of you. He put his hand out and grasped mine, saying, "Charles Thorne, I want you to give me your solemn oath as a gentleman and scholar, that you will never reveal those numbers to any living person." I gave him my solemn promise. He took a ring off his finger. It was an emerald surrounded with diamonds. He placed it on my finger, saying, "This seals the oath and we are friends for the rest of our lives. Charles, I wish you could go to England with me." I told him I could not then, as I had signed a contract for the coming season.

He waited for the next steamer. I went to New York with him and saw him comfortably fixed in his stateroom. The steamer that he was booked for caught fire while out on the ocean. They worked their pumps and finally put the fire out. Some of the passengers became so frightened they lost their reasoning power and threw themselves into the sea.

In a week I joined Mr. Warren and friends at his cottage by the sea. One day I asked Puss if he remembered the numbers that he thought he saw in space. He said, "No, Charlie, I do not; when anything like that comes it passes away and that is the last of it."

Three weeks after Mr. Paine arrived in England I received a letter in which he said, "Charles, come to England and make me a long visit. My house and my servants are at your service." Nine months after that he passed away. It was discovered that he had wronged his sisters and brothers. Those figures that Puss told him, were a forgery that he had committed and, through that forgery he got possession of property that did not belong to him. His oldest sister, Rachel, wrote me that the family had lost all respect for his memory. I kept my oath and communication between me and the family ceased then and there.

Now I wish to give you an explanation as to how I found it when passing through the dark shadow called death. I had a strong will power and was only unconscious for a little while. My physical struggles with death were strong for some time. At last the physical succumbed to the spiritual, in which I did

not believe. When I awoke to my reasoning faculties, I discovered—or I should say—I beheld several of my professional sisters and brothers smiling at me. I said, "What does this mean? Why am I here? This must be a dream. You are all dead." They laughed and said, "No more than you are, Charles Thorne. This is what they call the new birth. We are more alive than we ever were. This is what they call the 'Spirit's awakening.' You have awoke into real life—the eternal life." Mr. Fox said, "I know, Charles, you do not believe in this. You thought when you passed from your physical body that was the last of you. While living in your physical body you had great will power. Now permit it to get to work and come with us." I said, "Where are you going?" They said in accord, "To the social condition in which we live." I said, "Then I'm a spirit, am I?" They said, "You certainly are." "Well," I said, "do you live in homes here?" They said, "To be sure; come with us and we will show you." I said, "What's to become of the woman that I loved on earth?" Up spoke Mr. Christy and said, "Charles, you will live in her memory—that is all that's required. Look back at your physical body there, and bid it good bye."

I found I could stand on my feet and look at that physical body that women had admired so much while it had health and vigor on its side. I said to it, "You poor, emaciated thing, I had to shed you like a snake does his old skin." I turned and said to the friends, "Lead me; I am ready to go with you. I do not want to look back on that empty shell any longer. This is Charles Thorne who is talking to you now. So that dark shadow that came upon me is what you call death. Then there is no Hell or Heaven?" They all spoke as it seemed to me, with one voice, "Oh, yes there is, Charles, there is a Hell of Conscience and you cannot escape paying the penalty for crimes committed in the physical body. There is a heaven for exalted souls and you only reach it by paying the penalty for your misdeeds and cruel actions toward those living in physical bodies. When you have found the real Charles Thorne and understand him, you will make the discovery that he is the 'I' belonging to all spiritual existence. There is one great life in nature called the spiritual God, and when you understand you are part of that spirit.

you are the real 'I' in the great union of love going out toward your fellow beings. Then you will realize that Life is eternal and you are part of that great Life, just as much as the different Suns that warm planets. When you become thoroughly spiritualized, then the radiation that emanates from your spiritual condition will become a blessing to those that you approach, living in physical bodies. Charles, there is no waste of time here. All is action and the closer you come en rapport with that great spiritual condition called 'Nature elements' then you will begin to understand why you lived in a physical body." Mr. Davenport said, "Come, Charles," taking me by the hand, "and we will show you where we live." I walked along with the friends and looked upon many homes; some were beautiful and others were just building (rap.) I said, "How beautiful everything is here." Davenport drew my arm through his and said, "Charles, my boy, you can live here when you have earned it, and not before. You will rest awhile with us and then depart back to earth, where you will come en rapport with those you have wronged. When you see and understand the true spiritual light I know, with your will power, you will go to work like a man and make restitution to those whom you have wronged. You will bring comfort to sad hearts; there is good material in you, Charles, awaiting (rap) a thorough spiritual awakening."

When I reached the abode where they lived, they all commenced to sing beautiful spiritual music. Oh, it was grand, brother, and I wish I could convey to you the real musical melody of the music they sang. After they had finished singing, three boys and two girls came forward, approached me with flowers in their hands and they said, as they offered them to me, "Father, these are for you." I was astonished and looked at them. They smiled and said, "We came through your seed while you lived in a physical body. There are four others still living in physical bodies. One will reach here in a few days, the child of Mary Cummings, whom you wronged by the flattery you gave her and the costly presents you bestowed on her." A cold feeling came over my condition, for I knew they spoke the truth. I had seduced her through the promise of playing her upon the stage. So you see, brother, I was anything but a moral man. She, to whom I gave best of my love, if love you could

call it, she thought me moral and true. Oh, how flattery and a good appearance can cover a multitude of sins. The awakening, brother, the awakening is a terrible experience, but I must face it like a man and pay the penalty for my past crimes. I pray to the great spiritual existence that has awoke in my soul the power of Reason that they will help me to beautify the lives that I had tainted through my manly beauty, and that many in my profession and those outside of it, in other walks of life, will read your book, wherein they will find my communication, and I hope it will be a warning to other men of my ilk. I feel glad to think I have been able to give this communication through Little Justin's organism.

Put me down as Charles Thorne, Jr., an actor well known to the American public, especially in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

I thank you for taking down my communication and my holiest of regards and spiritual friendship for Little Justin, who often told me I would have to pay the penalty sometime (rap) for the life I had lived and the luxuries I had indulged in with the female sex (if such it could be called.) "You may laugh now," he would say, "but when remorse comes on the other side of death it is worse than a brimstone hell. You are a handsome man to look at, but oh, Charlie, that beauty has to fade; heed the warning while you are yet young." I laughed and said, "A short life and a merry one, and get all the enjoyment I can out of it." I thank you again, brother, and hope my communication will be a warning, not only to my professional brethren, but to others who knew me outside.

Mary Gannon (Estelle)

Chapter XXXVII

Thursday, May 26, 1904.

Good morning, friend, brother and scholar. I have been requested to come here to Searchlight Bower by Mr. Warren and some of the friends in order to give you an explanation of some of the facts that took place in your medium's life. Leah Fox accompanies me here this morning.

When I lived in the physical body I became well acquainted with your medium. Permit me to give you my name before I proceed any further. I was christened Mary Gannon; I am English born; my birth took place in Birmingham, England. I came through the condition of poverty, as you call it. My father was a poor weaver and, as the common saying is, by the ignorant class, "a poor stick at that. Possibly, if he had received a good education, he could have trod a different walk in life from that which he was walking. His nature was made up of love, and he was what the world would call rather refined for a poor man. He loved flowers and art. As a little girl, I have seen him stand for an hour at a time and look upon the great change in shadows in the sky. He passed away from his body. It was buried by the town, in a poor man's grave. His name was Benjamin Gannon. My mother came from a better class of people, as society calls it. She loved my father, married him and shared his poverty. Her name was Ellen Douglas. Her ancestors were Scotch, while those of my father were Irish. Both of my parents were English born. I came to this country at the age of seven years. I lived with an aunt and uncle whose names were Mr. and Mrs. Pendergrass. We lived on Hudson street, New York City. As I grew into womanhood I was known to the reading public as "Estelle."

When I first met your medium, it was sixty years ago. I

was on board a boat sailing down the bay from New York as far as the Narrows. It was what you call an excursion on the water. On board of that boat were a great variety of people, not only in their minds but in their physical anatomy.

I became tired standing and thought I would sit down on a long bench on the deck; while sitting there and looking at the great perspective view in the distance, two tall gentlemen approached the bench, holding a little girl by the hand. They sat down on the bench, the little girl sitting between them. I noticed the gentleman lifted the little girl up in his arms. He said to the little girl, "Now, baby, see all that's to be seen." Oh, she had such a pretty face and her eyes attracted me so that I addressed the strange gentleman, saying, "I think your little daughter is so pretty." He said, "She is not my daughter. She is my love and I am her guardian." Just then the captain of the boat approached the gentleman, saying, "Warren, will you let your Little One sing for us now? It is nice and calm here." The Little One laughed and said, "How I'd like to sing in a storm on the water." Her guardian said, "She will sing for you here in the calm, and perhaps later she will have a chance to sing in a storm." I expected to hear a baby voice; instead of that I heard a powerful soprano. The people on board the boat approached closer to where we sat. They stood there as if glued to the deck. She sang, "I Love the Merry Sunshine; It Makes My Heart Feel Gay." When she had finished singing the people applauded. Her second song was, "There's Nae Room But for Twa, Tom." When she had finished the captain lifted her up and kissed her, saying, "You're my royal guest for the day." Her guardian gave her back to the gentleman who said she was his love.

When we reached Sandy Hook storm clouds came up; peals of thunder were heard in the distance; in half an hour we were in the midst of a terrific storm.

The little girl's wish was fulfilled. She commenced to sing a weird melody in some foreign tongue that I did not understand. As the storm increased her music increased in power; some of the people said, "The little creature is a witch; see how she revels in the thunder and lightning." It was almost impossible for her guardian to keep her in the cabin. The rain commenced to pour in torrents. While her guardian turned to con-

verse with an elderly lady present, the Little One escaped from his grasp and rushed out onto the deck. She threw her bonnet into the wind, tore down her hair, which the breeze caught and blew around her. She stood there like some little phantom in the storm, laughing with all the power that was in her nature. Her guardian rushed out of the cabin, picked her up and brought her back to safety. He said, "Oh darling, darling, why did you do that? Do you want to break my heart?" She looked up into his face and laughed, saying, "I love the storm and wish the wind had carried me away to the home of the spirits. I live in dread of my future. You have called me back and now I must finish my earth work." She put her little hands inside of his vest and went to sleep. The other gentleman placed a white silk handkerchief over her face to keep the people from gazing at it. Her hair hung down all around her. It was longer than she was tall.

Some of the people near by said, "What a strange little being that is. Did you notice how she laughed with an unearthly laugh during the storm? I wonder who she can be."

The captain came to see how it fared with the Little One. He said, from the pilot house, he saw her out on the deck in the storm. A lady touched him on the arm and said, "Captain, who is that child that dare brave such a storm and laugh as she did? She seemed to be possessed by some storm demon." He looked at the lady, laughed, and said, "This child, madam, is a little actor. She impersonates both male and female characters in Barnum's Museum." That made the people laugh. Then the captain said, "This is the little 'Dashing Blanchard.'" Then he addressed the gentleman, saying, "Warren, bring her in and lay her on my bed and remove her outside clothing, for I see it is wet. Let me have her; you are tired after the excitement." He placed her in the captain's arms, and as he carried her toward his stateroom many of the people felt of her long dark brown hair that fell from her head. We did not see her again until the boat arrived at the dock in New York City. A carriage was called, the two gentlemen, the Little One and the captain entered the carriage, which drove off.

About eight years afterward I received an invitation to attend a reception given at Doctor Kellog's residence. It was what

you call an afternoon reception. When I had reached the Doctor's residence on Franklin street, near Broadway, I discovered many guests had preceded me. My name was announced; I entered the parlor, taking a seat near the window. Looking around I discovered that gentleman present who claimed to be the guardian of the little girl who sang on the boat. While looking at him very intently he smiled; leaving his chair he approached me, saying, "Lady, did I not meet you on board of a boat some eight years ago while sailing down the bay?" I laughed and said, "You are the guardian of that little girl who sang so powerful. I do not see her here." He laughed and said, "I have had her transformed into a boy now. He will be here after awhile. He is in some other part of the house talking to some of the family." After awhile, I should think in about half an hour, I saw a large, portly, military looking man enter the parlor, dressed in a general's uniform, holding by the hand a little boy, who was dressed in a black silk velvet garment that looked like an artist's blouse, belted in at the waist, with a ruffle of lace around the neck, black velvet knee pants, black silk stockings, low shoes with a strap across the instep, a rosette and buckle on the lower part of the shoe.

I was introduced to the large, portly looking gentleman as Misse Estelle. Mr. Warren introduced him as General Winfield Scott of the army.

The General took a seat on the sofa; the little boy climbed up into his lap, saying, "Uncle Scott, did you bring me some figs? Papa Warren told me you was going to be here today." Mr. Scott said, "No, Pet, I did not, but will purchase you some as we return to the hotel." I said to Mr. Warren, "It was too bad to have all that beautiful hair cut off." He said, "It is not cut off. It is down inside of his blouse. His hair is one of his great features on the stage. I want him dressed in boys' clothes. I can take him anywhere with me now; that I could not do while dressed as a girl." I noticed, while we were talking, the little boy took the General's purse out of his pocket and was counting the money. He said to the General, "Uncle Scott, you are rich today. Where did you make the raise?" The General laughed and said, "I knew I would meet you, so therefore I filled my purse. You know Uncle Scott has to buy lots of things

for his Little Pet before he returns to West Point." Mr. Warren then said, "Come over here, Puss; I want to introduce you to a lady whom we met on an excursion over eight years ago, while sailing down the bay, when Brother Meade was with us." That individual, as I learned afterwards, was the great general of Gettysburg. While we were talking Doctor Kellogg came to where we were sitting, saying to the Little One, "Now, sweetheart, we would like to have you and your papa sing for us." Mr. Warren took the little boy by the hand, walked to where the piano stood; a gentleman sitting at the piano asked them what they would sing. Mr. Warren said, "We will sing, 'The Tie That Binds Us.'" Mrs. Kellogg handed the pianist the music, and oh, what a beautiful piece of music it was. I shall never forget that high, clear soprano voice backed up by that deep, rich bass voice. After the applause subsided, the Little One sang the "Star Spangled Banner," all the guests present joining in the chorus. As they were walking toward their seats a gentleman said, "Little dear, won't you sing us 'Coming Through the Rye?'" The Little One said, "Oh yes, if you'll give me one of those little puppies that you've got home." The gentleman said, "You shall have one." I learned his name was Bayard Taylor. After he sang "Coming Through the Rye" Mr. Taylor said, "Come here and tell me what you've been doing for the last two weeks. You know I haven't seen you for two weeks, as you were in Boston with your papa." The little boy said, "Oh, I've been eating lots of good things and drinking lots of lemonade. When I grow to be a big man and have a big stomach like Uncle Scott I'm going to be a soldier." That brought a laugh from the guests. He became a soldier in the field of Truth, minus the big man and the big stomach.

Several of the ladies and gentlemen sang that afternoon. One of the Cary sisters, whose name was Phoebe, recited one of Alice's poems. After that she recited one of Longfellow's. Then the Doctor said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will pull down the blinds and we will live in a subdued light." After he had taken a seat in the centre of the room he said, "Now, Pet, come and sit on my knee. Look around and see what is present here for the guests." The little boy went and sat on Doctor Kellogg's knee. After he had remained quiet a little while he said, "I want

to sit on Uncle Scott's lap." The Doctor said, "General, I guess you will have to come here and take my place today." The General went to the centre of the room, taking the chair vacated by the Doctor, lifted the Little One to his lap.

After they had sat there, I should think, about ten minutes, loud raps came on the wall and on the piano. The keys commenced to make a sound and move as if some one's fingers were gliding over them. Then all became quiet. I noticed the Little One's eyes had a peculiar expression in them. He addressed Doctor Kellogg, saying, "You're going away from here. You are going to cross the ocean. You are going back to England, where you came from. Now I'm in a house that's all covered with ivy on the outside. In the room where I am there's a great big coffin with a big man lying in it. He's got red hair and on his hands he has fingers, but no thumbs." Mrs. Kellogg screamed and said, "That is the body of my father lying in that coffin. Oh, you're a witch. I hate you. You brood evil in people's homes." Then she swooned into her husband's arms. She was taken from the rooms to another apartment across the hall, where restoratives were administered to her. After awhile he gave some tests to the other guests present. There seemed to be a melancholy influence pervade the whole apartment in which we sat.

The guests were invited to enter the dining room and partake of a lunch provided for them. I heard Mr. Warren say, "I shall not allow him, in the future, to sit and tell what he sees for any one. I wish that those damned spirits would keep away from him." General Scott said, "Oh, Brother Warren, don't feel so bad; that is something that will never come to pass. He is an instrument for the spirits and they will always use him. Mark what I say, I think it was an insult for that woman to tell him that she hated him, and that he always brooded evil in people's homes. They must always expect the truth when they ask him to go into the clairvoyant state and tell what he sees."

I heard afterward that Mrs. Kellogg received a letter informing her of her father's death; six months afterward they sailed for England, as her father had left an estate that had to be divided among the heirs. I think they remained in England, as I never learned that they returned to America.

One day I made a visit to the Fox sisters, who were noted for producing spiritual raps. I met there an English lady whose name was Emma Hardinge. While conversing with each other, I asked her the question, "Do you really believe that spirits return and produce those raps?" She said, "Most assuredly I do. Spiritualism to me is not a belief. It is a fact demonstrated by those alphabetical raps." Just then the raps came on the table. They spelled out the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Danforth Kellogg. "I wish the lady present to do me a favor. Go to the little 'Dashing Blanchard.' Tell him I return through this channel to beg his pardon for what I said in our house on Franklin street. I do not hate him now, but love him with my whole soul. He brought to our home a new light that I did not understand through my church prejudice. I thought he was a fiend, incarnated in a child's body. When we returned to England, we investigated spiritualism, found it to be superior to all creeds. I love him now and wish I could recall those words, 'I hate you.' A friend that loves Truth."

I called at the New York Hotel and was received kindly by Mr. Warren and Little Justin. I delivered my message and after I had done so Mr. Warren said, "Oh God, I wish they would not follow him so. I am afraid those spirits will weaken his mind. If I thought that they would unbalance his mind, I would kill him and myself now." I said, "Do not feel so bad about it, Mr. Warren. I think there is a higher guide in it all than we understand."

Just then I saw that far-away look come into Justin's eyes. He placed his hand in mine, saying, "Lady, your father's brother has passed away in Australia, that far off land, and has left you heir to his property." I said, "That is a mistake. He died twenty years ago in Australia, a poor man." Justin laughed and said, "He tells me an individual passed over to spirit life from the poor house in Melbourne. They attached my initials to his, his last name being the same as mine. At that time I was very ignorant and could not read a newspaper. My spirit has been attracted to you and this is the first opportunity that I have had to reach you. Now through this instrument I communicate my wish. I want you to write to Melbourne and you will find what I have said is true." I wrote to the address he gave me, re-

ceiving an answer which informed me I was left the heir to some property in Melbourne.

Before I sailed for Australia, I met Mr. Warren quite frequently. I gave to him all the love that a woman can give to the man she adores. It was my soul's love, that is why I speak of it here. I became a mother after I reached Australia. No man performed the rites of marriage over us. I know many of the female prudes will pretend to blush when they read my confession, but the paint and powder that has become so fashionable now will assist them to hide that hypocritical blush. I never was a slave to fashion or gilded society. I was a woman who loved Truth, yet I can hear the hypocrites in life say, "She was not a moral woman." I say, I was a moral woman, for I never gave that love to another soul living in a physical body. I have a purer spirit today than she that married for wealth or position in society. My conscience does not have to lash me for bringing criminals into the world. I was not and am not a hypocrite—one who pledges to love and adore her male partner through life while her heart belongs to another man. Mr. Warren told me he could not marry me. No one could fill the place of Little Justin, while he lived. Perhaps if Little Justin passed away, then he would give me his name. It was decreed otherwise. He passed away before Justin. I lived true to his memory and pure to my soul that went out in love to him. In spirit life his spirit mate is Julia Hawthorne—when living in the physical body she was known as the "Blind Singer."

I gave birth to my child in Australia. I settled up my business matters and came back to the United States a rich woman. A number of years afterward, my son and I traveled through many lands and learned to speak their languages.

I abhor and detest immorality. The curse that hung over spiritualism so many years called "Free Love," when its real name was free lust." When I heard spiritualists talk about their affinities, it became disgusting to me, as their practices were low and debasing. Thank God and the angels, spiritualism has risen above all such. Now it stands on a pure platform with the spirit of Christ for a background. Before I passed from my physical body some of the most beautiful, devout and moral women and men became my companions. They were all true spiritualists.

They believed in God, Christ and communicating spirits.

The next time I met Justin was in New Orleans. He and Mr. Warren were there with a company called the Broadway Company. They made money while there. Before leaving the city Justin was presented with a diamond ring from his many friends in New Orleans. I was there as a teacher, for a little while, in the interest of the black race.

The next time I met him, I was a guest at Col. Case's home. During my visit at the Case home in Philadelphia, Justin and a Mrs. Suydam and her son William, called one afternoon. They had only been there about ten minutes, when the door bell rang. Mr. and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan were announced. Doctor Brittan came in laughing, saying, "Emma and I are western Hoosiers now. We have been away out in Nebraska. If I should act in any way wild, lay it to my cowboy ability," which was the cause of quite a laugh. Brother, we had a grand spiritual feast that afternoon. Our enjoyment was checked for a few minutes by the ringing of the door bell. Mr. Case opened the hall door, when in walked Harry Gordon and another gentleman whose name I cannot recall now, but I think it was Richards. He read to the guests present a beautiful poem that one of his guides had given him. That guide claimed to be the father of Madam Anna Bishop, the opera singer, an English lady who sang in America on several occasions and was a great friend of Little Justin.

The next time I saw Little Justin he was one of several guests visiting me at my home in Atlantic City, New Jersey. I wanted him to come to my home and take a rest. He did so, and remained with me a month. While he was there I gave a big reception and invited many of my friends from New York and Philadelphia. We had a grand spiritual feast.

The next time I met him was at the White Mountains. There also we had a happy time. Wherever he went he gave evidence of spirit return.

I was in Washington when he was shot at on the stage. Mr. Nagle, the actor, walked down to the footlights, saying, "You fool, do you not know this individual bears a charmed life? The spirit world has work for him to do and it must be finished before his spirit can pass from that physical body. The motive

that you had in shooting at this individual must have been caused by jealousy. I know in those eyes lies a fascination and men become their victim. Why, I cannot tell you, and I am one of the victims." Then the play went on.

A Mrs. Sarah Mettler tells me, in spirit life, she mixed poison in a glass of lemonade. She gave it to Justin to drink, thinking his time would be short in the physical body. She was in love with Mr. Warren and did not understand that there were guides connected with Justin that brought a condition to bear, whereby he vomited and threw up the poison with the contents of his stomach.

Ann Eliza Grovesnor tells me, in spirit life, she poisoned candy, and made it a present to Justin. When she presented it to him it fell from his hands. A dog that was in the room ate some of the candy; he died that night in convulsions. Fortunately for Justin, he never was fond of candy and had not partaken of any of it. After the dog died in convulsions, Mr. Warren threw the box of candy into the grate and it was burned. She professed to be worked up over the dog. She took it upon her lap, poured oil down its throat, rubbing it as she said, professing to bring it back to health. Mr. Warren asked her, when he saw she felt so badly, where she had purchased the candy. She said, "While on the cars a young man came through selling the candy. I thought the boxes looked so pretty I bought one for Puss." So she failed in that attempt to poison him. She tells me afterward she invited Justin to come to her room in the hotel. Three other ladies and President Buchanan were present on that occasion. She had her maid prepare some chocolate. After the chocolate was poured in the cups by the maid she requested the maid to go to her room and get her fan. Then she dropped a powder into a cup that she intended to hand to Justin. The maid returned and carried the tray into the reception room and placed it on a table; she picked up that cup and saucer while the maid was passing the others around on china plates. As she was about to hand the cup and saucer to Justin, her arm was struck a blow by some invisible person. The cup fell to the floor and broke in pieces, while the chocolate was spattered over the carpet. She said she knew her face must have burned, but there was a devil in her heart and she was go-

ing to have Mr. Warren for a husband if she went to the gallows for it. If Justin had drunk the chocolate and died from the effects she intended to lay all the blame upon the maid and declare to the guests that the maid had that cup prepared for her, that she had lived in dread of her and did not dare to send her away, as she was afraid that she would take some means to put her out of the way. "She holds a spell over me and I cannot release myself from it."

The next attempt she made she poisoned flowers and was about to send them to Justin's dressing room when her husband entered the room. Seeing the beautiful flowers, he went to smell of them. She stepped forward, trying to prevent him from smelling the flowers. She was too late—he had smelled of the flowers, inhaled the poison through the nostrils, became dizzy and fell to the floor. She summoned her maid to go for a doctor, who lived two miles away, (she said his name was Doctor Livingston.) She packed all her wardrobe into two trunks as fast as she could, then dragged the body of her husband into the toilet room. After that she rang the bell; it was answered by the bell boy of the hotel. She told him to get her a carriage quick as possible and to send the porter to carry her trunks down, as she had to take the next train for New York. When she arrived at the depot she purchased a ticket for Chicago by the Baltimore & Ohio route. She was killed in an accident, when the train was derailed at Harper's Ferry. That is the tale she tells me in spirit life. She says, after she was in spirit life and her conscience became a living hell, the spirit of her husband approached her with forgiveness in his soul. She said she had to pay the penalty just the same. It was not only the crime of his passing out of his body, but it was the crime that she had placed the poison there, with her own hands, for another victim, should he have been so unfortunate as to have received the flowers. He really lived a charmed life. I will now withdraw and we will continue at another time.

Friday, May 27, 1904.

While stopping at Long Branch, New Jersey, I made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Fannie Moore, a widow lady, and her invalid sister, a Miss Ringgold. I noticed Mrs. Moore's devotion toward her invalid sister was something beautiful to behold. She

did it in such a quiet, gentle way that it appealed to me and, sometimes, I would relieve her and allow her to go and rest. The invalid sister was such a spiritual girl that I fell in love with her. One day she said to me, "Estelle, dear, do you believe in God?" I said, "Most assuredly I do." She said, "I cannot believe he is a personality. When I am sitting by the window and look out by the wild waves of the ocean I see, as it were, a being floating toward me. It looks just like our mother. It comes in at the window and hovers around me. Then I get such a peaceful sleep. Oh, I love to see it coming. I tell sister Fannie of it. She says she cannot see it." I told her that was the spirit of her mother, who came to comfort her and give her that peaceful rest she required by putting her into a deep sleep. She said, "Do you think God and Jesus are one?" I said, "No, I do not. God is beyond our comprehension. Jesus was a spirit that lived in a physical body, a great moral character born of a divine mother." She clapped her hands and said, "Oh, you have made me so happy. Kiss me, Estelle dear, and let me lay my hand on your breast. You have given me so much comfort. My mind was always in a quandary about God and Jesus." All of a sudden she sat straight up, pointing toward the ocean and said, "Do you not see it coming?" I looked and beheld a beautiful spirit approaching the window. It entered the room, smiled, went to the bed, smoothed out the clothes, then pantomimed for me to assist her child to the bed. I did so, laid her down carefully, all the time watching the spirit. It floated to the other side of the bed. Then it motioned for me to hold one of her child's hands while she held the other one and, with the hand that was disengaged, she made passes over her child's body. Agnes went into a deep sleep, breathing very hard; so much so that it frightened me. The spirit, seeing my condition, laughed and spoke for the first time. She said, "When she comes out of this sleep, you will find her much stronger. She will have a desire to go down to the beach. I hope you and Fannie will take her. She is on the mend now. Three weeks from today Fannie can return with Agnes to her St. Louis home." She floated over to where I sat, placed her arms around me and kissed me, saying, "The angels will bless you," then floated out of the window.

In about an hour and a half after what had taken place Mrs.

Moore entered, saying, "I've had such a good sleep, a good bath and now I feel so refreshed." She looked at the bed and said, "Dear sister is sleeping. Thank God, it will rest her weary body. Estelle, dear, do you think I will ever be able to take her back to St. Louis?" I said, "Yes indeed, Fannie; your mother has been here." She said, "My mother?" I said, "Yes indeed, and she has given a treatment. Three weeks from today, she told me, you can take her back to St. Louis." She clapped her hands with joy and said, "Estelle dear, if it only can be true." I said, "It will be true; a beautiful spirit like that would not lie." "Then you have seen her?" she said. I said, "Yes." "Oh, if I could only see her," she said, "I think it would make me a happy woman." Just then it seemed as if a strong breeze came into the room through the window. In a few minutes, how long I could not tell, there stood the spirits of her mother and her father. She placed her hand on top of her head, crying out aloud, "Glory to God, I see them," and with one wild scream she said, "Father and mother you live, you live," then fell at their feet on the floor.

The spirits glided to the bed, each one held a hand of their child and smiled at me; in about ten minutes they glided from the room out through the window. Mrs. Moore arose from the floor and looked at me with joy in her eyes, saying, "Sister Estelle, I am a happy woman now and the whole world could not take that knowledge from me. I have seen my father and mother and now I will devote my life to the spiritual philosophy."

In three weeks they returned to St. Louis, begging me to accompany them; finally their wishes prevailed and I did so. While at their home in St. Louis I saw in the morning newspaper that the Broadway Company was coming to St. Louis to play a two weeks' engagement, managed by Mr. Warren. I jumped up, clapped my hands and laughed aloud. Agnes came from the adjoining room, saying, "Estelle dear, what is the matter?" I threw my arms around her, hugged and kissed her, telling her I was going to see dear Little Puss again. "Oh Agnes, if you only knew how my heart goes out to that Little One." She said, "Who is Puss?" I told her he was the star of the Broadway Company that was coming to St. Louis for two weeks.

"He is called the 'Dashing Blanchard,' Agnes dear. He is a freak in nature and most of the people in Europe and America that have beheld his acting declare it is a girl. He sings in a high soprano voice and has a beautiful female form. Oh, you will think he is pretty when you see him—and such eyes. Men fall in love with them. Dear, he is of both natures; the female holds the prominent part of his anatomy. We must have him here in this house so that you and Fannie can talk with him."

The company came as advertised. On the first night Mrs. Moore, Miss Ringgold and myself occupied a box on the left of the stage. The play was Cinderella. Little Puss played Cinderella, Fannie Davenport played the Prince, a Frenchman by the name of Bascom, who was a great baritone singer, played the Baron. Mrs. Charles and a Miss Sarah Devlin played the old maid sisters. In the ballroom scene I presented Little Justin with a basket of flowers. As she stood in front of the box I leaned over, presenting the basket of flowers. She looked at me, gave a scream and said, "Oh, it is Estelle." In the basket of flowers I placed a note inviting the principal members of the company to attend a reception at Mrs. Moore's residence on Washington Avenue. In the note I said, "Warren Chase and Charles Foster will be there."

After the performance they came in three carriages, and you can imagine how Little Justin and I hugged each other. I gave to Mr. Warren and the other members of the company a cordial greeting. After we had all dined we adjourned to the parlor. Little Puss sat on a sofa and before I had time to sit alongside of him Charles Foster sat on one side and Warren Chase on the other. There was some fine singing by the company and several little speeches made. Mr. Warren, as usual, was the most brilliant speaker of the occasion. Fannie Davenport said, "Look there at those three people on the sofa—they have gone to sleep." All of a sudden we heard a coarse, rough voice speak as if it came from the ceiling of the room right over the chandelier; it said, "I am Peter Alsakoff, a Russian who was drowned in the Mississippi. I was pushed overboard by a man who fell in love with my wife. You will find that same wife in a brothel house in Memphis, Tenn. She goes by the name of Lucy Larkum." After the voice had ceased speaking a laugh rang out

through the parlor, just such a laugh as Justin gives when he is transformed—or I should say she is transformed—from a drudge in the kitchen to a princess ready to go to the ball. It was a marvelous demonstration of spirit power. Fannie Davenport laughed and said, "Old Nick is after Puss. I expect he owns those others already," meaning Foster and Chase, which made us all laugh. Just then another voice was heard. It said, "I am he that was; I am he that is. I am he that always shall be and my cognomen is Old Lucifer, at your service." Fannie Davenport said, "Didn't I tell you old Nick was after them?" which caused another laugh. While those voices spoke independently the three individuals sitting on the sofa seemed to be in a deep trance. Agnes Ringgold said, "If we all sing a hymn I think they will all come out of that condition." We sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I noticed while we were singing they commenced to breathe hard and seemed to be laboring under some difficulty to get their breath. (Rap.) A voice said to me in a quiet way, "Estelle, go and pass your hands over them—lay your hand on each one's head and they will come out of that condition." I did so and finally they came back to consciousness, or more properly speaking, to their normal condition. Little Puss said, "Oh, I had such a funny dream; a great, big, coarse, rough looking man, with the water dropping from his clothes (rap) said to me, 'If you don't laugh and laugh loud, I'll choke the life out of you.' I became afraid of him and tried to laugh." Fanny Davenport said, "I think you accomplished it, the way it sounded to us. Puss, I always thought you were in league with the old man down below; now I believe it. Look out, brother Warren, or some night there will come a brimstone flame and carry Puss off," which caused another big laugh. Then we had some more singing. After that a duet by Mr. Warren and Little Puss. The company bade us good night and returned to the hotel.

I kept Little Puss with me, as I had so many questions to ask. Their engagement turned out a successful one, which pleased Mr. Warren. As I bade him good bye at the depot, as they were about to take the cars for Cincinnati, he said, "Estelle, I leave St. Louis with a fat pocket book. My Little One has made so many friends here I was afraid I would lose

him." Little Puss laughed and said, "Oh no, papa, I love no one in the world like you. You have made me so happy. Oh, Estelle dear, before papa Warren found me I suffered so much from bad treatment and when I was a wee little thing I used to go to bed hungry." Mr. Warren stooped down and kissed him, saying at the same time, "Little Puss, you belong to papa Warren now, and I would like to see the man or woman who would dare speak to you unkindly or look at you cross." We parted, they taking the cars for Cincinnati and I returning to Mrs. Moore's home with a heavy heart. I loved that man so, but could not win him. I would not do it in any other way only through my love for him.

Mrs. Moore, or I should say sister Fannie, sister Agnes and myself engaged passage on a boat for Memphis, Tenn. I had a letter of introduction to Bishop Watson of the Methodist Church. In that letter Doctor Van Ame said, "Brother Watson, be kind to sister Estelle; she is one of the dear friends of our family." We found Mr. Watson a genial man and his family received us with gracious courtesy. On two occasions at Mr. Watson's home we witnessed some wonderful demonstrations of spirit power. While in Memphis we heard Doctor Peebles lecture. He spoke of his travels. I looked upon him as a grand man in the spiritual philosophy. I heard him lecture seven different times in England, which would make nine times in all. The more I heard him the grander he seemed to appear to me. In Memphis I met Mr. Meyer. He did not speak good English then (rap.) I mean the Mr. Meyer who lives in this beautiful little valley. The people call him now Doctor Meyer, with two letters attached to his name—M. D.

The next time I met Little Justin was in Philadelphia. Mr. Muller, the artist, gave a reception to his spiritual friends at his beautiful rooms on Broad street. There was present Thomas Scott, of railroad fame; a medium by the name of Miss Bullene, Doctor Van Ame, a Mrs. Paul, whom I discovered to be a wonderful medium; she was so spiritual that I felt all that she had to do was to close her eyes and pass from the physical body into the realms where pure and beautiful angels lived. I never can forget that beautiful spirit living in a physical body. Charles Foster, who was then giving sittings at the Continental

Hotel, was there; a Prof. Cox and wife, Doctor. Child, Doctor Pierce and a lady whose name I think was Mrs. Miffin, a Miss Cora Patterson and two young ladies by the name of Jerome from Princeton, New Jersey; a divine, as you call him in the physical body, who bore the name, as I understood afterwards, of Joseph Taylor; a Mr. and Mrs. Nagle, professional people; Charles Thorne, also a professional man: Mrs. John Drew, Little Justin and myself. We had a glorious time that afternoon. I shall never forget it. It remains with me as a sweet memory of those rooms and the people present on that occasion. After they had finished singing a selection from Beethoven Doctor Van Ame said, "Friends, I believe if Justin would sit on top of that round table and we all hold each other's hands, Justin and the table will be elevated into space." Justin got up onto the table, crossed his legs like a Turk, then bowed to us all in Oriental fashion. We sang a hymn, the table commenced to rise from the floor; it was held in space for as much as ten minutes, four feet above the floor.

That manifestation took place in a bright light on that afternoon. It was a demonstration that none of them ever can forget. There was a great power brought to bear there by the spirits living in physical bodies. A Mrs. Banks, whose name I forgot to mention, went to the piano to entertain the guests present with her beautiful execution on the piano. She was a grand performer and her whole soul was imbued with music. As she was about to take her seat on the stool and was turning it to the height required, her music was lifted from a chair by unseen hands and placed at the piano in front of her. Her playing was wonderful and the marvel of all present. When it came time to bid the host good day and thank him for that great privilege that he had granted us on that occasion, Mr. Scott told him his kindness would be rewarded, as the great feast of Spiritualism which took place there on that afternoon would be recorded in Heaven. Mr. Muller said, "Sisters and brothers, let us sing 'Nearer My God, to Thee,' as a parting on this occasion with our spirit friends only for awhile." We all joined in singing and friend and brother, I wish you could have heard the raps produced on that occasion while we were singing. Mrs. Paul said after we had finished singing, "The spirits wanted to

bid us a joyful adieu. They manifested that joyful feeling through the raps."

The last time that I ever met Little Justin while living in a physical body was in Omaha, Neb. I was there waiting to take the train for San Francisco. A train came from Ogden; on board of that train were a number of professional people and as they alighted from their palace car I made the discovery that one of them was Little Justin. I walked toward him quickly, calling his name. He looked in the direction where the voice came from and with a glad cry he said, "Oh, it is Estelle." We were clasped in each other's arms and neither could speak for several minutes, as we were crying with joy. He was the first to speak. He said, "Estelle, what are you doing out here in Omaha, Nebraska?" I told him I was on my way to San Francisco and would leave on the next train and from there I would take a steamer to Australia, returning back to the United States by the way of England. My spirit passed from its physical body on board the ship as I had taken passage for England. I returned to America—the country I love—as a spirit and showed myself to Justin while he was living in the home of Mrs. Davis on 12th street, near Arch, Philadelphia.

As I held his hand he said, "Estelle, I am returning from an engagement that I have just closed five days ago at the California Theatre on Bush street San Francisco." I saw the tears come in his eyes when he said, "Oh, Estelle dear, I feel this is our last meeting while we live in these cumbersome fleshy bodies. Some day we will meet in that beautiful land where we will know and understand each other as God intends that all his creatures shall do." I took from off my finger (rap) one of my diamond rings and placed it upon his thumb, as his fingers were too small to fit the ring. I said, "Keep that in memory of me and Mr. Warren, the man who owned me soul and body. When you look at it think of the happy times that you and I have had together when we communed with the spirits. I remember and shall never forget the happy times we had at Atlantic City. Do you remember, Justin, when you fell from the boat into the ocean and came up on the other side of the boat laughing, and said, 'I believe I am part of the finny tribe—I love the water so.' I reached out and pulled you into the boat. Mr.

Warren was talking to some gentlemen off at a distance on the beach. He ran down toward the boat, waded in with his clothes on and said, 'What is the matter with my Little One?' What has happened?' He looked so pale and his eyes had a look in them as if he would annihilate us all in the boat. He took you in his arms and walked back through the water to the beach. I was glad the boat was so near the beach. Oh Justin, if he would have done that for me I would have made him a rich man." Just then the conductor said, "All aboard." We hugged each other, kissed and cried. He mounted the steps of the palace car. He rushed to a window and waved his handkerchief until the cars crossed the bridge and disappeared from sight. I fainted and must have fallen to the platform. When I returned to consciousness I was in the waiting room of the depot and they were bathing my face. When the train that was to bear me to Ogden was ready an elderly lady and the conductor assisted me into the sleeping car, for I was weak from the excitement and felt that we would never meet again in the body. But here I am today controlling his organ of speech and I make many visits to Searchlight Bower in the company of other spirits. We will continue at another time. They say I have held him long enough.

Saturday, May 28, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. I am a happy spirit this morning to think that I was capable of being understood. I am proud on this occasion, knowing through whom I speak. One that I have loved for many years, whose friendship shall never cease to exist. Oh, think of it, brother; I have used Justin's organ of speech through which I have conveyed my expression to the reading public, relating facts that came to pass in both our lives. How wonderful, how wonderful it is, yet it is the old story told over again. The power of God is great when expressed through spirit intelligence. The spiritual intellect is the monitor of life.

And now I must thank you for taking down my communication. No doubt it has been a feeble attempt on that line, but you know and your intellect is capable of understanding there is a first in everything and that first has been attempted by me

here in Searchlight Bower. If you think it will be any benefit to your book you are welcome to it. I relinquish all rights to it now with a gracious condescension on my part. It is my wish that I shall speak a few words concerning the spiritual temple in San Diego, California. How glad I am to know they have accomplished building a home of their own. There are many spirits that join me in this happy expression. It is glorious to know that the Spiritualists of San Diego do not have to go begging for admission to dark, dismal rooms such as the one that I heard Doctor Peebles lecture in. I think the name of it is Lafayette Hall, but you know, brother, we must all creep before we can walk or stand erect, and now the Spiritualists of San Diego are full fledged ministers of Truth and can dispense it to all comers in their beautiful hall or Temple. There was a large band of spirits present on the day that the ladies and gentlemen brought their power to bear on the dedication of this Temple. Many of us were proud to see Dr. Peebles there, the pilgrim that has passed through many lands gathering up thought that has now become rich and mellow with time. His expressions are filled with the elixir of eternal life.

On that grand occasion as he stood there dedicating the Temple to God and ministering angels, Leah Fox said to me, "Sister, Brother Peebles puts me in mind of a great towering oak in the forest, whose strength and power has withstood the storms of many ages, and now I look upon him as our giant in the Spiritual philosophy (rap.) When Christians that hold debased minds in their make-up think they can send an avalanche of ridicule and scorn against that great Truth of spirit power it has no phase on him whatever. He stands there as solid as the rock of Gibraltar, old yet young. Old in time as the world goes, but young and modern in profound thought. There is no slur cast upon our philosophy by creed crusted minds that can harm it whatever. It is the soul of Truth. You may try to crush Truth but you cannot harm it. It still arises again for it always existed and it ever shall be there to defend itself through such prophets as Brother Peebles and others. It recalls to my mind a verse spoken through the lips of Justin to a lady in Searchlight Bower. "In a brook a pebble lived. For to own it you had to wade. While you held it in your hand, it

spoke of Eternity and man." Brother Peebles' body is the spiritual brook through which courses the fluids of nature: His soul is the pebble that speaks of Immortality. His life is the man that holds the springs of nature. There is a great innate sense through it all that can only be conveyed to the mind through the law of Reason. His moral nature has always lived in the lap of Wisdom. When he left the hills of Vermont there was a mantle of exhilaration thrown around him that clothed his physical anatomy, and as he walked through life that mantle developed and spread out through mother earth. Under the shelter of that mantle a great volume of Love for the human race was developed there, the shades and colors of the children of God harmonized and blended in his soul like the shimmering shades of the rainbow. His voice was ever ready to proclaim Justice in defense of any of those colors. Like the oracle of old that defense had in it an aroma that will perfume the depths of misery in all ages. It will brighten and beautify wasted matter that must in time come under spirit power. Brother Peebles is a florist that walks through a garden of cultivated souls, developing and unfolding their inner knowledge to the children of men, those souls unite in saying he is a monitor of elevation in our spiritual philosophy. His books are teachers providing food for hungry souls searching after Truth. His words carry with them a liquid flame of fire that must in time wake up deluded and superstitious minds that have been hibernating under priestcraft. No power on earth can stay that running brook that courses through his mind; the lobe cells have been constantly catching thought out of space, reserving them to become modified through the action and process of his wonderful constitution. Now he is giving them through his books like dew-drops on a violet that laughs with joy in the sunlight. As the beams and rays of that great power come toward earth, then he buckles on his armor again to defend the rights of our great spiritual philosophy. No doubt to sleeping minds, who cannot as it were, think for themselves, this may have a harsh tenor through which the tone is produced, but back of it all there is a soft velvet touch of Love, discovered constantly by thinking minds. When they have made that discovery then comes a revelry of literature and profound thought therein described on

the pages; it becomes a lasting spiritual power to the memory, which it never can forget through all the ages of time.

I am pleased to see in your library many spiritual works and especially a large number of books on all progressive thought. When I enter the home of a spiritualist the first thing I do is to look for their books. If I do not find spiritual works there, I say to myself, "They are only Spiritualists in name." There is no excuse at the present day for Spiritualists to have no spiritual works in their library. There are the works of Brother Peebles, Andrew Jackson Davis, Cora Richmond, Hudson Tuttle, Emmett Coleman and many others that I could name. The other day while Leah Fox and myself were conversing with the spirit of Samuel B. Brittan, he said, "There lies in the power of Brother Peebles a great host for Spiritualism." Leah Fox said, "I hope Brother Peebles will live for many years yet. His moralizing process is like the commands of an angel who says, 'You must become as a little child to look upon the works of God and as you grow you will see there is a divine record kept. All those that have the spirit of Christ found in their souls, with that great love for one another are recorded there. The voice of Truth proclaims it to the spirit circles. When you have attained the perfection of perfectness you are one of the disciples of Truth and can minister to the children of God.'"

Now I leave my love for Justin and thank you with all my soul for the kindness you have favored me with in taking down my communication. Your reward is in the love and great wish that you have to assist spirits to communicate through Little Justin to the loved ones in physical bodies.

At another time I will give you some of my spiritual experiences. As I have held that organ as long as the guides will permit me, they have made me a promise that I may return in the future and fulfill my desire. Good day.

Friday, July 22, 1904.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I call you brother, as I give to you a sister's love. Anyone that loves Puss, I love too. They have permitted me to keep my promise, as I am pleased to do it on my son's birthday; I mean the one that came here and communicated, telling you that he, his wife and two children were partially burned on that ill-fated steamer Slocum, with

a whole group of church people that were baptized near Hell Gate on the East River. If they did not all believe in immersion they had to accept it on that occasion. Such catastrophes bring sorrow to the hearts of many. I gave the name to my son of George Warren. He was adopted into a family that bore the name of Sherwood. His name became George Warren Sherwood. Today, the 22nd of July, is the anniversary of his birthday in a physical body. We are all here today (raps) as they have a desire to hear me tell my spiritual experience in spirit life. The raps were made by my son, his wife and children. Now my expression shall be plain and to the point.

When I was passing through the dark passage called Death of the physical body, and stepped into consciousness on the spirit side of life, I was surprised—aye, even more than surprised, I was happy—to find so many spirit friends awaiting my coming to their side of life. My whole soul was enthused with joy at the beauties I beheld with my spiritual eyes. Many of the dear friends that I had known in the physical form surrounded me with a spiritual glow of happiness. It would take up too much space for you to enter their names in the communication, but I will mention one before I further proceed, and that was William Cullen Bryant. He clasped my hand in both of his with such a friendly grasp, saying, "Estelle, I am glad to meet you. You will come to our home and rest with us. You look tired; that storm you have passed through on board of ship weakened your physical nerves and that, to a certain extent, has had an effect on your spiritual condition." I said to the friends, "How sweet and good you all look. Your scenes here are the expression of beauty to one's soul that has just come among you."

As I was walking with the friends toward their home I felt a spirit pulling at my dress or spiritual garment. I turned around to see who it was and there stood Puss, or Justin, as you call him in the physical body. I was so surprised, and it seemed to me I had lost my speech, when Puss said, "Estelle, do you not know me?" I found my speech and said, "Yes. What are you doing here; have you preceded me to spirit life?" Puss laughed and said, "Do you not know that I live in both spheres? My physical body is resting now at my home. You see, I am here to welcome you to the real world in 'life. My earthly body

has not the power to hold me always there." I said, "Come with me; I have many things to ask and many questions to put to you for which I expect an answer in return to each one of my questions."

When we arrived at Mr. Bryant's home and had taken seats in the beautiful hall located in the center of a pretty park, I said, "Puss, do you remember appearing in a room located in a cottage in Melbourne, Australia? You appeared there to others and myself; the individuals present were Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Tiffany, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Goldsmith, Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Welch, Mr. Scott, Mr. Tiffany, a Mr. Taylor and myself." Puss said, "Yes, I do remember it. I also appeared to you on board of ship. You only saw me, as it were, through a haze." I said, "Puss, why did you not speak to us in Melbourne?" Puss said, "As I was about to speak to you Mr. Tiffany acted so about the room being so close I lost my speech and had to withdraw from the room. I am glad you recognized me then."

When we had finished talking on that matter I discovered a band of spirits approaching the grounds. Emma Hardinge Brittan arose and said, "We will go out and meet them: they belong to a Masonic order that held its meetings in a temple in Egypt over 200,000 years ago." As we approached them I noticed their garments had an Egyptian look to them; they were white and fell in graceful folds to their ankles; the men and women were all dressed alike; they wore scarlet belts around their waists, embroidered with gold. A long surplice hung over their white garment, that was also scarlet, embroidered with gold. Around their necks were gold chains to which were fastened Maltese crosses, and crescent moons with stars entering the moon. Those were ancient emblems of the Masonic order in Egypt over 200,000 years ago. I noticed that the hair and beards of the males was long; many of the females had hair hanging down below their knees. All the males had scrolls wound upon golden sticks and I could see that the scrolls or manuscripts were formed and fashioned from some delicate fibre. One of the male priests unwound his scroll and I could see very peculiar looking characters written upon it in red and green. It was not fashioned or formed from papyrus or parchment, it was some delicate substance and when held up to the light was

transparent; such a material as that I never beheld before. The females held in their hands a golden key and a compass. As we smiled upon them they returned it with such a gracious smile, it had an expression to it that no earthly face or eyes in a material form had the power to express. The leading priest—whose name was Oae-ys-phit—commenced to speak in a deep, rich bass voice, welcoming me to spirit life. I wondered what I had done in my physical body to deserve such an honor as this. Puss laughed; he laughed so loud and long it frightened me. I wondered if it were possible for spirits to lose their reason in spirit life. He dematerialized out of sight.

The High Priest—or the High Personage, if you choose to call him so—said, “Sa-ua-ran-da has gone back to the physical body and must carry on the physical work.” I said, “Why do you call Puss, ‘Sa-ua-ran-da?’” He said, “Are you not aware that she is one of our order and has taken on a male body to carry out a certain work; have you never heard how she gives Masonic signs? Is it possible that you have known her so long and that your acquaintance has only held such a frail part of friendship? Wait and you will see; she will come to you again in spirit life while her body will rest in some home on earth.” I then said to that venerable looking old man, “You really believe in reincarnation—that is, the spirit takes on physical embodiment?” He said, “To us it is more than a belief, it is reality, a fixed law in nature’s growth; all spiritual action is but the leaves that grow on the tree of knowledge. Wisdom is a power that controls the innate sense of the brain faculties; that is why those of modern thought call our power and philosophy the Wisdom Religion.” I said to him, “Why did you come here to welcome me to the spirit world?” Just then they all commenced to sing a beautiful piece of music and I too, commenced to sing with them; when the singing had finished I commenced to feel a peculiar condition stealing over me, as it were, to my surprise. I cried aloud, “I am Hou-ra-e-may.” After I had pronounced the name my whole spiritual being seemed to change; the venerable old man held me to his bosom; he then cried aloud, “She remembers now that she was one of us.” When he had finished the spirits commenced to sing and I remembered then that I was Hou-ra-e-may, a sister of their order. I had

taken upon me a physical body to perform a certain work for the benefit of the human race.

I beheld among the people many poets and literary people, especially one that I seemed to be drawn to very close, Walt Whitman, as he was called in the physical body; in the order Hy-y-ell-mare-yn; that is his name in the order. He took me by the hand, saying, "You understand why we are attracted to each other—it is called 'Holy Love,' and now we are spirit mates." It seemed to me just then he became the most perfect spirit I ever beheld. He said to me, "Your trials and mine in physical embodiments were many; we conquered the physical and now can revel in the spiritual. Our life for the future will be a spiritual eon through all time." I said, "Then you, too, belong to this order?" He said, "Most assuredly; each one takes their turn in entering a physical body and performing a work for the benefit of the human race." He clasped me in his arms and held me there until a great shadow had been lifted from off my head. I said, "Soul mate, I see it and understand it all now. When creating and generating took place we were a little con thrown off from that great eon in life. Now we have met again to fulfill that great law of Reason constantly working out our power in soul called 'Holy Love.' It is all so beautiful to me now that I went earthward as a spirit messenger from the realms of Truth. In physical embodiments the people call this power Modern Theosophy. Now I understand why the guides of Little Puss call it Spiritual Philosophy. I have heard them say it will become one of the great religions of the human race, and perhaps the greatest that the world shall ever know." Just then I heard music; it came upon my ear and soul as a great orchestra; then I beheld so many spirits that had worked in the spiritual ranks on earth clothed in the same garments that I now beheld myself clothed in; we took up the march and sang to the great God of Nature.

We will take it up at another time; they say I have held him long enough. I can only give it in sections.

Wednesday, July 27, 1904.

Good morning, brother. I will now continue my communication. Laura Keene, Jane Siddon, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sarah Denin, Alice and Phoebe Cary,

Olive and Eliza Logan, James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Peak, Longfellow, Van Ame, Mrs. Drew and myself visited the home of Helen Petrovia Blavatsky, known as Madame Blavatsky while living in the physical body. She entertained us in a high, elevated manner, which was both grand and gracious. In her great hall were many students in Spiritual Theosophy. She said, "Theosophy without Spiritualism is a dry husk." She sees now on the spirit side of life that no philosophy can stand on a true foundation that ignores spiritualism, for spiritualism is the true foundation of Theosophy. Karma is the Light running through your life while in a physical embodiment. The great power of spirit manifesting itself through the light of Karma is studying the great lesson that leads to spiritual consciousness imbued and worked out through Nature's God. She called her school to order and many of the advanced Chelas—or students—expressed themselves on the words that she presented to them for a full expression of Spiritual Theosophy. It was grand to listen to the elevated and highly cultured expression given by those students. They divined with God in Nature.

After the exercises had closed and they sang a beautiful piece of music composed by the spirit of Wagner, I said to her, "There are a number of Theosophists living in physical bodies who claim that you are reincarnated into the physical body of a boy in Egypt." She laughed aloud, and many of the students joined in the laugh. She said, "While living in a physical form I found in the philosophy of Theosophy weak minds, as I did in other philosophies while living in the physical body. I shall never be reincarnated until I am thoroughly prepared to hold a leading office at the head of the American nation. Such am I preparing my condition for now; when I take on a physical body again it will be when women stand equal with men and they shall have their say in all the governing principles and laws of the great American nation. My work here in spirit life requires my presence. The magnetic currents passing between my students and myself are creating a condition for elevated educators. Many of those students that you have looked upon will return to earth and become reincarnated into physical bodies whereby they will grow up into men and women and become the teachers of that grand philosophy—Spiritual Theosophy.

“There is a great dissention in the spiritual ranks. The highly cultured and more elevated class of spiritualists will accept spiritual Theosophy as a religion, as nature shows us when this planet took its position in space all that is on it at the present time was on it then—nothing has been added to it. Through the law of Evolution all things have become developed. The human mind is entering upon a highly developed condition of spiritual growth. It has passed through the Purgatory of Superstition, Priestcraft, and its fiendish power is waning; all the imps and devils of sectarianism are becoming subdued; their power of speech is changing and they cannot help themselves. The alphabet of Reason holds a halo of light around the letters. Where it once said, the “Devil was there,” Love and Truth have spread their wings and now an intellectual mind says, ‘we have God with us for the purity of our growing nature has divined it for us.’ I am afraid, lady, that many of the combative and conceited Theosophists will try to create a creed for their undeveloped minds. The power of Spiritual Theosophy will root it up and distribute it to the winds. It is only six weeks ago that I attended a Theosophical meeting. The speaker claimed to be clairvoyant and said, while in the clairvoyant state, I had told her I should become reincarnated into a physical body in Russia. I had to laugh while listening to such bosh. In the Theosophical ranks there is much that is given to the people it were better if never spoken. They have the same conditions in the Spiritual ranks. When it is all summed up it turns out to be a diabolical lie. It will be a glorious day when the Spiritual and Theosophical ranks are washed of all such bosh and corruption. You tell me, lady, you are giving your spiritual experience through a medium. Acquaint your friends with the fact that I am still a teacher in spirit life; permit them on all occasions to understand that I never had any desire to take on a physical body yet. I am not only instructing my students, but receiving instruction myself for a future earth career. It will be over fifty years before I take on a physical embodiment.” This is what Helen Blavatsky told me in her great Hall of Learning. There were many ancient spirits present whose countenances were beautiful to behold; they were all illuminated with a heavenly light; their whole personality was that of divinity or a

divine expression pervaded them throughout, their whole atmosphere was impregnated with holy love; all that visited there felt when coming away they had been in the presence of a Divinity beyond their comprehension. As we were leaving, one of the ancient spirits said, "I will send the messenger of Peace to your homes; your soul will be filled with holy love; let your tribute of praise be to the God of Nature for we are, as you see, symbols of that higher Divinity whose outworkings are for the benefit of the human race; in time we will draw them toward our condition when they will understand there is no personality in the God of the Universe. All is a harmonious Love, unified through the laws of Nature."

That afternoon in our homes we felt and understood the law of Peace had entered our souls, our natures were attuned to Harmony and we sang with joy.

The medium, Justin, as you call him, wonders why it is in his normal state he cannot find words to give expression to his thoughts. It is very simple. He is minus the education that is required of educated individuals to form and fashion the words to give high expression to his thoughts while living in a physical body. We as spirits feed his organ of speech to give expression to our communications. You have to feed a printing press with type, paper and ink to receive a newspaper therefrom; the compositor or typesetter has the brain work to read the copy and set it up in type. The medium has the press, we are the compositors that furnish that press with thoughts and through his organ of speech we give communications to the reading public. We will continue at another time.

Friday, July 29, 1904.

Good morning, brother. I will now continue my communication. I had a question to ask Brother Bryant; while preparing myself to ask that question a peculiar feeling came over me and it seemed as if I was going into a sleepy state, when all of a sudden there stood before me the spirit of Puss. He smiled and said, "Present Brother Bryant with your question." I said to Brother Bryant, "I would like to know how you knew I was coming to spirit life—that is, you and the other friends who were there to receive me?" He said, "Estelle, there is a magnetic current of love that holds its power in readiness to serve the

purpose of notifying loving friends of each other's actions. Through that current we are notified when any of our friends are about to pass from their physical body to take a spiritual step on to this side of life. You may call it the wireless telegraph if you choose; it is a telegraph of Love that never ceases to exist between two loving friends. When the message is sent and received by us in spirit life we are in waiting for you to come to our side of life; that is why you saw so many friends on your arrival." Puss said, "Dear Brother Bryant, you forget to tell her that I played the part of Cupid between you both. I carried the loving messages that drew you together. She loved a man dearly while living in the physical body. She gave to him all that which woman holds dear, but the soul's love was reserved for you. Now you understand, Estelle dear, why he was waiting to receive you. My task now is finished with you and others. I will return to my physical body to take up an entirely different line of labor." After Puss had dematerialized and returned to his physical body my soul mate said, "Let us get our will power to work, then we can pass on to the Valley of Flowers." When we arrived there I made the discovery, it was a beautiful valley and thousands of happy children were there; such bright faces it seems to me I never saw on earth; the love expressed by those children toward their teachers was something marvelous, aye, holy. We sat down on a green, grassy bank with many other spirits to watch the children in their happy sports; they were all called to order by their teachers, who commanded them to form in line. Just then we heard a beautiful orchestra playing a march; the children commenced to march, led by their teachers; while marching they all sang. At a given signal they formed into groups around their teachers. When they had all formed into groups it left a large hollow square in the center of the valley. All of a sudden we heard some beautiful music away off, as it seemed, accompanied by beautiful singing voices. It kept drawing nearer all the while until those beautiful spirits hovered over the square. They were too beautiful for me to describe. I would fail if I made the attempt. They showered the whole square with beautiful flowers of every hue and color; they kept descending and ascending while singing and dropping their flowers upon the square. Then the

music changed to beautiful, soft, mellow tones; the children danced and sang, all the time beckoning for the flowers to come to them. The flowers would arise into space and float to each group of children hovering over their heads. Then the children folded their arms across their breasts and sang of the beautiful spirit home. The flowers formed and fashioned letters, spelling out the spirit names of each child. Then the music burst forth into a grand piece of music which was sung by the children and teachers. All the while they were showered with flowers by the spirits that seemed to be highly celestial in nature, then they, the teachers and children sang a great hosanna to the God of Nature. When they had finished we could not see the children or teachers; the flowers were in such great profusion they hid them from our sight. I cried aloud with joy, proclaiming that was the grandest sight I had seen in the spirit world yet. My joy knew no bounds, neither could I hold it in check. I said, "If the children of earth could only have seen what I have witnessed here today, but then, alas, many of them would hasten the time to get here if they possibly could." My soul was so filled with joy that I sang all the way back to my home.

After we had partaken of a spiritual repast my spirit mate said, "Estelle, dear—for I shall always call you by that name, as it was the first that I ever knew you by—look around, dear, and you will see there are no drones here. I would like to have you accompany me back to earth; we will enter the homes of the low and degraded, comfort their last hours by bringing to bear a soothing influence over their suffering bodies before they pass from earth. Think, dear, of the poor little children that suffer from poverty, starvation and pain in those dreadful hovels. 'By our works shall we be known,' and as it is the desire of elevated spirits to reach the glorification in spiritual life, we can only accomplish it by assisting others and making them happy. You saw today what teachers have accomplished in spirit life. Now let us prepare our condition with others to carry on a work in earth sphere whereby we can carry thoughts of Love to the afflicted." I became resigned to go forth with others as a helper in the work. Just then many spirit friends assembled at our home. I placed myself in readiness to entertain the guests. After all were seated they commenced to sing and I joined in with

the rest. After the singing was finished many voices said, "Let us enter the Temple, Ur-rau-man-na lectures tonight." We walked from our home on a beautiful path, where trees met above and formed a long archway. As we approached the temple I noticed there were thousands of people entering by the different doors. No one sits down while listening to a lecture. After the great Temple was well filled we heard beautiful music; it sounded as if it came from different horns; there were no stringed instruments perceptible, possibly there might have been pipes and clarionets—it seemed to me that it was music that proceeded from horns of some kind.

After they had finished playing Ur-rau-man-na entered from a door in the back part of the Temple. He wore a pale blue robe covered with stars and hieroglyphics that I did not understand. One of the spirits present standing on the rostrum said that Ur-rau-man-na would lecture on reincarnation as he understood it over 600,000 years ago in India. I looked upon his lecturing as a masterpiece of work in that line. I remember one of his sentences in which he said, "The feeble minds of the Christian religion are loth to grasp that which they do not understand. They attack the condition and the level of which the people of India have come to, they forget that all nations rise and fall. The people of India will arise again through an elevated condition of Modern Theosophy called Spiritual Theosophy and the whole world will bow to them in honor of the great Truth they had given to the world; that is a law the human race cannot escape; re-embodiment is a fixed condition in the natural consequence of life, just as much as the sun shines by day and moon at night. All satellites have a greater power on the human intellect than you can imagine in your earthly condition." There is much more to tell of what I have seen in spirit life but they say I must defer it for the present and take it up some other time.

Thanking you, brother, for your patience and time in taking down my communication, I leave my love for Puss. Tell him to encourage patience. Good day.

Pardon me, his old friend William Somerton of Philadelphia came to spirit life last week. The one that made him a present of a cottage at Atlantic City, when Mr. Warren was liv-

ing in the physical body. He sends his love to Puss and says, "Tell Puss to be of good cheer." He is the one who took us out on the yacht when I was making a visit at Atlantic City. He lived to be 99 years, 8 months and 14 days old. Again good day.

November twenty-second is Justin's birthday.
The demons of Hell will have their say,
Reason and Power must have its way,
Priestcraft falls when the band begins to play.

In Hell he is a regular swell,
The Temple of Science rings its bell.
This is one of the days that Adam fell
Through the corridors he moves like a swell.

Tom Paine says it is very plain
That crucifiction must have been lame,
Priestcraft hides its face in shame,
And does nothing but howl and complain.

Bob says he will take a hand in Hell,
And make things a regular moving swell.
In the cauldron Christian tales he will tell,
And boil them down to a regular sell.

This is the demon's gay holiday,
Since Christians they caught at their play.
Now Theodore Parker can have his way.
Martin Luther can no more the world betray.

The pipes of priestcraft are very lame,
Out of them come the notes of shame.
It squacks like the cry of an old crane.
Wisdom has shown up superstition so plain.

Science has caught christianity in its snare,
For a scholar in the Bible was very rare.
The world swam in ether 6000 years they declare.
Science says millions and eons would be fair.

I love to dwell in the blue flame,
Since Hell hides the blushes of shame
That priestcraft tries hard to explain,
But all their teachings are on the wane.

They've been trying to read the Pope's bull,
But in Hell it has only shown a religious fool
Coming in contact with our liberal school,
Since we unravel the threads of our winding spool.

I heard an echo from some sound,
That did the "Age of Reason" compound.
To humanity it shows Christianity a begging hound,
The "Age of Reason" their religions confound.

A swell is bursting in Justin's heart,
Since Virgil takes a speaking part.
Townsend will show a part of his art,
The skylark of the air displays her art.

Oh, those lovely notes from a singing bird
Coinheres with its every word.
Out of life they've been caught by the bird
And lays on man's brain like a swird.

I heard an echo far down the glen,
Says life is eternal to women and men.
The bible creation is a dismal blank then,
Prayers are uttered in Rome by a croaking hen.

The maids in Hell are out on a lark,
They declare Jesus Christ they are going to spark;
While Jesus cries this is maidenly art,
I'll go and take a ride in David's cart.

Margaret Fuller says, "This is grand,"
Wisdom today has a solid stand,
Science has things at its command,
You see education on every hand.

Margaret's rhythm is consoling and plain,
The flowers of nature depend on the rain.
The Gods of the past are on the wane,
Humanity's reasoning powers are becoming sane.

Kepler's science is read near and far.
He makes the Christians creed a peddling car,
Astronomy has come to earth a leading star,
Waiting the decision from near and far.

Voltaire's powers are felt by the world today,
They are acute and ever on the play,
Giving showers of German thought on its way;
Behold, his mind is a talisman today.

De Alembert in his psychical search
Gave to the world a beautiful birth,
Which displayed an occult power on earth.
Every one can reason it out by their fire hearth.

Rousseau's philosophical turn of mind
Opened the eyes of the credulous blind.
He laughed at the lie the Christians signed,
And threw all Hell and bosh to the wind.

Condorcet showed to the thinking world
That he got all the Greek Gods in a swirl.
Boys at school had to take through the ferrule,
If he didn't his mind wasn't a precious pearl.

Thus it was in years of yore,
Believe or you are rotten at the core.
It caused many poor minds lying sick and sore,
Waiting to cross to the other shore.

Awake, ye sons and daughters, to reason,
Overthrow all priestcraft and treason.
Let the mind be well balanced in season,
They would steal your birthright reason.

Emma Hardinge Brittan

Chapter XXXVIII

I am pleased, sir, to come into your presence. I was attracted here to see these ancients control. I have been permitted to control, to give you an explanation. I heard in England that the ancient spirits had found a medium through which they could communicate. That was the attraction that brought me here. I was known in the lecture field as Emma Hardinge Brittan. I wish to explain to you the condition of a dark seance, which I hope you will never permit yourself to sit in. They attract low, evil and undeveloped spirits. Most all the individuals that claim to be mediums in these dark circles are fraudulent individuals. They are frauds of the worst kind, such as Jesse Shephard and others. I exposed that man whenever I had the chance. He claimed that spirits played through him in those dark circles, which was a lie. He was a ventriloquist and used that power, in the dark, to testify to you. I made the acquaintance of his father and when I told him that his son posed as a spiritual medium a great surprise came over his face. He said in answer to me, "My son is an educated musician, and travels giving musicales." I told him that his son represented to play under spirit power. He said that spirit power cost money. He turned and walked away, so I had no chance to converse with him further. So you see that this man Shephard was a traveling mountebank.

Today there are hundreds of those fraudulent mediums living as vampires upon the people, and claiming to have communication with spirits of the departed, which is a crime and should be punished to the full extent of the law. I feel sorry to think that genuine mediums have to suffer the stigma of these mountebanks. The majority of the people class them all alike. They do not study the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism or the truth of its manifestations. There are mediums living in the body today that obey the highest laws of truth and morality. I thank God that the light is breaking through the great clouds of mysticism to show to the people that this is the only proof

of immortality. Many ministers in the pulpit know and realize it to be a truth. They have investigated and found God is love. That great power with all the soul of charity has permitted spirits to return to their loved ones. I have travelled a great deal over the world and found many beautiful characters that were genuine mediums and on the other side of the condition I found twenty frauds to one genuine medium.

Now I will speak of this medium. I met him over forty years ago in the company of a gentleman from West Point, who bore the name of Warren. It was at Doctor Newton's home. They were invited there, as well as others, to hear a paper read on Evolution. I was one of the individuals that was present. After the reading of the paper, while most of them were engaged in conversation, Doctor Newton stepped to my side and said, "Emma, watch that boy. Do you not think he is a medium?" Mr. Warren noticed Doctor Newton and I looking toward them. He withdrew and took the boy with him. I did not say anything as toward his mediumistic powers, but I said, "Doctor Newton, that individual has the prettiest hand and foot I ever saw on a human being." You see I was in a worldly mood then. His hand and foot attracted me so I could not refrain from looking at them. The Doctor smiled and said, "Emma, you admire physical beauty."

The next time I saw this medium was in Boston at the rooms of Doctor Thomas in Haywood Place off Washington street. There were present Charles Foster, the test medium; Doctor Taylor and wife; Doctor Pierce and wife; a Mr. Arnold that was singing with the Caroline Richings Opera Company at the Boston Theatre; Mr. Bishop Buckley of the "Buckley Sere-naders"; Lizzie Doten, the lecturer and poet; Mr. and Mrs. Spear; a landlord of a hotel, whose name I have forgotten, and myself. We went there to meet a medium who claimed to produce flowers in the circle, but she failed to do so. The bell rang and Mr. Samuel Britton and a Mr. Coonley asked to be admitted. Doctor Thomas did so, and found them chairs in the room. We were requested to sing a hymn to bring harmony again and form the circle. While we were singing a large center table walked over and tipped its contents into the lap of this medium, which I think made him more or less timid. Mr. Buckley said,

"Get up, Puss, and walk around the room and you will throw it off, perhaps." He got up and immediately the large table followed him from one parlor to the other. Mr. Britton said, "What a wonderful demonstration." The medium went to Mr. Buckley and said, "I want to go home." Mr. Arnold said, "Don't be frightened, Puss, it is all right." Mr. Britton reached out and took the medium's hand and said, "Sit here and don't be frightened." The chair on which they sat rocked to and fro sideways. Mr. Coonley spoke and said, "I would not have missed this demonstration for all I have learned in Spiritualism." There was a hand materialized and took hold of their hair and pulled it so severely that the boy cried out. This was all in gas light with four burners beaming and every one in the room saw the hand except Mr. Britton and the medium, who felt their hair being pulled. Mr. Buckley said, "See to it that you do not have this advertised in any of the papers. If you do I shall never attend any of your circles again, as it will hurt our business." He was one of the Buckley brothers, of the "Buckley Serenaders." He went to the center table and wrote out passes for all to come and see the performance Monday night. We went next night and saw the medium play the part of Cinderella in the burlesque opera. He sang, danced and played beautifully and we could see that the members of this company were quite proud of him. I afterwards became acquainted with the mother of the Buckley boys and in conversation she said, "Puss is our little mascot and we love him very dearly. Did you know the Little One was a medium?" I said, "Yes, I saw a physical demonstration take place in his presence." She said, "He receives many beautiful presents from the public. In nature he is only a child and always will be so. Manly and womanly ideas he does not seem to comprehend." I said, "How old is he?" She replied, "He is thirty years of age." "Why," I said, "He doesn't look over eighteen." She said, "He will always be a child," and then shook her head and said, "Poor Little Puss, he had a hard life of it before we got him."

I did not see him for a number of years after I left Boston until I went one afternoon to Barnum's Museum with a number of friends from England. I discovered by the program that he was playing the part of a Moorish boy in a spectacular play

called "The Magic Ring." He came upon the stage with a light blonde curly wig upon his head and did not look a day over sixteen. He played his part and danced beautifully on his toes which was really wonderful. He bounded on in one scene, stood on one toe with his other foot in the air, which was to me marvellous. I discovered that in his profession he was looked upon as a freak of nature. Some dreaded his society, while others courted it very highly. I became acquainted with the stage manager, whose name was Mr. Mitchell. He said, "The Little One receives many letters from the box office, in the morning, which he allows me to read after rehearsal for the amusement of the company. Many of them are protestations of love, which he laughs at as much as any of us. Mr. Clifton, the manager, told me that he lived very frugally and plain. After returning from his night's work his supper would consist of cold chicken and bread, or bread and cheese, or a glass of beer. I believe the way he lives is the secret of his youthful appearance." I understood it otherwise. It was spirit protection.

The last time I saw him perform was at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago. He was playing with a comedian whose name was Hart. They played in two comedies that evening. One was called "Three O'clock in the Morning," and the other "Quiet Life." They did as fine a piece of comedy acting as I ever saw on the stage. He was much stouter than when I saw him before, but all the vim and fire was there in the portrayal of the character. When the curtain fell the people called for them. The comedian came before the curtain leading the medium. I said to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who accompanied me, "That Little One is a great medium and some day the Spiritualists will hear through his organization from the other side of life." Today, I am glad to say, I was not mistaken and the prediction came true. I thank you kindly, sir, for listening to me and I bid you adieu. Emma Hardinge Brittan.

Miss Lees then came and expressed her gratification that Mrs. Brittan came and gave her knowledge of the medium, she having come in contact with him several times, gave an emphatic endorsement of his mediumship. But one thing she did not know, that Mr. Warren would not allow his mediumship to become public.

Olivia C. E. Stephens

Chapter XXXIX

Saturday, June 25, 1905.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. No doubt you wonder why I did not return and keep my appointment. I gave way that others might communicate, as they had closed the columns of the *Progressive Thinker* on the question and discussion of Obsession. I came today to keep that appointment and will discuss somewhat on the medium's life. My communication will be among many in your book. In spirit life, I met the individuals who claimed to have been the medium's physical mother and father. Herein, I take the liberty of giving you and the reading public, facts that I have discovered through conversing with his parents. I will speak of his mother first and deal with her in a truthful manner. I have read both their characters through the power of spiritual conditions that I have found therein related to their physical and spiritual make-up. The mother, having an impulsive nature, lived a great deal in the realm of emotion; she was an individual whose desire it was to gratify all her wishes, it was immaterial at whose cost they were gratified. She came of proud, imperious blood and felt that she was superior to many in life, never stopping to think to what degradation she had fallen. Her whole desire in life was to rule and gratify every passion in her nature. Her name, while living in a physical body, was Mary Elizabeth Stuart, grand niece to Prince Charles Stuart, in history called "Bonnie Charley." She had much in her nature it were better had it been left out and she had been permitted to earn her living through daily labor in plain life. He—the medium—inherited much of her wild, passionate nature.

Now I will describe his father. He was a tall man and

heavily built. His height was six feet three inches, in his earthly form. He was bold, daring and sensitive withal. His reckless nature made him the victim of religious superstition. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Bruce, a descendant of the Bruce family of Scotland. A woman with a daring nature and one who commanded that all should obey her will. She was a bigoted Catholic of the worst kind, and persuaded her son, Justin Hulburd, father of the medium, to enter a religious order. Her whole desire was that one of her sons should become a Jesuit priest. The medium's father was selected as the victim. He received the vows of the order to please his mother, a worldly woman and an ambitious character. He thought he loved the mother of Little Justin. It was only a love through which many men and women go down to their graves through the idea it is soul talking to soul, when it is only a licentious love talking through a power of amorous ambition.

On a certain morning in June, when the birds were singing and the God of Truth revealed to his soul the glories of Nature in the bright sunshine, remorse commenced to knock at the door of his conscience; with her walked in the law of Reason. Then he made the discovery that he was a liar, a hypocrite and a villain to remain in such a religious order. His heart yearned for she whom he thought loved him. In his heart he cursed his mother for playing the worldly part she did. A desire came into his nature through which his will power became aroused. He must find the woman he thought he loved, carry her off to another land where he might revel in the luxury of owning her, soul and body, as he thought. They made three attempts to escape in each other's company. The third time, he made arrangements to embark on a sailing vessel for England, and from there sail to America. They had reached the little city of Perth, when the mother was taken violently sick—the labor pains had set in and he had her conveyed to the lodge of a graveyard; there she gave birth to a wee mite of a creature, whom she tried to destroy in the womb, but failed. The child was taken away and adopted by her cousin. Then the father and mother tried to reach Dundee, where they could meet the open sea. The Jesuit hounds were on their track. They seized him as he was about to embark for England. He was brought back, where they adminis-

tered poison in his food and he died a horrible death. Such is the tale they gave to me. Before death came he murdered three of the inmates of the monastery. His nature was made up of reckless daring. He was more fit for a pirate than a priest. There are two classes of pirates—a murderer and a red-handed villain is a sea pirate; a Jesuit priest, a hypocrite, liar and thief of the poor people's wealth, is a land pirate.

Little Justin inherits his violent temper from such natures. His spirit guides have taught him to live it down to a great extent. He is calm now in disposition to what he was when I first made his acquaintance.

He had more nicknames than any individual I ever knew. The Quakers called him the "Dreamer," or the individual with two natures. Prof. Bartlett called him the "Gleaner of Thought." Mrs. Jennie Johnson said he was the boy who lived between two worlds. James G. Blaine called him "Spitfire." His foster father said, "He went the way of the winds, hither and thither." Doctor Campbell called him "The Servant of the Spirit World." Mrs. John Drew said, "He was born for the stage." Prof. Blake said, "He was the echo of invisible voices." Edwin Forrest, the actor, called him "Little Toots." Joseph Jefferson named him "Puss," and I called him "My shock-haired boy." He became the hero of one of my stories. Maria Lydia Child called him "The second sight individual." Lucretia Mott spoke of him as the "Bearer of messages from the spirit side of life."

To me his whole nature seemed to be that of sensitive emotion. When he became angry a spray of oaths would come from his organ of speech that would make me tremble. I discovered in his nature lay a great love for animals. He could not bear to see one animal abuse another. He'd always defend the smaller and fight for it. I remember on one occasion, while visiting at his home, many guests sat on the veranda looking down toward the ocean. On the lawn was an old dog resting under a large tree and looking up at us guests. After awhile a vicious dog came up the carriage drive from the Avenue, walked across the lawn to where this old dog was lying under the tree; he growled and snapped at the old dog, and finally bit his ear. That was more than Justin could stand. He grabbed Mr. Blaine's hat, jumped over his foster father and commenced to

yell like an Indian; he rushed at the strange dog and beat him with Mr. Blaine's hat, driving him from the lawn and down the carriage drive, then he came back, sat down and took the old dog's head in his lap, wrapped his handkerchief around his bleeding ear and commenced to cry, saying, "Poor old Bob, who is so kind and good." All of a sudden he looked up at us on the veranda, crying out, "Damn some of you, if you don't get me some warm water to wash this dog's ear I'll raise hell, and right now, too." You can warrant water was brought him, and pretty quick. He washed the dog's ear and the blood from off his face. After he had done so he picked up Mr. Blaine's hat; it was torn in pieces; he threw it toward Mr. Blaine, saying, "James, there's what's left of it." I wish you could have heard the shouting and laughing of the guests present. He did everything on the impulse of the moment. A Doctor Tuller spoke up and said, "I have two friends here who lived in the hopes of having an interview with Little Justin. I did not expect we should witness a dog fight." Justin laid down with the old dog in his arms and went to sleep. His foster father said, "Friends, he will wake up pretty soon; his affection and regard for that old dog is wonderful; the mangy old cur followed him home one day from town and has remained here ever since. If Justin lived home the largest part of the year we'd have a dog farm."

Three days after the dog affair there were sitting on the front veranda, Justin's foster father, Dr. Pierce and wife, the Rev. Dr. Wells, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, Prof. Blake, Mr. Chase, Mr. Blaine and a banker from New York, whose name I have forgotten—I think it was Powell; Dr. Tuller and myself. While we were sitting there and conversing about spiritual affairs, Wm. Henry Downing, with Mr. Dana of New York, a newspaper man, came walking up the lawn to where we were sitting. Mr. Dana said, "Justin, I have a friend of mine from Australia. He tells me that your astral appeared at a seance in Melbourne, Australia." Justin received the introduction, then introduced the friends to the guests present on that occasion. I noticed Doctor Tuller looked at the strange gentleman from Australia and said, "Haven't I met you before?" The gentleman laughed and said, "Yes, Doctor, I think you have. I was under your tuition for two years in Oberlin, Ohio." That pleased Doctor

Tuller to meet one of his old pupils. They were shown to seats on the veranda. Justin sat on the steps, held his head in his hands and said, "Darn that other self, it is always going around and entering other people's homes where it ain't wanted." Just then he jumped up and held his arms above his head, looking away off, as it were, when he said, "Poor fellow, he's obsessed." He turned around to the guests and said, "He's coming here; see that you treat him kindly; his mind is obsessed and racked to the utmost by that evil spirit." He walked across the gravel walk and threw himself down on the grass, saying, "I will wait his coming here." All of a sudden a peculiar feeling passed over me and I said, "Friends, let us sing; there is a peculiar feeling to me in the atmosphere." We sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then Justin went under a beautiful influence. Oh, it was so beautiful, I cried for joy. The influence said, "Friends of earth, I come to plead for my brother, who is obsessed by an evil spirit. I know you will help me, as I find here in your midst a loving spirit of Truth. You all believe in the God of Nature and the great manifestations that God has shown to you, in the beautiful flowers and trees, birds of the air and beasts of the field. Above all, the intellect of his children, has been a manifestation to your souls. My unhappy brother is on his way now and they will guide him to this home. Sing for me." We commenced to sing. The influence left Justin. About five minutes afterward he was controlled by an Indian spirit who performed a war dance, then he threw himself on the ground and crawled around on the grass like a snake, hissing all the time. He jumped to his feet, struck his breast several violent blows. "Me Hissing Snake; me come to help white brother; me make him good." Then he left Justin. Justin went over and laid down under the tree, passing into a quiet sleep. I said, "Friends, there is work coming and we must lend our assistance. Let us give it with the love of our souls. Let us sing." While we were singing Justin jumped to his feet, screaming out, "He is coming." In a few minutes we discovered an individual coming through the orchard. He seemed to be skulking in a peculiar manner. When he got where he could see us he drew his hat down over his face, then walked on his hands and feet. In front of the barn he made a peculiar noise. Justin walked up to where

he stood, took him by the hand, led him up in front of the dwelling and said in a commanding voice, "See that you bring me a chair for the honored guest." One of the guests stepped in through the French window, coming back with a chair, placing it on the gravel walk in front of the house. Justin told the man to be seated, in a commanding voice. As he took his seat I discovered his garments were those of a clergyman, his coat was buttoned up to the throat, showing only a white collar. Then Justin asked us to sing. While we were singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye" the strange man attempted to bite Justin's hands. Several of the gentlemen present ran down the steps, caught hold of the man, and held him down on the chair. He cursed and swore in a dreadful manner and said he would kill us all if we did not let him go. That beautiful influence, that controlled Justin before, spoke again, saying, "Friends, dear friends, help my brother and drive that wicked influence away. If it is not broken he will become an inmate of a mad house; let us, dear friends, centre on him our soul thoughts." Then she delivered a beautiful prayer, such as I never heard before. She prayed to the angels of mercy to come and assist her brother and drive forth that demon that had possession of his mental faculties.

The gentleman from Australia stood up and prayed for that great spirit power to come and aid them in this case of affliction and drive forth that wicked spirit. We all assisted him in silent prayer. Justin was controlled by "Hissing Snake," who worked over the man. In time the influence commenced to grow less and less in power over his victim. After "Hissing Snake" had worked over him for about two hours the obsessing spirit gave way and the man was released and came back to freedom. He said he was the Rev. Dr. Miller. On several occasions in his library he saw the wicked spirit before he got possession of his mentality. He remained at Justin's home two days. On the evening of the second day we held a circle for his benefit. He was controlled by the beautiful spirit of his sister, who thanked us for all our kindness, shown to her brother. "It will not go unrewarded, the Spirit of Love will enter into each of your homes. May the blessings of the angels rest with you in peace forever."

Tuesday, June 27, 1905.

Good morning, brother. Now we will take up Justin's life. During one of my visits to Philadelphia I received an invitation from Doctor Van Ame to attend a materializing seance at his home on the following afternoon. He lived on Cherry street between Ninth and Tenth. I will endeavor to give you the names as I remember them. There were a Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, a Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, Prof. Coonley and wife, Prof. Blake and wife, a Dr. Chalmers, a Miss Bullene, a Dr. Child, a Dr. Simpson, a Dr. Hassenplug, Justin, your medium, a Mrs. Carlton, Mrs. Case and myself. This Mrs. Carlton was an English woman and said she was a powerful materializing medium, so she informed Dr. Van Ame. The circle was given on a Sunday afternoon in the month of March, 1875. The date of the month I do not remember, but it was about the middle of the month. Doctor Van Ame had hung a black curtain across one end of the back parlor. While sitting in the front parlor I noticed that woman kept looking at Justin more than ordinary, I thought. Finally she crossed the room and asked me to change seats with her, as she wished to sit next to Justin. I thought she acted quite friendly on such short acquaintance. She held conversation more with Justin and Prof. Coonley than any of the other guests present. Dr. Van Ame said, "Now we will form the circle," and asked the woman to set the people to suit herself. She did so. She placed Justin right next to the curtain, Prof. Coonley and his wife next to Justin and the other guests as she thought it was best for her to do so. The circle was formed in the shape of a horseshoe, Dr. Van Ame being at the other end of the circle. She sat down on a chair outside of the curtain and requested us to sing. We did so. After we had finished singing she stood up and gave us quite a history of her materializing, telling us she was an English woman and held circles at Buckingham Palace for Queen Victoria and her family and many other noted houses in England. She said that Ewalt Gladstone thought she was the most perfect medium he had ever met. I thought she was sounding her own praises too much to suit me. She had Dr. Van Ame draw the folding doors together and darken the windows in order that no ray of light should enter the room. There was a lighted lamp on a small

table in the corner of the room. She placed a shade over that lamp, which made the light quite dim.

There was one guest's name that I forgot to mention—Jonathan Roberts, the publisher of "Mind and Matter." I do not think at this time he had commenced to publish the paper. He sat next to me in the circle. After she had finished expatiating on her great powers and describing the wonderful materializations that had been produced through her mediumship, Mr. Roberts whispered to me, "I do not like the look on Puss' face to-day. I think there is some ill brewing. I cannot tell you the reason why, I only feel it." As she was about to go behind the curtain she asked us to sing. We did so. I noticed as she stood there how broad she looked across the hips. In about five minutes after she had passed behind the curtain Dr. Van Ame set the music box going—which was a very fine one. It sat on top of the piano in the back parlor. Others as well as myself noticed that the music box would rise from the piano as much, perhaps, as eight or ten inches and remain in space for several seconds. All of a sudden we heard a deep, masculine voice—as we thought—come from behind the curtain. It said, "Friends, keep perfectly quiet; a spirit will now move in your midst." An old, humpbacked woman walked out and looked at the circle. She said nothing to anyone present, but coughed quite hard, then passed behind the curtain. In about ten minutes the same masculine voice said, "Now friends, keep perfectly quiet; Mary, Queen of Scotland, will come in your midst; do not touch her dress or she will dematerialize instantly, and will injure the medium. Wind up the music box again and set it going." Dr. Van Ame did so. While the music box was going we heard the rustling of a dress or something inside the curtain. "Turn down the lamp a little lower and she will appear before you in her royal robes." As she was about to come out Justin in some way got his hand behind the curtain, caught hold of the Queen's dress and as she was about to come out she had to do some tugging. We heard her say, "Damn it, what's the matter?" I judge she gave one tug to free herself and fell against the curtain. Down came the curtain and her royal highness onto the floor. Dr. Van Ame turned up the light, and such a picture! It was comical enough for a pantomime. There sat Justin on the floor,

holding onto the queen's train and a grin on his face that would have served the purpose of any circus clown to make the children laugh. The Queen had got mixed up in the curtain and was swearing at Justin, calling him a damn brat of an idiot. "If you had let me alone I'd have shown some powerful materializations here today." Prof. Coonley dragged down a shawl from a back window and let in some daylight. The Queen got up and stood on her feet, in an old dirty pink floss skirt, of very light weight, a royal shoulder train of thin scarlet satin, without any lining, and a red wig on her head. On the floor, in front of her, was a gilt paper crown with some imitation jewels fastened on it. Here and there was illuminated paint. In the corner laid her skeleton bustle that she used for a wardrobe trunk. As she stood there, she was not quite so broad across the hips as she was previous to going behind the curtain. All the Scotch blood had come to Mary's eyes and she was furious; she laid us out for a low lot of mean Yankees. Dr. Van Ame commanded her to leave the house, as a villain of the worst kind. She said, "There is no such thing as a genuine materialization. All those who pose as materializing mediums are frauds and spiritualism is only a humbug, anyhow." I said, "Madam, you are mistaken; I have seen the spirit materialize and dematerialize." She said it was a lie; there was no such thing as materialization, and all spiritualists were half idiots. Just then some of the women caught hold of her, tore the Queen's robes off her and there she stood, with nothing but a petticoat and a light waist on. Dr. Van Ame ordered her to put on her street dress and leave the house. "Before doing so, you will return the money to my friends that you have received for admission fee." She did so, then they hustled her into the street, leaving behind her the queenly robes, bustle and crown. After the guests had quieted down and the street door was locked, Miss Bullene was controlled by an influence who said, "That woman who has just left the house is obsessed. She is in the power of a strolling actress who lived in England. That strolling actress' name, when living in the physical body, was Jane Hathaway, who became a notorious drunkard before she left the physical body. Now, friends, if you will form a circle, remove the lamp from the table, place the table in the centre of the circle, darken the rooms and sing I think you will

get some physical demonstrations. All those in the circle are mediumistic. Now, let us sing." Prof. Coonley said, "Before we sing, friends, allow me to offer up an invocation to the angel world, hoping they will surround us with harmony." He gave us a beautiful invocation, after which the circle sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." After we had finished singing Mr. Roberts said, "I have received a strong impression that if Puss will sit on top of that table we will get a demonstration of some kind. Come here, Puss, and let me place you on the table." Just then Puss made a spring and landed on top of the table, which was the cause of great laughter. The music box was wound up again, placed on top of the piano and set going. Justin commenced to give an invocation and of all the ridiculous stuff that I ever listened to was given through his organ of speech on that occasion. The music box floated through space over the heads of the sitters and rested on Justin's lap. It kept playing all the time. A voice said, through Miss Bullene, "There is a strong spiritual power here this afternoon. Keep perfectly quiet, friends, and remain in the passive state. You will behold something that will open your eyes with wonder on this occasion." In about ten minutes, possibly more, the table with Justin and the music box commenced to rise from the floor, I should think as much as five feet. It was held there in space for several minutes, then it floated over the heads of the sitters, came down and rested in the corner where it stood when the lamp was on it. We all proclaimed in one voice, as it seemed, "That is the most wonderful physical demonstration I ever saw in my life." The raps came all over the piano. The voice through Miss Bullene said, "There is so much spirit power here this afternoon we could almost do anything in the way of physical demonstrations." A guitar that hung on the wall came down and was laid in Mrs. Coonley's lap. On the way from the wall the strings were fingered by some invisible hand that we did not see. The voice said, "We have taxed your strength sufficiently for this afternoon, hoping the same circle will meet again."

You see, dear readers, we sat in a grand circle after all and the manifestations were beautiful. When the friends were parting Mr. Roberts said, "I would like to have you all meet in my home next Thursday night. I will pay all railroad expenses and

take care of you while at my home." A number of us went—not all—Justin told Mr. Roberts he could not go, as his profession demanded his presence in the evening. The demonstrations were only fair on that occasion.

In the month of August, Mrs. Case and myself made a visit to Justin's home. She remained only one night and part of a day. I remained five days. His foster father told me that Justin was the most peculiar child he ever met. He informed me that, on several occasions, while living in Scotland, the people thought he was, truly, an imp of the devil and as wild as a deer on the mountain. He had two companions—a large dog, part Mastiff and part St. Bernard; the other was a pet deer. He and his two companions would go off to the hills and remain there for two and three days at a time. His old grandmother used to pray to the Lord that he'd never return, as he was a source of trouble to her. When he was at home, his foster father says, there never was a day that passed that he didn't play a trick upon her; just as sure as the sun arose in the morning, he and his grandmother got into some kind of a squabble. She told him he was fit to live with the devil and the gypsies. At one time he went off with a band of gypsies; three weeks afterward, his grandfather received information that he was seen with those strolling gypsies and where they were located. His grandfather went after him and brought him home. At another time, his foster father says, he went off with a circus. After his foster father brought him to America, he took to preaching in the streets as soon as he had learned some English. He tells me that one day he entered a church while the congregation was assembling. He climbed up to the pulpit and commenced to preach to the people. He said, "There is no personal God, neither is there a personal devil, but you're all chuck full of hell." Just then the Rev. Dr. Pease caught hold of him and walked him out of the church. In front of the church he commenced to dance the Highland Fling and yell like a fiend or a demon. Some one went out and got a policeman; he was arrested and taken to the station house; there he prayed for the policeman and the brass buttons on his coat. The Chief of Police said he was either crazy or possessed of a devil. His foster father was sent for. He was so angry he whipped him in the station house.

After he had whipped him, Little Justin sprang onto his back, he said, and hollered three cheers for the Fourth of July, George Washington and the nice looking policemen, especially that big fat duffer sitting up there, meaning the Chief of Police. Mr. Puller became so angry he dragged him by the hair of the head to the carriage, closed the door and told the coachman to drive off. "When we got home," his father said, "I tied him to the bed post and lashed him with the carriage whip. It was no use," the old man said, crying, "we could not do anything with him. Reforming was out of the question. I went in about an hour afterward to the room: he was gone; the rope laid on the window sill; he had slid down the water pipe to the ground. We did not see him for six days afterward. The next time I found him in a cellar praying to the negroes and calling down the blessings of the angels on them. When he had finished his prayer, I made a grab for him; he eluded my grasp, bolted through a back cellar window, climbed the fence and was gone. I knew not where. The housekeeper told me he came home one afternoon all in rags, nothing on his head. She said, 'Where have you been all this time?' He told her he'd been on a dandy picnic. 'Don't you think I look sweet?' She marched him to the bath room and gave him a good bath, put clean clothes on him in order that he might be presentable when I came home from business. When the family assembled in the dining room he walked in and stood by his chair. I said, 'Well, where have you been?' He said, 'With the angels.' That set the children to laughing, while his poor foster mother was crying. After dinner his foster mother had the family assembled in the parlor; then she prayed over him. While their heads were all bowed in prayer, he pinned his foster mother's dress to her eldest daughter's dress. When the mother had finished praying he said, 'Oh Lord, have mercy on the sinners of this house; they don't know when it's time to go fishing,' jumped to his feet, sprang out of the window and," the old man said, "we didn't see him for several days. I found whipping was no good—it had no effect upon him. As my wife and eldest daughter arose to their feet, they discovered they could not reach their chairs. On examination they found he had pinned their dresses together. The housekeeper said, 'Poor child, he belongs to the devil; his great-aunt was burned

for being a witch. May the dear Saviour protect this house from getting on fire.'” The old man then said, “When he became ten years of age, some one discovered he had talent and placed him on the stage. I think that was the best thing they could have done; those influences took possession of his little body when he was only three years of age. Coming to America during a terrible storm, he climbed up the rigging as high as he could go. It was a dreadful storm; there he sat and laughed in glee and when the lightning flashed, he screamed like a demon. My captain and officers trembled for his safety. It was my own ship, good lady, that we came over in.” Then the old man caught hold of my hand and held it in his, saying, “Dear lady, it would take months to tell you of his wild life. He never was sane like other people. Why managers pay him such a large salary, I cannot tell. I never attended any theatre where he played, as I was always afraid he'd do something out of the common. He never seemed to do anything right to suit me—possibly I am prejudiced against him—that is the way it has always looked. How Mr. Warren could stand his antics for so many years I cannot tell. He left the Little One well provided for. All the money and property has passed from him. In his profession, some people are afraid of him; they think he can bring an affliction upon them: as to that, lady, I cannot tell—he has always lived under an influence of some kind. Men in high positions in life seemed to become fascinated with his ways; they entertain him to receive, as they call it, ‘communications from the other side of life.’” Dear brother Hulburd, that is what the old man told me. I thank you for taking down my communication and hope it will hold a place in your book. What Mr. Puller, Justin's foster father, told me as above, occurred long before the time of the Fox sisters. Justin went upon the stage ten years before the rappings at Hydesville. Good day. Olivia C. E. Stephens.

Mary C. Morse

Chapter XL

Saturday, May 7, 1904.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. I think the mornings are so lovely now it invites one to go forth and ramble through the woods. I was here yesterday but Rosa said the medium was too weak for his organ of speech to be controlled. To look at him, who would ever think that his physical body suffered so much. He has such a happy, genial nature no one would detect that he was suffering. It is only when his eyes glisten that you know he is suffering.

I came on an important errand and that errand is to congratulate the Spiritualists of San Diego in being so fortunate as to erect a Spiritual Temple. How happy they must all feel when they enter the building, saying to themselves, "This is ours. Here we can listen (rap) to the ministering spirits that come en rapport with our mediums." How glad I was to know that so many joyful souls were to take part in the dedication of the Temple. Mrs. Bushyhead hugged me with all her power, saying, "Sister Morse, my wish has been granted at last. I am a happy spirit today." It pleased me much to know that it made her so happy. When living in the physical body she was a great worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Her door was always open to the friends of that philosophy. Her purse quite frequently became empty, as she gave to the needy. She was a woman that had nothing stingy in her nature. It was impossible, as she was always giving to others.

How beautiful it was to witness the happiness of the sisters and brothers on the dedication day. How grandly and nobly the sisters worked to prepare everything for that occasion. The angels will bless them for it. I was proud to see the manly faces

and hearts of the brothers softened by love to the human race.

I will mention one, as he deserves it. The "Pilgrim" who has worked long and fought for the glorious cause of Spiritualism, both with pen and tongue. His name shall go down through the ages and the coming races will speak his name with reverence. Brother Peebles was a precious jewel on that occasion. The lustre of the gem found the hearts of all who were there to listen.

The gentle and loving sisters expressed themselves beautifully on that occasion, for they knew they were working in a holy cause. The brothers, in all the vigor of their manhood, spake words of wisdom that harmonized with the sentiments of their sisters. All is recorded on the spirit side of life, everything that is said and done for the cause of Truth is entered in a book of record that can never fade throughout all time.

I hope in the Lyceum that the children will be taught the beauties that lie in the life of Jesus. I think it will become a perfect guide to them throughout life. My husband and I loved the Unitarian church so much, because in the Sunday School they taught the life and works of Jesus. They never can blot out his life and sayings; they will go down through all time. Ministering angels can testify to his existence in a physical body. His whole nature was Christlike and that is why people worshipped him as a God. They did not understand that his whole existence was one of morality and truth. The pure spiritual mother who gave him birth impregnated his whole system with divine love for the human race.

I wish it could have been so that Justin's presence might have been seen at the dedication of the Temple. I think it would have been fine if his organ of speech could have been controlled by Mr. Clifton, also by Margaret Fuller, who gave through his mediumship their spirit names in rhyme. I think it is a beautiful phase of his mediumship.

I remember well when he used to speak in Mrs. Bushyhead's parlor over twenty years ago, how pleasant and elevating it was to listen to his guides, and those that received tests were pleased to think they had made his acquaintance.

On one occasion when lawyer Silliman received his spirit name he said to the controlling spirit, "I have passed through

all those conditions that you describe in rhyme. Bless God the Truth shall be spoken through the organ of speech of our loved medium." Mrs. Silliman also received a fine test, so she said; it was where the guide described a sheaf of wheat that belonged to her family crest in England, held over her head.

At another time while Justin's guides were speaking to the friends in the Garwood home, Mr. Hammond addressed them with so much force and vigor that they were surprised to hear such a deep, rich, bass voice coming from Justin's lips. It was wonderful, as you know his natural voice is soft and low. On that occasion Mr. Wheeler, the civil engineer, said, "Why can't the public have more of this? Can't we arrange to keep Justin down here awhile, that many of the inhabitants of San Diego may hear his guides speak?" It was otherwise decreed; his physical body could not stand the cold, chilly fog of the coast. So he had to return to his mountain home, as the spirits had work for him there. They had selected the location where "Searchlight Bower" was to be built and christened by Madam Blavatsky. I think she gave it a beautiful name. Mr. Wheeler said, "I think those spirit names are something grand. My whole nature seemed to become spiritualized when Bobbie Burns gave to Mrs. Wilson her spirit name in the Scotch dialect. I know it would enlighten many minds if they could only have heard what we have heard here tonight. It seems like a miracle to hear that Indian girl, Rosa, talk and laugh—her laugh is so clear and musical. I never heard anything like it in Spiritualism. Her witty sayings would make the most sorrowful mind smile."

Others and I, myself, saw and heard so much through his mediumship while living in the physical body, that we knew and understood there was a great power behind it.

I have had a desire several times to send my dear husband another letter, but his guides say they must husband and reserve his strength for a work that they are doing—that some day the public may have the pleasure of reading.

Others would like to come and express their thoughts about the Spiritual Temple. They say they cannot permit it—it takes too much of his spiritual strength. I was sorry to see him have that hemorrhage the other morning. Rosa tells me he spits

blood quite frequently now. So I thank you, brother Hulburd, for taking down the communications and hope you will send a copy of them to the society and also to brother Peebles. Oblige the friends and myself, brother Hulburd, by sending the other part of Kate Fox's communication to brother Peebles. Mrs. Bushyhead tells me that I spoke of brother Peebles as Mr. in one sentence. She says she wants brother put there in place of Mr. It sounds so cold and formal and she does not want to hear a loving soul like his called Mr. So I hope you will correct it.

Now I will close, leaving my love to Dr. Meyer, John High, yourself and Little Justin. I am Mrs. Morse, the wife of my dear husband, Ephriam Weed Morse, one of the grandest souls that ever lived in a physical body, now residing in San Diego. Your loving sister in the cause of Truth. Mary C. Morse.

William Denton

Chapter XLI

Thursday, April 21, 1904.

I was sitting in company with my cousin, Justin Hulburd—a born medium—reading to him a newspaper article relative to the order of the Russian commander against wireless telegraphy and the position likely to be taken by the other governments, when suddenly Justin signalled me to stop reading. I did so, when he said, “A voice says, ‘There will be a greater invention than that, which, with air-ships, will break up war. They will hover over armies and drop explosives down upon them, thereby slaughtering great numbers. It will cost the lives of millions, just as it cost so many lives to break up slavery, but it has got to be done and will break up war, as nations will not dare to risk the great slaughter. Benjamin Franklin is at the head of the movement. The spirits are bound to break up war between nations. The improvement will be on the same line as the wireless telegraph, but greater. They will build flying ships so perfect that they can fly through the air at a rapid speed. They will drop an explosive that, when it reaches the lower density of the atmosphere, it will spread out in all directions. They will keep throwing them out so fast it will kill thousands of men in an hour. We have taken this process that we are perfecting in spirit life to break up war between the different nations. ‘There will yet be one great war and the progressive spirits will find individuals in the physical body that will carry out their conditions.’” Over fifty years ago Benjamin Franklin made the prediction through this medium how they would perfect flying ships. They would break up war. Then I laughingly said that turnips liked to keep their skins on if they possibly could—I meant by that, that the time is not far

distant when men will not stand up to be shot at by their fellow men.

It is a barbarous state of life to carry on war and to create any condition to bring men into the field to be slaughtered on account of kings, emperors or any other man that holds office. It shows an intellectual and cultured mind that the human race is still barbarous.

Your boasted civilization is a half-breed of barbarism. It is like our orthodox farmer praying for rain and the God he believes in sets his house on fire by striking it with lightning.

The feeble minded today living in physical bodies, require a strong demonstration, so their God sends them cyclones and tornadoes to wake them up out of their hibernating sleep of old orthodox creeds. In time, they will get to understand the laws of Nature are running those things and not old Jehovah of the Bible that has held them so many years in a deep sleep of lethargy, where it was almost impossible for the law of Reason to break through and laugh at their credulity. Your friend as always, William Denton.

Miscellany

Chapter XLII

Friday, July 18, 1902.

Mr. J. W. Wolfe of San Diego called upon Justin Hulburd at his home. He had been there but a short time when the little Indian spirit, "Rosa," who is Justin's guardian spirit, controlled and said she would now give Brave Wolf his spirit name. The control was then taken by a strange spirit who gave a beautiful address, ending by giving Mr. Wolf the name, "Crescent Star."

The spirit then said that, when living in the physical body four hundred years ago, his name was Solomon Noness; that he was a slave in Rome and experienced very brutal treatment, he being a Hebrew. He came here with Joseph Noness, who, when living in the physical body, was a banker in New York City and knew this medium when he was a young lad.

Spirit Solomon Noness then described a banker representing a man being decorated by a woman with a pearl necklace, the necklace being a charm of "Crescent Star." He predicted the overthrow of Turkey and the re-occupation of the Holy Land by the children of Israel and that Palestine would once more become a flourishing, prosperous country. He made another prediction which will be of great interest to the world, which was that the Hebrew race would become very numerous and progressive in the United States of America, but they would never forget nor forgive the brutal treatment they had received in Russia and, when they felt sufficiently strong in numbers and wealth, they would cause an uprising in Russia and, with the assistance of America, would chastise the Russians and bring about the emancipation of the Hebrews, then living in the Russian dominions. The spirit also predicted that Mr. Wolf would become a writer of great prominence. There were present besides Justin, the medium, J. W. Wolf, Doctor F. D. C. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd.

November 18, 1889.

I once lived in a family of a dear, dear friend
And many jolly times we had unto the end.
The spirits sent me to California, then I had to leave my friend,
With the delicious fruits and fragrant flowers my life to blend.

Before I left Rosa predicted they would come here,
In balmy California their life to cheer.
Now I see there was a work for them here,
As William, the father, is inspired from spirit sphere.

Now this little Rosa in everything was true
In all the predictions she made to you.
Many is the hard head in Christianity you will have to hew,
And lots of friends you will make, not a few.

Now your radical work to the world can go forth,
And Virginia, the mother, with her thoughts can boil the broth,
For lots of Christians must have a sup to keep down the froth.
When the change comes, their son Charley can paint it on cloth.

He is now in Europe, across the pond,
Where the old masters' pictures he can look upon.
And climb ancient stairs made of stone,
And perhaps take a look at an emperor's throne.

When he comes back he will paint pictures of fame
That will win for him an artist's name.
All the touches of his brush will burn and flame
On his canvass—Charley Judson is his name.

There is May, a young lady by this time,
In everything she generally speaks her mind,
And to be a little conservative she is inclined.
She will get over all that in the usual time.

Next comes Otis, a domestic and kindly lad,
And all the pets and animals to see him are glad.
His mind can never be turned by any new fad.
He has a head that is wise and long, has our Otis lad.

Just look at our brown eyed Miss Kate,
She will always be on time and never too late.
She has got a sparkling eye at any rate.
And some of the boys have an eye on our winsome Kate.

But little Ella, the rosebud of them all,
At the age of five from heaven had an early call
That she might come back to them this fall
And enchant them with her brightest thoughts of all.

I hope my friends will not take it amiss
Since I dare to the wide world give this
In their home I have passed many hours of bliss
I send this with my love and an old friend's kiss.

And I hope the angels will always call,
And bring with them their best love of all,
For I see many changes in life this fall,
So now, William, keep up the rolling of the ball.

And when you are tired and require a rest,
I mean when with too many thoughts you are pressed,
Then go it again with an old time zest,
I want to see your name enrolled with those of the blest.

To my dear, kind friend Virginia, I would say,
Your darling Ella makes me a few visits on her way,
And says her mother's hair is turning gray.
But you know in this world that is always the way.

She says her mother is so gentle and sweet,
And some day she will welcome her to her spirit retreat.
There she says you will find joy and friends to greet.
She has a rose growing by the name of Virginia sweet.

December 5, 1889.

Oh, papa and mamma, what do you think—
 Dan stands on the wedding brink.
 Now I know both of you at this will wink.
 I can't myself keep from giving a blink.

The bride's name is Crystal Light,
 And her bridal dress shone so bright,
 As on her head she wore a crescent light.
 Now Dan claims her for his wedded wife.

Charley says perhaps he will do so some day,
 For I know he is commencing to look that way.
 I saw he to a beautiful spirit had lots to say,
 Then I thought I had better go off and play.

Next day we commenced to prepare the bridal feast,
 When Dan says, lets attend to the seats,
 So that none sitting down will come to grief,
 That all from their souls can have relief.

We all brought flowers that were rich and rare,
 To decorate the bridal chairs.
 Charley says you are all putting on airs,
 When Grandma says for you we will likewise prepare.

The bride's face was all a glow of cheer
 When Dan, her lover, did appear.
 He clasped her to his arms fervent and sincere,
 Then I tried to blush, but I had to give a cheer.

They were married through the outgrowth of the soul.
 Now all emanations from their life they can unfold.
 That is the way they marry here, I am told.
 It is beautiful and must raise a living fountain in the soul.

Then we all went down to the musical lake,
 And the rippling waters were their bridal cake.
 As we stepped into the gondola to sail on the lake,
 All the water and surroundings shook with a quake.

When we all commenced to sing
I saw him slip on her finger a jeweled ring,
Then I knew he was her spiritual king,
For he did nothing but love ditties in her ear sing.

I played on my guitar as hard as I could
And hoped it would do some good.
They wanted to keep to themselves I understood,
So you must know my playing done some good.

Their home is a perfect flowery glade,
And we sang them a pretty bridal serenade.
Then for our home we all made a raid,
When Charley says let me go and lie in the shade.

Now at this wedding I was a little bridesmaid,
And oh, how pretty my dress did shine in the shade.
My light hair with flowers made a perfect charade
As I started off with the wedding cavalcade.

Now papa and mamma you can see
From all foolish pride we are free
And by will power we can flee
And live out doors like the waters and tree.

I present you this as Dan's wedding card,
Now I don't set myself up for a poetical bard,
But I stood at this wedding on guard,
And must have made quite a pleasant placard.
Your loving daughter,

Ella or Pearl Gate.

On one occasion when visiting in San Diego, California, Justin, by invitation, called on a Mrs. Wilson, a wealthy lady and an ardent Spiritualist, who was a fine medium, and was residing with her daughter, Mrs. Hale.

While there he was controlled by Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. She asked the spirit how she would pass out of the body. He replied she would die suddenly when alone; would

slip out of her chair and be found lying on the floor. About three years afterward her grand-daughter, who had been with her, left the room for a short time. When she returned Mrs. Wilson was lying on the floor; the spirit had fled. Presumably she had slipped from her chair as predicted by spirit Burns.

In 1873 Justin was boarding with Mrs. Davis on North 12th street Philadelphia. One morning Mrs. Davis went to his door and called him for breakfast. He said to her, "I don't feel like getting up." She said, "Then you had better lie there; I guess you are going to see something." In a short time, probably about five minutes, the room seemed filled with smoke and the theatre came up in the middle; then he saw a fire break out in the northeast corner.

When he went to breakfast he told Mrs. Davis what he had seen and she advised him to go at once and tell Mr. Simmons or Mr. Slocum. "If you don't, I will. You know the building was burned in March, 1872." When he went to rehearsal that day he told Mr. Slocum what he had seen and advised him to watch the building or there might be another fire. That evening when he came to dress for the performance, when going up to his dressing room, he found John Rice carrying water in a coal scuttle. John Stout and others were carrying water. Justin asked Rice, "What is the matter?" He replied, "You old witch, your prediction has come true; a fire has broken out in Billy Sweatman's room." Justin went immediately to his room to pack his own and Wm. H. Rice's wardrobe to be removed, but Billy Welch called at his room and announced the fire was out. He afterward learned that the property man who lit the gas was under the influence of liquor and pushed the jet too close to Mr. Sweatman's wardrobe, which took fire.

In 1883 Justin and Mr. W. W. Judson were at the Union Depot in Kansas City, Mo., when they met Mr. John A. Dunn. Justin saw clairvoyantly a Scotch terrier dog licking his hand and fawning around him. Upon describing the dog Mr. Dunn exclaimed, "Can you see such things?" He said that was a dog he owned twenty years before in New York City. The dog had some very peculiar marks, one of which was a black ring around one of his eyes.

One day Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Mrs. Love and Miss

Wyant, a niece of Mrs. Love, called at Justin's home in Kansas City. While in conversation Justin saw a spirit enter the room and approach Mrs. Chamberlain. He stood by her, shaking his head from one side to the other. Justin described him to her. All the spirit would say was "D. P.," and kept repeating those letters for some time. Finally she burst into tears, saying, "That is my son. He died in a mad house. When we discovered he was becoming insane we always spoke of him as "D. P.," so that we would not know that we referred to him."

While Justin was lecturing in Kansas City, Mrs. Rush, wife of Dr. Rush, one Sunday saw in the morning paper a notice of a Spiritualist meeting to be held in the afternoon at the Grand Avenue hall, where Justin was to lecture. Never having been to a Spiritualist meeting she said to her daughter, "Let us go just for fun and see what it's like." They went and got seats about the middle of the hall. While Justin was lecturing he stopped and pointing to Mrs. Rush, said, "Madam, there is a young man standing by you with a rather peculiar expression to his eye. Right under the eye is a dark blotch which looks as if inflicted by a bullet. He says, 'Mother, I am not in Hell, as the priest told you, but with you and sister most of the time.'" The lady burst into tears and said, "That is my son. The priest told me he saw his soul in Hell because he would not receive the rites of the Catholic church. Thank God, my son is safe and can come to his mother. No more cursed Catholic religion for me."

While in Kansas City a private circle was held twice a week at Justin's home, the sitters being Justin, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph Fleming and E. W. Hulburd. At one of these circles Justin was controlled by a spirit said to have been known while in the body as Sir Thomas Clifton, who predicted that within a hundred years the earth would have another moon and then farmers could work at night.

Soon after Justin moved to California, not long subsequent to which the papers announced that at the Lick observatory the powerful telescope had observed the outline of a second moon.

One day in June, 1884, Justin called at the office of Dr. H. W. Gould, on Fifth street in San Diego, California. While there Justin saw a man and woman standing by Dr. Gould. He re-

marked, "The man looks like the most positive man I ever saw and he looks like you, Doctor." He then described both spirits and Dr. Gould said they were his father and mother and he thought his father was the most positive man that ever lived. "There," he said, "is where I get my stubbornness."

Then the mother said, "He has a locket in his pants pocket with both our pictures in it." The Doctor said, "Yes, I have such a locket, but mother is mistaken; it is in my vest, hanging up; I will show it to you." He got up and went to where the vest was hanging and felt in the pockets—then exclaimed, "By George! it isn't here." He then felt in the pockets of the vest he was wearing and failed to find it. He then said, "I changed my vest this morning and thought I left it in the other vest, as that is the one I generally wear." He then examined the pants pockets and found the locket, which was large oval shaped. He said, "I always carry it with me and must have put it in my pants while changing the vests and have forgotten about it." The Doctor then said, "Of all the mediums I have been to, this is the greatest clairvoyant test I ever had."

Sitting one day in Dr. Gould's office, Mr. Johnson, an architect and builder came in. During the time he was there Justin described a young man standing by him. The spirit told him that Mr. Johnson taught him to work by a certain rule and said that he passed out in Florida and gave his name. Mr. Johnson said, "Yes, I had such a young man as you describe in my employ and taught him to work by that rule. He went to Florida but I haven't heard of his death." He said, "I have heard of you describing people still living in the body. Don't you think possibly he is still in the body?" Justin said, "No, the spirit says he is out of the body. Next Monday you will understand." With next Monday's mail came a letter telling of this young man's death. Mr. Johnson then told his friends in San Diego that was one of the best tests he had ever had in Spiritualism.

In 1887 one evening at Justin's Mountain View home near Descanso, California, there were present Justin, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd, Jose D. Lopez and a young man employed on the ranch, known as "Windy Bill." While sitting there, there came a small sized Spanish lady, draped in a beautiful Spanish scarf, worked with gold and silver and silk thread.

The pattern was so prominent that Justin described pond lilies worked on the lace scarf. Mr. Lopez said, "The description is of my mother, but I never knew her to own such a scarf as you describe, and never knew one like it to be in the family." A few days after Mr. Lopez made a visit to his eldest sister in San Diego. He spoke of Justin's description of his mother and inquired if such a scarf had ever been known in the family. The eldest sister said, "Yes, there is such a scarf in the family and I gave it to sister here for safe keeping, as you know she takes the best care of such things. It was brought to Mexico from Spain by our great grandfather, Count Jose Lopez, and presented to your mother by our father on her bridal day. Your mother wore it only once, which was on the occasion of her marriage, and she handed it to me for safe keeping and I turned it over to sister, and she has cared for it ever since." They went to an old trunk and brought it from the bottom and there he saw it for the first time, he being the only child of his father's second wife.

In February or March, 1881—exact date forgotten—Justin was giving a sitting to a lady at his home, 1416 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. There were present Mrs. Lee, wife of Harry Lee, son of Bishop Lee of Davenport, Iowa. The control suddenly turned and addressing Mrs. Lee, said, "In two hours there will be a big fire in the bottoms." Just then Mr. Olmstead, a lumber dealer who owned considerable property in that part of the city, came in. The control, turning to him, said, "Go right down." He didn't stop, but instantly went out, took a car and arrived in time to save some of his property. Mrs. Lee drove to her husband's office to take him home. When he was about seating himself in his vehicle the alarm sounded and Mrs. Lee exclaimed, "There is the fire, just as Justin predicted two hours ago." Up to that time it was the largest fire Kansas City had experienced. The writer, with his son-in-law, went to the bluff at Tenth Street, which overlooked the bottoms, and witnessed the fire.

One Sunday evening in Kansas City Dr. Joshua Thorne and wife called at Justin's home to see him before going to the hall to lecture and found him under the control of a negro boy. There were present Dr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. W. W.

Judson, Julia Meyer, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. Love and Mrs. Chamberlain. When Dr. Thorne entered the room the negro addressed him by name. The Doctor replied, "Hello, you here, Jack?" They had quite a long conversation; finally the Doctor said, "Jack, you must leave now so that we can take the medium to the hall to lecture." Jack said, "Doctor, I've got in and can't get out." The Doctor then requested the friends to sing and he would bring his will power to bear to help get him out. Finally the negro left.

Justin went to the hall and gave the lecture, after which Dr. Thorne and wife and a few of the friends returned to the sitting room to see how the medium got along. While in conversation Dr. Thorne said, "I wish when Jack was here I had thought to ask him if he couldn't get on the track of Smith's murderer."

In a few minutes the negro controlled again and said, "Yes, Doctor, I am going to try and help you. You were good to me and my family and I will do what I can for you. Come back here on Tuesday and maybe I will have some word for you." The Doctor returned Tuesday. The negro came and reported that having procured the help of others, they had located the murderer in Texas. Dr. Thorne then went to the authorities and told them what he had learned. They laughed at him but, saying they had known him so many years as an honorable and truthful man, they would investigate.

They accordingly sent detectives to Texas, who found the murderer as the negro stated, and brought him back to Kansas City for trial. The matter was published in the newspapers far and near and Justin was so overrun with callers that he was compelled to shut himself in his room and refuse everyone. Letters were received from all parts by the bushel. By the publication of the above the consummation of the spirit plans to bring the writer and Justin together was effected and the work for which they had been selected was soon begun.

In September, 1882, in Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Dr. Rush called on Justin. While sitting in conversation she, noticing his inattention, said, "Justin, you are not interested in my conversation. You are seeing something. What is it?" He then told her, "I see the main building of the Fair Grounds on fire. My

God! I hope they won't burn down." She said, "I hope not." The next day Mrs. Rush and daughter and some friends went to the fair. About four o'clock p.m., as they were passing through the main building, someone shouted, "Fire!" She looked and saw the part of the building she had left a few minutes before was on fire. She said to her daughter, "There is the fire Justin predicted yesterday." When they reached the other exit the crowd was so great that many were badly injured.

They went directly to Justin's, his being the first place where they were acquainted. They rushed in breathless—Mrs. Rush was handed a chair, when she said, "Well, I saw your prediction fulfilled. We left the main building in flames and hurried here to get away from the crowd." She then said, "I must have my daughter write an article for publication." Justin said, "Please don't—if you do we will have the house besieged again."

In the summer of 1883, Justin's house having been destroyed by a cyclone, he was staying with the family of W. W. Judson on Independence Avenue, in Kansas City. A gentleman and his wife from Cincinnati, Ohio, came with friends to call. They intended taking the morning train from Kansas City. During the evening Justin was controlled by an Indian girl, "Rosa," who, taking the gentleman by the hand, advised him not to take the morning train as he intended. "Plenty big water come in the night and screecher (as she called the locomotive) run off track and good many be hurt, some killed." That night there came one of the heaviest rains Kansas City had ever known. The rivers rose to a great height and flooded low parts of Kansas City. The gentleman said to his wife, "I shall heed that Indian girl's warning. We will not take that train." Mrs. Judson remarked, "I guess Rosa has missed it this time. This is such a beautiful night." When Mr. and Mrs. Judson were bidding the friends good bye the sky was clear and showed no signs of a storm, but at 11:30 the rain was coming down in torrents. During the forenoon a telegram announced that that train had been wrecked and many people hurt, a full report of which was published in the Evening Star.

While staying with the family of Mr. Judson, in the summer of 1883, they were one evening holding a circle. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Miss May Judson, their daughter, Mr. and Mrs.

Clark, neighbors, and Justin Hulburd, medium, being present. After they had been sitting about half an hour Rosa, the Indian girl, the control, told them to break up the circle and go down stairs, as there was going to be a dreadful storm. They went down and looking out, saw no signs of a storm. Mr. Judson said, "It don't look like a storm, but Rosa's predictions hardly ever fail." Mr. Clark said to his wife, "I guess we had better go home," as they placed great confidence in what Rosa says. Rosa then said to Mr. Judson, "Light the lantern and put it by the cellar door, then go through the house and bolt the shutters and fasten down the windows." The family then went into the sitting room, where they were joined by the servant, Maggie, with her baby.

After sitting there about ten minutes they heard a roaring in the distance which sounded like the booming of cannon. It came nearer and nearer, until in a few minutes the trees were lashing each other. The household rushed for the cellar and looking out from the windows saw some of the big trees bending nearly to the ground by the force of the wind. They remained in the cellar until after three o'clock in the morning, which opened bright and beautiful.

While at breakfast between nine and ten o'clock, Rosa controlled Justin and said, "Heap big storm today." Mr. Judson said, "For Heaven's sake Rosa, do give us a rest between times." Rosa replied, "She um come big soon." About eleven o'clock clouds appeared and Mr. Judson's little daughter Ella came rushing into the house, greatly excited, screaming, "It's coming—it's coming! Let's get the lamp and go to the cellar." His eldest son, an artist, was sitting by a window at work on a picture. The medium, who was standing behind him looking at the picture while he was painting, happened to look out of the window and called the attention of the artist, saying, "Charley, look there. Isn't that strange looking?"

When he looked out he saw the wind and rain coming from north and south, meeting. Charley said, "That is going to be a big storm," and caught up his little sister Ella and rushed into the cellar, shouting to the others, "Come on—come on; there is a big storm coming." They had barely time to lock the doors and get to the cellar when one of the worst storms of the season

burst upon them. It was thunder, lightning, rain and wind, causing great destruction of property.

It would take a large volume to record all the predictions of the little Indian girl, Rosa, through the mediumship of Justin.

One day Harry Lee, president of the Transfer Company and son of Bishop Lee of the Episcopal church, came with a friend to call on Justin. When ushered into the house he said, "Justin, I have a railroad friend here to whom I would like to have you give a reading." Justin exclaimed, "A railroad friend; why, I located him on a steamboat." The gentleman laughed and said, "For a number of years I was on a steamboat on the Mississippi." Justin then described a spirit standing beside him and gave his name, which was a very peculiar one. "He says he was captain of the steamboat this gentleman was connected with."

Justin, sometimes in public as well as in private, gave poetical readings. It was for one of these that Mr. Lee brought this gentleman. Justin went to the gentleman and placed his hand on his head—which was his customary way when giving readings. He said, "There is something here I cannot understand." Mr. Lee said, "What is it, Justin? Tell us." Justin then said, "I see my friend President Garfield vomiting blood. I don't know what that means. I presume he is sick with that Washington climate." The scene then disappeared. Justin then went on with the reading but, in about five minutes, the vision came again. Mr. Lee then said, "Justin, I am positive that means something." After that the reading went on without interruption. The next morning when Justin was called for breakfast, he told them his head troubled him, and he could not get up. He said, "I have seen Mr. Garfield again, and he was in a peculiar condition." After some time Justin got up, went to his sitting room, sat down, and commenced crying.

Mrs. Schroeder, who was living in the house at the time, came in and said, "Why, Justin, why are you crying?" He said he thought there was something the matter with Mr. Garfield. Soon after Mr. Lee came in and said, "I have just received a telegram — President Garfield has been assassinated. That is the reason for what you saw yesterday."

One evening at his home in Chicago while in the parlor en-

tertaining some friends who were making a social call—among them a Mr. and Mrs. Judson, a merchant of the city—a spirit lady came and stood by Mrs. Judson. Justin described the spirit, who then lifted the skirt of her dress, and showed an embroidered petticoat, which he also described. Mrs. Judson recognized the pattern, and said she embroidered that petticoat, and also recognized the spirit as her sister, but declared she was still in the body, and living in Rochester, New York, as she had just received a letter from her. She remarked that Justin must see spirits in the body. While sitting at breakfast next morning the bell rang, and a messenger handed Mr. Judson a telegram, announcing the death of his wife's sister, which occurred a short time before Justin described her. Mr. Judson was so excited that, not stopping to take off his dressing gown or slippers, he put on his hat, took the message to the office of F. D. C. Meyer, who was present the evening before, and laid it before him, saying, "Look at that—now don't you think we have got a witch in the neighborhood?"

On another occasion in Chicago there was a seance being held at Justin's home. Mr. F. D. C. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. Robinson, who kept a boarding house, were present. Justin sprang up, tore his hair and screamed, "The cars are going through the bridge—Oh my God, how horrible! The people are being killed and the cars are burning." Being asked where, he said, "Ashtabula." The next morning the papers announced the terrible accident at the Ashtabula bridge. Mr. Morse called before Justin was up, with a morning paper, and said to Mr. Meyer, who was present, "My God! Here it is." Mr. Meyer said, "Don't let Justin know—he has been so nervous. He didn't go to sleep until five o'clock this morning."

In one of her lectures in Chicago, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond said of Justin, "He is a natural born medium."

At a seance in the winter of 1876 at Justin's home in Chicago, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. Collier, F. D. C. Meyer, and a sister of Mrs. Morse, whose name I have forgotten. A spirit controlled Justin who claimed to be a brother of Mrs. Morse, who when in the body was a fine musician. He said twelve spirits, including himself, were inventing an instrument that would be called a "telephone," by which people

in Joliet could hear a band play in Chicago. The circle was incredulous, but he told them that the telephone would be perfected in spirit life by the aid of music. When the next day Mr. Meyer told some friends of the prediction they laughed at him and said, "The spirits this time are clear off their base, and are making a fool of him,"

At a lecture in Kansas City, Mo., in 1882, one of Justin's controls known in earth life as Sir Thomas Clifton, a barrister of London, England, predicted that the time was coming when telegraphing would be done without wires. It seemed so incredible that the Secretary of the Society refused to make a record of the prediction. The spirit said it would be brought to such perfection that people on the rostrum at one hall could telegraph messages to those on the rostrums of other halls.

In 1881 at the same place, Justin's control, Mr. Clifton, predicted that flying ships, on which spirits were at work, would in time be brought to perfection, and the North Pole would be first reached by a flying ship. He also stated that the geography of the globe was imperfectly known; that the world had knowledge of only about two-thirds of it—that beyond the pole was a large continent with a warm climate, which in time would be discovered, but the spirit world would not assist explorers to reach it at this time, the climate being such that we could not live there, but would die almost immediately. He said, however, there was a gradual change taking place, and in time our people could live there; that it was a very populous country with immense mineral resources, and many large towns and cities, and much fine timber, the capital city being shaded by trees three hundred feet high. Many of the principal buildings are built of stone which is nearly transparent. The first to reach there will be by a flying ship, and the people there will be so frightened that many will rush into the sea and be drowned.

During the voyage to this continent the flying ship discovers the fact that the North Pole has a different effect upon the magnetic needle than people had any idea of. After this discovery there will be found an open route to the pole. The inhabitants of this continent are highly civilized, are of light complexion, and very swift of foot, and eat no meat.

In the winter of 1876 and 1877 Justin was residing on Indi-

ana Avenue in Chicago. At that time Henry Slade was in trouble in England. Justin and Mr. F. D. C. Meyer had just returned from listening to a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Justin was reading a newspaper, which stated that Mr. Slade had been imprisoned in London. He threw down the paper, saying, "That is a lie. He never was incarcerated." This was the first time Mr. Meyer had seen Justin under spirit control. "You want proof of spirit control? You will get enough of it. You will see by the morning papers that two men went his bail, and he never was imprisoned. He is now on his way to France."

That same winter the spirits advised Mr. Meyer and Justin to go to Kansas City, but they refused. They said to Mr. Meyer that he must go, or they would ruin him. He still refused. They did as they threatened. In March, 1877, he and Justin went to Vineland, N. J. In May, 1878, Mr. Meyer went from Vineland, N. J., to Memphis, Tenn. In March, 1879, Justin was very sick. Mr. Meyer returned to Vineland, but Justin's condition was such that they concluded to make a change, and Mr. Meyer and Justin went to Memphis. While in Memphis Justin was controlled and the spirits told Mr. Meyer to go to Kansas City; that they must leave Memphis by the tenth of May, as the yellow fever would break out again. They also told Mr. John Meyer, a cousin of F. D. C. Meyer, that he must leave Memphis. He refused. The spirit said, "If you don't, you will be the first to die." He said Memphis was good enough for him to die in. Justin and F. D. C. Meyer went to Kansas City as directed. They had been there but two or three days when the spirit control said, "Now don't you think if you had come here when we told you to, you would have been better off?" They had been in Kansas City about two weeks when Mr. Meyer received a telegram from Memphis saying his cousin John Meyer was very sick—to come immediately. About two hours later, before Mr. Meyer could get a train, he received another telegram, announcing the death of his cousin. As the spirits predicted, Mr. John Meyer was the first yellow fever victim of that epidemic.

When in Vineland, N. J., in 1877, there were present in Justin's parlor besides himself, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. Julia Schroeder, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, and her

daughter, Lulu Johnson. Justin was entranced, in which state he remained about an hour. When he came out of the trance he described a place in Germany which Mr. Meyer and his sister, Mrs. Schroeder, recognized as the home of their childhood. Justin then described a library building which had very peculiar windows and doors. He then entered the building and described the arrangement of the rooms and books which they recognized and said the description was perfect.

In 1874 Justin was walking up North Tenth street in Philadelphia, when he met Madame Blavatsky walking down the street. He described an Arab who was walking with her. She said, "My dear little friend, I am in constant communication with that Arab, but he still lives in the body." Two weeks afterward he called upon her at her rooms. She said she had just had a communication from the Arab in which he asked if she felt his presence on a certain day, which was the day Justin saw him walking with her. Justin frequently sees spirits of those still in the body.

While Justin resided in Vineland, N. J., they were in the practice of holding meetings in his parlor Sunday afternoon. One Sunday quite a number were assembled. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, their son Wm. Johnson, and daughter Miss Lulu Johnson, Miss Fannie Shimer, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. Julia Schroeder, and her son Freddie, Miss Dolly Dix, and others whose names cannot be recalled. When they assembled they found Justin lying, sick, on an old sofa brought from Scotland, and fully one hundred and fifty years old. He said to Mrs. Pierce he thought they had better not hold any meeting that day, as he did not feel well. Dr. Jennings came forward and said, "Yes, Justin, we will hold the meeting. I feel that we will get something good today." Almost immediately Justin was entranced, and fourteen spirits came who were recognized by their friends. Each one referred to some incident which occurred in their days of childhood, which were remembered by those interested. One of the spirits which Justin described was a brother of Mr. Johnson, who went to the gold diggings of California. Before Justin was half done describing him Mr. Johnson said, "That is my brother," but Justin went on and

completed the description. Mr. Johnson said, "That is better than I could describe him, and he is my own brother." The spirit then gave his name in full, when Mrs. Johnson said, "You must be mistaken—that is not your middle name, because I christened my son after you, and gave him the name my husband said was your full name, and it did not have that middle name in it." The spirit said, "I guess, sister Jennie, I know my own name." Mr. Johnson spoke up and said, "By George, brother is right; that is his middle name—I made a mistake when I had the boy christened."

The last spirit who controlled was a sister of Dr. Pierce named Nancy Pierce. She said, "Milo Pierce, do you remember when you wanted to step aboard the horse cars on Tremont street, Boston? I told you to keep your nickles and dimes—you would need them when you were an old man." Dr. Pierce said, "Yes, sister Nancy; if I had heeded your warning I would have been better off today." The spirit said, "Nancy L. Pierce knew a thing or two." The Doctor said, "Why, sister, I never knew you had a middle name." She said, "You go and rummage through the old books and get Grandfather Pierce's bible, and you will find I was christened Nancy Lily Pierce. I never signed my middle name nor used it." Mr. Pierce wrote to relatives in Maine, requesting them to look through the old books of the grandfather and get the record. They wrote in reply that they found the record in the old bible, and she had been christened Nancy Lily Pierce. Dr. Pierce was an old man at this time, and this sister Nancy was an elder sister. At the next meeting Dr. Pierce stated Justin could not have got that from his mind, as he never knew his sister had a middle name, and he had never heard it mentioned in the family. Dr. Pierce was well known in Boston, where he had resided many years before coming to Vineland.

Justin was one day at the home of Dr. Pierce, there being Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, their sons Dana and Peter Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, and their son Phyllis Jennings, Lydia Snow, Wm. Peckham, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Pierce had just served them with coffee and cake in the parlor, when Dr. Pierce said, "One month from today I get \$10,000 on my policy; then I am going to give you all a dinner. I will give it up at Justin's

mansion, where they have such a large dining room." Almost immediately his spirit daughter controlled Justin and said, "No, papa, you won't get it; they are going to cheat you out of it." The Doctor said, "How is that, daughter? They cannot do it—I have paid all my installments." She said, "The company is laboring under difficulties, and you had better go to New York tomorrow or the next day at the farthest and see about it."

She then said, "When you go to the office, go right through to a desk where you will find a large fleshy man with a bald head, sitting; his under lip droops a little; he will give you more satisfaction than anyone else in the place." Dr. Pierce took the morning train to New York, went directly to the office, and found the man she had described. He asked the man if the company was in trouble. He replied "It was laboring under a difficulty, but it will get through all right." Dr. Pierce then said, "In about a month my policy is due, and I expect my money." The man said, "Don't worry about that; you will get it, all right."

About one week after Dr. Pierce's visit the company failed, and he got nothing. The Doctor had expected this money to support himself and family in his old age, he being at this time past seventy years, and its loss undoubtedly hastened his death. The Sunday following the failure of the company Prof. Van Ame in a lecture delivered in Philadelphia, spoke of this great test.

Sunday, June 10, 1900, at the home of E. W. Hulburd near Descanso, Cal., there were present Justin, the medium, J. E. High, F. D. C. Meyer, H. R. Hulburd, Mrs. S. R. Pennoyer, and E. W. Hulburd. Justin was controlled by spirit Thomas Paine, who gave a lecture on "The Ideality of Life." During the lecture he predicted that within fifteen years a woman would invent a watch that would run so accurately that it would never vary a hair's breadth. The lecture was grand, and for nearly an hour chained the attention of his hearers. After the lecture he gave a short beautiful poem, which he said was dictated by Miss Reeves, one of the band.

Justin was one day going home from the postoffice in Vine-land, N. J., when he met Mrs. Phoebe Cowles and a lady friend,

a Mrs. Everett Johnson, whom she introduced to Justin as a particular friend. While conversing, a spirit lady showed herself to Justin and said, "Sister Jennie, my arm does not hurt me in spirit life as it did when in the body." Mrs. Johnson said that was her spirit sister who passed away three years ago. She said one day in New York, while she and her sister were coming out of Taylor's store on Greenwich street, she slipped on a banana skin and fell, breaking her arm. After returning home Mrs. Johnson wrote Justin saying that that test had led her to investigate Spiritualism, and she had found it to be a truth. She was then attending the lectures of Nellie Brigham at the Spiritualist Church.

In April, 1882, at the house of Mr. Harry Lee in Kansas City, Mo., Mr. Lee and Justin were having a social chat, when Justin was controlled by a spirit claiming to be President Abraham Lincoln. He said that Gen. Meade, Gen. Warren, and Col. Campbell, who when in the body were intimate friends of Justin, sent regards, and wished to be remembered to him. He then had quite a lengthy conversation with Mr. Lee, foretelling wars that were coming, in which this nation would become involved.

It is well to state here that Mr. Lincoln and Justin were very intimate friends—as will appear later on in this record of his life work.

Justin and his foster father, Mr. John Puller of Vineland, N. J., were visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, in Millville, N. J. While they were at dinner Mr. Douglas said, "You must come down next week and see my daughter Lafina. She is coming from San Francisco to make mother and I a visit. Do you remember that when she was about fourteen, I was educating her for the stage, but when she was seventeen a man thought he needed her more than the stage, and I let him have her—now she is Mrs. Ashton." Justin said, "She stands right here now, and says she will be down on the evening train," upon which Mr. Douglas trembled so that he let fall a glass which he was holding, and it was broken into many pieces, and exclaimed, "My God—is my Phene in spirit life?" Mrs. Douglas then said, "Father, I had a dream that I saw her in the cars, but was afraid to tell you for fear it might upset you." I will

here state that Mr. Douglas was a very nervous man. Justin then said, "She must be taking a nap in her berth in the sleeping car and her spirit came here." Mrs. Douglas asked Justin to remain with them over night, as she feared that Mr. Douglas might have one of his bad turns, and he consented.

They went to the seven o'clock train that evening and their daughter arrived, which so affected Mr. Douglas that he did have a bad turn, falling on the car steps. They got him into a carriage, with his wife beside him, and Mrs. Ashton and Justin in the back seat; the floor covered with packages of purchases she had made in Philadelphia for her parents. She said, "Mamma, didn't you get the telegram?" Mrs. Douglas said they had not received any. She then said, "I was so busy with my purchases that I must have forgotten it. I really thought I had sent one." Mrs. Douglas said, "Daughter, why is it you are here now, as you said in your letter you were coming next week?" She replied, "Mr. Ashton got a pass for me from Oakland to Omaha, and I came immediately, and thought how I would surprise you when I got here." Mrs. Douglas then said, "There was something peculiar happened at our home today that I don't understand, daughter. Justin described you, and told us that you would be here this evening, and here you are." Mrs. Ashton exclaimed, "Why Justin, you must be a medium." He said, "So they say." She said she was taking a nap in the middle of the day, and dreamed she was there, and saw them at dinner. She saw her father's hand shaking, and saw the glass fall. Mrs. Douglas said, "Your father's hand did shake and tremble, and the glass fell and broke upon the floor. It is the one that had your initials on, which he has drunk from since you went from home." Mr. Douglas rallied and said to Justin, "It is well you were not born one hundred and fifty years ago, as you would have been burned for a witch." This led the family to investigate Spiritualism, and they became staunch believers.

In 1882, at a meeting of the Spiritual Society on Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., Justin spoke; there were present Mr. Black, and his sister, Mrs. Ashton, from Chicago. During the lecture Justin stopped, pointed to them and said, "There is a lady standing by your side—she says she is your wife. 'They

call me Josie, but my name is Josephine.'” She then showed one foot with a shoe on, and the other without any shoe. Mr. Black said that was his wife, but he could not understand why she showed one foot with a shoe on and one without. His sister, Mrs. Ashton, then said she understood its meaning. She had one shoe in her trunk, and her sister Elizabeth in Florida had the other.

At another meeting of the same society, when Justin was the speaker, there was present Rev. Dr. Bowker, of the Baptist church. After the close of the lecture Rosa, Justin's Indian guide, was talking to the audience, when Mr. Bowker interrupted her, and asked why he did not get something. She said, “Well, preach brave, I can't bring you Jesus Christ, but there is a little squaw papoose sitting on your lap—I can tell you all about her.” She then described the spirit child, and he recognized it as his little daughter. She then told him that if he and his family would sit at home this little girl would come to them and communicate. They did so, and Mr. Bowker became a convert to the Spiritual philosophy, left the church, and became a prominent physician of Kansas City.

In the winter or spring of 1883, Prof. Haus of Topeka, Kansas, came to Kansas City on business, and called on his friend, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, who had for a time been a member of his family in Topeka. He at first declined an invitation to lunch for want of time, as he wished to see Justin Hulburd, who lived on Grand Avenue. Mrs. Chamberlain surprised him by saying Justin was her dearest friend, and it would be well to wait until later in the day to make the call, and she would go with him. He then concluded to take a later train home.

After a five o'clock dinner they went to Justin's home. After a time of social converse Justin was controlled and after a prayer, called for a subject. Soon a spirit began and gave a poem delineating the life of Prof. Haus from youth to that time, then the spirit said, “Professor, do you know who I am?” He said he did not. The spirit then said, “I am your old friend, Edgar A. Poe.” Prof. Haus said he thought the poem was in Poe's style, and he could then understand how the spirit could so accurately delineate his past life. The Professor returned home by the late train, and soon after wrote Mrs. Chamberlain

and Justin a long letter expressive of his pleasure and great satisfaction.

In May, 1883, Mrs. Henderson, widow of Rev. Henderson, whose home was somewhere in eastern Kansas, called on Justin at his home, 1416 Grand Avenue, Kansas City. She said she saw a notice of him in a Kansas City paper, and called to see him. When she entered the room where Justin was conversing with a friend, he without waiting for an introduction, rose and said, "Madam, there is a spirit with you who says his name is Doctor Morton." She trembled so that Mr. Meyer, who was present, placed a chair for her, into which she fell, and burst into tears, and held her hands clasped in such apparent distress that Justin went and took her hand and inquired as to the cause of her distress. She said, "Oh dear, dear, that was the best friend we had in the world. My husband and he were college companions. Somehow I offended him eight years ago, and he has never come to me since. He used to guide and direct us in all our affairs. Thank God! he has come back." She then offered a prayer of thankfulness to God. She said she hoped he would stay with her.

Mrs. Henderson was a medium, and Doctor Morton was her guide, but when she offended him as stated, he had apparently abandoned her. She then stated to Justin that her daughter was in trouble, and asked if he was willing she should bring her next day.

The next morning at eight o'clock she came with her daughter. The daughter immediately began talking, but Justin promptly checked her, saying if she expected to get anything, she must keep quiet. Mrs. Henderson then told the daughter to hand him that letter, which she did. Justin told her he had no faith in the letter business, but there was a possibility they might show him something clairvoyantly. He then took the letter and after holding it a few minutes he seemed to be in the Rocky Mountains. He described a man to her, when she exclaimed, "That is my husband." Justin said, "I see him surrounded by Indians, and they are dragging him away." She exclaimed, "Oh, my God! I hope they are not going to kill him." Her mother told her to keep quiet, or she would break the conditions. It was some time before they could show him any-

thing more. After a time Justin saw the man escape from the Indians by rushing down a steep glen. The next he saw, the man was on the cars on his way home, and a voice said, "He will be home in about two days." She swooned into her mother's arms. Mrs. Henderson said, "Tell all you see. We will see it through. Then we will get her water." The voice said, "We have sent her four letters, and have received no answer." Mrs. Henderson said, "She has never received them." The evening of the second day the husband walked into his home, a forlorn looking man. The next morning, having expressed a wish to see Justin, they conducted him to his home. He confirmed all that Justin had told his wife, and said his letters must have been intercepted. He investigated the matter and found they had been.

In November, 1883, Mr. E. W. Hulburd, having business at Topeka, Kansas, invited Justin to accompany him. Court was in session, and Mr. J. G. Bunker, a venerable Spiritualist, and friend of Mr. Hulburd being bailiff, by his invitation they attended a trial then in progress for horse stealing. While in court, Mr. Bunker came and asked Justin if he saw anything around the prisoner. He said, "Yes, I see his spirit wife; she says he is innocent, and is having his life sworn away by perjured witnesses, and wishes Mr. Bunker to try and help him." That evening Mr. Bunker called on the judge and told him what he had learned. The judge was so impressed that next day he ordered the witnesses recalled, and closely cross-examined them. One of the witnesses broke down and confessed that he and another witness stole the horse. The prisoner was released, and the thieves punished. Thus the providential visit of Justin saved an innocent man from a life-long degradation.

In the year 1869 Justin, being connected with the Duprez Minstrel and Comedy Company, was on his way to San Francisco. When the train stopped at Green River, Wyoming, he saw a number of Indians, among them a small boy about ten years of age, to whom he gave a ham sandwich. The boy opened the sandwich and threw away the meat, but ate the bread and a cookie that Justin also gave him.

In January, 1876, Justin was playing at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago, Ill. One Sunday he was controlled by a young

Indian, who told Mr. F. D. C. Meyer who was present, that his name was Juana, and that Justin gave him a sandwich and a cookie at Green River; from that time on he was constantly in his thoughts. He said that when he went to spirit life his thoughts were of Justin, as he was attracted to him from the first, therefore he came directly to him. He told Mr. Meyer that the soldiers stationed at the post at Green River gave him tobacco, which he chewed, and also gave him liquor to drink, both of which made him sick. Once they gave him enough to make him drunk, when a bad spirit got control of him, and he found some matches and set fire to some hay, which communicated with the barracks and burned them. Mr. Meyer looked over a file of papers and found an account of the burning of the barracks, as the spirit had stated.

Juana remained with Justin about two years. He was a very mischievous spirit, in fact was the very impersonation of mischief, causing Justin much annoyance. One day Justin went into the "Bee Hive" store to purchase some gloves. While making the selection, boxes would be thrown down from the shelves; when the saleswoman would replace them he would pull others from the shelves. This continued until the people in the store began staring at Justin as though they thought he was something uncanny, and he left the store to avoid trouble. Mr. Meyer was with him at the time, and told him what had taken place, he being partially entranced, and only partially aware of the trouble.

At a circle one night Mr. Morse, who was present, asked Juana if he would come to his house and move things as he did at Justin's. He said, "Yes, me come." The next afternoon while Justin was sleeping, a surprising occurrence took place at the home of Mr. Morse. A beautiful bead hanging basket which had been a birthday present to Mrs. Morse fell to the floor. About the same time they heard the cry of a cat, and investigating, they traced it to the stove, and upon opening the door of the oven they found a favorite cat nearly dead; at the same time they heard a laugh which sounded at a great distance. That afternoon between four and five o'clock he controlled Justin and told Nancy, the housekeeper, all that had occurred at the Morse home. He said, 'Me go brave Morse wigwam, and

me make hell. Me take em down—make em on the ground." By ground he meant the floor. Nancy, who was well acquainted at the Morse home said, "Juana, did you throw down the beautiful bead basket?" He said, "Ugh! Me make em on the ground. Me hate dam cat. Me put cat in the box." When Mr. and Mrs. Morse came to a circle at Justin's that evening they confirmed all that Juana had said he had done. Juana said to Mr. and Mrs. Morse, "How you like em? Me make em on the ground."

Justin one day called on a costumer on State street. While sitting in the front parlor talking with the costumer one of the working women cried out, "Oh, look here—what does this mean?" The costumes which were strung on a line were being thrown down, and as fast as they were put up at one end of the line they were thrown down from the other end. They were so frightened that they cried out in dismay to the costumer to come. Justin thought it time to leave, which he did, and the trouble immediately ceased. The costumer did not wish Justin to call again. It is well to state here that the costumer had frequently expressed the belief that all spirits that manifested were bad, which undoubtedly caused the little Indian spirit to annoy him.

Many instances of a like nature occurred during the two years Juana remained with Justin, causing him much annoyance, and it was a great relief when the lovely spirit Rosa came and Juana left, but before dismissing Juana I will relate one more instance which came near causing Justin much trouble.

He was at one time about to enter a street car, but was still on the pavement, and a lady preceded him. Suddenly her hat was snatched from her head. She turned and charged him with the offense, but the conductor and a gentleman who was about to enter the car testified to Justin's innocence, as they saw the whole thing, and he did not touch her hat. Juana said to Justin, "Me want no damn squaw to go before you."

On another occasion Little Justin and F. D. C. Meyer were on their way to the home of a Mr. Thompson to make a social call. Mr. Meyer asked Juana to go to Mr. Thompson's and see how many were there. They had gone about one block when he returned and reported seven people and named them all except one lady, who had a German name difficult to pronounce.

He said he called her "Chain squaw." On arrival they found he had reported correctly. Juana would often control Little Justin in the street, and sing songs and dance a war dance, much to the amusement of the people, but much to the mortification of Justin. He was very profane, much to Justin's annoyance, as he never used profane language.

In November, 1878, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce were spending a few days at the home of Justin at Vineland, N. J. Mrs. Johnson and another lady whose name is forgotten, called to spend the evening. Justin was controlled by a spirit who claimed to be the husband of a cousin of Mrs. Pierce, who resided in Biddeford, Maine. It said, "Won't Amanda be surprised when I tell her I have been here." Dr. Pierce said, "How is that? Are you a spirit? I received a letter from you only two days ago, containing a check for \$40." It said, "No, I am no spirit." Dr. Pierce then asked about the family and told his wife to make a note of this interview. The spirit then told of the cat at home having seven kittens. The company laughed and he reiterated the statement. He also said his horse backed off the bridge and broke one of its legs and had to be shot. Mrs. Pierce wrote to a neighbor of this man for information, and received a reply affirming his statement, adding when the horse fell from the bridge he was thrown, his head striking a rock and killing him. Two weeks afterward Mrs. Suydam gave a reception. This spirit came and controlled her to write. It said now he knew he was a spirit; that when he was thrown from his horse his mind was on Dr. Pierce, wondering if he had received that check.

During the summer of 1885 Edwin H. Davis, a young man whose home was in Williamsburgh, N. Y., was living with Justin on his ranch in the mountains near Descanso, about forty-two miles from San Diego, California. He had come to California in search of health, and finding the mountain climate all that he desired, he decided to remain with Justin an indefinite time. One day while they were in the house Mr. Davis was writing a letter. Justin apparently went to sleep, but in fact went into a trance. When he awoke he described a house located on a private street in some city, also the shade trees and surroundings. He went into the basement, looked into the dining room, then went up through the house to the front parlor,

described the furniture, then went into the back parlor and described a large picture hanging on the wall, and a bed. Mr. Davis said he recognized the place as his home in Williamsburgh, N. Y., and the picture as that of his sister, which he said Justin described as accurately as he could have done, but there was never a bed in the back parlor—that was wrong. He immediately wrote to his mother, who replied that they had some visitors and they had put a bed in the back parlor for his aunt. An influence came a day or two afterward and gave a poem for his mother.

Little Justin was a natural musician, with a remarkably fine voice. One day a lady connected with the National Theatre of New York City happened to hear him sing, and arranged to have him call upon her the next day. She took him to the manager, who was charmed with his singing, and immediately engaged him. As his age was not quite eleven years, his pay was to be at the rate of six dollars per week. His whole soul was in the profession into which he was so unexpectedly thrown. His next engagement was at the Old Bowery.

After a few years he became connected with the Buckley Serenaders, and for nine years travelled with them throughout Europe, South America, and the West Indies. While in London he accompanied Mrs. Buckley to Buckingham Palace to visit Queen Victoria, and while there sat on her lap and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen."

After leaving the Buckley Serenaders he was with Madame Anna Bishop in the character of the Page in "Lucretia Borgia," singing the "Drinking Song."

Next he supported Barry Sullivan at the Winter Garden in New York, where he lost his singing voice.

He was with R. M. Hooley off and on for twelve years, and with J. H. Haverly two years.

He was from then on connected with nearly all the first-class theatres of that time. Justin's petite form disqualified him from taking the usual male characters on the stage, and he therefore became an impersonator of female characters, except when the play required a youth or a boy, for which reason he generally lived in female attire, and was known as the "Dashing Fanny Blanchard."

He allowed his hair to grow to a great length, four and one-half feet, and as his height was only five feet, it was looked upon as something remarkable. When the great spectacular play, "The Black Crook," was produced at Niblo's Garden in New York, he was billed as "Mazarcah" from Naples, a premier danseuse. Many people are yet living who will never forget the magnificent scene where he appeared as the Water Nymph under the waterfall.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 he resumed his proper clothing, in which he ever afterward lived, except on the stage when playing a female character.

In 1848 Col. George Warren became his legal guardian, and he called him "Papa Warren." During the war he would often visit the Colonel at his regiment, when at the front, carrying him many delicacies not to be had from his commissary. On such visits he frequently met General Grant.

During nearly four years of the war Justin carried secret dispatches to President Lincoln, who was his warm personal friend, having free entrance to the White House at all times. The dispatches were on fine tissue paper, and were rolled into a small ball, to be swallowed if necessary to prevent capture; such necessity, however, occurred but once.

He was also a warm personal friend of General Meade.

When visiting Col. Warren at the front he would frequently sing for the troops, and was known to them as "Little Warren." It was supposed that he was a son of the Colonel, and he became very popular with them. When Col. Warren was breveted Brigadier General, and placed in command at Raleigh, N. C., the theatrical company with which Justin was connected was engaged, and played there for several months.

He was for four years with Simmons & Slocum at the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

His last appearance on the stage was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, under the management of Neil Bryant. His health giving way, he was unable to complete his engagement, and retired from the stage in December, 1877.

Contents of Volume III

The contents of Volume III of the Life of Little Justin Hulburd are as follows:—

Josephine Drake	Poem
Lucy Carlton	Captain Matt Clary
General Longstreet	Communications from Forty-four Ancient Spirits
William Denton	Poem
Charlotte Cushman (2)	Miscellany
Edgar A. Poe—with Poems	Animal Passions and Appetites After Death
Kate Fox	Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?
Margaret Fox	Mary C. Morse to Her Husband
H. M. Higgins	Aztecs
Helen Bushyhead	R. M. Hooley and Others
Bishop Lee (2)	Spiritual Cures
Rev. Joseph Taylor	Spirit Manifestations
Poem	Evidence of Spirit Control
Joseph Jefferson (2)	Spirit Journeys
William Florence	Where is Tom Paine's Soul?
John Mitchell	Fitch Adams
Henry Mitchell	F. K. Hulburd
Robert Melrdum	Poem
Helen Hulburd Placide	Warnings
Poem	Lewis Justin Hulburd
Thomas Gale Forster	John Grover
Ella Judson	Memorial Address
Aunt Rachel Noones	
F. K. Hulburd	
George Knight	
Rose Conklin	

Which will soon follow Volume Two.



JUSTIN HULBURD AT SEVENTY-THREE YEARS

The Life of Little Justin Hulburd

Medium, Actor and Poet

Who was during forty years one of the greatest attractions upon the dramatic stage, and who served his adopted country during the Civil War as President Lincoln's private spy. Given through his mediumship by prominent people of that time who knew him intimately, relating many exciting experiences.

Compiled by his cousin

E. W. HULBURD

Volume III

Index to Volume III

Frontispiece.

	Page
Preface - - - - -	7
Josephine Drake - - - - -	13
Lucy Carlton - - - - -	41
General Longstreet - - - - -	48
William Denton - - - - -	52
Charlotte Cushman - - - - -	58
Edgar A. Poe—with Poems - - - - -	77
Kate Fox - - - - -	110
Margaret Fox - - - - -	116
H. M. Higgins - - - - -	119
Helen Bushyhead - - - - -	122
Bishop Lee - - - - -	126
Rev. Joseph Taylor - - - - -	141
Poem - - - - -	146
Joseph Jefferson - - - - -	148
William Florence - - - - -	169
John Mitchell - - - - -	183
Henry Mitchell - - - - -	192
Robert Meldrum - - - - -	195
Helen Hulburd Placide - - - - -	217
Poem - - - - -	233
Thomas Gale Forster - - - - -	234
Ella Judson - - - - -	247
Poem - - - - -	264
Aunt Rachel Nooness - - - - -	266
F. K. Hulburd - - - - -	293
George Knight - - - - -	313
Rose Conklin - - - - -	331
Poem - - - - -	339
Captain Matt Clary - - - - -	342
Communications from Forty-four Ancient Spirits (See List)	353
Inspirational Poem - - - - -	422
Miscellany - - - - -	425
Animal Passions and Appetites After Death - - - - -	425
Was Abraham Lincoln A Spiritualist? - - - - -	430
Mary C. Morse to Her Husband - - - - -	433
Aztecs - - - - -	452

	Page
R. M. Hooley and Others - - - - -	453
Spiritual Cures - - - - -	454
Spirit Manifestations - - - - -	456
Evidence of Spirit Control - - - - -	460
Spirits—Their Journeys - - - - -	461
Where is Tom Paine's Soul? - - - - -	466
Phenomena - - - - -	469
Fitch Adams - - - - -	473
F. K. Hulburd - - - - -	475
Poem - - - - -	476
Warnings - - - - -	478
Lewis Justin Hulburd - - - - -	494
John Grover - - - - -	498
Memorial Address - - - - -	515

INDEX TO FORTY-FOUR ANCIENT SPIRITS

	Page		Page
Silone - - - - -	353	Was-so-na - - - - -	374
Simosa - - - - -	354	Shas-moo-ra - - - - -	376
Sarsena - - - - -	355	Ra-moo-sa Ra-me-ses - - - - -	377
Sardona - - - - -	356	Soo-ma Wa-ta-ma - - - - -	378
Simora - - - - -	358	Ze-ba-me-na - - - - -	381
Sa-mith-ra-se-na - - - - -	359	Hi-ram Wanoona - - - - -	383
Si-fred-ra - - - - -	359	Swi-e-na Moo-da-ra - - - - -	384
Siordwa - - - - -	360	Kar-soo-na Ra-me-sen - - - - -	386
Swa-bo-sha - - - - -	361	Bor-soo-na Soo-ma-er - - - - -	386
Sifielda - - - - -	362	Soon-we-na - - - - -	390
Si-re-ta - - - - -	362	Wash-bood-soo-na - - - - -	393
Si-bal-sha - - - - -	363	Des-da-wee-na-moo-na - - - - -	396
Si-si-da - - - - -	363	Sha-wad-moo-na - - - - -	398
Si-mer-na - - - - -	363	Gor-do-na Sa-so-na - - - - -	399
Samoona - - - - -	364	Her-me-nes Mer-nee-sa - - - - -	401
Si-me-la Sa-doo-na - - - - -	366	Mas-see-sus Gar-de-sus - - - - -	404
Rameses Horan - - - - -	366	Soo-na-fi-de-na - - - - -	405
Mar-mo-ra - - - - -	368	Mer-ce-des Par-see-na - - - - -	407
Sac-ya-poo-tra - - - - -	369	Har-sho-na Ka-mos-na - - - - -	409
Zaphra Harmoona - - - - -	370	Was-ne-ta Bur-de-na - - - - -	411
Ra-me-na Sa-me-la - - - - -	372	Ha-ro-na Se-a-na - - - - -	414
Forsoona Rameses - - - - -	373	Ser-va-no Mort-wa-no - - - - -	417

Preface to Volume III

In preparing the third volume of "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet," for perusal by the reading public, it is the wish of the powerful spirit band having the work in charge that a number of communications which have no connection with the life of Justin be inserted because of the valuable instruction and information they impart to humanity; especially does the one given by "Aunt Rachel Noones" appeal to the best interests of the human race by the grand instruction she presents to the readers, which, if followed, will be of incalculable benefit to succeeding generations by enlightening the ignorant and showing them the great importance to be derived from a thorough knowledge of many things which heretofore have not been thought worthy of consideration. Our spirit friends think otherwise and wish the world to become enlightened. The spirits were brought to Justin and through his mediumship the communications were given.

The ancient spirits were found and brought to Justin to communicate by W. E. Gladstone, who, when in the physical body, was one of England's greatest statesmen. He said they had great difficulty in finding a medium through whose organism they could accomplish the work; that they had tried more than sixty mediums, but Justin was the first that they could control to give the communications. Many of them had been in spirit life thousands of years, ignorant of the fact that they could communicate with those still in the physical body. They had to be instructed and in some cases it required two or three years before they became sufficiently enlightened to give the communication intelligently.

Foreword

Will humankind ever become so spiritualized that they can realize they took upon themselves mortality for a purpose, that our life lines were marked out for us before entering our earthly bodies? How little we comprehend the divine plan which must control our lives while in the physical tenement.

As the assistant of the spirit band in the preparation of "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd" for publication, I am impressed to give a short synopsis of my life.

I was born August 5, 1827, in the town of Orwell, state of Vermont. When four years of age my parents removed to Medina, Orleans County, New York, where they remained ten years, then removing to Warren, Ohio. In the autumn of 1845 I went to Wisconsin, where I remained until February, 1848, when I went to Morris, Illinois, where my parents were then residing. Here was my home at the outbreak of the Civil War when, feeling it to be the duty of every lover of his country to rally for the salvation of the Union, I enlisted and followed the Stars and Stripes until disabled by disease I was obliged to resign and return home. My disease becoming intense, I removed to Traverse City, Mich., where for several years I experienced much relief; in time the disease returned and I then removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where I remained a few years, but the climate not proving favorable, my spirit guides directed me to go West.

While residing in Cleveland, I had frequent sittings with Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, who was a good and reliable medium. At these sittings my wife, Mary, would always come and we would converse the same as when she was in the physical body. From her I acquired much information of spirit life and the spirit world. One night after I had retired, I discovered the ceiling

of my room to be entirely covered with writing in some foreign language, which I thought must be Oriental. In a few minutes it faded away; in a short time it was again written over in what I thought to be a different language. That also after a short time faded and disappeared. After several minutes the ceiling was for the third time written over in still another language. This time I saw the hand making the writing; apparently liquid fire flowed from the forefinger of the hand. It was an exact parallel to the handwriting we read of in the Bible, which occurred at the king's banquet. The next day I called on Mrs. Pirnie; my wife came as usual. She told me she was present and saw the manifestation of writing. One language was Sanscrit, another Chaldean and the third was Syrian. Two days later I again called on Mrs. Pirnie. She was immediately controlled by a spirit who said that he had been in spirit life several thousand years, that it was he who made the writing in my room; that he had been with me from birth and influenced my movements thus far through life. I asked him if it was his influence which had prevented me from becoming a church member. He replied, "It was; I did not wish your mind to become warped and clogged by creedal superstition." I had quite a lengthy and intensely interesting conversation with him and he explained to me the meaning of many things which heretofore had to me been inexplicable, and also the reason for many moves I had made. I was guided—unknowingly—by spirit influence.

In compliance with spirit direction I went to Central Kansas, where I remained about sixteen months, but my guides were not satisfied. One evening after having given the matter much thought I retired with the subject still on my mind. I had lain there but a short time when a spirit appeared at my bedside, looked at me intently for a few moments, then glided over the bed to the opposite side, where he again looked at me for a short time, then with his right arm motioned three times toward the east, then disappeared. In about an hour he returned and repeated the movement. I then knew my guides wished me to leave that place and return east. I immediately arranged my business and went to Topeka, where I remained a week. That was not the place. I then went to Kansas City, Mo., where spirit designs were consummated. There my cousin, Justin Hul-

burd and myself were brought together, never to be separated until they were ready to proclaim, "It is finished." We were fellow workers for nearly twenty-five years, when Justin was permitted to go to that beautiful home "over there," builded by his grand work for humanity while occupying his earthly tenement. There he was welcomed with joyous acclaim, "Well done, good and faithful worker for your fellow men."

Soon after meeting Justin I learned that spirits had guided and influenced my every move, that I had been selected when a young lad to co-operate with Justin and his spirit band in the publication of a book that would inform the public of the great work he had performed as the private spy of President Lincoln during the Civil War.

In the spring of 1884 our spirit guides directed us to go to Southern California. We went to San Diego. In a few months we learned they had selected a place for us in the mountains near Descanso, which we purchased and it is still my home.

Here the spirits gave their communications through Justin's mediumship, for "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet."

E. W. HULBURD.

Josephine Drake

Chapter I

Wednesday, September 14, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend; they tell me your name is Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd, but they say you reversed it. I have great respect for the name of Ebenezer. My great, great grandfather bore the name of Ebenezer Campbell Drake. His wife's name was Phoebe Eliza Hulburd. They were both born in a little place called Dinnan, Scotland. It is on the present railroad between the city of Perth and Sterling, which is also on the railroad to Edinburg.

When my great, great grandfather and grandmother came to America they settled in what is now called New York City. They made soap and candles for a living. My grandfather and mother came to Philadelphia, Penn., and located there. There is where I was born—as you please to call it—that is, I made my appearance in a physical body—on the 14th of September, 1828. My name is Josephine Drake.

The band gave me permission to commence my communication on my physical birthday. I think it was a royal gift on their part to permit me to come on my birthday. In 1828 when my physical body made its appearance into earth life, it was during a great storm of thunder and lightning which finished up with a heavy rain—so I have heard my mother often tell.

As I expressed myself in receiving a royal gift today, every thing that is beautiful in spirit life is royal; as the great royal sun shines over all it leaves its royal influence on everything upon the earth planet. There is no life that exists upon this planet but that which is royal, even the little crawling worm has a royal, majestic nature.

Before I proceed any further with my communication per-

mit me to inform you that Arthur Clement Drake, who was burned on that ill-fated Steamer Slocum, was my nephew. He was visiting in New York City; unfortunately he joined the picnic parties on that day, many of whom were his friends.

Now we will take up part of your medium's life—that part I am acquainted with. Mother and I made a visit to New York in the month of October, 1848. While there we made a visit to an art gallery, where many fine pictures were on exhibition. We noticed during the day two large, military looking gentlemen, who held a little girl by the hand. She was a wee little creature and dressed so dainty. As we were passing along the large exhibition room we were attracted to the two gentlemen and the little girl, especially the little girl. She was describing the pictures to the amusement of the gentlemen. As we came close to where they were standing the little girl said to the largest of the two men, "Uncle Scott, you old duffer, hold me up; I want to see that mule in the picture." He lifted her and held her in his arms; while doing so she said, "Uncle, just look at that mule, and don't you dare tell me that he ain't got a soul." My mother laughed so much that she had to hold onto me. Before the gentleman placed her on the floor, he said, "Pet, haven't I earned a kiss?" She said, "Two of them." She placed her little arms around his neck and gave him three kisses. He said, "Now, Pet, just another one for good luck," then he placed her on the floor. All the while the other man was laughing. Then she commenced to describe and give explanations of the pictures that hung lower on the wall. She would point out the merits of the pictures in her way. Mother said, "The little creature is a born artist. I must make their acquaintance." Immediately she stepped up to them, saying, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I think the little girl is a born artist." The Little One looked up with a twinkle in her eye and said, "No, madam, I am a born bad actor. Papa Warren and Uncle Scott have made this visit here today with me to see if I can improve in my make-up on the stage." Mother laughed and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, for my intrusion on your party. My name is Mrs. Amanda Drake; this young lady is my daughter, Josephine Drake. I am the wife of Alexander Drake, of Philadelphia, and the sister-in-law of Joseph Drake in Maiden Lane, New York City." When

mamma had finished telling who she was the Little One threw her head into the air with a backward movement and said, "Ladies, allow me to introduce you to Papa Warren, the dandy of Broadway. This fail looking boy," pointing to the other large man, whom I think must have weighed near three hundred, as he looked, the Little One said, "is falling away, as you perceive, before he passes into a grease spot. I will tell you his name: it is General Winfield Scott, the great pie eater of the nation." At that we all laughed. The General said, "Mrs. Drake, I believe I made your husband's acquaintance in Richmond, Va." Mamma said, "No doubt: he travels part of the year through the south." The General said, "Let us find one of those benches, that we may sit down and talk." Throughout the room were placed rustic sofas, such as they had in parks and gardens. When the two gentlemen and mother were seated the little girl came up to me and said, "Lady, I like you; let us go and look at the pictures." When she laid her little hand in mine there was a bond of friendship sealed that never was broken. I judge we passed away an hour in looking at the pictures. When we returned to where the older folks were sitting, mother was laughing. She looked up at me and said, "Daughter dear, Mr. Warren is an old friend of your Uncle Henry's, and also of your brother Alexander."

They made room for us on the same seat—that is, Mr. Warren placed the little girl sitting on his leg, while I sat on the end of the seat. The General said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am hungry and hope you are all the same. Let us go and find something to eat. Ladies, will you do us the honor to dine with us today? We are stopping at the Astor House." Mamma said, "We are stopping there, too." That was the cause of a hearty laugh. We all left the gallery together. When we reached the sidewalk General Scott asked mamma to take his arm. Mr. Warren did the same to me; the Little One caught hold of Mr. Warren's other hand. When we reached the hotel, on the steps stood Daniel Webster, Mr. P. T. Barnum and a lawyer by the name of Roark. We were introduced to the gentlemen, then we passed into the dining hall. After dinner Mr. Warren said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will see you later—perhaps in an hour. I have to put my Little One to sleep, then I will return: so par-

don me for the present." General Scott said, "Baby, ain't you going to kiss us all good bye?" She kissed each one in turn. We all had to stoop to be kissed, as she was such a wee creature. When she came to Daniel Webster she looked at him and said, "Old man, you've got a big head; I wonder if there's anything in it." He picked her up, kissed and hugged her a number of times, saying, "You sweet little thing. I wonder whose wife you will become. He shall love you, for who could help it—you are such a little witch." Mr. Warren stepped forward and took her from Mr. Webster's arms, saying, "You will see her again tonight, perhaps. She is playing at the Museum, in 'The Magic Ring.'" Then they walked away. My mother started as if she had been shot, grasped the General by the arm, saying, "Is that little body on the stage? Oh, how shocking." Mr. Barnum said, "Not at all, madam; her acting, singing and dancing is the admiration of the people. She is the star of the play." My mother turned around and looked at me in such a way it frightened me to see distress pictured so upon her face. She said, "Dear, let us go to our room." We bade the gentlemen good afternoon and ascended the stairs to our room. When we had entered our room my mother closed the door and locked it. She said to me, "Daughter dear, I feel that I have committed a sin in introducing myself to those gentlemen this afternoon." I said, "Oh no, mamma dear, it was no sin. I love that little girl and her father already. I am going to see the little girl play. I might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I know, mamma dear, we are church members and you think the theatre is a dreadful place to go to; you know there is an old saying, 'There is a first time to everything,' and that first time will be for me tonight." My mother groaned and threw herself on the bed, saying, "I wish to God we had never made this visit to New York City. It was a long promised visit and it has resulted in a disaster for us—to think that you tell me that you will attend the theatre tonight. Oh, how wicked. Just think of it, daughter; how wicked it is for that pretty child to be on the stage." I said, "Mother dear, there is a love that has come up in my heart toward that child, and I must see her play tonight. I feel that there will be many things in common through life for her and me, and I must see her and know her better." My

mother screamed and said, "Good God, the child has bewitched my daughter." She got down on her knees in front of the bed and prayed to God to take the curse off her child. "She is bewitched and will not listen to reason." Then she wept and prayed in silence for her daughter. She arose from her knees, looked at me and said, "Josephine, my child, if you must go to that place I will accompany you. I will wear two veils in order that no one shall see my face." About half past seven a knock came on our door; we were then preparing to go to the museum. I unlocked the door; there stood Mr. Warren. He said to me, "I have the honor—hoping you will not deny me that honor—to place a box at the theatre at your service this evening. It was Mr. Barnum's wish that I should have the honor of presenting the same to you ladies." My mother heaved a terrible sigh and said, "How I wish we were home tonight in Philadelphia. I am to blame for all this." I said to Mr. Warren, "I thank you for your kindness and also thank Mr. Barnum for the great privilege he has given us tonight. We accept his box with the greatest delight." Mr. Warren said, "General Scott and myself, with your permission, will escort you ladies to the theatre." I took his hand and thanked him. There was a fate in that greater than I understood.

We arrived at the theatre as the curtain was going up. The scene was a king's palace and the wee Little One was dressed as a page. He sat at the feet of the king, singing about the war. The first thing I knew after we were seated in the box, mamma lifted one of her veils, and as the Little One came skipping and singing toward our box mamma lifted the other veil, then heaved a heavy sigh, saying, "This is what lures men and women to destruction. Isn't the Little One pretty? How handsome the king looks sitting on that throne."

After the curtain had dropped on the first act a knock came to the box door. Mr. Warren opened the door. There stood Mr. Barnum, Mr. Webster and a Mr. Grafton, the great scenic artist. When they had taken their seats Mr. Barnum addressed us ladies, saying, "Don't you think the little 'Dashing Blanchard' is sprightly and fascinating?" Just then a shower of raps came on the box walls. My mother screamed and said, "I'm in the devil's pit at last. Oh, God, what a wicked woman I am,

to accompany my child to such a place as this." Mr. Webster said, "Madam, some of the best people in the world attend theatres, and when I meet them afterward in society I cannot see that they are tinctured in any way with the aroma of the devil." Just then a kind of a breeze seemed to pass through the box. Mr. Warren said, "I wish they would stay away and leave us alone." I said, "Who are you talking of?" He said, "An influence that follows my Little One. I think it follows you, too, if I'm not mistaken." Then my mother commenced to groan again and said, "God defend us; where will it all end?"

The play was a beautiful one. The singing, dancing and acting was marvelous. When the curtain had fallen on the last act, they were applauding for the Little One to appear. She came in front of the curtain and sang, "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet," which sent the audience away laughing.

That evening I dined with the friends. While sitting at the table mamma asked Mr. Warren how old his little girl was. He said, "On the 22nd day of November she will be twenty years of age." Mamma expressed herself in such a manner it made the company look at her. She said, "Mercy save us. I thought the child could be only eight or ten years at the farthest." Daniel Webster said, "Warren, is it possible that your little girl is twenty years of age? Why, she looks like a child yet." They all laughed.

As we bade one another good night I stooped and kissed the Little One, saying, "I hope we will meet again, dear." She said, "We shall. We have met before and shall meet throughout all eternity." Mr. Warren said, "My Little One has fallen in love with you, Miss Drake." I said, "I love her and you, too, Mr. Warren. I cannot tell you why I am forced to speak the words." He said, "I understand; you are mediumistic and cannot help yourself."

After mother and I had entered our room, mother said, "Now, let us pray." I said, "I cannot pray as you wish to pray. I have no desire to acquaint God with my affairs. I shall say the prayer you taught me to say when I was a child." I disrobed and went to bed. While saying my prayers I passed into a sleep. It was a happy sleep. I dreamt that I became the wife of Mr. Warren. I never knew what time mother came to bed.

Thursday, September 15, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I will now continue my communication.

It was six years after the time that I met your medium in New York. I was making a visit at the Jerome family's cottage at Long Branch, New Jersey, when I met Mr. Warren and your medium again.

The Jerome family and I were invited to attend a reception at the leading hotel of Long Branch. The reception was given on account of the President of our Nation being present on that occasion. There I met Mr. Warren and the little medium. They were stopping at the hotel. The reception turned out to be quite a swell affair; the number was a large one. Mr. P. T. Barnum, Daniel Webster and a Mr. Joyce—a great friend of the Jerome family—were present on that occasion.

After dinner there was a dance, some singing and recitations. Amongst the singers was a Lady Floy, from England, who had a superb voice. It looked to me as if her nature and make up was that of music. If she had been on the public stage I think she would have been a great prima donna.

I must inform you now that the little medium was dressed in boy's clothes on that occasion.

Next morning we left for Philadelphia before Mr. Warren or the Little One was up.

That was our first introduction to your medium.

I did not intend to give you that part of it. Mary Gannon, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Busheyhead and Mrs. Morse said, give that part of it by all means.

I introduced Mr. Warren and the Little One—as Mr. Warren called him—to the Jerome family. Mr. Warren and the little medium sang a duet. One part of the evening the little medium gave a recitation.

We were all introduced to the President. About half past eleven o'clock the President was conversing with me about the ocean and its power. During the conversation the little medium passed by. When the President called him by name he walked over to where we were sitting. The President lifted him and placed him on his lap, saying at the same time, "You have a high voice for such a little chap. Allow me to introduce

you to this lady." Little Puss laughed and said, "We are old friends, Mr. President." "Yes," I said, "We met in New York city and I saw him perform at the theatre. He was a little girl then. I see his father has transformed that little girl into a boy." The President said to little Puss, "What is your name, dear?" Puss said, Oh, any name you have a mind to call me. I aint particular about a name." The President laughed and said, "You are easily pleased. Can't you sing something low and sweet for this lady and myself?" Just then some raps came on the President's chair. The President said "Who is that?" Puss said, "Old Splithoof is after you, Mr. President. May be you aint paid your last board bill." We both laughed. Just then a portly gentleman came toward us. The President introduced me to him as Mr. Davis, from Illinois. The President said to little Puss, "How will I introduce you and by what name?" Little Puss threw back his head, looked up at the President and said, "Just call me Old Sauce Box, that's as good as any other name." He put his little hand in that of Mr. Davis when he was introduced as little Sauce Box and looked at him with a grin on his face such as a clown in a pantomime would make. He said, "Old duffer, we have met before and that other old raw-boned chump had the pleasure of meeting me before." Then he gave his foot a kick out. One of his shoes came off, which Mr. Davis caught in his hand. He said to me, "Just look at that silk sock old lady Drake. No, I mean those silk stockings. They cost three dollars. If I ain't a nobby one it ain't the stockings' fault." We all laughed then. The President said, "Davis, let me have his shoe and I will put it on." Mr. Davis said, "Not much. I will put it on myself." He placed his silk handkerchief on the floor, knelt on one knee and put the Little One's shoe on. While he was tying the Little One's shoe, Puss looked at me and said, "Drake, don't you think he's fed on hog meat? I believe all those western politicians are." Mr. Davis said, "You little scamp, is that the way you treat me for catching your shoe and putting it on?" Then there came raps on the President's chair. Mr. Davis said, "What makes that peculiar noise?" Puss said, "Old Splithoof is after you and the President. He knows you're both getting up some scheme." Mr. Davis said, "Well, I will take a kiss and we will drive old

Splithooff away." After Mr. Davis had kissed him he said, "I believe I know who you are now. Didn't you play 'Cinderella' in Chicago?" Puss said with an Irish brogue, "Sure and it was mesilf that did it." Mr. Warren came to where we were sitting and said, "Come, Little One, it's time for you to retire now. All little birds have found their nests long before this." Puss looked at the President with one of the most comical faces I think I ever saw. He commenced to cry and said in an Irish brogue, "Sure and ould man thinks I've been tipping too much. He's come to lade me to Purgatory. A decenter person than mesilf never stepped on a floor." All of a sudden he made a jump and Mr. Warren caught him in his arms. He threw kisses to us, saying, "Farewell until we meet again." More raps came on the President's chair. Mr. Davis said, "What is that makes that noise?" I said, "It's spirits, Mr. Davis." "Spirits?" he said. "I said, 'Yes, spirits.'" The President said, "He is a strange little creature. I will call him a freak in nature." Mr. Davis said, "I wonder how old he is?" I said, "On the 22nd day of November, 1848, Mr. Warren said his Little One was twenty years old, and that is six years ago. On the 22nd of November he will be twenty-six."

Alonzo Jerome came to where we were sitting and said, "Miss Drake, the Jerome family has gone. Mother has requested me to remain here in order to escort you home when you feel so inclined." I introduced him to Mr. Davis—the President he had met before. I said, "Alonzo, we will get home just as fast as we can now. I want to see your mother before she retires for the night."

When we reached home, after laying aside my wraps, I went direct to her apartment. I knocked; she opened the door and admitted me. She said, "Josephine, I knew it was your knock." I said, "Mrs. Jerome, I have come here to ask you to grant us a favor. If you do not think it wise to do so, do not grant it." She said, "Dear Josephine, I will grant you any favor that is within the bounds of reason." I was engaged then to her son Alonzo. I said, "Dear Mrs. Jerome, the request and favor that I will ask you to grant is this: Will you tomorrow afternoon permit the President and some of his cabinet, Mr. Davis and Mr. Barnum, Mr. Warren and his Little One and others

that I will invite to assemble here at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I have a strong impression that we will get a spiritual demonstration." She laughed and said, "My dear, how great minds run in the same groove. That is just what I intended to do. I was going to get up early in the morning, send out my invitations by Peter and have the friends assemble here tomorrow afternoon." We both laughed, and hugged and kissed each other. We laughed so loud it woke Lucille in the adjoining room. She came to her mother's room, asking her, "What great joke have you now; your loud laughing awoke me; can't you tell me, that I may laugh too?" Her mother told her the whole affair, then we had a good hearty laugh over it. She said, "Won't that be grand?" We kissed and bade each other good night, her and I withdrawing from her mother's room.

The guests assembled at four o'clock in the afternoon. We had singing and quite a good deal of piano performance by a Mr. Spencer, whose execution on that instrument was grand. The way his fingers would glide over those keys was wonderful. After he had finished Little Puss said to me, "Joe, you play and I will sing." I sat down at the piano and played the introduction to "The Last Rose of Summer." Little Puss commenced to sing and the raps commenced also; they rapped on the piano in perfect time to the music. After the music had ceased, Alonzo Jerome said to Puss, "Little One, if you will jump up on top of that table and crow like a rooster I'll give you five dollars." He had hardly said the words when Puss dragged off the table cloth and books onto the floor. He jumped up on the table, stood on one foot and crowed like a rooster, which brought immense applause and laughter from the guests present. Then he sat down on the table, commenced to cry and said he was in love with God. Alonzo said, "What God?" He said, "God knows, I don't." Just then the table commenced to slide over the carpet toward Alonzo Jerome. It was a large mahogany table. When the table got in front of Jerome it tipped up and threw Little Justin into Alonzo's lap, which brought great applause. Alonzo hugged and kissed him, saying, "Little One, you and I shall always be friends. We are servants of the spirit world. Dear spirits, if I and the Little One were to sit on the table, do you think you could slide the table across the

room to where mother sits?" The table tipped three times for yes. He placed the Little One on the table, got up and sat upon it himself; the table did not move. Alonzo said, "Dear spirits, we are all ready." The table did not move. He said, "Shall I put my feet up on the table?" The raps came on the table. He crossed his legs on the table, yet it did not move. He said, "Dear spirits, what is the matter; can't you inform us?" Little Justin spoke up and said, "They want me to sit astride of your neck, that's what's the matter." Then came the raps. Alonzo said, "Get up, Little One, you are right; that's what they want." After Justin got up and was comfortably fixed the table commenced to slide (rap) toward Mrs. Jerome; when the table stopped it tipped up and threw them both to the floor. That brought big applause. Present among the guests were a number of mediumistic individuals. The spirits could draw from them and perform that wonderful demonstration.

When the guests were parting many of them said, "We must investigate spiritualism. That demonstration this afternoon was wonderful." Little Justin—which I shall now call him—had fascinated the Jerome family; they were not satisfied until Mr. Warren and Little Justin came to reside at the cottage.

A coldness grew up between Alonzo and I. I made the discovery that I loved Mr. Warren. One day I was sitting in the summer house, holding a novel in my hand, when Little Justin entered. He looked at me and laughed, saying, "Joe, you are in love. You're in love with papa Warren, and I know it. If you'll give me a quarter I'll tell him all about it." I laughed and said, "If you don't say another word about it I will give you a dollar." He said, "Shell out." I gave him the dollar. He put it in his pocket, then he said, "Suppose a fellow gets to dreaming and talks in his sleep—it takes another dollar to keep him quiet." Before I had a chance to give him the dollar Alonzo entered the summer house. He looked at me and said, "Joe, I overheard the conversation. You do not love me. You love Mr. Warren. It is well that it is so. My spirit guide says I must not marry for at least fifteen years. You can have Mr. Warren if he will marry you." The Little One jumped up on the bench and said, "Hell's a brewing; I wish I'd got that other dollar before it commenced." Then he jumped onto Alonzo's

back; Alonzo turned around, ran out of the summer house with Puss on his back, Puss yelling, "We are off for Coney Island by the next boat."

I did not see Alonzo Jerome after that for seven years. That fall Little Justin and Mr. Warren made us a visit at our home in Philadelphia. The friendship between the Jerome family and ours was never broken up. When Alonzo Jerome came back from Europe he had developed into a grand medium. His phases were several. His physical demonstrations produced through his mediumship were the finest I ever saw. He never gave any exhibitions before strangers, it was only to friends. We became as sister and brother to each other ever afterward while living in physical bodies. His love for Little Justin was wonderful to behold.

One afternoon we attended a seance at Doctor Van Ame's home in Philadelphia. The physical demonstrations on that occasion were many. Four individuals sat upon a sofa and were wheeled from the back parlor into the front parlor.

They say I have held him long enough today, there is too much electricity in the air.

Saturday, September 17, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. Now I will continue my communication. One day as we were walking from the Jerome cottage toward the beach we passed by one of the hotels. Mr. Warren discovered a friend sitting on the porch, a Mr. Brady, a photographer. Mr. Warren requested us to proceed to the beach and he would follow in a little while. We did so. In the party were Mrs. Jerome, Alonzo Jerome, Lucille Jerome, Miss Estelle, whose right name is Mary Gannon, a Mr. Walla Wallace, Henry Simpson, a tenor singer in one of the churches, the little medium and myself. As we were walking along the beach picking up small shells left there by the tide, a very peculiar incident happened. While we were picking up the shells Mary Gannon said to me, "Joe, look there at that ring forming on the sand around Little Puss." She grabbed my wrist so tight that I cried out. She said, "Oh, Joe, look, there are letters forming inside the ring." When the letters stopped forming Mary Gannon read them; she spelled out, "You will die out on the ocean." She said to the rest of the party and myself, "Do not

tell this to Mr. Warren—it will trouble him much to think that his Little One should die at sea.” Little did she think at the time that the warning was for her. The letters disappeared and we walked on, gathering shells. We walked quite a ways. When returning, Little Justin stopped; it looked to me as if it was the same identical spot where he had stopped before. He dropped his basket filled with little shells; he commenced to cry. He cried so hard that it went to my heart and made it ache. Mary Gannon said, “Mr. Jerome, will you go and find Mr. Warren? Tell him to come here as quickly as possible. No one can do anything with Little Puss but Mr. Warren when he is in such a condition as this.” I took Little Justin in my arms and tried to quiet him. I could do nothing with him—to pacify him was out of the question. He seemed to cry harder and harder all the time and would speak to no one. Mrs. Jerome looked up toward the hotel and said, “Here comes Mr. Warren, running.” Alonzo and the other man were following.

When Mr. Warren came up to where we were he said, “What is the matter with my Little Puss?” He took him out of my arms and sat down on the sand with him. He said, “Pet, tell me what you have seen that makes you cry so.” After awhile he stopped crying and said, “Papa, can’t you see that ship on fire, out there on the ocean? Look how the people are throwing themselves into the water and are drowning. Oh God, I feel there is some one on board of that ship that knows us; look and see if you can’t tell who he is.” We all looked out on the ocean, but saw no ship on fire. Mr. Brady said, “Warren, my boy, that means something. I’m going to get a field glass and watch what is going on as far as I can see.”

In about ten minutes Little Puss was fast asleep in Mr. Warren’s arms. Mrs. Jerome said, “Isn’t it strange that it affects him in that way?” Mr. Warren said, “Not on all occasions, madam; it is only when they show him something dreadful that he cries. Had he been crying long before you sent for me?” I said, “Perhaps ten minutes; we tried to quiet him, but it was of no use, then we sent for you.” Mary Gannon told Mr. Warren about the letters that were traced in the sand and just how they looked. She spelled out, “You will die at sea.” We all laughed when she said that. Mrs. Jerome said, “Why,

Estelle, you told us not to tell Mr. Warren of that affair and now you tell him yourself," which caused another laugh. Mr. Warren said, "That was a warning to you, Estelle, so look out; you are the one that read the words." Then he said, "Good friends, I will take my Little One to the cottage." Mrs. Jerome said, "I will go also; what I have heard today makes me nervous." We all followed in Mr. Warren's train.

Next morning at four o'clock Alonzo awoke all the inmates of the cottage to look at a ship on fire out on the ocean: She was trying to make the beach. Many boats went to her rescue and many of the passengers were saved. The name of the ship was the Sea Nymph. She was a sailing ship and was on her way to New York from Liverpool with a large number of passengers on board. Mr. Warren's cousin, Henry Warren, went down with the ship. That was the person Little Puss saw on board.

That same afternoon a number of guests assembled at the cottage. We held a circle. Little Puss was controlled by Mr. Warren's cousin. During the conversation he told Mr. Warren that he was on board the Sea Nymph and went down with her. She burned to the water's edge and then sank out of sight. He requested his cousin, Mr. Warren, to tell his mother and the rest of the friends that he sank with the Sea Nymph. He and others had been carousing the night before, drank too freely, and were so strongly under the influence of liquor they became helpless when the fire was discovered on board the ship.

That evening about five o'clock Mr. Warren received a letter, notifying him that the theatre in Philadelphia would open next Monday night. Little Puss would be required at rehearsal. Mr. Warren said that evening at tea, "In the morning Puss and I will bid you adieu, as we return to Philadelphia. They are going to commence rehearsal the following morning and his presence is required there; they open Monday with 'The Magic Ring.'" Alonzo spoke up and said, "Let us hold another circle this evening, if Little Justin is not too tired." The Little One laughed and said, "I'm good for twenty more if I can have some lemonade." Alonzo said, "You can have a bucket full." We held another circle that evening. Alonzo went to the hotel to look for Mr. Brady. Fortunately he found Mr. Davis, Mr. Ed-

win Forrest, the actor, a Lizzie Weston Davenport, a Mr. Bloodgood, connected with a New York paper. He returned to the cottage with the friends. A circle was held. Some of the manifestations were wonderful. Mr. Bloodgood's wig was taken from his head, carried around the circle and placed on the little medium's head, which made us all laugh. After he—Mr. Bloodgood—had recovered his wig the little medium got on top of the mahogany table. It moved across the floor to where Mr. Forrest sat, tipped up and threw the little medium into his lap. Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "You've come back to your first love, Pet. This puts me in mind of when you used to go to sleep sitting on my lap, waiting for the curtain to go up." Just then a shower of raps came on the mahogany table; it commenced to dance on the floor as if Old Nick had possession of it. Mr. Brady said to the table, "If I whistle a tune will you keep time to it?" Alonzo Jerome said, "They tell me if you will place the little medium on top it will keep time and dance to the whistling." Mr. Forrest carried the little medium and placed him on the table; when he had done so one of the lions' feet raised up and came down on his toes. Mr. Forrest hollered out, "God, that hurts; commence your whistling quick, so I can get my foot from under."* Mr. Brady commenced to whistle, the table danced, Mr. Forrest got his foot out, sat down on his chair and said, "I'll never say again that spirits don't come back." We all had a hearty laugh at his expense. After the table had danced for quite a while it went over to where Mr. Warren was sitting, tipped up very easily, and allowed the little medium to slip off into Mr. Warren's lap. After that it danced around the room so that I thought it would break lots of furniture; it went to the center of the room, stood motionless on one of its lions' feet, and waved backward and forward several times. Alonzo said, "That means good night, friends." It went back to its regular position on the floor. There were several other physical demonstrations that evening; the one I have just described was the principal one.

As the friends were bidding the members of the cottage good bye Mr. Brady said to Mrs. Jerome, "Lady, I would not have missed what I have seen here tonight for one thousand dollars. No money could buy that which my eyes have beheld."

Mr. Forrest said, "I have seen greater demonstrations than that. I remember one night at Mr. Singer's home—on a Sunday evening it was, too—I saw them take Little Pet and place him on top of a what-not full of ornaments. The what-not moved around the room, the Little One hollering, 'Three cheers for the fourth of July.' There were great expressions given that night by several individuals at what they had seen." Little Justin got the lemonade he was promised, which consisted of two glasses, he saying "he would leave the bucketful for the next time."

As Mr. Forrest was passing out of the door to the porch he turned around and said, "Puss, ain't you forgot something?" Little Puss said, "No, I haven't, uncle Forrest." He ran and jumped up onto Mr. Forrest, put his little arms around his neck and kissed and hugged him; then Mr. Forrest placed him on the floor and said, "Now, little baby, let me see if uncle Forrest hasn't got something to buy sweeties with." He put his hand into his vest pocket, took out a gold piece of money and placed it in the Little One's hand, saying, "There, you will always be a little baby to uncle Forrest." He shook hands with Mr. Warren, saying, "Old boy, be careful of our little baby. You know how precious he is to us. You go direct to my home with the Little One. I'll be there in two days. Tell sister I had to return to New York; will be home as soon as I get through my business. Don't forget to go to Arnold's. Arnold told me he has a pretty necklace for the Little One."

Warren and Justin left the cottage in the morning, returning to Philadelphia.

That will do for today. I see you have a friend to entertain and the medium seems somewhat unsettled. We will continue at another time.

Tuesday, September 20, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I will now continue my communication. I permitted Mrs. Morse to come yesterday in my place—that is, I permitted her through a certain condition, if the guides were willing, as her and I wished it to be; they consented and her forces were attached to Justin's organ of speech in order that Mrs. Morse could talk with her husband.

After Mr. Warren and Little Justin left for Philadelphia

we held a circle; the manifestations did not amount to much. Alonzo said they required the presence of the Little One.

I returned to New York City with Miss Davenport, Mrs. Hartman, Mr. Forrest and Mr. Brady. The day after we reached the city Mr. Brady prevailed upon us to go to his gallery and have our pictures taken. We were taken as a group. I sent one to Little Puss. I guess he has it now.

When in New York about seven days, I should judge, I received a letter from Mr. Warren in which he said, "After the Little One's engagement is finished here we come to New York. He plays in 'The Tempest' at the old Broadway Theatre. I hope when we return to New York that we will find you still there." I was there when they came.

After the engagement of "The Tempest" was at its end, Lola Montez made her first appearance in America. Little Puss—as I like to call him—remained during her engagement. He played a little dandy from London. Lola Montez became strongly attached to Little Puss.

After the engagement Mr. Warren went on the road with a Concert Company. Two of the ladies of the company and I became warm friends. Puss asked me to travel with the company, which I did, and found much enjoyment in doing so. Miss Nellie Bly I found a charming companion.

While in Baltimore we dined at the home of the Featherstones. There we found a man claiming to be a medium and said he had the same phases as Charles Foster. Little Puss watched him very closely and when returning to the hotel he said in the carriage, "Papa Warren, that man there tonight was a fraud and I know it; he may call himself Colchester all he wants to, he is not a genuine medium." When we arrived at the hotel Mr. Warren invited us all to his sitting room. After we had been there about half an hour conversing, Mr. Warren said to the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to tour part of the south and west. Those that do not wish to go can return to New York City. While in Baltimore I am going to make arrangements for my Southern tour. Here I make up my company for the south and west. All those that desire to remain members of the company will have to sign a contract tomorrow afternoon. I give you tonight and tomorrow fore-

noon to think it over." It just seemed as if it was one voice speaking when the whole company said, "Mr. Warren, we will sign the contract and remain members of the company." He thanked them very kindly. Just then Little Puss said, "You didn't ask me to sign the contract, Mr. Warren." After he had spoken the words raps came on the table. Nellie Bly said, "That's your contract. You have signed one to be faithful to Old Nick," which made us all laugh. Mr. Warren rang the bell. When it was answered he gave directions that lunch and wine should be brought to his sitting room. I think that was the happiest supper that I ever indulged in. Mirth and jokes were in abundance. We laughed so much and so loud it brought some of the guests to the door; they wanted to know what the matter was. Mr. Warren asked them to partake of the lunch. They did so. After remaining there, I should say, about an hour, one of the lady guests was controlled and spoke beautifully to the people present. That was the first spiritual lecture I ever heard. I was delighted. The spirit that controlled said his name was Charles Danforth and that he had been a student at the college in Baltimore. A negro controlled Little Puss and of all the antics and peculiar ways that I ever saw come through a medium came through Little Puss while controlled by that negro. The negro said his name was Ginger Brown. His master struck him a blow with a cane while under the influence of liquor and Ginger Brown's spirit passed from his body. He said his master's name was Thomas Crawford and lived at one time in Alexandria, Virginia.

We traveled through the south and west. I learned much from observation. When we returned to Philadelphia, Mr. Warren, Little Puss and myself dined with Edwin Forrest. He was playing an engagement at the old Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Warren disbanded the company in Philadelphia, the members returning to their homes. Edwin Forrest, Madam Dorio, Rose, Mr. Warren, Little Puss and myself went to Atlantic City. While there Mr. Warren hired a cottage, as Little Puss had become tired of hotel life.

There came an excursion from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. Among the people were a great many newspaper men. I gave them a reception at the hotel. During the evening I was both

surprised and delighted. Mr. Warren walked into the dining room with Estelle on his arm. Little Puss got up onto a table and hollered as loud as he could holler, "Three cheers for old New Jersey, Estelle and papa Warren, any other state that's got as good grub."

During that stay at the seashore Little Puss became acquainted with a gentleman that afterward presented him with a house and lot on his birthday. While there all the friends had a sail on a boat called the Seabird. Then I made the discovery that Estelle loved Mr. Warren.

I will continue my communication at another time. They say what I have given and Mrs. Morse is sufficient for one day.

Friday, September 30, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I will now continue my communication. I would have done so before. When Mr. E. W. Morse was here—that is the name by which I heard you call him—Justin left his window up the night of the fog; he caught a cold and was not in condition for me to use his organ of speech. I know he has a cheerful nature and was constituted so that he could throw such a matter as that off. Age has a grip on his physical body now—it is harder to throw off those conditions than it was forty years ago.

In the month of November of the same year that he was at Long Branch, the James family, who then lived on Broad street above Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, held a circle at their home on a Sunday evening. There were present George Meade, Edwin Forrest, Wm. Van Ame, a Miss Nellie Wells, Alexander Beard, Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson, a Mr. Alexander Boardman of Baltimore, Miss Sarah Leath, Walter Talbot, John Welch and two daughters, Mr. Warren, Little Justin and myself. Four of the James family were present.

In about half an hour after we had commenced the circle I noticed Justin became nervous and fidgeted around on his chair a good deal. All of a sudden he jumped to his feet and screamed out, "My God, I'm shot in the heart." Mr. Meade caught him in his arms or he would have fallen to the floor. The gas was only turned down a little and we could see his face, which was as pale as marble. Mr. Meade held him in his arms. I should think, for about fifteen minutes, when his lips moved

and a deep, heavy voice said, "Brother, I was shot today about two o'clock by my mistress on board the boat *Rosella*, on the Delaware river. The parties that were with me, to hide the crime that had been committed, threw my body into the river." Miss Serana James fainted. She was to have been married to him on Christmas eve. His name was George Talbot, and a cousin to Mr. Beard, who was present. He said to his brother, "Break it gently to mother and father. I was not the man, brother, that you thought I was. God help my betrothed. Be gentle with her, for I was a wicked man. Friends, all on board of that boat were of the same class as myself; the women were lewd characters; the men were gamblers and pickpockets of the worst kind. That beautiful bracelet that I presented to Little Justin on the stage I stole from Draper's jewelry establishment, on the corner of Warren street and Broadway, New York City—the one I presented to him while playing at Barnum's Museum in New York City." Mr. Warren said, "That bracelet shall be returned to Mr. Draper tomorrow. I will give an explanation how we made the discovery it had been stolen from his establishment." The spirit said, "Do as you think best. I am weak and must go now." I thought when all the circumstances had been verified afterward it was a wonderful test of spirit power. The man had been shot that day about two o'clock, and talked through Little Justin's organ of speech that evening. The James family felt dreadful to think that their daughter had been engaged to such a villain as that man turned out to be through his own evidence.

The body was washed ashore and it turned out as he said, he was shot through the heart. Before the body was discovered the woman made her escape. We heard afterward she went to England, kept company with a circus man by the name of Cook; hurt one of her limbs in some way; on her death bed, before her spirit had left her body, she made a confession that she was the woman who killed George Talbot, Henry Woodward of Newark, N. J., and Silas P. Wells of New York City, a man well known on Wall Street.

There are many other little incidents and evidences that he gave of spirit power. I only speak of the prominent ones.

In the month of April in the following year the company

that Little Justin was connected with was playing in Newark, N. J. Little Justin got Mr. Warren to write me a note in which he said, "Joe, after you receive this note, take the next train for Newark, N. J. The second morning after you receive this note, which will be the 16th of the month, we start for New Haven, Conn. We are going to tour some of the New England states. You have never been through New England; here is a good chance for you to go with us. New Haven, Conn., is called the Elm City and I want you to see those grand old elms. They are beautiful to look upon and perhaps you may marry a yankee husband—who knows? Do you? Your loving little friend Justin some day will be a six-footer," which made mother and I laugh. I accompanied them to New Haven, and found it a beautiful city, as Justin had described. Such grand elms as those I had never seen before.

Little Justin, Mr. Warren, Mr. Scott, the leading man, and his wife and myself were invited to take dinner at the Parker home. As we were walking up toward the front entrance of the dwelling three young ladies came toward us; each in turn took Justin in their arms and hugged and kissed him. I saw he was no stranger there. The door opened and out came Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who gave us a good New England welcome. When we had entered the parlor Mrs. Parker said to Justin, "Now, little dear, please sing something for us before we dine. Sing 'My Heart's in the Highlands.'" The daughter Jane sat at the piano, playing the accompaniment while Justin sang. During the playing and singing the piano seemed to tremble, then rise from the floor, perhaps three inches.

The daughter was a beautiful medium and between her and Justin there was a number of demonstrations that afternoon. After we had finished dining and re-entered the parlor, the piano seemingly of its own accord, moved a foot or more out into the room.

Mr. Warren did not enter the parlor until about a quarter of an hour afterward. He and some of the other gentlemen went into the garden to smoke. I was sitting by the front window when I heard Mr. Warren say, "Gentlemen, I must go and look after my Little One." Just then the parlor door was slammed by unseen hands; they held it so tight that none of the

gentlemen could open it. Mr. Parker said, "Let us enter by the window." They came out onto the porch and commenced to come in through the window. Just then the door was thrown wide open. We heard a peculiar kind of a laugh, as if it came from the ceiling. I and the chair that I was sitting on was moved out into the center of the room. Mrs. Scott commenced to laugh. Some unseen hand took the hairpins out of her hair and it fell down onto her shoulders. Mr. Scott's silk hat was brought from the hall, placed in his lap and some power compelled him to spit into it, which was the cause of a great laugh. A beautiful Maltese cat that was lying on the porch was thrown into the room through one of the windows. I laughed so much that I commenced to get a pain in my side. The daughter of the family was a strong physical medium and with the assistance of Justin's mediumship the spirits showed some wonderful demonstrations there that afternoon. In some unaccountable way to me I commenced to pray and must have prayed about half an hour when the keys of the piano gave forth sound. Mrs. Parker said, "They want us to sing." We sang "The Last Rose of Summer." A Mr. Bartlett from Yale College stood up and gave us a beautiful recitation. After that we sang again, when the door bell rang violently; Mr. Parker looked out of the window and said, "There is no one visible at the door."

A peculiar incident took place after that. A chair that was in the upper hall came down the stairs as if some one was sitting in it. It came bumpity-bump down the steps. When it got to the lower hall we heard a terrible groan, as if someone was in the act of trying to rise from the chair, which made us all laugh. After that we sang "Home, Sweet Home," and bade the friends adieu. It was a wonderful afternoon and showed what strong spirit power there was in the house.

The company went from New Haven to Hartford, Conn. By the way, Mr. Warren was the moneyed man of the company. It did not bear his name, but he braced it up with his money.

I found Hartford a beautiful city. There we made the acquaintance of Harriet Beecher Stowe, also two of her brothers; a Mr. Brown, whom I think was the most comical man I ever met; a Mr. Burr entertained us at his rooms. When we arrived after the performance we found a number of guests had pre-

ceded us. During the evening one of the gentlemen present came and sat by Mr. Warren. He said to Mr. Warren, "My name is Charles Wilkins. I would like to have you, your little boy and this lady visit my home tomorrow afternoon. I will send my carriage for you." The next afternoon we arrived at his home at the appointed time, were received with a cordial greeting by his family.

It was a beautiful place, so many large trees and great beds of flowers. It was almost impossible for us to get Justin to enter the house. He sat down by the flowers and commenced to talk to them. I was trying to coax him to come into the house when a black servant entered the grounds saying, "Dinner is waiting." Little Justin said, "Oh, damn your dinner; do you suppose that I'd leave all these beautiful flowers for something to eat? Not much." The black man returned to the house, laughing. In a few minutes Mr. Warren came out, saying, "Come, Little One, dinner is waiting. You can have all the flowers you want afterward." Justin said, "That's the way always. You big folks want something to eat." Mr. Warren picked him up and carried him into the house. While at dinner the Little One—Justin—admired the decorated China on the table and gave expression to his thoughts, saying, "Oh, isn't it beautiful. Your China is so handsome; you all look beautiful, not quite as pretty as the China, though." We all laughed at the compliment. He said, "That's just the way when a fellow says something smart you've got to laugh." One of the children said, "He's a daisy." I noticed during dinner that Justin only partook of a slice of bread and butter and a glass of milk.

When we had withdrawn from the dining room Mr. Wilkins said, "Let us take the Little One out, Mr. Warren, that he may feast his eyes on the flowers."

While looking at a bed of beautiful verbenas he placed his little hand in Mr. Wilkins', looked up into his face and said, "Dear papa, I'm so glad you love my verbenas. You know how much care I took of them." I saw the tears in his eyes. Mrs. Wilkins said, "Dear Elsie, is this you?" The influence said, "Yes, dear mamma. You know how much I loved the flowers, especially the verbenas." The mother said, "Oh, Elsie, darling, are you happy in spirit life?" The influence laughed and tak-

ing her hand said, "Mamma dear, how could I be otherwise when I have such a papa and mamma? Don't you know I live here most of the time with you; to prove it I will call my favorite dove, Jennie." The influence made a peculiar call; a beautiful white dove, followed by some others came toward Justin, lit on his shoulders, the white one commenced to coo and put its bill into Justin's mouth. Justin loosened one of his hands and smoothed down the feathers of the white dove. The father said, "Mother, what a wonderful test this has been to us today. From this day henceforth it will become to us a sacred holiday. We will commemorate it by decorating the dining-room with the flowers she loved so much and as long as her favorite pigeon lives it shall be one of the guests on that occasion."

As we were walking toward the front entrance of the home Justin became stubborn and would not walk any further. He sat down on the grass and made believe to smoke. He said, "I have just as much right here as any other body. I used to mow this grass and I guess I can sit on it if I want to." Mr. Wilkins laughed and said, "Charley, you can sit here all you want to and no one shall disturb you." Mr. Wilkins recognized the voice of their hired man that passed to spirit life about nine months before.

When we returned in the carriage to the hotel on the back seat where Justin sat were many beautiful flowers, placed there by the hands of Mrs. Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins came to the side of the carriage, took Little Justin in his arms and kissed and hugged him, saying, "Sweet Little One, you have made us happy today. May the good angels always have you in their care." He placed around Justin's neck a gold chain, saying, "Wear that in memory of our Elsie."

That night at the theatre Mr. Warren received a telegram from his grandfather saying, "Come to me at once." The company cancelled their dates in the other New England towns.

We returned to New York by boat; what a beautiful sail it was. The company opened at one of the Broadway theatres. It was a small theatre located on Broadway between Broome and Grand streets, the name I forget.

After Mr. Warren returned to New York the company disbanded. Mr. Warren, Little Justin and myself returned to Phil-

adelphia. We went down to Atlantic City—that is, Mr. Warren and Justin, mother, two sisters, a brother and myself. We remained there three weeks. While there Mr. Forrest made us a visit, engaged Justin to play the boy in William Tell at the Buffalo Theatre, State of New York. Justin got mother's permission that I might accompany them to Buffalo. After the engagement at the theatre we went to Niagara Falls, where mother and the rest of the family joined us. Our visit there was a pleasant one.

The manager of the Toronto Theatre heard that Mr. Warren and Justin were visiting at the Falls. He came on, engaged Justin to play Jack Shepherd at the Toronto Theatre and also at Montreal. His engagement was for six weeks. Mr. Forrest went back to Philadelphia. Our family accompanied Mr. Warren and Justin to Toronto.

After his engagement there we took the boat for Montreal, passed through the Thousand Islands, as they call them, which was a beautiful sail. We arrived at Montreal under a great downpouring of rain. After his engagement at Montreal we crossed over the river, took the cars for Troy. That bridge crossing the river I thought was a wonderful piece of mechanism and artistic work.

As we were passing through the state of Vermont, at one of the stations where we stopped two gentlemen came into our car. As they approached where we were sitting one of them said, "As I live, there is Little Puss lying fast asleep in that lady's arms." That lady was my mother. "I wonder where his father can be." Just then Mr. Warren entered the door at the other end of the car. There was a happy greeting. Those two gentlemen, I should say, were Mr. Warren's cousins. One of them said, "I see Little Puss asleep in that lady's arms." Mr. Warren said, "Allow me, consins, to introduce you to my friends." We were all introduced and the rest of the journey was a happy one.

We intended to take the boat that evening for New York. Mr. Warren's cousins would not listen to it, so the whole party went to a hotel. I think they called it the Troy House. Charles Foster, the medium, had a suite of rooms at the hotel and was giving sittings. As we entered the dining room that evening

Mr. Foster was sitting at a table with some friends. When he discovered Mr. Warren and Little Justin he spoke, saying, "Oh, there is Little Puss and his father." He got up from the table, shook hands with Mr. Warren and Justin. After that we were all introduced to each other. We were provided with seats at another table. As we were coming out of the dining room Mr. Foster said to Mr. Warren, "Come to my rooms and bring your friends. We will have a glorious time this evening."

The gentlemen went to smoke their cigars. We ladies entered the parlor to await their return. After we were in the parlor about ten minutes Justin commenced to get nervous and said, "Let us go out and see the town. Old Foster will have to wait till we come back." As we were descending the stairs two ladies were coming up. One of them said to mother, "Have you been to Mr. Foster's rooms and is he in?" Justin said, "No, mam, he is out gathering up the dead—he wants to give a good show tonight." We passed down the stairs for mother, my sisters and myself could hardly keep from laughing, the way those women looked at Justin. One said to the other, "That Little One must be one of those queer mediums." Mother couldn't wait to get outside of the door before she commenced to laugh.

When we got onto the main street we met our gentlemen friends returning to the hotel. We went back with them. Mr. Foster was waiting and led the way to his rooms. There we found the two ladies that we met on the stairs. After we had been comfortably seated Mr. Foster said, "I feel there is a great spirit power here this evening." The answer to his words was a shower of raps on the table. Justin said to one of the women that we met on the stairs, "Didn't I tell you that he was around gathering up the dead?" Mr. Foster laughed and said, "Now, Puss, you keep quiet and let the spirits come." Another shower of raps was heard. Justin said, "We're goners—there's old Beelzebub and his whole force after us. I can see the brimstone coming up through the floor." Just then an unseen force pushed him and his chair up to the table. Mr. Foster said, "Now, behave Puss, and we'll have a nice circle." He had no sooner said the words when an unseen force grabbed him by the hair of the head and shook it good. He said, "That hurts. I believe old Beelzebub is here." One of the women got down on her knees

and prayed to the good angels to drive old Beelzebub away and let the good spirits come in. In some way that I can't explain, the woman got her head through the rungs of the chair and Mr. Warren had to wrench one of the rungs out to let her get her head free. She became so frightened that she fainted. They lifted her up, carried her into the adjoining room and placed her on Mr. Foster's bed. While they were doing that a knock came on the door. Justin said, "Damn you, come in if your feet are clean." The door opened and in walked Mr. Edwin Forrest and another gentleman by the name of Moran. Up went a big shout of laughter. Mr. Forrest's company was to play at the theatre on the next evening. Mr. Moran was a citizen of Troy. After Mr. Forrest had taken a seat Justin went over and sat on his lap, saying, "Uncle Forrest, it's hell here tonight. There's one gal laid out already. She was trying to strangle herself between the rungs of the chair. Papa Warren couldn't stand it, so he wrenched out one of the rungs. She's laid out in the other room waiting for old Beelzebub to make repairs."

Mr. Foster came from the other room and gave Mr. Forrest and Mr. Moran a cordial greeting. He shut the door between the two rooms and once more we all became quiet. Mr. Foster handed us slips of paper to write names on and then roll them up into pellets. After all the pellets had been placed on the table he mixed them all up. He picked one up, held it between his fingers for a little while, then placed it on his forehead. After he had done so he said, "That is strange, the spirits do not respond this evening." He picked up several others: all were a failure; then he said, "I believe the spirits want to communicate through Little Justin this evening." There came three raps on the table. Mr. Warren said, "I'd rather they wouldn't, Mr. Foster." Just then a voice came from Little Justin, saying, "Well, they shall." Mr. Foster said, "Brother Warren, you can't stop them. They have the power and you might as well give in." All the while Justin was sitting on Mr. Forrest's lap. He got down, walked to the centre of the room, pushed the table to one side, and commenced to talk with a peculiar nasal twang to his speech. After he had talked some time he said, "I am John Odway, of Boston." Mr. Foster laughed and said, "John, I thought that I had recognized your voice." The spirit spoke a

little longer and said, "I have done my best; if you don't like it I don't give a damn." Justin went over, got up into Mr. Warren's lap and said, "Papa, I want to go to bed—I'm tired." Mr. Warren said, "After a little while." By some unseen force he was taken from Mr. Warren's arms, carried across the room and placed in mother's lap. Mr. Warren said, "I must take my Little One and put him to bed before they get him all worn out."

Mr. Moran said, "I want Mr. Forrest to have a sitting if the rest of the parties are willing." We all consented and bade them good night. Mr. Forrest said, "Brother Warren, I will see you in the morning."

Next evening we took the boat for New York. It was a moonlight evening and a more beautiful sail I do not think any mortal ever experienced going down the Hudson river that night. Mr. Warren and Justin stopped in New York. Our family returned to Philadelphia.

There are many other conditions that took place in his life during my acquaintance with him while living in a physical body. To describe these would make my communication too long.

I leave my love for Little Justin and thank you, kind friend, for taking down my communication. If you think it is worthy of being placed in your book you can do so. I once more thank you and bid you good day.

Lucy Carlton

Chapter II

Wednesday, October 26, 1904.

Good morning, brother and friend of Truth. I enter your home unheralded by any one. I am a quiet, plain woman, now called a spirit.

I come here to Searchlight Bower with my dear sister "Lovelight." When she lived in a physical body she was known as the wife of Ephriam Weed Morse, of San Diego, Southern California. She is a lovely spirit and we are spirit sisters, attracted to each other through the power of love. Her earth husband is her true affinity; she is waiting for him to come to her and through her soul condition she is building a home to receive him in when his spirit leaves his physical body.

It was a great delight to her when he made you that visit this summer. Those were such happy hours when she could hold his hand and talk face to face with him. Her love knew no bounds then as Justin's guides permitted her to become the mistress of the situation on that occasion.

Now permit me to give you my name. It is Lucy Carlton. I was born in Virginia. My mother was a high spirited and lofty woman, as you term it, in the physical body. My father was of very little consequence, as she ruled him in everything. Her word was law and as the boys say, she was "boss" of the whole situation. She did not nurse me but placed me in the arms of a black namma named Sada.

I have had a great desire to communicate through your medium, especially when those other spirits were permitted to communicate in connection with the dedication of the Spiritual Temple in San Diego. My desire was strong to do so. The medium's guides said they could only permit a certain number to use his organ of speech. They said it would tax his strength

to the utmost then, as his physical body was weak. Brother of Truth, that was a glorious day for us spirits and I know it must have been for those living in a physical body; their bright countenances spoke volumes to those possessing an intellectual and cultured mind.

When I looked at Brother Peebles standing there with such a glorious expression on his face and his soul filled with love for the human race I said to myself; "This is heaven on earth." When he proclaimed to the world, "We dedicate this Temple to God," as he pronounced those words he lit a light in the minds of those present that never can be quenched or blown out by a man made religion. His soul gave forth volumes of intellect that was beautified by spiritual culture. The minds of his listeners had drank from the cup of Wisdom and are now bathing in its glory. I pray that God and the angels will bless and lengthen his life in that physical body. His written works will be a monument to his name greater than any marble shaft that they could erect for the occasion. He has lit up the souls of his readers with a light of Aspiration that will lead them to glory in the spirit realms. I hope that that great divine "Messenger" will hold possession of his soul and through that condition you will get other literature from his mind, as it is constantly at work thinking, "What can I do for my sisters and brothers living in physical forms?" Lovelight and I heard you the other evening reading his work on Obsession. It is a masterpiece of intellect. There are multitudes of spirits waiting to grasp the opportunity whereby they can obsess some sensitive creature living in a physical body. When you spiritualists and others that live on earth realm understand the true condition of that work and why it was given to the public you will be more careful of your future lives. When I say lives I mean the vast race of humanity. If individuals that are living in a constant hell would look deep down into that part called moral nature they could drive forth those demons that have obsessed them. It is only through pure, holy and moral lives that they can build a wall up between them and obsession.

I heard Brother Peebles lecture in Memphis, Tenn. I was introduced to him by Brother Watson of the Methodist church. My name then was Mrs. Hodges. I afterward heard him lec-

ture in New Orleans, but did not meet him. I saw his work was one that led souls to understand just where they were situated. God bless him. I hope his pen will never be permitted to become rusty.

There was another brother by the name of Dryden who spoke on that occasion. He was a beautiful speaker and gave grand thoughts to his listeners.

There was one by the name of Hodge who gave forth clarion notes of Truth to those assembled there.

Oh, how my soul went out to those dear, sweet sisters who worked so hard and also displayed such a grand fortitude of spirituality and truth life on that occasion. Oh, how I would like to dwell and speak at length of much of the work that was done there.

I have another question to deal with that will take up part of my communication. It is about the black race. I was given by my mother to a black woman to be nursed at her breast. That black woman's human milk gave my baby form nutrition, at the same time through the essence of her milk was planted into my little body African blood. In time it coursed through all my system. While living in the physical form I felt the effects of that African blood. Many of your high boasting Southern individuals have African blood in their systems. When babies they were given over by their mothers to black women to nurse at their breasts, the consequence of which is they have African blood coursing through every vein and muscle of their anatomy. Those same individuals are persecuting, killing and burning those black people today, forgetting that the negro blood is coursing through their system.

When I was a young girl of fifteen years of age, before the war between the North and South, one day my mother gave a command that Sada, my black mother, should be whipped for stealing some ribbons from that white woman who gave me birth. The man who was to whip her told her to take her sack off in order that she might feel the welts on her bare body. I came upon the scene just as he was about to raise his whip to lash her. I sprang upon him like a tiger and bit his face and hands, knocking three of his teeth out. I had become a human tiger then, no doubt obsessed by a spirit of the African race. I

commanded that they untie her hands. I then threw my arms around her neck and wept upon her breast like a child. My mother came out and demanded an explanation, that I dare prevent that nigger from being whipped. I spat at her with contempt and said, "You gave me birth—this woman gave me nutrition and strength. She is my mother, you are only an acquaintance who has power to give a command that she might be whipped by a low, degraded brute; give such a command again and I will kill you—I will kill you!" I threw my little shawl around my black mother's shoulders, took her hand and led her away, saying, "Come, mother Sada." As we passed that white woman I hissed at her like a snake and said, "You vampire, the curse of God will fall upon you and the South yet." I assisted mother Sada, her two daughters and a son to escape to the land of freedom—the North. My family, as they called themselves—the Carltons—hated me ever afterward. I went to Norfolk, Virginia, to live with an aunt who thought about the black race as I did. They were human beings and children of the great God of Nature, and the sin lies in the curse brought upon the Southern people for holding human beings in bondage.

Now I will take up part of your medium's life. During the war, while it was yet in action, I made a visit to some friends in Washington. One day Mrs. Murray and myself made a visit to Mrs. Landers' home. Several guests were present. One of them was a little boy—as I thought—with large dark blue eyes and when he smiled it seemed to me as if they were all lit up, which was the cause of a peculiar expression to come into them; they seemed to be a magnet and would draw me toward him, a condition I could not resist. I finally got up, walked across the room, sat down alongside of him on a sofa and entered into conversation with him. During our conversation he looked up at me and smiled, saying, "You are a Southern woman by birth, but a Union woman at heart. I feel that in the future you can help me in some way." He caught hold of my hand and held it in his for a little while. The whole time I felt as if I was under the shock of some electric battery. He said, "We are sister and brother now." Then I felt so happy. I said, "How old are you?" He said, "I am over thirty years of age." I said, "And yet so little." He laughed a laugh I shall never forget. He

said, "I am little in body, the world shall know some day I am not little in intellect." While we were conversing with each other General Garfield came forward and said, "Puss, your father wants you; he is in the adjoining room." After he left, Mr. Garfield and I entered into conversation. I said, "Who is that little person? He is dwarfed in stature. I do not think he is in intellect." Mr. Garfield said, "That is the little person they call 'The Dashing Blanchard.' He follows the stage for a profession." I said, "He is so small." Mr. Garfield said, "You should see him on the stage."

I never saw him again until one day on one of the streets in Richmond I saw a little old woman walking along with a basket on her arm. She stopped in front of me and said, "Lady, don't you want to buy some of my things?" I said, "Not just now." She held up some pins in front of me and said, "Just see how they shine, like daggers." She said "like daggers" so bitter it sent a cold feeling through my body. I said, "Old woman, let me pass." She laughed such a low, sweet, musical laugh then and said, "Not yet, Lucy." I said, "Who is this that speaks my name so familiarly—where did you ever know me?" She pushed back the old bonnet on her head and said, with those dark blue eyes looking into mine, "Have you forgotten so soon that we became sworn friends in Washington at the home of Mrs. Landers?" I trembled and said, "Oh, Puss, is this you? What brings you here in this disguise?" He said, "I have work to do, and Lucy, you must help me. Tonight I will meet you disguised as a boy. I will have a pair of pants on which will be buttoned onto a waist. Do not speak to me. When I say 'Well,' hand to me a written account of all the news about Richmond and the surrounding country. The voice told me I should meet you here."

That night I gave to him all I had learned about Richmond and the surrounding country. As soon as I had done so I met two officers who were walking toward Puss. I turned and looked. There was Puss down on his knees crying as if his heart would break. The officers spoke to him. He answered them, crying and talking just like a boy would do that was about ten years of age. He said his mother had given him a quarter to buy some mackerel and he had lost it. He said if they would

give him some money to help get the mackerel he would sing for them. He took a hand of each officer and sang a plaintive tune. They walked off, holding him by the hand. Next morning out in the suburbs of the city were found two officers in a dazed or stupefied condition. They had been drugged and robbed by some individual. When I heard this news it seemed as if my heart stood still. I said to myself, inwardly, "This is some of that Little Puss' work."

The next time I saw him I was visiting with an uncle at Raleigh, North Carolina. As I sat on the front porch of my uncle's residence I saw a small horse coming toward me with a small rider on the horse, holding a handkerchief or white piece of cloth up to his face. I went down to the gate to see what was the matter with the rider. When he got in front of the gate he jumped from the horse, hit it a lick and let it go. He removed the cloth from his mouth, which was all blood. He said in a well known voice, "Thank God, Lucy. I knew it was you. You must hide me in your cellar somewhere; they are pursuing me as fast as they can. You see a bullet has grazed my lip—that's why you see so much blood." I went to the back of the house and called a negro—a trusty servant of my uncle's. I gave directions to the negro to take him into the woods and hide him, then come and tell me where he was. My uncle Horace's heart was with the Union as well as my own.

When his pursuers had passed I got some court plaster, a needle and silk thread, a large pitcher of water and something to eat. My uncle and myself followed the negro to the hiding place. When there I sewed up the wound the best I knew how and placed some court plaster on his lip to hold it together. Today he bears the scar upon his lip. He has told different tales to individuals that have asked him how he came by that scar. This is the true statement of it. It was done by a rebel bullet. After I had performed my masterful operation on his lip he fainted from pain and the loss of so much blood. My uncle held him in his arms while I washed the blood from off his face and hands. The negro took the towel and cloth and some soap which he used with warm water in the kitchen to wash the towel and cloth.

He wanted to leave that night. My uncle said, "No, you

cannot go tonight. You are too weak. My servant will bring you food." He remained two nights and two days. He told the negro to go and tell his master to carry out of the house those things which he valued the most highly and bury them somewhere in the woods. "The voice tells me tomorrow night they will try to burn down your master's house. He must be on his guard or they will accomplish it." On the second night he left for the Union lines. On that same night someone set fire to my uncle's barn. The negro put the fire out. One of the negro women came running toward the house saying, "Oh, master, they have set fire to the barn—look out for the house or they will burn that." The next day toward dusk my uncle discovered two men crawling up toward the barn. He handed Ned—the negro—a gun, keeping one himself. Then he said in a quiet voice, "You pick out one man and I will pick out the other. You shoot the man crawling up on the left and I will shoot the one on the right." My uncle said, "Fire!"; they both shot and killed the two men. One of the men was my uncle's nephew, the other one was a low, drunken creature that hung around saloons and low brothel houses. Next day the Union army came into Raleigh and we were happy beings then.

I made an unfortunate marriage. I married a man who deceived me. I could not live with him, for he hated the Union flag, and that to me was next to death. I told him we must part.

I have now told you my story. I was a quiet Southern woman who loved the Union and finally became a Spiritualist. I could tell you many other things that took place in my life. This will answer the purpose now.

Please send a copy of my communication to Brother Peebles. With it will go a sister's love for Truth and the Union. I leave my love for your medium. His life has been a hard one. He has triumphed over it all and can sing like a skylark to the morning sun.

I thank you from my soul for your kindness in taking my communication. I also thank sweet sister Morse or Lovelight, as we call her in our spirit home.

A man by the name of Longstreet will follow me next. During the rebellion he was called General Longstreet. Thanking you once more I will bid you good day.

General Longstreet

Chapter III

Wednesday, November 2, 1904.

Come, get to work. I don't come here of my own free will, I want you to understand. I am forced here by a greater will power than my own.

I hate the North and everything that's in the North. During the last days of my life I wore a mask to a certain extent; under that mask I hid my hatred for the North. My name is Longstreet; I was known as a general in the Confederate army. Ours was the "Lost Cause."

I am compelled to come here today and admit that I was fooled by a little bastard passing himself off as an Irish boy. That same bastard today you call your medium. He does not look now as he did then. At that time he had small features, little hands and feet, stood about four feet tall, dark blue eyes and laughed with such a musical laugh. That laugh would win the heart of any man. He had the sauciest freckles on his face that I ever saw. The little witch came to my quarters and said he was looking for his father, who listed in a South Carolina regiment. He spoke with a strong Irish brogue. He had on a pair of jean pants buttoned to a blue waist, a little cap and an old red scarf around his neck—damn him, I wish it had choked him. When he entered my tent he came up to where I stood talking to one of my officers. He looked up at me and said with an Irish brogue, "Sure, Ginerol, divil a bit of a lie did the ladies tell about ye, it's you're a fine lookin' man, mesilf that tells ye this." We laughed at the boy and asked him what he wanted. He said he was looking for his fayther who listed in one of the regiments and his mother sent him out to see if he could find him. "She and all the rest of them are crying as if

their hearts would break. Patsy has cried so much that he's lost the sight of an eye. Sure now, General, can't ye help me to find him?" He fell down at my feet, saying, "It's mesilf that's tired and hungry." I said, "That's too bad, little boy. I will see that you get something to eat." I sent for my servant, who came. I told him to take this little boy and get him something to eat, then bring him back to me. He said, "Arrah, General, I would rather stay here with you. When I git something to ate I will sing for yez." I told my servant to bring him some hot coffee and something to eat. I sat down. He got up and stood alongside of me and sang a pretty Irish ballad in which he said, "You're going to leave Kathleen and Erin go-Bragh." After he had sung the first verse I kissed him, he had such a beautiful voice; he sang the words so plaintive. At the finish of the second verse I had him sitting on my knee. At the end of the third verse I kissed him again, saying, "Boy, you have a sweet voice." He laid his head on my breast, looked up at me with those pleading eyes, then he placed his little hand inside of my shirt onto my bare skin and I became a bewitched man. The imp of hell had bewitched me; I had no desire to find his father.

When my servant returned with the food, he ate and drank. I told my servant to go and summon my brother officers. When they had entered my tent I said, "Here is a little Irish boy who sings beautifully; he will sing for us." He looked up at me with those eyes again and said, "Sure and what will it be, General, what would ye be after have me singing?" I said, "Do you know 'Kathleen Mavourneen?'" He said, "It's mesilf that knows every word of it." He sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and I must admit the brat sang it as I'd never heard it sung before. The officers applauded him. Then he sang about the lakes of Killarney, with their streams and rills. He enchanted us all singing that piece of music. The officers prevailed upon him to sing one more song. He sang "The Harp That Once Was Heard Through Tara's Hall." The applause was great.

His head commenced to nod a little and he said, "It's mesilf that's tired and slapy now. I've come a long way to find my ould fayther." The officers withdrew from my tent and I placed him on my bed, lying down alongside of him. He placed his little hand inside of my shirt and sang a little lullaby, "I'm

Dreaming of Thee." We both went to sleep. When I awoke it was commencing to get dark. I had him in my arms closely pressed to my breast, for now I was a bewitched man and thought I could not live without him. I did not think then that I had a snake to my breast that would betray me afterward. He promised to live with me and become my boy.

After supper that evening he sang for the Southern gentlemen again. We did not retire until a late hour. I made the discovery that his nature was that of a woman. I tell you this that the world may know there is such a sex living among them. I became one of the happiest men living and a great desire to be out into a vast forest where no living being but him and I should be. It just seemed to me as if he owned me soul and body. I went to sleep dreaming that we were sailing on a beautiful stream of water and that creature seemed to be my guardian angel. Our boat glided and glided along while my beautiful angel sang to me of the spirit world.

That night the greatest curse that ever befell me came through that wretched bastard. He robbed me of papers and other valuables and fled into the night.

When I awoke next day I gave orders that a captain and his men should follow him up and try to get possession of his body. He was nowhere to be found. They tracked him to one plantation. The negroes assisted him to escape. He was the slipperiest and slickest eel that ever entered the Southern lines. I do not think there was such a daring spy heard of before. He would enter the quarters of an officer, bewitch him and through his fascinating voice make a victim of him. That officer would remain his victim until he had gained his desire.

After I came to spirit life I learned why his little physical body was used for that purpose. I think he had the reddist lips and whitest teeth that any human body could possess. In those dark blue eyes laid a bewitchery and through their fascinating smile men became his victims. They speak of this great cause called "obsession" through some great will power he was obsessed and obeyed the commands of that will power. They did not release him until he had finished the work that was laid out for him, then he returned to his guardian, entered upon his professional career, winning hearts on the stage and off the stage.

He is what you call a born medium and has passed through many phases of life. As I look at him now, old and decrepit, I wonder how he ever could have done it. My name is Longstreet, and I am compelled to give you this knowledge, and don't care a damn what you do with it—that's all.

William Denton

Chapter IV

Monday, December 5, 1904.

Good afternoon, brother of Truth and Progress. I once more make Searchlight Bower a visit in the interest of all Spiritualists and also in the defense of an old, tried, true and trusted brother, James Martin Peebles, one whose discussions were as music to my ears. When I listened to his great expressions of Truth I found in them the Geology of Spiritualism, which consisted of love and soul adoration for the human race. All shades of skin were a testimonial that they belonged to God of Nature. In his soul there was no division of shade and color. All were blended together in the presence of that great teacher, the high and elevated spirit whom all human nature must admit is continually in their presence, no matter on what side of life they live.

His book called "Spiritual Obsession" is a great tablet of Truth placed before the human intellect whereby minds of all grades of intellect can devour and solve the problem for themselves. Is Obsession a fact? I for one say emphatically, yes. While living in a physical form I came constantly en rapport with individuals obsessed by demons of the worst kind. In spirit life it has been taught to me it is a reality, for I am in constant contact with spirits that are demoniacal, ever trying to obsess sensitive creatures.

I have made the discovery since coming to spirit life that a majority of the bigoted Christian fanatics are obsessed by demons that are trying to work out their condition taken through their mother's milk while under the power of priestcraft. A disordered mind that many of the priests hold in their physical cranium, that disordered mind has grown in a groove that held them under a tyrannical power of popish obsession. Brains con-

stantly moulded under the power of priestcraft cannot escape that ordeal.

Over forty years ago, while in Boston, I met this medium, Justin, at a seance held in Doctor Thomas' parlor. There were present Doctor Thomas, his lady, Charles Foster, the medium, Richard Bishop Buckley of the Buckley Serenaders, James Arnold of the Caroline Richards Opera Company, his wife, whose stage name was Miss Belle Reeves, Doctor Van Ame, a Doctor Tyler, a Mrs. Chambers, whose name I think was Sarah Chambers, Justin, myself and a fellow by the name of Colchester, who professed to be a medium. That man Colchester was obsessed by a low grade of spirits which communicated to the circle that evening; their conversation was low and degrading. After they had ceased to speak Justin was controlled by a spirit claiming to have been a minister of the gospel. He was very angry and denounced Colchester as a medium that attracted to his condition a low class of spirits.

I addressed Charles Foster and asked him if he would not allow his guides to give an explanation of the influence that had controlled the man Colchester, who I did not believe was a worthy medium to enter anyone's family circle. Charles Foster became angry and upbraided me for making such a request. I felt then there was a possibility of Charles Foster being obsessed.

To change the conversation and perhaps the influence also, Doctor Thomas asked Justin to walk into the back parlor. Justin did so and a large mahogany table followed him. As it slid along the carpet the pencils and paper commenced to dance up and down on the table. Doctor Thomas said, "I believe these physical demonstrations are performed by a low class of spirits that are not capable of giving an elevated lecture through an inspirational medium. Justin said, quicker than I can tell it, "Doctor Thomas, you are right, and I hope the spiritualists will become educated sufficiently to understand this is a low mode of communication performed by undeveloped spirits." Mr. Buckley said, "Justin, you believe then that mediums can become obsessed by low, degraded spirits?" Justin said, "I most emphatically do. If you people could only see the evil spirits that stand here in this room grinning and waiting for a chance

to obsess someone you would be surprised. That is why I always like to have some one say a prayer or sing a hymn at the opening of the seance. I think at the close of the seance each one should say a silent prayer to God that they might be protected from evil spirits who are constantly waiting to obsess some unguarded individual." At the close of the seance some influence delivered a beautiful prayer through Justin's organ of speech.

I did not see him again until I delivered a course of lectures in the fall of 1879 in Kansas City, Mo. There I met him and Doctor Meyer, who now lives in the mountains of Southern California. During the intervening time I met many mediums and private individuals who were obsessed by evil spirits.

One night while in Kansas City I delivered a lecture on Geology, showing printed maps with the impression of pre-historic birds whose feet were quite large at the time when they left their impression in the clay. At the finish of my lecture I motioned for Justin to remain in his seat, as I wished to speak with him and hold converse on a certain subject. When I had said good night to many of my friends who remained after the lecture to shake hands with me, Justin came forward and said, "There is an influence here who wishes to speak to you." The influence claimed to be Mr. Palmerston. He said, "Brother Denton, when you were describing the imprint of the bird's foot in the clay it was so forcible to me in connection with spirit obsession. As the bird leaves the strong impression of its foot in the clay, so does the spirit obsessing leave its evil imprint on the mind of the medium. Its influence is so degrading on all occasions it clouds the mind of the medium, impregnates the mind of the medium with immoral thoughts, develops the licentious condition, hence you have low, drunken and immoral mediums; the multitude of low, degraded spirits that were imbeciles while living in their physical bodies have not thrown off that condition as they enter into spirit life through the dark passage called death—a word that should be struck out of the English language."

Brother Peebles' book on "Obsession" is an educator to those who do not understand there is a law through which spirits obsess individuals. His book to many spirits and myself is

a soul's choice, whereby of our spiritual condition it has fulfilled the mission long wanted in the spiritual ranks. I will continue tomorrow.

Tuesday, December 6, 1904.

While sojourning in Kansas City I went to the home of Mrs. Margaret Jameson, one of the most truthful mediums I ever had the pleasure of meeting. There I met Emma Abbott, the prima donna of the opera company playing at the Coates Opera House. Mr. Jameson, the medium's husband, their son and daughter, were present. Our conversation was on mediums and mediumship. Mrs. Jameson went to a table, placing her hand on the planchette she said, "Come Emma, place your hand here alongside of mine." When they had done so the planchette commenced to write quite a communication. After it had finished writing Mr. Jameson read the communication.

The communication was addressed to Miss Emma Abbott. It said, "Dear Emma, that man that you think acts so strange is obsessed by an evil spirit. The only way that you can approach him to keep him in a good humor is through love and kindness; be careful how you converse with him. The evil influence has him so thoroughly in his power that the man imagines he is the great attraction of the company. If there is no release from that evil influence he will become an inmate of an insane asylum. Your loving friend, Caroline Richings." I said to Mrs. Jameson, "Do you believe in obsession?" She said, "I most certainly do." She gave me the names of three mediums in Kansas City who were obsessed by evil spirits. She said, "I called on one of them yesterday. She abused me dreadfully with her tongue. She said I was jealous of her mediumship. Her language became so profane and disgusting that I left the house. That evil influence has got her to drinking and I expect she will become a vile character. I feel sorry for the woman, as I always liked her. They say she is no longer reliable in her sittings. The other two unfortunately have taken up with low men. One is a gambler and the other is the man who keeps that side show on Fifth street, as you go down to the depot." I was about to leave when Miss Emma Abbott said, "Mr. Denton, we give a matinee tomorrow afternoon. There will be a box placed at the service of the Jameson family. I hope to see you and

your son in that box. Mrs. Jameson tells me she thinks Little Justin will be present on that occasion."

After I left the Jameson home I walked down Main street, stopping at F. D. C. Meyer's place of business. There I found a man who bore the name of Clary. I was introduced to him, when Mr. Meyer called him Captain Clary. During our conversation on Spiritualism, Mr. Clary said, "Brother Denton, I have known so many people that are obsessed by evil spirits. There is a medium out at Fort Scott who is under an influence that tries to make him believe he is the right heir to the throne of England. It is sad to hear him talk, and yet it is amusing to hear him describe his royal lineage. He is an Irishman who bears the name of Patrick Welsh. I know two others who are now in a lunatic asylum." He said, "Brother Denton, I wish some of your spiritual writers would take up the subject of Obsession and write a book on the question." Now in spirit life we shake hands and laugh with joy over the volume called "Spirit Obsession." Many spirits and myself rejoice over the book. We say all hail to the name of James Martin Peebles, the great Apostle of Truth.

While in Denver, Colorado, I called on a medium there who was recommended to me. I found him under the influence of liquor. His conversation was that which I should call degrading to manhood. He commenced to cry and said the spirits had forced him into the field. He said he did not want to work for them; they held him in bondage and he could not release himself. He offered me a drink of whiskey. I told him I never drank liquor and it would be better if he stopped it right off. He said he could not do so, as it was the only comfort he had. I felt very sorry for him and said I wished it was otherwise. Just then a demon took possession of him. He cursed and swore at me until the medium frothed at the mouth. I got up, placed my hands on his head and gave him a treatment. The medium came out from under that condition and cried like a child. He said, "Oh, Mr. Denton, if you only lived in Denver I believe you could break this up." I gave him, while in Denver, five treatments in all. He became a different man and gave me his word that he never would drink liquor again. His name was Fletcher.

I could tell of many other instances on the same line. It would make my communication too long.

In the future the cultivated and intellectual spiritualists will look upon Brother Peebles' book as an educator and a grand work on that line. Any man or woman that says there is no such thing as obsession, they do not know what they are talking about and should become spiritually educated.

I give this communication through the organ of speech that lies in an individual that never was a commercial medium and never received any compensation for the hundreds of sittings that he gave to the people.

I thank you for taking down my communication and oblige me by sending it to brother Francis, manager and editor of the most progressive and elevated publication in the spiritual field—the Progressive Thinker. Those two words mean a volume of rest and sympathy to poor minds trodden under the influence called the "Demon of Obsession." Remember me to Justin. Yours for Truth, William Denton.

Charlotte Cushman

Chapter V

December 13, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I call you so as you are kind to Little Justin. I loved him dearly when I lived in a physical body. I come here this morning to deliver a message for a band of spirits that Mr. Denton and myself are attached to. My speech shall be plain, also to the point. I come here in defense of brother Peebles, a noble man, who always stands up and defends that which is truthful. He has written a book called "Spirit Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages." We, as spirits, understand his book has been attacked. When I say attacked I mean there has been vile slander thrown upon it by a namby pamby class of Spiritualists. Courage and bravery are two great points in his nature. He says in his book that mediums and other sensitive individuals are obsessed and so we as a band of spirits say, it is a fact in life—individuals living in physical bodies are not only obsessed by spirits from the spirit side of life, they are obsessed through a power held by individuals living in physical bodies. When I trod the boards of my profession I met many individuals who were obsessed through an evil influence thrown upon them by degraded individuals; to all outside appearance they resembled gentlemen and ladies; their manner of speech was that of cultured people, at the same time their hearts were black with crime; within their condition laid an evil power; they could throw that evil influence upon other individuals and compel them to obey and serve their will. I have known many such when living in the physical body that were groveling under the will power of wicked men and women. That is a class of obsession whereby their victims go down to degradation, fill insane asylums and mad houses.

I knew one man who traveled as a musical medium. He claimed he was controlled by the great composers, such as Beethoven and others. In his dark circles where all light was excluded, he played compositions that he had played hundreds of times in the daylight. It was not difficult for him to play them in the dark. One of the selections that he played was called an Egyptian march. It was a conglomeration of everything in the musical line. He was a ventriloquist and sent out his voice among the sitters in the circle who thought they were wonderful, independent voices. He screamed in a high falsetto and called it singing. He claimed that the great Melobran sang through his vocal organ of speech. It was disgusting to a cultivated, musical ear and worse so to hear those weak-minded spiritualists claiming it was wonderful and "Did you ever hear such grand music in your life?" They paid their money to hear such a mountebank thumping on the piano and claiming it was great musical execution. When individuals living in physical bodies are controlled by the master musicians they give exhibitions of their talent in daylight. They do not have to resort to dark, shut up rooms, where the air becomes poisoned by the foul breath of the sitters. It was amusing to be present at one of those circles and listen to the expression that came from credulous minds. That man, when he made the discovery that some of his sitters were wealthy individuals, cast an evil power over them, using the law of psychologization, playing them for all it was worth. When he made the discovery there was no more wealth coming he dropped them—as some of their friends had stepped in and stopped the scoundrel from playing his cards. Many of those individuals that attend those dark seances will pay a dollar and two dollars for fraudulent exhibitions. They would not go to a hall and pay ten cents to hear an elevated lecture given by an inspirational medium. Oh no—that was not mysterious enough, and the cultured language is beyond their comprehension. We spirits are determined the reading public shall become acquainted with the fact that obsession takes place daily in all parts of the world. Emma Hardinge Brittan is one of the members of our band. She tells me in spirit life she felt it her duty while living in a physical body to expose that traveling musical mountebank (rap.) She did so and was

attacked by a lot of demented spiritualists who claimed she had injured an angel living in a physical body. If those people were not obsessed (3 raps for yes) I would like to know who is obsessed. They were held under an evil influence emanating from that man (rap.) Fraudulent mediums giving Punch and Judy shows called "materialization seances," they are obsessed and held under the control of low, degraded spirits from our side of life. Those low, degraded spirits hold them under such a powerful influence they imagine they are great beings living in a physical body. When they are caught and exposed that same influence advises them to change their name and seek new fields of pasture, and so they go on week after week, fleecing the demented spiritualists out of their dollars. There should be a stop put to such wicked work by sending those mediums to prison, as that will give them a chance to look over their past lives and perhaps they will pray to the higher angels who hold divine natures to come to their assistance and drive away those wicked demons from their condition. A demon is an evil spirit of the lowest order; when once it gets possession of a sensitive creature he controls their mental forces and compels them to fall into the same groove he is walking. That groove is a low, licentious one, where lives brutality of the worst kind; licentiousness is the order of the day (rap) under the demon's power they lie, steal, commit murder (rap) and debauch young, innocent females (rap.) People living in physical bodies should never sit in dark circles (raps.) Dark circles have a tendency to draw evil spirits.

I see from the spirit side of life that many of the fakers and frauds in your spiritual philosophy have created a new fad, called "trumpet circles," claiming that the spirit friends of the sitters speak through the trumpet when it is the medium's voice speaking in the trumpet, as she or he, as the case may be, is a ventriloquist. I am sorry to know that our grand spiritual philosophy has so many side shows hanging onto it.

At one time while playing an engagement in Washington, D. C., there was a medium living there by the name of Miss Kennedy. She was recommended to me very highly by a member of the Senate. One afternoon I called upon the lady and asked for a sitting, which she willingly gave me. She went

under control of a pleasing spirit; his manner of speech was pleasant to listen to; he gave me several fine tests. The influence controlling claimed to be a gentleman I had met in Italy. He spoke to me in his mother's tongue—Italian. After the lady came out from under the influence we held a sociable tete-a-tete. I was attracted to her and made the discovery she was a refined (rap) and intellectual woman. I wrote out a pass for her and the other inmates of the house, after which I made an appointment for the third day following. The rain was pouring down on that day. I kept my appointment. During the sitting her hand was controlled to write. The influence claimed to be a friend of mine. He said he was acquainted with me during my school days. He gave me a communication written on paper through the hand of the medium. It was a tissue of lies from the beginning to the end. It made me feel bad to think such a cultured woman could become obsessed by such a liar as he was. When she returned to her normal condition I read her the communication, telling her the whole thing was a falsehood. She commenced to cry and said, "Those evil influences would take possession of her sometimes." I said, "My dear, don't cry. All mediums are subject to evil influences at certain times; that is a species of obsession." I took her in my arms, laid her head upon my breast, soothing and calming her feelings by rubbing her forehead with my right hand. After awhile she became more cheerful and said, "Miss Cushman, let us hold each other's hands and see what influence will come." My mother's spirit controlled the medium and talked beautifully. She told me where she was born, where she died and where her body was laid to rest. She told me many things concerning our family and gave me a history of our ancestors. She said, "Charlotte, dear, this woman is a fine medium and has been ever since she gave sittings to the public. She is a born medium. Mediums are born, not made after they come into life in the physical body," (rap.) I was so delighted with my sitting I opened my purse and laid on the table a twenty dollar gold piece. The medium said, "Miss Cushman, I have not the change for such a large piece of money." I said, "My good woman, I do not expect any change." Just then the twenty dollar gold piece was elevated up into space. It came back and fell into my lap. I

laughed and said, "You can't have that piece now—it is worth to me a great deal in life. I shall keep it as a pocket piece and call it my talisman." I gave her forty dollars in gold, saying, "You have earned that. You are one of the most truthful mediums I have ever met. I have visited them in all lands; this manifestation today is the grandest manifestation I have ever seen in the presence of a medium."

While in Washington, D. C., President Buchanan sent me an invitation to attend a lunch given in my honor at the White House. There in the Blue Room I met some old friends and made the acquaintance of new ones. While the President was entertaining us with his agreeable conversation Little Justin came into the room and said, "Old man, I'm hungry." The President said, "Come and sit on my knee; we'll get something to eat after awhile." He sat on the President's knees, straddling them like a pony. I made the discovery he was at home with the President. A gentleman by the name of Mr. Warren said, "Get down off the President's lap, Puss, and behave yourself." The President said, "Let him sit where he is. I like to have him near me. He brings sunshine every time he comes to see his uncle." I laughed and said, "Possibly Puss will tell us some of his experiences since I saw him last." Little Puss said, "Charlotte, I've got the dandiest gold watch you ever saw." He took the chain from around his neck and with the watch threw it into my lap, saying, "It goes forty miles an hour," which brought a laugh from the guests. President Buchanan said, "Now, Little One, let us see what the spirits have got for us today." Puss said, "Well, you've all got to sing if you expect the spirits to come." Mr. Warren started a beautiful hymn and we all joined in. I noticed while we were singing the President drew Little Puss further onto his lap, laid his little head on his breast. Puss placed his little hand inside of the President's vest. When the guests had finished singing a deep rich voice came from his organ of speech. The voice said, "Friends, black Rachel is weeping for her children. The southern fields shall be fertilized through human gore. The blood of the fairest and bravest men from the North and South shall sprinkle the fields with their blood. A cry goes up from the children held in bondage and through the hot heads of the North and South

shall come the roar of cannons in your beautiful land. All here shall become witnesses to what I have said." A Southern woman present jumped to her feet and said, as she hissed it through her teeth, "I hate that creature, I hate him; he is an enemy to the Southern people; what he has just said means war and I would kill him if I could." She went toward the little medium and spat at him as he lay there on the President's breast. The President raised his arm to guard the Little One. She turned around to the guests and said, "I hate you all. You are nothing but a lot of low lived Yankees," gathered up her train, scraped her feet on the carpet and left the room. That woman was obsessed by an evil influence—there was nothing in her actions that showed a cultured lady. The influence addressed us, saying, "Friends, I know it will be hard for the Nation. It is only through war that the black race shall get their freedom. I, George Washington, say so." He said it so emphatically that a thrill went through my whole being. Little Puss came out from under the influence and the first thing he said was, "I want some lemonade, and I want it right now, too." The President took his hand and led the way to the dining room; when we had taken our seats at the table the President said, "Ladies and gentleman, I ask you on your honor not to repeat what you heard in that room today. I can see a black cloud hanging over our nation."

On one occasion while in New York I was playing "Lady Macbeth" (rap); Little Puss danced and sang in one of the prominent scenes. After one of my tragic scenes a queer feeling came over me and I felt a great wrong had been done me. As the curtain descended to the stage I saw Little Puss running toward me. He said, "Old Charlotte, they have just arrested a woman who got inside the theatre in some way. She had a big knife in her hand and said she was going to kill you, as you were a fiend in sheep's clothing. I kicked her on the elbow and she dropped the knife; this is it," showing me a large carving knife. When I arrived at the Green Room two officers had the woman in custody, going to take her to the station-house. I said, "Let me speak to the unfortunate creature before you take her away." They placed her on a chair between them. She looked at me with glaring eyes and said, "You have killed my

whole family, now I am going to kill you to make up for it." She used many profane words that I do not wish to repeat. I said, "Who are you, that uses such abusive language to me?" She said, "I am Lizzie Dalton." The name seemed familiar. Then she said, "You know me well enough. I used to carry home your dresses from the dressmaker's. You have killed my whole family and I am going to kill you." I said, "Who was the dressmaker and what was her name?" She said, "They call her Madame Mordaunt. She lives in Haywood Place, Boston. Now get ready to die." That was the name of one of my dressmakers in Boston. This poor, unfortunate creature became obsessed by a demon of the worst kind. She had followed me to New York and thought it was her duty to kill me. I had her taken care of. Sent her back to her friends in Boston, where she died a raving maniac. I have met her in spirit life and she tells me that she felt that power of obsession coming on her for months before she became entirely crazy. It was an evil spirit once known by the name of Elizabeth Shelton who played at the old Chambers street theatre in the early days of the stock company. One morning at rehearsal we had a quarrel and she swore she would get even with me. It preyed upon her mind so that she became insane and died in a lunatic asylum. It seems her spirit after leaving her physical body had followed me around until she found this sensitive girl who carried home my dresses. It was one of the worst cases of obsession I ever met. That girl today is one of our spirit band and her whole nature goes out in love to the children of God. She hopes the reading public and others who do not read much will get to understand obsession is a fact. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, December 29, 1904.

On one occasion while playing in Baltimore a lady friend who bore the name of Mrs. Banks called at the hotel to see me. I was glad to meet her, as we had been old friends. She played in the stock company at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, Mass. When I had placed her in a chair after kissing and hugging her, I made the discovery that she was quite nervous and looked pale and wan. I said, "My dear Helen, what is the matter? You do not act like the cheerful Helen I used to know." She commenced to cry and said, "My dear Charlotte, I am not the Helen

you used to know. I am influenced by some evil power and cannot control my own wishes or desires. The evil influence compels me to curse and swear in a dreadful manner. My husband has abandoned me. He says he cannot live with a woman that will use such language. Oh, Charlotte, I am so unhappy and want to die. My husband was one of the kindest men I ever knew and I loved him so much." I said, "My dear Helen, you are obsessed and in the power of some evil spirit. We must break this up." She said, "Dear Charlotte, how can we? The evil influence has absorbed so much of my life that I have become a wreck." I said, "Dear Helen, we must pray, pray to that divine influence to assist us in forcing this evil influence to leave you and release your mental forces." She laughed and said, "Charlotte, do you believe in prayer?" I said, "Certainly. I pray morning and evening; they are quiet prayers going out from my soul to that divine power we call the 'Healing Balm.'" I called my maid from the adjoining room and requested her to lock the doors, come and sit with us and join in prayer. We held each other's hands and sang a hymn. I said, "Now, Helen dear, pray to your loved ones that have passed into the spirit world; do not pray in the orthodox fashion like a parrot repeating something it had been taught; let your prayer go from your soul to those you love; ask them to assist you to drive away that evil influence that has obsessed you (rap); call upon that great divine power to come to our aid and crush out this demon that would destroy your womanhood." We prayed in silence for over an hour; during that time, unfortunately, he got possession of her organ of speech. His language was so vile I cannot repeat it here. He said he would kill me if I did not stop praying. The maid and myself held her hands in a tight grasp. He could not release her hands and finally left, saying he'd get even with me, calling me a vile name. As soon as we made the discovery that she was quiet and placid we released her hands. I asked the maid to brew us a cup of tea. I said while the tea was brewing, "Dear Helen, I feel we are going to drive this demon away from you. When Charlotte Cushman brings her will power to bear, something comes to pass. This evil power that holds you under its control must be broken up. You are in a rational condition now and understand what I am saying.

The power of the Holy Spirit shall come upon you. Prayer is a great power in life. See to it when you feel his influence, pray to your loved ones to guard and protect you from such a monster in spirit life. When you leave here go direct to your husband's place of business, tell him it is my desire he shall meet you here at my rooms on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock." She said, "Dear Charlotte, I do not believe he will come." I said, He will do so—my will power goes with you; it is stronger than his will power, therefore he must obey. After you have consulted with him on the subject return here to me. You must become my guest until Sunday evening." She did as I commanded—my will power compelling her to become positive. Sunday afternoon her husband presented himself at my rooms. When he was seated comfortably I said, "Mr. Banks, it is your duty as a husband to help us in driving away that evil spirit that holds possession of your wife at certain times (rap.) He has obsessed her to such a degree she is a physical wreck and it must be broken up. You can assist us and you shall do so—there is no escape from it. We are going to hold a prayer meeting here this afternoon." He said, "I did not know that actors and actresses prayed." I said, "Yes they do; many of them are church members and bring their children up under religious tuition. Our prayer meeting here today is not on the orthodox line. We shall pray for a power to come into our midst to break up an evil influence that has separated you and your wife. You shall come together under the holy power of spirit love. Let us pray." We held each other's hands and I prayed aloud for fifteen minutes, perhaps. I prayed to that great Divine Power to encircle us with the spirit of Truth. I said, "Thou great and mighty Power whose soul is the Eternal Light of Love manifesting its Holy Spirit through the whole human race, drive forth and banish from this unhappy woman a liar of the worst kind. As thou hast guided erring steps in the past, we beseech you to guide hers in the future through the great path of Morality and Truth, for there is no religion greater than Truth. Make that power of Love that lies in her husband's soul blossom like the rose and when she smells its fragrance she will lay her head on his bosom like a young maid under the holy protection of Love." After that we prayed in silence. In about

half an hour I saw tears—those tears were of affection—coursing down the man's cheeks. He arose to his feet, took his wife in his arms, saying, "My duty lies here, darling. I will protect you from all harm. I was a weak man and did not understand the power of prayer that comes from the soul." He led her forward to where I sat and said, "Charlotte Cushman, you shall remarry us here today under the power of the Spirit." I pronounced a spiritual benediction of marriage, reuniting them in the holy bands of Love. They became Spiritualists. She was a wonderful medium and through her mediumship I received many beautiful communications; afterward they accompanied me to Washington. We had happy times in sight-seeing.

Two years afterward while in Pittsburg they made me a visit. We visited a family where one of the young daughters was quite a medium. On that occasion they invited in several of the neighbors and held a circle. About three quarters of an hour after the circle was in running process a man, who was Joseph Shepherd, was controlled by a vile spirit. He said to me, using many profane words, "You drove me away from that woman over there," pointing at Mrs. Banks, with another oath. "You can't drive me away from this man. That woman's father," with another oath, "injured me when I lived in an earthly body and I was bound to get even with him. I tried to influence the father. His will power was too strong for me. I discovered in her a sensitive and compelled her mental faculties to become my slave and obey my will. You she devil," pointing to me, "have a stronger will power than I have. I am going to hold onto this old chap and I want you to let me alone." I said, "Friends, let us pray in silence to the Divine Spirit and that great power will release this unfortunate man from the evil influence." We prayed while he cursed and swore. The daughter, who was the medium, went over and laid her hand on the man's head while we were praying. All of a sudden the man arose to his feet and said, "Amen, thank God I am free from that influence." We all joined in singing a hymn. Afterward I heard that that man was never troubled by an evil influence.

In your paper, friend, it says brother Peebles' book is on trial and it shall be judged by a jury that has no power in an evil line. The flames that shall surround the book shall be

flames of Truth wherein those flames shall destroy and banish superstition from your beautiful spiritual philosophy. A man or woman who cannot stand the test of truth should be educated to do so. He or she that will make vile remarks against such a book is obsessed. That book has become a beacon light and must pass down through the ages as a talisman of glory, wherein sensitive minds can find a foundation to build upon. It is to the world a declaration of freedom, whereby minds are enslaved by the power of obsession.

I might refer to many other instances but it would make the communication too long and I think what I have given will be sufficient.

Oblige me, friend, by sending this communication to the most progressive paper in the world. It is called the "Progressive Thinker," and holds in its power the flashlight of Truth. All connected with it are blessed by a spirit band that demands Justice and Truth, found on all occasions in the "Progressive Thinker."

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave a sister's love for Little Justin. When I lived in a physical body I was known as an actress with a will power; that will power made me the "Queen of Tragedy" on the stage in America and Europe. Yours for Truth, a representative of a noble band of spirits. Charlotte Cushman.

Thursday, February 9, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. How grand your live oak grove looks after the rain. The leaves on the trees glisten as if they were formed in wax. The sun shining on the hills and trees makes it a grand transformation scene. Mother Nature paints more beautifully than any artist in a physical form.

Do you know, brother, that we spirits like to make visits to Searchlight Bower. I think Helen Blavatsky gave your home a beautiful name when she called it "Searchlight Bower."

Do you get an impression of what brings me here today? I will solve the riddle. I now take the opportunity of expressing my thoughts in connection with your Spiritual Temple in San Diego. I gave way to permit others to give their communications for the same. I must flatter myself a little. I never was a selfish woman, though I held a strong will power. I have

visited the Temple on several occasions and admired the speakers, also the Temple.

I was one of the spirits present on the occasion of that grand dedication. How beautiful and manly brother Peebles looked as he proclaimed to the world, "We dedicate this Temple to God and the angels." A silent prayer, brother, came from my soul. I said, "Oh, thou divine power whose great message is Peace and Love to the children of men and women, bless these noble workers that have done so much to the glory of thy name. I behold in the men and women here to-day the servants of Truth. See to it that their homes are blessed with unified love of all that's dear and sweet to the human race, a happy home."

Over forty years back on your earth planet in Philadelphia I heard that noble-brother James Martin Peebles speak to the people of that Christ Love that should live in each soul. On the occasion of the dedication in San Diego he was glorified and surrounded by a band of beautiful spirits that understood the quality of the metal that he held in his physical body. His whole form was surrounded by a shield of spirit power. They call him the octogenarian, a laugh passed from my lips and was taken up by other spirits present. I said, "He is only a rose in full bloom, whose fragrance tells of past conditions, those conditions are now communing with a garden of flowers that is constantly watered with the spiritual dews of Heaven. The time will come, brother, when men and women that live pure, spiritual lives will only be in their prime at eighty years of age. There is a power at work that will extend youth to the lovers of Truth.

— My communication on obsession I hope was some benefit to the discussion carried on through the leaves of the Progressive Thinker. I could have made it longer; as I had no desire to be selfish, I cut it short. You must understand that space in a paper like the Progressive Thinker is valuable and if each individual would condense the matter contained in their manuscripts therein, there would be a chance for a great host of subscribers to give their views on obsession through publication. I wish that dear brother Francis could hear the kind words spoken of him in connection with his paper by the

spirits on our side of life. He is building a great monument to his name and also to the Progressive Thinker. The time will come to those holding copies of the Progressive Thinker when they can sell them at a good price. When I lived in the physical body the Banner of Light was my favorite paper. After becoming a dweller in spirit life I have made the discovery that the Progressive Thinker is the superior paper on all lines.

The discussion going on at present will bring out much thought from the dwellers on earth. Obsession, brother, is a fact. I wish it were not so, but I, Charlotte Cushman, can testify to its many conditions on both sides of life. Oh brother, it is dreadful to behold how some spirits are held under the power of others. Those doing missionary work on our side of life are constantly kept in a moving condition, they are searching out those that are held under the power of other spirits. They do not leave them until they are fully satisfied that spirit is released from a wicked influence and can go on its way rejoicing. Brother Peebles, one of the dearest missionaries living in a physical form, was chosen by our band of spirits to give that work called "Obsession" to the world.

We, as spirits, see from our side of life, how many individuals living in physical bodies hold a conceited nature, whereby they are obsessed and cannot understand or see the obsessing power that surrounds their egotistical condition. Their mind is so governed by that influence they proclaim to the world there is no such condition as obsession. Through the law of mental thought obsession creeps in and fulfills a destiny in the individual's mind that it has long sought to obtain. I wish it were not so. My desire has been for purity of thought. If it were so in life that no immoral condition could seize hold on the children of men and women, all liquor, all debauchery, no criminality whatever could play a part in human life.

I send this letter to dear brother Peebles hoping, with a strong desire, that he may live a number of years yet and give to the reading public several new books to peruse. With this letter goes a true love from a sister that loves a brother in the cause of Truth.

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave a sister's love for Little Justin, hoping that you, too, brother

Hulburd, will receive a part of it. Oblige me by sending this to brother Peebles. Yours as ever, Charlotte Cushman.

June 15, 1905, to J. R. Francis.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. Let's get to work. I visit Searchlight Bower this morning to give expression to the thoughts and the reality that those contain of a large band to spirits, including myself. You know, brother, individuals living in physical bodies like to air their opinions. We, as spirits, have the same faculty. It is our desire to acquaint the reading public with some facts known to them and I personally in connection with "peep shows" called materializing seances.

Now, I will address brother Francis, of the Progressive Thinker.

J. R. Francis: Dear brother and friend of Truth. It is the desire of a band of spirits that I should become their amanuensis or spokesman this morning. As you are clearing away the driftwood in order that the ship of Spiritualism may sail on a clear sea, I ask permission to be heard through the columns of your valuable paper once more. It is my desire, speaking for others, that you grant me that permission. Understand me, dear brother, I never flattered anyone. If they performed any work and that work invited praise I gave it to them from my soul, as I do on this present occasion give it to you. My soul desire is that the spirit world will assist you in clearing away the debris that lies in the path of honest investigation in your grand philosophy of spiritualism or spirit return. You are the man at the wheel—or general, if you would allow me to call you such—bearing the grand triumph on your noble banner, the Progressive Thinker. I am glad the cultured and elevated spiritualists have found a brave leader in you, dear brother. On several occasions when living in the physical body I visited a number of those peep shows. I think seven in all, hoping there might be the possibility of finding genuine materialization. I never witnessed a demonstration that was genuine. All were frauds of the worst kind. Maud Melville, a concert singer of high reputation, and myself, visited a freak show called a materialization seance. The brazen star actor on that occasion looked like an individual about to enter a convict's cell. He stood there with all the brazen audacity of a low bred cur. He

offered up through the form of speech an invocation to the God of Truth to witness his manifestations, that they were genuine. He claimed to have three phases of mediumship—materialization, impersonation and transfiguration. The last I have no doubt was genuine, as the whole show given by that cur consisted of transformation that he misnamed transfiguration. Dear reader, imagine the God of Truth would enter such a den of infamy, where unmitigated fraud was performed before a class of sitters that were bordering on lunacy. It was cheap, at a dollar a head to gain a little wisdom. That individual, the star actor of the freak show—for he was a freak—as there are many in the world like him, embalmed in pork grease, tobacco juice, whiskey and other physical destroying drugs, created through the process of alcohol—with unblushing effrontery asked the sitters present, or guests if you choose to call them so, to sing a religious hymn. That gave him a chance to arrange his properties and filthy toggery for the coming exhibition of degraded manhood, whereby he played upon the feelings and sympathies of those present. His representation of their loved ones in that low den was a disgrace to all manhood and womanhood and should be punished accordingly.

Dear readers, there comes a penalty for all such deception. Permit me to inform you before I proceed any further that the star actor of the peep show is a judge of the human voice, through constant practice he learns to understand the articulation and pronunciation of a gullable individual by the sound of their voice. When he finds such an individual he preys upon their sensitive condition through a disease called credulity. The weak, credulous mind becomes his victim on all occasions. On our visit to one of these vampires it shocked our sensibilities to witness such a degraded exhibition. The curtains of the Punch and Judy box parted and there stood a ghostlike individual. It was that barefaced male liar and hypocrite dressed up in the garb of a female; her face looked pale from common chalk used on that occasion to represent a—how shall I call it—a visitor from the other side of life, a seeming shadow to the credulous visitors. As he stepped out of the Punch and Judy box a hushed awe of reverence passed over the sitters, a glorious shade came into their presence from the other side of life, the spirit world,

as they thought. The manager of the show requested that the sitters, each one in turn, should ask if it was for them. They did so. A woman present asked the monstrosity in disguise, "Are you for me?" The shade or spirit bowed and beckoned for that woman to come to the entrance of the Punch and Judy box. She did so, then she commenced to cry. While sobbing she made several interludes in which she said, "You are my darling sister that left your little body when only three months old; darling, I recognize you; you still have the features of that baby face." Imagine, dear readers, an individual that was at least forty years of age still holding the features of a baby face at three months old. My friend and myself were assigned to seats in the front row and, as this woman led the would be spirit in front of us I smelled that filthy whiskey breath of the star on that occasion. She led the degraded impersonation back to the entrance of the Punch and Judy box; there they kissed and hugged each other, the woman saying to that low, beastly cur, "Do not forget me, sister dear, when you return to your heavenly home." I became so disgusted that I wanted to break the show up. My friend squeezed my hand and whispered, "Keep quiet; let's see more of it."

There was a request given by the manager of the show that the sitters should sing. That gave the star a chance to change his wardrobe. He reappeared at the entrance of the Punch and Judy box as an old man with white hair and a long white beard. A rather fierce looking ghost, I thought, possibly he'd had a quarrel with the manager about the non-payment of his salary. As he posed there a man in one of the back seats made the discovery it—the thing—was his grandfather. He was called up to have an interview with the denizen of the spirit world. Their conversation did not blend in harmony and he that belonged to the mundane sphere was ordered back to his seat. An old woman thought there was a probability and perhaps a possibility of it being her father. She was permitted by the manager of the peep show to hold an interview with her supposed father. Their conversation did not blend and she returned to her seat. At last a glorious light shone upon a young damsel present. Her discovery was a most valuable one; her feelings told her that was her uncle George. She took a promenade up to the Punch

and Judy box and there found her uncle in the person of that low-lived cur. They hugged and kissed and he led her into the Punch and Judy box where a so-called spiritual converse took place. She came out of the Punch and Judy box with a radiant countenance. One would have thought she had found a valuable gold mine if a happy expression was any indication. The searchers after their loved ones once more entertained us by singing a hymn. It was sung in a variety of keys—such was the fact, as it sounded so discordant to my musical ear. Once more the curtains parted and one of the curiosities from Pandora's box stepped out into the room as a blushing female. "Are you for me?" When it came to my friend she was the honored guest of that assembly. She stepped up toward the blushing female as if she was afraid to approach her ghostship. There stood the ghost dressed in a dirty white garb with some pink material that hung down from the shoulders. She said, "Dear spirit, you won't hurt me, will you?" The angel said, "No, dear, come and see me." She stepped up to look at the spirit when, lo, and behold, she made the discovery it was her mother. She laid her head on the spirit's breast and sobbed as if her heart would break; she patted the spirit on both cheeks and called it loved names. All of a sudden she snatched the blonde wig from its head, threw it into my lap and struck the scoundrel in the face. On her fingers she had four diamond rings. When she struck him in the face the diamonds cut the skin, the blood came forth, marring the beauty of her angel mother. We left the room in disgust, I carrying with me her mother's hair. The star's name on that occasion commenced with an S, it was either Sear or Sour, I don't remember just which. We made the discovery that all the fools were not dead and we were two of them. We had the value of our money in the wig. P. T. Barnum spoke the truth when he said "The American people like to be humbugged."

On one occasion in New York Laura Keene, Blanche Harrison, Robert Meldrum, the leading man for Lucille Western, Sothern, the great Lord Dundreary in the American Cousin, and myself, one Sunday evening attended a peep show, mis-named a materializing seance, given by a man by the name of King. I was called up to the Punch and Judy box to look at the spirit

of the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport, who at that time was living in the physical body in London, England. I said, "Lizzie dear, when did you take to drinking whiskey? I was not aware that you were fond of stimulants when living in the physical body. I suppose to give this manifestation you require a wee drop to brace you up." Just then Robert Meldrum stepped to the curtain, caught hold of it, dragged it down, and there stood Lizzie, an amalgamation of both sexes. She had a dirty old silk waist on, a light brown wig—that is all you could see at the aperture. The lower part of her body was dressed in black pants, low slippers and white sox. Robert Meldrum demanded his money back, as he had purchased the tickets. The manager refused to return the money and tried to escape. Robert grabbed him and pounded him good. The manager returned the money, then Robert threw him into a corner, after which he spit in poor Lizzie's face. He was in the habit of chewing tobacco. We left the room in disgust thinking, "What fools ye mortals be." A fool and his money easily takes leave of each other.

I visited another peep show in Philadelphia. I was prevailed upon by some guests stopping at the hotel to attend a so-called materializing seance given by an individual called Bliss. During the evening I was called up to the Punch and Judy box—that went by the name of cabinet—to look upon the spirit of John Drew, the father of the present John Drew, who lives in the physical body. I said to the individual, "Are you John Drew the actor, the husband of Mrs. John Drew, the actress?" The fat shade acknowledged to me he was the identical John Drew. I said, "John Drew, you surprise me—how you have shrunk in spirit life; the John Drew that I knew was a fine, manly looking fellow; here you are a repulsive looking creature; there is some mistake. Can't you walk out of this box and allow the people to look upon your form? No doubt you have several friends here that admired your acting." Just then a man stepped up and said, "Why, John, I'm glad to meet you," grasping the spirit's hand. The manager of the show was suspicious and jumped toward this man. It was too late. The man had dragged that low, degraded creature out into the room; there stood a low sized woman with a man's coat and vest on,

a curly wig and black satin necktie. The man that dragged her out of the cabinet said his name was Willis C. Daniels. He had been suspicious of her for some time that she had been committing fraud.

All of the seven seances—so called—that I attended were frauds of the worst kind; villains making money out of the credulity of weak minded people.

Now, dear brother Francis, I have described to you and the public three rank impositions forced upon the people through the stench of a degraded influence called materialization. So many individuals in the spiritual ranks have been attracted to that stench the odor seems to agree with their olfactories. I, for one, must say as a spirit I am ashamed to admit that I entered such dens of degradation to witness some of the most degraded performances ever given.

The power lies in your hands and with your brain faculties you can clean the ranks of spiritualism, make it wholesome and sweet to truthful investigators. When you get through with those vagabonds calling themselves materializing mediums, you can sweep up what is left, throw it on a compost heap to fertilize imbecile minds that would really believe the moon is made of green cheese. I hope those that use the power of reason will assist you, dear brother, in breaking up those shameful conditions. All work requires a leader, at the same time they must be assisted by others to carry on that work. I hope all truth loving spiritualists and free thinkers will give you that support. No general can fight a battle without soldiers in the ranks. You are the general for this work—let other advanced thinkers take their positions as colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants, as their ability can adapt them for those positions. See to it, readers, that you rally to brother Francis' support.

Your friend and well wisher in all works of progressive thought and spiritual understanding, Charlotte Cushman.

I thank you, brother Hulburd, for taking down my communication and hope brother Francis will allow it a space in his valuable paper. Good day, friend.

Edgar Allen Poe

Chapter VI

Monday, February 27, 1905.

Good morning, friend, spirit of Truth and eternal friendship. I enter Searchlight Bower today at the urgent invitation of Charlotte Cushman, my friend and benefactress while living in a physical body.

The morning is dreary; so much the better for my dreary communication. No doubt why the medium was not permitted to eat any breakfast this morning. That was my desire; the less he had on his stomach the clearer would be my comprehension of that which I had the power to convey to the reading public; minds must be clear to give a proper understanding of their theme. The theme I shall present this morning is Obsession, or demons revelling in the homes of unguarded and unprotected people.

When I lived in the physical body, I was known to the reading public as Edgar Allan Poe, an individual who held a dreary nature, yet, at the same time, I was constituted with a vivacious streak in life; that condition made me a favorite in fashionable society.

I do not always wish through my communication to give everything in plurality; much of it will be reduced to singularity. My temperament was such that the singular will answer the purpose more frequently than the plural.

Permit me to pay that proper adoration that belongs to my adopted parents; two grander souls were never encased in human habitation. Their souls were that of purity, love and generosity on all occasions. They committed one great error and that was allowing me too much pocket money; they gave it to me from the freedom of their hearts; it was a generous love

that welled up for the boy they tried to make their son; it was their desire that I should become a manly man, whose every thought should have been that of honor. In my sane thoughts I always blessed them, as I now bless James Martin Peebles, the author of a book bearing the title, "Obsession, or the Demons of the Ages." The blessings that come from the souls of spirits surely some day must make him a saint. One of the first marks of sainthood is courage, the second is nobility of mind, the third is the freedom of the soul to work out an issue whereby grovelling minds can receive the light of Truth and when once in their possession it will glorify into a voluminous light as his voluminous writings have glorified the minds of the reading public.

After I had married a beautiful angel living in a physical body, I made the discovery I was obsessed by an evil influence, one that had been dogging my footsteps through life and finally accomplished my ruin in a physical body.

By many I was called the dreary poet, and broke my wife's heart. I became a frightful wreck of my past grandeur. Many of my poems were composed and written while under the influence of liquor, the worst demon of all ages. The first being that distilled liquor brought a great curse upon the human race. It will take ages to wipe out and abolish the sin. I doubt whether it ever can be accomplished until the human race shall become thoroughly spiritualized.

The glorious philosophy of spiritualism is the greatest college and holds the most perfect minds of men and women generated through the laws of nature. Nature has created one great law, and that is the expansion of the human mind, a vital truth that never can be blotted out.

On many occasions while living in a physical form I was invited to read some of my dreary poems, as I was looked upon as a good reader.

On one occasion while reading *The Raven* at a banker's home in New York, I noticed the eyes of his lovely daughter Lucille; they would glisten and shine like fire and in them they seemed to hold a fascination for me. When I had finished reciting the poem—for it was more of a recitation than reading—she came forward to where I stood and said, in a rich, musical

voice, with a great deal of fascination behind it, "I love you, Edgar." It was such a surprise it frightened me. I would have left the room abruptly, had it not been for her father catching hold of my arm, at the same time saying, "Come with me, Mr. Poe, and I will explain all." When we had entered another room across the hall, pointing to a sofa he said, "Be seated," sitting down alongside of me. I discovered there were tears in his eyes. He said, "Mr. Poe, my daughter is obsessed by some evil influence and is not accountable for what she does or says while under that influence. I see tonight she is possessed by that wicked woman, whomever she may be. Do you believe, Mr. Poe, that beings living in a human body can curse other individuals by throwing a wicked spell upon them? My daughter visited the home of a classmate. When she returned to our arms we made the discovery our daughter was a physical wreck; there came with her an evil influence that swears in a dreadful manner. She abuses her mother in such a shameful way that I have to keep them apart. That strong, raw-boned looking woman that you saw sitting alongside of her is her nurse and keeper. The language that she will use sometimes to men is shocking to listen to. She never attacks me. She does her mother on every occasion there is an opportunity for her to do so." In listening to his conversation it unmanned me. I said, "I too, dear friend, at certain times am obsessed. I love my angel wife, but I broke her heart; that influence that obsesses me at times compelled me to treat her so shamefully that in my sane moments I thought I was only fit for hell or the gallows. Oh, dear friend, I loved her so I would have given up my life for her sake, did she but command it." While we were conversing with each other his daughter entered the room, followed by her nurse. She came and sat on my lap, and the language she used was too degrading to repeat here. Her father said to the influence, "You promised me that your behavior would be good tonight if I would permit my daughter to be present on this occasion." Her nurse came forward, lifted her from off my lap and said, "Come, Lucille, it is time for you to retire now." She turned on her keeper, using the most abusive language I think I ever heard come from the lips of a woman.

There came a time when I was obsessed by a cursed power

—aye, a damnable power that compelled me to accomplish that girl's ruin. I robbed her of the dearest crown a woman wears—her virtue—I became her paramour until her father discovered it, then he placed her in an institution where she died insane.

The spirit of my wife and that beautiful Lucille received me after I had taken on the new birth in spirit life. I passed through that condition that you call death, with all my infirmities and crimes to be worked out and thrown off through my spiritual condition.

After I had entered into spirit life I made the discovery the wretch that had obsessed me and held that power of infamy over my physical condition was a minister of the gospel—so called—the one that betrayed the confidence placed in him by Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, a saintly man living in a physical body at that time: his work since speaks for itself. From the spirit side of life he loves and blesses children. After I had made the discovery who the unfortunate wretch was, all the spiritual beauty of nature held by my wife, Lucille and myself came to the front of our souls' desires to reform that unfortunate creature, also held under an obsessing power of spirits stronger than himself. Those spirits we call the "Demons of Spirit Life." His reformation was accomplished, and he became a repentant spirit. There laid dormant in his soul a flame of beauty that had not been kindled yet. When once found it was touched by the light of Truth, the flame spread and was fed by harmony from other souls. That spirit became one of Little Justin's guides, the one you call Dick, who came as a newsboy to work out his condition through that process. In time he received the new baptism called divinity in Nature.

One day while walking up Broadway I met Edwin Forrest, the great tragic actor. I discovered as he came toward me he held a little boy by the hand. He was pleased to meet me. He said, "Edgar, come and take dinner with me." I told him I would do so with pleasure. He did not introduce me to the little boy whose hand he held. As we stepped off to go toward the hotel the little boy kicked him on the leg, saying, "You old gallow, introduce me before I kick you on the other leg." Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "Pardon me, Edgar, for not introducing my little friend Puss; Puss, this is Edgar Allan Poe, the

poet." Little Puss shook hands with me and said, "Are you the chap that was trying to read poetry the other day on the City Hall steps and got knocked down because it was so bad?" Mr. Forrest laughed so hilarious that I thought he would get a pain in his side. When we reached the hotel and were ascending the stairs toward Mr. Forrest's room I noticed a man that had a peculiar look in his eyes. As he passed us he said, "Hello, Forrest." Mr. Forrest said, "I am glad to see you today, Mr. Winchester," and passed on, not introducing me to the man. When we were comfortably seated in Mr. Forrest's sitting room and cigars and wine were placed upon the table Mr. Forrest said to me, "Did you observe that man who passed us on the stairs? What a peculiar look he has in his eyes—it gives the contour of his face an evil expression. I believe that he is obsessed by a devil. I wish there was some way of breaking it up. At times his conversation is elevating to any one that is present as a listener; he charms people with his cultured conversation. At other times there is a morose condition that seems to hold him in a spell and his gross utterances are too vile to listen to."

After we had dined in Mr. Forrest's private apartment and the dishes were taken away by a waiter, Little Puss said, while sitting on Mr. Forrest's lap, "I wish old Beelzebub would come in now and talk to the poet. Oh, he's a daisy." Mr. Forrest said, "Why do you wish that, Puss?" Puss said, "Uncle Forrest, can't you see his under lip is hanging down; he needs cheering up." Mr. Forrest said, "Can't you cheer him up with one of your songs?" I said, "Do, Puss, sing me one of your pretty songs." He said to Mr. Forrest, "Uncle, it won't do to sing him one with love in it; they say poets are chuck full of that kind of stuff," which made us laugh. He sang us a pretty Scotch ballad. He had hardly finished singing when the door opened and in walked that man that had passed us on the stairs. He said, "Forrest, I heard your boy singing and I came to listen. Are you angry? I don't care a d—— if you are; when he sings I want to hear him." Mr. Forrest said, "That's all right, friend Winchester; he will sing for you," then he said in a low voice, "Puss, sing something soothing." Little Puss started in and sang that beautiful piece of music called, "Jesus, Let Me to

Thy Bosom Fly," and oh, he sang it in such a plaintive voice that I commenced to cry. I also beheld the last man that had entered the room had tears coursing down his cheeks. When Little Puss had finished singing he jumped to his feet, crying out in a loud voice, "You angels in heaven and devils in hell, I want to block you out from my sight. You have been the ruin of my life and cursed her that I loved with my whole soul; give her back to me, damn you, or I will tear you out of heaven and drag the devils out of hell and pitch you all into the sea, curse you. You have taken her from me, but I will find her, no matter if you lock the gates of heaven against me or bar the doors of hell. She is mine." I looked at him in pity and discovered the froth was coming from his mouth. He fell onto the floor in a fit; it was then I saw he was under the power of some demon. I said, "Mr. Forrest, what do you do for him when he gets into this condition?" "We let him lie there," Mr. Forrest said, "until some influence contrrolls Justin; as a general thing they sing and rub his head at the same time; after that they use little Puss' hands in making passes down over his body. Oh, I am so sorry, Edgar, for this man; his friends should place him where he would be properly taken care of. When in a sane condition he has such a generous heart and is lavish with his wealth. This is the third hotel that I have found him in. He seems to have a fascination for Little Puss. The other night at the theatre when Puss had finished speaking his lines this unfortunate man cried out, 'He is mine; they have robbed me of him.' He was taken from the theatre by his friends and conveyed to the hotel. The Little One's singing has an attraction for him and on many occasions has a soothing effect. When my engagement here in New York is finished I am going to take the Little One and go to some place in the country. I want to see if I can't stop that man from following us around. I am afraid while he is under that influence he will do some one harm." The power had come upon Justin; he sat down by the man and sang a soothing lullaby in some language that I did not understand, after which he made passes over the man's body; then he said to Mr. Forrest and me, "Come and hold my hands." We did so. In about ten minutes a male voice sang through his vocal organ of speech, followed by a female voice.

Mr. Forrest and myself took up the refrain. The man came out from under the condition, looked wild for a few moments, then commenced to cry. He said, "Oh, Mr. Forrest, I have been under that cursed spell again. I am so happy now; so happy I cannot express it to you in language. God bless you all; your kindness can never go unrewarded." He took Little Puss into his arms, hugged and kissed him, saying, "You belong to another world better than this one that you live in now."

During the time that he was under that unhappy condition Mr. Forrest put the wine out of sight. He said, "Gentlemen, will you ride with me in a carriage? I want to be so much in the open air, for I am a happy man." Mr. Forrest said, "We will go with you, Mr. Winchester, if you think you can receive any benefit from our presence being in the carriage." He said, "Oh, it will make me most happy." Mr. Forrest said, "I can only give you one hour, as I must return with the Little One to indulge in an afternoon nap." We went with him in the carriage. As we reached Union Square up Broadway, an influence took possession of Little Puss and said, "Drive up Lexington Avenue." When we had entered the avenue the control claimed to be the mother of Mr. Winchester and talked beautifully to her son. Her language I never forgot, it had so much of the spirit of truth in it, the cultured and expressive thoughts that she conveyed to her son through the lips of Justin was something never to be forgotten. He said, "Oh, mother, mother, why did you not come to me before and tell me all this. I have been such a wretched man." She said, "My dear son, I have tried so hard and was not successful in finding an instrument to convey my thoughts to you until today; it was I, dear boy, that brought that happy feeling to your condition; they would not permit me on any occasion to talk to you only on the present one. His hand claims it takes too much of his strength and shows in his acting at night, the consequence of which is debilitating to his physical organization. Now I am going to reveal a secret to you the surprise of such, no doubt, will mystify you for a time.

"You have been obsessed, dear son, by the spirit of your grandfather, who was a wicked man when he lived in a physical body and still retains part of that wicked influence at the present time. Your father and myself, with the assistance of other

loved ones, have broken it up today. Now, now, my son, pray for the power of Wisdom to enter your soul and build up a strong wall between you and that influence, that must consist of Truth inspired by a life of Morality, its foundation must be chastity in its highest element and the great stone that fills the niche placed over your your mental ability must have in it the love of God working out through every lineament and aspiration of your life. One of the parties present knows the pang of hunger sometimes brought on by a sensibility and pain of pride when otherwise he might ask and it would be given unto him. On this, dear son, it is my desire that you assist him by a present of money. When you present him with money, also permit your blessing to go with it. Now, Mr. Forrest, I ask you to perform a kind act for me—it will not go unrewarded. Today in your room I heard you say to Mr. Poe you were going into the country with the little boy to try and break up the condition of my son following you around to the different hotels. That condition is broken up. The favor I ask is to take my son with you, also the powerful influence which you possess with the soothing influence of the little boy. My son can and will become a different man; do not refuse me this request. We have broken up the influence of his grandfather, Abraham Winchester." Mr. Forrest granted her that request, saying, "Madam, with the power of God and the holy angels I will exert myself to my utmost ability to save your son through the love I bear the children of God."

We returned to the hotel; I was presented with a check drawn to my order for \$300. I bade them all good afternoon and learned afterward the three took a nap on Mr. Forrest's bed. After Mr. Forrest's engagement was finished Mr. Winchester accompanied Mr. Forrest and Little Puss to a hotel near the Delaware. He became a respectable citizen, loved his wife and children with the love of a moral man released from that accursed bondage called Obsession. He became known to many of the reading public as a temperance man and also in other lines.

Wednesday, March 1, 1905.

One day while standing on the deck of a ferry boat crossing the East River from New York to Brooklyn, William Cul-

len Bryant approached me and said, "Poe, you are just the man I want to see. I am on my way to visit a family by the name of Watson. They have a daughter who is quite a freak. I want you to go with me to see that young woman. She is either a freak of nature or under a powerful influence that perhaps you would designate as obsession. Mr. Lawton says it is a case of obsession; he thinks she is influenced by an evil spirit to speak in the manner she does." I said, "Perhaps her parents would not like to have me call." He said, "I most assuredly think they would; when I introduce you you will find they are glad to have the pleasure of meeting Edgar Allan Poe." I said, "If you think so, I will accompany you." He said, "By all means, do." When we had reached Mr. Watson's home we were ushered into the back parlor by a black maid. I discovered after being introduced to the family, an old lady with white hair, a person that I would call a handsome grandmother. There were several others present on that occasion. I was personally attracted to that old lady; her voice to me was music in a high degree. She said, "Mr. Poe, I am glad you came to see my unfortunate grand-daughter. Allow me to inform you that at certain times she is rational and reads beautifully; it makes me so happy to have her read to me. There is a great love existing between her and I." While the grandmother and other members of the family spoke at different times I noticed the said young lady, whose name was Elizabeth, did not take any part in the conversation. While we were conversing her eyes seemed to roll in her head and at times looked very fierce. The grandmother made a request, saying, "Mr. Bryant, will you please recite one of your compositions for us?" He did so; after he had finished and resumed his seat the girl laughed in an idiotic manner and said, "I am sorry for you, poor fool; why did you not stay out on the sidewalk and speak your part—you would collect more pennies there than you will here; we are so poor and can't pay the rent. There is a man that calls himself Watson comes around every day to collect his rent. I am afraid Grandma and I will have to go to the poor house. You know I can sing, and you will be the monkey, Grandma can turn the crank of the organ, and I think we'll get rich—don't you think so, Grandma? That will keep us out of the poor

house." Just then Mr. Watson entered the room. I was introduced by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Watson gave us a cordial greeting. After that he placed a chair close to his daughter; when seated he held both of his daughter's hands in his, saying at the same time, "How is my pet today?" She said, "I am happy, Mr. Watson; my husband, Jesus, will pay you the rent." Just then the beautiful grandmother said, "Mr. Poe, will you do us a favor by reciting one of your poems? If you do we will look upon it as a great kindness." I arose and recited a poem, after which the girl laid her head on her father's shoulder and laughed in a hysterical manner. She said, "John, I knew you would leave the wilderness and come here today. Tell these people I am God's sister and the bride of Jesus Christ. I am only here for awhile; Grandma and I are going to make our ascension tomorrow morning. They will all be there to witness our grand triumph. The chariot will descend to earth accompanied by a host of angels," and then she commenced to laugh again in a hysterical manner. I made the discovery I was looking on a strange personality; that personality was a beautiful young lady obsessed by a religious fanatic. Her father said, "When she laughs in that hysterical way she generally returns to her normal condition." He said, "Let us pray, friends." We all knelt and prayed, repeating the Lord's prayer after Mr. Watson. When seated again we sang a hymn. The grandmother said, "See, my son; my grand-daughter is returning to her normal condition; let no one question her on what they have seen and heard." She looked at us all with a beautiful smile and said, "Isn't this a happy gathering. I am so glad I got here in time to meet you all." The grandmother said, "Sweetheart, Mr. Cullen Bryant, who is always so kind, had Mr. Poe accompany him here today to meet you, dear. Won't you read for us?" She went to a table, taking up a volume of Shakespeare, handed it to her grand-daughter; the young lady arose, opened the book and read several passages in a beautiful manner, showing the power of elocution.

The black maid came to the door and said, "Lunch is waiting, Mr. Watson." Through the invitation of Mr. Watson we all adjourned to the dining room. When seated at the table I was surprised to find such high cultivation in that young lady's

conversation. The sociability there that day was one of beauty and refinement. The love of each individual of the family was apparent on all occasions. During that afternoon that evil influence had full control and talked in a ridiculous manner; its conversation was so silly and I felt it must have been disgusting to the family. During this vile condition the door bell rang; a Quaker lady and gentleman were ushered in. They were introduced to us—that is, Mr. Bryant and myself—as Mr. and Mrs. Peck. I saw they were both lovely characters—their conversation was elevating to all who heard it. Mr. Peck addressed me, saying, “Brother Poe, does thee not think it would be good for the young lady to make a change, go away from here to some other part of the country? I can see thou affirmest what I say, thy confirmation speaks out of thine eyes; thou feellest as well as I, friend, the change will be beneficial.” Mr. Bryant and myself on that question acquiesced with the Quaker gentleman. Mr. Watson finally consented that his daughter should accompany Mr. and Mrs. Peck back to their home at Newark, N. J., where they had a beautiful place at the suburbs of the town. I heard afterward the changing of circumstances and surroundings was of great benefit to Elizabeth Watson.

They held in their home prayer meetings and when the spirit moved any individual they went direct to Miss Watson and gave her a magnetic treatment. In time she was restored to her normal condition and perfect health reigned supreme throughout her physical anatomy. Her mental condition was restored to a sane equilibrium whereby she became a beautiful character, not only to her family and friends, but also to the reading public. The discovery was made she was obsessed by a female cousin who was a religious fanatic; her spirit passed from her body in that condition. She found her cousin Elizabeth was a sensitive, threw that obsessing power upon her thinking she would get relief from her unbalanced condition. When finally she was restored to a proper spiritual condition she saw the crime she had committed through the error in compelling her cousin to suffer as well as she. When realizing what she had done she made a confession to a spirit who assisted her to throw off that condition whereby she was released and once more became a sane spirit. In Mr. Peck’s home there was a

strong spiritual power that brought around that condition. The relief was a joyful one to all present and prayers went up from all the guests.

On one occasion while riding in a Broadway stage I noticed one of the inmates was a very fine looking man and acted in a peculiar manner. He seemed to know me, and addressed me, saying, "Edgar Poe, I always thought you lacked reasoning power and I am glad the moment has come for me to tell you so." I noticed the other passengers commenced to smile and that smile broadened out into a laugh. I left the stage at the corner of Bleecker street and Broadway. I had proceeded a little ways when I heard footsteps walking behind me. My new found friend that I had met in the stage came up and took my arm, saying, "Poe, your last poem was a diabolical publication and now I want you to reform and become a decent man. I will assist you in giving beautiful stanzas to the world." I said, "What is your name, friend? I have no place in my memory of your acquaintance before." He said, "My name is Robert Litchfield. I am a good fellow to become acquainted with; don't you remember I sang at the Apollo Club and you admired my singing? When you saw me in that stage I was on my way to visit my wife and children. I have been boarding at Trenton, N. J. I did not like my boarding house, so I came to New York to make my family a visit. I say, old chap, I was attracted to you and thought I would help make the day pleasant for you." I told him I was going to visit a friend and it was utterly impossible to take a stranger there. I told him that we had some private business to transact—that is, the friend and myself—and must be alone, thinking I'd get rid of him in that manner; found I'd made a mistake. He said, "That's all right. I can sit on the steps and wait for you." It looked to me as if I was in a dilemma and did not know how to get out of it. Then he said, "Poe, let's go and get something to eat and something to drink. I am chillier than all hell." It struck me that would be a good way to get rid of my friend, as he called himself. When we reached the Bowery he discovered a German beer saloon. - It was then the noon hour and they were serving up hot lunch. We gave our order; after doing so I said to my friend, "I will step out for a few moments and then return." I did not return.

I went my way in order to attend to the business I had in my mind. I dined with the family and left their home about eight o'clock in the evening.

As I was walking down Broadway I discovered my new friend walking between two men. As soon as I had made the discovery I crossed over to the west side of the street and was not recognized by the friend. In the morning while sipping my coffee at a restaurant on Broadway the waiter handed me the morning paper. I saw in strong headlines that a lunatic had escaped the vigilance of his keepers; he was discovered on Broadway and taken back by a late train to the insane asylum, Trenton, N. J. Two years afterward I was invited to be one of a party to dine at a club on West 14th street, New York City. There I discovered my friend of two years ago. He did not seem to recognize me, which pleased me much. About eleven o'clock a gentleman present said to me, "Do you see that man over there," pointing to my friend. "Well, Poe, his name is Litchfield. He was an inmate of a lunatic asylum over in New Jersey somewhere; they say he was obsessed by an evil spirit: they claim he is now cured of that evil influence and is all right again." He said, "Edgar Allan Poe, do you believe that one person can become obsessed by another person that has died and left his body and gone to spirit life?" I said, "Mr. Chambers, I most emphatically do; at certain times I feel a queer influence coming over me. I seek the home of a friend, where I am taken care of until I come out from under that condition. At one time, friend, I was obsessed by that influence and was found wandering almost in a nude condition on Long Island. I was taken to an inebriate asylum, as they thought I was drunk. I remained there two weeks and was kindly taken care of. God bless those charitable institutions, they are like a welling spring in the desert of calamity, where every poor Arab seems to be a civilized devil looking on the ruin of another individual in that desert of perishable hopes." He said, "Then you, too, Edgar, have had that sad experience." I said, "All except being incarcerated in an insane asylum." Mr. Chambers invited me to tarry at his home that night. I did so. About four o'clock in the morning that cursed influence took possession of my mental abilities and wanted Mr. Chambers to accompany

me to a house of ill fame that he might indulge in his perverted ministerial passions there. Mr. Chambers told me he locked the door of the room and upbraided that influence in such a manner that he commenced to cry; the influence quieted down, begged Mr. Chambers' pardon and commenced to feel his shameful condition. He told Mr. Chambers while in his mother's womb he was marked to become a villain. She—his mother—was a licentious character, deceived his father on all occasions and pretended to be a devout, religious woman, when she was only a harlot that bore a respectable man's name. She was covered with a cloak of seeming religious respectability. Mr. Chambers said, "I am sorry for you, whomever you are. I did not believe this, that one individual could obsess another. I have realized it to my satisfaction tonight. Now I want you to leave my friend Poe, never to return to obsess him again. You see and understand. I have a strong will power and with the assistance of others that will give their will power with mine, I am going to break this up. You understand what I am saying. See to it that you obey my command, and if spirits from your side of life can lend their aid I will thank them for it. From this moment henceforth I will bring my will power to bear. Go and never return."

The spirit thanked him and said, "You are my friend. I have been wicked and through your will power I can become a better man. Assist me and I will reform. When I leave Edgar Allan Poe I return to a better condition in spirit existence. With the prayers of your friends and yourself in the future, backed up by your will power, will bring me to a realization that I can become a better spirit. Behold, I see a light—let us pray." He said the influence compelled him to kneel; he offered up a prayer asking to be guided by the higher angels in spirit life, as it was his desire to become a different individual. He knew if he was once released from that bondage and curse that he came into the world with from his mother's womb, a true spiritual life awaited him. Dear friend, I was released that night from the power of that vile spirit, once more a happy man, until a fate awaited me from which I passed from my body in the city of Baltimore.

Mr. Litchfield I met once more in Trinity Church; he in-

vited me to go to his home on that day and dine with his family. I found there a beautiful wife and three children. After dinner, as we sat in his private apartment holding conversation with each other, at the same time smoking a cigar, he made me acquainted with the fact that he had been an obsessed man, obsessed by a spirit that, while living in a physical body he had shamefully wronged—so much so that spirit while living in a physical body became insane. "His first desire in spirit life after recognizing where I was, was to reach and obsess me; he accomplished it and I became his victim. Now I am making restitution to the family I had so cruelly wronged. I endeavor in all my walks in life to pay the tribute of a protector to that family. I support them from out of my ample means. My whole desire is to beautify the life that I had ruined and make her once more a happy being. Oh, Mr. Poe, my sin was a dreadful one and I have paid the penalty through a severe influence. The spirit commanded me to right the wrong as far as possible. I promised and was released. I have fulfilled that promise to the letter. That beautiful young lady that sang and played for us before dinner was my victim. My wife and she are loving sisters; her child bears my name—that beautiful little boy you saw was the result of my crime. God bless him, he is a joy to my soul." I repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which he said, "It has made me happy to unburden my mind to you today, Edgar Allan Poe. You and I must become the dearest of friends. I feel you, too, have suffered. May we constantly live in the angels' keeping." I said, "Amen."

Thursday, March 2, 1905.

One day while looking out of the window at the leafless shade trees a note was handed to me. I opened it and read the contents, thus: "Edgar Allan Poe—Dear friend: Come to me right away; do not stop to lunch, you can lunch with us today. I have just received a note from our friend, Mr. Ashburn, in which he says, 'My wife has been acting very strange for several months past. Yesterday her actions were that of an insane person. Dear Miss Cushman, I fear she will lose her rational senses. She constantly calls for you. You will do me a great kindness if you will call and see her; it looks to me as if her sanity had left.' Little Justin has promised to go with me and,

as you and he are clairvoyant, I think we can get at the root of the matter. Your friend, as ever, Charlotte Cushman."

I immediately put on my coat and hat and went to the hotel. When I arrived at her room her maid informed me she had not returned from the theatre yet. I walked toward the theatre. I had not gone far when I discovered Miss Cushman and Little Justin coming toward me. In front of the hotel she made an arrangement with one of the hack drivers to convey us to Mr. Ashburn's residence after lunch. After we had lunch she requested her maid to accompany us to Mr. Ashburn's home. We entered the carriage, the driver whipped up his horses. In less than an hour we alighted in front of Mr. Ashburn's residence. Coming down the steps we met a Miss Sarah Denvil. After I was introduced to her she said, "Dear Miss Cushman, Mrs. Ashburn is laboring under the power of some dreadful influence. I think in time it will kill her." Miss Cushman said, "Dear Sarah, return with us and let us see what we can do." This young lady was an actress, the beautiful Sarah Denvil that the people of New York admired so much. We ascended the steps. I rang the door bell. Mr. Ashburn answered in person. He ushered us into the parlor and gave an explanation to Miss Cushman of his wife's condition. Miss Cushman said, "Lead us to her." When we entered the hall Little Justin said, "Uncle Poe, look at that spirit on the stairs; he's a vicious looking old coon." I looked and there I beheld a shadow preceding us upstairs. When we entered the room where Mrs. Ashburn lay on a couch, attended by two maids, they were holding her hands in order to prevent her from tearing her hair. I noticed much of her outer garment was torn. When we were seated Justin hollered out, "You old brute, how I'd like to kick you." Miss Cushman said, "Justin, then you see an evil spirit?" Justin said, "He's worse than that—he's come out of hell, I think; he laughs and dances when he looks upon what he has done. Oh, Charlotte, he is one of the worst old fiends I have ever seen. I wish I could cut off his leg, then he couldn't dance and I'd get a good chance to kick him." Miss Cushman said, "Whoever you are, I want you to leave this woman. What has she done that you should persecute her and rob her of her reasoning power?" Just then we heard a fiendish laugh and the spirit glided over to where Justin

and I sat. He said to us, "Do you see that woman lying there on that couch? At one time she was my wife. A more villainous woman never lived. After we were married she became a she devil of the worst kind. Extravagance is no name for the manner in which she lived. Her crimes were many. She wrecked my life. I took to drinking and became a drunkard. One day in a fit of passion she pushed me; I fell down stairs and broke my neck. After I had made the realization that I was in another condition of life my first thought was to reach her and compel her to pay the penalty for the crime she had committed. Her whole desire was to marry Mr. Ashburn for his wealth. She got him for a husband and now I have got her under my power, I will not release her until she dies a raving maniac. When her spirit has left that body then I will release her. Behold the once beautiful Kathleen Smith, whose beauty was the envy of American and European society," I related all he said to Miss Cushman, after which I held Mr. Ashburn's hands, saying, "Dear brother Ashburn, my heart aches for you. Oh, God, I would change it if it were possible. You have married a vampire for her beauty. My benefactor, I would lay down my life for you, could I but change this condition." Miss Cushman said, "Friends, let us pray. Pray from the soul to that divine power that heals and comforts all aching hearts." We prayed in silence for over an hour. The unfortunate Kathleen Ashburn was swearing all the time. She called us some of the vilest names I ever listened to. She would spit at her husband and try to reach him that she might tear his hair. Her two maids would place her back on the couch when she became exhausted from swearing. After praying in silence we sang a hymn; that seemed to bring on the madness worse than ever; the blood gushed from her mouth, then weakness set in and she remained motionless for some time. Her eyes commenced to roll; they had a look in them, I thought, of death. After awhile she seemed to recover her reason. She sat up and looked at us in a peculiar manner and said, "I am dying; my sins have found me out. Do not any one of you touch me—I am too low a creature for honest hands to be laid upon my body. He has accomplished his purpose and I hope I have almost paid the debt; when my spirit——" that was all she could say. The blood

gushed from her mouth again and the spirit took its flight. Little Justin, Miss Cushman and her maid returned to the hotel in the carriage that brought us to this afflicted home. I remained with brother Ashburn to try and comfort him in his sorrow. Three days afterward they held a funeral in Trinity Church over the body of the once beautiful Kathleen Smith. In spirit life she tells me she was educated by her mother to become a fascinating girl. "My mother's education in time made me a criminal of the worst kind. I would do anything to get possession of beautiful jewels and handsome gowns. My beauty was my ruin and men knelt at my feet to gain a favorite smile from a criminal. I hope," she said, "what you tell of me in that newspaper will be a warning to women; it is a jewel in life to be homely and have the peace of God in your soul." Mr. Ashburn's home was on 4th Avenue, between 13th and 14th streets. His name was Wm. Harry Ashburn, one of the best friends I ever met in life, outside of my foster parents.

On one occasion while sailing up the Hudson river on one of those beautiful steamers I noticed a woman acting rather strange. The peculiarity of her condition was that she would sing and make faces at the passengers. Many of them passed by to look at her strange actions. I noticed on one side of her sat a young girl about 18 or 19 years of age. On the other side sat a boy of about 15 years of age. I said to myself, "This must be a case of obsession." All of a sudden she struck the young girl a blow in the face with her shut up hand; the boy grabbed that hand, saying, "Oh, mother dear, don't do that; you have hurt dear sister; see, the blood runs down her face." The young girl cried and held her handkerchief over the wound made by that vile mother, to hide it. I stepped up to the young girl and said, "Pardon me for taking the liberty of addressing you. I think you had better change places with me. I am stronger than you are and can assist your brother to look after your mother until you arrive at your destination, wherever that may be." She thanked me and allowed me to take her seat. Her mother struck at me. I grabbed her hand before she struck the spot that she had in her eye. The young girl acquainted me with the fact that for over six months her mother would get crazy spells and sometimes at night they heard devilish voices yelling like fiends; then

she got her worst spells. "We are trying—that is, brother and I—to take her to grandpa's home; he lives on a farm and she will be quiet there, I think, away from the noise of the city and those devilish voices that make so much noise at night." I said, "Where does your grandfather live?" The brother spoke up and said, "Back of Hudson City; he is strong, and so is uncle William; they can hold her when she gets her crazy spells." When the boat went up alongside of the wharf there was a man with a wagon and one horse. The girl said, "There is grandpa," and waved her handkerchief to the man sitting on the front seat of the wagon. He got down, handed the reins to a black boy, came on board of the steamer to where we were sitting. His grandchildren were so glad to see him they both commenced to cry. The daughter did not recognize him. He said to his daughter, "Come, Mary, father wants to take you home to mother; she longs to see you." The unfortunate creature spit in his face and kicked him; she did not want to leave the boat. He asked me to assist him and we forced her to leave the boat. On the wharf near where the wagon stood she got one of her hands loose and commenced to tear her bonnet and yell like an Indian. We caught hold of her hands and with the assistance of her son placed her on the back seat of the wagon. I said to the father, "I will hold her hands while you tie them with her handkerchief, then it will be much easier for your grand-daughter and son to hold her in the seat." He did so. I got out of the wagon and was about to return to the boat when, to my surprise, I saw the boat out in the stream. I said, "Now I'm in a fix; the boat has gone and left me here in all my glory." The grandfather laughed and said, "What is your name, sir?" My grandchildren forgot to introduce me." I told him my name was Poe. He said, "My name is Mr. Reynolds. I have a son in New York who practices law; possibly you may know him; his name is William Reynolds." I told him I was acquainted with a lawyer who bore the name of Wm. Reynolds—he occupied an office at the corner of Courtland street and Broadway. He said, "That is him." He laughed and shook hands, saying, "Get into the wagon and go home with us. Mother will make it comfortable for you. Tomorrow I will bring you back in time for the boat going up the river."

I accompanied him to his home. It was a beautiful farm: a stone house surrounded by grand trees. Mrs. Reynolds, a lovely old lady, gave us a cordial welcome, especially myself. When she looked at her daughter the tears commenced to show themselves. She said, "Oh, my darling grandchildren, I am so glad to see you." After kissing them she said, "It has been so hard for both of you. I know what you have suffered; it is only your grandfather and grandmother can understand." She looked up at the vacant stare of her daughter—who did not recognize her—saying, "Oh, my poor, poor child; your mother's heart aches for you, did you but only understand it. Now you are at home with father and mother where you were born and passed so many happy days of your girlhood; it is here where you lived a beautiful Christian life until you went to New York." The poor creature sat there and made faces and spit at her mother. Mr. Reynolds returned from the barn where he had placed his horse, and assisted us in carrying his unfortunate daughter into the house. We laid her on a sofa in the parlor. Her mother went to the organ and played one of her daughter's favorite pieces of music, after that we sang, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," to the organ accompaniment. The unfortunate daughter commenced to laugh and said, "Oh, how beautifully he used to sing that—sing it again, you people, whoever you are." We sang the same piece of music over. Just then a strong, handsome looking man entered the room; he went over and knelt in front of the sofa and said to the unfortunate woman, "Oh, dear sister, this is unfortunate; you are home again and we will try and make it happy for you." She looked at him and said, "I heard you sing it, don't deny it, for I heard you." He arose from his kneeling position, took his niece and nephew in his arms, saying, "Dear children, why did you not tell us before? You know it was your duty to acquaint us of her condition." The girl said, "When she was in her normal condition she begged and pleaded with us not to acquaint you with the facts. She grew worse every day and finally commenced to bite her own flesh. I could not stand that, it was dreadful to look upon. I wrote to grandpa we would bring her up on the boat and for him to meet us at the landing. This gentleman here kindly gave his services to help take care of her; his name,

uncle, is Mr. Poe. He missed the boat and grandpa got him to come home with us." He looked at his mother and said, "Dear mamma, have you played any of her favorite pieces?" The grand old lady said, "Yes, my son. Suppose you sit here at the organ and play some while I hold my hands on her head. Oh, if God would only give her back her reason, that she might tell us all that has happened. My poor, dear girl." She took her unfortunate daughter in her arms and kissed and hugged her, saying at the same time, "If only Jesus would come and help us." The woman looked at her mother and said, "Do you know Jesus?" The mother said with great emotion, "My son, play, play." He played several selections with grand effect. It seemed to me he was inspired to play. When he ceased playing Mr. Reynolds said, "Let us sing, 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.' That was a favorite of hers." We sang and her brother at the organ sang with so much power I felt the angels were there. After we had sung the piece through the father said, "Sing it again. I see a natural look coming into her eyes." We sang with all the power that was in our souls. After we had finished singing the brother kept on playing such soothing music. The unfortunate woman looked around and said, "Why, I am home, and this is my dear mamma that holds me in her arms and there's dear papa and brother, and oh, my babies, too." I noticed while she was talking her mother unloosened the knot that held her hands fast. She said, "Mamma dear, I don't remember coming home. I don't want to go back to that dreadful city again. I was so unhappy." Her father came over to the sofa and taking her in his arms said, "Darling, you shall never return to that city again. Your mother and all the rest of us need you here." She said, "Papa, was I long sick, and did I tire mamma out waiting on me?" He said, "No, darling, we were only too glad to have you with us. Now papa's girl must go to sleep and rest her weary head." He laid her gently on the sofa; the mother went to the organ, played and sang a low, sweet lullaby; their child went to sleep. The mother motioned for all to leave the room quietly, saying in a whisper she would remain alone with her darling. We left the room, the father shutting the door quietly. We passed out under the trees and there held a conversation about her condition. The father went

to see if dinner was ready. Her brother said, "Mr. Poe, I believe we can restore her to health and reason again. She has been abused in a shameful manner by that brute of a husband, George Maxwell. The last time I saw her in New York, when I called at her home, I thought she was under the influence of liquor." Her daughter said, "Yes, uncle, at certain times she drinks so much liquor that when father came home he would beat her and kick her. I had him arrested; he is now in prison awaiting his trial. You see that scar upon her forehead. He did that. He kicked her with his winter boot. I struck him on the leg with the poker and broke his ankle. He was two months in the hospital until he was cured. I wanted to write to grandpa about it. Mamma would not allow me; she said if I did she would run away from us children and drown herself in the river."

Mr. Reynolds called us to dinner. It was a fine home country dinner and tasted so good. While we were eating a pumpkin pie and drinking our coffee there came a piercing scream from the parlor. We left the table and reached the parlor in time to prevent that unfortunate woman from choking her mother to death. Mr. Reynolds and his son caught hold of her while I released her fingers from off her mother's throat. The granddaughter caught her grandmother in her arms and with the assistance of the grandson laid the old lady on the sofa. Young Mr. Reynolds said with an oath, "This must be broken up or I'll know the reason why. You devil, whoever you are that has obsessed my sister must leave her. My will power is aroused and I will break your influence if I die for it." He said, "Father, you see to mamma. Mr. Poe and I can hold her. I'll have no more of this nonsense. I will break this evil power up if she has to leave her body." Just then I saw a wicked looking man standing alongside of his victim. I said to him, "We are going to break your power up that you have held over this unfortunate woman, if it takes all summer to do it." He said, "Edgar Allan Poe, you are not as smart as you think you are. I got her through the power of liquor and I'm going to hold on to her until I am satisfied. Damn you, Charlotte Cushman drove me away from that woman in Baltimore. You haven't got will power enough to drive me away from this woman. Now do your best." I said, "We shall see," in a very emphatic manner.

I acquainted the friends with the conversation that I held with that vile spirit.

Friday, March 3, 1905.

I said to the family, "Let us concentrate our will power, force it on your unhappy daughter and pray in silence; pray to God to send his angels to help us in this matter." I believed then in a personal God and all the angels that dwelt in heaven had wings; the only ones that were minus the wings were those evil spirits that obsessed people living in the human body. Her brother held her down in a rocking chair while I was forming a circle with the other chairs handed to me by her son and two of the hired men. As we were about to take our seats a neighbor called to see Mr. Reynolds. I think his name was Whitson, at least it sounded so to me. Mr. Reynolds informed him of the trouble they were having with their daughter. Mr. Reynolds said, "Can't you join us? Perhaps your will power will be a great help on this occasion." He said, "I am willing to help you. It is a dreadful condition your daughter is living under. I will run over home and get mother and my two daughters to help us. You know they are good Christian women." In about fifteen minutes he returned with his wife and two daughters. I had the chairs all arranged. We locked the door and took our seats, while Mrs. Reynolds played the organ. I saw she was weak from the ordeal she had passed through and made the request that she lie down on the sofa and rest. One of the young ladies filled her place at the organ and produced some beautiful music, after which we sang. When we had finished the hymn I said, "Now let us concentrate our will power on this unhappy woman and pray in silence for help." We were silent over two hours, when I discovered reason coming back into her eyes with a passive look; her expression became natural; she spoke and said, "Oh, I feel as if a heavy load had been lifted off my head. How strange it all seems to be; and why are you all sitting around in a circle; is it Sunday, and papa, are you going to read the bible? Please let us sing first." We sang her favorite hymn, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"; after that we sang "Rock of Ages." When we had finished she said, "Oh, I want a drink so much; I am burning up with fever." The housemaid went and got a pitcher of milk; she re-entered the parlor

holding the pitcher in one hand and a glass of milk in the other. She filled the glass with milk and the unhappy woman drank it with such a relish that the maid filled up the glass again. She drank that and asked for more. The maid filled the glass the third time. That she drank slow, handing the glass back to the maid she said, "Bessie, that was so good. Oh, I am so happy. Where is darling mamma?" Her mother sat up on the sofa and said, "I am here, dear." Her daughter laughed and said, "Oh, darling mamma, it is so good to be home again." She went over to the sofa, held her mother in her arms, and kissed and hugged her. When she discovered the marks on her mother's throat she said, "Oh, mamma, what has happened to you. How came those dark spots on your neck?" The mother said, "It is nothing, dear," treating the matter lightly. She recognized the neighbors and spoke to them in a gentle manner. She looked at me and said, "Who is this gentleman, and what is his name? I do not seem to remember him." Her father said, "Dear, this gentleman's name is Mr. Poe." She bowed and said, "Where did I hear that name before? Oh," she said, "I remember now—there is an Edgar Allan Poe, a poet who writes for one of the magazines. Are you any relation to him?" I said, "I am that individual; my name is Edgar Allan Poe." She laughed and clapped her hands. The family and guests looked at me in a surprised manner when young Mr. Reynolds said, "Is it possible that we have the pleasure of entertaining Edgar Allan Poe under our humble roof?" I said with a laugh, "It is anything but an humble home. It must be beautiful and interesting to live here the whole year through and watch the seasons come and go." Mrs. Reynolds said, "Will you oblige us by reading one of your poems? We have your 'Raven' and a few others." I said, "Possibly you would like to have me recite it." The daughter said, "Oh, that will be joyful, Mr. Poe." I recited the "Raven." The old lady, Mrs. Reynolds, said, "Papa, with your permission I would like to kiss Mr. Edgar Allan Poe; his kindness to our family shall never go unrewarded. Dear Mr. Poe, look upon our home as your home in the future." Her husband said, "See that you kiss him good, just as you used to kiss me when I'd climb father's apple trees and get you the best looking apples." All present laughed then and the granddaughter said, "Mr. Poe,

kiss grandma good, for grandpa's sake." That also produced another laugh. I went over to where grandma sat, raised her up, held her in my arms and kissed her good, which was the cause of another laugh. The neighbor's wife said, "I think you might pass that around, Mr. Poe." I kissed her and all the females present. The old gentleman said, "I never kissed any males only my own sons. I will kiss you if you will permit me." I took the old grandfather in my arms, kissed and hugged him. It was growing late then and the neighbors said, "We must return to our home." The old lady Reynolds went to the organ, played the introduction to "Home, Sweet Home." We all joined in singing that beautiful song that will never grow old. We parted with each other in a beautiful frame of mind, that frame held the sacred love and union formed between the friends and myself. Young Mr. Reynolds and I walked under the trees smoking a cigar. He said, "Poe, I do not think it will be wise for you and I to disrobe tonight. We will lie down just as we are in case that villain might return to sister. If he does he will find us on guard." All was quiet that night. In the morning she presented herself at breakfast with the rest of the family; her manner was that of cheerfulness; her mother and father and myself held converse out under the trees until young Mr. Reynolds drove up with a buggy to take me to the steamboat landing that I might go on my way to Albany. They got me to promise on my return down the river that I would stop off and make them a visit. I did so. I remained with them one week and oh, what a happy week that was. I felt that heaven was in that home. It was held in the care of the divine angels. That wicked influence had shown no symptoms of returning. I reluctantly parted with the family. When I stepped into the buggy it seemed as if something had gone out of my life. I never saw them again in the physical body. Her brother acquainted me with the fact that she had become a good Christian woman and had no desire to drink liquor again. That made me happy.

One Sunday morning I got an impression to call on a Baltimore family that had moved to Jersey City. I enjoyed my sail across the Hudson River, as it was a beautiful, warm morning. The sun seemed to warm up the blood through my whole anatomy. The family that I was going to call on bore the name

of Rogers. The head of the house was called James Clark Rogers. He was in the dry goods business and also had a notion department in his store. I arrived at their home early enough to attend church with the family. Their preacher, I discovered, was a Scotchman—his pronunciation proclaimed for him that distinction. While preaching he acted in a singular manner—so it seemed to me—and much of his preaching was presented to his listeners in a strange way. As he finished he said to the congregation, "Go home, I am tired of it all," and sat down. One of the deacons said, "We will sing now," giving out a hymn to the congregation, reading several lines of the same. The congregation sang the hymn. The deacon pronounced a short benediction, or prayer if you choose to call it, over the congregation, then they were dismissed. Mr. Rogers invited the preacher to dine with him that day. He accepted the kind invitation and accompanied us back to Mr. Rogers' home. I noticed his conversation was quite rambling. He introduced many subjects and did not give a full explanation of either. At the dinner table he handled the wine bottle quite frequently. After dinner he acquainted me with the fact that he was the owner of a rich gold mine in Australia. He said he came from there about four months ago. The church had no preacher and he accepted the position to preach for them. He said they were a hard-headed lot and were on the road to ruin. "I'll bring them back," he said, "onto the narrow road if I have to choke every one of them to do it. Brother Rogers is the only one that's got any sense, and he ain't as bright as he ought to be." He said, "What's your name, and who are you?" I told him my name was Edgar Allan Poe. He scratched his head and said, "Poe, Poe, oh yes, I've got it now; there was a fool by the name of Poe that thought he could write verses. They have got him shut up in a lunatic asylum and I am glad of it. His poetry was making people crazy. All those poets ought to be placed on an island and kept there, for they're a crazy lot. By George, I must get another drink of that wine; it was good." As he was walking out of the room Mrs. Rogers entered. When she saw the peculiar look upon his face she said, "Brother Fox, return and converse with us about your sermon." He said, "I will, madam," bowing as he left the room. His name was Alexander Fox. Mrs.

Rogers said, when seated, "Mr. Poe, our minister is a strange being. I cannot comprehend his actions and sayings—they are more those of a lunatic than a sane person. He has preached for the church four sermons; those sermons seem to me as if they came from a weak mind. I told Mr. Rogers I did not believe he was a sane person. Mr. Rogers says the church will have to get rid of him. He thinks Mr. Fox, in time, will become insane." Mr. Rogers and his children entered the parlor. When he discovered the preacher was not there he said, "Where is brother Fox?" Just then brother Fox entered the door and backed out again; finally he attempted it once more, fell headlong onto the floor, saying, "By God, your water has weakened my knees; I won't drink another damn drop until you mix it with wine." He looked at Mr. Rogers in a foolish way and said, "Old chap, I want my salary—in Scotland we call it wages. I'm going back. I've got two wives there. I want to see them and the bairns." Then he laid over and went to sleep. That afternoon when taking leave of the Rogers family he was still asleep on the carpet. Five days afterward I received a note from Mr. Rogers in which he said, "We secured a passage on a sailing ship for our minister, placed him in his cabin and now he is on his way; by this time I think the ship must have passed Sandy Hook. I will be over tomorrow and give you full particulars. Those particulars I cannot mention here." The information that I received concerning that minister was too degrading for publication. The captain of the sailing vessel wrote Mr. Rogers from Glasgow that the minister died on the way back to Scotland in a fit of passion. His actions on board of ship were those of a low beast and they had to lock him up in a stateroom to keep him from making insulting overtures to the women passengers on the ship. Dear friends, that minister was obsessed by a low, degrading influence. Anyone that says obsession is not a fact in everyday life I feel sorry for; they do not understand that condition, and I am also happy to know that a large majority of the human race has not been inflicted with any such condition. I say and I speak for a band of spirits, "May the higher angels bless and protect brother Peebles, who has given to the world a publication called 'Obsession, or Demons of the Ages.' We spirits call it the 'Herald of Truth,' and

hope that all readers will understand its purpose and that is to educate those that do not believe in Obsession. Brother Peebles is the author and publisher of the book. It is a creation of ours, hoping that many will receive benefit from its scholarly presentation to the public."

Dear readers, those cases of obsession that I have just described took place to my knowledge; they happened to be in the event of human life before the days of spirit rapping. The world is filled with many cases of obsession similar to the ones I have just described.

Thank you, brother, for the kind office you have in taking down my communication. Will you oblige me by sending it to that glorious sheet, "The Progressive Thinker," whose "Open Court" is a school of education to spiritualists and free thinkers? Bless brother Francis, a long felt want in the spiritual ranks. Now that they have him, let them see to it that he is supported in his grand work, swell the list of subscribers by sending in new ones every day. Money pays bills better than words. There are many of the spiritualists who could afford to send him ten dollars a year out of their ample wealth in order that he might send the Progressive Thinker to poor sisters and brothers who have no means to subscribe for the paper. I think it is about time that such a fund was placed in his hands for the distribution of the Progressive Thinker, a talisman to all enlightened minds. Your brother in all progressive thought, Edgar Allan Poe.

I give this communication through the organ of speech held by my little friend of many years' standing.

On that verdant shore of grass
Where spirits come and go and pass,
There is a land so fair and green
Where angels surpass ministers and are seen.

And by that river a maiden fair,
It was my Leonore I saw there.
I bent my ear with a fervent grace,
Oh, such tales of love she did therein relate.

This is a place of holy ground
Where spirit doth give utterances round,
What means this grand array?
It is my bridal trousseau as thou wilt see today.

How fair and beautiful thy contour looks.
There are tales more wonderful in thy eye than in books.
Oh, Edgar, what makes thee look so sad,
I claim you as my youthful poet, my merry lad.

See, it is my youthful Leonore I do behold,
The last time I knew her the bells for her burial tolled.
But now behold her, the fair bride you do see
Even more great than the black raven or the poet like me.

Oh, thy love doth dazzle me with an enchanted light,
Thou must become Leonore my wedded bride tonight.
I must not let thee from me henceforth pass,
Thou must know my love, my Baltimore lass.

For now we understand each other here,
When on earth thy father's pride was to me a funeral bier;
But see the flame of love that kindled in mine eye,
Oh, I firmly understand you are my angel from on high.

This is now our hour of wedded bliss,
Betrothed of my heart, I snatch the nuptial kiss.
We live in no dreamland here,
It is a living, natural sphere.

Oh, guide me by thy honored name
To that land of beauty, that golden plane,
Where we will revel in each other's love
And sing the songs with the angels above.

For thou wert my love when on earth,
To the new born life you have given me birth,
For strangers we will no longer be,
For now, Leonore, you are wedded to me.

Behold in this a sample of life,
Such as Edgar A. Poe and wife.

Spiritual answer to his Leonore by Edgar Allan Poe through
the mediumship of Justin Hulburd.

Kansas City, Mo., February 17, 1882.

E. W. Hulburd, Amanuensis.

Edgar A. Poe in answer to the "Raven," February 2, 1882.

Lonely and silent I sat in a room
I was startled by a raven from an earthly tomb,
Perched on my bedpost so great and so grand,
Look here Edgar, how the raven takes his stand.

Dark and dismal like a fiend in the night,
Behold from the raven will come a wonderful light;
Poetic prose may seem wonderful to thee,
What is that to an intelligent mermaid in the sea.

In my dark cavern so dark and drear,
The geologist will find a great world of research here.
Behold the talisman I place in your hand,
By your poetical brain will transport you to a foreign land.

Thou canst pass from this land so fair
And by thy talisman will bring you to a world made of air
For thou art now a shining light,
Borne by angels to planets by night.

In those celestial spheres you see
Ravens as black, Edgar, as you and me,
And through your poetical brain shall we lay
A foundation for a Webster and Clay.

And as orators in front of a bar they shall stand
When the laws of justice shall be given by their command.
Thou has found by the talisman here below
You can be transported through fields of fire and snow.

And many obstacles can be overcome
When allowed to pass through spheres of tobacco and rum.
You will be allowed to pass to that shining shore,
Where women and men their true loves doth adore.

And from that to a moral plane
Where angels are equal and look upon each other as the same,
Now it will take you to golden lands,
Where angels play stringed harps and from these larger bands.

It would lead you to spheres to which I could give no name,
To the world it would be mockery all the same.
Now you see this doleful raven that was pictured by you
Has stood by as a guardian angel true.

Given at Kansas City, Mo., through the mediumship of
Justin Hulburd.

November 9, 1889.

Now listen to my sorrowful tale tale,
I once was a poet frail frail.
In my dreary life there is a wail wail,
To tell you this I must not fail fail.
I loved a maiden that was fair fair,
She had glossy curly hair hair.
Her name was Leonora fair fair,
For me she had a marked care care,
As she told me of the rum to beware beware.
I loved her with a man's care care,
For many were our trials there there,
But her feelings I will spare spare
Since she lives no more on earth there there,
And I this tale to the world dare dare,
As now my soul is laid bare bare
In this clime so beautiful and fair fair.

One night to her home I came, came,
 When she hid her face for shame, shame,
 In all my faculties I was lame, lame,
 I had none but myself to blame, blame.
 It was then I saw her love was on the wane, wane.
 I was cruel to her and bane, bane.
 I would not have done it had I been sane, sane.
 Next day my mind was in a melancholy frame, frame,
 To look upon her I did not deign, deign,
 For my very soul sunk with shame, shame,
 To approach her I did feign, feign,
 When she says, leave me and never come again, again.
 You have disgraced me it is plain, plain.
 I would speak to her but it was in vain, vain,
 When I left never to go there again, again.
 Then back to my haunts of shame, shame,
 For the world had a clutch on me again, again.

What was this poor poet's life, life,
 When she would not become his wife, wife,
 It was nothing but degradation and strife, strife,
 Since I went back to that cursed life, life,
 For I had brought upon her name a blight, blight;
 As I tried to keep myself out of sight, sight,
 But the demon would not let me keep right, right,
 Then back to whiskey I went in the daylight, daylight,
 For I even could not wait till it come night, night,
 Such was this poor miserable poet's life, life.
 Why did not my mother smother me that night, night,
 And lay me away in flowers white, white.
 Then I would have been saved from that cursed life, life,
 But I suppose mother knew it would not be right, right
 As my parents gave it to me as my birth blight, blight,
 And I found nothing on earth to it outwipe, wipe,
 Then let my parents in Heaven expiate for my life, life,
 As I took no part in that birth right, right,
 As they had to answer for it being man and wife, wife,
 As we are united in this soul's life, life,
 Now the world can look upon us a husband and wife, wife.

I send this from our spirit sphere, sphere,
To let you know we are happy here, here,
For Leonora is now my own dear, dear,
And I intend her whole life to cheer, cheer.
Now from the rum cup she has no fear, fear,
Since prohibition reigns here, here.
When we drink it is water clear, clear,
Which makes our whole contour look like a spirit here, here.
In this, friends, I am sincere, sincere,
As God and the angels are my witnesses here, here.
I have met an old friend, John Spear, Spear,
And I gave him a grand welcome here, here,
As I knew him in your earth sphere, sphere.
Now we talk much of the past year, year,
And the development of many a seer, seer,
And others that will come every year, year,
Spiritualism need have no fear, fear.
The work between the two sides of life is sincere, sincere,
For the spirits hold the reins well here, here,
And the Christian churches are going down I fear, fear.
Now let me say, I send this with good cheer, cheer.
And Leonora joins in saying she has no fear, fear,
Of her future happiness and my career, career.

Edgar A. Poe.

Kate Fox

Chapter VII

Friday, April 15, 1904.

Good morning, friend. Permit me to call you brother. All that work for Truth are sisters and brothers, filled with the Christ Spirit that holds Love for the whole human race.

When I lived in a physical body I was a stranger to you. Perhaps through the newspapers my name was familiar. I was known as Kate Fox, one of the Fox sisters through whose organizations the spirit raps were produced to the credulous public. Why were they credulous, as the people called them? They were willing to accept Truth when it was demonstrated to them.

Before I proceed any further allow me to help you to correct an error that you placed in your memorandum yesterday. It can easily be erased. That was not an earthquake, as you thought. It was a spiritual demonstration. An earthquake is a wave passing either from the north to the south or from the east to the west, as is usually demonstrated from their movements. If you remember, it was more like a blow struck against your house. It was a physical demonstration produced by the Fox family. We were attracted to your cottage and had a desire to produce a physical demonstration. I am the spirit that produces the raps in your home. That demonstration of fire that passed over the medium's body was a demonstration produced to show you there was a spirit band that visited your home. No doubt it startled you at the time, but you see no harm came from it.

I think your home has a beautiful name, "Searchlight Bower." Madame Blavatsky tells me in spirit life she baptized your home and gave it the name of Searchlight Bower.

Now I wish to speak of brother Peebles. You call him the

"Pilgrim," but his soul is young, although it has existed for many thousands of years. There is nothing old in Life, brother; it is only history repeating itself again and again. You in the physical body speak of Modern Spiritualism. It is as old as creation. When spirits were generated and placed on planets moving through space they were given Life that they might repeat history for the benefit of the human race. There has always been mediums born to receive the scorn of their fellow men but a soul like brother Peebles that has a store of Love to give out to the human race is always young. When he and others spoke at our humble home in Hydeville on the fiftieth anniversary of what you call Modern Spiritualism his words and thoughts were love, kindly and soothing to souls like ours. He did not call us strumpets like many others in life have done. He spread over us the mantle of Charity, which was soothing to our souls. All the sisters and brothers that spoke on that occasion were kind and considerate. God bless them. All the Fox family was there. Mr. and Mrs. Post and many other friends rejoiced in that communion of souls. Oh, brother, it was glorious for us to behold such a spiritual sight. Brother Peebles understood our condition. We were weak women and fell under a strong temptation, as many others did before us and many have done since. Oh, brother, if you could only understand when warm words of sympathy leaves a loving soul and reaches us in spirit life it brings such a glorious glow to our whole nature that we become in perfect touch to the radiation of that beautiful soul that expressed them. Brother Peebles had had in life so many cross roads to walk that he understood the beauty of a straight one when he entered its path. There came to him then a great power of spiritual intellectuality that so enthused his whole soul and body that he was ready to battle for the Truth, no matter on what plane it was put before him. His armor was on him day and night and he rested in it, ready for the fray, for he knew that that was the place where angels and ministers of grace attend and in communion their souls doth blend, to waft the spirit far on high where men and women always live and never die. A soul like his has kissed the violet breath of heaven, since he discovered man's senses were seven.

We were glad, that is, many spirits and the Fox family, to

know that San Diego had the honor and pleasure of his spiritual presence in human embodiment on the day of the dedication of their Spiritual Temple—that is something for the spiritualists of San Diego to always feel proud of, that they were blessed with their "Pilgrim" on that occasion. Margaret and I are attached to his spiritual condition and follow him around to listen to those sublime thoughts that come from such an intellectual soul.

You waited too long to forward your invitation inviting the "Pilgrim" to make you a visit here at your mountain home. He had left before Doctor Meyer had reached the city.

There was another individual who spoke beautifully on that day at the dedication of the Temple. I heard them call him Col. Dryden.

There were so many beautiful thoughts expressed by the sisters and brethren on that occasion it would take up too much space for me to relate to you all that was said by them. May God bless them all, true workers in the vineyard of Truth. It is our souls' desire that we may assist in blessing them too. Now I will relate to you a small part of your medium's life that was known to us.

When we were giving sittings at our rooms on Broadway, Emma Hardinge frequently made us a visit. Of late years she was called Emma Hardinge Brittan, a perfect lady and a beautiful character that worked for the upbuilding of your beautiful spiritual philosophy. She always brought sunshine into our rooms. One afternoon she made us a visit. I think it was on a Friday afternoon. While we were in conversation a knock came on the door. Emma said, "Before you open that door, girls, let me tell you, while talking to you I had a vision at the same time. There are three parties here knocking at the door for admittance; two of them are gentlemen; there is a wee little creature with them who is a born medium and he will be connected in some way with a war between the North and the South on account of the black race—admit them." She told it so quick it didn't seem to me as if it was over two minutes. Sister Leah laughed and opened the door. The three entered. One was Mr. Barnum, of Barnum's Museum, the other was a tall military looking gentleman whose name I understood to be War-

ren; the third party was a little girl and she was dressed so beautiful with such exquisite taste. I remember counting five diamond rings on her little fingers and wished one of them belonged to me. I always had a great desire to own diamonds. When they had taken their seats Mr. Barnum said, "Ladies, we have come to hear the spirits rap." Just then a shower of raps came on the table, which made us all laugh. The little girl said, "Can't you move the table?" Just then the table commenced to sway to and fro and went over where the Little One was sitting on Mr. Warren's lap. I said to Mr. Barnum, "Now you may ask some questions—the spirit will answer you through raps on the table." While Mr. Barnum was asking questions and receiving answers the little girl got down off the gentleman's lap, went over to Miss Hardinge, got up into her lap and kissed her, saying, "Lady, I like you. You are English and I have been in England." Miss Hardinge said, "How old are you, dear?" The little creature said, "I am twenty-four years old." That made all us women folks laugh—the idea of that little creature saying it was twenty-four years old. Mr. Warren said, "She is much older than she looks. She is small in stature, but she is twenty-four years of age." We all looked in amazement. He said, "Baby, let your hair down and show them what beautiful hair you have." Quicker than I can say it she stood on the floor, took off her hat and let her hair down. There she stood with her hair resting on the floor; it was such a beautiful sight that sister Leah hugged her and pressed her little head against her body. Emma Hardinge said, "You beautiful little creature—where did you come from? You must be one of the fairies that in my childhood I had heard of." The little creature said, "I came from Scotland, lady, and I see a tall man standing behind you. He is dressed like a sailor and he says, 'Emma, dear, I want you to take good care of that snuff box I gave you when you said, I don't want you to use snuff any more.'" Emma Hardinge said, "I recognize the person you describe. I was not aware he was in spirit life." In about three weeks afterward she received a letter from England telling of his death on board ship. Leah said to the Little One, "Can't you tell me something, dear?" She said, "Oh, yes, lady; you are going to marry a man—not just now, it's going to be some time yet—and he is

going to be so fond of you, and you're going to be fond of him." Leah said, "Can't you tell me his name, dear?" She said, "They can rap it out for you on the table." Then they rapped out for her "Underhill," which made them all laugh. Leah said, "They mean that we are going to live under the hill."

When the spirits notified Mr. Barnum the sitting was over he took out his purse and laid a ten dollar gold piece down on the table; Leah was going to return the change. He said, "No, Miss Fox, keep the change. I have received today a knowledge that can never leave me. The Fox family has free admission into my museum at all times. Hand me a sheet of paper and pen and ink, please." He sat own and wrote out a pass for the Fox family and friends; he handed it to Leah, saying to Emma, "Miss Hardinge, I hope you will accompany the ladies tonight and see the 'Dashing Blanchard' in 'Cinderella.'" That is the name by which your medium was called then. At that time he dressed in female apparel and of course we thought it was a female.

After the three had departed the spirit rapped out on the table, "The Little One is of both natures, male and female, the female predominating—that accounts for the high soprano voice. Go, by all means, and see the play of Cinderella. Your loving friend, Joseph Rockwell." That was a friend of Miss Hardinge in England, who passed over about three months before she came to America.

We all went and witnessed the performance of Cinderella. To say we were delighted is a poor expression. The singing and dancing and acting of the little "Dashing Blanchard" was grand to behold and listen to.

Now I wish to speak of a brave and upright man whose name is Francis, the editor of the Progressive Thinker; his work on all lines is truthful and fearless. A good harvest will be his sometime. All spiritualists should subscribe for the "Progressive Thinker" if they wish to hear both sides of the question.

I am glad to see you have so many spiritual books in your library, especially those of brother Peebles, brother Tuttle, brother Davis and many others; their works will be a monument to their names.

I want to send my love to all those who were so kind to

sister Margaret and myself when affliction had come upon us. Oh God, temptation is a dreadful evil to fight, especially if you are weak in womanhood and it fastens its fangs upon you, it will surely drag you down to the depths of misery if you have not will power enough to resist the temptation and drive it from you. There are tempters in all walks of life waiting to drag down weak women to their level. Brother, mark what I say, when I tried to defame and bring a curse upon my mediumship, thanks to the bright angels, I failed. The raps would come where they choose to do so. They showed to others that tried to hold me as a slave in that grasp I was only a weak vessel and they were the masters. I am paying the penalty and living down that condition that was placed before me as a snare. Glory be to the father of all; none of his children are ever lost. He permits them to pass through the fiery furnace and come out purified in the sight of nature's laws. I leave my love for your little medium and the highest regards for yourself and those that would like to read the communication of Kate Fox, a repentant medium who will ever work for the cause of Spiritualism. All hail to the cause that demonstrates that great existence, Immortality. Wait and watch the progress of this great religion. The haven of rest for all creed bound creatures when they enter the beautiful philosophy. I was known to the public by the name of Kate Fox. Margaret and I had a very limited education, therefore I cannot give as scholarly a communication as some.

Margaret Fox

Chapter VIII

Wednesday, May 4, 1904

Good morning, friend and brother. A brother in our holy cause and that cause is the Spiritual Philosophy, for in the Spiritual Philosophy lies the great demonstration of Immortality.

There are a number of spirits who wish to express their thoughts concerning the dedication of the Spiritual Temple in San Diego. Mrs. Bushyhead said I must lead off, as it was my place by right. It was kind and considerate of them to grant me the privilege.

My name is Margaret Fox. One of the Fox sisters of Hydesville, N. Y. They tell me I was christened "Margaretti," but plain Margaret is more fit for my condition.

The friends that laid the foundation of that Spiritual Temple called the Temple of the First Society of Spiritualists of San Diego, the beautiful city by the sea. Perhaps the friends did not think when they built that Temple that they were laying the foundation of a progressive school for future ages to look back upon with pride and glory and bless the builders that started the building of a great college for spiritual development. Their names will be blessed throughout all the coming generations of spiritual unfoldment.

Brother, it was a glorious day for us on the spirit side of life as well as for those in the physical body.

Out of the Lyceum will come some beautiful speakers to stand on the spiritual rostrum and impart knowledge of that higher light that has conquered the vile thought of death, a gloomy, visible thought constantly held before the minds that

believe in Christianity. A spiritualist always knows, understands and recognizes there is no such thing as death.

You may crucify truth for awhile but it will rise again more glorious than ever. It was crucified by the Christian ministers of San Diego. Behold how glorious it has risen in the new Temple of Spiritualism built by the loving brothers and sisters of San Diego.

I would like to name all that took part on that grand occasion; brother, you must enter all their names in my communication. You will find them in the *Progressive Thinker*, one of the grandest spiritual papers that ever was published.

Now I will speak of one and give his name—that is Doctor James M. Peebles, a particular friend of ours, and the great apostle of spiritualism. The apostle that carried the Truth to many nations and distributed to them from the depths of his loving soul that is as boundless as the waves of the ocean and is as broad as the great universe of life, the God of Nature gave him to us as a leader in our cause. You that live in the physical body call him the old Pilgrim and the octogenarian, but to us in spirit life he is a full developed bud opening out into a beautiful flower whose odor is filled with profound thought from the depths of his inner consciousness constantly unfolding his petals that others may read thereon and find that great instruction that will be beneficial to their future unfoldment.

A spirit like his that is so enthused with God's love becomes a ministering angel to the fallen creatures of this earthly planet. The beautiful thoughts that he expressed on that day of the dedication sent a valentine of love to aching hearts. He said, "The door of this Temple opens out and opens in to those that wish to come here and listen to spiritual Truth. We dedicate this Temple to God and the angels who are our spirit friends. They are the spirits of our loved ones waiting on the bright shore of eternal Truth to receive us." Many happy hearts left that Temple, winding their way to their homes filled with love for one another after listening to the beautiful thoughts uttered by the sweet sisters and brothers on that occasion. God and his angels bless those sweet sisters that furnished the comforts required by the public to make them comfortable while sitting in the Temple listening to the higher inspirations that come from minister-

ing angels. Oh, friend and brother, I am not capable of giving full expression to the grand thoughts that came through the vocal powers of the speakers on that occasion.

I hope they will receive my humble testimony, for I give it from a soul full of love for all. I will now withdraw and permit another one to take my place, hoping he will do more justice to the theme than I have done.

I send my love for your little medium and say, "God bless him." This is a day of rejoicing for us; we have found his frail body strong enough on this occasion whereby we can give our thoughts to the world. Tell the people that I can withdraw and listen while the other takes control.

H. M. Higgins

Chapter IX

Hello, there! Wallace Hulburd, brother and diviner of our cause. We give you full power of the amanuensis today.

Young man, I want you to understand we pitched our key to a high tune this mornnig. I have come here this morning hoping to say something. It will be a little different to those friendly chats that we were accustomed to having in Hamilton's store. I say all hail to the Hallelujah of the new Temple; it will become a wonder working school. Minds will be developed in that Temple that can defy the devil and all his guises that he can assume; the beacon light is lit and let him blow it out now if he can. All the orthodox thunderings will dissolve into mist before the teachings given by the spirits in that Temple. We intend to record thoughts there that nothing in life can blot out.

The words spoken by the messengers of Truth at the dictation of that Temple are inscribed in golden letters on the spirit side of life. The full meaning of the sisters' thoughts spoken on that occasion will issue diplomas for the coming speakers of the Lyceum. The sentiment wrought out by our manly brothers on that occasion was clear cut and full of dictation for all that had the privilege of listening on that occasion.

On our side of life we are drawing up a manifesto that will be delivered to God's children by degrees. Oh, brother, if you could only have seen the host of spirits assembled on that occasion you would have marvelled at their bright countenances while their souls were filled with the sunbeams of Love for the human race. "In union there is strength," and you will discover in time that that strength will assist in building up other Temples in San Diego.

That dedication formed the foundation rock for a college of spiritual education that will be built in San Diego for students of both sexes to congregate together and receive spiritual instruction imparted to them from highly developed spirits on our side of life. It is their desire to create in San Diego a school whereby the highest sentiment of spirituality will bring to bear a magnetic current between the highest spheres of that and the denizens of earth.

The angelic thoughts of advanced spirits will become as common as the A, B, C's on a child's card, for San Diego has been selected for that great outflow that the spirits that intend to imbue all religious thought that not only comes from the rostrum of the Spiritual Temple but will be expressed from theological pulpits. We are weaving our web and in its meshes we have laid out a pattern that the theological ministers in time must admire. We will graft upon their Christian sentiment buds that will blossom and perfect into spiritual fruit.

Today we have cast out our tints and colors for they must be caught up and glorify the cause of spiritualism. It is searching out all the cranny corners of orthodoxy, they are beginning to feel its light throws out many tints that blend in harmony with the spiritual soul. They will fall into line one after the other and cannot help themselves. It is so ordained that the milk of human kindness is fed by spiritual love.

The orthodox individuals that are talking about our great philosophy today will say in time, "We always believed it; only waiting for churches to be built to give it a respectable appearance." The words Spiritual Temple sounds grander to progressive souls than ever did the word Church. Temple means the home of Truth where all light bears the highest expression found in profound knowledge. The loving friends have dedicated that Temple in San Diego. The word Church will slough off from one's thoughts very easily; not so with the word Temple, for that is given to the most exalted position in spirit life where the greatest, the purest and the most highly elevated spirits dwell. It is called the Temple of Christ, from that Temple comes the waves of the true God manifesting itself to the children of women and men bearing physical bodies. It is only a material power that comes from the word Church, forced on

to the people by physical strength. The thought, words and expressions that emanate from the Temple of Christ reach the children of men as healing and soothing balms.

Many of the citizens of San Diego felt that soothing balm as it came from brother Peebles to strengthen their physical forces. No one can come en rapport with a servant of the spirit world without feeling that healing power.

All servants of the spirit world are constantly imbued with it by ministering angels. It impregnates their whole system and passes from one to the other as the light, glory and spiritual power shall pass from that Temple to God's children.

I leave my love to Little Justin. It is a love that has extended over sixty years. Sixty-three years ago on the first day of May I held him on my knee—he was a little mite of a creature then—and he sang for me, "My Heart's in the Highlands."

God bless you, brother Wallace, for the work you are doing in taking down the communications that come one after another. I am your loving brother in fraternity and will drink with you from that cup of libation through all time.

This is a manifesto that all the children of God must understand some day.

I am H. M. Higgins that once dwelt in a physical body and was called by the people of San Diego and National City, Bonnie Brae Higgins.

Helen Bushyhead

Chapter X

Thursday, May 5, 1904.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah brother Hulburd, for the spiritual jubilee. At last we have got a Spiritual Temple in San Diego, Southern California.

Rosa said, "Wade in, sister Bushyhead, and I'll hold your bonnet." She says she won't play any trick on me where I'll get all mixed up and can't tell my own name as I did when sister Shepard and the rest of the friends were here in Searchlight Bower. She says it will be clear sailing this time, so now, brother Hulburd, I'm going to talk just as I feel.

We have been waiting for this day when they would patch up Little Justin's old frail body. I'm so happy that I can't give thorough expression to my feelings, but let me first say, "God bless all who worked for the building up of that Spiritual Temple," and I know the spirit angels will never forget those sisters and brothers that took part in the dedication of the Spiritual Temple. Where are all of those old croakers now that said we never would be able to build a Spiritual Temple in San Diego? If they are true men and women let them trot out and speak their minds now.

My long desire has been consummated at the last and I say, All hail to the dear friends that worked to fulfill my wish. You know, brother Wallace, when I lived in the physical body I worked for our beloved cause for the great philosophy that will revolutionize the minds of the human race. Sometimes I was deceived by frauds calling themselves great mediums. I've got to admit that I was somewhat credulous and accepted a good deal of bosh that was put forward (rap) as genuine spiritualism, but the real genuine and good made up for it all. I am now amply rewarded for all the suffering that I endured in my physical body. The building of that Spiritual Temple has paid it all up with interest.

Wasn't it grand to have Margaret Fox lead off in these communications, bless her dear heart. She says it always makes her feel proud and happy to see the spiritualists own their own building, where no foreign influence can creep in and mar the beauty of our grand spiritual philosophy.

The Fox sisters tell me they met Little Justin years ago in New York City when he was playing Cinderella at Barnum's old Museum. They say he was a little mite of a creature then, only four feet tall. His hair measured four feet three inches. They say his singing, dancing and acting was fine, bless him. I wish I could have seen him then—that was a strange freak in nature for him to remain four feet tall until he was forty years of age and then grow a foot after that. Of course, he is not very tall now, but he can brag of standing five feet high at the present time. Just imagine, brother, that little creature four feet tall acting as a spy during the rebellion.

You don't know how happy I feel today to be permitted to come here and talk to the friends about our Spiritual Temple. It belongs just as much to us in spirit life as it does to those living in a physical body, for we will do the spiritual work while they look out for the physical part of it.

Now I am going to tell you a secret. I hugged all the dear sisters that spoke and took part at the dedication (rap); now comes the part that perhaps will make you blush. I hugged all the brothers too, and they could not prevent me, for I was so full of glory on that occasion and walked up and down holding my head quite high. I've been stuck up ever since and now I'm smoothing out somewhat, because my soul's love goes out to the whole human race. Oh, brother Wallace, if you only knew how us spirits felt on that occasion you would holler out Glory Hallelujah. I feel sometimes as Justin does when he feels he must give one of his Highland yells and then feels better after it; so it is with me when I holler hurrah, hurrah, for our Spiritual Temple.

Look at the great foundation of Truth not only in the building of the Temple. It is the great spiritual Truth uttered by the vocal power of the medium when surrounded by a spiritual glow while speaking the words of Truth proclaiming to the world, "There is no death. All is life, Immortality belongs to

the great universal plan inculcated in the minds of God's children, that great eon of Life is both male and female, that is why it was capable of giving birth to planets."

When the Christians speak of a personal God I feel sorry for them, because I believed such once myself. You see, brother, that personal God was forced onto the children of men and women through priestcraft (a powerful rap.) Just think of it, that great, powerful intelligence that guides all life that has given us the law of Reason and Wisdom to be condensed down to a personal God. It shocks my senses now when I think of it. Why cannot the people reason out things in their own mind, as our brother Jesus did when he laid the foundation for a high civilization for the future generations to enjoy? Think of the beautiful words spoken by that great medium, "See that ye love one another," and "Permit little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." The works and life that Jesus Christ lived will remain throughout all existence. They were a purifier and a civilizer to the children of this earth planet. So it is in our spiritual Temple. The words spoken from that rostrum will teach the people to live moral and pure lives, to love all men and women as brothers and sisters, to be kind to all animals and treat them as creatures that understood pain and happiness and the pleasure of their master's smile. Oh, brother Wallace, the human race is so cruel to the brute race that I am compelled to weep when I see them inflict punishment upon a poor creature that is trying to do the best that it knows how.

I know the speakers that will stand on the rostrum of that Spiritual Temple will speak kind words for the animal creation. It will be like a new baptism created for the animal race. I remember at one time, over twenty years ago, when Justin was speaking to the friends in my parlor. His control, Mr. Hammond, spoke so kindly of the brute race, as you designate them. He was very marked in his expression, of us to be kind to them on all occasions. He said, "When you once gain the friendship and confidence of a dog they will fight for you to the last and die in your cause, and I know where the master is kind the horse will love him with all the feeling that he is capable of." On one

occasion he said that women wore a crown of glory, if they only understood it. That is why the love of their soul went out to their husband and children, he said. To be a true mother it made them the brightest star in the human race.

When I gave a reception at my home in San Diego to brother Peebles, I shall never forget the kind words that he spoke to the people. He said, "My sisters and brothers, if you love one another with the spirit of Christ in your natures, you will also love the animal race, for Jesus was never cruel to anything that lived. He always forgave and told them to go and sin no more. It was impossible for cruelty to come from his nature; so now, sweet sisters and brothers of our grand spiritual philosophy that has Truth nailed to their flagstaff, their pennon that floats to the breeze will have the words upon it, 'Come and abide with us in holy love.' We have risen above all cruelty, now the animal race are our companions. No exalted spirit could ever have a cruel thought toward the human and the brute race."

I love to think of brother Peebles as his majestic form stood in the parlor of his home, with such a majestic form that held all the power and vigor of manhood at sweet seventy-five and as I behold his manly form at eighty-two pronounce the blessing on our Spiritual Temple I said to the spirit friends, "Behold that great apostle of Truth, the spiritual fire is lit and all the incense will send forth its rich aroma in vigor and strength on this occasion." None were disappointed. He dedicated our Spiritual Temple to God and as the spiritual love moved through the corridors of the souls present they felt an invigorating baptism (rap) that was shed upon them from the thought and soul expressions of his great mind, constantly inspired by spirit forces.

There was dear brother Dryden, brother Buss and brother Hodge with all the sweet sisters that held a sacred communion while brother Peebles dedicated the Temple to God, which means true Love.

I would like to speak further, but I am monopolizing too much of the time and will withdraw to make room for another. I am your loving sister, that loved Truth always (rap), but sometimes was misunderstood. Helen Bushyhead.

Bishop Lee

Chapter XI

Thursday, May 5, 1904.

God is in his holy Temple. Let silence reign while the voice of Truth proclaims to the world, "We live always; in us lives God and perpetual Truth (rap), for that great power is the life of our being."

Friend and brother, I am attracted to your home through the friendship that existed between yourself, Doctor Meyer, the medium and my son Henry, and his wife Hattie. My name is Lee. I was known as Bishop Lee of the Episcopal church. My last earthly abode was in Davenport, Iowa. There I stood at the head of a church representing its principles and teaching my flock to understand all about—as I thought then—the Jesus of Nazareth. I preached of the Trinity, three in one, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I did not realize thoroughly then that the mother, the Father and the child represented the true Trinity in life. They were glorified through the true love of the Christ spirit, which means the Holy Ghost or the Comforter that comes to all alike, the clean and the unclean. As I speak of the clean, they are those that have shared in the trials of earth life, that have kept their bodies and minds pure, moral and spiritual and had faith in the spirit of Christ at all times as Jesus of Nazareth bore upon his head a crown of light. In his soul was the true demonstration that fed that Light with fuel whereby it lit the whole thought and aspiration of the coming races of men and women. Why I speak in the plural—men and women—is to convey the thought to those that live in physical bodies that the human eon is both male and female. In the true sense they are only one, a faculty that has the power of God through it all. When I spoke of the unclean I meant those that had degraded their womanhood and manhood through a slothful condition

practiced by unclean spirits coming down, as it were, to a plane lower than that of the brute race. The brute race forms a combination that only carries out nature's law and brings into practice a function that reproduces their kind, but there is an elevation that all must reach some day. As they move upon that elevation through will power they will find that the degraded part of their natures has departed forever. Salvation reigns upon that plane as the Christ spirit holds communion with all souls and leads them back to that cultured and elevated plane whereon God in purity is understood. You must understand, friend, that God is a unity, unified in all Life. No soul was ever created to be lost entirely from that great universal Love that visits all planets.

The spirit of Christ is the exalted motion of breath (rap) and when breathing through the perfect lung of Truth all is a-finitized in God, who is the great planet of space held in space by a power beyond our feeble comprehension. All other planets are divisions or sections thrown off from the great planet of Life. As they come earthward they are discovered through the lens of the astronomer as a light, they are constantly watched by the scientist and given a name, such as those you are familiar with today, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Mercury.

Now, all bright spiritual minds that become elevated through the grand philosophy of Spiritualism are shining lights through the outworking and unfoldment of their spiritual lives. Each one carries with them the love of Christ in their natures. They enter the homes of the afflicted as sunbeams bringing a glow and warmth to their souls, so today there is a Spiritual Temple erected in the beautiful city of San Diego, the city by the bay and sea.

That Spiritual Temple is a sunbeam built up by the sons and daughters of your beautiful city. The voice from its rostrum will give forth a beautiful glow, fed by sunlight and Truth formed and fashioned by spirit power before its production takes place through the vocal organs of true mediums.

That Spiritual Temple will become an elevation, not only to the minds of the listeners, but it will build up a cultured elevation that will dwell always in the recess of their soul, the holy communion held there between the spirits and the denizens of

earth that will garnish their table with a love and beauty of simplicity that the simple food will taste delicious to the palate.

I do not mean flesh of animals or any food that has been the cause of pain (rap); I only mean that which consists of grains, nuts and fruit, pure water to wash it down with is the oblation of spiritual life.

My soul rejoices when I think of the great manifestation accomplished in building that spiritual Temple. Let the seers of the ages now congregate in that Temple producing the holy spirit of Love and Truth through the instruments that assist in building up a greater and purer race of men and women whose whole lives throughout their earthly career will be garnished by the holy spirit of Christ that was manifested through the man Jesus.

Before I passed over and left my physical body behind I understood the Truth of spiritualism and my life was guided by those Truths while still living in a physical body. I realised it was only the change of garment that would take place at the demolition of the physical body. The outpouring of my soul—rap—had gone on before me awaiting my coming when I reached that eternal shore of Truth—rap—my judgment took place immediately and I knew and recognized just where I stood.

So let the builders of that spiritual Temple and those that go there to listen to the rich feast of spiritual Truth, every minute of their lives is judged, every act will bring its retribution if evil, every soul thought of good will bring a holy manifestation of Love, but the great and final judgment is waiting for you when you pass into the land of righteous judgment. It is there your deeds will speak for themselves.

It is not only the erecting of the Temple that will glorify your names, it is the manifestations that will bear the future seed of Truth for what you have done. The men and women of the coming day will bless your names and glorify them through their prayers of Love. A sacred conscience always has a seal of Truth upon it and that seal will be a manifesto of holy communion for future generations whereby they will speak your names with adoration and pride, and may that great and holy spirit that understandeth all things—rap—bless you now and for evermore, say I.

Put me down, friend, as one that loveth Truth, an humble spirit that bore the name of Lee.

When I presented myself and was seen by Justin while in the clairvoyant state he described me to my son and daughter as wearing a boxing glove, which made me laugh. The idea of a Bishop of the church having a boxing glove on his hand. I saw he did not understand it, but I was glad to be described to my children. While living in a physical body I was a large, heavy man, and before my spirit took flight from that physical body, in the night while trying to reach the bathroom I made a mistake and turned the wrong way, falling down the whole flight of stairs. I fell in such a manner that one of my hands was under my body and the weight of my heavy body crushed it severely. My loved ones wrapped it up, swathing it a number of times in white cloth; that is why it looked to Justin like I had a boxing glove on. My son got to understand the true state of the fact afterwards. No doubt you have also by this time.

Goodbye, friend. (rap)

Monday, September 1, 1902.

Good morning, Sir. I enter your house with the grace of God attending me. I love the human race for what they are, not thinking, always, what they may be in time, for that's impossible for any man to say. The works of God are wonderful and the growth of His children is beyond all imagination. Perfection is the outcome of this dialectical work in nature as the spirit of God moves through everything at all times. There is a faculty in the human family called "Intuition" which can become a great master to save the human race from misery and degradation. If the soul will assist intuition to grow constantly in the love of God, it will bring them on to a plane beyond all the sloth and slovenliness of the lower walks of life. Intuition, when properly distributed throughout the brain and soul growth, then the human race, living on that plane, can give out to the degraded part of human nature all the love and sympathy that is within them.

The children of God can only grow wise and perfect through the higher law of the soul, which is Love.

When men and women walk in the paths of morality, all the virtue in their nature becomes Love for the human race.

The struggle that is going on today in the physical body has been created through beings of the lower stratas of life, that is through immoral conditions. Men and women have become degraded for the sake of wealth and to revel in the luxury of lust, never thinking of the fellow beings that surround them, suffering, through want and poverty forced down into the grooves of degradation and misery by physical vampires called millionaires or the aristocratic part of society. Oh, the awakening of the conscience in such souls shall be dreadful to behold, when the Law of Justice shall call them to an account for the way they have lived in the physical body. The torture of hell will be nowhere. The chains of Sin that they have shackled their souls with will be drawn tighter and tighter until they cry out for mercy to those creatures that they have crushed down in the human body. It is only through them and the mercy of the Father and Mother God of Intellect that they can be released from their bondage of sin that has wrapped and engulfed their souls through the love of greed. Look today upon the condition of the poor in your earth cities, how they are forced to send their little children into the toiling to earn a pittance to keep life in their bodies when the little babies should be home under their mother's care, receiving proper nourishment and sunlight that nature intended they should have, but in place of the sunlight they have the close, stuffy room of a factory, breathing in all the diseases of the older ones thrown off by them through the perspiration of their bodies, then the little ones inhale it and become diseased. Not only that, but they are compelled to listen to the coarse jests and vulgar degraded remarks of the older ones, which are anything but moral and pure. Many of the older ones are so steeped in sin that they have become loathsome to the respectable part of the community. Those little ones are compelled to witness and look upon demoralization on every side, all through the curse of poverty, whiskey and the rich man's lust for wealth.

When, when shall the change of those poor creatures come? I am only afraid it shall be through the death of the physical body.

Your nation should pass a law governing the condition whereby man's wealth should be distributed for the benefit of

the education of the children of your nation. They should be housed, clothed and educated until they are old enough to decide for themselves what vocation they should pursue through life. A boy and a girl properly educated and protected under the law of morality until they reach the age of eighteen, then they are capable of choosing that which will provide them with an honest living the rest of their lives. Let their religion be practical religion. That they are of God a spirit living in a body that came to earth to gain knowledge and wisdom through the law of common sense which will teach them to banish superstition and gain the higher intellect waiting for the whole human race.

When I lived in a human body, that is, a material body that the children of men are compelled to carry around with them on all occasions, I endeavored to teach my congregation practical common sense and I think I accomplished it in many cases. I was what the world called a broad, liberal preacher, and many of my flock loved me dearly. The members of my church came at all times to consult me, not only on religion, but also on business. In all cases I gave them that advice which I thought was the best for their condition.

I was a happy man when I lived in the body, not only happy in my home, but happy in all my surroundings. In the church where I preached I always had love and compassion for the poor in my soul and helped them when and wherever I could. I gave more to relieve the poor than my family knew of. I was always a happy man when a condition was placed before me wherein I was capable of giving them spiritual advice and relieving their poverty; then I felt I was walking in the footsteps of my master Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all the human race, which I did not understand then—I thought he was a personality. God living in a human body such I taught to my people only through believing in Jesus Christ could they be saved and enter into the abode of eternal rest. "The Kingdom of Heaven" I did not understand then as I do now—that Jesus Christ was one of the laws of nature through which the soul could build up a better body. Since I came to spirit life I have made the discovery that the word Christ means a moving body or law, a tangible thing constantly throwing off spiritual emanation that can be taken up by the soul in a physical body whereby it can reach out and

grasp that knowledge for the building up of a manifestation for a higher spiritual intellect.

When a soul lives in a physical body it is constantly at work trying to realize the highest desire of its intellect. An individual grovelling through earth as many of the poor and oppressed do, they suffer poverty, misery and persecution, but there comes a time when that soul bursts through those conditions. It comes out into the pure sunlight where the law of Reason or the law of Christ as it was called in ancient Sanskrit. This law produces a faculty in the higher growth of the soul and through that working faculty they banish all fear of poverty and persecution because they have risen above man's lust and now walk in the love of God, that great principle that controls the destiny of all planets in space. This law not being a personality, has the love of that great principle throughout its whole condition.

When I lived in a physical body I fully believed, as I had taught others, that my Saviour would be waiting for me on the other side of death, but alas, I was disappointed. When I realized my condition and discovered my friends I said, "Where is this Christ that was crucified and said he would be waiting for me when I had passed through the dark passage called death? I thought I was a good man and tried to follow his teachings—why is he not here to receive me?" My angel mother said, "You were a good man, as you had been a good boy before you reached manhood. Your mother never had to blush for you. You lived up to the condition that your soul had dictated for you, and now your Saviour waits for you." I said, "Where is he, that he does not present himself?" She said, "He is in the love of our souls; that love which affiliates with yours. Christ, my son, is no personal being. Christ is a proverbial love in all the human race; it is multiplied and replenished through our love for one another. Every good deed done, my son, has found the Christ within us, for we perform that deed through the love of our soul, which is prolific and multiplies through all space. The word God means a collective and prolific thought of inspiration, which inspires us on to higher deeds which is administered at all times to the human race." "Then," I said, "this Jesus has been an impostor." She said, "Oh, no; he was a man with the

higher divinity of God in his nature; you must understand, my son, as we grow in spirituality God grows with us, for God is the element or seer of the human race. God being a law and we enter in full fellowship with that law, this seer God leads us on to higher paths in life." I said, "But how would it be with those that I taught Christ crucified?" "Many of those spirits that have preceded you to spirit life have discovered your mistake and hold toward you the law of pity for the ignorance of your education. They now understand while you were being educated in a theological college, you were crammed with Christ crucified, but understood but very little of the laws that govern planets, their sources and manifestations. You were taught prayers that come from the mind of materialistic individuals and they were not the prayers of Law and Love that would guide your spirit to the higher realms of nature wherein you could find Truth was never crucified. Truth has only been crucified through the minds of priestcraft."

I said, "Mother dear, but what will I say to them—that is, those that will command me to produce Christ their Saviour to them?" Mother said to me, "Become meek and humble like a little child, beg of them to lead you to Truth, as you led them to error through a misunderstanding and falsification taught to you in a theological college. Man, to gain power, has misled and guided the human race into a great error by teaching them God is a personality, when it is only a law of Light knocking at the higher door of Reason that is within you. The great mistake you have made, my son, you made while living in a physical body—you draped that physical body in a dark, sombre robe, believing yourself to be a holy man and a servant of God fit only to wear the priestly garb of mummery. See to it now that you enlighten your memory with the law of Truth and Progression. Approach those individuals calling themselves ministers of God and teachers of the living Christ, throw your full force and command of will power upon their condition, impress them with the thought that there can be no Saviour but the Soul that is within them. Enlighten that soul with reasoning qualities that it may become capable of enlightening the souls of the congregation that it is preaching to; teach that priest or minister's soul that you come en rapport with that the only

Saviour there is in life is the law of Love and through the law of Love all the sins of the world can be redeemed. See that you work hard and long, reach them through the law of Love; all the sins of the world can be redeemed, for kindness turneth away wrath. Administer to them night and day the Truth that you have realized. Teach them to destroy the pagan idea that a God with three heads ever existed, for the trinity means the mother, the Father and the Child. The trinity of Love uniting those souls is the trinity unified in the human race. Wherever Harmony dwells, there is the trinity found. In the midst of any gathering of people where Harmony dwells, the trinity is the only ruling power on all occasions. See that you fill their souls that no man should become the servant of his brother, but his equal on all occasions, equality is Love manifested through the spiritual power and manifestation of a righteous birth which the whole human race is entitled to. Do not forget to lay before them the law of sanguinity working through the power of biology on every hand. The generating of the physical body is a manifestation to the human race whereby they behold everything in the human body corresponds to that in the water and on the land. There is no fern or anything that grows in the ocean or tree, bush and flower that grows on the land, but what is represented in the expression of the human body. There is no coral wreath or towering mountain but you will find located in the human anatomy. Those are the great spiritual manifestations and elevations connected with the spiritual growth of the soul. They are the crude expressions of the soul in nature that must pass through a condition called death whereby they are released from the spirit and soul to become an elevated nutrition for plant life. When the soul looks upon the physical body and sees how it has elevated it through the law of knowledge, it smiles and says, 'Greater things than these can I do, yet through the law of my soul I will build up a more perfect body than that one that I have just released my spiritual condition from.' Then the soul brings all its will power on another manifestation of human anatomy. It develops a higher physical law in that body that it is building up, awaiting the transition of the spirit to enter the physical domain. It returns through the womb of that condition called mother, giving birth to the

human race. It grows up and becomes an intellectual, elevated human being, and through the power of speech teaches the human race a higher law of divinity, called 'reincarnation' of Solar life on your earth planet. Every reincarnation is a building up of Solar life in the human anatomy, just as the astrologer or astronomer builds up Solar life through the elevation of mind qualities called the inner sense of physical development or solar principle in life laws. Those laws are governed by the physical quality of the human anatomy and the soul principle in spirituality. They are constantly invaded by a cause called duality, which means the duality in all nature—the dual being the spirit and the physical, which is the constitutional of the mineral ethers and gases of vibration. The lesser dual being that which is thrown off from vegetation. It builds up the cruder parts of the physical body while the ethereal ether that passes through space assists in building up a spiritual development called the 'cosmos' of mind in nature, a responsibility then holds the soul's growth, called a law of Love and Purity."

When I had reasoned out things in spirit life according to the consultation of my soul I cried aloud with joy, finding that I had only misled many of my fellow creatures through ignorance, and now I will work for the redemption of that error through soul's growth, becoming their companion through all things an elevation of their spiritual intellect. When I discovered there was no personal God I set about to find the Truth in everything for those that I had misled through ignorance and myself. Many of us have the same desire and through our will power we discovered the great beauties of that intelligence called the God of all nature. Oh, what reasoning qualities came to our aid when we set about or started out to discover the Truth in everything. The law of Wisdom flooded in upon our senses and through it we discovered the true light of knowledge. No man made God played any part in our intellect, it was only that part that we could perceive through the law of Wisdom. We commenced to reckon up our accounts of deeds done in the physical body to straighten out the balance sheet and make the answer perfect. We had lots of work to do to square up all things with our fellow men, which of course includes the female element in nature.

As I was strolling along one day, or perhaps you would call it wandering, through spirit life, I discovered a class of men and women that seemed to be in constant meditation with each other's souls and their soul work. The expression and countenance of their face was very calm and beautiful. They looked upon each other with the most devoted love I ever beheld in life. I stood off at a little distance, as I did not feel that I was perfect enough to approach the group, but oh, I was so happy to look upon those beautiful faces. The expression of true Love shone out beautiful, the radiation that came from their atmosphere was of a bluish violet tint. All of a sudden while I was looking at them they burst out into a beautiful song, but I could not tell how it came—I, too, was singing their beautiful song. As the words came from their lips I took them up and sang them over again.

When they had finished singing their beautiful song one of the group said, "Approach, brother, and we will teach you the countersign, for it is holy Love that is within our natures.

I approached cautiously and when I drew near to the group a beautiful flash of light passed over my whole spiritual body. It seemed to enthuse my soul with a greater generosity than I thought one spirit could contain. I looked at them and oh, the expression of their eyes is beyond my power to describe. I said, "Souls of the Infinite Life, what is the password?" They said, "Humility to the human race. Go back and find the fallen and downtrodden, enter the dens of infamy and vice, not only those dens of the poor downtrodden and crushed by the vice of man's wealth, those that have polluted their bodies and tried to deny their souls of its proper growth. Do not forget to go to the dens of shame and vice covered with a mantle of wealth that you will find in the fashionable churches of the earth; sordid and demoralized bodies sold to the highest bidder amongst them where crime and shame is flaunted openly by powdered and painted faces, old men and young men of visionary ideas that is the owner of a human body, its price if paid for in gold and degradation. These are the men that keep civilized harems in your large cities and at the same time are respectable members of fashionable churches, who claim to be the house of God and the members and followers of the meek and lowly Jesus so said.

Go back and reach their souls with inspiration; impress them there is a punishment for fashionable crime, while the poor are starving and they live in palaces working out their nefarious conditions through lust, gambling and crimes of the worst kind. Go back and impress them they must feed the starving and clothe the naked. Go back and tell them there is a just law that will bring retribution on their souls for all the crimes that they have committed. Go back and tell them the law of Christ is the law of Love and not a personal God, as you taught them. Go back and tell them there is a law and rule that marks out the way to everlasting life. Go back and tell them for every poor, starving body that they did not assist there is a heavy load for them to work off. Go back and tell them the penalty for all that is the conscience of the soul greater than all the hell fire that ever burned. Go back and tell them all their crimes are recorded and they cannot escape the punishment."

I said to the group, "Do you not do any work? Do you always sit here revelling in each other's love and singing such beautiful music as I just heard a while ago?" They smiled and said, "It is through our works we are becoming perfected. We work much, brother, among the denizens of the earth. Just now you see we revel in each other's love, happy in telling of the work we have performed. You see we are true affinities to each other, that is why you find the same number of males and females in our group. Go back and work, brother, and you, too, will be with us some day when you have found your true affinity. It is only through work you become en rapport with each other. Then you will discover that you are two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. Go back and tell them you are working to find the Kingdom of God that is within you, which you must unfold to the human race ere you can become one of us. That Kingdom of God is the law of Love in the soul and you must share it with those living in a physical body."

We will continue at another time. They say I have held the medium long enough.

Wednesday, September 3, 1902.

Good morning, sir. I will continue my communication. Life is an ideality in nature. In this ideality there are many ideals. The same I will describe.

Some people's ideal is sin and think while they are reveling in that condition they are working out an ideal. Now, sin lies at the base of the brain where all the strong animal conditions are. In that coronal region and through that coronal region there are many men and women that can only indulge in animal passion. Their whole ideal is a life of lust and sin. In the higher regions in the frontal brain is located all that is elevating.

The lobe cells of the brain are the lily cups of knowledge. If it should be fortunate enough that one of the low animal passions should become overshadowed by a high aspiration coming from that high elevation of spiritual knowledge, then that low, brutal element will take root under the law of Reason, will grow and blossom just as the lily bulb grows in the mud and sends forth a beautiful lily cup which holds the morning dew. When the lower thoughts that dwell at the base of the brain become impregnated by a thought of pure love it ascends and blossoms out in the lily cup of the brain called the lobe cells. There is where the highest intuitional thought is located. Then that low condition blossoming out under the great elevation of pure light becomes an ideal wrought out from sin. It covers sin with a mantle of charity and the low grade of being who is fortunate enough to come en rapport with the elevation of a high intellectual mind is fortunate indeed. They then, as it were, come under one of the ideals in nature located in the ideality which is one of the true principles of Nature.

There is another class of beings who think they are working out an ideal. They are selfish and cunning and do not understand the law of Honor toward their fellow beings. Through their selfish natures and avaricious conditions they come to own that which belongs to their neighbors. They have a desire to own all their chattels and goods; not only that, but they envy them their good character and the friendship that people hold toward them. The greatest thing they crave in nature is wealth and position. When they cannot accomplish all this then they hate the human race and themselves. Those are the people that give to the world the worst class of criminals that we know of; their ideal is a low, cunning, selfish condition in life. My future spiritual work shall be to try and bring love into their natures

and teach them the law of Truth and Honor. I will try to bring high aspirations to their condition whereby they will understand that the beggar frequently holds a beautiful position in spirit life, for the beggar is often crushed down to the condition of begging by those cruel, mean, low, avaricious natures that wish to gain his wealth and ruin his good name in order that he might be ostracised by society at large. When I say him I include all the children of men, meaning both male and female.

There is another class of people that think they are working out an ideal in life. These are bigoted religious syncophants who think their idea of God and religion is the only true one. They will not hesitate of lying and deceiving to build up their religion's fanatical ideas. They work out their ideal condition through religious lunacy. That lunacy has such a hold upon their minds they think they are pure in the sight of God by using hypocrisy and trying to get others to believe as they do. Those people are what I call the lepers of the church; their whole nature is religious leprosy and that leprosy often takes a hold of weak minded individuals and they become the servants and mouthpieces of those religious, bigoted syncophants; their ideal is to persecute all who do not believe or think as they do.

The one and most beautiful ideal is the spiritual ideal of the soul and brain wherein each individual's constant thought is for the benefit of his sister and brother in life, minds that are constantly thinking how they can relieve their fallen fellow beings from suffering and poverty, taking them by the hand and leading them into the paths of spiritualism. Minds like those are like an oasis in a desert of sin—they are the fountain that gives forth the source of human life to all their kindred; they awaken up the faculties of a diseased mind that has become so by being crushed down to poverty and disgrace; a soul that will give forth all thought in time for the uplifting and benefiting of the human race, no matter what circumstances they find them in, by leading them back into the paths of virtue and happiness. Such minds as that give to the world of suffering, the true ideal and perfect perfection of the ideals in the ideality of life.

You see, sir, there are many ideals among the human race, worked out on different planes, and they all come from the mother ideality in life.

There are others I could speak of, but they tell me I must not hold the medium but a little while longer, as the severe heat affects him and he must go out and lie in the hammock where he will get an abundance of air coming down off the mountains.

I was attracted to this medium to give a communication for your book through the affiliation of my son and daughter with him. Before my spirit left its body I became thoroughly acquainted with spiritualism, and knew it to be a fact. It is the only condition through which men and women living in physical bodies can discover the reality of spiritual existence. Ministers may preach for a thousand years to their congregations and if they cannot prove or demonstrate the reality of spirit existence they are not worthy or capable of being ministers of the true God; they are only mouthpieces of theological colleges and seminaries. The time will come when it will be required by the civilized multitude at large that their ministers, male or female, must produce evidence of the spirit world. As the people become highly intellectual, then schools will go up and churches with parrot preaching will go down. I care not how highly a man or woman is educated, if they cannot prove the true existence of spirit life and that men and women are spirits living in physical bodies. As long as they preach the old fable, Christ crucified, and cannot produce a living Christ through spiritual knowledge and spiritual manifestations, they are only college parrots repeating what they were taught to say. I will here make a prediction that in twenty-five years there will be such a revolutionizing process in the Christian church that the people will wonder how their ancestors could believe the falsifications and bosh they had been taught.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. Put me down as Bishop Lee, of Davenport, Iowa, one who realized the true fact of spirituality and that our loved ones come to us and communicated to us through mediums living in the physical body. I myself, after leaving the physical body, appeared to my oldest son, who is quite mediumistic. I leave my love for the little medium who has been a servant for the spirit world, and I thank you.

Rev. Joseph Taylor

Chapter XII

Saturday, December 21, 1901.

I am the unification of man, unified in all embodiment of the human race. I am the astral and formation of eternity. All time and space is under the control of the voice of flexibility. Indelible soul action of perpetual life is under my command for "I" am the power and God that holds the secret law of power and reason in the human race. Without me nothing could exist. "I" am the male and female Eon of the human soul. All ability and purification is at my command for "I" am the child of nature and through nature's laws "I" see all that is fitting to be consecrated in the soul of the human race. "I" am the shade in divinity and through the power and law of my divinity can the seership and the soul of Reason understand nature's laws. "I" hold the key to knowledge and wave the sceptre of publication to the human race. Equality only dwells within my soul and through that condition gratification found its equilibrium. Soul measure is held by the human race wherein gravitation found its level. "I" belong to the school of Yoga for in it "I" find the peaceful rest of Time and Nature. "I" being a specification of manhood's atelier "I" find the growth of divinity in the school of Yoga. The shining vibrator of manhood is now on the wave of time and the whole power of life is as boundless as the waves of the ocean. It cannot be stemmed or held in check. The soul's divinity is like the incoming and outgoing of the tide. Purification and perfection is only found in the school of Yoga. Raja Yoga means the spelling lesson of infinitude in man. The whole atmosphere surrounding the school of Yoga is

filled with high aspirations that come from the inner stellar thought. That is why "I" am one of the aspects of Wisdom's light. The high condensation of immortality is within the grasp of manhood should the realization of his perfect manhood open the flood gates of his soul in order that the coming race should understand the true lessons of the master that has given Truth, Worth and Speech to symbolize kindred in the human soul. That is why "I" am He that ever shall be, the male and female divinity of all time. Those are the teachings that find lodgment in my higher soul. They are the reflex and concentration of holy sanguinity and perspicuity of the infinitude laid bare before me through the power of reason, and also taught to me by that great teacher, Searchlight, known to the world of embodiment as Helen Blavatsky. She has taught me that "I" am man laboring to bring out the divinity that is within me. "I" am one of God's purifications in nature. "I" am the real God of life for "I" am man attached to the Eon of Eternity seeking a larger evolution through the power and law of progress. Through that combination "I" will find the chaste morality of the God that is within me that speaketh to all lives alike, for we are in common with the heritage of time.

Space is the accumulation of thought and the constant unfoldment of men and women's thoughts. Creation is a desire that comes through the better element of the soul's desire which has the gratification through the sense of power of generation which brings us nearer and nearer to the liberation of men's souls from the bondage of priestcraft, a pagan power handed down through man's gross, licentious nature, fostered and forced on the ignorance of the human race. There is no equality in a demon's soul but that of sin and destruction, but through the contrition and immaculation of men's growth and individuality lying in the minds of the human race that can be brought up to an ideality where it will find equality towering above inequality, through the power and growth of wisdom's religion. Those hidden sources that laid so long dormant in the souls of the human race shall be revealed through truth itself and blossom like a rose in the wilderness of man-made religion. Priestcraft only worshipped the embodiment of the master; it had no reverence for the Christ in life; it worshipped the pagan, idolatrous

condition of dressed up priestcraft. The mummerly of men and the blandishments that they flaunted over the poor peasant seemed for a while to have a saving grace in its rotten condition called the judgment day. The generalization of atonement became a mockery to a reasoning mind. The spirit of Truth through the law of Wisdom makes every day a judgment day and forces on a reasoning conscience a power that tells them there is a punishment for past crimes that deals with the synophant of hypocrisy. The school of Yoga teaches them they cannot escape just punishment for crimes committed on one of God's children. They may lie, steal and murder, but it is all photographed on the book of Fate and they must fulfill and cancel all just debts through the law of conscience and sensibility. They must square up all conditions with the past embodiment before they are permitted through the law of power and sense to take on another embodiment. The inner sense tells them the Kingdom of God is at hand and the all-seeing Eye is watching the actions of the children of men. They cannot escape the perfect Eye of Truth, for it penetrates into the Soul measure and measures it according to the condition. The scintillation of Time is fully awake to the action of the hour and it is only through the perfect Truth that is within you, you can become reincarnated. You must give an account of your past actions so that you may become evenly balanced with the God that is within you, for that is the storehouse that holds the benediction of forgiveness. Searchlight has provided us with a lesson consisting of one word, or letter, "I." "I" am peace, Love, Charity. "I" hold these that "I" may give them through the mobility and gratification of the coming time. "I" am the lesson wherein men and women are one with God, for they are the Gods of the coming race, just as we were the Gods of what we are now. We only understood the lower strata of the Cosmos. We did not understand the full sentiment of the great Cosmos which is the vibration of the soul. "I" am the leader of Light and the keeper of my brother whose hospitality was greater than I understood. That is why he is given unto my keeping, so that I may reveal to the God that is within me the blending of our lives for all time. "I" am the giver of gifts received through the Yoga school of Reason and now through the

delineation of the character of my soul. "I" will give the gift of wealth, which is to teach men and women they are Truth itself, if they only understood their higher soul, no power in life can take this from them when they once realize the revelation of time. It teaches them God and "I" are one. "I" am a force in nature whom no one can persuade or dissuade from the correct road that leads me to the battlements of Truth where Searchlight stands on the tower as a beacon light holding out the communion and the inner consciousness that is within her to the whole human race. In life she proclaims from the battlement "I" am the resurrection and the life, guiding you to the outermost posts of sensuality, where in time you can destroy it and it will become a withering blight when man is made perfect and women understand they are one with God. "I" am the talisman that you must hold in your heart that teaches you the purification of grace that lies in your soul. The echo that you hear is the outgrowth of what you was, but we behold in Searchlight the olive branch of peace. She waves to and fro her mind senses and distributes the echo through space. She proclaims to the human race the Echo finds no lodgment in the soul that is pure. The wise men have come from the east to reveal through her the teachings to the Orient; the star of progression has become a fixed power in the zenith of time. You must no longer worship the embodiment, but respect the spirit that reveals itself through that embodiment. "I" am the solar system that reckons time through man's divinity, satellites and stars, comets and gases attend my bidding, for "I" am the shaft that holds the light of Reason for all the stellar parts and attributes of life and at my command, since "I" am the generator of systems whose polar action comes from my breath. "I" can blow the breeze of derision if it is required and bring forth the similitude of beauty so that the brain action and forces can kiss the violet breath of heaven. "I" am the tempter and tempest in the storm laying waste the miscellaneous parts of manhood's growth when it is not perfect with God. "I" am the veinous blood that comes from the heart and passes through the corpuscles of the human anatomy where disease and death sets its cord to tie up in knots the human machinery of the human body, which is the outgrowth of antiquity through a debased liquida-

tion and liquidation of disorder wherein man's animal propensities have been the ruling power, but "I" am the supreme supremacy that will wash out and cleanse, eradicate and destroy that which has been the base part of life. "I" will build up and plant therein a sacred edifice that comes from the teachings of the Yoga School called man's higher self, a manifestation manifested from the soul's equanimity in life. This is the little lesson in the letter "I" of the human race which teaches soul's edification and manifestation in the eternal school of Yoga, the up-building of all affinity in the true Karma of life through which in time it will learn all the perfect lessons given by Searchlight as we take each letter in the fidelity of Truth spoken by the great teacher and when we have completed a perfectness of perfectness in the manifest so that we can realize and understand our lessons are perfect in accordance with the song and vibration of nature and when our soul sense can proclaim to life, "It is finished," and the High Priest has manifested the perfect perfection our condition then is such that we can live in Nirvana with the one perfect God unified in the unification of all time which courses through all plants and space. This is a little lesson that I have committed to memory, taught to me by the great teacher, Searchlight. I am the letter "I" waiting concentration into the unified God. A neophyte who dwells in the train and school of the true Yoga, the perfect manifestation of her that has revealed the Wisdom religion to the human race.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. I was known to the world as Joseph Taylor, a minister, so-called, by the human race. Good day, sir.

Poem

Chapter XII

Holy of holies draw near
We are loved ones you need not fear.
Our communications are small
But devoid of all Christian gall.

Holy of holies draw near
And listen to the voice of a seer
Whose aspirations are great
And void of all mystic fate.

Holy of holies we show
What truth is we know.
The lies of the past are dead,
And purity and truth live instead.

Holy of holies can you tell
How many Christian saints went to hell?
Their bibles did not save them you see
Nor all the imps that danced in glee.

Holy of holies what is God?
His the inner consciousness destroyed Aaron's rod
And allowed the brassy serpent to live,
That God to men knowledge might give.

Holy of holies, hark!
I hear a voice out of knowledge's ark,
And in it is a spark of life
That has wedded men to a goodly wife.

Holy of holies, smile,
Pulpit parrots have dulled their file
And can no longer vomit wrath,
For spiritual points have given them gath.

Holy of holies, look at the sun.
The spirits have exploded the Christian gun.
Souls have awoke to reason and sense,
And all the swords of Christianity bent.

Holy of holies proclaim
Knowledge is sense and light,
And gives to the human family what is right,
Since we are loved ones in God's sight.

Holy of holies, see the reasoning power,
How it has opened up the darkness of the past hour,
And given to God his proper place,
Because he is loved by the human race.

Given by spirit Jennie Lees through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd, at Searchlight Bower, April 18, 1901.

Joseph Jefferson

Chapter XIII

JOSEPH JEFFERSON VISITS JUSTIN

April 29th, 1905.

Last evening Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, Justin Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd were in the home of the latter, reading a recent spiritual publication entitled, "Death—the Meaning and Result," by J. K. Wilson, and conversing upon its contents. About nine o'clock Justin was observed to be under some influence that was endeavoring to obtain control of his organism. He arose and walked about the room in an unsteady manner, finally approaching the open door, staggered and fell against the door casing. Dr. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd sprang to his assistance and led him to an arm chair. After a few minutes the spirit extended the medium's hands, shaking those of his friends in a cordial manner, saying, "Good evening, gentlemen. Well! well! well! He is nearly as broad as he is long. What has become of those beautiful curly locks and that petite form? Where is his pride now? All gone. I am rather weak on my pins. I thought I would walk around until you stopped reading, but I staggered and came near falling. You have a nice, comfortable home here in the mountains. Everything looks beautiful outside.

"I suppose you would like to know who I am. My name is Joseph Jefferson. I passed into spirit life a few days ago. You may think it remarkable that I have come so quickly, but I have known of this for many years. I am a thorough Spiritualist and know all about the change. How do you suppose I got here so quickly? I met Charlotte Cushman. She said, 'Joseph, don't you want to go and see Puss? (The nickname of the medium when on the stage.) You can talk through his organ of speech.'

I said 'Yes,' and she brought me here.

"I knew I was going to leave the body. At one time I thought I might get up again, but it was not so ordered. I am not altogether myself. I cannot get my thoughts together and am somewhat weak.

"Charlotte wanted me to come and give my first communication through Little Puss. I will come again and hope to do better next time."

Mr. Meyer asked the spirit if he found it over there as he anticipated. He said, "Not quite. In some respects it is not exactly as it had been represented or as mediums had described it to me, but it is all right. I will soon be straightened out."

The spirit ceased talking and apparently left; presently he returned and said, "I nearly forgot to say good night. Remember me to Puss. I will come again."

Owing to his diminutive form, Justin was called Puss by his theatrical friends; that nickname applied to him while he remained upon the stage.

The passing of Joseph Jefferson leaves Justin the last of that old school of actors.

Monday, May 15, 1905.

Good morning, brother. One in faith, one in fact, one in a soul's desire. We can drink the libation of Truth together, calling that great divine power to bless our ministrations through life. The cup that will hold the seventh libation creates in man a brotherhood through eternity.

I have entered Searchlight Bower this morning to ask in all kindness that you will do me the favor to take down a communication and see that the same is conveyed through the mail to that glorious sheet of information which through the law of progression is called "The Progressive Thinker." Such is the prominent headline of that educational paper.

Before I go any further it is my desire to thank a lady whose soul is generosity. She says her name when in the physical form was Mary C. Morse, the wife of Ephriam Weed Morse, one of San Diego's old citizens in Southern California. Her spirit name is Lovelight. She gave way to allow me to give this communication, as this was the day she was going to send a letter

to her husband and spirit mate, who still lives in the physical body. Her nature is that of Truth. Do you know, brother Hulburd, woman's nature—bless them—is a constitution of Love and Generosity. I care not how low any female may fall below the law of morality, in that individual still lies a flame that can be kindled into love for a fellow being. I believe it was woman that gave to the soul of man one of nature's laws called Generosity. I am willing to be convinced to the opposite. I would like to see the individual who had the power to convince me it was not so. Woman—bless her—is the mother, the wife and the comforter of man through life.

I hope brother Francis, the editor of "The Progressive Thinker," will permit me space in his glorious paper to send my soul love and spiritual greeting to those loved ones I left in the physical body and to all who call me their friend.

Now, brother, I wish to describe my entrance into spirit life through the new birth.

After I had made my exit from the physical body, when I opened my eyes and had taken in that visual condition called spiritual sight, I beheld my mother and father and with them my first female companion. After I had received their joyful greeting I looked upon my loved brother and professional companion, William Florence. He held by the hand one of my offspring. After I had received the greetings accorded me by my spirit friends Billy Florence said, "Joe, you look like you had come from a hard rehearsal and the long and tedious work has its effect upon your condition." I said, "Dear Billy, when the curtain descended on the last act I was tired, that was all." On his left stood Edwin Booth; John Spear, the astrologer, and wife on the right. Many happy days I had passed in John's company. As I looked to the east I saw Edwin Forrest and Charlotteushman approaching, holding each other's hands with that great smile of affection called brotherly and sisterly love. Many of my professional sisters and brothers were in attendance with a host of other friends. There came forward one whom I loved from boyhood, H. M. Higgins; his soul and life was that of music. When we clasped hands the echo of an orchestra was heard in the distance. The sound of each instrument showed to me they were in perfect tune. The tone was heavenly and I cried

for joy. Brother Higgins said, "Joseph, I had in preparation this orchestra for your reception. Our rehearsals was that of joy to know that we were going to welcome an old friend to spirit life." Oh, it was such a glorious meeting. I cannot describe it to you—no pen or pencil can portray that blissful scene.

Mediums in the physical body erred when they described my spiritual home. Human nature is weak in many cases and I found it so in those that were playing the role of public mediums. I was conducted to the home of my loved ones in spirit life.

While enjoying the beautiful expression called the Soul of friendship Charlotte Cushman approached me and said, "Brother Joseph, do you not want to go and see Puss? You can talk through his organ of speech. Here are two guides waiting to conduct us to his home in the mountains. Come, they will lead the way. It is in their power to attach your force and will power to his organ of speech; through that channel you can convey your thoughts to the people living on the earth plane." They led and we followed. That is why when I made you that other visit the attempt at producing a communication for the reading public was so feeble.

Perhaps you would like to know who gave Little Justin the name of Puss. It was I, Joseph Jefferson. When quite a lad at rehearsal one morning in Washington, D. C., he was sitting on my knee, a little mite of a creature, as I thought then. I thought I had grown to be quite a lad and felt my superior condition over him, he being so small I forgot that he was a number of months older than I was. Edwin Forrest was playing a star engagement at the theatre. He came to where we were sitting and said, "Joe, let me take my Little One; he appears in this scene. Do you not think we ought to give him a nickname?" I said, "Yes, let's call him Puss, he's so little for his age." He held up a stick of candy and said, "Joe, you hold this until I get through; don't you take too many licks, now, because I can tell. You can lick down to there," pointing his little finger down a ways on the stick of candy. Brother, that is a sweet memory to me. I treasured that as long as I lived in the physical body, now in my spiritual existence the memory is sweeter than ever. Here I am today, speaking through the organ of that Little One that I loved so much on earth. He was looked

upon by his professional sisters and brothers as a queer little individual, sensitive to all influences that he came en rapport with. I remember on one occasion Edwin Forrest said to Edwin Booth, "The world will hear from that Little One yet. I hope it will not come to pass until he has closed his professional career."

The spirit world understood what they required. While under the guardianship of brother Warren his mediumship was put into full force between the North and South during the Civil War. He obeyed the commands of a spirit voice and many papers reached Abraham Lincoln's hands through a force called mind. The action was physical. The higher element was spiritual. He was borne on that force and gave into the hands of Abraham Lincoln that which was valuable. Abraham Lincoln tells me he watched for his coming with the anxiety of a mother for her child, expecting every day that he had been shot down. He still lives in the physical body. His hair is white, that keen look of his brilliant eye is growing dim. He still lives a monument of his past life. Those that loved him in his professional career have passed on to a brighter life, the real world of thought.

I send my love and blessings to the friends who were kind to me and may the higher angels bless my dear ones.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope the editor of the Progressive Thinker will find space for it in his valuable paper. It is the only channel at present through which I can convey my thoughts to the friends still living in the physical body. I am on the lookout for another medium nearer home through whom I can reach my loved ones and speak to them through the power of oral language.

Your friend and the friend of all progressive thinkers. I understood the power of spirit communication while living in the physical body. Adieu until we meet again. Joseph Jefferson.

Monday, June 5, 1905.

Good morning, brother. I have had the audacity this morning to enter Searchlight Bower and make you another call. I come here by request to satisfy the desires of a number of professional sisters and brothers. It is their wish that I should give you a synopsis of Little Puss' life, just in the same manner that

I would give you a synopsis of a play or book. Now I will make it a point in that synopsis to relate to you that part of his life with which I was acquainted. To give you a thorough description of all his life in his physical body would fill several volumes. As it is I intend to condense it and boil it down to a witch pot, with a number of ingredients thrown in to season the witch broth.

You will have to go with me back to 1838. In the month of May, 1838, they were going to give the public a Scotch production at the old Chambers street theatre, between Broadway and Center streets, opposite the City Hall, New York City. In that production my father was in the cast. It was his desire that I should attend the rehearsals in the morning in order to become acquainted with stage business and make myself familiar on all points of the same.

On the first morning of rehearsal when most of the company had assembled on the stage Mr. Jones, the leading man of the company and a great favorite in New York City at the time, came onto the stage holding by the hand a little creature that looked more like a doll than a human being. I will describe to you how he was dressed. He wore a little blue cloth kilt, a black velvet jacket with a white ruff around his neck, a Scotch cap on his head. On his feet and legs he wore little black boots with red tops; his long wavy and curly hair hung down below his kilt. I noticed that he frequently stuck out one foot that the company might see the red tops on his boots. My pride was hurt and I became disgusted to think such a midget would play in the new production when I, so much larger, could not get a chance.

The leading lady, a Miss Melville from England, said to Mr. Jones, "Is that your baby?" Just then you should have seen the little midget straighten himself up and from those large dark blue eyes came a scornful look. His face was quite small and that was why his eyes looked so large. Mr. Jones said, "No, Miss Melville, this is not my little baby." Just then he received a kick on the shin and the Little One said, "I'm nae baby." He spoke with a strong Scotch accent. I learned afterward he could only speak Gaelic when he first came to America. In learning English it gave his speech a Scotch accent and that is why he

was engaged to play in the Scotch production.

The name of this play was the "Warlock of the Glen." Mr. Jones said, "Miss Melville, this is the individual that will play your child in the Warlock." Miss Melville went up to where the Little One stood and said, "Dear, who do you belong to?" He said "To my ain sel. I dunna belong to ye." She said, "Oh, dear, don't be offended at me. You know we want to become good friends as I am cast for your mother in the piece. Now, give me a kiss for I know I shall love you dearly." Mr. Jones said, "Pet, kiss the lady." She stooped down and he put his little arms around her neck and kissed her on both cheeks. He said, "Leddy, hae ye any siller?" She pushed the ring back on her purse and gave him a sixpence. He said, "Noo yer my auntie," which brought a laugh from the company. He had more uncles and aunts and fathers and mothers than any kid I ever knew.

In a few minutes after that Mr. Mitchell said, "Ladies and gentlemen, clear the stage and we will begin rehearsal." After Mr. Mitchell had pronounced these words the Little One walked up to Miss Melville and said, "Leddy, yer gaun to marry a rich man; he'll hae plenty o' siller. He lives awa o'er the big water." The following year she returned to England and married a wealthy English banker.

Mr. Jones addressed me, saying, "Joe, look after this Little One until he is called for his scene." Instead of looking after him I felt like I wanted to choke him. I grabbed him by the hand, dragged him into the wings, sat down on a chair and said, "You brat, stand here and keep quiet. If you don't I'll choke the life out of you." He looked up at me and smiled and quicker than I can tell it was sitting on my lap, kissing me on both cheeks, said I was a bonnie laddie, laid his head on my breast and I was a gone coon. There came a magnetic current from his body to mine and I fell in love with the midget that ten minutes before I wanted to choke the daylights out of.

When his scene came Miss Melville led him on the stage and I became jealous of her to think she had taken him away from me. She led him down to the front of the stage and said, "Now, dear, sing your song for Mr. Hoffman and he will catch the melody. Mr. Hoffman was the leader of the orchestra. He sang three verses of the song when the leader caught on to the tune.

He rehearsed his scene with the mother and the Warlock. Then I discovered why he was engaged to play that part. His Scotch pronunciation was the life of the scene.

After rehearsal I asked father if he would allow me to take the Little One home to dinner. He granted my request. When we arrived at our rooms he told mother that I had adopted a little boy and was going to bring him up in the "Straight and narrow path." Mother said, "Who does the little darling belong to?" I said, "To me." Mother laughed and said, "Now we will have dinner." While sitting at the table a peculiar expression came over his face which seemed to frighten mother. She said, "Just look there—the Little One is growing sick." She came around to the part of the table where he and I sat. She wanted to take him on her lap. He spoke in as good English as I tell it to you now. The voice said, "Lady, do not be frightened. I came here to make a prediction concerning your son Joseph. He will pass through many ups and downs in life, finally he will get conception of an old man character which will make his name and fortune." We all laughed, at the same time it tickled mother's vanity to think some day her son's name would become famous and he would make a fortune. After the influence had passed away the Little One's pronunciation was as Scotch as ever. The influence gave the name of John Barnet, a half brother to my great grandfather and a kind of a strolling player, more on the line of a clown, he said, than anything else. The prediction came to pass, as the world admired my conception and creation of "Rip Van Winkle."

The first night of the performance the Little One became the bright star of the piece. He sang his Scotch song for an encore and danced the Highland Fling. It was wonderful how he controlled his feet; their quick movement in the different steps brought big applause. Several times during the dance he gave a Highland yell, which pleased the gallery gods immensely. They yelled, stamped and hollered so much he had to repeat the dance. In the next scene when his mother is sitting on a rock at the edge of the lake he is playing with some pebbles on the beach for stage effect. Some one in the audience cried out, "Bairn, can ye sing in the Gaelic tongue?" His eyes lit up and he said, "Aye, I can that." He got up into his mother's lap and

sang in the Gaelic tongue, "The Campbells Are Coming." After he had finished the song the applause was immense. Then he sang "Bonnie Dundee" in Gaelic. The people yelled and screamed so Miss Melville led him to the front of the stage that he might acknowledge the applause. She turned around to go back to the rock and the way the Little One skipped and danced and twisted his legs, it was some time before the six villains that appeared on the rocks could be heard, the laughter was so great, produced by the antics of the Little One. When the mother had discovered the villains that were going to carry off her child she screamed for the "Warlock of the Glen," who made his appearance in a boat on the lake. The Little One jumped up onto the rock, placed his hand inside of his jacket, brought out a dagger and said to the villain in a tragic voice, "Gang awa or I'll kill ye all. Mither, stand behind me and I'll protect ye; nae villain will put a hand on ye when I'm here." He pronounced it in such a Scotch manner that the curtain descended to big applause. The newspapers said next morning he was the attraction at the Chambers street theatre.

After the "Warlock of the Glen" was taken off the boards they produced another Scotch play called "Periwinkle." The Little One and I played the children of Lord Kenross. The Little One played a girl, while I played a boy. In the village scene we both danced a village hornpipe. At the end of the dance I stooped over, she sprang onto my back, stood on one foot, with the other one poised in space, to the admiration of the gallery gods.

Next day after the first performance had been given he accompanied me home to dinner. He said to mother, "Now, auntie, ye mun hae rice pudding and limonad for dinner. Me and Joe is starrin it up at the theatre and we mun be waited on." Mother acknowledged our starship by courtseying very low.

Next monday morning I was paid the big sum of four dollars, while he received ten. A bigger man than me you never saw walk down Pearl street, New York City. At the corner of Pearl and Center, the Little One bought a quarter's worth of fresh roasted peanuts and sent them to mother as a present; as we were starring he felt it was his duty to send those presents.

When I entered our apartments mother was studying up some manuscript, as father and she had been engaged by a travelling manager as members of his company. When "Periwinkle" was withdrawn from the boards I placed in her hands my four dollars with all the attitude of a big actor, dropped the peanuts into her lap, saying, "They are from Midget. You can dine on them today and what is left over he and I can chew on tomorrow."

When we had finished our engagement—that is, father and I—at the Chambers street theatre, mother, father and myself became members of Mr. Blake's traveling company. Father always seemed more satisfied traveling than stationary.

I did not see the Little One again until father and mother and myself were in Washington, D. C. Mr. Forrest came there, accompanied by the Little One, to play a star engagement. There was where I gave him the nickname of Puss. After that engagement I did not meet him again until father was playing in Chicago. He was also there with a company, playing Cinderella at another house. We met at H. M. Higgins' music store, and the happy hours we passed there I cannot describe; those were hours of joy to our young hearts, sweet memories that always live in my soul. Nothing in life could bring a shadow over those memories.

They say I have held the medium long enough at this time.
Tuesday, June 6, 1905.

I noticed while in Chicago that time he had improved wonderfully in his English pronunciation of words. He did not speak any longer with that broad Scotch accent.

One day we were walking along Clark street, holding each other's hands. A man approached us on the walk, his head hung down; he looked as if all friends in life had forsaken him. Puss went up to the man, caught hold of his hands in a friendly grasp, looked into the man's face and smiled. The man said, "Who are you, little boy, that comes to me with such a friendly greeting?" A voice said through Puss' organ of speech, "I am your mother, Joseph Armstrong. I come to help you and give you good advice. She whom you mourn as lost to you is not lost. If you will follow my advice she will yet make you a happy man. Her mother has taken her to Detroit, Mich. They are living there

with an aunt." Then she described a house, an old fashioned one with a brass knocker on the door; she named a certain street that I do not remember now. She said, "Go there, my son, and knock on the door. I will see that your sweetheart opens it. Take her in your arms, shut the door, tell her of your love for her; then you ask her to go and marry you; she will go. Do not wait for any bonnet or shawl. Take her direct to the Judge of the Court. He will marry you and your lives will become one of happy bliss." I met that man afterward on a Mississippi boat. He recognized me, came and spoke to me, telling that he followed his mother's advice and now he was a happy man. He led me to where his wife was sitting, introduced me and said, "This is the companion of that little witch I told you about." He said, "Where is that little creature to be found? I want to thank him for assisting me to enter a happy life." I told him I thought he'd be found in New York. He said, "I am going to buy a handsome gold chain and watch, a chain that will go around his neck, and send it to him as a gift from my wife and myself. Will you oblige me by seeing that he receives it all right, for which I will thank you much." He said, "What town do you get off at?" I told him I was ticketed for New Orleans. He laughed and said, "We are also ticketed for the same place." In New Orleans he purchased a handsome gold watch and chain. I saw that it was placed in Justin's hands. Our company returned by steamer to New York City. I went direct to the hotel where Puss was stopping, placed the gold chain around his neck, saying at the same time, "Take this in your hand, Puss," placing the watch therein. He laughed and danced with glee, saying, "Joe, you are so good." I said, "Puss, that is not a gift from me, it comes from a man whom you helped to make happy. His name is Joseph Armstrong." I want to tell you right here, Puss was a strange creature; he had two fads in life. One was to play circus and the other a strange one, that was visiting graveyards, sitting on graves and singing. Sometimes at night, when we were young, he'd get me to accompany him and we would enter the city of the dead and mingle in their atmosphere. He'd get me to sit down on a grave, then he'd commence to sing in the Gaelic tongue and if we heard any peculiar noise or perhaps the echo of his voice, it would cause a cold sweat to run down my

back. I would try to be brave, stand up, put my hands in my pockets and say, "Puss, I think I'd rather stand up than sit down." He'd laugh, strike a tragic attitude and call me a peevish schoolboy. One night while we were in the graveyard I heard a voice say, "Children, I am the life, and he that believeth in me shall have eternal Truth." I yelled, dropped down onto my knees and cried out, "Oh, God, he's raised the devil at last." Puss called them his freens (meaning friends.) I thought to myself, "If I ever get out of here alive he'll never catch me coming to visit his freens." He'd say to me, "Joe, I love the dee,l" (meaning the dead.) I'd tell him, "You can have them all, I don't want to make any of their acquaintance," at the same time looking around to see if any of the freens were coming. He'd say, "Joe, I was born among the deid. My mither gave me birth among the deid freens." His mother gave him birth in the lodge of a Scotch burying-ground. He was the strangest creature that I ever met in my life, and had no valuation for money. I do not think he ever felt lonely. A good deal of the time he would talk to his freens, as he called them.

While mother, father and I were playing in Cincinnati, the bill poster was posting bills on a fence. The bills said, "John Wheatley's great burlesque company shall appear on Thursday, May the 8th, in the burlesque of 'Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp.'" Puss was the star. My father had arranged it so that I got a new suit of clothes, a new hat and a pair of boots. I thought the clothes were a good fit as I looked at myself in the large glass in the green room, and had a little egotism in my make-up, which made me feel I was a pretty good looking boy. On Thursday I went to the depot to meet Puss. On the way I was practicing just which way I would hold my cane when he left the car. As the train entered the depot I stood in one of my mashing attitudes. He sprang from the top step of the car—he never walked up and down steps like other people; he'd make a spring and was there. When he saw me standing on the platform he dropped his grip and cried out, "Oh, ye Gods, behold Apollo and tell me if he is not beautiful to look upon; do I behold him in a dream, or does he belong to this mundane sphere?" With him was Mr. Higgins of Chicago, and Wheatley, the manager. He came up to where I stood, shook hands and kissed

me, saying, "Joe, you're a real live dandy." I know he was glad to see me, as I was to see him. He said, "Joe, that suit is worth four lemonades." I said, "All right, come on." Mr. Higgins, Mr. Wheatley, Puss and myself went and had four lemonades. He was very fond of lemonade at that time in life. As the curtain descended on each act the manager had a pitcher of lemonade and a glass in his dressing room, waiting the coming of his highness.

He was a great walker those days. He made a request that Mr. Higgins and myself should accompany him on a walk. I said, "All right, only I don't want to go to see any of your freens." Mr. Higgins said, "Joe, what do you mean by that?" I told him that Puss always wanted me to go and visit a graveyard. Mr. Higgins laughed and said, "Joe, that wouldn't hurt you." I told him I wasn't hankering after graveyards. We started on our walk and were enjoying it when all of a sudden, by the Harry, we came up in front of the City of the Dead. I looked at Puss and said, "You beat hell." As we entered the cemetery a priest was coming down the main walk. He smiled and said, "Bless you, my children." Puss struck a burlesque position with a "skeerful look" on his face, as Samantha Allen calls it, and said to the priest, "Holy Father, by what right do you bless us?" The priest said, "By the right that all priests bless the children of men. I belong to the society of Jesus." Puss said, with a reverent look on his face, "Jesus associated with two classes of people. One was that of an ass, the other was concubines, sinners, thieves and murderers. Which society do you belong to?" The priest said, "You're a little wicked sinner and an imp of satan. You dare blaspheme the name of Christ in the City of the Dead." There came from Puss one of the most fiendish laughs I think I ever heard. He said to the priest, "Jahnnny, you have lots of book learning, with a good many tricks thrown in. Your knowledge is weak, the only strength that is in your religion comes through superstition and priestcraft, handed down from the hellish days of paganism." The priest crossed himself and said, "May the Mother of Christ have mercy on you all, for you have with you one of the imps of the devil, a scoffer at religion and the holy word of God." Puss turned pirouette and said, "Johnny dear, tell Mary we'll

all be there when Gabriel blows his trumpet." He jumped up and cut a pigeon wing. The priest said, "God have mercy on me," and hurried away.

I felt very queer, as I had some respect those days for the cloth. When I reprimanded him for speaking as he did to the priest he laughed and said, "Joe, I was curious to know just how he was going to do us up, whether it was by robbing us of our souls or braying at us. He tried the process of braying; it was a failure, Joe." When I looked at Mr. Higgins he was leaning against a tombstone laughing so loud I thought he'd have a fit. All of a sudden Puss made a spring and landed on top of the tombstone. He sat there and crowed like a rooster. I commenced to think the priest wasn't far out of the way, after all; but since then, brother, I have learned that the most marvelous liars and hypocrites lies in the line of orthodox ministers and would-be mediums.

After we returned to the hotel and were quietly sitting there enjoying each other's company, a knock came on the door. Puss said, "Come in if your feet's clean." The door opened and Mr. Forrest entered the apartment. Puss said, "Why, uncle Forrest," and rushed into his arms—as we thought. In a second there was nothing but vacant space. That was the most remarkable manifestation I ever witnessed. I was thoroughly convinced into what you now call Modern Spiritualism. My knees became weak and I could not rise from the chair. When I had gained sufficient strength to go to my father and mother's room I told them of what I had seen. My father laughed and said, "Joe, the Little One cast a spell over you; he is Highland Scotch and some of them are uncanny beings." Mother said, "That is a strange creature and I never understood him." I said, "Mother dear, I wonder if anyone does." I went to my room, laid across my bed and fell asleep, dreaming that Puss turned into the devil and offered to take me in as a partner to manage hell. I woke up and laughed so much that my side commenced to pain me.

The next afternoon Mr. Higgins, Little Puss and I went out riding. I had no desire to meet any more priests in a graveyard. While driving up a hill of Cincinnati a lady and gentleman stopped us and inquired the shortest way to the city. I saw a queer

expression coming over Puss' face and hoped to God he wasn't going to tackle those people, when all of a sudden he said, "Lady, your name is Lydia Higgins Thompson and this man here is your cousin," slapping Higgins on the arm. You have never met before; he's your cousin, just the same." Mr. Higgins and the lady got to talking of family affairs and made the discovery they were first cousins. We were invited to make their home a visit, which was three miles out from Covington, Ky. On the following Sunday we made their home a visit and were received with great cordiality by the members of the family. At the dinner table a young lady with very bright eyes sat opposite to me. I noticed sometimes her eyes would glisten and from them would come a luminosity which did not seem strange to any of the family. She smiled and said to me, "Mr. Jefferson, some day you will make your home in the South and I will meet you there. The black man will not be a slave then; by the stroke of the pen from a tall, gaunt man they will get their freedom." Which, brother, came to pass. That prediction was given to me and I never forgot it. When Abraham Lincoln said, "All men are born free and equal," I remembered the prediction.

Afterward I met the lady and her husband in New Orleans. She was speaking for the spiritualists there.

After we had reached the hotel in Cincinnati, father was descending the stairs at the same time we were ascending. Puss said, "Uncle Jefferson, you're going to St. Louis, and it will be a good thing for you. You're going to save some money there." Father said, "Puss, I'm engaged for the season with this company." Puss said, "Nevertheless, you are going to St. Louis, uncle." The managers of the company that we were members of quarreled, the company disbanded and we went to St. Louis. Father met Ben De Bar, the manager, on 4th street, Cincinnati and arrangements were made and we accompanied Mr. De Bar to St. Louis. Mother said she saved more money there than any other place she ever lived. A kind friend gave us a little house to live in free of any rent.

The next time I saw Little Puss was in New Orleans. He came there with Edwin Forrest while the Ben De Bar Company played a month's engagement. During Mr. Forrest's engagement, one night while he and Puss were walking to the hotel a

man made a rush at Mr. Forrest and as he raised the dagger to stab Mr. Forrest Little Puss' feet were quicker than his arm; he was kicked in the lower part of his bowels and fell to the sidewalk like a dead man. Mr. Forrest hollered for the police; several parties came up and one of them recognized the man; he was removed to his home and through restoratives he returned to his senses after awhile. It was discovered that Mr. Forrest was not the man that he intended to stab. It was another individual that resembled Mr. Forrest somewhat in form. Two married men quarreled over a French girl.

After Mr. Forrest's engagement they left for Mobile, Alabama. While on the gang-plank to board the steamer Puss said, "Uncle Forrest, we can't go on this boat. She's going to get on fire." Mr. Forrest said, "All right, Pet, we'll go back to the hotel and wait for the next boat." That pleased me. I knew the boat didn't start until two days afterward. I was so pleased I said, "Puss, get on my back and I will carry you up to the hotel." That amused Mr. Forrest and he commenced to laugh. Puss and I rode all around the city, for I was a happy boy then to have my little companion alongside of me.

They did not take the next boat. Mr. Forrest received word the Mobile Theatre had been damaged by fire. They took passage on a Mississippi boat for St. Louis. When the boat arrived at Memphis, Tenn., they went ashore to look at the town. While walking up the main street Puss said to Mr. Forrest—as he afterward related to me and Edwin Booth—"Uncle, you must get your trunks off that boat; go right now and do it. Joe says the boat is going to burn to the water's edge." Mr. Forrest told us after he had his trunks removed to the hotel he did not think it was quite an hour when the boat was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Forrest before leaving the boat said to the captain, "See that your men attend to their duties. My Little One says your boat is going to get on fire and perhaps you can save it." The captain laughed and said, "You actors are so superstitious. I'm not afraid of the boat." Mr. Forrest said, "All right," and taking the hand of the Little One he went ashore. Fortunately all the passengers were saved; their trunks and effects went up in smoke. The captain became so angry he went to the landlord of the hotel and wanted him to turn Mr. Forrest and the Little

One out of the hotel, as he carried a little witch with him. He said to the landlord, "Refuse to give them a place to sleep and anything to eat—then they will have to leave; if you don't something will happen to your house." The landlord refused to obey the captain's orders and they remained at the hotel. Three days afterward they boarded another steamer for St. Louis. Mr. Ben De Bar had a large advertisement in the newspapers on Sunday and also bills on the fences and on the walls of houses, informing the public that Mr. Forrest would appear on Monday night in King Lear. We will take it up at another time.

Wednesday, June 7, 1905.

The next time I met Puss was twelve years afterward. It was while I was playing an engagement in New York City. One afternoon I was strolling up Broadway. When I got in front of the New York Hotel I met James G. Blaine, who afterward became somewhat famous, especially in politics. With him was George Meade, a West Pointer, afterward the commanding general at the battle of Gettysburg during the war between the North and the South. Blaine introduced me to Meade, saying, "Joseph, whither goest thou?" I told him I was strolling up Broadway for my health. He said, "Don't you want to go upstairs and see Warren and Little Puss?" At that time Little Puss had a guardian by the name of Warren. I told him I wasn't aware that Little Puss was in New York. He said, "They arrived at the hotel about a week ago." I said, "Most assuredly I will go up and see my little friend Puss." Mr. Warren I was not acquainted with then. When we arrived at their apartments Meade knocked and then opened the door; there was Mr. Warren lying on a rug in the center of the sitting room, playing circus with Little Puss. Puss looked up when the door opened and seeing who it was cried out, "Oh, Joe," and jumped into my arms. I sat down on a chair, placing him on my lap. He said to the others, "Good afternoon, gentlemen, we are pleased to meet you," then he turned and hugged me, saying, "Joe, it was so good of you to come and see us." I said, "Us—why, you haven't introduced me to the other gentleman." He said, "That's so," jumped off my lap, ran to Mr. Warren, caught hold of his hand and led him up to where I was sitting. It was quite a large room and they had to cross the whole length of it.

He said, "Papa Warren, this is Joe." Mr. Warren said, "Joe who?" He said, "Why, it's Joe Jefferson, don't you know him?" Mr. Warren said, "Puss, I'm not acquainted with all your friends. You have met so many people in life." He said, "Mr. Jefferson, I am glad to meet you. It seems to me I have heard my Little One speak of you, he talks about so many people that he has met in life that I cannot remember all their names." He said, "Gentlemen, excuse me for a few moments." He went into the adjoining room, returning with a bottle of wine and some glasses, Puss following with a plate of cake. They were placed on a centre table that had been shoved off to one side of the room. He said, "Now, gentlemen, indulge by helping yourselves." When we had all partaken of some wine, Puss carried around the plate of cake on his head. I was the last one to serve. He said, "Joe, take lots—you're getting to be a big man now," which was the cause of a laugh. He skipped back to the table, laid the plate down, ran across the room, made a spring and landed on my lap, to the amusement of those present. Mr. Warren laughed and said, "Mr. Jefferson, my Little One's whole life seems to be that of emotion. I think it would kill him if he had to remain quiet all the time."

I saw that strange look come into his eyes that I had been accustomed to see. A peculiar voice came from his organ of speech, it seemed to stutter considerable; by degrees it got out the words, "Jimmie, you'll fly pretty high—as high as they get in this country. Your enemies will rob you of that right which belongs to you. Such is life in politics and war. Oh, but there is going to be hell yet, and don't you forget it. The whole country will be boiling over with animosity for each other. The stars and stripes will always float, and don't you forget it."

When he had ceased speaking Mr. Meade said, "Blaine, that is a prediction—see that you keep it in your memory." The voice tried to speak to me; it stuttered so hard I could get no sense out of what it said. I could see Mr. Warren's face turn pale when he said, "Damn them, I wish they would keep away and let him alone; he belongs to me and I don't want those influences to interfere in our affairs. Gentlemen, I'm afraid if it keeps on like this they will destroy his reasoning power, curses on it, I'm afraid if those Scotch influences follow him up." I

said, "Mr. Warren, don't get alarmed. I have known him for a good many years and have yet to discover that his mental qualities have been affected by those influences." He said, "Well, gentlemen, let us take a little more wine and trust to luck. The future can only decide what will be the result of it all." He laughed and Puss commenced to sing "Coming Thro' the Rye." We all joined in. I made the discovery Mr. Warren had a grand bass voice. After he had finished singing I said, "Puss, where do you play next?" He said, "I go to Philadelphia." Then I said to the gentlemen present, "I would like to have you attend the theatre and see Joseph Jefferson and others in the company play tonight." They all agreed. Mr. Warren said, "Gentlemen, you are our guests. It is my desire that you remain and take dinner this evening at the New York Hotel." We accepted his invitation and remained.

Little Puss teased me a good deal to play circus with him, finally I consented, removed my heavy clothing, got down on to the rug, played circus with Puss for the amusement of the others present. When he got tired he sat on Mr. Warren's lap and went to sleep. Mr. Warren addressed me, saying, "Mr. Jefferson, my Little One seems to have a great love for you. How long have you known him?" I said, "Ever since we were ten years of age, when he and I starred it at the old Chambers street theatre, at least we thought we did," which made the others laugh. After we had dined we returned to Mr. Warren's apartment to smoke. Little Puss walked out from the other room during our conversation. He looked at me and said, "They tell me, Joe, you're going to England, Ireland, Scotland, California, Australia and New Zealand. Oh, you're going to lots of places before you get to be an old man." As usual, he put his hand into each of my pockets to see what they contained. Mr. Warren scolded him for doing so. I said, "That is all right, Mr. Warren, we did that ever since we were little." Mr. Warren said, "I'm afraid he will always remain a child in nature."

When we arrived at the theatre I had a box placed at their service. While talking in front of the theatre, Billy Florence and Edwin Booth came along; they stopped and talked a few minutes. After that they all entered the box together.

After the performance they came to my dressing room.

While there we received an invitation from Mr. Warren to take supper with him at the hotel. We accepted his invitation.

While dining, Mr. Booth said, "Gentlemen and friends, I hope to have you do me the honor of calling at my home in Newport. If you feel you can do so, why notify me in time and I will have rooms prepared for you." Two weeks afterward we made him that promised visit and had a grand time.

One evening on the porch Little Puss sat down between Mr. Booth's legs on a foot-rest. I noticed Mr. Booth's face and eyes bore a happy expression. He said, "Brother Warren, I always feel happy when Little Puss sits between my legs and plays with my fingers." Just then Puss looked up into Mr. Booth's face and said, "Edwin, kiss me and I'll tell you something." Mr. Booth kissed him several times, then a solemn look came into his eyes. He laid his little head in Mr. Booth's lap, saying, "Edwin dear, you are going to marry again. You will be very fond of her; after a time trouble will come into your life. Her father will make trouble. A sadder fate awaits you, Edwin. Your brother Wilkes will disgrace your family by committing a great wrong. You will feel it very keenly, so much so you will sail for England." Brother Hulburd, all that came to pass. Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln and disgraced the name of Booth; Edwin's father-in-law made trouble between him and his wife.

The next time that I saw Mr. Warren and Little Puss was in London, England. Our days were pleasant; they were what you would call "fun in a fog." There was a heavy fog more or less all the time we were there. They made France a visit, after that returning to America.

The next time I met them was in Philadelphia during one of my engagements at the Walnut street theatre. I sent out invitations to Little Puss, Mr. Warren, E. L. Davenport, Joseph C. Conover and Mr. Meade to come and take breakfast with me at the Continental Hotel. They did so and we had a jolly time. After breakfast we entered open carriages and drove through Fairmount Park. That was one of the happiest days of my life, while living in a physical body. During my engagement of two weeks I passed all the afternoons at Mr. Warren's home. It was heaven to me to have such a grand visit with Little Puss.

That was the last time we ever met while I lived in the physical body.

Now, brother, I want to make you acquainted with the fact that I visited nine so-called materializing seances while living in my earth form. Every one of them were frauds of the worst kind. Mr. Conover and I broke up two of them and left the room in disgust. It is too bad that the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism should have such barnacles fastened to its keel. There will always be characters in life that have no moral nature in their make-up. Truth is out of the question.

I have given you a synopsis of Little Puss' life, leaving out many incidents, as it would make the communication too long for your book. I boiled it down in the witch-pot, flavoring the broth with a variety of seasonings, those seasonings were happy flavors in my physical life.

I will speak a word in defense of brother Peebles' book. Intellectual and cultured spirits say it will become a talisman to many a weary nature, obsessed by spirits living in physical bodies and those living on our side of life. The time will come when advanced spiritualists will unveil a monument erected to the honored name of James Martin Peebles. All libraries should contain a copy of his book, "Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages."

I now thank you for taking down my communication and hope it will be of some value to your book. I leave my love to Puss. Your brother and well-wisher, drinking from the cup of the seventh libation. Joseph Jefferson.

William Florence

Chapter XIV

Thursday, August 31, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. Permit me to call you so, as we had Hulburds in our family. I had an aunt Norah that married a Jean Hulburd, who was a grandson of this medium's grandfather, John Hulburd. So you see I can claim a slight relationship. That aunt was my mother's sister. I enter Searchlight Bower this morning at the earnest request of several of my professional brothers and sisters to give a communication for your book, which I will give with pleasure, as I was well acquainted with Little Puss, your medium.

When in the profession my wife and myself were well known to the public as the Florences—Mr. and Mrs. Florence—on both sides of the water. My dear wife was really the greatest card; she was a talented woman in all lines. Now allow me to tell you, when living in a physical form I was a great Catholic, a member of the Roman Catholic church, and was so attracted to it at that time I would give up my life for it. I gave much money to the support of the Catholic church. When I made a visit to the Pope of Rome and was admitted into the presence of his Holiness I thought then I was a fit subject for one of the best seats in Heaven. Alas, the credulity and superstition of man is a weakness that his manhood can hardly overcome. At that time I was so infatuated with the Roman church if anyone would make a slighting remark against the mother church I felt as if I would like to plunge a dagger into his heart, so you can see, dear brother Hulburd, what a hold the Catholic religion has on a superstitious man or woman. After entering spirit life I was still held in the clutches of the Roman church. Priests were there like hawks watching others and

myself. We were the poor little chickens that would be devoured by curses if we dared to step outside of the fold; everything was held up to our view as a terrible curse; if we had any desire to speak or associate with a protestant spirit the curse of the mother church would fall upon us. One day a real desire came into my soul that I would like to see some of my professional brothers and sisters that had passed on before my coming to spirit life. While I was in that mood I looked up and there I beheld Charlotte Cushman with a number of followers, beckoning for me to come to them. I made a rush toward then, with the Roman hounds at my feet. I was soon in the midst of friends; they surrounded me and drove back the emissaries of the Roman church. I went with the friends to their dwelling place and found that Harmony reigned throughout. Just then it seemed to me as if a great load had been lifted from off my head. After that I never returned to again live under the power of priestcraft. I was a weak vessel in the line of religion when living in a physical body. A woman could do anything with me, especially if she was fascinating. Through woman's power I became a victim of the Roman church. Since coming to spirit life and using my reasoning faculties—which I never did when in the physical body—anything that pertained to the Catholic religion would form a hold upon my weak intellect. My observation shows me that all countries controlled by the Catholic church are at a low ebb in civilization. I am now working with Charlotte Cushman and her band to get spirits out from under that cursed power of priestcraft. It eats up all that is in the heart of a great nation. Let the United States beware. She is sapping the vitality now of all that is good in the nation. Let the men and the women go to the polls; see to it that they do not put a Catholic in office. Just as sure as they permit such things to take place your nation is on the wane, for the mother church never stops at anything to accomplish the result that she wishes to come to pass. The low, foreign element that they are throwing today on your shores will become the curse of your nation; they are low and degraded, held under the power of priestcraft and will gnaw and gnaw until they reach the core of your nation, then they will destroy it. It is time the Protestants, Spiritualists and progressive peo-

ple look to it; men seeking office will do much to gain votes; they do not care what becomes of the nation after they are through with it. Such is the line that politicians are walking on today. You are filling your offices with men that are after the filthy lucre instead of the benefit they and their party can be to the nation.

The mother church is weaving her web and all the meshes of that web are filled up by the power of the Roman church. I once more warn the nation to beware.

May the great power give equality to women on all occasions, for women, when educated and cultured, have more honor in their souls than men. If the nation shall be saved from the wrath of the mother church, it will be through women, not men.

May the angels of spirit existence bless every mother of a household to shun that rotten viper, the Catholic church, for she is the curse of all nations where she plants her rotten seeds.

It was the desire of my professional sisters and brothers that I should give to you today some of the experiences that I personally had with priestcraft and its curse. You who live in physical bodies on the earth cannot understand that condition. We are held under a power of obsession that is thrown upon us by the leading lights of priestcraft and the great power of the Catholic religion. Men and women who live in physical bodies who are sufficiently conceited to think we leave all religion, all errors that pertain to our physical bodies on earth behind as we have crossed the divide, thinking that our spirits will revel in heavenly bliss; poor, vain fools, it is then we take up the hard work of life, paying the penalty for past crimes committed while living in a physical body. It is then that spirits can behold the beauty of a moral life, had they but lived it when on your earth plane.

The joy and freedom felt by those who have been released from their past errors is beyond description. When the soul is free from all that held it down, it is beautiful to look at that spirit wherein the soul has become purified. That great power in nature that gives every man and woman a chance to pay the penalty for past crimes is the true God, unified in all life, the sentinel of the soul that guides and directs you to reach the blissful planes where only that which is pure can live.

Now I will take up some of your medium's life. First allow me to explain. When I was quite a lad I worked in a tobacco factory; in company with many other boys I stripped tobacco. The name of the proprietor of the factory was Jacob Van Pelt, of Dutch descent, and one of the old Knickerbockers of New York. During the dinner hour he allowed us boys the pleasure of reciting some scenes from plays that we had witnessed at the old Bowery Theatre, the first theatre that was burned down. We had wooden swords and many other properties, and acted out many of the tragic scenes to his delight and the other men of the factory. Quite frequently he would come to me, hand me a shilling and say, "Conley, there's a new play at the Bowery this week; go and see what you can learn from it." Another boy by the name of William Wallace McGowan and myself were the leading actors on those occasions. He played the tragic parts, while I assumed the comedian's role. Both he and I entered the theatre as supernumeraries—or citizens if you choose to call them so. We entered the porthole, worked hard and came out the cabin door. He took the name of Jordan, while I took that of Florence. In young manhood he passed to spirit life. When he made the discovery that I had passed over the divide his whole ambition was to get me out from under that Catholic power. With the assistance of Charlotte Cushman and her band he accomplished it, thanks to the good angel spirits; they have saved and redeemed me from the power of priestcraft.

One day while sitting on the deck of a Hudson River boat in company with Dolly Davenport and G. W. Jones, a prominent Bowery actor, and Fanny Herron, a little bit of a chap, who looked like a child and yet had the speech of a grown person, came toward the group. Dolly Davenport said, "Here comes Forrest's little witch; he's got that witch look on his face; let us hear what he has to say." He came and laid his little hand in mine, looked up in my face and laughed, saying, "Conley, let's rehearse that scene over again. I didn't get in my best points then." A kind of a little shiver went over me. I said, "Who is this that's talking to me?" The voice laughed and said, "Have you forgotten so soon your old chum McGowan?" I felt a little sick then and pushed the Little One away, saying,

"Begone, you imp of the devil, that can raise the dead. May the curse of the holy church fall on you." I pushed him with such violence that he fell to the deck and cut the back of his head. Fannie Herron sprang to his assistance, at the same time saying, "Florence, you brute, look what you have done." She placed her handkerchief to the back of his head to staunch the blood. Just then a military gentleman stepped up and said, "Who has been the cause of this?" I said, "It was me, sir; he is an imp of the devil and can call up the dead. He should not be allowed to live, so my religion says." He gave me a wicked look and said, "Damn your religion; you shall answer for this to me." He picked up the Little One, carrying him off in his arms, at the same time thanking Miss Herron. A number of people looked down on me with frowns. A military man came up and said, "You dog of an actor, why did you hurt that Little One; how dare you lay a hand upon him; if his guardian does not make you come to time, I will; remember—I will." That night in Albany after the performance was over someone stepped out of an alley, dragged me into the alley and almost choked me to death. After that I received the worst beating I ever had in my life. I was thrown into all the filth of the dirty alley. Next morning I made the discovery I had two black eyes, my nose was swollen to such a size I thought it must have been double in weight, I had a pain in my breast, one in my bowels and another in my thigh, where some man used his boot quite freely. My clothes were torn, and in general I was fit to be exhibited in a dime museum, if they'd had such a place and it was in running order in those days. In spirit life General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, politely told me he dressed my jacket on that occasion; he wanted to see that it fitted me well in after life, and I must admit that it did. That little imp—as I termed him—was playing at Barnum's Museum. I, with other friends, was sitting where we could get a good view of the stage. The Little One came on dressed as a little dude; a shiver passed over my body when he commenced to sing, "I'm Always Gay and Free, Boys." I thought his friend handled me a little too free for pleasure. Looking back of me I beheld the two military men that had introduced themselves to me on the boat. After the performance was over I climbed up on the stage and went

out the back entrance. As I passed by Little Puss he said, "How do you do, Mr. Florence?" I stepped quite lively toward the stage door. We will continue at another time.

Monday, September 4, 1905, 2 p.m.

Good afternoon. I would have come this morning, but I knew there was a bath to be taken.

Now, sir, you see what a brute a credulous man can make of himself for the sake of religion, a cursed religion that has been the cause of many crimes.

The next time I met Little Puss was at a Dramatic Banquet given in honor of Sullivan, the English tragedian, before he left for England. At that banquet Puss and I got on speaking terms and became quite friendly. I learned to love the Little One as a father would love his child. I begged his pardon for what I did on the boat. His loving nature forgave me and our friendship was sealed for all time. He told me he played the fool in King Lear for Mr. Sullivan and danced between the acts. I said, "Puss, you are so small for such a part." He said, "The lady that was to play the part was taken sick." Mr. Sullivan taught him the lines, that is, he read them to him on a Sunday; in one hour the Little One said he was letter perfect. At the end of the week, besides his salary, Mr. Sullivan presented him with a twenty dollar gold piece. Four weeks afterward they produced King Lear again. Mr. Sullivan had the Little One play the fool. I heard Mr. Sullivan say to Mr. Conway and Edwin Booth that the Little One was the superior Fool of any one he ever had play the part. Instead of leaning on the Fool's shoulder he used a large staff and the Little One led him by the hand through the forest. When the lines were spoken, "Who goes there?" the Little One says, "A wise man and a fool." Mr. Sullivan said the Little One spoke those lines so emphatically he got big applause every night. "When we sat down on the bank he sang that beautiful piece of music, 'Dreaming, Only Dreaming.' Then I wanted him to belong to me, soul and body." Mr. Sullivan tried to steal the Little One and take him to England with him. Mr. Warren kept an eagle eye on him and it was a failure.

The next time I met Little Puss he was playing for E. L.

Davenport's benefit. He played in a little farce with Billy Burton, called "The Sleepwalker." In the farce he represented three different characters. After the performance was over there was a nice little lunch served in the green room and I was one of the guests. I asked him where his father was. He said he had gone to Albany. I walked with him to the hotel. When leaving and bidding him good-night I took a ring off my little finger and placed it on his thumb.

The next time I met him Joseph Jefferson, Dolly Davenport and E. N. Sothern gave a reception to a few professional brothers at the New York Hotel on Broadway. He and his father were among the guests. The guests passed a pleasant evening. Joseph Jefferson said, "Puss, come and sit on my lap; perhaps the spirits will have something for us tonight." Mr. Warren said, "Puss, go and sit on Mr. Jefferson's lap and help to make it pleasant for the company." Mr. Warren led off, singing a beautiful hymn, in which most of the guests joined in. After the singing was over and all was quiet a deep, rich voice spoke and said, "Joe, you're going to travel considerable. You're going to England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia." Joe seemed to recognize the voice, for he said, "All right, father, I felt when I saw Little Puss enter the room there was something that I should hear tonight." The voice said to Dolly Davenport, "You will also go to Australia." Then the voice laughed very loud and Puss acted as if he was smoking a pipe. In about two minutes the voice said, "Sothern, you're going to become a regular dude—that is, Laura Keene is going to produce a play. Your character and the conception you will have of it will make your name, for you will become famous as Lord Dundreary in 'Our American Cousin.'" That is the first time that I ever heard the name of the play. I do not think Laura Keene had learned of the play yet, herself. We commenced to laugh and said, "Sothern, when you get to be Lord, don't forget us poor sinners—throw us a mutton bone once in awhile." Puss got down off Jefferson's lap, walked over to me and said, "You're going to England, and you're going to do well, too." As he was walking away he threw out his foot behind and gave me a severe kick on the leg, saying, "That will settle old scores." I told him I thought I'd paid for that already. The voice laughed and

said, "William, my boy, your religion don't amount to shucks where I am." I said, "You must be in hell, then, for the Catholic religion leads to Heaven." The voice laughed again in a boisterous manner, then said, "The Heaven of superannuated religious fools, and the world is filled with them." That made me angry. I told the voice he was only fit for hell when he'd make such a remark about the Catholic religion. He said, "Oh, bosh—you Irish Catholics in combination with the Spanish and Italians, are the worst dupes on the face of the earth." I left the room. That was more than I could stand. When I left my body I passed from it a full fledged Catholic, believing in all the rites of that church.

I thank you for taking down my communication. If they will permit me, sometime I will give you some of my spiritual experiences. Give my love to Little Justin. Good day. William Florence.

Monday, October 16, 1905.

Good morning, friend Hulburd. I have permission to hold converse with you. I promised you if the guides would allow me I would acquaint you with a fact that in spirit life we pass through a condition called experience.

The experiences we received in earth life are many, the phases are various. Here in spirit life the demonstrations are so positive there is no escape from them.

When I had escaped from the fangs of those wily priests I felt as if all would be beautiful. There is where I made a great mistake. When I was off my guard I was surrounded by Catholic fiends and dragged back into the folds of popery. Popery has a great power here in spirit life. They built a wall around me of Catholic influence. I thought it was impossible to ever be released from that condition. With all their strong hold and priestcraft they were off their guard one day when Charlotte Cushman and a large band of spirits crossed their line, seized hold of me and dragged me back again into the light of the glorious sun. That was a happy moment for me. I praised God for the great spirit power that had released me from bondage and that dreadful cell of darkness in which I was held by popish power. Edwin Forrest addressed me, saying, "See to it that you remain in our midst until you have gained suffi-

cient spiritual power to become your own defender against those hounds of popery. You see here, dear brother, in spirit life the Catholic octopus has its fangs reaching out in all directions; no one is safe from its clutches until they have received a high manifestation of spirit power that will surround them with a sheath of Truth that has power to protect them on all occasions." Charlotte Cushman, addressing me, said, "Brother, you will become one of our guests until you receive that great spiritual talisman called the Law of Reason. When you have become acquainted with its ministrations Wisdom will enter your soul; that is the beneficent law of Love and Light whereby your inner sense is opened up to our glorious realm of spiritual education. You will remain with us until you have learned the lesson of deification. God is deified in all nature. The great principle of electricity is Life unified in all souls of male and female alike. All conditions that are brought to bear before you teaches man and woman they are deified in the law of Truth." (Rap.)

After a time we heard a beautiful trumpet or bugle, when Charlotte Cushman said, "That is our summons to enter the pavilion; that beautiful spirit, Gladstone, assisted by Queen Victoria, will convey to our minds their spiritual experiences since coming here to our side of life."

When we had reached the pavilion a great assembly had met there to listen to those spiritual experiences. A grand chorus of voices sang a beautiful piece of music, after which Queen Victoria arose, stepped to the front of the rostrum and said, "My beloved sisters and brothers, you expect to hear a confession from a woman that held considerable power while living in a physical body; that power waned and passed from me at the door called death. As I awoke on the spirit side of life I realized that I had passed through the dark passage and was greatly surprised to look upon many men and women that I called my subjects while living on earth. They smiled upon me and I knew I was with friends. If I had been a queen in the physical body, yet I had a heart and soul that told me I was only like one of them—it was only through birth that I had gained a superior station; we were all children of God. As far as my nature would permit me I loved them as sisters and brothers.

You see here, and understand, that I am only an humble spirit like one of yourselves, shorn of all my queenly power. I am glad I was a queen when living in the physical body; through that power I assisted my own sex to positions of honor. I demanded that they should have many rights otherwise not given to them until I filled the position of a queen, therefore I have no regrets that I stood in that station in the mundane sphere. Many an old woman and man has blessed my name for the few pence I had bestowed upon them. I loved my nation that gave me birth—happy England—I loved my subjects and tried to do all for them that lay in my power. You must understand a queen on earth can go so far and no further. One day my senses were opened up to a higher light of intellect through the shock I received from my brother Gladstone. He made a request and said it must be complied with. I acquainted him with the fact that he was talking to the Queen of England. He said 'it was the people's command that I should do it, and he was the people, as he represented them.' I made the discovery then and there a queen's power was not what it is thought to be. He enlightened my mind with a little common sense, for which I thanked him afterward; the glamour that surrounded me broke up and I felt I was only a plain child of God's, after all. This, my sisters and brothers, is my confession. I have no regrets that I held the position I did; I feel it was a benefit to many and now here in the midst of this great spiritual light I proclaim to you all, which you see and understand, that it has been plain little Victoria that addressed you on this occasion." Then she resumed her seat, after which the chorus sang again.

Then brother Gladstone stepped to the front of the rostrum, smiled at the people and said, "Thou glorious multitude of infinite spirit power, thou light of all that is Love and Beauty, that which lobe cells held in the brain has been released on this occasion, thy senses are opened to take in that great power of elevation, the simplicity and beautiful expression of the Infinite is sparkling in every eye of this multitude of spiritual souls; thou must understand that the soul is in constant subjection to that higher power called Infinitude. A plain, humble brother stands in your presence today; one who while living in a physical body had the advantage of a good education—after all only a

book education. Through my Scotch ancestry and the force of power that I held manifested in me a great will power which led me on to position and fortune. My spirit mate—she that was also my earth mate while living in a physical realm—assisted me on many occasions to unravel a puzzling problem; it was she that held the spiritual condition in our home. She was a queen to me while living on earth—here she is the great embodiment of spirituality in all my walks of our present existence. While a boy in my physical body I dreamed of power and how to gain it. With my persevering nature I attained that which was my great desire, to become the Premier of Great Britain. I prayed for Wisdom and the angels must have answered my prayer. That which I did was through my truest sense; if I erred and made mistakes it was when I disobeyed to follow the line that my guides had laid out for me. My sister, Victoria, was the first to give me the true light of Spiritualism; it was her desire that I should witness some of the wonderful manifestations produced through her medium. Those manifestations revealed to me there was a power in life called Immortality. I then discovered the eternal part of men and women's human existence; attached to it was a vocabulary of thought, from that thought I gleaned Inspiration that mental mind was the master of matter. I prepared my mind for a high development of spiritual inspiration; in time, to my great delight, it furnished me compound interest. The last of my physical days with my spirit mate we lived in a realm of spiritual delight, unfolding to our children a manifestation of spirit power through the law of Love.

"They called me 'The Grand Old Man.' It was more fitting that I should be called the 'Young Man of Progress,' that loved nature's God and all its laws pertaining thereto. Today I feel that I am only a pupil learning to understand that great power called 'Divinity,' which heals all sorrow, binds them up in the web of Time whose fragile fabric is Sensation, Immolation and Truth, the greatest religion of them all. I think it is the duty of a male influence to honor that of a female. My sister Victoria was a queen, an honored woman, one that loved the human race, and greater still, she was a true woman, an honored mother, fulfilling the duty of an everlasting spirit in life.

I am now, as you see, one of yourselves, trying to grow and to grasp that infinitude which we are all seeking after. When I look upon your faces I know that God is in his Holy Temple; your soul expression tells me that, the rays of Truth emanating from your mind is my diploma. This is my confession, the matriculation of its worth and value I leave with you loved ones." Then he sat down. The whole multitude sang a piece of music called "We are Nearer and Nearer to the Divine."

I returned to the home of my friends a wiser spirit than I had been previous to that time. While sitting at the table and partaking of a spiritual meal I was addressed by one that had held the presidential chair, President Harrison. He said, "You see, brother William, all men and women are free and equal; their equality is governed by the spiritual intellect of their mind, no matter what position or power they held in the physical body goes for naught here; it is the outworking and building up of soul's love, that which you give unto your sister and brother is a manifestation of peace and vitality unto their welfare of Spirituality. All are mind readers here, of which you have been convinced; see to it that your thoughts originate from the highest part of your nature. All life is a sea, look upon it as you will, the waves come back to the beach, bringing with them pearls of elevation. Each pearl holds a manifestation of that which you were, producing to you a sensibility whereby you have discovered it was a monitor in your past life; after that brighter gems await you, thrown up by the wave on the beach. Those gems are creations that will lead you on to the true spark of mentality held in the power of the highest aspiration of Love waiting for your electric motion to group it; that is life, it is in your own power, dear brother, to grasp it sometime, through which you can bless the whole human race, as you have been one of them."

After the meal many of us walked out into the beautiful park. Mr. Colby, once known as an editor of the "Banner of Light," said, "Friends, look yonder at that black cloud passing along in space; that black cloud is filled with Catholic pirates; they are looking to see whom they can devour and drag back into the fold of Catholicism." I said to brother Colby, "Is it possible that God allows them such power?" Brother Colby

said, "You do not understand God yet, or what God means. God is no personal being. God is a Universal Power and allows his creatures to use their will power. For illustration, if those pirates in that black cloud have greater will power than we, some of them can drag you from out our midst, as your whole earth life was passed in the Catholic church. You passed from your body in the physical form strong in the Catholic faith; they think it is theirs by right to own your soul. See to it that all your will power is brought to bear; surround yourself with a shield of Truth and we will do the rest.' I did as commanded; many of the spirits present surrounded me and brought their will power to bear. As the black cloud came floating along we could hear them singing their Catholic music. As the cloud came right over us we could see them look down upon us with a fiendish look in their eyes. All of a sudden we heard a great shout of exultation when they discovered my presence among the other spirits. The cloud commenced to form into a funnel shape, the long end toward our group, and as they were about to accomplish their cruel act of taking me out of the midst of my friends a great band of beautiful spirits approached our group, singing their beautiful music. When they discovered that black funnel-shaped cloud they attacked it from all sides; their will power being greater and their spirituality purer, they scattered in all directions. We could hear the yells of those fiendish demons as they passed into space. Our souls sang with joy. I sang with such a power as I never sang before. I received a command to follow a large group of spirits and remain with them for some time until I had thoroughly fortified myself with higher spiritual power. It came in time and those dark Catholic spirits could not approach my condition. You see, brother, from the information I have given to you and the picture that I have portrayed, the power of Popery is as revengeful here as it is on earth. They cannot grasp and own landed estates, as they do on earth, but they can grasp souls and hold them in bondage until released by a greater power than theirs. Such has been my spiritual experiences.

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave my love for Little Justin. He was released when he landed on the shores of that great republic—America. The spirits had a

work for him to do and he was constantly under their supervision. He saw many ups and downs in life; it was required for his physical education. Coming from the lap of luxury he became a stranger in a strange land, as it seemed to the people. They did not understand him or his queer ways. The spirit did, that controlled his actions. There was a work laid out for him to do, that is why the spirits introduced him to the stage until the proper time should arrive. You know the rest. Your friend for Truth, William Florence.

John Mitchell

Chapter XV

Monday, September 18, 1905.

Good morning, beloved brother in the cause of Truth. Do you know that I had the audacity and conceit to enter Searchlight Bower this morning, thinking there might be a possibility of me giving a communication for your book.

A band of spirits wherein I am numbered as one of them, made a request that I should come here and tell you somewhat of the Little One's life.

I was well acquainted with him while living in the physical body. My family gave him the name of "Petite Justin," he was so small and fragile then for his age; he did not weigh quite seventy pounds and mother called him "Petite Justin." When living in a physical body I looked upon him as a strange creature; he'd look into your eyes as if reading your mind, then he would smile. In that smile it seemed to me one's fate was understood by him. His guardian took good care of him on all occasions.

One day while walking through Fairmount Park with my twin brother, we met Little Justin and his guardian. I handed his guardian a cigar and said, "Let us go down by the river and smoke." While sitting on the bank of the river smoking, Little Justin walked in among the trees. All of a sudden we heard him laughing. After that we heard him call the flowers pretty names. His guardian said, "My Little One laughs so hearty because he has found a new flower and will give it a name." We paid no more attention to him for some time, when we heard him laugh again; he'd stop for a minute or two and sing a verse of a song. His guardian said, "I guess I'll have to look after him; he is going too far into the timber and may get

lost." We went a little ways under the trees, when he returned to us, saying, "Come, gentlemen, I want to show you a pretty sight; walk gently and slow." We did as he requested. After we had walked into the woods a little ways we beheld a beautiful picture—so I would call it. There was Little Justin sitting on the ground with his lap full of wild flowers. A fawn stood alongside of him; he had formed a wreath of wild flowers and placed it around the fawn's neck; he was braiding a chain of flowers. We watched him until he had finished, then he placed the chain of flowers around the fawn's body, after which he kissed the fawn, rubbing his cheek up against the fawn's cheek; in the background stood the mother doe looking on. When she discovered us she made a peculiar noise and ran through the bushes with the little fawn following her. Little Justin rested upon his knees, throwing kisses after them, crying out, "Pet, I may come another day," then he picked up his wild flowers, carrying them in his arms to where we stood. His guardian said, "The animals don't seem to be afraid of him, nor he of them." I said to him when he approached us, "Where have you been?" He replied, "Gathering flowers for papa. You two gentlemen may have some if you wish." His guardian said, "Puss, what little fawn was that you were decorating with flowers?" He said, "It belongs to its mother and she loves it dearly. I named the fawn 'Bright Star.'" His guardian said, "Do you think the mother understood the name?" He said, "I do not know, papa, but I know one thing; they have minds and can think. Some day I will come again and perhaps they will come to me." He said, "Look at those two men in that boat on the river. One of them will be drowned soon." I said, "How do you know?" He looked at me with a peculiar look in his eyes and said, "I feel it." We all walked toward the bank of the river and sat down, he presenting each one of us with some of his flowers. The boat passed out of sight. Then he said to his guardian, "Papa, I am tired and want to go to sleep." Mr. Warren said, "Lie down and put your head on my lap." He did so. We thought he was fast asleep, when he jumped up all of a sudden, crying out, "Oh, papa, he's drowned." My brother said, "Who's drowned?" He cried out, "One of the men in the boat. The other one struck him on the head, then threw him

into the water." After that he laid down and went to sleep. My brother said, "What a strange creature he is. Warren, I should think you'd be afraid to live with him." Mr. Warren said, "He is strange, I admit, yet I understand him and love him dearer than my own life. He lives between two worlds, that which you call the spirit world and this earth planet. I could not live without him. He came to me in a peculiar way; like a beautiful bird he sang for me sweet songs; a feeling came over me stranger than anything I ever felt in life. I clasped him to my breast and said, 'You are mine.' He placed his little hand inside my vest and went to sleep as you see him now. I have children many, none I love like this child. I call him the sunbeam of my heart, and would kill anyone that would harm him. It may be a mad love, yet it is so. Before I met this Little One I lived a reckless life, squandered much money on women and wine; his loving nature has reformed me. I could not live with anyone else. He is a treasure sent to me by some good angel. During the civil war he caused me much sorrow, passing between both lines. I did not understand it as I should have done. He was under the care of a spirit power. All of his actions came under the direction of that spirit power. When the war was over and the army mustered out I once more became a happy man. We returned to our home, for which I thank the good angels, as we now live in peace and comfort. I have to come twice a week to this wild part of the park, for it is here he revels in nature's love. When a little child he was cradled in the wild mountains of Scotland. To many he seems wild and strange; to me he is gentleness itself. His whole nature is that of Love, but when aroused to passion he becomes a demon and seems to lose all control of his temper; in that state all I have to do is to lay my hands on his head. He calms down and becomes gentle again like the little fawn you saw him decorating with the wild flowers. Quite frequently in the theatres they arouse his temper, then his passion becomes terrific; they send for me, I place my hands on his head and he comes out from under that condition and goes to sleep." We lit fresh cigars and smoked in silence for as much as a quarter of an hour. The Little One awoke and said, "Papa, we must go home; there is a man there that wants to see you; he has come from England

and you must see him." We walked to where we could find a Park coach, returned to the city. Mr. Warren said, "Gentlemen, come and take dinner with me." We accepted in all kindness.

When we arrived at their home the lady of the house was entertaining a gentleman in the parlor. As we stepped to the parlor door Little Justin commenced to laugh, ran over and threw himself in the man's arms, saying, "Oh, Uncle Kennedy, is it you, all the way from Liverpool?" Mr. Warren shook hands, then introduced us; we were already acquainted with the lady of the house—Madame Dorio.

Mr. Kennedy said, "Brother Warren, I had some business in America. I came to Philadelphia to see if you and the Little One would not return with me to England; after he has played a two months' engagement then he will pass over into France on a visit to some relations I have living there. You know the Little One likes Nice. We will make that place a visit and from there we will go to that great gambling den; thence we will return to Bordeaux, visit a little while, cross the channel to England; then I will play him in London for four weeks in Aladdin; from there we will go to Birmingham, back to Liverpool for four weeks, then you can return to America for the following fall season." The Little One said, "Uncle Kennedy, we can't go back to Liverpool by that steamer that you're booked for. She's going to have trouble. You will have to wait for the next steamer."

The bell rang for dinner. We went to Mr. Warren's room, brushed up and prepared to enter the dining room. After dinner Mr. Warren signed a contract for the Little One. In two weeks after that they sailed for England. Brother and I accompanied them to the steamer, bidding them farewell.

When they returned to America Mr. Warren thought the Little One should take a rest. With some friends Mr. Warren and the Little One, my father and mother, brother Henry and myself, camped on the banks of the Brandywine for four weeks. While there one evening at dinner the Little One said to my mother, "You must return home." Mother said, "Tonight?" He said, "Yes, tonight; Isabel has a bad fever and requires your care. If you do not go at once she may not live over another

day." We hitched up; father, mother, brother Henry and myself returned to Philadelphia. There we found sister Belle under the influence of a raging fever. They had a doctor, but mother was still a great doctor. She applied her motherly remedies, checked the fever somewhat and quieted sister. I think she would not have lived if mother had not returned. After that mother would not go on a camping trip without the whole family accompanied her.

After Mr. Warren and Little Justin returned the Little One commenced his fall engagement, which was of short duration. A misunderstanding came up between Mr. Warren and the manager. Mr. Warren and the Little One went to Atlantic City to rest. While there the Little One was presented with a deed to a cottage by a wealthy gentleman of Philadelphia. After remaining there about six weeks, a company was started under the name of Warren & Clifford's Broadway Company. Brother Henry became one of the members of the company. While the company was traveling brother Henry and I corresponded, he telling me of many predictions the Little One made. When they returned, at the end of the season, brother and I received an invitation to accompany them to Atlantic City. There we found a pleasant home and a great many guests were received into that home during our visit.

Now I have related to you some of your little medium's life that came under my observation and acquaintance with him while in the physical body.

Possibly you would like to hear some of my spiritual experience after crossing the divide. I passed over two years before my brother Henry. While passing from my physical body I suffered no pain whatever, as I was what you call an old man. I had lived 99 years, 3 months, 4 days and 2 hours in that physical body.

When my eyes opened on the spirit side of life I was pleased to meet many of my old friends. Their greeting was cordial and I was happy to know that I was with them at last. While living in the physical body I understood and realized that spirit return was a bonafide fact in life. After passing through the dark shadow called death I received my new baptism in the new birth with a great deal of joy and pleasure. The friends

led me to their home, which was a beautiful one; it was a perfect home in every way that you would look at it. It was all covered with flowering vines and running roses, surrounded with beds of flowers whose tints were beautiful and glistened in the sunlight. When I entered the home a feeling came over me that I was inside a bower of beauty whose luxuriance was great. The home was the dwelling place of two beautiful spirits—my loving mother and father. It seemed to me as if everything was perfect; my mother was a woman who controlled a faculty of order. I rejoiced at the spiritual power and influence of Harmony in that dwelling. I said, "Oh, mother and father, this must be the abode of Love. Angels visit here, do they not?" Mother smiled and said, "Yes, we have received a visit from one today in the person of our beloved son, John Mitchell." They placed me between them on a beautiful rustic sofa that had a cloth of blue and gold thrown over it, each of them held one of my hands; father said, "My son, you see this is the abode of peace here in spirit life, as our home was the abode of peace on earth; we receive in this home visits from ministering angels; that is why we are so happy, and you shall be happy, too." Just then two brothers and three sisters entered the home, carrying beautiful flowers; they came and laid them at our feet, saying, "These flowers are our gifts to you, brother; they are the emblems of Purity, Love and Morality; they bring the odors of peace which your soul can enjoy. You always loved peace on earth and here you shall find it in our spirit home." Then they sang a beautiful piece of music. While they were singing a violin and bow was placed in my hands. I commenced to play, for I was somewhat a master of that instrument while living in the physical body. After I had stopped playing and looked at the instrument I cried aloud with joy, "This is my own instrument that I had while living in a physical body." I said, "Dear mother and father, can't you see this is the same violin that I used to play on for you when you lived on earth?" My father smiled and said, "My dear son, that is an emblem of the one you had while living in a physical body. It has been created here for you with all the semblance of the one you loved so dear on earth; the other is in the possession of your brother still living in a physical body. We knew it would cause a great rejoicing in your soul to repro-

duce the emblem of that violin here for you in spirit life." I looked at them all and gratefully bowed to submission of their spirit power, thanking them with all the love that was in my nature. They conducted me through a beautiful passage that led into a large room most gorgeously decorated with flowers. In the centre of the room stood a large table; upon it were fruits and flowers. Mother said, "This, my dear son, has been arranged for your spiritual reception. You see in the centre is a bank of flowers, while around the outer edges of the table is garnished with spiritual fruits. Let us partake of them, my beloved son, at the same time rejoicing you have come in our midst and as of old we shall feel the great power of Love is good with another added child in our spiritual home."

After we had partaken of the delicious fruits we adjourned to another large room where there were harps and other musical instruments. There I found my violin again. Many guests had assembled to welcome me and listen to our music. We were a musical family while living on earth. We played for the benefit of the guests, not out of vanity. Our love was great for music and it was our desire that others should enjoy it. We played and sang. Mother's rich young voice had come back to her again and that filled my soul with joy, for I loved to hear mother sing when she lived in the physical body. A tall, fatherly looking man said, "Friends, let us adjourn to the open air; in the presence of the great Prince of Peace called Love unified in all souls, I will address you on the question, 'It is our duty to help others; and why it is our duty.'"

When we had assembled in the open air he stood on a dais that all might see him. He spoke with a rich, full voice of Love. He said, "Loved ones, we are all of one atom, a creation of Sunlight; just as you behold the sunbeams you behold in us the same principle or reflection from that great light in nature; the mother womb of the sun gives birth to many atoms, those atoms are the creations of the different races on earth; as we have all had an earth experience that atom has been beautified through all the fibres of sunlight. We are the fibres and our expressions are the manifold conditions of the atom. Original through the origin of life that atom must have been a tiny speck in that sun's creation. I do not mean the little suns that are visible to each

planet. I mean the great sun that gave light to God's universe. I mean by the word God the leading principles in our Nature, such as thought, mental action, inspiration, elevation and creation of mind. We do create, friends—as we are part of that atom, every atom has a creative principle by which it lends aid to different planets. We that once lived on the earth planet were created in the mother's womb; the great female power that lodged in that atom gave forth tiny sparks; those sparks were engendered into a creative principle or power called woman; that woman became the mother of us individualized beings, a system or vacuum filled with the spirit of creation called the womb, where the infant life should be cradled for a certain time.

“On the earth planet they have many phases of religion. One called the Christian religion, in which it is taught to the mental mind, man was created of dust and from him was taken a rib to form a woman; the diabolical lie took root and became a faith and a belief, that atom to which we belong and are constantly held in the web of progenitorship being only a tiny spark of the great sun of Life; it was cast in a female mold, that mold was surrounded by a power of spiritual growth through which a strong male element was produced to accompany that female mold through life. We of the male gender are the surrounding influence, while that mold, being of the female gender, became the strongest power on the earth planet, having more of the spirit of Love in its realm gave way to the egotistical idea of the male principle, henceforth the male asserted that power that it had gained from the godlike and submissive condition of the female element; that is why you find here in spirit existence the female nature is the leader in all things. In the physical condition the power of Love works throughout the mother nature; the man or male nature is the grossest fibre in the web of that atom. Nature had given to that atom the power of life, this is why you find the division so marked between the two natures (rap); that atom as it expanded in nature became glorified in the sunlight of Truth. Here in our spirit existence we have been baptized in that glory of Truth which is eternal; it became so through the manifestation of Nature's growth. Now that we understand that great principle of Truth let us lend our aid to all those we come en rapport with to glorify their condition that they, too, may un-

derstand they first had birth in an atom and through the expansion and workings of that mighty sunlight they can realize today they are spiritual creatures. We know nothing of the beginning or end of Life. All we know and realize, it is a great exalted divinity in nature, was formed and fashioned through a natural law that has expanded through the whole universe; in emanating through a force of spiritual action it carried with it a power called the foetus that seems to be of eternal life. If that great sun that holds the female and male element and is the parent of planetary suns within this great sun rest, eternal life, then we are eternal that had no beginning and shall know no end. Out of that sun came the atom from which we have taken life. When an atom is thrust out from the great sun into space it collects conditions consisting of gases and ethers which forms an expansion to that atom, then it, too, becomes a creator, fed by the great power of that great Sunlight. It never returns again to its original condition, as it has become conscious of its own power; then if that great sun must be the creator, constantly throwing off power to feed the growth of other planets, through that great power we have become immortal and shall know no death, only life eternal." John Mitchell.

Henry Mitchell

Chapter XVI

Wednesday, September 20, 1905.

Good morning, brother, that lives in the realm of Truth. He that loves Truth shall have immortal life. You live above the paltry fads and fashions of an earth life.

I have taken the permission to enter Searchlight Bower this morning and finish the communication my brother John commenced. Life, you must understand, is a long span, outliving the gross matter of the human form, therefore there may be possibility that I may reach a point of the communication called "finis," or finish.

Brother John looked upon this earth plane—or perhaps the face of the nurse—two hours before I did. My old Scotch granny said he was the ouldest laddie of the two. He preceded me by two hours. We were what the world calls twins, John and Harry Mitchell; our beloved mother's name was Sarah Mitchell; our happy and loving father bore the name of John Mitchell.

In my brother's communication he did not tell you what became of the body of the drowned man. It was his desire that I should give you an explanation of the crime committed in the boat. The men were brothers, William and George Morgan, sons of Morgan the manufacturer. They both loved the same girl. She gave her heart and hand to the youngest one. In a month from the time he was drowned they were to be married. In some way the oldest brother discovered the facts in the case; it enraged him so much that his reason became affected by the condition of the case. He placed a piece of iron in the bottom of the boat, afterward inviting his brother to enter the boat and allow it to glide down the river while they talked over the condition of the coming marriage. The oldest brother said, "Henry,

I want you to be kind to Lucy, for I love her, too; if I thought you would be cruel to her I would kill you." Suiting the action to the word he raised a bar of iron and struck his brother a blow on the head. He threw the iron bar into the river; afterward he threw the body of his brother in also, jumped into the river and swam to the shore; he disappeared, no one knowing where he was to be found. Three days after the crime was committed the body of the youngest brother was found floating on the river. The oldest brother reached Havana, Cuba, where he lived for six years. One night in a brawl he was stabbed by a Spaniard; they removed him to a hospital, where he lived three weeks and then died. Before death came he sent for a priest to confess his sins and prepare for death. He requested the priest to send a message to his father, telling his parents that he, William Morgan, had murdered his youngest brother in the boat and threw his body into the river. "I hope you will both forgive me, as I have made my peace with God and prepared for death in the faith of the true Catholic church. I know the mother of God will plead with her son, Holy Jesus Christ, the Savior of the World" poor, deluded fool, a murderer and a brute of the worst kind; four girls became his victims; they all bore him children. In a low, drunken brawl in Havana, a brother of another victim stabbed him, which took him across the divide to meet the true Savior of all mankind. She bears the name of Justice and he, in the presence of Justice, must pay the penalty for his crimes. The mother of Truth will see that those crimes are expiated for. Two months after the murder had been committed I married that same girl, Lucy, who was the cause of Cain killing Abel. I was not aware that she was the same woman until our child was born. Across the top of the head of our child was a red scar or mark. When the mother beheld that mark she screamed and said, "Oh, God, I am punished for being a flirt; look, look—my child bears the mark of Cain. There is where he that I thought I loved was struck across the head with the iron bar. I saw the gash across his head when the body was laid in the morgue. I flirted with the brothers, and other men too. You see my child has become the victim of my deception to mankind." She looked at me and said, "I do not love you; I lied when I told you so. I only married you for an accommodation to my purpose. You

are not the father of this child. He that was murdered was the sire and now I have received my punishment. Begone, you have served my purpose. I do not want to look upon you. They will call me Mrs. Mitchell." Then she produced a mocking laugh. I left the room and never looked upon her face again. The child grew up to be a man and murdered his mother. He struck her across the head where his father in the same place had been struck with the bar of iron.

You see, brother, there is a penalty for crimes committed on earth. Brother John and I were unfortunate in the selection of the women that became our wives. His wife deserted him for a railroad magnate. She became the mistress of that railroad man and one night, in a fit of jealousy, she cut his throat and her own too.

Brother and I lived on a farm in the state of Delaware with a little medium who made our lives happy. We became Quakers and were called "The Friends."

For over sixty years we lived in a Heaven on earth. We discovered the truth of Spiritualism and that made us happy. We lived for each other's love and held circles for the benefit of the Friends.

This, friend and brother, is the end of our communication, which I thank you for taking down. At some future time they say I will have the permission of returning, whereby I can give you some of my spiritual experience. Thanking you again for your patience, I leave my love for Little Justin. I knew him well. Good day. Henry Mitchell.

Robert Meldrum

Chapter XVII

October 17, 1905.

Good morning, friend. Here in Searchlight Bower is where the spirits deposit their letters and communications for future publication. I come here this morning at the request of Joseph Jefferson and other professional sisters and brothers to deposit a communication for your book. I will call it, "Stray Leaves in the Life of Little Justin." I was acquainted with him from childhood, away back in the days of long ago before I ever heard of Spiritualism or the Fox girls. I was then a member of a company that was playing at the old National Theatre on Chatham street, New York City.

One morning, at rehearsal, Mrs. Bradshaw walked on the stage leading a little child by the hand, which I thought was a little girl. The child was dressed in a plaid frock with a blue jacket on, a little velvet cap on its head such as a boy or girl could wear. She said to the manager, "This is the child that I spoke of." Mr. Purdy said, "It's such a wee thing," and commenced to run his hand through the long curls of the child. The child looked up at him with a vicious look and in a Scotch accent said, "If ye dinna let gae I'll kick ye." Mr. Purdy laughed and said, "My little friend, I'm the manager here." The little child said, "I dinna care; I nae yours." Mrs. Bradshaw said, "Mr. Purdy, hear him sing." I thought I did not understand when she said "him." I spoke to Miss Herron and said, "Why, it must be a little girl—look at that face and that beautiful head of hair." Just then the leader of the orchestra came upon the stage. Mr. Purdy spoke to him and said, "We have a little urchin here that Mrs. Bradshaw thinks can sing. Will you get your violin and let's try it." The leader went to his dressing

room and returned with his violin. He went up to the Little one and said, "Now, baby, what can you sing?" The little child said, "Maist anything." The leader said, "Can you sing 'The Last Rose of Summer?'" The child said, "Aye, I can that." Then Mr. Morris played the introduction to "The Last Rose of Summer." The child commenced to sing with all the courage and assurance of an old stager. Mr. Purdy leaned forward and looked at the child. After the child had finished singing Mr. Purdy said, "Good God, where does all that voice come from—it's such a wee creature?" I said to Miss Herron, "You see, it's a girl—it has a soprano voice." Mrs. Bradshaw said to the little child, "Dear, sing for them 'The Campbells are Coming.'" The child sang the song; at the same time his hands and feet were in constant motion. After he had finished the song Mr. Purdy said, "You move your feet like you could dance." The child said, "I can that." Mrs. Bradshaw said to the leader, "Play and he will dance the Highland Fling for you." Miss Herron then said, "Mrs. Bradshaw, why do you keep saying 'he' when it's a little girl with a beautiful voice?" Mrs. Bradshaw said, "It is supposed to be a boy."

The leader played and he danced the Highland Fling. When he had finished dancing Mr. Purdy caught him in his arms, saying, "Baby, baby, you were born for the stage and for your debut we will produce the 'Warlock of the Glen,' in which you shall sing and dance."

The play was produced for his opening night and he made a hit from the start. I played the villain in the piece. The whole cast was a good one for those days. They gave him the name of "La Petite Blanche."

I asked Mrs. Bradshaw where she found the child. She said, "An old Scotch woman claims to own him. They live on the same block that we do."

The piece had a big run on account of the child star. I became so infatuated with the child that I would take him home with me and have him live with my family for three and four days at a time.

When G. W. Jones came to the Bowery Theatre to star in Julius Caesar the Little One and myself became members of the Bowery Company, he playing the page and singing in the tent

to Brutus. After the play was taken off the stage the Little One and I returned to the National Theatre. They produced a new play, brought over from England, called "The Magic Ring." The Little One played the beautiful page, while I sustained the leading role. He was the feature of the piece. He was then ten years of age and looked from the front as if he were only five or six years old.

After the piece had had its run we returned to the Bowery Theatre and played in "The Shipwrecked Sailor." There is where Edwin Forrest first feasted his eyes on the Little One. On the following day I received a note from Mr. Forrest in which he said, "Meldrum, come and dine with me tomorrow; bring the little child actor with you, as I wish to talk with him and have him sing for me." I did as requested, accepted the invitation, taking the Little One with me. When we arrived at Mr. Forrest's apartments we found several guests had preceded us. Among those guests was Madame Ponisi, Mr. Conway, E. L. Davenport and John Brougham. Several others were present on that occasion. Mr. Forrest asked the Little One to come and sit on his lap and sing for the ladies and gentlemen. The Little One did so. When he had finished his song Mr. Forrest kissed him, saying, "My child, you have a sweet voice." The Little One then said, "Mister, don't you think that's worth a sixpence?" Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "Yes, two of them," taking his purse out of his pocket he gave the Little One a quarter. The Little One got down off his lap and said to me, "Come, Mel, we'll have some candy noo." Mr. Forrest said, "Oh, no, little dear, you're my guest for today. Pretty soon we will go to the dining room and partake of some dinner. You can get your candy later on." Madame Ponisi said, "Dear, won't you come and sit on my lap? I like children." He looked at her and said, "Ye hae a guid face. I mon kiss the guid mon first." He went over and kissed Mr. Forrest and I made the discovery that Mr. Forrest was loth to let him go. He went over and sat on Madame Ponisi's lap. She said, "You seem to like Mr. Forrest." The Little One said, "He's my uncle, noo," which made the guests present laugh. After awhile we adjourned to the dining room where we partook of a grand meal, provided by Mr. Forrest on the occasion of his birthday. It was the desire of Mr.

Forrest that the Little One should sit alongside of him at the table. I noticed that Mr. Forrest cut his turkey for him and devoted a good deal of his time to the Little One. Mrs. Jones said to me, "I believe Mr. Forrest is in love with that child."

After dinner Mr. Forrest said to me, "Meldrum, you and the Little One remain after the guests have left." We did so. Mr. Forrest made arrangements with us whereby we became members of his company. I said to Mr. Forrest, "Now I must leave in order to take a nap before my evening's work commences." Mr. Forrest said, "You leave the Little One with me and I will see that he gets a nap in order that he may be rested for the evening's work." I discovered then that Edwin Forrest was in love with Little Justin.

The next Monday coming we opened as members of Mr. Forrest's company at the old Chambers street theatre opposite the New York City Hall. Mr. Forrest's company played a month's engagement at that theatre, then we went on the road, playing at the principal towns and cities of the United States. Mr. Forrest undertook the task of trying to educate the Little One. He discovered it was a failure. There was an outside influence at work that prevented the Little One from becoming educated. Why, I could not tell then.

While playing in Baltimore, Md., one evening before the curtain went up Mr. Forrest came to my dressing room. He addressed me, saying, "Meldrum, the Little One is a strange creature. What do you think he did tonight?" I said, "I could not tell; he does so many strange things." Mr. Forrest said, "He came to my dressing room and demanded a pass for fourteen of his relatives. I said, 'Little One, I don't mind passing in one, two, or three of your relatives, but when it comes to fourteen, that's a little too much.' He said, 'Well, they're going in,' and left the dressing room. Mr. Harrison, the manager, has just acquainted me with the fact that there is sitting in the front row of reserved seats, fourteen boys. He went and spoke to them, saying, 'Where are your tickets for these reserved seats?' The boys replied, 'The kid passed us in.' The manager said, 'Well, boys, you'll have to get out of those reserved seats and go upstairs.' They said they wouldn't do it. The manager said, 'How did you come to get in here? I didn't see you pass in through

the main entrance.' One of them said, "The kid brought us in at the stage door. We crossed the stage and helped him to hold back one end of the curtain. Then we passed through and jumped off the stage onto the floor; we took these seats and we are going to keep them. You will have to go and see the kid about it.' What do you think of that, Meldrum? What would you do with him? I can't afford to send him back to New York; he is too valuable to me." I said, "Well, Mr. Forrest, take the price of the seats out of his salary and perhaps that will put a stop to such business." He said to me, "Come to my apartments and take lunch with metonight, then we will see what the Little One has to say for himself."

After the performance as I was leaving the stage door, there I saw the Little One in the midst of some boys. They were telling him he was the boss of the whole show and it wouldn't be worth a damn if it wasn't for him. One of the boys presented him with a pup dog. I said to him, "Justin, where is Mr. Forrest?" He said, "The old man is around at the box office. You know he has to look after the chink." I left. When I reached the corner of the street I met Mr. Forrest coming from the box office. We walked together to the hotel and went direct to Mr. Forrest's apartments.

While sitting there smoking and talking over matters the door opened and in walked the Little One with a pup dog in his arms. He said, "Uncle, I've got a present and I'm going to call him Edwin Forrest." Mr. Forrest said, "I can't have a dog with the company. You will have to return it to the person that gave it to you." He said, "Gee, that's just the way; a fellow can't own anything in this company. I'll put him out in the hall, then I'll think about it in the night." He put the pup into the hall, came back, laid down on the sofa, kicked up his heels and said, "You gents act as if you owned the whole town." He looked at Mr. Forrest and said, "Old man, you pretty near made a failure in that scene tonight. If it hadn't been for my support the whole thing would have gone to hell." Mr. Forrest winked at me and I turned my face to the wall to keep from laughing. Mr. Forrest said, "Come here, Little One, and stand between my legs. I want to talk to you on a serious matter. I want to have a thorough understanding of how you and I shall get along in

the future." The Little One went over and stood between his legs. Mr. Forrest held both of his little hands in his. The Little One looked up into Mr. Forrest's face and said, "Old man, you're at it again. Are you God?" Mr. Forrest said, "No, I am not God, but I want to be your friend. Now, the first question that I shall ask you is, Why did you not come to me this afternoon in order that I might hear your lesson?" The Little One said, "You gave me such a damn hard one today that I forgot how to say the words. Bob tickled the back of my neck like that," at the same time tickling Mr. Forrest's neck. "'Throw the book down,' he said, 'Go out and play with the kids.' I just had to do it." I said, "Who is Bob that got you to do such a mean thing as that?" Mr. Forrest said, "Bob is one of his relatives." I said, "Why do you allow him to come here to your room and interfere with his lessons?" Mr. Forrest said, "Because I can't keep him out." I said, "Lock the Little One in the room when you go out." Mr. Forrest said, "That would make no difference; he'd come anyhow; he's a spirit and you can't keep him out." "A spirit?" I said. "What kind of a spirit?" He said, "A denizen of the other world." Addressing the Little One he said, "How came it those fourteen boys occupied reserved seats down in front?" He looked up at Mr. Forrest and said, "Old man, they were there on credit." That was too much for me. I roared right out with laughter. Mr. Forrest became angry and said, "Little One, you and I will have to part. Some of your actions are beyond my comprehension and I fail to understand you at all times." Just then I heard a voice say as plain as I ever heard anyone speak, "Old man, cheese it and give the kid a rest." I looked around to see who it was that had entered the room. I saw no one. I said to him, "Mr. Forrest, who was that that spoke then?" Mr. Forrest said, "That's another one of his relations. I've heard that voice before." I said, "There must be someone in your sleeping apartment. I will go and see." I went into the adjoining room, looked under the bed and into the closet, but saw no one. I returned to the other room; there I found Mr. Forrest laughing. He said, "Well, did you find him?" I said, "What does this mean, Mr. Forrest?" He said, "That was a spiritual manifestation." I said, "A spiritual what?" His reply was, "That was an influence from the other world; he com-

municates with the Little One and gets him to go out and play with those street gamins; he has relations on both sides of life. On this side of life it is the street gamins, from the other side of life there comes an influence who claims to be a spirit and once inhabited a physical body on this side of life. He claims to have been a newsboy and sold papers in New York City. He is attracted to the Little One and compels him to do many things out of the ordinary, which I think is not right. They call it witchcraft. If he had lived in the days when people were persecuted in Salem, Mass., for being witches his fate would have been sealed." I said, "Then this is witchcraft?" Mr. Forrest said, "You may call it what you will; it is an affliction that seems to follow the Little One." That was my first experience in spiritualism and I looked upon it as a wonderful demonstration. That demonstration took place long before the days of the Rochester knockings.

Mr. Forrest said to the Little One, "Now, I am going to punish you. I will keep back from your salary the price of those fourteen reserved seats. You frequently disobey my commands and I will take this method of punishing you." The Little One said, "Fire away, old God, I don't care." Mr. Forrest said to me, "You see, he does not value money." Just then a loud whistle was heard in the room and a voice said, "Kid, he's got the nippers on you this time." I said, "Little Justin, I am sorry this has happened. I hope in the future you will be more careful and pay attention to what Mr. Forrest says; he is your friend and I am, too; can't you give up playing with those street arabs? They are so degraded for a nice little pet like you to play with." He laughed and said, "Let's eat, for tomorrow we man die." He picked up a piece of bread and a cold piece of chicken, then he straddled the end of the sofa, saying, "Jeremiah, let us make fast time, or the gents will get to hell before us." Mr. Forrest shook his head and said, "Meldrum, he is a strange child, yet I cannot give him up; I feel it will come to pass someday, another will claim the right that I now possess." It came to pass as he predicted.

At one time while on a boat passing down the Mississippi Mr. Forrest discovered the Little One sitting among the negroes and singing their negro songs with them. Mr. Forrest called

him away and scolded him for associating with the negroes. The Little One said, "They are my relations and we all belong to God." All of a sudden he commenced to scream and cried out, "Oh God, go quick, he's strangling her; he's choking her; can't you see?" He ran toward a stateroom and commenced to beat on the door, crying, "Let me in." The man had the door fastened on the inside. We threw ourselves against the door and burst it in. There stood a man with a revolver in his hand. He cried out, "If you come any further I will shoot." I think he took no notice of the Little One, as he slipped up, kicked the man on the elbow and the revolver dropped to the floor. We jumped at the man, seized him and held him in a tight grasp. In the berth lay a woman and a new born child. The woman was insensible, as the villain had tried to choke her to death after she had given berth to the child. Aid was summoned and restoratives applied. The woman finally came back to her senses. She told that the man tried to choke her to death; if he accomplished it then he intended to leave the boat at the next landing and escape to Texas. He was arrested, tried and convicted, received his sentence and went to State Prison for life. He had committed a murder; through his cruel treatment to the mother he had murdered the child. That man's name was George William Fullerton, a native of New Orleans. The woman's name was Sarah Prentiss, the daughter of a wealthy family in St. Louis, Mo. The man, Fullerton, had a wife and five children in New Orleans, La. I discovered afterward that man's wife was a first cousin to me.

Wednesday, October 18, 1905.

Good morning. I will now continue my communication. I wish you to understand that Little Puss was more or less under influence pretty much all the time. I was learning to understand somewhat of his condition. I had a great affection for him and would take him out walking. He would tell us some of the strangest tales I ever listened to. His mind seemed to soar away off, as if he had lived on another planet. At certain times he became quite religious and wanted to convert the whole company. At other times he would be just the opposite. It seemed to me as if he got under the spell of some mischievous devil and annoyed the members of the company with the tricks

he would play upon them. One time while playing with the Forrest company in Louisville, Ky., as he was walking to the theatre one evening he met an old negress. I should judge she would be about ninety years of age. Her wool was as white as snow. He made her acquaintance and told her she must go and see the show. He took her arm and assisted her along the street. In one of her hands she held a cane. She was an old negress that bore the name of Sally Ann Pinkerton, as she always wore some kind of a pink handkerchief or pink cloth around her neck. He brought her up to the front entrance of the theatre, told the manager—Mr. Harrison—that she was his aunt. He said he recognized her the minute he saw her, which made Mr. Harrison laugh. He took her in on the first floor where the reserved seats were and told her to stand there until he'd get her a chair. He came back, entered the private office and discovered a camp chair. He told the ticket seller, who was at one end of the office, he had to have that chair for a relation of his who was a queen when she lived in Africa, and he would not allow her to sit among common people. He placed the chair down in front of the stage, told her to be seated and her wants would be attended to. He placed a program in her hand, then climbed up onto the stage, went to Mr. Forrest's dressing room, got his king's cloak out of his trunk, came back and placed the royal cloak around her black ladyship, saying, "Now you're a queen, every inch of you, and don't you forget it." climbed up onto the stage again, went direct to Mr. Forrest's dressing room and said to Mr. Forrest when he came in the dressing room to dress for the stage, "I have a relation out in front. I recognized her the minute I saw her." Mr. Forrest paid no attention to what he said, as he was acquainted with his queer ways.

That night the play was William Tell, and Little Justin played Albert, the son of William Tell. After the orchestra had played an overture, the old negress went to sleep and commenced to snore, to the amusement of the audience. One of the musicians reached his hand over the railing and woke her up. She said, "Go on, dar; I'se a queen." By that time the curtain was rung up and Madame Ponisi was looking from the balcony of her little Swiss home. When Edwin Forrest came upon the stage the applause was immense: the old negress said, "Keep

quiet, dar, and let massa talk. I reckon he knows what he's goin' to say." Mr. Forrest looked down to where the voice came from and said in a stage whisper to me, "Jesus Christ, what's that down in front?" The manager had acquainted me with the fact of the black negress being down in front and that she was wrapped up in Forrest's kingly robe. He said he did not discover that until the curtain had gone up on the first scene. He said, "Meldrum, there's going to be a picnic tonight between Forrest and the Little One." When the curtain went down on the first act the old negress got up and said, "She reckoned she'd go home and get a smoke. She'd seen them queer critters before." She laid the royal mantel over the orchestra railing and with her walking stick tottered out of the theatre. One of the musicians folded up the mantel and carried it to Mr. Forrest's dressing room. I was talking to him when the musician entered with the royal mantel hanging over his arm. He said, "Mr. Forrest, I believe this must be yours." Mr. Forrest looked at it and said, "Yes—why, this is the cloak I wear in King Lear; where did you get it?" The musician said, "An old wench laid it over the orchestra railing and said she'd go home and get a smoke." Little Justin jumped to his feet and said, "An old wench! I knew her when she was a queen." The Little One always dressed in the room with Mr. Forrest. Mr. Forrest raised his hands above his head as if he was imploring the Gods to protect him from that creature.

When the curtain had dropped on the last act, he said to Little Puss, "You remain in the dressing room until I get ready to go to the hotel." Little Puss walked in front of him singing, "I'm Always Gay and Free, Boys." After they had entered the dressing room Mr. Forrest said, "Mr. Meldrum, I have stood it as long as I can. I will have to send him back to New York." I made no reply, but prepared to go to the hotel. Mr. Forrest, I could see, was very angry. The Little One got his glass of brandy, carried it to Mr. Forrest and said, "Old man, drink our health." I couldn't stand it any longer and laughed until my sides ached. Mr. Forrest said to the Little One, "You beat hell. I believe you're an imp of the devil." The Little One got up on Mr. Forrest's knee and kissed and hugged him. Mr. Forrest looked at me pityingly and said, "Meldrum, what can I do? His

nature is all love and those devilish influences make him do queer things." I said, "Edwin, I guess you'll have to try and stand it." He took the Little One in his arms and said, "Oh, Puss, Puss, I'm afraid your life is going to be a hard one; there are not many that will understand you." Just then the Little One dropped down to his knees and commenced to pray that God would open the eyes of the wicked that they might see his son Jesus in all his glory. "The sin of the world is making me old in years; I'm afraid I can't stand it much longer. I'm getting tired eating their old southern hoecake and other things that ain't much better. Oh, Lord, if it wasn't for your good brandy the old man and Rob would collapse. Amen." Mr. Forrest and I laughed so it took some time for us to quiet down. Mr. Forrest said, "He's the queerest being I ever met."

We remained in Louisville, Ky., over Sunday. On Sunday afternoon there came up some men—I think three of them—in front of the hotel and sang a beautiful hymn. The Little One who was standing in front of the hotel, stepped in between two of the men and caught hold of their hands and joined in the singing. After they had sung the hymn they knelt on the sidewalk and one of the men commenced to pray. During the prayer a bass voice came from Little Justin's organ of speech and it would groan out, "Amèn, holy Jesus." After the prayer was over they stood upon their feet, when one of the men called upon the people to come to Jesus. By that time there was quite a crowd of people who had collected in front of the hotel. Among the crowd was a large negro man, broad shouldered and looked as if he might be powerful in a struggle. The Little One discovered him, climbed upon his back and sat on his shoulders; the negro smiled and looked as if he felt quite highly honored; he looked so pleased that he commenced to laugh and showed his big, white teeth. Little Puss commenced to cry out in a loud voice, "Come to Jesus, you bloody sinners; come just now and we'll lump you all up in a cheap crowd. We'll save you at a quarter a head. Come, I tell you; I smell the brimstone all around Louisville." Then he commenced to sing a negro hymn, which started the negroes to singing. He got down from the negro's shoulders and went up to one of the men and said, "Brother, cry to the Lord to come in our midst. Jesus, his son, must be off

somewhere, being that it is Sunday." Then he commenced to sing a tune and dance to it; that got the people to laughing. When he had finished the three men started another hymn; he sang with them. I discovered the perspiration was pouring down his face. All of a sudden he jumped up, made a break and said, "It's too hard to sing with you damn missionaries. You ain't got the right swing to it. If you want to be bathed in Jesus' blood you've got to quit drinking such common rotgut; the Lord isn't with you, so I'll have to leave you. Ta, ta."

He rushed into the hotel and went direct to his room. The landlord said, "That is the strangest child I ever met. Isn't he pretty?" Mr. Nagle said, "Yes, he is quite pretty. No one seems to understand him." The landlord said, "Isn't it strange; yet he plays his parts on the stage so nicely." When Mr. Forrest returned from his ride with a gentleman friend the landlord acquainted him with the fact that between the missionaries and his Little One they gave quite a show this afternoon to the public, free of any charge. "I think those missionary men in future will try to keep clear of his little lordship." Mr. Forrest said to the landlord, "My good sir, you never can tell what that Little One is going to do."

Our next stand was Lexington, Ky. While there one of the churches was holding a revival meeting. They had meetings there three times a day. One afternoon I was out walking with him. As we passed the church we heard the people singing. He said, "Rob, let's go back and see what they're doing; they may give you a pretty good show." We returned and entered the church. I had enough curiosity in me to see what he would do. When we got inside of the church he crossed himself and crossed me. After they had finished singing a man that stood by the pulpit cried out, "Brothers and sisters, come to Jesus—he is waiting for you." The Little One yelled out, "Oh, Lord, I'm a-coming; hold the reins until I get there." Then he got down on his knees in the centre aisle and crawled upon his knees all the way up until he reached the pulpit railing; there he commenced to cry as if his heart would break. The man that stood by the pulpit commanded the brothers and sisters to sing, "A Soul Has Been Saved; Another One Has Come to Jesus." After they got through singing he stood upon his feet and commenced

to preach to them about Heaven and God. I could see from the faces of the people they were very much elated to think they had a child in their midst preaching to them about Heaven, God and Jesus Christ. You could hear "Amen" every once in a while. All of a sudden he cried out, "There is no hell—that's a damn lie; it's all imagination and you're the blastedest fools I ever saw." Two men grabbed him and ran him out of the church. His preaching was too rich for their blood, and his religious exercise closed for the day.

It got all over the town what the little child actor had done in the church. The theatre was crowded that night to see what kind of a creature he was. There came out an article in the morning paper about him making a queen out of the old nigger wench, wrapping her up in the king's robe at the Louisville theatre.

From Lexington we went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where we played a four weeks' engagement. While in Cincinnati there came to the hotel a family of singers that was touring the country. They were English people. One of the young ladies was attracted to Little Puss and made his acquaintance. One Sunday evening the family invited our company into the parlor to hear them sing. The young lady that was attracted to Little Puss sat with him on a sofa. During some conversation one end of the sofa commenced to rise into space. After that end had rested on the floor the mother of the family said, "They are both under spirit power; let us sing and perhaps we will receive some other demonstration." While we were singing a hymn a marble top table ran across the floor and tipped up in front of them; to the wonder of all in the room the marble did not slip off; the table ran back again and took its usual position in the room. My handkerchief was taken out of my pocket, crossed the room and was placed on the lady's head in the shape of a cap, which was the cause of quite a laugh from the guests present. The name of that family was Leslie. They were called "The Leslie Serenaders." Frank Leslie, the celebrated tenor in after years, was one of those children.

Our next destination was Philadelphia, Pa., where the company disbanded after a three weeks' engagement, as the weather was growing hot. Little Puss accompanied Mr. Forrest to the

seashore. I returned to New York, where most of the company lived when they were at home. Next fall Mr. Forrest did not feel well and remained at home for three months. Little Puss and I returned to the Bowery Theatre and became members of the company. There is where Mr. Buckley found him. He became a member of his company and crossed to England. After returning to America he became a member of Adah Isaac Menken's company. I also was a member of the company, playing leading business. Menken was starring it through the country. In Albany, New York State, is where Mr. Warren found him and became his guardian. Adah Menken acquainted me with the fact that the Little One was a strange being. I told her I had witnessed many of her queer actions in life. She said, "I am engaged to marry Mr. Warren. Little Puss has fascinated him, so I'm afraid it will never come to pass," which it never did. Mr. Warren and the Little One returned to New York.

In the following year I became a member of the Nagle company. As you see from what I tell you, Mr. Forrest's prediction came true. He felt that sometime he would lose the Little One. Puss never returned to Mr. Forrest again.

While we were with the Nagle company one morning at rehearsal Puss came toward me with a long face and a sad expression on it. He said, "Mr. Meldrum"—before this occurrence he always called me Rob; on this occasion he said Mr. Meldrum. "I'm an angel. I have changed my ways. Papa Warren says if I do as he tells me I will get a seat in Heaven. I am now preparing myself for that seat, but it's hard to be an angel. I just have to watch myself all the time. I'm going to pray every chance I get. I want to walk into the presence of God a pure angel." When he said that I heard a voice that came out of space, as it seemed to me, say, "Oh, bosh; that's all rubbish." The Little One said, "Now, Bob, you let me alone. I want to be an angel. I know it's hard; I'm going to try ever so much for papa Warren's sake." The voice said, "Go drown yourself." In about a week he came to me one morning and said, "Rob, it's too hard to be an angel. I can't stand it. Bob says it's all dam nonsense trying to. He'll get me into Heaven anyhow. I told papa Warren last night it didn't pay to be an angel, it was too hard; then, Rob, you ought to have heard the knocks on the

bedstead. I thought the devil was after me. I cried out, 'I'll try again,' when Bob said, 'Go to sleep and I'll take care of you, angels and all. Don't let your mind worry you on that any more. You're all O. K.' So, Rob, you see I've given up the angel business; it hurts me trying to look like an angel." That's what came of Puss' angel business.

When I told Mr. Nagle what the Little One had said to me that morning he laughed and said, "He's a strange creature, a freak in nature, Robert my boy."

While we were playing in Buffalo, New York, he got acquainted with a peculiar looking man. I saw Mr. Warren, Little Puss and that man out riding in a carriage. That evening Mr. Warren said to me in the dressing room, "Robert, I have an invitation for you, the Little One and myself to take dinner with a friend on Sunday. He will send his carriage to the hotel for us." It was in the suburbs of the town. When we arrived at the residence I discovered it was a beautiful place. The house was built in the midst of a little park.

The friend received us at the door; as we entered the house I discovered it was a perfect palace. Art and books were displayed everywhere. After we had been in the drawing room about ten minutes an old white haired lady entered the room, leaning on the friend's arm. She said, "That is the one I told you of, my son," pointing to Little Puss. "I have seen him in so many visions. Our blood, dear, runs in his veins, for you must know his grandmother was a Bruce. Away back in those days I remember well when he was given into the hands of Elizabeth. He will never be tall, so it is ordained. The work that he will play a part in is brewing now; the southern mind will be worked up to fever heat. I saw it all last night in a vision." She hobbled over to a velvet sofa and motioned for Little Puss to come and sit alongside of her. When he had done so she took him in her arms and commenced to cry and said, "Oh, it was so cruel to rob you of your mother." The man said in angry tones and with a vicious look on his face, "Woman, have you forgotten your promise?" With the tears streaming down her face she said, "No, my son, I can never forget my promise, it will go to the grave with me." He then said to her, "He must fill the destiny that is laid before him." Just then pecu-

liar sounds came upon the wall. He addressed Mr. Warren, saying, "Let's have some singing." He went into the large hall and rang a bell. A negro woman appeared at the door. He said, "Sada, send Ethel here." In about five minutes a beautiful young lady entered the room. We were introduced, then he smiled and said, "Ethel, you will play for these gentlemen; they are going to sing." She sat down to a beautiful, large organ and allowed her fingers to glide over the keys, then she said, "What shall I play for them?" That man said to Mr. Warren, "What shall it be?" Mr. Warren said, "Tennyson's Brook, if you please." I arose; Mr. Warren, Little Puss and myself stood by the organ. We sang the Brook. After we had finished singing and the girl withdrew her fingers from the keys she looked at Little Puss and said, "You are not a boy; surely you must be a girl that can sing like that." The man said, "Silence; I feel the power coming upon me; drop the curtains and darken the room." The girl did as commanded. When the room was shaded the man walked toward a little table that sat in the back part of the room; he passed his hand over the table a number of times and said something in a language I did not understand. I noticed while he was talking Puss laid his head down in the old lady's lap and went to sleep, as I thought. The man commenced to speak in English and said, "You shall behold one of the conditions that that child must pass through," waving his hand toward Little Puss. Then a peculiar expression came over the man's face and as I was looking at him a white robe descended as if it came out of space and in a few minutes that man was covered by that white robe and part of it laid on the floor. On the table was a bronze box of oval shape. He sang some kind of an incantation, the lid of the box opened and there came forth from it a peculiar looking smoke and the odor of many spices. A voice came from that man in a peculiar dialect; the voice said, "I am Ram-sha-ma-ra that lives in an occult realm. I have been called for and obey the summons. What would you have me do?" The old woman said, "Produce the shadow of this child and part of his destiny. It is the will of my son that you should perform that act here today. Clothe his astral, is the command of my son."

Then the incense produced more smoke, the volumes be-

came heavier and more dense in shadow and finally they became quite dark. There before us arose the astral of Little Puss, dressed in a pair of little military pants and a little military jacket. Mr. Warren said, "Oh, my baby, what does it mean?" The voice said, "Silence." The figure seemed to dissolve. Then the voice said, "Remain silent and watch." In a few minutes arose the astral of Little Puss in the cloud of smoke, dressed with a little pair of pants, quite full and pleated onto a band; the band was buttoned onto a waist; he held a roll of parchment, as it seemed to me; he smiled and permitted the parchment to unroll itself. We beheld a picture on that parchment that made my blood become cold—two armies in a fierce fight, the blood was running from wounded men and gushing from wounded horses. It was so terrible I cannot describe it to you. I believe I should have fainted had not a powerful voice brought me back to my senses. It said, "Coward, you become weak and would faint at the sight of a picture, while he (pointing at the body of Little Puss) will enter the field in all its carnage and destruction. The black race shall get their freedom." Then silence reigned for some time; the smoke arose as usual, the odors became stronger and stronger; then we beheld the astral of Little Puss arise again in the dark cloud. He represented this time a simpering old woman with a basket on her arm; there arose by his side another shade dressed as a military general. She presented the military general with a flask of brandy, then looked at us and laughed, after which they dissolved. Immediately we heard the roar of cannon and the cries of the wounded, the tramping of horses and a peculiar noise that sounded like thunder away off, then the smoke seemed to simmer down and disappear as if dissolving into space. The voice spoke to Mr. Warren and said, "Are you still willing, brother, to remain the guardian of that Little One?" Mr. Warren spoke and said, "You may be fiends, I know not; but whomsoever you are, I tell you now I will follow the Little One, should he go into the depths of hell. I love him and cannot help it. I was released from a terrible condition when I met him. I had engaged myself to marry a beautiful woman, an actress, but when my eyes fell on that Little One she became to me as nothing. I see it is my fate and will abide by it." I felt, friend, after all

I had seen and heard, as if I had lost twenty pounds of flesh. There stood before us that peculiar looking man. He went over to where Little Puss laid and made several passes over him. In about five minutes Little Puss opened his eyes and said, "I'm as hungry as a dog; let's go to the hotel and get something to eat." The man smiled and said, "You are my guests and will dine with me today." He made some peculiar sign to the girl and she left the room, returning in a few minutes carrying a silver salver with a bowl on it and three little silver cups; that man said, "Dip the cups into the gruel and partake of it; it is nourishing to the physical body." We did so; it was wonderful the effect the gruel had. I became much stronger and said to myself, "This must be witch broth." The girl handed one of the cups to the old lady and one to the man, the other one she held in her own hand; they all dipped in and partook of the witch broth. The man said, "Let us have another song, after which we will adjourn to the dining room." When we had finished singing he walked over to the old lady, assisted her to stand upon her feet, then he gave her his arm; they led the way to the dining room, Mr. Warren and the Little One following. The girl put her hand in mine and said, "I admire you. I can see you are a stranger to such a demonstration as you witnessed today. This, friend, is the home of Palankin, who lives in the realm of the occult, and I am his daughter, Ethel."

When we entered the dining room I beheld a room that I cannot describe; the beauty of it was perfect to me. On the table was a feast for the Gods. A variety of fruit, nuts, bread and cheese, bottles of wine placed around the table for each one to help themselves. It was the most delicate wine I ever drank; its bouquet was beyond my description. While sitting at the dining table we heard beautiful music that seemed to come from another part of the house.

When we returned to the drawing room the young girl played several beautiful selections. I felt as if I were in Heaven and in the presence of a beautiful angel. After she ceased playing we bade them farewell and took our leave. The old lady said to Little Puss as she kissed him, "Remember you have Bruce blood coursing through your veins." As we entered the hall to leave the house a little black boy handed each one of us

a beautiful bouquet, after which he took both the Little One's hands in his, kissing him on the forehead, saying, "I will meet you there. You will recognize me when I pronounce the word, 'Marjay.'" During the war Puss met a black man in a large hospital; that man pronounced the word, "Marjay," through which Puss recognized him. All the way back to the hotel I noticed Mr. Warren's face was pale. When we arrived at the hotel he shook hands with me and said, "When this spirit power is put into operation, Robert my boy, it beats all Hell."

Thursday, October 19, 1905.

Good morning, friend. Permit me to give you a list of the names of the companies that I was a member of. I will condense it down to the principal companies. National Theatre, Chatham street, New York; the Bowery Theatre, New York; the Chambers street theatre, New York; the Broadway Theatre, near Pearl street on Broadway, New York; the Edwin Forrest Company, the Edwin Booth Company, the Menken Company, the Laura Keane Company, the Nagle Company, the Winter Garden Company on Broadway, Warren & Clifford's Broadway Company, the Boston Theatre on Washington street, Boston, Mass.; Ben De Bar's Company, St. Louis, Mo.; a member of the stock company in New Orleans, leading man of the Billy Burton Company.

When I traveled with the Warren & Clifford Company I played leading business. Puss by that time had grown some and was the star of the company. At that time he wore women's clothes and was called "The Dashing Blanchard." We had two good bills for the road. The first night's bill was "Flirtation" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing." The second night's bill was "Little Jack Shepherd" and "Loan of a Lover." In those days they always finished up the performance with a farce. Warren & Clifford were successful managers and made money on the road. I remained with them one season.

While the company was playing in Chicago a music dealer who bore the name of H. M. Higgins gave the company a reception. The Hon. David Davis and James G. Blaine were present on that occasion. While the guests were sitting at the banquet table there came a far away look in Puss' eyes. He said to Mr. Warren, "Papa, we can't take that train tomorrow for

Cincinnati; the train is going to be ditched." I said to Mr. Warren, "You had better heed that warning; he saved the Forrest company from a dreadful steamboat disaster on the Hudson river." We did not take the train; it was ditched, a number of people were killed, while many others were hurt internally. Mr. Higgins laughed and said, "Puss, it wouldn't have done for you to have lived a hundred years ago."

We did not arrive in Cincinnati until the third day after the prediction was made. Mr. Warren got out dodgers and we played two nights more in Chicago. When the season was up and the company was disbanded in Philadelphia, I became Mr. Warren's and Puss' guest at Atlantic City, N. J. We gave two performances there during our vacation. We played "Little Jack Shepherd" and the farce, "Jenny Lind." I remained four weeks as their guest. When the time came for me to leave to go to Albany, N. Y., to become a member of the stock company, Mr. Warren and Little Puss were to sail on the following week for England. While shaking hands with Little Puss he said, "Rob, go by boat from New York and not by cars." I did as he requested. The day that I took the boat for Albany there was a smashup on the Hudson River Railroad.

Now I have acquainted you with some of the facts in your medium's life. There are many other incidents that I will skip and proceed to my spiritual experiences.

When I passed out of my physical body to cross the divide all seemed quite dark to me and I wondered what was the matter. All of a sudden a ray of light penetrated the darkness and I could hear voices. I wondered where I was. When I came to full consciousness of my surroundings I beheld Edwin Forrest laughing at me. I said, "What does all this mean and why am I here, when I should be at rehearsal?" He said, "Robert, my boy, you are a spirit now." I said, "A what?" He said, "A spirit; look at that physical, emaciated body. You lived in that, Robert. Look again; see how those cheeks have sunken, the nostrils have tightened up, the chin droops and the bones are marrowless; that is what the public looked upon when it was called the handsome Robert Meldrum; there you behold the artificial part of Robert Meldrum; take your last look on that emaciated piece of humanity that death has laid hold on;

see, decomposition has it in her clutches. Come, Robert, I will lead you to friends. Whiskey got in its work on that vile piece of humanity." He led me by the hand, describing the different spirits that we met; finally we arrived at a beautiful grove where many of my professional sisters and brothers were waiting to receive me; my greeting was a friendly one. After we had talked much a beautiful female spirit approached me, saying, "Robert, do you remember me?" I said, "Your face is familiar, let me think where I met you." She smiled and sang a beautiful little melody. I cried out with joy, "You are Ethel, the daughter of the magician, that queer looking man whose home I visited on earth when I looked upon the astral of Little Puss." I clasped her to my bosom and said, "Ethel, I love you; I loved you then when I met you in that home; you were in all my visions and dreams in after life. Now I meet you again a beautiful spirit; can you not love me some?" She said, "I do; I love you with a soul's joy, and we are spirit mates." I held her in a tight grasp, afraid that she might escape from me. She said, "Robert, do not hold me so tight; let us walk under the trees; there is no escape now from each other; we will work together, living in each other's love. I have waited for your coming. After you have rested and feel that you have gained your full strength we will return to earth and work among the fallen children of men that fell by that curse called whiskey. This afternoon we will attend a grand concert given in your honor by your professional brothers and sisters. You were kind to the poor and helped many a fallen creature. Finally whiskey and wine became your master, the flirtations of women caused your ruin. When you have paid the penalty for that part of your life, wherein your manhood fell to the depths of sin and misery, your penalty will be the uplifting of your fallen brothers and sisters who live in physical bodies. You committed no other crime, only the destruction of your physical body through fast living. I loved you from the moment I beheld you in my father's home. See, he comes this way. Let us meet him."

We attended the concert given in my honor for the good deeds I had performed on earth. My joy knew no bounds. Ethel was my spirit mate. With her and others I have worked among the fallen children of that great God's universe, the God of all

Life, that knew no beginning and knows no end; whose great power lies in electric motion throughout the universe.

I thank you for taking down my communication. If it is of any value to your book you are welcome to it. Give my love to Justin. Why he did so many peculiar things in life was through the influence of a spirit called "Bob," whose name in the physical body was "Sir Roger Hardcap," an English barrister who was paying the penalty for misdeeds when in the physical body. Robert Meldrum.

Helen Hulburd Placide

Chapter XVIII

Good morning, friend. I enter Searchlight Bower on a beautiful morning to make your acquaintance.

It is the desire of Charlotte Cushman that I should acquaint you with the fact that you and I are related. I understand your name is Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd. My maiden name was Helen Hulburd and I spelled the name as you spell yours. My mother's name was Barbara Amanda Hulburd. My father's name was Ebenezer Hulburd. So you See Ebenezer was a family name. My father and mother were cousins; my mother did not have to change her name. My husband's mother was a Jeanette Hulburd, a cousin to my father and mother. My mother was a cousin to the medium's father—Justin Hulburd—therefore, I think Little Justin and I are entitled to the name Hulburd. Justin's grandfather was my great uncle; his name was John Hulburd. They were the Scotch Hulburds. I was born in England. My husband and I came to America to become members of the stock company playing at the Chambers street theatre, New York City.

In the stock company I found a Miss Margaret Hulburd, who told me she was born in Gloucester, Mass. Her father, John Hulburd, was a cousin to the medium's father, Justin Hulburd, and also a cousin to my father and mother. Margaret and I became as sisters to each other. Our love grew stronger and richer with time. Our love was a devoted, rich love, such as one woman can give to another. Prof. Hulburd of New York City was her uncle. Horace Hulburd of Brooklyn, Long Island, was also an uncle—a brother of her father. He went to England on a visit and there married Phillis Glover Hulburd, cousin to the medium's father. She did not have to change her name.

Margaret Hulburd, my friend, told me she had a relation in Vermont who bore the name of Ebenezer Hulburd, who was connected with a Hulburd family in Connecticut. Margaret and I one summer made a visit to Connecticut; there we found sixteen relations that bore the name of Hulburd. There were others who changed their name through marriage.

William Hulburd Placide, the artist, was my son—my first born. I was the mother of fifteen children; fourteen of them returned to England and married there. One of my grandsons returned to America and was known as William Henry Placide, the broker, of New York City. My husband made a visit to England and passed out of the body while on that visit. I went to live with a cousin, Sarah Margerie Hulburd, who lived in Baltimore, Maryland; she and I made a visit to a cousin, Horace James Hulburd, in New Orleans, Louisiana. There I passed from my body at the age of eighty-seven.

The information that I have given you shows that you, the medium and I were related through the ties of the Hulburd blood.

When I met your medium sixty-seven years ago I did not know he was a Hulburd. He was a child actor and bore the name, "La Petite Blanche." The first morning that I made his acquaintance he and Joseph Jefferson walked on the stage holding each other's hands. He looked at me and said, "Leddy, are ye o' this company?" I told him I believed I was. He said, "You will have to gang and stand in the wing. I need the whole stage to rehearse my dance." I looked at the mite of a creature and laughed, saying, "You are a wonderful individual; pray will you acquaint me with your name and title?" He looked up at me in a peculiar way, saying, "Can't you read? Me and Charlotte stars it this week and she told me to come here early and rehearse my dance; it's funny you can't tell a star when you see them." Joey Jefferson, as we called him, said he was the Little One's guardian and they didn't want no back talk from deck hands. Mr. Scott walked on the stage. I bid him good morning and asked him who that little creature was that was putting on so much style. He said, "Oh, haven't you made the acquaintance of the Little One yet? Come, I will introduce you to his highness. He plays here this week with Charlotte Cush-

man; they say as the Duke's son he is fine." After he had introduced me the Little One took my hand, shook it and said in a Scotch way, "You've got too many rings on your fingers," which made Mr. Scott and I laugh. As we walked back of the stage Mr. Scott said, "That Little One is a strange being; he has what the Scotch call the 'second sight,' and makes predictions." Just then Charlotte Cushman walked on the stage. I shall never forget the first time I looked at her; she had such a queenly bearing. When she was introduced to the company her bow and acknowledgment of the introduction was beautiful and carried with it something grand; her smile was that of a queen to her loved subjects. She spoke to the Little One and said, "Have you rehearsed your dance for the fourth scene?" He said, "You bet." I made the discovery he had become acquainted with several Yankee phrases. I noticed Charlotte made a good deal of him.

When the curtain arose that night on the first act the Duchess and the Little One are discovered holding a globe. She said, "Now, my child, I want to inform you what part of the world India is located in." He said, "Your highness, I am tired of all this and want to play with cousin." She said, "You will sing for me first; then you may go and play. Go and bring me my guitar." He brought her a guitar, which she played on beautifully, then she said, "Now sing me 'Winter Winds.'" He sang a piece of music I thought was beautiful. I remember one line, "When the leaves turn pale and fall." My husband and I wondered where all that voice came from. He received great applause for his singing and I saw Charlotte Cushman was proud of him. As he was about to leave the mother said, "Do you think you could dance for me today?" He said, "Your Highness, if you like." The Duchess then said, "We will have a waltz." The orchestra played a waltz and it was wonderful to see that little creature waltz on his toes and as he kept waltzing and approaching a large window; when right in front of it he jumped out of the window into the garden. The curtain descended to the laughing of the Duchess at her child. They received big applause and both passed in front of the curtain. The gallery gods hollered for the Highland Fling. The Little One came back in front of the curtain, then requested the or-

chestra to play and danced the Highland Fling. Oh, how nimble and quick were those little feet. He received great applause. It astonished me much, for I had never seen such a little creature dance the Highland Fling. His toe dancing in the waltz was superb. Many larger artists and much older ones could not compete with him.

In the second act and third scene a villain is hired to kill the son of the Duke. A Scotch actor by the name of Lawson was cast for the villain. During the afternoon Mr. Lawson had indulged too much in beer. When he came on the scene to murder the child the effect of the beer was very apparent. The Little One said, "The old man has been at it today again." The villain looked around the room and was about to leave it when the Little One arose from the couch, went to the old man, tugging at his coat tail, saying, "Villain, don't you know this is the scene you murder me in? Stab me, then I'll go and lie down and they will find me dead." The old man said, "Go to hell, you brat, and don't bother me." The Little One snatched the dagger out of the old man's hand and brandished it in the air, saying, "I'm on the road to hell; the villain's drunk and I want to get there before him." That brought a big laugh from the audience. He laid down on the couch and commenced to cry, saying, "Farewell, father and mother dear; I have to murder myself, as the old man is chuck full of beer, and the world will no longer know me, I fear." He stabbed himself, stage fashion, jumped up and turned a somersault, fell onto the stage on his back, crawled down toward the footlights like a snake and said to the audience, "It's so slimy to be the son of a Duke." That brought big applause. He saved the scene. As the Duke and Duchess entered to look at their son they found no one was lying on the couch. The Little One jumped up and said, "Mother dear, scream—I'm murdered." He turned a tragic scene into comedy. The Duchess screamed, fell into the Duke's arms in a faint. The Little One said, "Pa, the only thing that will bring her back is a quart of beer. I must lie down now, as you found me dead." The drunken actor said, "You're the liveliest brat I ever saw. I sent you to hell—why didn't you stay there?" The Little One yelled out with a peculiar laugh, "I've got there, old man." The curtain descended to big applause. The Little

One had saved the scene. Charlotte Cushman became furious, knocked down the drunken actor and kicked him. In the next two acts my husband doubled up and played the villain, as well as his own part. When the curtain had descended on the last act Charlotte Cushman shook my husband's hand warmly and said, "Placide, Charlotte will remember this kindness. You and little sweetheart saved the play. I am sorry this happened on my first night. I am also glad to know my piece has scored a success."

Next day she sent an invitation for Mr. Placide and myself to take dinner with her at the hotel. There we found Little Justin and four of her other friends. The dinner was served in her sitting room; there I learned to love her. I found she had a heart for the human race. After the things were taken away from the apartment and the cloth removed from the table she took from off the back of a chair a maroon satin tablecloth, embroidered with gold thread. She placed it on the table and in the centre of the table she placed a large silver salver on which she placed bottles of wine, glasses and a box of cigars. She said, "Now, gentlemen, help yourselves." She led the way to the adjoining room where Little Justin followed us. She shut the door and said, "Now, Mrs. Placide, I am going to show you some beautiful robes. I will wear them in Queen Elizabeth." She took them out of her trunk, three of the most beautiful robes I ever looked upon. While she was explaining to me the beauties of the robes I noticed the Little One had a peculiar look in his eyes. I said, "See, Miss Cushman, I'm afraid the Little One is going to be sick." She said, "Oh, no, Mrs. Placide, he is a little witch and sees something." He got down off the chair, came toward Miss Cushman and taking her hand said, "Lady, you will never wear those beautiful garments; they will be burned up; but you will play a part in which there will be no costly robes worn; she is called an old hag and that character will make your fortune."

Between New York and Boston the baggage car which her two trunks were in caught fire and her wardrobe was burned up. She played Queen Elizabeth in Boston; her gowns were less costly than those she showed to me.

Afterward she got conception of the character of Meg

Merrillies; her makeup became a wonderful study. That became the greatest of all her characters and made her a vast fortune. In time she was called the Queen of the Stage in America and Europe; some thirty years afterward I became a member of her company in which she starred the United States.

About ten years after I became acquainted with the Little One, he, my husband and myself were members of the same company. My husband used to say to me, "Who does Little Puss laugh like—it is some one that we have seen during our life." I said, "The only one that laughed like him was that unfortunate woman, Mary Elizabeth Stuart. I hope he is no relation to such a woman as she was. It would be a dreadful thing, husband, to think that any of her blood would course through his veins. He laughs so much like her, if such a thing could be true it were better that he had died when she gave him birth." My husband said, "Dear, do not let us think of it any more. She was a sad creature and we will leave God to take care of her. I cannot and do not want to think he is connected with her in any way. What a strange child he seems to be. I asked him the other day who was his father and mother. He said they lived all over. I feel, dear Helen, there is a peculiar influence that follows that creature. Do you not see how he fascinates men with those dark blue eyes? Mr. Scott thinks he is the most perfect being he ever met, while to you and I he appears as a strange creature; just see how he predicted the burning of Miss Cushman's beautiful dresses." This happened, friend Hulburd, long before the days of the Fox girls and the spirit rappings.

One morning Little Justin came to rehearsal as radiant as a full blown rose and was merry as usual. During rehearsal all of a sudden he gave a scream, touched my husband's arm and said, "Oh, God, look there—he has murdered her, and by my soul, he shall swing for it." I came up to him and said, "Who is murdered, Little One?" He said, "Monroe has murdered his mistress and fled the city. If they hurry up they will find him hiding under the bridge. I must go and tell them where he is. I hate that man; he spoke cruel words about Estelle and also about Mr. Scott; he struck me one day and by Jesus, he shall pay for it." He hurried back to the hotel and told the authori-

ties where they could find Monroe. We hurried after him but could not keep up with him, as he ran so swift. Those days it looked as if he flew through the air, his limbs were so quick of movement. When we arrived at the hotel there was a good deal of excitement. The chambermaid had discovered Mrs. Monroe lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He had cut her throat almost from ear to ear and made a deep gash in one of her breasts.

In about an hour after we had arrived at the hotel the officers brought back Monroe, took him to the room to look upon his victim. It was a dreadful sight; there she laid upon the floor with a great gash in her throat and another in her breast; her head and hair was lying in a pool of blood. The sight was so shocking I could not play that night.

Monroe broke down and confessed he killed the woman. He said she had been flirting with the landlord and he saw the landlord coming from her room. That enraged him so that he killed her. He showed no remorse. It shocked my sensitive condition so that I withdrew from the stage for fourteen months.

The next time I met Little Puss was when I was playing an engagement in Baltimore. He came there with Mr. Warren and played "Little Jack Shepherd." After that they returned to Philadelphia.

I did not meet him again until the war was over. My husband and I played an engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York City, in "The Tempest." He played "Ariel," sang and danced in it. One day Mr. Warren invited my husband and myself to take a ride. We did so. When we had reached a part of the island called Yorkville, all of a sudden the Little One said, "Papa Warren, we must return. There is something wrong at the hotel." Mr. Warren turned around and drove back toward the hotel. When we got in front of the hotel Mr. Warren requested we should stay for dinner. He said, "Now, Puss, you take the friends up to our rooms. I will return the horses to the livery stable." They roomed on the second floor. As we approached the door of the room we heard a man's voice say, "Damn you, you'll carry more than that." My husband said, "There's thieves in that room, and I will hold the knob of the door until Mr. Warren returns; they cannot jump out of the

window—it is too high.” The man in the room heard what my husband said, and said to the woman, “God damn you, we are trapped for waiting so long, all through your cursed stubbornness.” He tried to force the door; that was impossible, as my husband held the knob so tight. We heard him drawing a table toward the door; he got up on the table, and at the same time Puss got up on my husband’s back. When the man looked out through the transom Puss grabbed him by the hair of the head, hung onto him, jumped off my husband’s back and when Mr. Warren returned he discovered Puss hanging onto that man’s head in space. The language that came from that man’s mouth was beyond anything that I can now describe. Mr. Warren and my husband pushed the door open and the table went out from under the man’s feet. There he hung inside of the door, with Puss hanging onto his hair outside of the door. Mr. Warren told Puss to let go; he did so and dropped to the floor with considerable of the man’s hair in his hands. Mr. Warren dragged the man down from the transom, struck him in the face and broke his nose. The poor man’s head was bleeding where Puss had dragged the hair out. Mr. Warren sent my husband down to the office for the landlord. In the meantime Puss and I discovered a woman sitting on the floor, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break. I discovered on her face and the breast of her dress blood where the brute had struck her in his fury. When the landlord came upon the scene he discovered in that man the hotel porter. The woman was one of the chambermaids of the hotel. She went over on her knees and said, “Oh, sir, he made me do it and told me he would kill me if I didn’t carry some of the things.” That brute made a kick at her. Mr. Warren tripped him up and he fell to the floor. The woman said, “You see, sir, he’s got me in the family way and says I must kill the child or he will kill me. Oh, please, sir, take me to jail where I’ll be safe, for I want to die. I was a decent girl, but he ruined me and made me steal for him; he has got some power over me and I don’t know what it is. Where he kicked me it pains so, and I feel I am going to die; if I could only see my mother before I die.” I said, “Tell me where she lives and my husband will bring her to you.” The landlord rang for a bell boy. He sent for two officers to convey the man

to the station house, as he was a strong Irishman and it would take two officers to land him in the station house. The woman fell on the floor in a convulsion after the man had been removed from the room. In about an hour she gave birth to a male child. Mr. Warren and I placed her upon the bed. Puss washed the baby, which surprised me. When the mother came with my husband and saw her daughter she fainted, then we had two invalids to take care of. Puss told papa Warren he would not give up the baby. He said, "I have dressed the navel string and washed it, and it belongs to me. I think the mother is going to die and I'm going to keep it." Mr. Warren said, "You can't do that; it don't belong to you and if the mother dies you must give it up to the grandmother." Puss said, "I wish the old woman had died before she came here." We gave the grandmother some brandy and water and brought the old woman around. When she got sufficiently strong to talk she said, "I told my daughter that man would be her ruin; he held a great power over her and compelled her to obey his will." The mother of the child died at ten o'clock that night while Puss, my husband and myself were playing at the theatre. The landlord had some woman in the hotel take charge of the unfortunate creature, as we had to go to the theatre. When we returned from the theatre we found the corpse of the unfortunate girl.

When they searched the man at the station house they found over fifteen thousand dollars on his person, consisting of jewels and money. He had stolen several dollars worth of fine clothing from the different rooms. The largest part consisted of Mr. Warren's clothing and Little Puss' wardrobe. He stole a beautiful necklace of rubies and pearls that President Buchanan had presented to Puss. In the man's possession were seven notes that had been forged. He was tried and condemned and went to prison for forty years. He died in Sing Sing. The little baby lived twelve years; during his life his body became deformed and he became repulsive to look upon. I was glad when I heard of the death of that deformed body.

When my husband and I were playing at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, one afternoon Little Puss, a woman named Rosa and myself were sitting in Puss' drawing room when Little Puss said, "Rosa, I feel queer; pull down the curtains to

shade the room, lock the door and let us keep quiet." We sat there about fifteen minutes in the silence when a little hand drew down the heavy brocade curtains, a shadow formed in front of the curtain and there I saw the little deformed body, as it seemed. The woman Rosa screamed, as she said she was frightened. The astral of the deformed body dissolved into space, Little Justin came out from under the condition and we explained to him what we had seen. As Rosa went to raise the curtain she found a slip of paper lying on the carpet. She brought the slip to me and I read the words thereon. "Dear ones, I love you both; you were so kind to mother and me; it is only I that can appear." Puss and I both wept, we felt so for the little deformed body that once lived on earth. I asked permission to keep the slip of paper. Puss granted me that permission. When my husband and Mr. Warren returned we told them what we had seen and how the shadow had stood in front of the curtain. Mr. Warren said, "If I had been here it would not have happened. I break up all such conditions; I never allow the influence to control him if I can help it. If possible I break up all conditions. I do not want the spirits to hold him under their power." He said to me, "You must be a medium, and through your influence that shadow came; I have much trouble with those influences. I am afraid they will affect my Little One's mind. I break them up whenever possible." We dined with Mr. Warren and the Little One that day, then left for the theatre in the evening, I taking the slip of paper with me, which I looked upon as a great gift from the spirit side of life. We will continue at another time.

Saturday, November 4, 1905.

Laura Keene, Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Warren, Little Puss, my husband and I received invitations to attend a reception given by John Brougham. It was what you living in the physical world call a swell affair. There were many guests present and everything was carried out in grand style. I think the name of the place where the reception was held bore the name of "Maison Doree." While we were dining I saw Puss looking very earnestly at a woman and noticed him whisper to Mr. Warren. I saw Mr. Warren turn pale; he left the table, motioned to Mr. Brougham to follow him. After the repast was over

music was in order; then while the orchestra was playing a gentleman entered the room and spoke to that lady. She followed him out. I sat near the window, where I saw a carriage drive up; that woman, Mr. Warren and the other man entered the carriage and it drove away. In about an hour Mr. Warren returned; his face was no longer pale; he engaged himself like others in the party. Next morning the headlines of the newspaper said, "An English woman has been arrested, the one that robbed John Brougham of money and jewels; also Edwin Forrest." My husband read the lines to me while I lay in bed. It seems that when Mr. Warren and Little Puss returned from Liverpool on board the steamer that same woman was one of the passengers coming to New York. Through the captain's influence she was introduced to Mr. Warren and other cabin passengers. An old gentleman of much wealth by the name of Tyler was seen much in her company. Two days after they landed in New York that old man met Mr. Warren on Broadway and acquainted him with the fact that he had been robbed of a large amount of money, his gold watch and chain, diamond ring and diamond pin. The woman had fled the city. The detectives tried to get on her track, but failed. Five years had passed when she returned to New York. Her hair was dyed a blonde shade. She received an invitation to that reception through a friend of Mr. Brougham's, who bore the name of Henry Silas Miller. She tried to disguise herself as much as possible; through her disguise Little Puss made the discovery she was the same woman. On board the steamer she robbed Mr. Warren of a large gold pencil with an emerald setting on the end. He did not discover she had taken the pencil until they had been several days in New York City. The gold pencil was a present from a Mr. Meade, who afterward became one of your great generals in the army. She was tried and found guilty of many misdemeanors and sentenced to go to State's Prison for thirty years. In the courtroom she claimed to have given birth to a child and Mr. Warren was his father. She told him where he would find the child. Mr. Warren found it as she directed; he had a woman by the name of Margaret Blair take care of the child. In about a year a wealthy family who bore the name of St. Clair adopted the child. The man's name was

Irving St. Clair. I heard afterward the St. Clair family lived in Paris, France. They gave the child the name of Justin St. Clair. I heard he became somewhat of an artist, returned to America, married a young American lady and went to Havana; after that I lost all trace of him. As a young man he resembled his father so much that Mr. Warren could not deny being the father.

Puss was a strange being and his professional sisters and brothers looked upon him as uncanny, not understanding the position he was to take in life. Many admired him while others were afraid of him.

One day as we were crossing on the Fulton ferry boat to play in Brooklyn, Long Island, with the Warren & Clifford Company, Mr. Warren said, "Puss, let's all take the car; if you walk up to the theatre you'll be all tired out." Puss said, "Papa, I'm going to walk; there's a dark shadow around the car and I don't like it." Mr. Warren said, "Friends, I think we better not ride." When the car had gone up Fulton street three blocks a large dray with two large horses came dashing up the cross street, collided with the car, injuring several of the inmates; two of them died afterward. One woman who tried to jump from the car broke both her legs. She lived to tell the tale of the accident. A Mr. Roach, one of the company, cancelled his engagement that night. He told Mr. Warren and Mr. Clifford he did not think it was wise for people to travel in a company with Little Puss. Warren and Clifford said, "Why, Roach, he's our mascot. No accident has ever happened to the company since we've been traveling. As you feel that way, I think you had better leave. I do not want any members of the company to feel afraid of him, the world is so full of superstition and the Christian religion is made up of that material."

While playing in Newark, N. J., one morning about nine o'clock, at the breakfast table, as the waiter handed me a cup of coffee, the Little One said, "Mrs. Placide, do not drink that coffee; I see a dark shadow around the cup and saucer. That coffee has been prepared for some other woman, not you." Mr. Warren had the coffee analyzed and they found arsenic in it. The coffee had been prepared for another woman, a sister of the landlady, who had offended the cook. When the discovery

was made the cook left, leaving all her clothing behind her. She was found in Philadelphia, brought back and went to jail. Her trial was a remarkable one. It came out on the evidence of the principal waiter that several people had been taken suddenly sick, went home to their people and died there. One man who died at the hotel claimed he had been poisoned. They made an investigation and discovered arsenic in his stomach. They did not prove that that female cook had anything to do with the matter at that time. It came out in the evidence of the last trial that that man who died, whose stomach had been analyzed, was on intimate terms with the female cook. When she gave the cup of coffee to the waiter she made a mistake in which side of the room and table he was to carry it to. The table that it was intended for was on the opposite side of the room and the landlady's sister was the only guest seated at that table. The waiter made a mistake and carried the coffee to me. Puss, seeing the dark shadow around the cup and saucer, saved my life in that physical body.

While playing in Wilmington, Delaware, a man called at the hotel and sent up his card to Mr. Warren's room. Little Puss was lying on the bed. He cried out to Mr. Warren, "Papa, I see a dark shadow around that card. Send for the man to come here. You get Mr. Clifford and Mr. Placide to be present when he talks to you." The man entered the room before Mr. Warren, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Placide got there.

When the man entered the room without knocking he found only Little Puss. The influence called Bob said to the man, "We're on your track; now we have you just where we want you." The door opened; Mr. Clifford, Mr. Placide and Mr. Warren entered. Bob said, "Warren, old man, he came to shoot you," pointing to the man. "His daughter has given birth to twins, and you're their daddy, old chap. Call a cop; this gent is wanted in Philadelphia; he's the boss of a gang of counterfeiters." The man out with his pistol and attempted to shoot himself in the head. Mr. Clifford knocked the pistol out of his hand. He was arrested, taken back to Philadelphia, found guilty with six others of the gang; they all went to State's Prison. His daughter was a chorus singer and became the mother of twins. Mr. Warren said he was their father. Mr. Warren as-

sisted her to get a musical education. She crossed to England, there she made a hit, married a wealthy man and settled down in Kent.

We played four days in Wilmington. Sunday being a beautiful day, the company picnicked on the banks of the river. A number of the guests at the hotel were also present at the picnic. Minnie Weddle, a pretty girl of the company, said to Puss and myself, "Let's take a walk under those trees, they are so beautiful," pointing up the stream to a large group of trees. Puss said, "I want papa Warren to go with us." He called papa Warren and we strolled along by the side of the river. When we reached the beautiful trees we saw a horse and buggy coming toward the trees. In the buggy sat a large, portly looking man. Mr. Warren had gone off to one side of the grove. As the horse and buggy approached us the pretty girl gave a scream and got behind me. The large man jumped out of the buggy and said, "It's no use for you to scream. I came for you and I'm going to have you." Little Puss jumped up, kicked the man in the lower part of the bowels and said, "Not until I get through with you." The man dropped to the ground. Little Puss jumped onto his body and commenced to kick him, at the same time calling out for his papa. Mr. Warren came running to where we were, followed by a man he had met in the grove. Our pretty little one, who was clinging to me, cried out, "Oh, Mr. Warren, don't let him take me; he is a bad man and has been my ruin. He stole me away from my home. I ran away from him and joined this company. Please don't let him take me back; he's a bad man." Puss said, "For that he deserves another kick," and gave him three more, which he said was for good luck. Mr. Warren blew a whistle and a number of people came to our rescue. The clerk of the hotel recognized him as Alexander Blodgett, a big Baltimore gambler and a bad man. With their handkerchiefs they tied his hands and feet, placed him in the buggy. The clerk of the hotel drove the buggy back to the place we were to eat our lunch. They kept the man there all the afternoon and we had a good time, bathing in the stream. At six o'clock we returned to Wilmington, taking the man with us; they turned him over to the authorities, who took care of him. That evening our comedian said

to the pretty little girl, "Marry me and I will take care of you." She consented. They found the judge of the court and she became Mrs. Williams.

That evening the guests of the hotel gave her a reception. Next morning we returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Williams and his bride took passage on the first boat going to New Orleans. At the theatre there he and his wife became members of the stock company.

The Warren & Clifford Company played through the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, going to Chicago for one month, taking the same route back to Philadelphia, and there disbanded. My husband and I accompanied Mr. Warren, Little Puss, Madame Dorio and a woman called Rosa, to Atlantic City, where we became their guests. While there we had two beautiful yacht sails. That is the last time I saw Little Puss in the physical body.

When my spirit parted with my physical body and I had crossed the divide, I was received into a realm of music. My soul was constantly filled with music. I heard it day and night while living in a physical body. My soul at last revelled in that which I loved. It was grand, each performer was a master of his instrument. Oh, friend, the music that satisfies the soul's desire has to be superb; every note must blend with the feeling of your spirit existence.

After I had revelled for some time in that musical sphere a longing came over me to see my loved ones. Through will power I went to England and manifested through a medium to several of my children, who are quite mediumistic. Florence Marryatt was present at one of the circles. The medium's description of me was so perfect that Florence recognized me right away.

On many occasions I have visited my loved ones, bringing the harmony of music to their souls through which their homes became happy.

In the spirit realm where I dwell all is music. I often visit that man I called husband on earth. Here in the spirit realm we are not in the same location; his soul was not attuned to music as mine was. Music gave to me that perfect life that I longed for while living in a physical body. I could see its shimmering

effects manifested all around me on earth plane. Music and beautiful flowers were my ideal in life. Here I have them as a grand manifestation in nature. My whole existence is imbued and capable of describing it to you. You would hardly believe it. It is beyond anything you have on your earth plane. Here life is a perpetual summer and God's love is manifested everywhere.

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave my love for Little Puss, hoping you will enjoy part of it, as we were all Hulburds. Your loving and constant friend, Helen Hulburd Placide. Good day.

Poem

Chapter XIX

To E. W. Hulburd from his spirit son.

Justin Hulburd, Medium.

The light of soul through the sense of breath
Saves man from annihilation and death.
Gathering light from the soul of thought,
By man's inner intellect outwrought.
The life line through the soul of truth
Should be guarded by spiritual intellect in youth,
For the soul directs the impressions of the brain,
That makes the common sense organs sane.
The soul is the collector of the higher sense,
Feeds the mind with what it brings from thence;
For in the soul all grief has vent,
As through speech it makes lament.
In the corridors of the soul music and pictures lie
Where the deft fingers of artists wilily ply,
As through the soul they can mould minds
And sway them to and fro like leaves in winds.
The soul creates thought in brain,
As by high culture it can never wane.
To bring the sense of intellect light
Through which men can always be right.

Your loving son,
Lewis Justin Hulburd.

Thomas Gale Forster

Chapter XX

Wednesday, August 13, 1902.

Good morning, friend, comrade and scholar. I am a spirit that once lived in a body. You would realize that, could you but look upon me. If you had the clairvoyant power to see me just now you would say, "That looks like Thomas Gale Forster, somewhat more ethereal than when living in a physical body."

When I lived in a physical body I had a great deal of patience with the human race. I have discovered here in spirit life that the patience of the soul is a wonderful teacher. When the soul is patient and permits the mind to relax it becomes a great treasure house for thought.

When living in a physical body and connected with newspaper business I found patience a beautiful master to work under. By constantly paying attention to the master patience I solved many hard problems and would assist others in their difficulties when I obeyed patience. Patience taught me to look upon life as a living emblem of nature. In every realm I found the master Patience would teach me how to discover all the intricate parts of those realms whereby they could not hold any secret from me. Patience taught me how to read men and women's lives as I would read a book. Men and women seldom deceived me for Patience would constantly impress me with their thoughts and I was what you would call a mind reader. My partner in trade would often say to me, "Forster, how is it that you discover those people are lying to us?" I told him I obeyed the master patience in all things. He constantly fed me with Reason, Intuition and Conception. That was my creed through life.

In the early days of spiritualism while living in Boston my family and myself were persecuted by church people because I did not understand their creed, but I understood the true creed of our Father and Mother God, Reason, Intuition and Conception. I discovered while a boy that the creed of the church was a dark and dreary one; it held people in bondage and made slaves of the human heart. I felt I must break away from such conditions.

I studied Theology to please my father and mother, but found it contained a dry rot, so my conscience told me. There was nothing in it to moisten a brain or quench the thirst of a natural student. I loved to ramble through the woods and study natural conditions in mother nature. The master Patience taught me how to absolve from all visionary conditions and come right down to facts in Nature's storehouse. Many of my friends said I was a dreamer. They could not comprehend that God and I were silent partners and Patience was my guide and teacher.

The world discovered later that I was endowed with some brains that mother nature had presented me with. I remember the first article that I ever wrote for publication. No publisher would give the people a chance to read it. They tore it up. They said it was the worst bosh they ever read and I was mad to think they would publish such trash. But, friend and comrade, the day came when the publishers sought my articles and quite frequently paid me large prices for the same. I was an individual that held my tongue and never permitted anyone to know my thoughts until they saw them in print. Sometimes I would smile with the smile of derision when I saw people in the street touch their companion and say, "That is Thomas Gale Forster." Oh, how my soul went out to them with pity, thinking of the time when they would not permit my children to attend the public schools, or even rent me a house so that I might have a covering over my wife and children. Patience taught me to smile and carry that smile with me westward.

I took my wife and little brood and we went west where I located an abiding spot for awhile, but conditions decreed it otherwise that I should always remain there. How surprised my wife was when I read her a letter one afternoon, wherein it

said by one of the principal publishing houses, "We would like to have you come back here and live amongst us. I think the people are getting to understand you." After awhile I removed my family to the east and for a time it was pleasant among the old friends, but my mind would become educated and my soul would grow in intellect. After awhile, I think it was a matter of six years, they could not stand me any longer, so we emigrated westward again. I think we had been west about three years when I received a long and beautiful letter from Andrew Jackson Davis. I was then connected with a paper in the west. Andrew Jackson Davis said in that letter, "Friend and brother Forster, the spirits tell me they want you to work in the field of spiritualism and require you to lecture from the rostrum, as they say you are one of the individuals chosen to give an explanation why the loved ones in spirit life have a desire to communicate with the loved ones in the body." I told him I had no desire to do so, as means were provided to me through my business qualities to keep my family in comfortable circumstances, but alas, it was in my fate, and in time I became a lecturer for our grand spiritual philosophy. I travelled around the world quite extensively, visited many countries that I became delighted with.

On my way back to San Francisco to the Eastern states, the voice of my guide said, "Get off at Kansas City. There you will find people that would like to hear you lecture and you will discover an individual that you saw once upon a time when he was smaller in stature than he is at present."

My wife and I stopped off, as we always obeyed the command of the voice. It was beneficial for us to do so, as we always found when we obeyed them they supplied our wants and also assisted us in making many friends.

The spirits led us, or I should say my guide led us, direct to Justin's home and there I discovered a person that I had seen at the White House, D. C., during the war. He was lecturing for the society of Kansas City. He lived on a street called Grand Avenue. There I met many friendly greetings from individuals that had never met me in the body before, but we had affiliated in spirit. When you grasp the hand of an individual that you are introduced to you can always tell, if you

are sensitive, whether that individual and you affiliate in spirit or not. I found many people affiliated with me in spirit.

My wife and myself were invited by many of the friends to enjoy their homes while we tarried there, but our stay was of short duration and we remained at the hotel.

I lectured for them on the Sunday evening that we remained over. Justin's guide gave a beautiful invocation, after which a Mr. Granville read a poem. Then a Mr. Judson, I think was the name, introduced me to the people present, after which I lectured to them. After my lecture Justin arose and his guide pronounced a benediction.

Many of the friends present, including my wife and myself, were invited by a Mr. Meyer that lived in Justin's home to partake of ice cream and cake. And we had a jolly time, I tell you, sir. A little Indian girl controlled Justin's forces; they said her name was Rosa. She kept us laughing most of the time with her witty jokes, of which she had many. My wife said to me, "I wish we had such a household pet as that with us all the time."

While I was in Washington with the friends that same little Indian girl controlled a medium there, getting off many of her witty jokes. She called me snowtop brave, telling me she met me in Kansas City, where I was trying to freeze up. She meant eating the ice cream. She called my wife "Shiney blanket squaw." While my wife was in Kansas City she wore an outside wrap that had a great deal of bead work on it, and Rosa called it the shiney blanket, so she addressed my wife as the "shiney blanket squaw." I shall never forget—neither can I forget while memory lasts, and they say it is immortal and lasts forever, it always was and always shall be—the two happy hours we enjoyed with those guests after the lecture was over; it shall always be a bright spot in our existence, or perhaps I should say a rainbow, clearing up the bright mist and showing us a happy future before us.

Oh memory, memory, thou art a delightful organ of the higher soul of time. When you look back through the shadow that has fallen and closed in that part of life that you have stored away with the happy memories of those loved ones that gave to you the greetings of joy while living in a physical body

and as mind expands in growth, embellishing all that there is in life waiting and watching for the proper time that the soul may drink it in and go forward on its march refreshed by the loved thoughts of the past and as you look at the light ahead you will always see a kindred part of that what you had been. Those recollections form themselves into an encyclopaedia of the past, present and future. The human life forms the alphabet by which you spell out duration and eternity governed by the master Patience. When you have thoroughly looked into the encyclopaedia of Nature you find every life line is straight. You cannot reverse one of them yourself, you can step aside. No crooked shadow can you cast upon those straight lines. You may remain for awhile in a gloomy condition, but your mind must straighten itself out again, then you can take up the march of progress, which is straight ahead in a straight line. There comes a glow of Nature that will surround the aura of your soul and make you feel you are one with God through all eternity.

We will continue at another time. They say they cannot permit anyone to control more than two or three hours at a time.

Thursday, August 14, 1902.

Comrade, I love your mornings here. The atmosphere is beautiful. It is grand and invigorating. It brings back to my memory a part of Australia that we visited, but I must say your atmosphere here is the superior one of the two.

When I lived in my physical body and was passing from one country to another, the changes were very perceptible to me. Old England held a loving spot for me always in thought. It came next to the glorious America, that gave me birth on its shores.

I was not at all disappointed when my spirit came to its normal condition in spirit life. I was happy and admired everything around me, especially the friends that met me with a spiritual welcome and invited me to their homes. I was happy to see the beautiful abodes that they lived in in spirit life, all built up by their good deeds done in the physical body. I was only five days in spirit life, or I should say in my spirit home, when they asked me to lecture for them. I consented and did so. I was

made happy by the thousands of spirits that came to hear me, who gave me a cordial greeting. The rostrum on which I stood was a bank of beautiful flowers, placed there by thousands of people who heard me lecture when living in a physical body. Mr. Gladstone introduced me to the assembly. He and I were great friends while I lived in a physical body and was one of the inhabitants of beautiful Old England. I have met Queen Victoria—that is, she was called so when she lived in a physical body on the earth plane. She is a beautiful spirit, her life and character has made her so. She always had a warm heart for her people and understood the beauties of the spiritual philosophy. She came toward me, walking hand in hand with her husband, who is her spirit mate. They had with them their daughter, who was the mother of the Crown Prince of Germany, and is now what they call the Emperor of Germany. She is a beautiful spirit and loves children. Her whole life is devoted to the education of the little ones. I went in company with her and a number of other spirits who are teachers. I was surprised to see the multitude of children and hear them sing. The blending of their voices was beyond anything that I can describe to you.

At another time I visited a floral dance given by the children. As they danced and sang they would form the letters of the name of their loved teacher. It was a wonderful exhibition beyond anything that I ever saw while living in a physical body.

Oh, comrade, I only wish you could have seen their happy faces. After they had passed through that part of the celebration they rested for awhile. While I was talking to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ingersoll, Theodore Parker and Bishop Brooks, we were speaking of the beautiful way in which they did the floral dance. While we were talking I heard a beautiful sound in the air, something like a call. I said, "What does that beautiful sound mean?" Mr. Colby, of the Banner of Light, said, "You will see presently." After a few minutes I beheld the multitude of children arise and take their positions, forming into companies. Each beautiful lady teacher stood at the head of her company of pupils, when all of a sudden the grandest music I ever heard burst forth on the air, playing a march, and it was something marvelous to behold the way those children marched

and kept time. If your spectacular plays in your theatres on your earth plane could produce such grand marching as those children did, your theatres would be filled every night to see them.

After they had finished their march and stood at rest, Samuel B. Brittan, as he was called in the physical body, asked me to address the children, knowing that I loved the little ones. I did so, and it just seemed to me as if the language rolled right out of my mouth. After I had finished, none of the little children took me to task, as a little girl did in Kansas City. She said to me, "Maybe you think you are the best speaker in the world, but you ain't—our Justin can beat you. He don't have to move around and make as many excuses as you did; he just stands up and the spirits talk right off through him. He don't put on the airs you did, either." So you see, comrade, Justin had one loyal friend in Kansas City. When she had finished speaking her mind of the difference between Justin and me I asked her what her name might be. She said it was Hadewith, but the other part of her name I have forgotten. She said her father was a doctor and would bet on Justin any time. "You needn't think, sir, because you came from England, that you know more than us Americans do." I also found she was loyal to America. She was a girl about ten years of age and had opinions of her own and was condescending enough to allow me to understand what some of them were.

After the children in spirit life had heard me speak they formed into what they called their star groups, which was very beautiful. They marched around singing, keeping the formation of the stars all the time. When I looked at that it seemed to me my happiness was complete, but I was mistaken, there was a greater surprise in store for me. After they had finished their star dancing and singing the children formed a great square and looked as if they walled it in with their beautiful spirit bodies. The teachers stepped to the centre of the square, forming a magnificent star. A woman known by the name of Lucretia Mott while she inhabited a physical body on your earth plane, stepped into the centre of the star that was formed by the teachers. Her spiritual body commenced to ascend until her feet were on a level a little above the heads of the teachers.

Then she remained stationary for a few minutes and the children all commenced to take the flowers off their spiritual bodies and throw them at the teachers who formed the star in the centre of the square; as the flowers were thrown they commenced to form a large bank of flowers, entirely hiding the bodies of the teachers. All you could see of the teachers was their faces. The flowers grew in height until they covered the feet of Lucretia Mott. As the flowers were thrown they still kept the perfect shape of the star. After that formation had become perfect Lucretia Mott raised her hands and held them in the air, when beautiful tints and colors came from the fingers like electric sparks, then she commenced to speak to the children and gave the grandest lecture I ever listened to. It was a masterpiece of oratory, not only in language, but in spiritual thought. When she had finished we heard grand music and singing. Oh, the voices rang out so rich that the music was heavenly and perfect, then a kind of haze seemed to cover the whole exhibition and everything seemed to pass away from our view.

Mr. Colby said, "Do you not think our children in spirit life are beautiful and their works are next to perfect? You see they are so perfect in everything they do that the harmony of the soul reigns throughout." I said it was grand and beyond my comprehension. An advanced spirit came up, taking my hands, saying, "Brother, you will understand it all in time; we work here in this location through the law of Love and when you are spiritualized far enough Harmony will reign throughout your condition, then you will understand the perfect condition of our work here in this locality; after you have the "Temple of Love" entered in and become imbued with all its conditions, then you will understand why we love to revel in Nature's bosom, for Nature has given to us the true principle of Love coming from the Father and Mother God of all time. We will continue the communication at another time.

Saturday, August 16, 1902.

Good morning, comrade. This is a beautiful morning such as the Gods like to revel in. This morning has been provided by the God of all Gods, the Father and Mother God of Nature; they have sent out their love to the whole human race, nothing brings us closer to the great elements in Nature as does such

a morning as this. We revel in the luxury of knowing that we are part of the means of producing such a morning through our love of God.

It is fortunate we do not always have such mornings, as we would not understand the changes that are passing through the mind of the human race. When a great storm approaches you, caused by the confliction of elements, ether and gases, then the emotion of the human mind is covered and the nerves of the human anatomy come into play with all the swift emotion of their condition. The ignorant and superstitious locate the dreadful storm in the wrath of God, as they call it; an elevated, scientific mind locates it to a scientific process in nature, in which the human race has a part to play, as their whole physical element is built on scientific principles and that which they are constantly taking on and throwing off plays a part in the terrible tornado, if they but understood it.

Now I will describe to you a location in spirit life which I passed into. There I found many spirits passing their time away in a gloomy despair of life and her elements. When I looked at them many of their eyes had a vicious expression in which my heart went out to them, hoping that the light of Reason might locate itself in their brain forces. Those individuals, or I should say unfortunate spirits, are what you call in earth life desperadoes, or murderers of the worst kind. They have to remain in that dark, gloomy abode until their soul can free itself from that horrible condition and learn to understand the true love of God is waiting for all. When they have paid the penalty of their crimes and the true reasoning power located within them must teach them that all there is in God is love and through that soul's love they can be brought up out of the worst condition of despair. Then they will understand that their love will go out to all the human race, both spiritual and physical. When once a spirit comes out of that dark abode, when he hates himself and every one around him, and sees the true light ahead of him he realizes and understands he must work for the benefit of others with all the Love that is in his nature. Oh, the condition that I beheld of the robber was hard and unrelenting. I mean the robber of the poor, the widow and orphan and those that had accumulated millions by grind-

ing out the life blood of the working man, whereby they accumulated their millions. It was terrible to look on their condition.

Those spirits that had suffered by the mercenary and unrelenting life of the millionaire they passed by and gave those suffering spirits a look of pity which became a living hell to their souls. They tried to shut out that look of pity but could not, they had to stand there as if riveted to the spot and receive the looks of pity and scorn from those that they had crushed down in life. Oh, comrade, their agony was something terrible to look at.

I passed along from that condition and looked upon parents that had become drunkards through wealth and society living, attending banquets and living a riotous life, a life of luxury and dissipation. The children they had marked in the womb, who became notorious drunkards and criminals. As they came toward those debauched individuals who had lived such a riotous life on earth the individuals that they had marked gave out their love and pity toward them, the dissipated debauches would cry out with agony and pain, begging and imploring God to annihilate them out of all existence. There was no annihilation for them and they had to suffer the penalty of their fellow creatures; they had a knowledge and sense there was punishment for it all, they try to blot that out from their memory by trying to make themselves believe there was no hereafter and that death finished all, but the monitor within them kept telling them there would come a time when they must pay the penalty of their crimes; they might escape the law of man, but they could not escape the law of God, which is Wisdom and Reason.

I passed on from them to another locality where there was a class of men and women horrible to behold. They were men and women that had taught the young to become criminals by stealing and other dreadful vices in life. They taught the young female to sell her virtue for a price, they also taught the young male to become dishonest through all his walks in life.

The suffering of those individuals was dreadful to look at, they had thrown their whole natures of vice and crime upon the youth in life. Now they were paying the penalty of the

crimes they had committed; they had sown the seed of crime and were reaping its reward by the persecution of those they had led astray while living in a physical body. Many of their unfortunate victims had died upon the gallows, in state's prison and the madhouse, while others passed away in the low brothel house of prostitution. They were the lowest class of spirits that I looked upon in spirit life.

There was another class of spirits that I looked upon. They were unfortunate spirits who took on physical bodies and through a certain condition became weak-minded. They were what you call in the body "religious fanatics." They hover together in large bands, waiting for God and his mother to come and release them from their condition. When they have woken up out of that condition and find the law of Reason will assist them to adjust things properly in their mind, they will break through that delusion that has held them so long; then they will come out bright spirits, understanding that nature unfolds her laws to the whole race of men and women alike. They will see the Father and Mother God in it all when their souls will sing with joy, crying aloud, "We are one with God and did not understand it until the light of Reason entered our minds. No more superstition can hold us down now into a lethargic sleep of delusion. Let us give out our love, at the same time working to break the bonds of other deluded slaves. Let us teach them all is Love and Love is God."

I looked upon another class of spirits who had persecuted others for their religious beliefs. They seemed to be an intellectual class of people, but hidebound in everything that was religious except a faculty in getting money. In that they were the masters of the situation. They were sycophants and dishonest, polished in hypocrisy, which they used upon all occasions. Their natures were such that they wanted to persecute every individual that did not believe as they did. There was nothing literal or generous in their nature. They had lived in a certain narrow groove while living in their physical bodies. They thought they understood all there was to understand about religion. There was no Love in their natures for those of other denominations. There are multitudes of just such spirits here in spirit life. They huddle together, telling each

other Christ will only come to us, when at the same time they have shut Christ out. They have shut him out by denying the same rights to others which they wish to enjoy themselves. They are a bigoted, deluded class of people, and I hope God will send the light of Reason into their souls and bring them out of that condition, for I think the worst persecution there is on earth is religious persecution; they feel the other one is always in the wrong, while they are in the right.

Oh, expansion of mind, thou art a great law in the Universe, bringing us nearer and nearer the Truth and Love which in time will solve the problem in human nature.

I went to another condition in spirit life, where I beheld Harmony reigned throughout. There I looked upon many spirits who had known each other in the physical body. They had not met each other to speak or look upon each other's faces, but they had met each other through true spiritual affinity; they were feeding each other; to and fro from the mind a wave of intellect was constantly at work educating their condition; they all accept each other's condition through the true affinity of spiritual government, that is now what you call "telepathy." There is a class of spirits that can read each other's minds a thousand miles apart, aye, even twenty thousand miles apart, and yet come in constant rapport with each other's condition and intellect; that intellect brings them up onto a high plane of spirituality, through which they feel, see and sense each other's condition. They are elevated above the common human race. They live constantly in each other's love and that is the true love by which their Father and Mother God governs them throughout all eternity. When I looked upon such spirits I beheld a grand sight, for they revelled in each other's love; the aura that surrounded them was a grand light of a violet hue, blending with that of black and white. There was a background that had a sheen of color in it, purple, gold and red. The influence that came from them was that of morality in its purest state. It seemed to me I was breathing in a divine atmosphere, then I knew and understood, I was looking upon one of the heavenly groups in spirit life.

There is so much to tell, comrade, that I will leave some of it for another spirit to give expression to.

I leave my love for all the children of men and thank you for taking down my communication. I passed from my body in Washington, D. C. Good day, friend.

Oh, leaves of grass,
Thou art superior to a religious ass;
God dwells in thy elm.
Thomas Forster is at the helm,
And every little spray that the earth doth produce
In cluny life is a sparkling ruse,
It laughs and smiles
At the same time the world beguiles.
If religious bigots could understand,
They'd have the love of God and man on every hand.
Life and nature is wedded to the human race.
Thomas has buckled on his shield and will
Battle for Liberty with spiritual grace.

Ella Judson

Chapter XXI

Wednesday, September 10, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. Perhaps you do not know who I am. Well, I'm going to tell you. Do you remember a little girl nineteen years ago called Ella Judson? Well, I'm that same Ella, only I've grown into a young lady now and had a desire to come here and communicate. When I was a young girl I used to call Justin, "Body." A strong love grew up between him and me. I loved him very dearly while I lived in my little physical body, and I love him more now in spirit life. Oh, I remember the pleasant walks we used to take together and how we used to romp under the trees at papa's and mamma's home. I remember so well when Rosa, his Indian guide, would control and dress me up like a little Indian girl. She would stick feathers in my hood and hair and braid leaves together, then decorate me all over with them and call me her papoose, little Pearly. Oh, how I remember it all so well; I can see Justin, now, standing up talking to the people about spirit life. I remember one Sunday afternoon papa and mamma took me to the hall to hear Justin speak. I always liked it best when Rosa would control and joke with the people. She'd tell them such funny things she'd make them laugh. On the afternoon that I speak of, while Justin was lecturing, he stopped and pointed at a lady, telling her, "By you, madam, stands a young man that has a scar under his eye. It looks like it had been done by a knife or some sharp instrument. He tells me you are his mother and that young lady alongside of you is his sister. He says, 'Mother, I am not in hell, as the priest told you, when he said to you he saw me in hell because I would not accept the mummery of the Catholic church he told you he saw

me in hell. He lied to you, mother dear. I am not in hell, but with you most of the time. That dread of hell that priestcraft has forced upon their ignorant dupes has no location in spirit life.'” Then he gave the young man’s name, when the elder lady and the young lady commenced to cry. The oldest lady said, “That is my son you describe. Thank God he is not in hell, as Father Ryan said he was.” Then she cried so hard that I got a little afraid and commenced to cry too. I put my head on mamma’s lap because I felt so. I remember that the lady and her daughter waited until most all the people had left the hall, then she came forward and asked papa to introduce her to Justin. She saw he was the principal officer of the society. I remember that she talked to a number of people who remained after the lecture was over to talk with Justin and inquire about his health. She told the people that she begged her son to receive the rites of the church, but he would not do so and ordered the priest to leave the room. The priest then told her when he was dead—that is, they call it dead—he said that he saw her son in hell. She then said to my papa, “A horrible feeling came over me and I commenced to hate the priest and the Catholic religion.” She said she had always been a good, strict Catholic, and so was the rest of the family. If that did not count for anything toward her son’s condition, why she thought God was an unjust God, for she had prayed night and day to God, the Virgin Mary and other saints to release him from hell. She had paid quite a sum of money in order that they might say mass for his soul, “and just think of it, here he comes today and tells me he is not in hell. Now I believe my own prayers and the prayers of my family had more force in them than the mass of the Catholic church. Oh, friends, for now I must call you friends, you don’t know what a happy woman I am now.” Then the mother and daughter kissed each other and laughed with joy, saying, “Thank God there is a higher light than the mummery of the Catholic church.” Then she invited all the friends to call and see her, as she wanted to learn and understand more of Spiritualism. Then she and her daughter bid the friends good bye. When she got to the door she turned around and said, “May God and the angels spread this light as fast as they can.”

What occurred that afternoon never left my memory. I remember what a warm day it was. As we were going home a thunder and lightning storm came on and oh, how the rain did pour down. I thought it would break the top of the carriage. I can remember, another occasion wherein he gave papa a good test. As you must remember, he lived at our home a good deal. We were sitting under the trees—those beautiful maples that I remember so well. While we were sitting there Justin received a shock, as if electricity had passed through his body. I have seen him get many of those shocks while at our home. After he had received the shock he said to papa, "Will, there is someone wants to talk to you; suppose we go up to the seance room, where we will be away from all intrusion." Papa, mama, sister May and I went up with him to the seance room. Mama set the music box to going and beat time with her fingers on the table to the different tunes that were played. After awhile he was controlled and a funny voice spoke through him. I could not understand all the voice said, for it spoke in broken German, but I remember the voice said, "I'm Peter, you remember me, Judson?" Papa said, "I've known several Peters in my life; which one are you?" The voice said, "Ach mein Got, the one where you play mit the billiards in Detroit." Father laughed and said, "Why yes, Peter, I remember you now. What have you got to tell me?" The voice said, "By shiminy, I want to tell you I'm just as good as any other man what's got here, and I didn't pay anything to the damned church to get me here."

I remember how papa laughed and said, "I thank you, Peter, for coming, for this is a good test to me." Mr. Hulburd, I cannot give it to you in the broken German dialect as the voice gave it, but I give you the principal substance relating to the test. The voice talked with papa as much as an hour, and his queer sayings made mama and May laugh, while I thought he was crazy, for I had never heard any spirit talk so queer through Justin before, for I was a little girl that took things rather serious.

The same afternoon a spirit who went by the name of Dick talked to mama and papa about some timber land that they were connected with, which turned out to be so. I remember they made the discovery that it was some land that had been

given to mama's papa by the government, and I remember that mama and papa went away on a long railroad journey to find out about it.

Another day while we were sitting under the trees a spirit controlled Justin and acted what mama called foolish and idiotic. The spirit talked a little while to papa, then he gave his name and told papa where he had met him. It came to papa's memory that he had met such a person while traveling.

I remember at another time a spirit came who claimed to be quite an ancient spirit. He gave a peculiar name that I do not remember. He talked quite a while with papa and during his conversation he predicted what is taking place on your earth planet now. I remember some of his predictions were so terrible that I crawled up close to mama for I felt I was safe then in mama's arms. He told about the dreadful railroad accidents that would occur and the terrible shipwrecks at sea and many great fires that would occur throughout our nation. I remember he said to papa that there would be many lives lost through fire on board of a ship near the land. I have realized here in spirit life it was that terrible catastrophe that took place on the Jersey shore where so many lost their lives. He also said to papa, "There will come a tidal wave that will inundate part of your coast whereby many lives will be lost through its condition." That meant, Mr. Hulburd, the tidal wave that struck Galveston.

I used to wonder why the spirits would tell such dreadful things through Justin. I could not see that he had anything to do with them, as I thought he was real quiet and minded his own business. I did not understand it then as I do now.

I remember one day Mr. and Mrs. Lee had come out from the city. As they drove up toward our house the carriage stopped and Mrs. Lee got out. She came into the sitting room where papa, mama, Charlie and I were. She sat on a chair near the door and I remember the first words she said were, "It beats the Dutch. I was to Justin's home this afternoon, when a lady came to get a sitting." She told the lady's name, but I have forgotten it. The lady said she wanted a sitting in private. Rosa, the Indian guide, controlled and said, "No, you can't have it. I'm going to talk to you here where squaw Lee is." Mrs.

Lee said that Rosa went on talking and told the woman something about her children and also about an uncle; that she was to get a letter from him, which she did, as Mrs. Lee told mama afterward. She received the letter in about two days. Mrs. Lee said while Rosa was talking about the letter the medium jumped from his chair; at the same time Rosa gave a terrible scream, saying, "God, ain't I glad Medy didn't see that; him so fraid when he see them things. The screecher and all them boxes go down in the water. They go right through them bridges. Plenty people killed and burned." The woman said, "Rosa, what has that got to do with me?" Rosa said, "You see squaw nex um day, make talk this um day, plenty big talk this um day." Mrs. Lee said, "Rosa went on and talked with the woman quite a little while, when all of a sudden she said, 'Go home, squaw; fix em up the birch blanket nice; morrow day you see.'" Then I remember Mrs. Lee saying, "When I was down at the office waiting for Harry to go home, the newsboys commenced to cry out an extra about a dreadful railroad accident. It beats the Dutch—I hope that poor woman has no one on that train that she loves."

I remember next day papa read about the dreadful railroad accident. I saw the tears come in mama's eyes and it made me feel bad, too. It seems in the list of names in the newspaper the woman discovered her sister's name, who had been killed in the wreck. Her sister was on the way to make her a visit. They brought her sister's body to her. After her sister's body had been laid away she came to see Justin, bringing the letter from her uncle. Mr. and Mrs. Lee and another gentleman were present. Mrs. Lee said she noticed the woman was dressed in black. The woman handed the letter to Justin, saying, "Please see if there is anything in that letter that will be connected with me." Mrs. Lee said that Justin held the letter about ten minutes, when he commenced to tremble. He said, "Madam, the one that wrote you this letter has passed from his physical body and stands by you now. He says that in his will he has provided for you. He tells me that he appeared to you last night. Is it so?" She said, "Yes, but I thought I only dreamed it." The woman raised her hands toward heaven and said, "God be praised—the two worlds are so near and no death can separate

us." She got up to leave, when she said, "Justin, will you permit me to kiss you, for I feel you are the postoffice between the physical and the spiritual." She kissed Justin and then bid them all good afternoon. So Mrs. Lee told papa and mama. She said it was fortunate that Justin didn't live a hundred years ago.

I remember at another time when we were riding around in the family carriage and were down on a road near the river. Justin was singing, when all of a sudden he stopped and said to papa, "Will, there is going to be a railroad running along this road which will go around the city." Papa said, "That will come, I guess, after I'm in the spirit world; it won't be while I'm in this body." Justin said, "Yes, it will, while you're living in that body." Papa then said, while he was laughing, "They're commencing to get off a lot of their visionary stuff now. Don't they see a castle built here? They are the darndest visionary curses I ever knew." I remember Justin said, "Ah, why don't they?" That railroad was laid around the city, so they knew whereof they spoke.

I remember the last summer that I passed in my physical body on earth we had some peculiar looking skies—some of them were quite red. One evening the family were sitting out on the front porch when Mr. Clark, the auctioneer, was riding past. He stopped at our front gate and hollered out, "Is Justin there?" Justin spoke up and said, "Yes, I'm here; what do you want?" Mr. Clark said, "You can tell so many things, now the other evening when I sat in the seance room with the Judson family, you gave me three very good tests, especially the one where you described the little boy that sat on my lap. Now, what I want to know is, if your guides can tell us what these peculiar skies mean." Justin laughed a kind of hilarious laugh, not his natural laugh. When he quieted down he said, "It means war between a light and a dark race." Mr. Clark said, "Will America be involved in that war?" Justin said, "Yes, she will be the principal attraction, playing the star part, as she always does, God bless her. She is the one that brings freedom to the human race." Mr. Hulburd, that meant the war between Spain and America, whereby she released Cuba from Spanish tyranny.

I remember that was warm weather and I passed from my body when the cold weather came. I remember Mr. Clark asked Justin to step into the buggy and take a ride out as far as the wine garden. Justin did so. When they returned Mr. Clark insisted on Justin's dining with them. He did so.

I remember after the dinner hour, which was five o'clock, Mrs. Clark and Mr. Clark came over to pay our folks a neighborly visit. We all sat out on the side yard under the trees, it being warm that evening. After the Clarks had been there a little while May, Kate and Otis said, "Justin, come, let us go down to the swing." He went with them, for as I remember it he was as fond of fun as any child, and when I would hear anyone say he is old, but how young he looks and acts, I thought what queer people they were to talk about him that way, for I never looked upon him but as that of a youngster like ourselves.

After they had been gone about five minutes Mrs. Clark said, "That Justin is a canny being. I'd be afraid to have him live in a house with me," which made papa and mama laugh. She said while he was sitting at the dinner table he described an old drunken washerwoman better than she could describe her. "She was an old drunken Irish washerwoman that used to wash for our family in St. Johns, when she could stay sober long enough. He gave her name and said she stood by me at the table, which made me feel creepy all over and once in a while I'd look sideways to see if she was there, but thank the Lord and his mercies, I couldn't see her," which made us all laugh. She said, "Oh, you may laugh, but just listen to what he told Mr. Clark. He'd have to move from that store on Ninth street to some other place, and he'd have to get rid of that man that was in the store with him, for he wasn't honest. Just think of that," she said. "Now if that comes true I'll put him down for a witch." Three days after she told that Mr. Clark caught the man stealing. In one month from that time Mr. Clark removed to another store on Main street. I remember Mr. Clark telling papa at the gate, "Well, it's true what Justin said. I commence to remove my goods into another store on Main street tomorrow."

I remember at another time one of our neighbor ladies said

while she was making mama a visit one afternoon, "Mrs. Judson, I should think you'd be afraid to keep that Justin in your house, all the people in the neighborhood are talking about him and declare he is a witch, and you know the bible talks against witches." Mama said, "I know the bible says witches should not be permitted to live. That was written away back in the age of superstition and priestcraft. I am sorry to see that you, too, are living under that delusion in this enlightened age."

The lady never called again and the witch went on still living in a physical body, where I find him today.

I remember another occasion when Mrs. Lee called at our home. She commenced to tell of another prediction that was made through Justin's forces. On one of her visits to Justin's home she said they were having a very pleasant time. Mr. Meyer was telling something of his German life, which made Mrs. Schroeder, his sister, laugh as it was all so natural to her. Justin was lying down on a sofa resting, while she was knitting a silk sock for Mr. Lee. They were laughing very hearty at something Mr. Meyer was telling, when a gentleman looked in at the door and said, "May I come in and laugh too?" Mr. Meyer said, "Certainly; walk right in," calling the gentleman by name. Mrs. Lee said he was a lumber merchant. While they were all talking together a lady called at the home, for you must know many visitors came to see Justin. About fifteen minutes, Mrs. Lee said, after the gentleman had been seated and felt at home, a lady called who wanted to see Justin. She was invited in and after being seated a little while she addressed Justin, saying, "I came to see if you could give me a sitting; that is, if you are not too tired. I'm in some trouble and do not know how to get out of it. Through my son I became involved in the trouble. He deserted me and has gone to Denver and left me to carry the whole burden on my shoulders. Now I want to see if you can't advise me some way to get out of it." Justin said, "Very well; come with me and we'll see if they can tell you of any way to get out of your difficulty."

After they had left the room Mrs. Lee said the lumber gentleman laughed and said, "That's what I came for—to get a sitting, but I always give way to the ladies. I am noted for that," which Mrs. Lee said was the cause of a laugh.

After the lady had received her sitting and Justin and her were about to return to the room the lady told them that Justin became very pale and said he must sit down, as he was very tired. After he had been sitting there a few moments a voice spoke to her and said, "Your son has been arrested and is now in jail in Denver, but he will be released tomorrow. He was arrested through a mistaken identity. That is, he looked very much like the description of a person that the police were looking for. That individual will be arrested tonight and your son and my son will be released tomorrow morning. I will impress him very strongly to return to you and assist you in your trouble."

She discovered that was not the man she was married to, but the father of her son who had caused her so much trouble and sorrow. She broke down, Mrs. Lee said, and commenced to cry, telling Mrs. Lee much of her sorrow. Mrs. Lee discovered in conversation that there had been some property left to this son and the mother could draw rent until the son became twenty-one. Now he was twenty-one he had deserted her and went to Denver with a woman, leaving orders with the tenant that the rent should be sent to him. The woman said she was poor and had seven children to raise; their father also being in spirit life.

The son came back, deeded the property to his mother, left for California, stopped off at Omaha and was killed in a row in a dance house in that city.

I will take it up tomorrow, Mr. Hulburd, if the medium is well enough. He suffers dreadfully from the heat and must get into the open air.

Friday, September 12, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. The reason I did not come yesterday to continue my communication, the clouds were heavy and the medium was suffering from the hot wave. It is much pleasanter here in the hammock under the trees. The heat weakens his physical condition and it is hard for me to give my communication under those conditions.

Now I wish to speak of a Sunday afternoon while I was still living in the physical body. At my father's home on that Sunday afternoon a spirit controlled Justin and gave the name

of Lucretia Mott. She said when she lived in the physical form she belonged to the Friends, meaning the Quakers. I think she was the most radical female spirit I ever heard talk. She talked terribly against men in the way that they were so jealous against woman's advancement. She said that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; their mothers were women, their sisters were women, their sweethearts and wives were women, and if it were not for advanced women where would the minds of men be? I should think she talked about two hours, and I never heard a female spirit talk as radical as she did. Oh, it made me feel dreadful to hear the way she went on. I was glad when she left his forces. She was followed by a beautiful female spirit who talked all the time in rhyme and said her name was Margaret Fuller. I loved to hear that spirit talk; her language was so beautiful. I heard her talk through Justin's forces several times in father's home and also at the hall. I was always delighted when she came.

I remember there was a spirit came and said his name was Thomas Clifton when he lived in the physical body. I liked to hear him talk, he had such a rich, musical voice. I remember one time he made a prediction about carriages and wagons going without horses. He said that horses would only be kept for pets and horseback riding, that all vehicles would move by electricity in time. He said there would come a time when most of the farm work would be done by electricity taken out of the atmosphere. I remember after he had withdrawn from Justin's forces how papa laughed and said, "What a visionary spirit that man is, for anyone to imagine that farm work could be done by electricity, taken out of the atmosphere," but, Mr. Hulburd, you have lived to see part of the prediction realized. Look at the automobiles you have on earth today.

I remember that same spirit said to papa and mama one day up in the seance room that they would discover this was the oldest continent on the planet. I remember that spirit was great for making predictions through Justin's forces. One day he sang through Justin's vocal power and he had a grand, rich, deep voice. Papa said it was a bass voice, and you know, Mr. Hulburd, Justin can't sing bass, for there is no such musical condition in his composition; all his vocal power lies in the so-

prano voice. I remember how timid I got when I heard those great, deep, bass notes rolling out. I never heard such a deep voice before. I was afraid it would burst Justin's chest. Mama laughed and said, "That won't hurt Justin, that is a spirit singing now."

One day we all went out in the side yard, or I should say evening, for it was after six o'clock by your time. All our family was sitting under the trees and also two young men whose names were Van and Shirley Millett. Van said, "Justin, won't you oblige us with a song?" When Justin commenced singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" several of them joined in. After they had finished singing, several spirits took control of Justin. They sang soprano, contralto and alto, baritone and bass. I remember Van Millett saying that was the best test to him of spirit identity that he had ever witnessed. I remember now how he held Justin's hand so long and said he never could doubt spirit return again. He said, "What I have witnessed tonight has really been marvelous." He kissed Justin and I got angry, because Justin belonged to me and no one else. I can remember, young as I was, I would get jealous if the people made a fuss over Justin.

One day Justin and I went into the city. We went in a stage. When we were walking along the main street of the city there came along a gentleman that Justin was acquainted with. I know him, too, but can't recall his name just now. He invited Justin and I to take lunch with him. We did so. While we were sitting at the table Justin got one of his electric shocks and he said to the gentleman, "You are going to receive good and bad news in the same letter." Justin didn't say anything about it to papa and mama when we went home, but I told mama what he said to the gentleman.

About two weeks afterward that gentleman called at our home and told papa about the wonderful test that he had had through Justin. He said in the next morning's mail he received a letter telling him of the death of an old uncle and that he was left twenty thousand dollars. While we were sitting at the table eating that gentleman said, "Justin, I would like to have you go with me to the Springs next week." I bristled up and said, "No, he can't go; he belongs to us," which made the gentleman

laugh. He said, "You are willing to lend him sometimes, ain't you?" I said, "No, we can't lend him; he might get sick," which made the gentleman laugh so hearty that a fat gentleman came over to our table and said, "Justin, can't you tell me what all the fun's about? I want to laugh, too." The other gentleman said, "Jim, allow me to introduce you to her young ladyship, Miss Ella Judson, who is Justin's guardian and protector." The fat man laughed and said, "I am glad Justin is so well protected by such a handsome young female." I said, "Get out, you fool." After we had finished our lunch and were walking toward the street door the fat man said to me, "Here's a paper sack, Miss Judson, go behind the counter and help yourself to candy." Then how I wished May was there to help me carry lots of candy. I took the sack and filled it up with nice caramels, then I told Body to come behind the counter and fill his pockets up, which made the two men laugh. Body came behind the counter and I put lots of candy in his pockets. I thought I was the richest girl then in Kansas City. The fat man kissed me and said, "Take good care of Justin—he might get lost out under those big trees out where you live. We all love him and can't spare him just yet." I thought he was the nicest fat man I ever saw. I told the other gentleman Body couldn't get to the Springs unless May and I went with him.

Mr. Hulburd, I remember that incident so well and it is as vivid in my mind as if it happened today, for that was one of the great triumphs of my young life to think those men looked upon me as the master of the situation.

I remember while walking up the street we came to a peanut stand and the man called Justin over and wanted him to accept some peanuts. Justin accepted them, but he wanted to pay for them. The man said, "Do you think I'd take any money from you after all the knowledge you have given me? I only wish you would accept some more." Justin said, "This is all I can carry just now." I told the man I would carry some, for Body had a weak back and couldn't carry very much. The man laughed and gave me a paper sack full of peanuts. I thought we were the richest people in the world and said to Body, "Won't Kate be mad when she sees all these things?" I remember that the peanut stand stood where two streets met.

We went back home in the stage and I slept all the way. I was just wishing that some children would be there to see our sacks full of candy and peanuts, for I thought that was the greatest day of my life.

Why I tell you of that, Mr. Hulburd, is to show you how vain children will become when they think they are of some importance.

When I passed from my physical body and my parents held the funeral in the parlor and Justin was talking over my body in the coffin I was sitting on the piano, held there by the spirit of my grandmother. I did not become unconscious when my spirit left the body; if I did it could only have been a few minutes, for I realized my surroundings right away.

When Rosa gave her poem I liked it the best of anything that was said that afternoon. I could not comprehend all the beautiful things Mr. Clifton said.

My grandmother took me to her spirit home and after a while I mingled with a group of beautiful children who were taught by beautiful lady teachers and I became so happy in a little while. All the teachings we receive of thought and elevation came through love. All our surroundings were that of love.

After I had been there awhile there came a desire in my nature that I wanted to go back and see my mama and papa, sisters and brothers. Oh, I used to think May was the dearest sister any little girl could have and I thought there was nothing could compare with mama, papa and Charlie. When I was a little girl and learning to talk good I used to call brother Charlie, Chocha, and used to call brother Otie, Oatsey, and used to call Kate, Katesy, but I always called May, May, and I love to think of those happy days. I am now a young lady in spirit life, twenty-four years old, and teach other children the law of Love.

I leave my love for Justin, Mr. Meyer and yourself. I remember you very well, Mr. Hulburd, especially on one occasion when you and Justin took me a walking away out the road where there were some springs. There were a number of other children with us—I can't remember how many.

They say I must withdraw, as I have held the medium long enough. I thank you, Mr. Hulburd, very much. Ella Judson.

One time while Justin was stopping at Mr. W. W. Judson's

home on Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., they were holding a circle upstairs in a front room. After the circle had been going on awhile Rosa, his Indian guide, controlled and said, "Break up the circle and go down stairs quick. There is a terrible storm coming." They did as they were told, went down stairs and out onto the front porch. When they looked at the sky they all commenced to laugh and said it was a trick Rosa had played on them, for the moon was shining brightly and the sky was clear.

Justin was still controlled by Rosa. Mrs. Judson said, "Rosa, this is a nice trick you have played on us. You wanted to get out to look at the beautiful moon." Rosa said, "Squaw, I can see the moon when I don't control medy any time I want to, but you wait and see." They all commenced to laugh and were about to return to the house when Rosa said, "No go in the wigwam yet—you look a little while." In about five minutes a large dark cloud came sailing through the sky. She said, "Look there." Mrs. Judson said, "I see the cloud, Rosa, but where is the storm you said was going to be so terrible?" "She come pretty soon; she 'em behind the clouds," then they all laughed at her again, for it seemed to clear away and the sky was clear again. Their daughter May said, "Rosa, you are pretty good at making predictions, but I think you have failed this time," when all of a sudden came a big flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The storm came from both ways; it looked as if it came from the north and the south. They met and then one of the wildest storms of the season was upon them. They rushed into the house, got down into the cellar just in time, when the powerful and terrific wind commenced to rock the house to and fro on its foundation. Mr. Judson had the cellar fixed up for such emergencies. The big elms and oaks were bent to the ground by the power of the wind, while the branches of the trees lashed the ground. Then came the heaviest rain of the season and the water rushed into the cellar alongside of the foundation. After that they paid attention to what Rosa said about the storm coming. That storm took place in August, 1883, and was followed by a number of others.

I, Ella Judson, give you this. My father was the secretary of the Spiritual Society at the same time.

Papa and mamma I come like a family spark,
 Not out of the myths of Noah's ark.
 I come from the light of Truth,
 Not like the mythical biblical Ruth.

To express my thoughts to you,
 Which I hope you will never rue,
 Some think my words very harsh,
 But I am a living tree, no bog or marsh.

My thoughts cannot be pricked by a church burr,
 Nor howled at by a Pope's cur;
 For the light of Reason must always shine,
 No matter how much they cry and whine.

It is time some old bones are polished to shine,
 And that sense may reach the brain through the spine.
 The war cry from every hill top
 Must squelch this popish slop

And leave this world like a soul from a sot
 To be boiled down in nature's pot.
 Just look at the minds of women and men—
 They are as superstitious as an old hen;

Filled with the poison of priestcraft,
 To cringe at every religious waft,
 And is willing to die since they have been sapped,
 Bowing to a priest's cowl and cap.

I cannot be silent on this part of speech,
 As I looked upon it as a religious breach
 That will open up the forts of hell
 And much of their old spurious trash quell.

Since it is claimed that man by woman fell,
 What a low priestly diabolical sell.
 Shame on all who would believe in this,
 Such souls as this can hold no bliss.

Where education makes its eternal mark,
It is impossible to sail a priestly bark.
The mind will rise above such sloth
And kill that popish eating moth

That has held woman in slavery too long,
Now they demand their rights and strike the gong.
Woman holds the highest part in life,
All honest men know this by their wife.

And to deprive them of their right
Is a low, ill bred, currish slight.
When women gain that which is theirs,
Then all human kind will get their share,

As there will be no homes desolate and bare,
For mothers will look after their offspring with care.
Let the truth be given to each and all,
And woman's voice will be heard in legislative hall.

As man by woman never did fall,
This is some of their accursed priestly gall.
She must take her place in all halls of state,
As from the truth you cannot make her segregate.

To become one of the brilliant stars is her fate,
Just let the church wait and wait.
Now to man I do not wish to be unkind,
But woman you cannot always hold blind,

No more than you can keep mould from a cheese rind,
Since any other idea I decline ;
For I tell you the cry passes on every wind,
As it searches into the hearts of womankind.

Does the world think they are only pivots and blocks,
To fall and twist at men's knocks,
Because the cursed church had formed such plots,
Since now they must mold in their own rots.

They say the brain of woman is smaller than of men,
Like the auld Scotch woman, "I dinna ken,"
For the smallest I ever saw are in some men,
If they ever had any to lend I'd like to know when.

The greatest thoughts that came to earth,
Came to men through woman's birth;
Such was the opinion of Joseph Kirth,
As he believed Jesus had a natural birth.

When parochial schools were the only place
Women were held as slaves in the race,
But now they have risen in intellect's grace,
So the church and the mind will have a race.

Let aspirations from the higher life
Banish all low bred popish strife;
Then every man will give his best thoughts to his wife,
And the kindest feelings will reign in the planet's life.

Evolution has always the first start,
And priestcraft cannot ride in its cart,
Such reflection cast on the church a dart
That some day will bring it forth to the mart;

As in its embers you see a dying spark,
That cannot crush the singing skylark,
As woman must steer a president's bark
She will do it without craft, misnamed art.

We have shot the arrow to the tyrant's heart,
Since progression has lit the vital spark;
So now let priestcraft howl and bark,
And all go back with the Christian God to Noah's ark.

To Mr. and Mrs W. W. Judson.

Your loving Ella.

Poem

Chapter XXII

November 22, 1889.

Justin Hulburd to A. W. Hawley and wife.

As I lay here upon my sick bed
And think of the many hours that are sped,
With two dear friends that are not dead,
Allen and Olive Hawley, who are happily wed.

They have gained knowledge by loving to read
And do not believe in any sectarian creed,
For they look upon that as a rank weed,
That has spread so much superstitious seed.

Now this loving, gentle man and wife
Have lived a pure and moral life,
And to all pleasure on earth have a perfect right,
Since they have raised a large family in this earth life.

They are Unitarians and live in that belief,
But have quite a knowledge of Spiritualism to give relief,
As their opinions on all religions are very brief,
While they hold respect for others' thoughts and belief.

But death on some made an early call,
They laid their bodies away under earth's pall,
But now their spirits are glorified in God's hall,
Where nothing can keep their loving thoughts back, even a wall.

I hope the mother of life will be kind,
And leave the rest here on earth behind,
That the parents may many a happy hour find
In their gentle children so loving and kind.

There are three generations of them today,
And the little ones are winsome in their play.
I wonder if grandpa and grandma will come today,
That is what some of the prattling tongues will say.

The children that live in the spirit life,
Must look upon it as a loving sight
To see this domestic man and mother wife,
And shower upon them much of their spirit life.

And as they walk along side by side,
This manly bridegroom and motherly bride,
I hope the angels will their footsteps guide,
That their honeymoon will be long and wide.

And all the generations may partake of it side by side
And be benefited as through earth they glide.
Then from all evil they can step aside,
And on the moral waves of time can ride.

Now on this earth there are lives that are sublime,
And like true gold they are hidden down deep in a mine,
For like wine they become rich with age and time,
Such have been these two human minds.

I send these few lines to my dear friends,
If I have committed an error I hope to make amends,
As all my best wishes to them I do send,
For I know they are good and truthful friends.

Justin Hulburd.

Aunt Rachel Nooness

Chapter XXIII

Monday, February 3, 1902.

Good morning, sir. My name is Aunt Rachel; that's what my people called me. I was a Jewess. Perhaps you remember I called the other evening at your home. The spirits say it is called Searchlight Bower.

In the spirit world I met a man who says when he lived in the body he was called Doctor Rush. He tells me that in Philadelphia there is a medical college that bears his name. They call it the Rush Medical College. When I lived in the body after I came to New York I never left it, so you see I never was in Philadelphia and don't know anything about its institutions. There was another spirit that met me and says when he lived in the body he was an officer in the Union army and he was called General Warren. I think he said his name was General George Warren. Well, they asked me to come here to this place and give a communication because they thought I knew a good deal about the human race and the different natures that the human race was made of. They thought it would be well for me to tell something about what I know about children and grown up people. So I came along with them the other evening to get accustomed to the medium, but I want you to know that I am no scholarly woman and can't give a scholarly communication like some of the spirits that's been here. I was a midwife among my race, the Jews, and for awhile among the Christians before I went back to my own people, the Jews. Now I guess I'll tell you something about my people—that is, my father and mother. My father's name was Solomon Noness. He spelled his name Noness. He was born in Nice, France, down on the Mediterranean, they tell me the place is My mother's name was Ham-

merslough. She spelled her name Hammerslough. She was born in Berlin, Germany. My mother gave birth to me in Rome, Italy. My father was there studying the fine arts. He was what you call a landscape painter. When I was four years old my father sailed with his family for New York City, where he thought he would do better, but it was a mistake, I think you look at it in the body. I passed into the spirit world at the age of ninety-two, and I have been in the spirit world twenty-six years, by your way of counting, so now you can count back and tell how long ago it was when we came to America. It was 114 years ago. My father did not do well, as it was hard to sell his pictures then, so he went around trying to sell books. He caught a bad cold which went to his lungs and he passed to spirit life after we had been in New York six years.

My mother then took in sewing for a living. She was a good looking woman and married a year after my father went to spirit life. She married a sea captain and became a Christian. She joined the Roman Catholic church. When her husband went away on his second voyage after they were married she passed to spirit life and left me all alone in a strange city. At that time the landlord could sell your furniture if you didn't pay the rent. The landlord sold my mother's furniture and I never knew whether she owed him any rent or not. There was a Jewish doctor that lived then in New York City on a street called Maiden Lane. He found out about my condition and asked me to enter his home and become one of his family. He said I could help to do some of his housework, which I did. I lived with the family six years. During that time I watched very closely what he said to the people and also what he prescribed for the patients. He took a great liking to me and when I would ask him any questions he would willingly answer them, as he saw I took an interest in everything around his office and helped him when he performed operations on some of his patients. I paid a great deal of attention to women giving birth to children. When I first entered the family when there was a case of childbirth he always took his wife with him to attend the woman and quite frequently I went with them to assist her in order that I might help to wait on the woman. When I became about fifteen years old and there was any poor woman to

be attended to he took me alone with him, when he did not expect much of a fee. His wife would only go to the better class of people. He became very much attached to me, saying that I performed my duties well. His wife discovered that he had a strong fatherly feeling for me and took quite an interest in my welfare. She became very jealous and accused me of a crime that I was innocent of. She raised quite a fuss in the home and would not listen to reason, neither would she listen to her husband nor me. She declared we were guilty and that I must leave the house. He said, "Where will the child Rachel go?" She said, "I don't know, nor I don't care, but out of this house she's got to go."

That evening about eight o'clock the doctor was called out to a Jew who had taken poison. His wife gathered all my belongings, which were not much, and tied them up in an old table cloth. Then she brought them to me, saying, "Now you must leave this house, you vile creature," but I said, "I have nowhere to go." She said, "You can go into the street; that's where you belong, anyhow, you young harlot." I said, "Madam, I am innocent of the crime you accuse me of." She laughed, opened the door, thrust me into the street, threw my bundle after me which knocked me off the sidewalk into the dirty gutter, for the gutter and streets were dirty those days in New York City. I picked up my bundle and wandered along the street, not taking any notice of where I was going. It mattered little to me then. I had no home and was accused of being a harlot. I must have wandered up Maiden Lane onto Broadway without knowing it. It had grown quite dark and they were shutting up the shops. Out of one of the houses came a woman who seemed to be in a great hurry to go somewhere. As she was passing by she stopped and looked at me; finally she said, "Girl, can you tell me where I can get some one about your age to do housework? We had a hussy who left us all of a sudden without giving us any notice she was going. I am attending on a lady who expects to be confined in a day or two." I said, "Madam, I am looking for work where I can earn an honest living." "Well, then," she said, "come with me." I saw also she was under a good deal of excitement. She led the way up a flight of stairs into a back room; she lit a candle and said, "Place your bundle down there

on the floor and get to work and try and cook something for us to eat. You will find things within the buttery, while I go to the front part of the house and see to the lady." In about fifteen minutes she came back again, saying, "I will take some tea and toast to the lady." As she was preparing things I said I would like another candle, so that I could find things in the buttery. When I had lit the candle and held it up toward my face in order that she might see into the buttery she dropped a saucer on the floor, saying, "My God, you are a Jewess. Why didn't I see that in the street?" I said, "Is it a terrible crime to be a Jew?" "Oh, no," she said, "but these people here are such strict Presbyterians and you know how Presbyterians hate the Jews. I was so excited I did not even ask you for a reference from your last place. Just look at your dress, how dirty it is." I said, "Yes, I know it. I fell into the gutter with my bundle." She said, "How unfortunate, poor child." I said, "If you will give me a little time I will change my dress and put on a clean one." I did so and I washed my face and brushed my hair.... When I had finished she said, "Girl, you have a pretty face and I like it. It looks so honest. What is your name?" I told her my name was Rachel Nooness. I was a Jewess and loved the Jewish people. She said, "Why was it that you were walking the streets carrying that bundle? There are several Jewish families here in the city: could you not procure employment from some of them?" I said I had not asked anyone of them yet. She said, "Very well, now you will help me to carry the things to the lady's room. I will introduce you by the name of Elizabeth, for Rachel is such a Jewish name." I said, "No, you will do nothing of the kind. My name is a respectable name and if you think they would not like to have a Jew cook their food I will tie up my bundle and go on my way." She said, "I could not think of letting you go now until I get another to take your place." I carried a number of things on a tray for her to the lady's room. She introduced me to the lady as the new girl and said my name was Rachel. She said, "Mrs. Somerville, I think this girl will answer the purpose very nicely." The lady said, "I hope so, Mrs. Gordon." I bowed and withdrew from the room, went back to the kitchen and commenced to prepare the evening meal for the family, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, two

sons and Mrs. Gordon. After the evening work was over and I had put away the dishes and tidied up the kitchen I sat down to rest myself, for I was tired and weary, at the same time thinking where will I go next. I had no reference to show to any one. Just then Mrs. Gordon entered the kitchen, saying, "Rachel, the men folks were pleased with your cooking—you got up that meal very nicely. Now tell me, where do your parents live?" "Madam, I have none. I am an orphan." She said, "That is too bad." Just then we heard quick steps coming toward the kitchen door. Mr. Somerville entered, saying, "Mrs. Gordon, come quick to my wife and bring the girl with you." When Mrs. Gordon and I had entered the room we discovered that the labor pains had commenced. She commenced to give Mrs. Somerville advice what to do and how to do it, Mrs. Gordon being a professional midwife. While she was advising Mrs. Somerville I slipped to the side of the bed and commenced to treat the lady's head magnetically, for I had done so to others and they claimed it helped them wonderfully. Mrs. Gordon smiled and said, "Rachel, you have been in attendance at childbirth before." I said, "Yes, madam, I have." Finally the child came into the world. It was a healthy little boy. I said, "Now, Mrs. Gordon, I will wash the baby and oil its little body with the olive oil while you attend to Mrs. Somerville and her wants." "Why," she said, "Rachel, have you ever done such a thing before?" I said, "Oh yes, madam, on several occasions." After I had washed the baby, dressed it and held it up for its mother to look upon, she smiled and said, "Rachel, you are a handy girl." Mrs. Gordon said, "You did that like a woman of mature years. Why, you are only a young child, and yet you performed that duty as if you had always been accustomed to it." I remained silent and said nothing only when I was asked some questions. We remained all night in the room with the mother and baby. When the day broke I said, "Now, Mrs. Gordon, you go and lie down and take a sleep; it will rest you. I will attend to all the duties that are now required." She looked at me and said, "I have a feeling that gives me confidence in you, Rachel, but I never before left such a young girl with a mother and a new born babe. It will do me good to get some sleep, so I will trust to you in everything." She withdrew from the room and I sat at my post

until ten o'clock in the morning. She returned, saying, "That sleep did me good and I feel rested. Now, Rachel, you go and get some sleep and when I require you I will come and call you." I said, "Hadn't I better cook some food for the male portion of the family?" She said, "Oh no, the gentlemen of the family will dine at the hotel for two days. I have prepared some tea for you, and so now go and get a little to eat and a cup of tea, then find rest."

She did not call me until eight o'clock in the evening, when I arose and prepared some food in the kitchen. At about ten o'clock that night she led me to an adjoining room where there was a door that opened into the room where the mother and babe lay. She said, "We will keep no light in there. When Mrs. Somerville requires any attention we will carry this candle in and wait upon her." After we had become comfortably seated she said, "Now, Rachel, tell me something of yourself." I told her how I had lived in the doctor's family, and there is where I had learned to assist in midwifery. I told her how the doctor's wife became jealous and thrust me into the street, throwing my bundle after me, which knocked me into the street, or I should say into the gutter. "That's why my dress was so filthy when you had discovered it by candle light." She said, "Now, Rachel, I am going to tell you something of my history. I, too, have Jewish blood in me." "But," I said, "you do not look like a Jewess." "Nevertheless," she said, "I am of the Jewish race. My father's name was Joseph Hammerslough, my mother's name was Ruth Campbell. She was a Scotch woman and became initiated into the Jewish religion, or I should say, became a Jewish convert, in order to marry my father, Joseph Hammerslough. They sailed from Liverpool, England, and on board of the ship while out on the ocean I was born. Just as we reached the Narrows, or I should say the ship had reached the Narrows on her way to New York City there came up a violent storm, the ship was wrecked and my mother and I with a few others were washed ashore on some kind of an improvised arrangement where we were all lashed to it. People on the shore looking at the wreck watched this raft coming toward the shore. As soon as it got near enough they threw a large coil of rope. Mother says quite a quantity of it reached the raft. Someone

on the raft fastened it to the timbers and by degrees we were pulled ashore. My father and many others went down with the wreck and we never saw him again. When we reached New York after mother had recovered from the terrible ordeal she asked to be taken where there was a piano, and to the admiration of all present she surprised them with her musical ability, she sang and played for them. After that she became a music teacher. She is now living at my home and is sixty-eight years old. When I leave here I am going to take you home with me for I can see you will be a big help to me in my profession."

Midwifery was called a profession then. Many of the people preferred a midwife to a doctor then, as they could secure their services much cheaper. I went with Mrs. Gordon to her home and assisted her in her profession. In conversation with her mother I discovered that her husband, Joseph Hammerslough, was the brother of my mother, Sarah Hammerslough, so Mrs. Gordon and I were cousins, which made her mother by marriage my aunt. Raphael Gordon, the husband of Mrs. Gordon, passed out during a cholera epidemic in New York City. He was also a Jew and kept a pawnshop while he lived. He left them the sole owners of a nice house and lot, so they lived very comfortably and I became one of their family. I never married. I remained a maiden lady and became a professional midwife. Now I have given you somewhat of a history of my life as a midwife. I acted in that capacity among the Christians for over twenty years, but there came a longing in my soul to go back and live among my people, the Jews. The remainder of my life was passed among my race, and they called me Old Aunt Rachel, the Israelitish midwife.

We will continue our communication at another time, when I will tell you what I know of the human race. I will bid you good morning for this time, as I know it must tire your fingers handling the pencil so much. We will take it up again. Good day.

Tuesday, February 4, 1902.

Good morning, sir. I am pleased to see that you are looking well and I hope that I will not overtask your strength, for now we are going to deal with children of smaller and larger growth, but first we will speak somewhat of the father and mo-

ther condition. When a mother becomes pregnant and the father is a manly man, one of nature's gentlemen created for the purpose of protecting the female sex. When the mother is in this condition such a man as that will make her happy and surround her with many beautiful things such as lays within his means; for illustration, he will hang pretty pictures on the walls, no matter how cheap they are, the design will be of beautiful children whose lovely little forms will be of perfect symmetry. Then he will see that there are pretty flowers placed in vases or in glasses set around the room for her to look at. Nature's gentleman will bring joy to the mother's heart by telling her of pleasant anecdotes or recite some beautiful poem and then if he has read some beautiful story that he thinks will please her, then he will describe it with a great deal of feeling in his words and manner, because all his thoughts and actions affect the mother and she throws that condition upon the child in the womb. Where all is harmony and joy they will produce a child with a beautiful nature and its disposition will be that of love and friendship to the human race. But if the father is cruel, gross and licentious in his nature and does not try to provide some happy conditions for the mother, but is constantly nagging at her and finding fault because she is in the family way, saying, "I hate children and don't want them—try and get rid of it if you can, for I don't want to raise any more children," he throws ugly conditions upon the mother and she unknowingly forces them upon the child. It comes into the world hating all humanity and in time becomes a criminal of the worst kind, and has no hesitancy in committing murder.

Now, sir, I want to tell you one thing, and that is, when the human race is highly developed through education and the law of Reason they will get to understand that they can produce children as the two parents desire; that is, when they place their natures, mind, soul and body en rapport with each other's condition they can produce a child from two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one". That is true love coming through spiritual growth. Then they can produce a child almost perfect, when they have perfected their own spiritual condition. When men and women realize there should be perfect harmony in sexual intercourse, their souls blending, as

it were, as if they both belonged to a beautiful flower and that flower created them to fulfill the perfection of the human race, when the parents have learned to live in the law of Wisdom and the glories that surround it, filling their souls with adoration and reverence for God's beauties in nature and the perfect divinity that lays concealed in the human race awaiting the higher development of the perfection of the father and mother whereby they can give to the world a higher race of human beings not coming through the channel of licentiousness, but conceived and born through the womb of righteousness, then the children of such men and women is a perfected condition, glorifying itself through a manifested condition wherein they can realize that they are the angels of the coming race.

Now when the father and mother are both low, licentious and gross and in the habit of drinking strong stimulants, they bring forth children with diseased minds, born drunkards, for their whole make-up is that of weak lunacy, forced upon them by their parents. They too often commit dreadful crimes and must finish up this embodiment in states prison for life or hang on the gallows as a murderer. Oh, that terrible curse of liquor that has been forced upon the human race. But the worst of all is that low, licentious, degraded condition and animal passions of those low, beastly natures, low men and women. They are a curse to themselves and also a curse to their offspring; they are a curse to those that associate with them, for they leave their sting and degraded, immoral condition on all they come in contact with. Their degraded lives have humiliated them so much that there is nothing too low in life that they would not perform or consent to do in order to get money to purchase the curse called whiskey. That has made men and women raving wolves, ravenous with the madness of their own condition and if death is not kind enough to release them from their accursed bodies they will end their days in a madhouse or perhaps worse, in a low brothel, where all shades and colors abide together and revel in the destruction of their human intellect. My friend, if you will allow me to call you so, for you are a friend to the spirits that come here and give their communications by performing the work of taking them down, now I understand that I was a medium when living in a physical body. In my time

they called it the earthy body. Well, I want to tell you when I performed the work of a midwife after I had washed and dressed the child and held it up to my bosom a little while—for I loved all new born babes—there was a feeling came upon me whereby I could tell just what kind of a woman or man that child would grow up to be. When I found a mother that was intelligent and understood somewhat the law of Reason and Progression, I would tell her of the impression I had received of her little babe and if I saw she received it in kindness I would give her some advice concerning the life of the child as far as my knowledge would permit me to go. I would advise her how to guide the footsteps of her child and watch its reasoning powers in order that she might develop them in the right direction.

Now I will take up the male element in its different grooves or lines of life. When a man is thoroughly and perfectly formed in all his physical conditions and has the true nature of a manly man, sobriety being one of his higher principles and a generous nature for the female sex, one that is constantly adding a higher development to the law of his thoughts wherein he finds his spiritual nature is superior to that of the physical and one day will be with God and like him. A woman that is fortunate enough to marry such a man and has the true mother nature within her realm, loves such a man with all her soul and becomes the mother of manly men such as we see in the leaders of our nation. That is, I mean the higher natures at the head of our nation which forms a combination of spiritual and physical conditions—men with brains and clear intellect, a clear conscience formed and fashioned so that it may unfold to the higher officers of the nation and the people at large, reasoning powers and conditions such as will lead them up to Truth and the welfare of their nation. Such men were Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and your present ruling officer, Theodore Roosevelt. There are many officers and generals, colonels of your army and lesser grades of officers that I could name who were built up and produced through the organization of manly men and women, but space forbids me from mentioning many of the names that I would like to.

Now there is a class of men that lives on this earth plane and inhabits physical bodies that are built up of narrow minds;

they are misers, avaricious to gain wealth, for they covet that which belongs to their neighbor. Those men produce a miserable class of creatures that have to exist for a time in miserable bodies. I will tell you why. It is like this, friend: women that marry such men often degrade and humiliate themselves by becoming small thieves in a sense. When they have conceived and understand their condition it is their great desire to make up pretty things for the coming child to wear; they appeal to their husband's generosity, which is at a very low ebb in humanity. They would like to become the possessors of several little sums of money whereby they could purchase the articles to beautify the body of the coming child. Such men in most all cases refuse such demands. In order to gain the money the mothers have to resort to theft, as the world would call it. It is not a theft in the light of reason, for the law of our land says that which belongs to the husband also belongs to the wife, but to keep peace in the family the mother will lay awake until the father goes to sleep. When she thinks he is fast asleep she will slip out of bed and go to his pockets, taking therefrom some of the small pieces of money. She will do this quite frequently. By doing so she marks her child, not having a proper understanding of the laws of heredity. The child is a born thief in purloining small things. When it grows up it becomes a kleptomaniac. There is where you get what the world calls shoplifters. When they enter a store and see so many pretty things they cannot keep their fingers off them, and when they think there is no one watching them they will steal several of them, if they possibly can; quite frequently they are caught in the act by floorwalkers or some of the clerks. The unfortunate creatures are arrested, taken to jail, or as you call it, the station house; in the morning they are brought into the court room, stand their trial, are found guilty and sentenced to prison. The father of such an unfortunate creature is a curse to the human race. Through his greed and avariciousness for wealth he has compelled the mother to become a thief, as the world looks upon it. She has cursed her child through the love of finery that is in her mother's heart to adorn the body of her coming offspring. Her womanly weakness compelled her to resort to picking her husband's pockets while he was fast asleep, if you would call

it so. Little does the judge in the court understand that he has sent the innocent person to prison, while the father and mother are the guilty criminals, since they have made the child what it is.

Now there is another class of men that are rather effeminate in their makeup. Many of them are quite often wealthy and become what the world calls fashionable dudes or men of leisure. Fashionable young ladies court their society, for girls with a well developed brain and thorough moral sense, brought up under proper surroundings, would detest such fashionable butterflies as those men have become. There is no part of a sensible girl's nature could affinitize with such walking tailor's signs calling themselves men. It is only those fashionable, weak-minded girls that marry such male creatures. Why do they marry them? In order that they may bear the name of some prominent family that is high up in society and it gives them a chance to gossip with other weak-minded women over a cup of tea about their husbands and the darling's position in society, but they forget there will come a time when some of their womanly nature will assert its rights. Then this love that is only imagination in a fashionable woman's makeup will grow cold, they will commence to see the error they have made, when they will become disgusted with this effeminate creature calling himself a man, when they look around them and see other sensible girls wedded to manly men, Gods in nature, whom they honor and adore for the manly qualities in the makeup of their husbands. That is the time when those fashionable girls curse themselves for being such idiots as to marry such milk and water men. They hate their children while they are in the womb and hope they will never be born, for shame has come into their heart to think their child should live to call such a creature father. They have cursed the child in their womb and when it comes to life in the world it is either a weak-minded creature or a criminal. If it is a criminal it values the virtue of a girl at a very low price and grows up to be a libertine of the worst kind, either that or a weak imbecile, providing it is a male.

If it is a female she is either a devil or a weak-minded creature and becomes the plaything of a man, constantly at his beck and call. If the mother does not look after her condition or

place her inside of proper surroundings the tendency is she will be led astray and end in a brothel house. There is where those places get and receive their fashionable prostitutes, from just such parents and homes that I have described come those unfortunate creatures, cursed by effeminate dudes called fathers, cursed by weak, fashionable women called mothers; blots on the race of humanity, as the world is compelled to look upon it. But there is another side to the question, my friend. What were the conditions that made these fashionable creatures, the puppets of society living in an atmosphere where moral brains do not rule, but empty vessels walking around filled with vanity where their egotistical conditions ruled their normal intellect, had it been otherwise and that intellect had been raised on a spiritual plane it might have been otherwise, but they came from conceited fathers and mothers whose wealth and pride were more to them than the love of God. We will continue at another time.

Wednesday, February 5, 1902.

Good morning, sir. This is a lovely morning for February. Your winter here is like April or May in New York City. I think the air in your mountains here is delightful, it is so sweet and balmy. Anyone that would find fault in this sweet, beautiful atmosphere must be people of diseased minds and nothing would please them or allay their morbid minds, for I think your mountains here are beautiful and your climate is so sweet and balmy. If one wished to possess health I think they would find it in this mountain retreat, for I think it is a perfect climate to live in and your little valley here is a perfect paradise, surrounded by the mountains. Looking through the outlet of the mountains the scene that one looks upon is grand and inspiring. Now I wish to talk upon the lives of some of the middle class of people who live in happy homes where the husband adores the wife, and the wife loves the husband and all her thoughts are for his welfare and the children's.

Such happy homes produce great minds which fulfill the positions of lawyer, banker and merchant, and also the President of the United States. Many of their sons become stock brokers on the Board of Trade on Wall Street, New York, and

in other large cities where they have a Board of Trade. Now, the minds of such people are quick and alert and yet withal many of them possess happy natures. The female part of such a family are always intellectual, bright and smart, as well as the male portion. That is because the parents are always harmonious and the children come into the world under those loveable conditions. Men that come out of such families and have the advantage of a good education make the best presidents of your nation, and also senators and congressmen. Look at your late lamented president, who had a grand mind, and was cut down by an unfortunate tool who was the servant of a degraded class of men and women. President McKinley was a noble soul and had a grand, manly character to carry him through life. He was the son of honest parents and possessed an honest character that carried him through life while he remained in the physical body, but in an unguarded moment the assassin's bullet found lodgment in his body. Such is the fate of great men that come from honest and worthy parents, but it was his fate to pass out of his body through the instrument of an assassin's bullet. He was a martyr to the cause of manly rights and liberty of the nation. His soul looked on that poor, unfortunate man with pity, whose lot it was to fire the fatal bullet, as he had drawn the number that compelled him to commit that rash act. In spirit life a noble soul like the President of your nation would be the first to greet his assassin, an unfortunat being who drew the unfortunate number that compelled him to commit that rash act. If he had not done so they would have put him out of the way for being a childish coward, but unfortunately that man that drew the number and committed the deed was an unfortunate character and your noble president, Wm. McKinley, was the first to take him in his arms and forgive him, knowing he was a weak character and unfortunate enough to draw the number that compelled him to fire the fatal bullet, and I would further say that such weak minds can only find the proper education on the spirit side of life, for we are all taught to forgive our worst enemies as we expect to be forgiven by the God of Truth. Mr. McKinley was a noble soul, born of true, hard-working parents. Of such stock come our greatest men and women. We see nothing but freedom of nature and character

coming from such great souls, born of such parents that knew only the humble walks of life. Many of the leading characters in this country come of parents in the lowly walks of life. They receive a good schooling, where common sense is taught to them. They only know hard work and honest ways, that they have been guided through by honest parents. Such are the sinew and struggle of your nation. Their souls are attuned to honesty of character and freedom of speech. That is why your nation is such a glorious one and the colors of your flag are beautiful to look upon; they are the emblem of freedom, inviting the whole world to come to your shores and bask in the beautiful sunlight that shines upon your nation. Your flag is the banner of freedom. The red stands for solidity and the noble character of manhood and womanhood, holding out the hand of freedom to all nations. Blue is purity of Love, Strength and Courage coming through the law of virtue; it holds open the door of freedom to all nations and race colors, saying, "Come and tarry with us;" this is the home of freedom and blue is the emblem of Charity. White is the perfection of angelhood, come tarry with us and through the chastity of our color you will find freedom of mind and speech, for this is a glorious nation that gave birth to George Washington, the son of freedom, whose name will be immortal through all time. The great shining light of Truth was Abraham Lincoln, the son of Freedom whose nature and soul knew no cause but that of Liberty. All God's children were born free and equal. No race color held a part in his soul; they were all alike in the sight of God. His life was sacrificed and he became a martyr to Truth. All men and women were born free and equal, as their souls were all from God. No tint and color had a part to play, as they were all the children of the Father and Mother God; one in thought, one in life, embellished in the life of the creator of Time. There are individuals that take on bodies and come into earth life for a purpose. Their original condition is that of the female element, they are so constructed and wish to gain knowledge of the highest degree or element in time. They watch their opportunity when a female mind is undecided while the condition is placed upon her of that which you call pregnancy. While conception was taking place through the male and female ego

a progressive soul that has a desire to reach an understanding of both natures. They come en rapport with such a mother who would rather in her desire that it should be a male child, but not thoroughly decided on that line of sex, a progressive female awaits the opportunity; when the sexual intercourse takes place she enters the womb, being a female spirit and desires in her soul to take on a male body. The husband of this wife, caring not what the sex of this child shall be, permits this individual spirit to enter the womb of his companion. He cares not what the sex shall be, and she has not fully made up her mind. This female spirit takes advantage of the condition, is conceived in the womb, comes into life with both natures, male and female. In most cases the female predominates, as it does in the individual I control now. Some of those individuals that take on a body have quite a sufficient quality of the male condition to marry a woman, but they are not born of a happy disposition. There is always something in their nature that is dissatisfied. They are always dissatisfied with their own condition and that of the woman they marry. In many cases the woman gets to hate the man that she has taken for a partner through life and when she thoroughly gets to hate this effeminate man and conceives, she brings murderers into the world. In the first place, she hates this creature she calls husband. She hates the child that she is carrying in her womb. She hates herself for permitting this semblance of a man to become the father of her child and wishes she could kill both father and child without being brought to account for murdering them in the eyes of the law. She has committed murder in her soul and marked the child with a desire to commit murder and when it is born into the world it grows up to become a murderer of the worst type. She hates the father and the child in her womb and hatred becomes the prominent part of the child's nature, let it be male or female.

They are only happy when they are afflicting their fellow beings through some cruel condition and finally become murderers of their fellow beings. The mother cries out in her agony and wonders how she ever gave birth to such a child. She forgets that she has marked the child in her womb with those murdering propensities, forgetting that she would have murdered

its father if it were not for the law of the nation that would bring her to justice and she would have to pay the penalty of her crime. She creates the desire for murder in the child that she is carrying in her womb. The child is born into life with a desire to murder. It grows up, commits murder and has to pay the penalty of its crime. When in reality the mother is the real murderer because she has fed and marked the child with a desire to murder.

Then there is another phase in life, I mean the material part of life, where spirits inhabit material bodies. For illustration, one of these effeminate men will marry a woman who is weak enough to accept him as the semblance of a husband. That woman thinks she is marrying a man that she will mould in time to her condition and thoughts. She becomes pregnant and bears children to this effeminate semblance of a man. For illustration, if most of the children are females, it is hard for them to get husbands. The reason is this: They are so dissatisfied with their condition in life, coming through such a channel as an effeminate man for a father and a woman for a mother that is willing to marry most any kind of a creature who wears pants, for a husband. Through these conditions it is hard for those girls to get husbands—their nature is such that young men soon tire of their society. On the other hand or condition, or I would say the side of life that I will picture, wherein the sons coming from such a condition, especially if they are effeminate, girls will marry such semblance of men before they lose their chances of getting married, for you know old maidhood is not looked upon through a brilliant light; quite frequently women marry such effeminate men before they lose all chances of getting married. The origin of those effeminate men is that of a female spirit. Women will marry them before they lose all chances of getting a husband. They have something to look upon. It is a figure of humanity dressed up in male attire. Something that looks like a man, and the girl that marries him has the pleasure of saying, "This is my husband," and he passes for such in society, but children that are produced by such conditions always feel there is a void in their life that never can be filled up; they never seem to understand where the affliction lies. On the other condition or side of life, there are individuals ushered into the

world whose slight outward appearance is that of a male, while all of the internal organs are that of a female. Generally those individuals are very artistic in their make-up and conditions and are all musically born, music becoming highly developed in their natures. Many and most individuals of that nature live in female attire because their walk and manner seems awkward in male attire. They marry men through a contract marriage, assume female attire and live in most cases very happily with their husbands, while others grow up and practice the art of walking manly, but in many cases their forms are so constructed they betray the female element in their nature. Those individuals have a work to perform, and in most cases carry it out to the letter. Such has been the case of the medium I now control. There is very little male formation in their make-up. It is only the exterior part of their form that is male, while the interior part is made up of all the female condition. Such is the make-up and construction of the medium that I now control. The female is the largest part of their nature; they take unto themselves male partners and in most cases live very happily. They both join hands with all the fervor of their souls to guide their bark through life. Such hermaphrodites as the one I now control take on a body to carry out a great work that will become a benefit to the coming race and the instructions received through his mediumship will become a beacon light to poor humanity, lighting its way into the realms of instruction, harmony and peace and is one with God for all time.

Those individuals that I have just described where the female nature predominates and who accept real male companions for partners in life generally come into the world with highly developed gifts which they display to the human race, as this one did through life on the stage and as the private spy of your beloved president, Abraham Lincoln. They were willing to take on all those conditions before re-embodiment took place. Through that work they perfect their condition and in time purify their souls by working for the liberation of the human race held in bondage by taskmasters no better than themselves. They are all human beings, children of the one father creation. It is immaterial what the tint of the skin may be, their souls are all alike, awaiting development to come nearer to their father

and mother God, the ruling principle of the universe, the eon of all time.

In my next communication I will take up the female side of life and give you some ideas of the versatility of the female element or race. There is much that lies in the female condition whereby it built up manhood and his works. Man can never deny the great sensibility through which woman works for his benefit and upbuilding. Woman is the constructor of the human race from the foundation up to womanhood and manhood. Where the female life stands poised in space holding the torch that lights the whole human race into equity and peace, becoming one with God, for they are the Gods of Light, lighting the male part of nature into the realms of peace wherein they can glorify the divinity of the human race and become one with God for all eternity. The beacon light of the human mind is male and female and its torchlight is Truth, ever glorious in the sunlight and at one with God where Love, Peace and Joy rests in the soul. Good day, friend. I am not permitted to keep the medium any longer. I will finish up at another time.

Thursday, February 6, 1902.

Good morning, sir, or I should say friend of the human race. The sun shines bright this morning. To look at your hills and woods it must be very inviting to those that live in a body to go forth and explore nature's realm, praising the beauties that the sunlight shines upon.

Now today, friend, I will take up the female side of the human race and deal somewhat with their traits of character and the element that lies in their nature and controls their physical body during their life in that re-embodiment. There is the natural and beautiful mother whose beauty shines throughout her natural motherhood. She is all love, gentleness and grace. Her natural mother condition makes her graceful to the eye of the human race. She is the queen of the female realm. Her whole love and devotion goes out to her husband and children. A natural, loving mother is the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth. She may not have a pretty face, such as men like to look upon and admire. That is of very little consequence in comparison with the beautiful soul that lives in the mother body. She is the queen and empress of the human race and no

one can steal that royal nature from her true motherhood. She may be poor in earthly wealth and yet be proud of her true motherhood, for it is the greatest thing that the God of Nature ever gave to the human race. Her clothing may be in rags, but those rags are royal when worn by a true, virtuous mother. There is nothing on the whole face of your earth that can compare with true motherhood. She is the sunlight of Heaven and Earth, who holds the door open to all intellect and intelligence. Without her the world would never have known the beauties of life. It is only through her brain forces that the human race ever knew what it was to become intelligent and intellectual. It is only through her that elevation came to manhood and womanhood; she being the solar principle of the human race, guiding the intellect and intelligence of the male sex. Through her he receives his brain forces which makes him an intellectual man. She is the guiding star of all planets. Without her nothing could exist. Male man is only an attachment to her condition. She is the ruler of the universe, the eon of life, and through her gentle condition and self will power, she has forced egotism upon the male portion of the human race whereby man in his own conceit thinks he is the head of the house or the principal part of the human race and the true motherhood of all time has permitted her male child to speak of God or the great principle in nature as a He, designating him the God of all. Such is the conceit of manhood.

Now I will take up the condition of a foolish, fashionable, unwise mother, who laces herself up and deforms her body by forcing it into unnatural shape that nature never intended it should be so. She laces herself up in what she calls a corset in order that her waist may look small and wasp-like. Such a fashionable mother, or a mother in any walk of life, be she rich or poor, that will lace herself up in such a condition that she no longer looks like a natural being, all the natural symmetry that nature has provided her with to look like a human being, she has contorted out of all shape. Such mothers are a curse to the human race and especially the coming generations. Such mothers produce deformed natures and dwarfed intellects. She is the cause and production of softening of the brain of the human family and through her condition the majority of the simpletons

are born. She is the cause of the idiocy in its worst form and provides idiotic individuals for the madhouse. If you will trace back those unfortunate beings that commit suicide you will find in most cases their mothers were individuals that laced themselves out of all semblance to the human form. By deforming their own bodies they deformed their intellect whereby they could not recognize all the beauties in nature that makes healthy men and women. If you will trace back the lineage or genealogy of the race from which your great statesmen and generals come and most prominent lawyers with large, developed brains, you will find their mothers and grandmothers did not lace up their bodies out of all recognition of the human form, whereby their bodies had none of the puppet look to it like the wasp-looking women that look more like bisque dolls walking around than they do like natural human beings. The mothers of all your great men and women lived in accordance with natural conditions and in most all cases were very sensible women, knowing right from wrong. There are many women in the world that are in the habit of taking a great deal of patent medicine. Such mothers produce drunkards. They stimulate their whole system by the alcohol that is in the medicine to keep it from spoiling. Such a mother creates a desire in the child that she is carrying in her womb for stimulants. She is also a curse to the human race and children that come into earth life through such a mother live to curse the day that she ever gave them birth. Her name and memory to them is like a cursed brimstone flame out of a Christian hell.

There are other women in the human family who are very negligent in the care of their offspring. While they are carrying them in their womb they will gorge and gormandize, filling their stomachs with much animal food, which stimulates their whole system with a strong, brutish animal heat. Children that come from such mothers are low and degraded in the scale of humanity. They are beastly in their actions. They look upon the lives of human beings as only on a level with that of the brute animals. Such make desperadoes and burglars, outlaws and murderers of the worst kind. They are brutal in all their make-up and from such a class of creatures, comes the worst type of burglars and footpads. They do not value human life

above that of a dog or any other animal. There are many dogs that are much more intelligent and refined in their natures than those human brutes. Dogs, when well treated, are kind and gentle in comparison with those monstrosities in human form. When such men locate their seed in the womb of the female element they produce the worst kind of creatures in the human race. You can trace back all sea pirates as coming from such origin. Female children produced through the conditions of such human brutes either become notorious thieves or murderers, the truth is not in them. Their whole human anatomy is nothing but a degraded piece of human flesh. There is no virtue lying in their human anatomy anywhere. Their whole nature is made up of low licentiousness and they become the victims of the low brothel house. Either that or female highwaymen is their destiny in that embodiment. You will find all women that assist men in murder or crimes of the worst kind come from such mothers. There is no such thing as a moral respectability lies anywhere in their nature. They only revel in the beastly brothel house or when they are notorious liars or committing crimes on the human race.

There is another class of namby-pamby women just as there are namby-pamby men in the male sex. Those namby-pamby, feeble-minded women who think they are too pretty to do any kind of hard, honest labor. They set themselves up as the dolls of society and namby-pamby, feeble-minded men follow in their train, whose brains are mushy and soft and if you would squeeze them a little hard they would go to pieces like a ripe tomato. Those female dolls of society whose brains I can only compare to so much cornstarch, well sweetened with idiotic flattery, compels a strong, natural mother to blush with shame to think there are creatures belonging to her sex that are little above a sucking pig that loves to see its mother wallow in the mire, just as these feeble-minded women wallow in dudish mens' flattery. I blush to think, as an old maiden lady, that we have such simpletons in the female sex, but there are there, nevertheless. They put me in mind of pills that have a thick coating of sugar over them. We are compelled to swallow them by our parents, whether we will or not. And so it is in female society. We have to swallow the empty, feeble sayings of such women, who have

no more sense than the little girl whose whole desire is, when she becomes a woman she is going to have a bonnet covered all over with flowers, feathers and ribbons, then she will be the envy of all the other girls in her set. So it is with the daffodil women. They think all other reasonable minded women are jealous of them because they do not laugh at their superannuated sayings. So through their feeble conceit and egotism they laugh at their own feeble sayings. Sometimes they get soft-minded men to laugh with them. My whole soul goes out in pity for them and I wish I could reverse conditions with them in order to help them on to a higher plane in life. But they are creatures of circumstance and it ever will be so until the children of the true Father and Mother God are made perfect and they become the shining lights of the Universe.

Now, there is another class of women that I wish to give full expression to their life and character in the human race. They come into the world with masculine natures and when they grow up into womanhood they hate the female part of their anatomy. As little girls they like to play with boys. All dolls and such things are hateful and distasteful to their nature. They love and enjoy to romp with boys and play at boys' games, such as tops, marbles and other games. They are happy when they are astride of a horse like a boy and the highest element of their nature while young is to holler out at the top of their voice, "Gee," and "whow," and "get up, there." They love to jump over a fence or a ditch, sitting on the back of a horse. Sometimes you will find some of them more daring than boys. One of their greatest ambitious thoughts is frequently to wear pants, a vest and a coat and pass themselves off for boys or young men, according to their height. Such women have no love for the male sex and get to hate a man if he tries to make love to them. All their love goes toward the female sex. They are what I call men living in female bodies. You will find them frequently in a fight with boys when they are at the age of nine, ten, eleven and twelve, and so on they show all the tendencies of a boy's nature. When these girls grow up to womanhood, they fall in love with other women or girls that are thorough females, they make love with all the ardor of a young man. They and other girls live together as man and wife. Their whole life

is like young sweethearts. Some of them don male apparel and learn a mechanical trade whereby they support the real female and themselves. In most all cases they live very happily, for each other becomes congenial to one train of thought and that is they live in the love for each other's welfare. I knew three physicians in New York, to my personal knowledge, who were masculine women dressed up in men's clothing and were never detected or any suspicion was attracted to their condition. They were skillful physicians and no one suspected their sex, but in an unguarded moment one of them told me of his love for me. In time he revealed his true sex, that he was a masculine woman living in men's garb. She told me of her love for me and said she would make me a happy woman. She passed, or I should say lived, under the name of Doctor Charles Henry Knowles, physician and surgeon, who lived at 226 Cedar street, New York City. I told her or him as it seemed to be, that I never intended to take up my tent with anyone living in the body at the present. The man that I loved was a Jew. One of my own race, the husband of another woman, therefore I should remain as a maiden woman for the rest of that embodiment. Perhaps you wonder why it is that there are so many maiden women in the world. Many of them fall in love with men that are husbands of other women. And there are many other causes in life why women live to be maiden ladies until they pass out of their physical body, but it would take too much space and time to describe such conditions.

Now I will give you a description of a star actress called Madame Angelo. She paid a visit to America, or I should say made a visit to America, under an engagement to play at Niblo's Garden in New York when it first opened its doors to the public. This woman, Madame Angelo, was six feet and a half tall. All the characters she played were those of male characters. I went one evening with some friends to attend one of her performances, which was great. She played the male character to perfection, and sang in a beautiful tenor voice to the delight of her audience. The applause she received from the people became so great it was deafening to one's ears. She brought to America with her a beautiful young lady, who played the princess in the play. In one scene she fights a tremendous duel with a large,

heavily built man whose name I have forgotten. It was the greatest piece of swordsmanship that I ever saw in my life. They fight this duel for the love they both bear for this young princess. The papers said at the time that this same Madame Angelo fought a duel—a real duel—in male attire, with a French count in France. The papers said the duel was fought in consequence of both their attachment for this young actress who played the princess in the piece. This woman Angelo came off victorious and the young actress accepted her love and went to live with her as a companion and wife. While they were in New York and boarding at the St. Nicholas hotel the real female caught a heavy cold returning from the theatre one night, was laid on a sick bed and this Madame Angelo, as she was called, would not permit a male physician in attendance on the sick lady. I was sent for and came to their rooms. Madame Angelo asked me if I understood my business and could wait on a sick lady. I told her I thought so. She said, "Well, now, bring your medical skill into practice and see what you can do for this lady. If you save her life and make her a well woman I will amply reward you for your services." I attended to her and brought all my skill to bear that I possibly could in such a case as hers. In two weeks I had her sitting up again in a chair. In three weeks I had her thoroughly on her feet and what you would call a well woman for her condition. She and I became well acquainted during the time. She told me much of her life and also that of Madame Angelo. She said one evening to me, about eleven o'clock, "No doubt you wonder, Aunt Rachel, why my partner is called Madame Angelo. It is like this, dear friend. She was betrothed as a child to a man and compelled to marry him at the age of sixteen. She hated and loathed the sight of him because she had no love in her nature for a man, but her father compelled her to marry this man, whom she called Count Angelo. After she was married three years she fled from him and secretly lived in male attire. She sent him a letter wherein she said the Count had insulted his lady love on the Champe de Elysee and challenged the count to fight him a duel. The count came on the ground, accompanied by two seconds. The other young man made his appearance alone and unaccompanied by any one. The count asked him where his seconds were. He

said he required none, as he had manly skill enough to defend himself in a duel parrying swords with a libertine. They fought the duel, the young man wounding the count. Two months afterward the count died from the effects of his wounds. After the duel she immediately left France under the name of Henry Bordeaux, crossed into Germany and studied for the stage. She became the greatest swordswoman that the stage ever knew, or you might say, the greatest swordsman that the stage ever knew. While in America Edwin Booth received several fencing lessons from this Madame Angelo. Why she took the name of Madame Angelo on returning to France was that she might become heir to part of the count's estate. No one had any suspicion that she was the young man that fought the duel with the count."

Now, there is another class of women that I wish to describe. They are women that have a great deal of hair upon their face, and especially quite a mustache. They keep it in check by constantly cutting it off with scissors made for the purpose. Many of these women have hair upon their breast and limbs like a man. Those women are generally barren and never give birth to children. There is a class of men born into the world who fall in love with such women, marry them and make them their wives; generally such men and women are very happy and congenial to each other in all things.

Now on the other side which we call the male side there is a class of men born who fall in love with what I call female men and become happy individuals in the partnership of each other's love and life. On the female side of the human race those masculine women, I call them female men, you see the great Father and Mother God has provided partners for each other through all the walks and grooves of life. Medical works do not inform you of the particulars and conditions of the human race that I have described. At a medical college the students only receive certain instructions that come under the comprehension of the medical profession. Some are more intelligent than others in divining the secrets of the human race, but when the students are left to book education and what accomplishments the professor may be capable of understanding and coming under the different conditions as they do under the different teachers in

college education and wandering through the mazy field of Materia Medica, little understanding and gaining but little knowledge of the true resources of human anatomy and building up of the life principles therein. The human race and life embodiments of that great living principle can only be gained through the law of Reason and progressive knowledge that is taught to men and women by coming en rapport with life and all its phases taken on through reincarnation and the different embodiments wherein it is taught. "See that you love one another, for you are your brother's and sister's keeper, demonstrated through the power of progression." No one must condemn another, for we are the children of nature and our parents are the Father and Mother God of all time. We are all beautiful flowers, if we only understood it properly. We come through different grooves bearing the different tints and colors embellished in the sunlight for we are one with God, no matter through what groove or strata we make our appearance on Earth. All lines lead to Truth, which is the highest religion of the human soul.

I could describe many other phases and degrees of the human family, but it takes up too much of your valuable time. So what I have said, let it suffice for the time.

So thanking you for your kindness in passing through the ordeal of taking down an ignorant woman's communication, that is, ignorant of book learning, but pretty well posted in human nature and its laws. Old Aunt Rachel gives you this communication with a willing spirit and perhaps may give you more at another time. Thanking you again I bid you good day.

F. K. Hulburd

Chapter XXIV

Monday, January 19, 1903.

Good morning, brother. Perhaps you have often heard the old saying, "Speed the way and speed the plow." I sped here this morning with all the alacrity in my nature. I was summoned as a witness in the case, so you see I am here. I will present the questions instead of having them presented to me. You will be the court reporter, while nature and the spirits will be the judge and jury. Now, brother, I am in the witness box and will swear to speak the Truth and nothing but the Truth, so help me Franklin Kellogg Hulburd.

If you remember, the last time I conversed with you I gave you the information that I was requested to come here and give a communication in which I would speak concerning Little Justin and what I knew of him in the years that are past and gone. Now for a bonafide action in this case concerning Little Puss.

Before I commence I will say you have a beautiful spot here. I will not praise it up, as the climate and surroundings speak for themselves and that is the best evidence in Nature's lower court. (Raps.) They rap for you to acquiesce in what I said. Now to deliver that ponderous tome and manuscript relating to Puss' past career.

When I first saw Little Puss it was in the city of Buffalo, state of New York. He was a little bit of a fellow then and I am very sure that very few in the audience thought it was a boy, and if put to the test to give a truthful expression to their thoughts they would say it was a girl. I went up from Medina, New York, with two other young friends, to visit the city of Buffalo and also to perform a duty for father. We saw a large poster on the fence announcing that the Little Comet would appear for one week only, with a change of bill every night. The

young men and myself had never been inside of a regular theatre during our lives in that embodiment, so we thought we would take it in. We paid our shilling and got a seat in the gallery. The programme, after we had read it, conveyed to our minds that the Little Comet would appear that evening in two plays, "Little Jack Shephard" and "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing." In both he would sing and dance. When the curtain went up we discovered there was a little mite of a creature who stood on a plank placed on two wooden horses with a mallet in one hand and a chisel in the other, a little leather apron on him. He was singing and professing to cut letters over a doorway. The program said Jack Shephard, the dreadful house breaker and burglar.

A man sitting back of us in the gallery said, "If that is Jack Shephard, the housebreaker, I could carry him away in my pocket." As the play went on he sang and danced several times. The actor that played the part of Blueskin, as it was called, must have been at least six feet three or four inches tall, so you can imagine what a contrast there was between Blueskin and Little Jack Shephard. Jack Shephard was about four feet tall and Blueskin looked like a giant alongside of him. They were pals in housebreaking. The actor's name was Jackson. I saw him afterward when our family had moved to Warren, Ohio. The Buckley Serenaders came to Warren and gave one night's performance. Little Justin was a member of the company. I made the acquaintance of the Buckley family and also of Little Justin. Those days I could play the flute and also the clarinet. Unknown to my family I played the clarinet that evening in the Buckley Orchestra. They only carried four musicians with them at that time and I swelled the orchestra to five. The Buckley family were the greatest musical family I ever met. They were all singers of a high order.

After the performance was over they invited me to take supper with them. I did so and had the pleasure of holding Little Puss on my knee. I tell you, brother, I thought I was a big man then. I did not understand or have any idea at the time that I was holding a little Hulburd on my knee. He gave me permission to kiss him and I must admit I took several, as you know good artists are fond of an encore. I did not believe

it was a boy then sitting on my knee. Brother, I wish you could have seen those eyes then, and that beautiful head of hair. I was sorry when I had to bid him good night, but you warrant I was there in the morning to bid them good bye again.

Those eyes were the last thing I thought of before going to sleep and the first thing I thought of when I woke up in the morning. I went direct to the hotel without partaking of any breakfast, as I did not wish to miss that one more good bye. The Little One walked with me around the square while the others were packing up and getting ready. Every once in a while I had to kiss something off those lips that I saw there. I wanted them to leave the town with a clean impression upon them.

The next time that I saw Little Justin was in Columbus, Ohio, several years afterward. He came there with the Buckley Serenaders, and they played at the Old Theatre. The new Capitol Theatre was not built then. They boarded at the American House on the principal street. I became very well acquainted with the Buckley family and passed many pleasant hours in their society.

This time that I speak of was when I was connected with the bank. Little Justin became strongly attracted to me and I to him. On several occasions the Buckleys permitted me to take him out riding, and I was a happy man then.

One day we had dinner at a country tavern. In the sitting room of the tavern there was a long looking glass. We both happened to look in the glass at the same time. Then I made the discovery that his face resembled mine very much, although the features were much smaller. I weighed him while we were at the tavern. His weight was 85 pounds, and he was the most perfectly developed little creature I ever looked upon. He used to call me Mr. Frank Franklin.

We sat down on an old fashioned sofa in the sitting room. He nestled up to me, saying, "Mr. Frank Franklin, I just feel as if you were my brother; ain't that funny?" You know the old saying is, "Blood is thicker than water," and little did we think then that the same blood coursed through both our veins. He went to sleep with his head upon my lap.

While I was talking with the landlady, the lady said to me,

"How much your boy looks like you, Mr. Hulburd." I said, "Madam, he is not my boy, nor any relation to me whatever. He belongs to the troupe that is performing at the theatre."

She said, "Is it possible that that little creature is an actor?" I said, "Yes, madam, and one of the most brilliant ones in the company." She said, "For pity sakes, what can he do?" I said, "He sings and dances and acts." She said, "When he wakes up do you think you could get him to sing for me?" I said, "It may be possible that I can." After awhile he woke up and said, "Mr. Frank Franklin, I want to go home now." I took him on my lap and said, "Oh, won't you please sing for this lady? She would like to hear you." He said, "I will if she will give me some of those red apples out there on that tree." We could see the red apples through the open window. The lady said, "You shall have some if you will sing for me."

He sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and before he had finished there was quite an audience in the room and also outside at the window. When he had finished the song they applauded him and he sang "Home, Sweet Home." He sang it with so much feeling that I saw some of the people wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs.

After he got through singing the lady said, "You can have every apple on that tree if you want to. But let me tell you one thing, Mr. Hulburd, that voice was never intended for a boy. There is some mistake somewhere."

I ordered my conveyance to be brought to the front door, after which he went out into the orchard, where he loaded me down with red apples, filling all my pockets, even putting one in each of my vest pockets (small ones), filling up his own pockets. We carried a few and placed them on the seat between us in the buggy. He said, "Now I can give all the folks a red apple," meaning the troupe. The landlord said, "Get in, Mr. Hulburd. I want to lift the Little One up and place him on the seat." As he did so he stole a kiss. When the others saw what he did they cried out, "We want a kiss, too." He said, "Come and I will kiss you for your mother." The landlord held him in his arms while the people passed by and kissed him. Then the landlord placed him on the seat alongside of me. As we were starting off the landlady commenced to sing a hymn, the rest of the peo-

ple took it up, the Little One and I joined in and sang a few lines, then we drove off toward town.

That evening there came to town a big hay wagon loaded with people and drawn by four horses to see the Little One perform at the theatre. After one of his kicks at the end of a song a gentleman walked down the aisle and handed to the leader of the orchestra a pretty basket, all decorated with flowers and filled with beautiful red apples, which the leader presented to the Little One on the stage. When the Little One had received the basket he broke out into song:

“I love the merry, merry spring time.
It makes my heart feel gay.
Look at those red apples blushing—
I wonder what they say.
Oh, they have smiles plenty for me,
And now we must go on with the play.”

He ran off the stage with the basket of apples, while the people were applauding.

The Buckley boys permitted me the pleasure of walking home every night with the Little One after the performance was over. It was a grand condescension on their part, as they so seldom allowed him out of their sight. Frequently I would take supper with them at the hotel after the performance.

Now I have a confession to make to you, my brother. I was in love with the Little One—as the boys say, “Head over heels in love.” I tried to resist it, but those eyes were so fascinating that I fell a victim to their power (rap.) I loved another one at the same time who was really my honest love. That individual is now my spirit mate, but Little Puss fascinated me in such a manner that while at business I used to wish for the banking hours to be over that I might see that creature again, and yet when things did not please his lordship he would slap me in the face and kick me with all the vim that was in his little body. That was a frequent occurrence, as I think he had the worst temper I ever saw in a human back?” ^{as} I called one day at the hotel and had on a new high sh ^{shoe} ^{which} I thought made me look quite dressy. I must have said something that was not to his liking. He jumped up, kicked the hat off from my head, saying at the same time, “Take the damn

cady off or I'll bust it." I had to take it to the hatter's again and have it dressed up in order that it might look respectable again. While I was in the room he jumped up, straddled my shoulders, grabbed me by the hair of the head, saying, "Now let's make a race for hell or New York. Don't care which." I coaxed him to come down off my shoulders. When he had done so I sat down in a large rocking chair, taking him on my lap. I said, "Now, Little Puss, I want to talk to you like a father." He said, "Oh, gee, can't you make it a grandfather?" which made me laugh. Then I pretended to become very solemn and wise, talking in a quiet manner. I told him that he had insulted me acting both cruel and crude, and if I did not love him so much I would not forgive him for that insult. He commenced to cry, and cried so hard I thought he would burst a blood vessel and I had quite a time to get him calmed down and become perfectly quiet. After he had stopped crying his little breast seemed to heave so much that it frightened me. He laid his head on my breast, saying at the same time, "I haven't cried so much, Mr. Frank Franklin, since I was at the grave of old Tim Norton, who died because he couldn't breathe any more." I laughed and said, "You are indeed a born soubrette." He put his little hand inside of my vest and went to sleep. Then I heard rapping in different parts of the room. This was on Sunday afternoon. I had to wake him up when they knocked on the door and said, "Tea is ready." Then he went and bathed his face in cold water, brushed his hair back from his forehead, came over and placed his hand in mine, saying, "Now, Mr. Frank Franklin, we'll go to tea." I then drew him down on my lap, saying, "Little One, I want you to call me Frank, for I love you very dearly." He said, "Great Caesar's ghost." I said, "You must not call me Frank Franklin." Just then came three distinct raps on the back of the chair close to where my head was. He laughed and said, "Old Splithoof is after you." I said, "What do those raps mean?" He said, "It's old Beelzebub wants you to ke out, We around." I had never heard up till that time and some on fonderward, of the "Rochester knockings." I said, "Do you think they will knock for us again?" Just then a peculiar rasping commenced on the table, which sounded like a groan coming from an old person wheezing with asthma. When that

rasping sound had stopped my hat was placed on my head and we went down stairs to tea. Afterward we went out and took a walk, passing by the church where my uncle preached; we heard them singing. He said, "Let's go in here and see what kind of a show they give." I laughed and went into the church with him. They were singing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." We both joined in the singing. Many of the congregation turned their heads to see where the voice came from. After the singing was over we sat down. In the next pew to us was a little girl and she and Puss commenced to play "peek a boo," so I had to take him out of the church.

My cousin Hiland followed me. When we got outside he said, "Frank, who does that pretty little child belong to?" I said, "He belongs to the troupe that's performing here. They leave for Dayton in the morning and I must take him home in order that he may go to bed early and get a good night's sleep." He said, "Who is it, and what part did it play?" I said, "This Little One played the part of Cinderella." He said, "You don't say." He stooped down, taking the Little One's hand in his and said, "Pet, tell me what's your real name?" The Little One said, "Just the same as yours, you long-legged gander." Hiland said, "What is that, Little One?" Little Puss said, "Hulburd, of course, you old bruiser." Little did he think then how he had spoken the truth. He said, "I don't think you give a very good show in there," pointing at the church. Hiland laughed and said, "Cousin Frank, I'll walk to the hotel with you; I want to see more of this little curiosity." When we started off the Little One stepped between us, saying to cousin Hiland, "Give me your hand, old chap, and show the people that you know how to walk on Sunday." Hiland said to the Little One, "I'd like to carry you part of the way, if you have no objections." "All right," the Little One said, "carry me pig-a-back." Hiland stooped down and the Little One got on his back. Hiland laughed and said, "What would the family think if they saw me now, carrying one of the show children on my back?" Little did cousin Hiland think then how well acquainted he and the Little One would become in after years, in Washington, D. C.

When we arrived at the hotel the Little One slid down from his back, came around in front of him and holding out his little

arms said, "I want to kiss you. That was a good long pig-a-back ride." At the same time he gave me a kick on the leg, saying, "This fellow ain't no good at pig-a-back riding. He don't carry me far enough." Cousin Hiland picked him up, kissed and hugged him, saying, "You have winning ways, and by George, those are not a boy's lips. You kiss like a girl, and they're sweet, too. Cousin Frank, what does this mean. Is it a boy or a girl?" I said, "Hiland, it is a freak in nature. The female predominates."

The next time I met him was in Cincinnati. The company was playing there; that was about three months afterward. I spent several days very pleasantly with the company, and especially with the Little One. Two months after that they came back to Columbus. One afternoon I thought I'd take the Little One around to the engine house and introduce him to the firemen, as many of them had expressed their desire to see what the Little One looked like in the day time. He was introduced to the boys, who placed him up on top of the engine. They wanted to see what he looked like standing up there on the engine. He had a pair of boots on and ordered me to get down on my knees and stick his pants in his boots. He said he wanted to look like a real fireman while up there on this engine. He took off his jacket, threw it to one of the firemen, saying, "Hold that, partner." Then they placed him on top of the engine. He commanded them to let him have the trumpet. The foreman handed it to him, saying, "Now you're a member of our engine company," to which the boys all cheered and applauded. He held the trumpet up and sang a tally-ho song through it. After he had finished there was more cheering by the boys, then the foreman asked him if he would please sing a song without the trumpet. He said, "All right, my hearties." He placed the small end of the trumpet on the engine, sat down on the large end and sang "We Won't go Home 'Till Morning." The yells of the boys, I am confident, was heard two blocks off. Then he straddled the engine—the upper part of it—held the trumpet up and yelled through it with all his might, just as if the engine was at a fire, and he was the foreman over the boys. They took him down, stood him on a bench and each one of the boys in turn kissed and hugged him.

I was afraid the exercise would tire him out and that he

would not be in good condition for the night's performance. I said, "Now, Puss, we must go home to the hotel so that you may rest before night comes." They always called the hotel their home. He declared that I'd have to carry him pig-a-back. The foreman placed him on my back and I went forth to the sidewalk on my mission. Brother Wallace, you can imagine me, your dignified brother, walking up the main street of the city, carrying that youngster on my back, he at the same time calling out to the people, "Come to the theatre tonight and you will see the tamed tiger (meaning me) go through his great feat of jumping through a hoop, lighting out through a window and leaving town in the morning, forgetting to pay his board bills." And when I did not walk to suit him he kicked me on my back anatomy. Brother, I was so ashamed I did not know which way to look. I felt my face must have been scarlet, it was so hot. I think there was at least fifty or sixty children following along behind us, hollering out, "Three cheers for the show kid and the man that works in the bank." I never was so mortified in my life. It shows what a fool a man can become when he thinks he is in love, and in love, too, with a child. Then he was eighteen years of age, four feet tall and weighed eighty-five pounds. He had fascinated me in such a manner that for a time I became his slave. It was the female influence that was at work.

Afterward in life I made the discovery that others had shared in the same fate.

After the company had finished their engagement there they went to Cincinnati. I followed on the second day after they left Columbus. I remained the rest of the week in Cincinnati with the company.

The next time I met him was in Pittsburg, Penn. I laid over and called at the hotel where they were stopping. I passed the afternoon very pleasantly. While we were sitting in the room I heard the raps on a door that opened in a closet.

That night I took a train for New York City, and was fortunate enough to get a position in a banking house. After I had been in New York about two weeks I saw in the New York Herald an advertisement in which it said the company would play at the Atheneum in Brooklyn, Long Island. After I had

performed my duty for that day I went to Brooklyn, found the hotel where they were stopping and went to dinner with Justin. After that I attended the performance, remaining in the dressing room most of the time.

Two months after that I saw him in New York City. That was the last time we ever met in the physical body.

After that I heard the Little One had taken up his tent with a military man by the name of Warren. I have met said Mr. Warren in spirit life. He tells me that they lived together twenty years. Part of that time he was Lincoln's private spy between the Northern and Southern armies.

I have been surprised since I came here to find out that the Little One was our cousin and of our own kin. Mysteries, as you call them, are all revealed here to the true sense of the soul. We will take it up at another time.

Wednesday, January 21, 1903.

Good morning, brother. We will now take up part of our Little Justin's life, who has been very dear to you and me and also to Mr. Warren and others in life. He has always been a pet with many people in his profession and others outside of it. I made the acquaintance of a number of ladies who vied with each other for his kisses.

I wish to make a remark here before I go any further—not because he is of our blood.

When I knew him in the physical body I think he had the prettiest little face that I ever saw on a human creature. That was long, brother, before you met him.

When I saw him as the page in Lucretia Borgia with Madame Anna Bishop in New York City I heard many remark in the audience that he was the prettiest page that they ever had the pleasure of looking at on the stage. You could see that Madame Anna Bishop was proud of the Little One.

While living in New York I made the acquaintance of Mr. Conway, who was a gentleman and a fine actor. He was a member of Edwin Forrest's company at the Broadway Theatre down near Pearl street on Broadway. In conversation with Mr. Conway while visiting a club house we were speaking of actors and actresses, their manners and ways. I mentioned Little Puss' name and asked him if he had ever met him. He said, "Oh, dear,

yes; he is a lovely little fellow, but they can't make me believe it's a boy. Look at that face and those lips like cherries. Look at those little hands and feet. That is a face, hands and feet of a little girl, not a boy. Edwin Forrest talks of adopting the Little One by the process of law, but it seems the little creature belongs to an old Scotch woman and she won't give him up because it seems he is her only support now in life. As I understand it, Mr. Forrest has promised to allow her so much a year to live on if she will give the little creature up to him, but she won't do it. Mr. Hulburd, I believe there is a secret connected with that Little One's birth and that is why she won't give him up. I do not think that he is of common origin. There is something about him that appeals to my reasoning power and that tells me that he is away up in the line of family matters. Who or what he is no one seems to know and the old Scotch woman will reveal it to no one. I called upon her one day in the interest of Mr. Forrest. After I had questioned her some time she said to me in her Scotch dialect, 'Now gang awa, you'll nae be speerin about my business.' She opened the door and told me to get out. After I had stepped out on the landing I heard her scolding the Little One for bringing me there. She said, 'The deil tak ye for a bad bairn that brings all the men here to talk with me. I'll hae no mair o' it and ye can tell the auld mon Forrest that ye'll never be his bairn.' For the life of me, Mr. Hulburd, I can't see what Mr. Forrest wants that Little One for. He is a sweet little creature, but has the worst temper I ever saw in a child. Oh, how he can curse when he gets angry. He makes some of the ladies just shudder and shake. It's really a puzzle to me how Mr. Forrest can have the patience with the Little One. The other day he said to Mr. Forrest, 'Old man, I'm going on a picnic and all hell won't stop me, do you understand that?' Madame Ponisa said, 'For heaven's sake, let him go, Mr. Forrest.' Mr. Forrest said, 'No, I will not; I'm going to take him down the bay this afternoon for a sail.' The Little One spoke up and said, 'If you want me to go down the bay with you, you've got to buy me figs and peanuts, so it will look like a real picnic.' Mr. Forrest said, 'All right, Pet, you shall have figs and peanuts; now you go and sit down and be patient and wait till rehearsal is over.' About five minutes

afterward I heard him say to Lizzie Weston Davenport, 'I know how to bring the old man to time,' and you can just gamble on that, Mr. Hulburd (a rap) he does know how every time. That little creature has the faculty of winning your affections. No matter how much you try to resist him. It's only three days ago that I told Mr. Bradshaw he could not fascinate me like he did others. Mr. Hulburd, you may have my head for a football if I wasn't kissing and hugging him that night in the dressing room. If that little creature ever grows up and would live in woman's clothes I believe the curse would weave a spell over men and they would make cursed fools of themselves. When I had kissed the thing once I wanted more of them and each kiss seemed sweeter than the other. I don't understand the little creature, and I don't believe there is anyone that does. Edwin Forrest thinks he does but I doubt that. What in the name of heaven will become of that little creature if he don't grow up to a good sized person like other people in the world?" (Raps. The spirits wish me to say to you that they had him in their care; that is what the raps mean that you heard just now.)

When I had told Mr. Conway that I had known the Little One for several years. He had fascinated me and I was his slave. He laughed so loud that several of the gentleman looked around to see what was the matter. He grasped my hand, saying, "Mr. Hulburd, by the living God, I am his slave now. If there is such a thing as witchcraft in the world, that creature is a witch, and if he had lived a hundred years ago he would have been burned at the stake for being a witch. Would you believe it, Mr. Hulburd, the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport thinks he is an angel. How she can think so after hearing him swear the way he does sometimes, I am at a loss to understand. As the saying is, 'It beats the Dutch,' and me, too. Would you believe it, the little curse makes predictions and they come true. It is only yesterday morning he said to Mrs. Allen, 'Be careful, you're going to lose something. It looks to me like it was money that you are going to lose.' Well, sir, she had her pocket picked while shopping; when she put her hand in her pocket to get her purse it was gone. She said, 'I have been robbed.' One of the clerks that stood near by said, 'Mrs. Allen, that woman that



E. W. HULBURD

DR. F. D. C. MEYER

JUSTIN HULBURD

stood so close to you, with a black dress on and black hat and feather, I believe, picked your pocket. She stands at that counter.' He informed the floor-walker just in time, as the woman was about to leave the store. He went up to her and said, 'Madam, I wish to speak to you.' Pointing at Mrs. Allen he said, 'That lady and I wish to hold some conversation with you in the private office.' She said, 'I have no time—I am in a hurry.' He said, 'Come and make no fuss. I have given one of the clerks the wink and he has gone for an officer.' Then she was willing to walk back to the private office. He spoke to one of the lady clerks as they passed by. She followed them to the private office and there examined the woman's clothing. She found five different purses that the woman had stolen. One of them was Mrs. Allen's purse, which contained over twenty-five dollars. It turned out that the woman was a regular pickpocket and shop-lifter. The officer arrested her and conveyed her to the New York Tombs. That beats all your Rochester knockings. Look in this morning's papers and you can read the full account of the whole matter. Madame Ponisa says he has the Scotch second sight, such as the people of the North Highlands have. It happened in A. T. Stewart's establishment."

I told him that brought to mind something he predicted in Cincinnati. One day we thought we would cross over into Kentucky. As we were about to enter a boat he commenced to shake and shiver, saying, "Oh, my; I don't like that wind. I shall not go in the boat." I said, "Why, there is no wind whatever. You see none of those pieces of paper on the ground moves." "Well," he said, "I don't care. I feel the wind and there's going to be a storm. Damn you. Go if you want to," and with that he commenced to walk up the levee toward the city.

In less than one hour from that time the wind commenced to blow a regular hurricane, signs were blown down and things were blown over in the street that stood out from buildings. Thunder and lightning came, followed by a big rain storm and some of the streets for awhile looked like a lake. There was great damage done to the steamboats and smaller craft in the river. The boat that we were going to cross in was upset in the middle of the river and four of the party were drowned.

One of the party that was drowned was Carleton, the beautiful singer who said he did not believe in any such warnings as that. "Why, just look, Mr. Hulburd, it is one of the most beautiful days that God ever made," and so it looked to be.

While we were sitting in the room at the hotel and the storm was in full blast, I said, "Puss, tell me how you felt when you were shaking that time?"

He said, "I felt cold, Frank, and could hear the wind whistling all around me." I said, "But there was no wind." He said, "I don't care. I heard it and if you say another word to me I'll kick you, damn you." He jumped up and screamed at the top of his voice, "Great Jesus Christ, there goes Carleton with the rest of them." I said, "Goes where?" He said, "Down to the bottom of the river." Mr. Conway said, "Poor Carleton, he was a handsome fellow and could sing for all there was in it." We got up here in New York a benefit for his wife and children, through which she realized a good sum. She has now started some kind of a store on Third Avenue, where the rents are much cheaper than in the Bowery. Mr. Hulburd, isn't it strange how that little creature can foretell things that are going to take place? It is fortunate for him that he didn't live in Salem, Massachusetts. There is something very peculiar about him. I have noticed at certain times he will talk and act like a grown person, while at other times he will seem the most innocent child you ever looked upon." He said, "Now how do you account for that?" I told him I gave it up, for it was more than I could comprehend. I called him my little box of mysteries. Sometimes he will pray like a very devout individual and will talk solemnly to the people. I remember one Sunday night in Columbus, Ohio, he sang and talked to the people beautifully. They seemed to be delighted with his conversational powers and acted as if they held him in reverence to the common class of people.

Two hours after that he was cursing and swearing at me like a pirate. I sat down and laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. He brought me back to my senses by saying, "I've been very pious this evening and I know Jesus will forgive my sins, but I say, old man, didn't I whoop it up when I was singing about 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul?' I wonder why

the old man don't come around and show himself to such poor, deluded sinners as we are, waiting for the judgment day to come to us over in the Bowery in New York?" Just then he fell all of a heap on the floor. I raised his head and placed it on my thigh. I could not raise the other part of his little body, for it seemed to weigh two tons. I was sitting there thinking what I should do, when all of a sudden the table cloth was dragged from off the table, the raps came and as I was listening, my eyes were fastened onto a map that hung on the wall of the room. While I was looking at the map a face came on the surface of the map very distinctly. It remained there several minutes and it bore such features as resemble his now at the present time. Since I came to spirit life I have made the discovery it was the face of our great grandfather Hulburd. He tells me that I also was very mediumistic and through our condition he could show his features to me.

We will take it up at another time as they say he must get the sun before it is all gone.

Tuesday, February 17, 1903.

Good morning, brother Wallace. It will be four weeks tomorrow since I communicated last. I am glad of this opportunity to communicate again. Justin has suffered dreadfully. It would almost be impossible to describe his aches and pains, so much coughing seemed to tear his body to pieces and with the blood he spit at different times it weakened his physical body very much. You pretty near lost him that time. One more such attack and he would be compelled to bid his physical body good day. This wind brought on a hemorrhage at five o'clock this morning and his physical body is rather weak.

While I was visiting Justin in Cincinnati I was annoyed very much by a peculiar noise that seemed to follow him and myself wherever we went. It seemed as if some one was constantly whistling in my ear. At other times it would rap severely on the back of my head, which would become very painful at certain times. I said, "Justin, can you account in any way for these raps that come on the back of my head? They are getting so painful that I do not believe I can stand it much longer." He laughed out loud and said, "Frank, old Splithoof is after you. He wants to tone you down and make you a bet-

ter boy." Just then my hat was shoved over my eyes. I said, "In the name of Christ, let's get back to the room at the hotel." Just then little raps came all over the bosom of my shirt. I said, "Justin, if this is kept up, I'll go crazy." He laughed and said, "You won't have far to go, Frank." We reached the hotel and went directly to his room, for I was getting weak. When we entered the room and closed the door behind us we heard a loud laugh, as if it came from the ceiling. I was so exhausted that I threw myself across the bed with my boots on. Then Justin was controlled, the first time I had ever seen him in that condition. The voice said to me, "Franklin Kellogg Hulburd, I am your grandfather, Ebenezer. You are very much like me in many ways, and I am with you a great deal, but what brings me here today is that I bring a female spirit here to look at you. When she lived in the body her name was Rachel and she loved you very dearly. She is too weak and cannot control the medium. She passed from her physical body at half past eleven last evening. Her desire was to see you and I have brought her here in order that she may look upon you."

Now, brother Wallace, I must tell you something of the history of that female spirit, and why her great desire was to see me. At one time when she was a young lady I waited upon her, or in other words we were sweethearts and were engaged to be married. She got religion and felt it was her duty to marry a young clergyman so that she might work with him in the vineyard of souls, as she called it. She gave me the mitten and went to Buffalo, New York. There she met a young minister in society, became engaged to this young minister and in two months they were married. They had a beautiful wedding. I was told the bride received many beautiful gifts. After they had been married a year he commenced to treat her coldly and was often away from home in the evening, returning at a late hour. She gave birth to a son. He took but very little notice of the baby and that worried her a great deal. In time she gave birth to a baby girl. After that baby was born she would only meet her husband at meals.

He was looked upon by his congregation as a very pious and noble man. One day he brought his coat for her to mend the lining of it. After he left the room she held the coat upside

down to examine the rip in the lining. A number of things slipped out of one of the pockets onto the floor. She picked them up and laid them on the table until she would mend the rip in the lining. As she went to put them back into the pocket she naturally looked at them, and while turning them over she came across the picture of a lady—one of the leading lights of the church, whose husband was a wealthy man. When she saw that picture her curiosity was aroused. She read several letters that were there among the other things, and one of them she discovered was from that lady to her husband. She called him all the sweet and dear names that poets speak of, making great protestations of love. She placed all the other things back into the pocket except that letter and picture. When he called for his coat she handed it to him; at the same time she said, "What does this letter and picture mean?" He commenced to swear and curse at her in the worst manner possible that a minister can do. He said, "Give me that letter and picture." She said, "No, I will not." Placing them in her bosom she said, "I will hand them to the lady's husband, to whom I think they belong."

He struck her in the face and knocked her down. After that he kicked her while she lay on the floor, from the results of which she became a cripple for life. In the height of his ministerial frenzy he forgot to take the letter and picture from the inside of her dress.

That night the "servant of the Lord" and his concubine eloped, she robbing her husband of considerable money and valuables. They took the steamer *Oceanic* of Liverpool, which went down in mid-ocean with all on board excepting the captain, two of his officers, an English lady and gentleman and three children by the name of Turnbull. They were in a boat and were picked up by a passing ship that brought them back to New York. The captain said the agony of that woman and "Jehovah servant" was terrible to behold. He wanted to take her in his arms as they were going down, but she thrust him from her and spit at him as she would a cur dog. She cried to God to witness what she had to say, "This licentious brute ruined me and got me to leave my husband. He has ruined five other women in the church and three of them are about to

become mothers. Oh, God, he is only a fit subject for hell. Dear Lord, must I go with him?" And they sank out of sight under the angry sea that covered them.

The poor wife, who now was a cripple for life, sold what furniture they had, returned to her father's home with her two children. She educated her boy, trying to make a man of him, but it was otherwise decreed. He was a low, licentious brute like his father and his grandfather. His room-mate at college had received several hundred dollars. He invited his room-mate to go and take a sail on the lake in a row boat. While in the rowboat he struck his room-mate and knocked him senseless, robbed him of his money and threw his body into the lake, but the act was witnessed by a party in a sail boat. He was arrested and had a trial. He was sent to the penitentiary for life, because he was a minor, only seventeen years old. In the penitentiary he committed suicide. His father's father was a man that possessed much wealth, a libertine of the worst kind. He was well known in those days in Wall Street, New York.

The mother-in-law told Rachel that their son was too lazy to do anything whereby he could earn money and they thought the best thing they could do with him was to make him a minister of the gospel, so they educated him for that profession. She said she understood that wealthy parents educated their lazy boys for the ministry.

Brother Wallace, that was the sad life of a beautiful girl that I once thought I loved, who felt it her duty to become the wife of a minister. I think some of the worst wretches that ever walked this mundane sphere were so-called "ministers of the gospel." If their crimes had been exposed to the light of day many of them would have hung on the gallows for committing some of the most abominable crimes that civilization has known anything about.

This religious craze that many people seem to feel has been the means of filling insane asylums and sending applicants to state's prison. I think a religious craze is the worst curse that the human race can live under.

The "Old Testament" and its teachings has been the cause of more crime in the world than any other book that ever was printed. It is the most licentious and degrading book that was

ever put into publication for the children of men to read.

No wonder so many young men and women have gone astray after reading that filthy publication called the "Old Testament."

You know as well as I do, brother, that our home was never made pleasant in the evening for us to remain at home, so we sought company in other places outside, which you and I would be ashamed to associate with now. We would not like to have some of them come up and tell us how we played cards with them in such a place at that time. Who was to blame? Our father and mother. They never interested us in games to keep us at home in the evening. If we were to speak of cards they would claim we were dealing with the devil.

That cursed superstition, called "Jehovah's religion," held them in its grasp, and you and I suffered in consequence of that condition.

In church we constantly heard those demented preachers crying out, "We were born sinners, and if we did not come to the seat of repentance through the Lord Jesus Christ, who washed away all sins, we were goners and our lot was cast with the damned. We could not enter heaven until we were washed in Jesus' blood." Just think of it. We had to go to the slaughter-house to get annointed and take a bath in Jesus' blood before we could look God in the face. Oh, such rotten rubbish the Christian world has to look upon, and the stench of that slaughterhouse has become unbearable to the nostrils of enlightened minds.

There is no God, brother Wallace, but the living God of all nature, which is the highest Infinite part of the Infinitude of your soul. Your soul is the God of Reason, Wisdom and Power in all Life. Outside of that all things are physical as they should be to the physical mind and body. When your higher intellect understands the perception of Infinitude, then you are commencing to reason with the God that is within you. All things will become beautiful and blossom to your inner sense. It is then you will comprehend the eternal life, for soul measure will divine your path and make it beautiful for you to walk upon.

The Omniscient and Omnipresent that is within you, will lead you to the sociability of Divine Nature. The great Soul

of all Life and Light is unified in your soul, your soul being an outgrowth of the great Divine Soul that governs and directs all planetary conditions. No hair that becomes loose from your head or a feather from a bird's wing that falls to the ground but is known and recognized by the great Divine Soul. That great Divine Soul is in everything recognized and understood by the great emotion wave of Time, space and eternity. The eye feeling and expression of Love recognized in what your world calls Sin. That Sin in time becomes purified by the highest elevation of Soul Thought and becomes the great bulwark of litigation in the human mind, whereby the Soul expression becomes the beacon light of Intellect and the souls of men and women are installed as creators working in harmony with the great Divine Soul called God.

Truth is the sunbeam that shines in the home of every soul whose great Love is manifested for the human race and the upward and outward growth of all that is beautiful to make the children of men happy.

Brother, I thank you for taking down my communication. I leave my love to you and the rest of the family. A large share of it must go to our Little Justin, who is a mouthpiece that delivers messages between the seen and the unseen. I bring you the love of mother and father, sisters and brother and all the well-wishers that know of Searchlight Bower.

Your loving brother, Franklin Kellogg Hulburd, who should have been named Ebenezer Hulburd.

Take care of the Little One—his physical body is now a piece of fragile humanity. Good day.

George Knight

Chapter XXV

Tuesday, March 10, 1903.

Good morning, friend and scholar. I believe I have entered the sanctum sanctorum of Searchlight Bower today, realizing by your manner of counting and also by your popular calendar which calls it the tenth of March. On the tenth day of March, or I would say on the evening of the tenth day of March, I made my debut in my profession as a German dialect comedian, singing and dancing and also reciting in the broken German dialect.

I am well known to the theatrical profession, that is, to the past generation and perhaps to a few of the present generation, as George Knight. My wife and I starred it in a play called "The German Count." My wife's maiden name was Sophy Worrell, the eldest one of the three sisters, Sophy, Irene and Jennie Worrell. They were stars in the musical field. Today the plays such as they played in are called "comic operas" by the present generation. They played in Ixion, Sinbad the Sailor, Lalla Rookh, The Elves and Bellalings. When my wife and I were traveling in our German play the Bostonians had launched out into comic opera, as they called it.

It is my desire before I proceed any further to give you that little explanation who and what I was while living in a physical body.

A spirit who said his name was Franklin Kellogg Hulburd conducted me to Searchlight Bower. I was acquainted with him during the time we both inhabited physical bodies. He said you were a brother of his and that your name was Wallace Ebenezer Hulburd.

While your brother lived in New York, he and I had many a sociable chat together while smoking our cigars. Frequently

he accompanied me to my dressing room and looked upon life behind the scenes.

One evening while we were walking up Broadway together we met Billy Otis, of Laura Keene's company. The one who played Lord Dundreary after Sothern had withdrawn from the company, I should think about seven years. He traveled with her all over the states. I said, "Otis, come join us in a little supper at my room at the hotel." He said, "As you wish, George." Mr. Hulburd and Otis accompanied me to my room.

After we had finished our supper we indulged in a cigar. While we were smoking a knock came upon the door. I cried out, "Come in." The door opened and there stood Joseph Nagle, an old actor, for many years a favorite at the Bowery. I jumped up and gave him a chair, as he was no longer a young man. I poured him out a glass of wine, saying, "Joseph, drink that; it will do you good." After that I handed him a cigar and a light. Otis said, "Joseph, in the name of goodness, where did you come from?" He said, "I have just arrived from Philadelphia, and as I was passing along the hall with the bell boy who was to show me where my room was I recognized your voice—Otis talking pretty loud and the transom over the door being open." Billy Otis had a peculiar voice and anyone that was well acquainted with him would recognize that voice anywhere. Mr. Nagle said, "After I'd placed my grip sack in my room I locked the door and returned here, thinking I had struck a bonanza in actors," which created quite a laugh. I said, "Joseph, you have struck two humble actors and a gentleman who deals in handling coin; permit me to introduce you to him. This is Mr. Hulburd, who is connected with one of our banks here in New York. Joseph, what brings you here?" He said, "I open Monday night as support to the Dashing Blanchard at the Museum. She opens in a new burlesque called 'Yankee Tars on Shore.'" I noticed that when he pronounced the name "Dashing Blanchard" that Mr. Hulburd's eyes seemed to light up. Mr. Otis said, "That Dashing Blanchard is a strange creature. While I was playing in New Orleans with Laura Keene, the Black Crook company came there. He or she, whichever you choose to call it, was playing under the name of the Dashing Mazareah, from Naples, Italy. She was supposed to be an

Italian who did not speak any English. She was traveling at that time in women's clothes.

"One day as I was walking down the street I saw two small ladies coming toward me. One of them smiled and said, 'Billy, how are you?' Almost in the same breath she said, 'Senor,' and laughed out loud, saying, 'Billy, I'm imported from Naples and can't speak English.' I said, 'You did that very well for a new importation.' She said, 'Billy, allow me to introduce Mdlle. Jovetti, one of our premier danseuse.' I said, 'Puss, who will you be next?' She said, 'For a big, fat salary I am anything that the manager requires'" I said, "Little Puss is a strange character, gentlemen, and I doubt if anyone has ever understood him." Mr. Nagle said, "Gentlemen, the Little One is a spiritual medium. I have seen him while sitting on a chair levitated up into space, all the while singing some strange song in a strange language which sounded to me like an incantation." I said, "Joseph, is that really so?" He said, "It is as true as that I am looking at you now. When he comes into the presence of Doctor Van Ame and Doctor Jennings it is wonderful what will take place. Manifestations of all kinds. But a spirit said through a medium present that all those physical manifestations would cease and that in time he would address the public through his vocal organs." Mr. Hulburd said, "Gentlemen, I became well acquainted with Little Puss while living in the West and was a witness to several spiritual manifestations that seemed wonderful to me. The most wonderful one was where a face appeared on a map hanging in the room. The lips parted and smiled at me. That face resembled the face of Little Puss, only the features were larger."

Mr. Otis then said, "Gentlemen, I was one day sitting in a physician's office in Philadelphia when a military man entered holding Little Puss by the hand. They took seats and waited for the doctor to return—he being absent at the time. In about five minutes I should judge, I heard a peculiar noise as if some one was scraping the wall with a knife. The noise seemed to draw close to me. I was sitting by a table whereon laid some books. All of a sudden I heard some peculiar raps on the table. I looked up at the military man and said, 'Can you hear those raps close to my right arm here on the table?' He said, 'Oh,

yes,' in rather a peculiar way. I said, 'Justin, can you hear them?' He said, 'Otis, old Splithoof is after you,' I said to the military gentleman, 'I wonder if these raps can be in any way similar to the Rochester knockings?' He said, 'The same.' Just then he said, 'Come, Justin, let's take a walk and we will return in about half an hour.' As they got to the front door they met Doctor Hassenplug. I heard the three laughing together in the hall. When they entered the room Doctor Hassenplug was holding the Little One by the hand. He said, 'Now, Puss, I want you to look at Mr. Otis and tell me what you see around him.' He stood in the centre of the room still holding the doctor's hand. Then came in his eyes a peculiar look and he seemed to look away beyond me. After a little while he was taken with a violent fit of coughing and between the spasms of coughing he uttered these words, 'William, my boy, I am always with you and love to be near you. I am your grandfather, Asa. Do not go on that trip to Niagara Falls. I can see some accident will occur to the train. If you go, wait three days later,' and then he was taken with another fit of coughing. It just seemed to me as if his little body would be all racked to pieces, but he came out of it all right. Then the doctor said 'Billy, heed the warning, the Little One is a servant of the spirit world.' Gentlemen, the train that I was to take was wrecked near Williamsport, Penn., and a number of the passengers were severely hurt." Joseph Nagle said, "It beats hell how those mediums can tell things like that," and then we all laughed and took a glass of wine, for I was afraid we would begin to feel spooky.

After I realized that we were all in our normal condition, I said, "Now, gentlemen, I am going to unfold a tale. It is worse than when Lincoln split a rail. It is this, gentlemen: I was in love with Little Justin at one time. Then he bore the name of the 'Dashing Blanchard,' or she, if you wish to call it. Gentlemen, that Little One is a freak in nature, and I do not believe the freak is two days alike.

Now I will unfold my tale. A New York company produced at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, "The Forty Thieves." The Little One played Morgiana and was also one of the premier dancers. She did a wonderful feat. She would

stand on one toe while her other foot was almost as high as her head. She would do a pirouette and fall into the ballet master's arms. At that time, gentlemen, how I wished to God it was my arms she fell in. I had fallen in love with Little Morgiana. I was then fourteen years old and one of the gallery gods. I took my seat in the gallery every night during the engagement of "The Forty Thieves." I was desperately in love—as I thought then—with the Dashing Blanchard. She was the ideal of my dreams. She was before me in school, flitting across the stage from one toe to another. I had a vision of her in the street. She belonged all to me, at night in the gallery, at home in my room. She was the goddess that I worshipped. The last night of the play I and some other schoolboys waited at the back door of the theatre to see her come out. While standing there we saw the ballet girls and the principal members of the company come out of the stage door, two and three at a time, wending their way to their lodgings. When we had become quite tired of standing there, the back stage door opened and two military men came forth with a little person walking between them, wrapped up in a traveling shawl. The old man that attended the back door stepped out ahead of them, held the carriage door open while they entered. One of the gentlemen thrust his arm out through the window of the carriage door and placed in the old man's hand a piece of money, for which the old man thanked him. As the old man stepped back toward the stage door I intercepted him and said, "Will you be so kind as to tell me how long it will be before the 'Dashing Blanchard' comes out?" He laughed and said, "Why, bless your heart, boy, that's he that went off in that carriage with his father." "He," I said, "what do you mean by that?" "Why, you see," he said, "he's a boy in the daytime and a girl at night when he's at the theatre." That was the cause of a big laugh by my school companions, and I thought I'd wilt right there. My goddess, the idol of my dreams—a boy. All I had left in my pocket was a dime. I fished it out, putting it in the old man's hand, thanking him for his information. He said, "It's like this, boy. They're having a big time at the Continental hotel tonight and all the prominent members of the company are invited and that is why they've got him wrapped up so, be-

cause they're afraid he might take cold on the road." We bid him good night and walked away to our different homes. My dream of love was over, the castles that I had builded were scattered on the ground. My goddess was a boy and wore pants. Oh, horror of horrors. I was disgusted with myself. I never again would fall in love with anything that I saw on the stage. Little did I think then that I should break my vow and marry an actress. We all had a hearty laugh. Mr. Nagle and Mr. Otis bidding us good night, Mr. Hulburd and myself disrobed and crawled into bed, after which he told me of his experience with Little Justin, which is too long to tell here.

I met Little Justin at Hooley's theatre in Brooklyn, where I played a star engagement in the "Persecuted Dutchman." He played a young lady.

Hooley got up a company and sent me out on the road. When we got to Cincinnati I begged of Mr. Hooley to let me have Little Justin. He consented. He started from Jersey City Saturday night with the fast express. When we opened at the theatre I told the girl that had been playing the part in other towns to stand in the entrance and watch Justin, that she might pick up several points that she was lacking in.

Friday morning I received a telegram from Mr. Hooley, saying, "I have advertised the company in Chicago for one week. Justin goes with you. The company will leave Cincinnati Sunday night for Chicago." I tell you, sir, I was then a happy man to think I was going to have Justin with me in Chicago.

We did a big business in Cincinnati and also in Chicago. We had in the company Nellie Pierce, the great soprano. While we were playing in Chicago Mr. Hooley came on and said to me, "I guess I will play the company in St. Louis for a week," which turned out satisfactorily to both parties.

Justin's father, as he called him, accompanied Justin to all places. His name was Warren.

After we played in St. Louis we returned to Cincinnati for three nights. There Justin, Mr. Warren and Mr. Hooley left us, returning to New York, while the company and I went south.

I said one day while we were in St. Louis to Mr. Warren,

"How old is Little Justin?" He said, "He is in his thirty-sixth year." I said, "Heavens almighty, that can't be possible. He don't look any older than eighteen or twenty at the furthest." He said, "He was born in 1828, so you can count it up, Mr. Knight." I said, "Well, Warren, that beats the Dutch." He said, "My Little One will look young as long as he lives. I hope that he will go before I do, so that I may lay his little body away from the gaze of the people. He doesn't know how to take care of money; I have to watch him, that the professional vultures don't borrow it all from him. A good deal of the money that they have borrowed from him, Mr. Knight, has never been paid back, so I have to call a halt on that business. He is good in his profession and has great conception of character. When left to himself he is only a child, as you can see, with childish ways. It will take a long experience and many years of growth to get into his condition that he is a person growing up in years."

The day before they left Cincinnati I purchased a beautiful ring, consisting of a diamond and two pearls. I presented it to Justin before the company as a token of my appreciation for the way he played the character, and my personal love and respect for him. I selected it a little too large for his front finger and had to place it on his little thumb, at which the company enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. He thanked me kindly for the ring. Addressing the company he called them sisters and brothers and spoke to them very kindly, when he burst out crying. After he had a good cry—at which the company felt bad—he turned and kicked me and called me an old fool, saying I was the worst actor he ever saw, jumped up, threw his arms around my neck and his legs around my waist, then he kissed and hugged me, at which Mr. Hooley, Mr. Warren and the company roared with laughter. I think their laughing and applauding could have been heard quite a distance. He was a creature of emotion and loved his professional sisters and brothers. They could get everything he had. He was of such a generous nature, and no doubt some of them would leap over the bounds of generosity if not prevented from doing so by Mr. Warren, who protected him through all his walks in life as he, Mr. Warren, lived in a physical body.

Wednesday, March 11, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Wallace Ebenezer Hulburd. You see I am on deck again in order to continue my communication.

The next time that I saw Little Justin was at Hooley's Randolph street theatre, Chicago. I played a star engagement of three weeks, producing three different comedies. In each of the comedies Justin played my wife. He was then much older than when I played with him before, but it was wonderful how young he made up for the stage. He wore a blonde wig in each of the comedies, which made him look quite youthful. I remember in the first comedy he wore a green and white striped satin, trimmed with expensive Duchess lace. It was low necked with a flowing sleeve of lace, which gave the people a chance to look at his handsome arms and little hands. I think he had the most perfect neck and shoulders I ever saw on a human being. He had a Greek, classic looking face. I have been in company of ladies and gentlemen when I lived in the physical body, and it was amusing to hear the ladies speak of his beautiful neck, breast and arms. I remember a Mrs. Thompson wrote a beautiful poem on Justin, in which she described the gods and goddesses must have visited his mother while she slept to leave such a beautiful form.

After I had finished my engagement Justin went to San Francisco to play an engagement at Mr. McGuire's theatre, where I met him about three months afterward.

My wife and her sister Irena and myself were stopping at the Occidental Hotel for several weeks. We went to the theatre to see the company play one of John Hart's comedies. The comedian that played the character that John Hart played in Chicago was a dead failure and of course, the comedy went off flat. Justin played his part as good as usual, but it was impossible for him to make the comedy go as it did in Chicago.

I remember one time attending the Clark street theatre in Chicago to see Justin and John Hart in "That Husband of Mine." I think I looked upon one of the most perfect pieces of comedy that I ever had the pleasure of looking at on any stage. I think that John Hart and Justin were born comedy actors.

In "That Husband of Mine" Justin played the wife while

John Hart played the husband. They kept the audience laughing from the beginning of the comedy until the curtain went down, or I should say fell, on the last scene. That is a word we use in the theatrical profession.

After Justin returned from California Mr. Hooley secured his services to play the "Goddess of Liberty" in the Centennial piece, while I represented George Washington, the "Father of his Country," in the field among his Continental soldiers. They went through an army drill and sang at the same time a song called "A Hundred Years Ago." They say the spectacular part of it was grand as the audience looked at it from the front.

In the last scene a curtain rose up and brings into view Justin as the Goddess of Liberty in the clouds. The army comes to present, while I knelt as George Washington offering up my sword for the cause of Liberty. The Goddess looks down on me and smiles. She then strikes a tragic position in the clouds, grabbing the American flag in one hand, with the other she defies the whole world.

They say the tableau was very grand to look at. Mr. Hooley had engaged a large number of singers who were invisible to the audience. They sang the "Star Spangled Banner" while the Goddess of Liberty stood there in the clouds defying the whole world to touch the American flag.

The piece drew crowded houses. Justin then, if I might be permitted to say it, was the admiration of the people as the Goddess of Liberty.

After I had closed my engagement with Mr. Hooley I did not see Justin again until 1877, in New York, at the Broadway Theatre. That was Justin's last engagement. He was playing under the management of Mr. Bryant. One day I was passing up Broadway and as I got in front of the theatre there stood Mr. Bryant, Mr. White and Francis Wilson. I noticed that there was an open barouche standing in front of the theatre. While we were holding conversation together, in about twenty minutes after I had been standing there, Mr. Hamilton, the baritone singer of the Kellogg Opera Troupe, came out of the theatre and joined in the conversation with us. In about ten minutes more Justin came from the stage by the front way of the theatre, when Mr. Hamilton said, "Well, Little One, are you

ready?" Then he said to us gentlemen, "We are going to take a drive in Central Park. Don't some of you want to join us in the drive? It is such a lovely day." Mr. White said, "Why, yes, I can go just as well as not." This Mr. White is an old stage manager that had known Justin for many years. When the driver opened the door of the barouche Justin jumped in first, like a young boy. The other gentlemen followed after.

When the carriage had drove away Mr. Bryant said, "Knight, did you notice the Little One as he sprang into the carriage? One would think he was only twenty-one." Francis Wilson said, "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, how old is that person? I have heard old actors talk about him so much one would think he had played in Noah's ark. Why, I would not take him to be a day over thirty." Mr. Bryant laughed and said, "He is pretty near fifty." Francis Wilson said, "Is it possible? In the character of Jennie Chatterbox in the 'Crushed Comedian' she skips around like she was about eighteen." Mr. Bryant said, "I saw him play the character of a little cabin boy in a play with Charlotte Cushman at the old Chambers street theatre many years ago, and you know I'm no chicken." I spoke up and said, "Bryant, it beats me how he can make up so young. Why, I heard Mr. Jones, of the old Bowery, say that the Little One played with him nearly forty years ago, and you know, gentlemen, he is a white haired old man now."

Francis Wilson bid us good morning, Mr. Bryant and myself went over to the New York Hotel and had a glass of wine and a cigar. Mr. Bryant said to me very confidentially, "Knight, the Little One is a spiritual medium, and I believe, between you and me, that has something to do with his looking so young." I laughed and said, "Bryant, where did you hear that story? I heard the same thing from Joseph Nagle and Billy Otis, also from Madaline Hendricks and Josie Orton." Bryant then said, "I had a sitting with Charles Foster, the spiritual medium, and he told me that Justin was a medium and some day he would speak on the spiritual rostrum."

One day while I was crossing on the ferry boat to Brooklyn I stood out on the open part of the deck, conversing with Charley Thorne, of the Union Square Theatre, when Justin came out from the ladies' cabin. He approached us and said, "Gen-

tlemen, I hope you don't think you own the whole boat?" Charley Thorne clasped him in his arms, saying, "Oh, Little Puss, Little Puss—it is so long since I have een you. I haven't seen you since '68. Where are you going?" "I play in Brooklyn this week at Hooley's." Mr. Thorne then said, "I'm not in the cast this week and will come and see you tonight. Do you dance on your toes tonight?" He said, "Oh, no, Charley; I'm a little too old for that now. You see I am getting much stouter than when you saw me last. Dick," meaning Mr. Hooley, "has me play characters where I show my shape now." That made us laugh. We walked up Fulton street, Brooklyn, and as we were drawing closer to Hooley's Theatre we met Mr. Richard Hooley, who said, "Gentlemen, I am going to lunch; come and join me." After we had taken our seats in the dining room, Mr. Hooley said, "Justin, why wasn't you at rehearsal this morning?" Justin said, "I was on my way to rehearsal when I met those two gentlemen," pointing at Thorne and myself, with a plate in his hand, saying, "They have kept me talking ever since and I thank God you have rescued me from their clutches." Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "That's the way you have of getting out of it. When I left the old man White he was walking up and down the stage like a wild bull, declaring if he ever got his hands on you he'd chain you up in your dressing room." He addressed us, saying, "Gentlemen, it's almost impossible for Puss to get to rehearsal at ten o'clock, for there are so many store windows to look at." He threw his arms around Justin, saying, "Well, Little One, it will be all right in a hundred years hence when you and I will be angels flying around heaven and other planets. It will do the old man White good to rave and fume some and let off a lot of steam. You and him will harmonize better tonight." Charley Thorne laughed and said, "Puss, you've got a record for not coming too early at rehearsal; that's where the female predominates. You have to see all the new patterns hanging up in the windows for show," which caused a laugh. When Mr. Hooley drew the Little One up toward him, saying, "Don't mind, Puss, what any of them say—you've got old father Hooley to back you up and I guess he's boss of the shanty. Don't you think so, Little One?" Justin looked and laughed into Mr. Hooley's face.

saying, "You bet old man, you just run things and I help you," which brought a laugh.

After we had finished dining and Mr. Hooley had paid the bill, he addressed us, saying, "Gentlemen, let's take a ride. I don't think it's any use for Puss to get to rehearsal now. My watch says it's half past one." We walked over to the City Hall, where Mr. Hooley found a carriage that suited him. We rode through many of the principal avenues of the city. Afterward we entered the Park, as Mr. Thorne had never seen that before. We returned about six o'clock, accompanying Mr. Hooley to his hotel, where we took dinner in his private rooms. After we had finished dinner Mr. Hooley said, "Now, Puss, you go in and lie on my bed and take a nap, so that you will be able to fight old man White tonight, for I expect there will be some brimstone burning."

After he went and laid on the bed in the other room Mr. Hooley got up and shut the door very quietly. When he had resumed his chair he said, "Gentlemen, I love that Little One. He is to me just like one of my children. He has played for me so long that I feel it my duty to look after his welfare. He has got one of the worst tempers that I ever saw, yet withal he is the sweetest little mortal that I ever met. When he gets angry with me he calls me a bad second violin player and says between me and old White we'd ruin the best show that the world ever got up." Charley Thorne laughed so at that that he had to go and lie down on the sofa. Mr. Hooley said, "The Little One and Mr. White had quite a quarrel the other morning. The Little One finished it up by saying to Mr. White, 'You old brute, you ain't fit to carry swill to the hogs, damn you,' then he sat down and commenced to cry. One of the company came to me in the private office, saying, 'Mr. Hooley, you will have to come back to the stage and try to adjust things to their proper places.' I said, 'What's the matter now?' 'Oh,' he says, 'the Little One and White have had a row. The Little One is sitting on a chair crying, and says he won't rehearse till that old brute begs his pardon, but I think, Mr. Hooley, the shoe is on the other foot this morning. The way the Little One talked to Mr. White this morning was shameful.' I went back to the stage to see what I could do. I met Mr. White as I pass-

ed through my private box onto the stage. I said, 'Mr. White, what is the matter this morning?' He said, 'Puss is intolerable this morning. I can't do anything with him. He cursed and swore at me as if I had been a pirate. He finished up by calling me an old brute and said I was not fit to carry swill to hogs. Mr. Hooley, that is more than I can stand from anyone in the company.' I said, 'Mr. White, it is strange that the Little One is always to blame for these rows—don't you think that sometimes the fault lies on your side?' He said, 'Possibly, but I was not at fault this morning. We were rehearsing the scene where the heroine jumps from the dock. He jumped this morning at rehearsal from the end of the dock nearest the audience. I requested him to jump from the other end of the dock. Perhaps I did not speak as pleasant to him as I should have done. I had some difficulty this morning with Mr. Meldrum. As usual, he has been out last night drinking, and shows the effect of it this morning. I ordered him off the stage and told him to go and see you. When I spoke to Justin no doubt I spoke somewhat cross. He told me he'd jump from that end of the dock if he went plumb into hell. You know, Mr. Hooley, that will not do to have him speak to me like that before the company at rehearsal.' I went over to where Little Justin was sitting and said, 'Puss, what is the matter this morning?' He said to me, 'Ah, go and lie down and die.' I thought Charley Thorne would go into a fit with laughter. I said to the Little One, 'Come, come, that's no way to talk. Let's see if we can't straighten out things. Here's the whole company waiting to get through rehearsal.' He looked up at me, surprised, and said, 'Oh, are they? I thought they'd all gone home to dinner,' which brought a smile from the company. Cool White, who had gone down in front and taken a reserved seat, jumped up and roared out, 'If he don't beat hell, my name's not Cool White.' I said, 'White, come; get up on the stage here and let us go through the rehearsal.' When Mr. White had got onto the stage the Little One went up and shook hands with him, saying, 'How goes it, old man, and how's all the little Whites?' which caused a big laugh from the company. White threw his arms up into space, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, of all the people I ever met in my professional career, this one

takes the cake.' I said to Mr. White, 'You hand me the manuscript and let rehearsal commence over again.'

'When we got to the part where the heroine jumps from the dock into the river, may I be eternally beeswaxed if Puss wasn't right, after all. It was from that corner of the dock she was to jump. I called Mr. White's attention to it, when he said, 'Well, I'll be damned—the Little One was right, after all.' We both burst out into a hearty laugh, when White said, 'The Little One nor I did not understand just which corner she was to jump from. You see, Mr. Hooley, I got so upset and confused by the actions of that Bob Meldrum that I had to order him off the stage and did not look at the manuscript at the time when she jumped from the dock.'

'After rehearsal was over, Mr. White went to the Little One and apologized, saying, 'You were right, Puss, and I was wrong.' The Little One looked up at Mr. White and laughed, saying, 'Kiss me, you old galoot.' Mr. White sat down on a chair, took the Little One on his lap, kissed and hugged him, saying, 'You'll forgive old uncle White, won't you?' The Little One said, 'Of course I do.' He slipped his little hand inside of Mr. White's vest and went fast asleep. Mr. White carried him in to my private box and sat down in my easy chair and held the Little One until he woke up out of his sleep. They both came to my private office, holding each other's hands. My brother John laughed and said, 'They are just like two old sweet-hearts.' Why, gentlemen, Mr. White wouldn't think of producing a new piece without Puss had a character in it to play. They quarrel quite frequently, but I know that Mr. White thinks as well as I do that Little Puss is one of the sweetest creatures in the world. Gentlemen, he is a freak in nature, but God has given him a soul as pure as any angel in heaven. I love the Little One with a father's love and hope the spirit of Mr. Warren will come back, protect and guide his Little One, for that man Warren would willingly sacrifice his life for his Little One.' We all said Amen, and drank to the health of Little Justin.

We went from the hotel to the theatre and occupied Mr. Hooley's private box for the evening. Justin played a character in the comedy called "Little Sauce Box," and a saucier individual you never saw on the stage.

We will continue at another time, as they say the grip has left him somewhat weak, so that I cannot finish today.

Thursday, March 12, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. What a lovely morning it is. Everything looks so green and fresh. Now, if your ground was dry it would be well for your medium to take a nice walk. It is strange to see him walk so feeble. When I look back, how quick and energetic he was; Mr. Hooley named him "Steam Engine," he was so full of life and vigor. Here he lies upon this couch, a feeble old person of seventy-five years. His hair is white and his eyes are dim. That bright luster that used to light up his eyes and give such expression to his face I see is dim and faded now. I never thought forty years ago that his physical body would live to the age of seventy-five. His life was such a strange one, sometimes it was brilliant and at other times cloudy. It is wonderful to think how much a little physical body like his can endure, but Mr. Hulburd, if you could see, realize and understand it all as I do, then you would see he was held in his little physical body by spirit power. They had a work for him to do and the span of life in his little physical body is almost run out now. Did you ever stop to think how they led him through the rebellion between the North and the South? The ins and outs of his workings would fill a volume itself. Little did I think when I gazed upon that "Goddess of Liberty" in the fall of 1876 that I was looking upon Abraham Lincoln's private spy. I wondered that I had never seen anything in the newspapers about it. Mr. Warren and Mr. Lincoln tell me in spirit life it was held a secret between them. Mr. Lincoln said, "My closest friends, not even my wife, knew anything about it. I had given my solemn oath to Mr. Warren that I would keep it a secret, and I did so, even after I had left my body. I also kept it a secret until the medium's band had a desire to give a history of his life. Then Mr. Warren and myself were willing that the public should know Justin was my private spy. I gave my communication as an understanding between the band and myself that it would not be read to the public until the book was published."

You see, or at least you understand, perhaps a Southern bullet would yet reach his heart—that is, a bullet fired by a

Southern fire-eater. There are Southern men and women living today that if they knew he had been Lincoln's private spy they would attempt to kill his physical body in some way, either by a dagger, poison or a bullet. The spirit world is a great place for settling up accounts, and his spirit band knows what is best for him. They will endeavor to keep him in his physical body until the work is finished.

No doubt the reading public will wonder why he did not write up his own life, but they have yet to realize that he is no scholar. You and I realize that, and also did the theatrical managers realize it.

While I was playing an engagement at Hooley's theatre I was surprised at rehearsal by listening to Mr. White reading the Little One's part for him, and the Little One repeating the lines after him. When rehearsal was over I went to Mr. White and said, "Why don't you let him read it himself?" He said, "Oh, bless your heart, George, he can't read writing; he has no education." I said, "No education—how comes it that he pronounces his words so perfect on the stage?" He said, "You've got me, George. I nor anyone else seems to be able to solve that riddle." I said, "And is that the only way that he learns his part, by you reading it each morning at rehearsal?" He said, "He knows it now—you will see tomorrow morning he will be letter perfect. I only read it for him once, as the boys say he seems to have a memory like a horse. You will find that he can prompt anyone in the piece at night, if they should forget any of their lines." I said, "That is marvelous. I have never heard of any such thing before since I entered the profession." He said, "Nor I; Little Puss is a mystery to us all. Did you pay attention to that peculiar laugh he gives in the mad scene this week? Isn't that heartrending?" The first night he gave that mad laugh it sent a cold chill down my back. Lucille Western said she believed that sometimes the spirits played through Puss. You know Edwin Booth thinks his father has a strong influence over him in his acting and the old man has been dead for a good many years. You watch Little Puss tonight in the scene where she tells of her love to the count, and he is surprised to think that a peasant girl dare speak to him of her love. Watch when he insults her—how she rises

to the dignity of a queen and calls him a low born, base wretch. That God had made a mistake and placed him in a castle. When the count asks her why God had made a mistake and placed him in a castle she said, "It was one of many of the mistakes that God had made, since hell was too good for such a brute as him." George, my boy, let me tell you, that is no common piece of acting." I watched her that night and when the scene was finished I wondered how all that force of character had got into that little body. In the mad scene when the count tantalizes her about her virtue she gave the most fiendish laugh I ever heard, then stabs him. When he falls upon the marble terrace then the people rush in and the king demands, "What does this mean?" She says, "This means what you call death. Feed the carcass to the swine, for he was only a hog when he lived." She gives another one of those fiendish laughs and kicks the count's body.

Then the king cries, "Sieze her and place her in the dark dungeon." Just then she gives another fiendish laugh, which terrifies them, and the curtain falls on the scene. As Mr. White said, it was no common piece of acting. It was wonderful how much vim and fire could come from such a little person. The world and its history speaks of strange freaks in nature. Little Puss was one of those strange freaks.

I went to his dressing room afterward. There he sat curled up on a lounge, eating a cheese sandwich and drinking a big schooner of beer. I said, "Puss, can you get away with all that beer?" He said, "Of course: big folks have to have big things to keep their strength up." He laughed and said, "Oh, how I will sock it to them now in the last act," and he did as he said.

When they called for him to come out before the curtain, he threw kisses to all parts of the house, saying, "Divide that among you," then she walked forward to the orchestra and said to the leader, "Fiddle, John my boy." They played a dancing tune and she danced off the stage, while Mr. White held the curtain back for her.

Now it is my desire to speak of myself. When my spirit left its body I was not as crazy as they thought I was. I recognized those present in the room. They did not understand it and my spirit passed from its body. It went through the tran-

sition called Death. When I came to a realization of myself and my surroundings in spirit life I had the pleasure of looking upon many of my old friends that I had known when living in a physical body. I addressed them and said, "Is this what you call Heaven?" Sher Campbell said, "George, this is spirit life. What mediums call the spirit world, there is a great variety of locations here and you must build your own Heaven and choose your own location. Soul attraction is the great power here. We, your friends, came to receive you on this side of life. Now, George, we will conduct you to our location. When you have rested then it will be decided to which group you belong." I said, "But where are all the angels that have wings and are constantly flying around in space?" My friends laughed and said, "We have discovered none yet. George, you must have been reading the bible or looking on some of those demented pictures produced by a weak brained artist where you saw on the canvass a group of angels with wings hovering around a haggard looking saint, only fit for the madhouse." They all laughed and said, "Come, leave your visionary ideas behind—we will lead you into the presence of true angels without wings, but lots of will power; men and women that performed good deeds while living in their physical bodies and are now enjoying their reward by living in a true Paradise here in spirit life."

I was led to a beautiful location where a group of true angels resided. I saw they had a great power, and they put it into use by helping others. I felt this is indeed the true Heaven of the soul. I shall abide here for a time and become a pupil of the great Master's life. I made the discovery that the soul within me only understood true religion. That religion that I had learned and witnessed in earth life was only man made religion without any true God in it. I had come here to spirit life to realize what true religion was and found it was the religion of the soul, "See that ye love one another."

I thank you for taking down my communication and will leave my love for Little Puss. I bring the love of your family. I have met them all in spirit life and we are listening to the great teacher, Searchlight. I once more thank you and bid you good day. The next spirit that will follow me will be Rose Conklin.

Rose Conklin

Chapter XXVI

Wednesday, March 18, 1903.

Well, old man, do you think you can accommodate me by taking down what I have to say? If you think you can, why, I'll go right ahead. Mr. Warren said if I came here he thought you would be capable of giving to the public what I have to say.

Now, I want first to tell you about my family and myself. My maiden name was Rose Conklin—that is, if I ever was a maiden. I sometimes think I was born grown up; I went through so much while I lived in a physical body. My father's name was John Conklin. He was born at Perth, Scotland. His parents brought him to New York when he was ten years old. His father, Robert Conklin, was a bookkeeper in the old Astor House, New York City. His mother kept a fashionable millinery establishment on Broadway, near Maiden Lane. It was called Madame Conklin's fashionable millinery establishment. That was over a hundred years ago.

My father, John Conklin, studied under an English artist by the name of Wells. When he grew to manhood, he became a scene painter and painted some of the scenery for the old Chambers street theatre. Afterward he painted scenery for the Bowery theatre. His father and mother left him considerable means, but he became a great speculator and lost most of his fortune in that way. My mother came from a Connecticut family by the name of Hulburd. Her great grandfather's name was Horace Hulburd. Her grandmother's name was Flora Smith, whose ancestors came from Dundee, Scotland. Her father's name was Hiland Hulburd. Hiland Hulburd brought his family to New York City and went into business somewhere on Chatham street, New York. My mother, whose name was El-

mira Hulburd, was born in Hartford, Conn. I was born on Broome street, the fifth door east of Centre street. The number I have forgotten. My father, mother and I were a very happy, and you might say a jolly lot. A kinder man than my father I do not think ever was born, and my mother tried to please his every wish. I was the idol of their hearts. Before my father passed out of his body I received a pretty fair schooling. When I was a girl about ten years of age I was always skipping and dancing around. One day at the dinner table father said, "I guess we will have to send our girl to dancing school." When father spoke those words I was one of the happiest girls you ever saw. I was sent to a dancing school that bore the name of Brook's Academy. I was one of the students in that school for three years. His tuition in dancing did not suit me—it was too old-fashioned. Then I became the pupil of Henrietta Lang, a magnificent dancer.

My father passed out of his body when I was fourteen years of age. Henrietta Lang educated me for a stage dancer. I made my debut at the old Broadway theatre during one of Mr. Forrest's engagements. Mr. Forrest became smitten on me—or in other words, he professed to become fascinated with my appearance and dancing. I bore him a child, a son, one month before I was sixteen years old. He gave me five hundred dollars, as he was a married man and could not marry me. A Mr. and Mrs. Medford wanted me to give them the child, as they had no children. I sold the child to them for a gold watch and chain, as I did not wish to raise it. I had no affection for children. I came into the world without a mother love.

My stage name was Flora Smith. I danced an engagement afterward at the Bowery theatre. While there I married a man by the name of Coldridge. After I was married to him about three months I made the discovery that he was a married man and had a wife and family in England. He deserted me and returned to England. In time I became a mother and sold my child for a black silk coat to a widow lady by the name of Rivington. After I gave my baby away I went to the Boston Museum. After that I went to the Museum, Lowell, Mass. While there I married a handsome actor by the name of Robert Meldrum. By this time I commenced to play speaking parts. Mr.

Meldrum and I lived together only two weeks. He came in one day under the influence of liquor. While in conversation he called me a vile name, because I scolded him for drinking. When he called me that vile name I lifted a poker that stood by the fireplace. I struck him on the head with it, cutting quite a gash. I collected what things I had in the room belonging to me and left him lying on the floor with his head in a pool of blood. I went to the theatre, packed my trunk, had a boy call a carriage for me and was taken to the Boston depot. That night I left Boston for New York City. In New York City a Mr. Conway was getting up a company for New Orleans. I engaged for walking lady, signing a contract for one year. While playing in New Orleans Edwin Forrest came to New Orleans to play a star engagement. With him was this medium, who played the boy in William Tell. There was where I first met this medium.

Mr. Meldrum got a divorce and I married Mr. Conway in New Orleans. We lived together three years. I bore him two sons; they were called in life the Conway brothers. They were musical individuals. They traveled through the United States, and also through Europe.

I became tired of Mr. Conway, left him and went to Cuba with a man by the name of Salvador. I danced for some time at the theatre in Havana. While there I learned to speak Spanish. After living in Havana five years I returned to New York in company with a man by the name of Cheveanea.

By that time I had tired of the theatrical profession. I found it harder work than I liked to indulge in all the time. While playing in New Orleans I made the discovery I could read people's minds. I was what you call today a mind reader. I practiced it quite largely in Havana. It came to me while living at the hotel in New York that I might start out as a wonderful fortune teller. I made a study of palmistry, read everything I could find on the subject, and practiced it in the evening in the parlor of the hotel, just for fun. Many of the guests of the hotel came there to have me read the lines of their hands. Between reading their mind and the lines of their hand, sometimes I would make quite a hit.

In some way Mr. P. T. Barnum, of Barnum's Museum,

heard of me and called to see me. I was then stopping at a hotel that bore the name of Lovejoy's Hotel. He made arrangements with me to open at the Museum as the great Madame Montague from Paris, France, who could tell the past, the present, and the future—she could read your very soul and tell you just what you were thinking of at the moment. I gave sittings to over seven thousand people while at Barnum's Museum. It was at the old Museum that burned down, at the corner of Ann street and Broadway.

While at Barnum's Museum my mother made a visit to Philadelphia. She wrote me she was in love with the Quaker City. I wrote her in return if she loved that city so much and would like to live there I would purchase a home for her in that city. I did so, with the assistance of Barnum. I bore a child to Mr. Barnum, which only lived three weeks.

During the time that I was giving sittings to the public a Doctor Newton had a sitting with me and claimed it was wonderful. He wrote a lengthy article for a Sunday paper, in which he said I was the wonder of the age, and that my powers were marvelous.

The Fox girls, of Rochester fame, were living then, I think, on 18th street. I will not be sure, but I think it was either 18th or 17th street. I remember the eldest one's name was called Mrs. Leah Underhill and the one they call Margaret was present during my visit. I went with Mr. P. T. Barnum on a Sunday afternoon. While there we heard the spiritual raps. I also made the discovery that those raps came to me; as I did not understand them, why, I thought nothing of it. Mr. Barnum said, "This lady," meaning me, "has such raps as those come to her." Just then it was rapped out on the table and spelled through the letters of the alphabet, "You are a medium for psychic power," and as I did not understand the word psychic I commenced to laugh and the raps stopped. Mr. Barnum and I left the house, he saying to me while riding down town in the carriage, "You must cultivate that power and try to work up the trance business that they talk so much about." I claimed after that to go into trances, but I never entered the legitimate trance state in my life—that is, I mean I never was entranced as your medium is to give communications of any kind.

Mr. Barnum and I had a falling out over a woman in his stock company. She was beautiful and he presented her with diamond earrings. My temper got the best of me. I struck the woman and knocked her down. I thought I had killed her. I left the Museum and went to Trenton, N. J., where I lived a secluded life for two months.

My nature could not stand to be shut away from public life. I went to Philadelphia and made my mother a visit. While there I made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Larue, and went with him to New Orleans, entering a French opera company that came there during the winter; sailed from New Orleans to Liverpool, England, Mr. Larue accompanying me; set up in business in London, England, under the name of Madame Larue, the wonder of the age, the only rival of the Fox girls. Stayed there three months, went with Mr. Larue to Paris, France, and started in there as the great psychic of the time. In the meantime I had discovered what the word psychic meant. Mr. Larue said that would be the best, to put an advertisement in the paper as the "Great Psychic."

While in Paris I became acquainted with a man who said he was Count Beleina. He presented me with a diamond necklace. I left Larue in the night while he was away at the gaming table, fled with Beleina to Nice, where we were quietly married; from there we went to Florence, Italy. We had only been there two weeks when a paragraph in the newspaper one morning said, "The bogus Count Beleina, whom the detectives have discovered, is the notorious Henri Mordaunt, notorious burglar and forger." They had made the discovery that this Mordaunt had committed a big diamond robbery and I, the miserable Countess Beleina, was wearing some of those stolen diamonds. He made his escape that night in a fisherman's boat. I never saw him afterward.

I thought that evening I would dress as usual, wear my diamonds and cause a sensation among the women.

He came to me about two o'clock in the morning, after I had returned to our rooms, saying he was going to take a little sail with a party of gentlemen. As he embraced me to kiss me good bye he placed a white silk handkerchief to my nose, held me by the back of the head, preventing me from crying out.

I struggled with him, but he held me there and I became insensible. The handkerchief was saturated with chloroform. I was found next day lying on the floor with the white silk handkerchief lying by the side of my face. He had gone, taking all my diamonds with him, even to the diamond pin in my hair. I was sick in bed for six days. He forgot to take my money, of which I had considerable.

As soon as I was able to travel I left for England, arriving in London I went once more into the extravagant business of fortune telling. After I had been in that business for about nineteen months I returned to America, my native land, with a man by the name of Gerard Bine. That was during the "Black Crook" days at Niblo's Garden. We lived happily together for two years, he receiving money from England every month. He became infatuated with one of the dancers in the "Black Crook." Then he tired of me. I demanded of him that he give me some money. He gave me five hundred dollars. I left him and joined a burlesque company, taking the name of Flora Trenchard. After I was with the burlesque company three months I joined a dramatic company that played musical comedies. The managers' names were Warren & Clifford. Your little medium was the star of the company, under the name of the Dashing Blanchard.

After Mr. Warren passed from his physical body a Madame Jovetti and your medium, whom the managers advertised on the large posters as the "Dashing Mazareah," and myself, joined a "Black Crook" company traveling south.

While in Memphis, Tenn., a man by the name of Menken became fascinated with your medium, thinking he was a real woman, and followed him to the different cities until the company reached New Orleans. There Mr. Carr informed Mr. Menken that the "Dashing Mazareah" was of both sexes, the female predominating. Mr. Menken was not daunted in the least at the information he had received, but proposed marriage to the "Dashing Mazareah." She told him he had better return to his home, for she could not bring children into the world. He said he did not care for that, he was in love with her and wanted her for a companion. He presented her with a diamond star to wear in her hair. He did not return home, but traveled with

us to all the different cities en route to New York City. After we arrived in New York City your medium disappeared. Mr. Menken hung around New York for some time, then also left.

The next time I heard of your medium he was in San Francisco. I made an engagement with Mr. McCullough to go to San Francisco. I arrived on a Sunday night and your medium left on the Monday morning following.

The next time we met was in Washington, D. C. There I married a military officer whose name I will not disgrace by giving it to the public. We lived happily together for ten years, when he passed from his physical body. Then I went to live with a notorious gambler by the name of Charles Van Pelt, and we took up our residence in Philadelphia. I entered into my old trade again, fortune telling, this time under the name of Madame Van Pelt. My man, Charles Van Pelt, shared his time between Philadelphia and New York, most of the time in New York. He passed away in New York City. At the Philadelphia Museum for two months I told fortunes. During the time Madame Meyer, the "bearded lady," was on exhibition. After that I became sickly and passed out of my physical body at my mother's home in Philadelphia.

I am, no doubt, or was, what the world would call a wicked woman. I was born with that nature and something seemed to lead me on—possibly you would call it Destiny. There it was and I fulfilled that mission by living an abandoned life. Many of the women that I met in life and were looked upon as respectable married women, were worse than I was. They were hypocrites and lived a life of hypocrisy and deceit. They would draw their skirts in around them when they met a poor Magdalen in the street. That is a thing that I never was guilty of in all my life, from girlhood up till old age. When the unfortunate creatures would appeal to me in the streets for money to get something to eat, I always shared with them by giving them part of the money that I had in my possession then. I never was what you would call a polished lady. I had commanding beauty and men became my victims, while I at certain portions of my life became the victim of men, becoming a mother in such cases. My child by Edwin Forrest I met in Switzerland. He was then twenty-four, and an artist and traveling with his par-

ents. While in Italy, in the city of Rome, he took a fever which left him blind. At the age of twenty-four he looked the perfect image of his father. His foster parents had a daguerrotype of Mr. Forrest when he was a young man. They showed it to me and it could have passed for their foster son. I was the mother of twin boys. Mr. Warren was their father. He made the request with the others that I should come here and give a communication, which I thank you for taking down.

I always had a jolly time in life, being the possessor of a happy nature. I never took trouble seriously, as other folks did. I went it for all it was worth. I am glad that I have got that off my mind now, and feel much happier. I know I can progress, as I came into the world to live in a physical body with such a nature that I felt I must live it out, no matter what the consequence was, so you see you did not get from me a scholarly communication, for I was not capable of giving one.

I leave my love for Little Justin. He will remember Flora Smith. I once more thank you, and will bid you good day.

The Count Beleina mentioned in this communication is my spirit mate. He was born of a wealthy French family who became poor, and could not come down to a menial position and therefore became a burglar, but he never killed anyone.

Once more I say good day.

Poem

Chapter XXVII

To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Somers, from their son, Willie.

When at eventide
Mamma, I glide to your side,
And ethereal rings I bring,
Out of the inner consciousness, I sing
Of God and His holy love,
That fills the realms above.

To you and papa a blossom has been born,
She is a wild rose without a thorn,
And every laugh of her dark eye,
Bears a mystic spell out of the sky.
But be careful of the winter throes,
Or you may lose your blossoming rose.

I stand and laugh with perfect glee,
At all the animated antics that I see,
You must not think it hard to bear,
But only a loving, watchful care
That an inner life and soul can bear,
And with papa all this you can share.

Watch her until the age of nine,
Her health will give a heaven-born sign,
Through her I will live part of the time,
See if her eyes do not sparkle like mine.
I like to live in your realm of love
And watch you from my home above.

Olive and her are two loving doves
And require an inner parent's love.
You and papa must with one accord
Give from out your spiritual board.
While nestling under your mother's wing,
Their inmost thoughts to you will sing.

They will bring sunshine in your home,
So you will never feel you are alone.
I think how happy it is to be
One of the three buds that love thee.
And with a boyish, happy grace
Burst the bars and broken the trace.

From your home to mine is not far,
As I hold the gates for you ajar,
That you and all may pass through,
Since God has love for all of you.
Bear this always in your mind,
I love to tell it in my simple rhyme.

In our spirit life we understand
How God holds destiny in his hand.
It makes us sad to see the passer by
Give forth a broken hearted cry,
That swells up from their inner life
Of downcast husband and wife.

Keep this out of your home,
For it lets people wander alone.
Enshrine your hearts with love's dart,
For each with God must play a part,
Only in him can you find rest,
To live with the spiritual blest.

When at even's heavenly tide,
Mamma and papa I glide to your side,
To watch the beating of your heart,

As I am interested and take a part
Of all that in your household transpires,
And love to kindle it with spiritual fires.

Every flower that in your home doth bloom,
Must sometime take to her a bridegroom
And pass into a world of strife,
Bless them, they are part of your life.
Some day they will have little buds,
And must ward off the cruel thuds.

Let our souls in aspiration rise,
And glean with the Ruths of our beautiful skies,
Our rhythm must be great and grand,
So that the angels may understand.
Give my love to each and all,
For this is my letter in the fall.

Tell grandpa I am glad he don't smoke, like the chimney.
With love, Willie.

Captain Matt Clary

Chapter XXVIII

Wednesday, January 7, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I come here with Thorne—Doctor Thorne—perhaps you have heard of him. Well, he said if I'd come here and give a communication I could give it in my own way, and by George, that's just what I'll do. You ain't going to get none of your high flown ones like some of them you've got, talking about stars and suns and moons and comets. I never was one of those kind of men. I don't know anything about the beginning of the world nor I don't care anything about the end of it. I'm here—that I know. About the rest of it, I don't give a damn. I'll take it as it comes.

Well, first and foremost, I want to correct a straight lie that was given out to the world in my name. There was a fellow by the name of Bliss that had a publication for some time called the "Axe," who said to the public that I was at the head of one of his departments. That is a lie. When I came to spirit life it was all I could do to look after myself, to live down and work out many of the errors that I had committed while living in the body. About fifty or sixty mediums said I controlled their forces and many of them said I was their principal guide. That's another straight lie. The first one that I ever tried to control was Justin. I wanted to talk to my wife, but did not make a good success of it, as I was so impatient to let my loved ones hear from me. I have controlled several since with good success.

Why I come here today is to please Joshua Thorne. I believe that is the name they used to call him. He said I could help to enlighten the public about Justin's mediumship.

I met my old friend Denton the other day. I told him that I was going to try and give a communication through Justin's

organ of speech. He said, "Well, Clary, now try and keep calm and collect your thoughts. When you lived in your physical body you always put me in mind of a big, overgrown boy, puffing off steam whenever you got an opportunity to do so." I said, "Professor, that was the character of the animal; if I couldn't puff and blow it just seemed to me I'd burst." There was brother Dooley and myself, we puffed and blowed a good deal when things didn't suit us—that is, when things wasn't to our liking in spiritualism. We thought the spirits ought to do as we wanted them to. I especially, thought I was a big gun in the ranks of spiritualism.

When I passed through what they call death and came to an understanding of myself on the spirit side of life, I made the discovery that I was a big, egotistical boy and so had to come down a peg or two. I was so surprised when I made the discovery that which I thought was glorious to me in the physical body, here in spirit life turned out to be all a sham. When I lived in the physical body I was made up of conceit and thought no one knew how to take care of a medium like I did. Since I've come to spirit life my great surprise has been to discover that quite frequently my influence was bad upon a medium. As I came en rapport with the medium I brought to bear all my egotistical conceit and through that vainglorious condition I was a detriment to them in place of a blessing. I was good to mediums and did all I could for them, being always generous with my money, which some of them can testify to today—that is, those that are living in a physical body. I wanted to be kind to all those who I thought to be mediums, but sometimes overdid it. I would give to those who did not require it in great abundance, while to others that did require it I gave but little, so I have discovered since I entered spirit life.

When I first became acquainted with Little Justin he was in company of a man by the name of Meyer. I went to Meyer's place of business on Main Street, Kansas City. There I saw Little Justin talking to a number of people who had called to see them. I never went to their place but there was always about a dozen people there to talk with them on the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

One evening when I called Justin came toward me, saying,

"Old man, you're going to make a change. Fannie tells me you're going to move to Kansas City after awhile." I told him I guessed not, and that Fannie was mistaken. All of a sudden she controlled him, saying, "Oh, no, brother; I am not mistaken. You will move here to Kansas City inside of two years and you will have residing at your home for awhile a woman that bears the name of Mrs. Bliss." Which all came to pass. This Fannie was a sister of my beloved wife and came to me whenever the opportunity presented itself.

While Professor Denton was lecturing in Kansas City, I went to the hall earlier than usual. It was called the Board of Trade Hall. While I was sitting there talking to Professor Denton, Little Justin, Mr. Denton's son, who traveled with him, and a Mr. Camferdam, came into the hall. Professor Denton said to me, "You see that little fellow there, walking with my son and that other gentleman? Well, he is one of the finest mediums I ever met. I've had three sittings with him and he will not accept any pay whatever. His guides tell me he will always get something to eat and a place to sleep. Therefore, they do not permit him to make any charge for his mediumship. Mr. Clary, he tells me—that is, his guide does through him—that I will pass out of my body inside of a year. The cause will be malignant fever." And would you believe it, friend Hulburd, it came to pass.

When they got up to where we were sitting in the hall I saw Justin had a mean scowl on his face. He came up to me, struck me on the breast, saying, "You old duffer, you got away from me in the body, but you can't get away from me now, damn you. I'm going to make it hotter than all hell for you while you're living in the body. Look in your pockets tonight and see if everything is all right." I laughed and said, "I guess my spirit guides will take care of me."

I thought then I was surrounded by a powerful band of spirits. Mediums had puffed me up with that notion and I believed it confidently. I thought me and my band could do most anything. There's where I was weak. That night when it came time to go to bed I remembered what that spirit had said. I looked all through my clothes and when I came to the pocket where I kept my money I found it was gone, and also a bunch

of keys. Some of those keys belonged to the railroad, as I was a conductor on the cars running out of Kansas City. I never told anyone of this spirit, not even my beloved wife, to whom I told most everything. He kept his word and hounded me while I lived in the body. When I passed from my body I was almost crazy with the pain and noise that was in my head.

One afternoon after Little Justin had moved to Grand Avenue—it seems to me the number was 1416 Grand Avenue—I made a call on him and found there at his home Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lee and their little daughter Carrie. Mr. Lee was president of the transfer company; also there was a Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their little girl, whose name I do not remember; Doctor Thorne and wife and a Mr. Olmstead, who was in the lumber business. When I entered the room the Indian girl, Rosa, had control of Justin and was talking to the friends. As I entered the room she said, "Look at the old steam engine," meaning, I belonged to the cars.

Just then Mr. Meyer's sister came up from the basement and asked me to be seated on the sofa, as I was a large sized man. I did as she requested. Rosa said to Mr. Lee, "Brave Lee, I see a big change coming for you. You're going away back on the screecher." That is what she called a train of cars. Some of her words I did not always understand. It came true. In less than three months the Lees removed from Kansas City, sold their home and went back to Syracuse, New York, and located there. Mrs. Lee said to Rosa, "Old sweetheart, I don't like to have you tell us that." Rosa said, "Squaw Lee, I can't help it—squaw Howard says you got to go," and so they did.

In about half an hour after I got there they all left, I alone remaining. After they had departed Rosa said to me, "Steam engine, you are in trouble. That's what brings you to the wigwam." I said, "Yes, Rosa, that's what brings me here. I want to see if you can advise me what to do." She said, "Yes, I can, brave." I said, "What shall I do?" She said, "Take your medicine like a man—you can't get out of it any other way." She used a good many of the phrases of that time that the young folks would teach her. She was a straightforward spirit and never used any flattery or hypocrisy. I took my medicine and lost by it.

At another time I called to see Justin. I found ex-Mayor Chase, his wife, a Mrs. Bullene and another lady whose name I cannot recall just now. While we were sitting and conversing in the room an old Scotch lady entered. I think her name was Mrs. Gillespie. She led into the room by the hand another old lady who seemed to be quite timid. When they had become seated Mrs. Gillespie said, "Justin, I have brought this friend of mine, who is in trouble about getting her pension."

Let me say a word here. Many men and women would come to Justin when they were in trouble to see if his guides would not give them some advice how to overcome the trouble.

When Mrs. Gillespie had told her story about her friend Justin turned around and said to Mr. Chase, "You can help this lady to straighten out matters." Mr. Chase said he would do what he could for the lady and would look into the matter later on. Just then a spirit controlled Justin's forces and said, "I am all to blame for this trouble. I was a rebel at heart, by profession a physician. I hated everything that was Yankee. When this woman's husband was dying I was called in to prescribe for him, they not knowing my feelings were all with the South and that I hated everything in the North. When I was left alone with the patient in the room I placed to his nostrils a vial containing chloroform, from which he passed into a sleep and never woke up in the physical body again. I gave them a certificate of burial. Then this woman, his wife, applied for a pension. She had to procure my evidence as to the cause of his death. I made her a visit at her home and told her if she would consent to the proposition I would make her I would assist her in getting a pension. If she did not I would prevent her from getting one. She would not submit to my conditions. I gave my evidence and she received no pension. When living in a body I was known as Doctor Taylor. I come now to make wrong right. You will find in my book a certificate telling of the true condition of the death of your husband. My brother has that book in his possession. You call upon him and tell him that you wish to procure a copy of a description of a soldier's death. It is on page nineteen. You give the name and he will find it for you."

I was informed afterward that Mrs. Gillespie and the wo-

man called at the man's house, received a copy of the written statement, through which she finally received a pension through a pension agent whose name was Bungart, and was in the business at that time.

We all left together, I making arrangements with Justin for that evening. As we were leaving the house I heard a voice very distinctly say, "Come back in an hour; then you will find him alone." I returned in an hour, bringing with me a large paper sack full of fine bananas, as I knew Justin was fond of them. We went to a room on the second floor, where Justin said we would be quiet and safe from all intruders.

After we had entered the room he locked the door. We sat down to a table and remained quiet for some time, neither one of us speaking to the other. Some raps came on the table. They left the table, commenced to rap on a painting that was hanging on the wall. After that everything seemed to grow black to me and in that black cloud I saw a female spirit who stood there weeping as if her heart would break. I thought I heard her say, "Oh, my boy, my boy, I wish it had been otherwise, but the mills of the gods grind slow but sure." Then the vision passed away and Justin was controlled by my enemy. The first thing he said was, "Pat Clary." That is what he always called me to tantalize me. He said, "Pat Clary, I told you I'd make it hell for you. You're going to lose your place. They've set a trap for you and you'll have to get out. That isn't all you're going to lose, either. Among other things, you're going to lose the respect of this medium."

It came true. I lost my position and other things besides. When the medium came out from under the trance he looked at me with vicious eyes, saying, "Matt Clary, there's a great deal of sham about you, and I do not want you to come to this house again. The spirit of Mrs. Watrous stands by you and shows me her condition—what it was and what it is now. Leave this house and never come here again."

I hated him from that minute, slandered his character, saying many things about him that there was no truthful foundation to whatever.

When I first became acquainted with him, had I only listened to the good advice spirit Fannie gave me, the last of my

life would have been entirely different. I know there are many living in a spirit embodiment that will say, "This does not sound like Capt. Clary, but it sounds like the soul of Matt Clary." Those that are living in the body only saw me and my body through a rose tinted glass. Everything on the surface looked beautiful. My wife—God bless her—discovered all that was good in me and loved me for it. Those that live in a physical body cannot always understand the depth of a soul (rap.) Deep down in that soul swells up and brings the purity of the depth to the surface. Here in spirit life we are known for what we are. The good that we have done counts for much. The evil holds us down and will hold us down until we have paid the penalty of our earth crimes while living in a physical body, but the great spirit of Truth and Love is ever ready to help us on to the path of Virtue and Truth, where sometimes we will all be merged into the beauties of Nature Love.

We will continue at another time.

Thursday, January 8, 1903.

Good morning, friend Hulburd. This is a glorious morning. Such a morning as this cheers up the human race. I wish they had some of these fine days that you are having here, back east where they are having those terrible blizzards. Those are terrible storms for the children of men to encounter or brace up against, especially during this coal famine. Oh, how my soul goes out to the poor of the human race. Just think of it. How they sit in their cold tenement rooms in cellars and up in garrets, half fed and poorly clad, with hardly any fire to keep their bodies warm, while you here are having such bright, sunny days and lots of wood to burn when you require it to keep you warm.

This is one of the most delightful spots on the face of the earth, did you but know it. If you could only foresee what the spirits do you would see that there will be millions of souls living in California, and especially a large portion of them will live in Southern California.

I can see at the present time down toward the coast there is that want of water that the soil requires. That will be entirely overcome after awhile. They will dam up all these great canyons in the mountains here with immense stone walls. Many of them will have the thickness of over a hundred feet. The

canyons will become great reservoirs for the purpose of storing up large bodies of water. The time will come when people will forget all about the scarcity of water. The children that are born now, when they grow up to manhood and womanhood will read through the publications of the press about the drouths and scarcity of water that was in Southern California before they were born. It will only be something to them that was connected with the past. When they get to be men and women water will be in abundance and the country will be in a flourishing condition all through this country. And the desert will make an immense back country for San Diego. That cry that I hear at the present among the old croakers, "There's no back country to San Diego," will die out and if any individual should express themselves in such a manner they will be laughed at. I see a grand future for San Diego.

In spirit life I have met Margaret Jameson, that grand medium of Kansas City. I think she was one of the truest mediums I ever met. She has forgiven me for the mean things I said about her. I would not have said them, had it not been that I wanted to brag up another woman. Oh, friend Hulburd, it is a glorious thing to know those that you have wronged have the power to forgive you. The great God power of the Universe is mighty. That great male and female element has placed into the souls of her children a law that governs and rules all things. Truth is the highest religion I know of and through that power of Truth we are led on to a plane where we become greater and mightier than any sword or pen that was ever brought into action. The law of Truth impregnates our souls with Love and we become the champions of the Universe when we forgive our enemies and become pure in heart. Then we can smile on all nature, saying, "Love is the 'Resurrection and the Life' when that abideth in the temple of the soul we are then one with the master and generator of all Life, which means the divinity of the 'Perfect of perfectness,' whose breath can calm the tempest and lull the storm to rest, especially a storm that rages within a darkened memory who knows no rest until they understand. 'Forgive your enemies, love those that despise you, teach the Truth to those that hate you.'"

When I came to my reasoning powers in spirit life I found

I had been deceived by fakers calling themselves mediums or servants of the spirit world. They flattered me much and received my gold, telling me what a beautiful spirit home was waiting for me in spirit life, which turned out to be a lie of the worst kind. When my senses awoke and became alert to the surroundings in which I found myself I saw no beautiful home, only work met my views and to get out of my condition I had to work hard.

The first one that approached me and held out the hand of friendship was a woman whose good name I had slandered, Margaret Jameson. She said, "Matt, come with me. I will lead you to your friends. You were a misguided man when you lived in a physical body. Through your weak vanity you loved flattery and there were those in the body who understood your make-up and filled you up with flattery to your heart's content, for which you paid dearly, but do not think that you can come here and escape the judgment of your acts. We all have to pay the penalty for the wrongs we have committed. I have discovered no spirits coming here to spirit life but what have erred at some time. You know when we lived in the physical body there were times when humanity became weak and we fell by the wayside, waiting for the good Samaritan to come along and place us once more upon our feet, claiming it would be the last time that we would ever commit such an act, but alas, how weak the physical elements become when temptation is placed before us. We drink the cup of weakness and find in the last dregs sin is there. We drink the dregs to get them out of our sight. We commit the sin and fall again by the wayside, waiting for the good Samaritan to come along with his healing balm, but oh, how often we need that healing balm. It would take a lengthy manuscript to tell the tale, so come along, brother, and get your harness on. The longer you have worked in your harness, it is so much easier to bear. As time goes on you will find your harness is not so tight on the sensitive parts of your spiritual condition; by and by you will burst the last buckle and that harness will drop from off your physical condition. Then you are a free thinking spirit and will look like those beautiful spirits over there," pointing at a group of beautiful men and women whose glorious countenances were like the sun. I said, "Sister

Margaret, do you think I will ever look as bright as you are?" She said, "Brother, you will not have far to go to do that, for I am only in the vineyard working out my own selfishness that I thrust upon others. I am not in a condition yet to touch the hem of their garments, but see how kindly they look upon everyone that passes by, their love is great for the children of the true God. Come, let us approach them. I can lead you nearer to them than you are at present. I want to have them smile upon you with their loving looks. I want you to feel there is nothing but forgiveness comes from their loving souls. Their souls are all unified in one love and that is the love of Charity for the true children of God that have taken wrong steps in life through which they made mistakes for the want of a proper guide and the higher knowledge of the soul. Come, you will understand it all in time."

As we approached them I felt a glow of warmth penetrating my whole nature. I burst into tears, saying, "I cannot stand the light that comes from their countenances." They all held out their hands toward me and with one voice said, "We, brother, fell by the wayside, too. Let the power of Love enter your soul and in time you will become one of us. Your sister will lead you into the valley of Quietude, where souls learn Patience. That is the school for the outworking of Repentance. Have courage, brother—there never was a soul lost. All will be redeemed in time. Be patient, brother, and Truth will take possession of your soul. Then you can return to your loved ones and tell them Life is immortal."

That was my experience in the first condition of probation in spirit life. I will say here before I close, I do not want to flatter Little Justin, but I wish we had many mediums like him in the body that never was guilty of flattering anyone or using hypocrisy toward them. What experience I had with him, I discovered he was no hypocrite, but spoke too plain to suit my condition. I ask his forgiveness for the cruel things I said against him. Tell him I cannot escape my punishment, for no one in life can do that. When once they have committed a wrong they must stand up and take their medicine, and that medicine will purge their soul of all hypocrisy and deceit. As we float along on the wave of Time we are tossed on its billows

to test our soul's action. We may sink for a time, but sooner or later we must come to the surface of the wave and swim toward a haven of Truth, which is the true Light that comes to every soul from that haven of Truth, Nature's shore at last, where the God of Nature reigns supreme.

Our spirit life is right here on this earth planet. We do not have to go to other planets to find the haven of rest. It is right here with us, did we but know where to find it. It is nature's soul and we are all unified in that soul. One with eternal life and as we progress the beauties of Life expand for our benefit. I thank you for taking down my communication and if you think it good enough to place on publication you are welcome to it, for I gave it in my own way, minus all flourishes. Put me down as Capt. Clary; that is the name I was known by to most of the people.

May the angels bless you and your home and all that enter your doors, is the truthful words spoken by Matt Clary. I thank you. Good day.

Communications from Forty-four Ancient Spirits

Chapter XXIX

Sunday, March 3, 1901.

Justin Hulburd called at the home of Dr. Meyer, who, with John E. High, was reading the "Occult Life of Jesus." Soon after entering Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said he was Silone, a son of the king that the Jews called Solomon, by one of his concubines. He said, "I was a medium. A spirit would control me, and another spirit would materialize at the same time. I could heal the sick and do things similar to Jesus. The people thought I was a prophet—a son of God; that I knew more than the King, my father. The people were about to make me their king, when my father bribed some of his slaves to murder me, which they did, and for several days they carried my head through the streets on a spear.

That was done by Solomon, the king, to show the people that the king was greater than the spirits. King Solomon was not a wise man. On the contrary, he was a tyrant, a brute. He was licentious. When he saw a beautiful woman, he was bound to possess her and would resort to any means to accomplish his object. He was possessed of great hypnotic power, and would fix his eyes upon anyone that he desired and by that means get her under his control; thenceforth she would be his.

King Solomon was not a Jew, as your bible claims, but was a Moor. King Solomon did not build the first Masonic temple, as stated in the Christian bible. The first temple was built by the Kardiaes, which temple was partly destroyed, or ruined, by an earthquake; and Solomon rebuilt on the ruins of the ancient temple of the Kardiaes.

Solomon's cruelty was so great that many of his children went away and formed a tribe of their own, and afterward took his kingdom from him and destroyed the king himself.

I have been reincarnated many times. In my last incarnation I was Robert Cardell. I lived in Lincolnshire, England. Mr. Gladstone found me and sent me here. I will come again when you are all together. If this medium gets sufficient strength, other ancient spirits will come through him and communicate what they know."

SIMOSA, SON OF KING SOLOMON

~ Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Justin, being quite ill, was lying on a couch in his home about 6 o'clock p.m., when an influence came and gave the name Simosa, who said he was a son of King Solomon and Sarsena. His mother was one of Solomon's favorite slaves. Solomon was not a Jew, he was a Moor—"La Mora," later "Moor."

He was captured with many of the tribe. The tribe he was with was called Excarduc. He was sojourning with them; was then sixteen years old, but he belonged to a still lower tribe. The king who captured him was named Barboda, with whom Solomon became a great favorite.

Solomon was very muscular, vindictive and brutal. Being ambitious, he hired one of the king's bodyguard to murder him, and was then made king in his stead, but instead of paying the murderer as he had promised, he caused him to be put to death. There was a tribe from Egypt named Semilebank, and a tribe of Jews who worshipped one God, or Great Power. With them was a prophet named Bonhedra, who baptized them with perfumed water.

Simosa's mother fell in love with one of the bodyguard, and wanted him for a companion. King Solomon, becoming acquainted with the fact, had her taken to the public square, chained to a post which reached about to the neck, and then ordered the executioner to put her to death, which he did by cutting her head with his scymetar to the neck; first from east to west, and then from north to south, thus dividing it into four quarters.

The Jews in after years found a papyrus giving an account of Solomon, which they revised, and made the present story as told in the Old Testament. His name was not Solomon; that

name was given him by the Jews in their revision of the papyrus.

Simosa said the ordinance or rite of circumcision, originated with King Barboda. The people were becoming so diseased by indiscreet cohabitation that there was danger of the tribe becoming extinct; so the king ordered every male to be circumcised, and that thereafter every male child should be circumcised. The story in the bible of the two women disputing about the ownership of a child, wherein Solomon displayed such wisdom, was taken from an old pagan tale relating to an idol.

SARSENA, MOTHER OF SIMOSA

Sunday, March 17, 1901.

Justin Hulburd was notified that a spirit wished to talk. He called Mr. E. W. Hulburd, who was present. The spirit said:

"I am Sarsena, the mother of Simosa, and was the concubine of Samoona. Samoona means in your language, 'Star of the Night.' My people were Sadoonas, afterward called Moors. We were very low in civilization. We ate meat and fish raw. We were sun worshippers, and sacrificed human beings to our God. We believed our God required human sacrifices. Our people had no permanent location, but migrated from place to place. At one time we inhabited a place in Egypt called Thebes. There was with our people at Thebes, a man of the same nature as the medium. I know he was a born medium, but we called him 'Samoorá,' which signifies a prophet. He wrote on papyrus and his name signified in your language—writing. This prophet wrote the book in the Old Testament called the 'Song of Solomon.'

"The Jews did not exist until two thousand years after the time of Samoona. They were a black race from Africa, and were called Hebawa—in English, Hebrew. Many of them were captured in war with the Egyptians, and were held in bondage. By intercourse with people of lighter color they gradually lost their black complexion and became nearly white."

The spirit said that at the time of which she was speaking, marriage as we know it was not known. Every man could take all the women he wished. Moses was not a Hebrew, but an

Egyptian. The story of Moses being found in the bullrushes was mythical.

There was a history before the time of the Zamarka — afterward called Jews, which has been lost. While slaves in Egypt, they found in the tombs the papyrus written by the old prophet Samoora. From that they made the story of Solomon as we find it in the bible; they changing the name from Samoona to Solomon.

Samoona was captured by the old king Barboda mentioned by Simosa, with whom he became a great favorite and adopted him as his son, and made him a prominent warrior, but he became ambitious and caused his benefactor to be put to death. He was very cruel, brutal and licentious. There was a man born among the Jews who was very superior. He was of the same nature as this medium. He taught morality, and that men should have but one wife. The priests and principal men among the Jews were much incensed at his teachings and put him to death, but those who approved of his teachings founded a new religion which has been the means of extending the highest civilization."

This spirit was followed by Jennie Lees, who spoke at some length, mostly explanatory of what had been told by Sarsena, who had found it difficult to speak the English language, and frequently called on Miss Lees for help.

SARDONA

Sunday evening, March 17, 1901.

Beside the medium, E. W. Hulburd was the only person present. Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Sardona, son of Siena and Samona. Our language was called 'Sabrara.' In after years the Jews changed the name to 'Sabbath.' Records of our people date back over fifty thousand years.

"I was very greatly of the same nature as my father, very wicked, very cruel, and very barbarous. I delighted in killing and torturing others.

"I had a daughter named Sarmena, who was of a kind and loving nature, which I think she took from her mother. She had a friend that she loved dearly. I wished that friend, but

she would not submit to the conditions I proposed, so I put her to death, which so angered Sarmena that she waited until I slept and then putting something over my mouth so that I could not cry out, she stabbed me seventeen times until I was dead.

"I was the spirit who several years ago came to this medium when you were present, and wrote a long communication in the Toltic language, hoping you would be able to get it translated, but as you failed, I studied the English language and am now able to communicate.

"We wish to acquaint you with facts and make known the origin and myths of the book you call the bible. The story of the creation was taken from a tale of our people. Instead of days it was millions of years.

"We had many gods. A god of rain, god of wind, gods for all things and all seasons, but we worshipped one Great Supreme God, who was over all, and controlled the universe.

"We thought the gods delighted in looking ugly, so we made their images hideous as possible, some of them enormous heads and small bodies. The Catholic church is not very different. We were what you call pagans, and the Catholic church adopted many of our rites and ceremonies.

"Thousands of years before the time of the Jews, we knew of balloons, and often had ascensions. Our balloons were very crude as compared with those you have today. We would ascend in our balloons until they were out of sight, and the people thought the men in them had gone to heaven. It was from this that the bible story of Elijah being taken to heaven in a chariot of fire was invented by the Jews.

"There was a prophet in our country named Sibarda, who wrote many of our manuscripts. The prophets of our day were the same as your mediums of today. Many of those manuscripts—papyrus—were unearthed by the Jews, and from them they made many of their stories, generally changing the names to those in common use among themselves.

"The Jews were a very low people. They were a black race, originally from Africa, but became of a lighter complexion by intermingling with people much lighter than themselves. A race of people came from the north that was of a creamy white complexion and mingled with ours and the Egyptians,

and some tribes of the Jews; hence the gradual evolution from black to white. This creamy colored race was called Bezankys. They were of higher civilization than either the Jews or Egyptians, or our people, and introduced a new language much better than ours.

"They taught our people the art of building, so that we soon began to have better houses and to live more comfortably.

"From us descended the people of India. East of India will be found buried cities that were built by us. There are now in India people who still retain some of our ancient religion.

"There was of our race a man named Abramarta, who had large possessions. He migrated from place to place to get pasturage for his flocks, and after a time dwelt among the Jews. He had 178 children. From him was made the story of Abraham, and of his sending Hagar and her son into the desert to perish.

"Our people worshipped the great God, and never debased him, as did the Jews.

"Our race had not good features—were rather ugly. The Bezankys were good looking—what you call handsome. After they had mingled with our people, the children were much better looking, thereby improving the looks of our race."

SIMORA

Monday, March 18, 1901.

E. W. Hulburd being present, Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"You may think we are pushing matters, but we do not know how long we can have this medium. My name is Simora; my mother's name was Simesa. I was the son of Simesa and Samoona, the king. I was delicate.

"I was a medium and was called a prophet. I, like this medium, was affected by coming storms, and changes of the weather. When our people were at war with other tribes I was consulted, and could tell them what would be the result; whether they would be successful or not when they went to war, and they would be governed by my predictions.

"I was also a literary character and wrote tales. I wrote the story of Elisha and the bears, when the boys called out,

'Go up, thou bald head.' All our tales were stolen by the Jews, who revised them and wove them into books, and finally the Emperor Constantine had them made into a bible and the people were so ignorant they accepted it as the 'Word of God.'

"I was buried in a trance. I was in a trance sixty days, and they, believing me dead, placed me in a hut to await the process of mummifying me. They had partially prepared me by bandaging, when they discovered I had partly turned onto my side, and then they knew that I was not dead.

"In spirit life we speak different languages, but we have to learn to speak English when we wish to control your medium.

"In our time they gave premiums for stories the same as they do now, and the story of Elisha took a prize when it was read before the council."

SA-MITH-RA-SE-NA

Simora was followed by another ancient spirit, who said: "I am Sa-mith-ra-se-na. I was the favorite concubine of Samoona, the king, whom the Jews, when they possessed themselves of our papyrus, changed the name to Solomon.

"I was the mother of Sicordon, the great warrior, who was what you call a general. I lived one hundred and fifteen years, and outlived Samoona forty years.

"I wish to speak of the story of the 'Queen of Sheba.' I was the favorite concubine of Samoona. They said I was very beautiful. My mother was a slave. The king took me to share his bed and I ruled him absolutely. He did everything I wanted and I know there was no such visit as that the Jews said was made by the Queen of Sheba. The tale of the Queen of Sheba is a pure fabrication. There was no such person in our time as Queen of Sheba and no such place known as Sheba."

SI-FRED-RA

Sa-mith-ra-se-na was followed by another ancient spirit, who said: "I am Si-fred-ra, the daughter of the woman who preceded me, Sa-mith-ra-se-na. My father's name was Siordwa, who was the chief councillor of the king. I was not the daughter of Samoona. I come to confirm what my mother said about the Queen of Sheba. There was no such person as the Queen

of Sheba. There was only one queen who visited Samoona before his death. We call death 'Sasutra.' Her name was Cab-rara. It may be they made the story from her.

"Sa-mith-ra-se-na reigned after Samoona's death until a young king ascended the throne. His name was Sarsona. That is all I have to say. I came to corroborate what my mother said about the Queen of Sheba. Good day."

SIORDWA

Wednesday, March 20, 1901.

About ten o'clock a.m. Mr. Hulburd was requested to go and request the presence of Dr. Meyer. When he came there was present Justin Hulburd, the medium, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, and E. W. Hulburd. Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Siordwa, son of Silena and Siforma. I was chief councillor of the king. I came to confirm what those spirits who have preceded me have told you about the story of the Queen of Sheba. There was no such land known in our day as Sheba. I am the one who wrote the tale the Jews called 'Daniel in the lion's den.' The story I wrote was entirely mythical. It was of a child that was lost in the woods; it got into a lion's den and was suckled by a lioness and grew up with them, and subjected the lioness to his will. I read the story to the king and his council. I also wrote another story which I called the 'Children of the Wave.' In the story I made them to walk on the water; gave them god-like powers; they were supposed to be able to walk on the water in the greatest of storms, and they were afterward looked upon as gods.

"This story also was entirely mythical. It was from that the story was made of the children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, when the waters parted to let them through on dry land, as the Jews have it.

"The story of Cain and Abel was taken from an incident that occurred among our people. It was something like what you call pugilism. We fought with clubs in our battles, and we had contests among ourselves to see who were the strongest. Two brothers had a combat, and one of them was killed. From that the Jews made the story of Cain and Abel."

SWA-BO-SHA

In the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd being present, Justin was again controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Swa-bo-sha. I was the king's secretary. I was a man of a very stubborn disposition. When I commanded, they obeyed. If they did not, I had them put to death. The king gave me that power.

"I was the one who invented the model of what the Romans called the chariot. It came to my mind by seeing children playing with sticks, putting them together, upper and lower with cross pieces, and they would put one boy in the shaft and another boy would go on his hands and knees under the cross bars; then they would move backward and forward. It gave me the idea of a vehicle that could be used in transportation, and we gradually developed it until we got the idea of wheels, and made what you call axles, but at first we made round holes in the wheels, which were made from blocks of wood. We found the round holes would not work well, so we made square holes, and packed them with wool. We glued the pieces together with the sap of trees, from which we made a glue and cement which became nearly as hard as iron.

"The Jews had a rough model of a chariot long before the Romans, but the Romans stole it from the Jews. We called the chariot in our language, 'Su-hun-dra.'

"Our people learned to count by using little pebbles and small sticks, which was our crude idea of multiplication.

"We called ploughing, or farming, 'Si-hoon-dra.' Our plough was different in shape from those you have in use at the present day. It was made by pieces of wood fastened together with thongs in the shape of a triangle, and a piece of wood across which a man, or at times two or three men, would sit. They were drawn by four, six or eight camels. After we learned the art of melting copper, we would cover the points of our ploughs with it.

"We also discovered the art of preserving fish. We saw some firs that had been thrown on the beach and had become dried in the sun before they were spoiled, from which we got the idea of drying fish to use for food in the winter."

SIFIELDA

The next spirit who controlled said, "I am Sifielda, daughter of the queen and king. I am the one who wrote the story of Adam and Eve. It was entirely mythical. A boy and girl—brother and sister—became lost. They were not found until after sixty years later, when they had a large number of children. From them I got the idea of my story of two children in a beautiful garden. They were supposed to be almost perfect. A drawn sword appeared in front of them, which emitted sparks of electricity. It was supposed to be a sign of their superiority over the common class of people. These two people and their offspring were the subjects of the story in our language of the Ishadites.

"Sarooka is the name of Atlantis, which was sunk 300,000 years ago. All our present races came from the Atlantians. The Toltecs mixed with lighter races of people from which in time came the lighter races like the Egyptians, Jews, Asiatics, etc. One word in our language had the meaning of a great many words in your language. By traveling, the complexion of the Toltecs became the color of the soil."

SI-RE-TA

The next spirit who controlled was another ancient spirit, who said, "I am Si-re-ta. I wish to give you an explanation of how the Hanging Gardens of Babylon were invented.

"There was a race of people called 'Si-si-en-as,' who were a species of dwarfs. They lived in trees and by intertwining the branches of different trees together they made something like a floor on which they lived. They were not affected by the winds. They carried dirt into the trees and made soil so that they could raise plants, to which they would carry water.

"They built their houses in these trees and they were called 'swinging homes.' From this came the idea of the 'Hanging Gardens of Babylon.' They were the first people to raise maize. When we became on friendly terms with the Si-si-en-as, we learned the use of maize and to make bread. Before that we lived chiefly on raw meat."

SI-BAL-SHA

In the afternoon of the same day, E. W. Hulburd and F. D. C. Meyer being present, Justin Hulburd, medium, was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Si-bal-sha. I was chief in war, or general, as you call it. I led armies into battle. I came to confirm what the spirit said who came before, about the Queen of Sheba. There was no such land as Sheba in our time.

"My wife's name was Ha-bo-ra. My favorite wife was of a creamy white color. She was very beautiful. Our children were lighter in complexion than our race. The Toltecs had large noses. Ha-bo-ra became in Jewish history Deborah. Our oldest daughter's name was Sa-roo-tha'-na, meaning beautiful, which name the Jews changed to Rachel, and made the story of Rachel from it. The Jewish people came from seven different races."

SI-SI-DA

The next spirit who controlled the medium said, "My name is Si-si-da. My favorite wife's name was Si-se-da. I came to tell you of a man who on earth was similar in character to the Nazarene. His name was Si-fu'-sha. He was called a prophet and was looked upon as a god. He could heal the sick and do what you call work miracles. This man lived in our time.

"At another period there lived a man called Confusha, who was of the same character and nature, both male and female. Still later came Confucius, who was of the same nature and character, what you call a medium. The Nazarene did not claim to be God, but the son of God; we are all sons of God. All through for 500,000 years have been these prophets or mediums. Sifeta was a great prophetess."

SI-MER-NA

Thursday, March 21, 1901. 11 a.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Si-mer-na, the daughter of Silone. My name was changed when the Jews took our manuscripts (papyrus) and wove them into tales of their own, to Mirian, my mother's name was Siadra, which the Jews also changed to Adrian.

"I came to tell you I was a medium, the same as this medium that I am now using. I was a medium for physical manifestations. I would sit in the center of the Council and would become enveloped in a cloud and a voice would come from this cloud and talk to the Council. I would sometimes be raised, what you call elevated, to an elevation in the air and then enveloped in the cloud and a voice would be heard, like the hand writing on the wall that Belshazar saw later, which story was taken from the manifestation made through her. Mediums have always existed since man came into existence. The voice coming from the cloud gave the Jews the idea of the voice of God speaking from the cloud.

SAMOONA

Thursday, March 21, 1901, 11:30 a.m.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Samoona, the king whom the Jews, after appropriating our papyrus, made a story to suit themselves, called Solomon. I have lived in a hell thousands of years, because I was such a cruel brute that my term of atonement seems never ending.

"When about fifteen years of age, my father and I were taken in battle. Our race was called Morondas. My father was killed on the route, he being an old man. Old men and women were not much thought of. They were considered useless, therefore they were killed.

"I was six feet, five inches tall and a very muscular man. I became the king's favorite. The king had many children of his own, but not one of them suited him. I being of a large frame, walking erect and fearless in nature, the king chose me for his favorite. When the king became old, I had him killed and became king instead.

"I reigned many years. It was a bloody reign. If I issued orders to anyone and they were not promptly obeyed, I ordered them killed. Sometimes I would have as many as thirty executed at one time. I inherited my cruel and vindictive nature from my mother, who hated my father, hence marked me while carrying me in the womb.

"The Queen of Sheba never visited me as reported. No

such queen existed. Queen Cabrara visited me and she was the only queen who ever did.

"The last forty years of my life I was controlled by a woman who was my bed mate. She also ruled and controlled the people. She had great physical powers, by which she absolutely controlled me. She was of a cruel and vindictive nature. She had people put to death when they did not please her, and that pleased me.

"The Jewish race was made up from seven different tribes. In time some people got the idea in their heads to start a new race, which they finally did. They got none of the better class to join them; only the very lowest and filthiest class of the different tribes became the Jewish race. It was the lowest, dirtiest and filthiest people that ever existed. The men would lie down on any kind of filth or dirt. They would eat maggots and worms, they were so filthy they were very little above the animals. Through their filth they contracted leprosy. I had some of them killed, on account of their low, filthy condition.

"The Jews gradually evolved out of their low, filthy condition by coming in contact with and mingling with people of a more advanced civilization and gradually began to build houses and cities.

"Africa will become the great country of the future. That country has been inhabited hundreds of thousands of years. Some day buried cities will be discovered by tunneling, mining and excavations, also writing on papyrus will be discovered which will corroborate what we have told you, which will eventually knock old mythical ideas and superstitions in the head.

"Simerna wrote what was called the Song of Solomon. I had not intelligence enough to write anything.

"The early people of the Christian church were a very low race. The Romans persecuted Christians because they were so low and ignorant.

"I believe in a great power, some power that rules and controls everything. I had a great many women. I was a regular stallion.

"We heard of a superior race to the northeast of us. I tried to find them, but never succeeded. Jesus of Nazareth was the first great medium."

SI-ME-LA SA-DOO-NA

Another ancient spirit came, who said, "I am Si-me-la Sa-doo-na. I was page to the king. I was a hermaphrodite and was prettier than any of the women, and the king took me to himself. He loaded me with fine raiment, precious stones and jewels. One of his wives became very jealous of me and one day, finding me alone, cut my throat. I died at the age of thirty years. I was the wife of one of the generals, but the king wanted me and took me from him. The king and I are mates in spirit life".

This spirit was followed by Mr. Gladstone, who gave us a short talk explaining in a concise way his wishes and object in bringing these ancient spirits to this medium.

After him came Dr. Meyer's friend, Joe Overmeyer, who gave a very elaborate address, explanatory of the objects of the band. They proposed to develop a new religion, or rather to remove from the Christian religion the many superstitions of today. The new, or remodeled religion would be called the religion of Science.

In ancient Sanskrit God was called Surana. Spirit Overmeyer's address was intensely interesting and instructive and we regretted more people could not have heard it or that we had not had a shorthand writer to have it taken down in full.

Next came Rosa, with her usual jollity and mirth. Then came Jennie Lees, who gave a beautiful poem.

RAMESES HORAN

Sunday, March 24, 1901.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Rameses Horan. I was a governor of Egypt. I lived 6000 years ago. In my time, we worshipped the cat. We believed that our ancestors descended from the cat and that when we died we entered into the cat. When cats died we mummified them, depositing their bodies in tombs.

"When heavy storms came up, such as you call electrical storms, we thought the great spirit was angry and when the Nile overflowed we thought to appease the angry spirit by sacrificing cats, believing by so doing we were sacrificing our ancestors. Many mummified cats have been found by archeolo-

gists in recent times. We did not worship dogs. They were not so far advanced as the cat. They were wild and crude, not much more advanced than wolves.

"We have a record of a flood many thousands of years before my time, which destroyed many people. Some fled to the mountain tops and were saved. From these and their descendants, the country was repopulated. It was from this the Jews made their story of Noah's deluge.

"I do not know the age of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, but they were built long before my time. They were much higher then than they now appear, sand having blown around them to considerable depth.

"I was a prominent man in Egypt and well acquainted with its history, but I never knew or heard of any such man as Moses and there was no history of such a man. If there was such a man he was of a low order and not known to the public. Any history of such a man was gotten up by the Jews, who were a very low race of people.

"The Egyptians were descended from a tribe of Africans who were black. The majority of our people were very ignorant, but there were many who were educated and could read and write fluently.

"Africa was at one time a highly civilized country and the people were very intelligent. Buried cities and papyrus will be found that will prove what I tell you. Many manuscripts (papyrus) have been discovered in buried tombs and in other places many of these manuscripts have been destroyed by the Christians because they would prove the falsity of their bible stories, but others will be found.

"The people who came before me were a migratory race and learned more of what was going on in the world than we did.

"The Egyptians were not a migratory people. Egypt at one time was a very fertile country and covered with forests, but the people cut the trees down and the land became a desert, the sand covering much of the country."

Jennie Lees next controlled and said that hereafter they would permit only one of the ancient spirits to control the same day, as then we would be more likely to remember all that was said and we must write the communication immediately after

the spirit left, leaving everything else to be done after we were through writing.

Sunday evening, March 24, 1901.

Justin being very unwell and feeling badly, had retired early. He had been in bed but a short time when Dr. Meyer called to inquire as to his (Justin's) indisposition. In a few minutes Justin was controlled by Joe Overmeyer, who talked for some time very interestingly about those ancient spirits who had recently been communicating.

He said there were great numbers in spirit life who had been there thousands of years and in some cases millions of years, who did not know they could communicate with those still in the body. He said he had talked with a spirit who claimed to have lived in Africa two million years ago and it was only within the last ten years he had any knowledge that through mediums those in earth life could be communicated with. This spirit told him that in his time Africa was a highly civilized country and had knowledge of all the arts and sciences of today. Many of their people were highly educated. They had many large cities, some of which are buried in the earth from 8000 to 10,000 feet. Some of them by tunneling and mining would be discovered and edge tools would be found made of metal which would be sharp as any of today.

They would also find papyrus which would prove to the world the truth of what he tells him. Their buildings were of a very substantial character. Many of their women were priestesses. Africa will again become the great country of the globe for high development and civilization.

MAR-MO-RA

Tuesday, March 26, 1901.

Justin Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd being at the home of Dr. Meyer, Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Mar-mo-ra. I was a High Priest of the Sun. I lived in Egypt 6000 years ago, in the time of Rameses Horan, who was Governor in Egypt.

"We thought that all animals that could be domesticated were superior to all others. That they had spirits, and we looked up to them and worshipped them as gods, but we looked upon

the Sun as the Mother God. We looked upon the Father God as a small matter and did not consider him as worth noticing. We did not think much of the male sex; we looked upon women as superior beings and next to the Sun. Four to five thousand years later women were looked upon as much lower in the scale of being and were degraded. I have nothing more to say. Good day."

After this spirit had retired Jennie Lees came and said, "This spirit left feeling greatly offended because we did not have paper and pencil ready to make record of what he said. He had much more to tell us, but left abruptly for the above reason. She said she regretted very much he had become so easily offended, as there were several more to communicate and she was afraid they would think we were indifferent and would stay away. We may possibly be able to induce him to return at some future time and give the balance of his communication. They were very suspicious of white people, believing them very deceitful and treacherous.

SAC-YA-POO-TRA

Tuesday evening, March 26, 1901.

Justin had retired and Mr. Hulburd was preparing to do likewise, when Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Sac-ya-poo-tra. I lived in Egypt 16,000 years ago. I was a priest of the Temple Sika Wanona. We worshipped the bull and the snake. We looked upon the bull as strong and powerful, brave and ferocious. When any calamity befell our people, such as drouths, floods or any epidemic, we sacrificed bulls to our Gods.

"We worshipped the snake because we thought it wise and subtle. Women were priestesses in our Temples.

"There was one woman that we looked upon as a superior being. She could charm snakes. She would divest herself of her garments until she was in a state of nudity and would then handle snakes; would wrap them about her neck and body and the most poisonous snakes would not harm her. We think she hypnotized them. We called her the mother and daughter of the Sun. Her name was Moo-na-fa-lor-na, meaning in English,

Sight of Greatness. She had a son who became a great priest. His name was Adra-moo-na-ta. He was a great man. He could charm snakes and gave great charms. He could heal the sick. He was calm and strong. We called him Son of the Moon. We called the Moon the male and the Sun the female. We worshipped Adra-moo-na-ta the same as the Christians worship Jesus.

"In the sands of the desert will be found tombs in which will be found carved bulls and snakes and manuscripts that will prove what I say. It shows that every age had its religion. It was long after my time that the Egyptians worshipped cats.

"We used to sacrifice bulls in our Temples and give the blood to our warriors to drink to make them strong and ferocious in battle. We believed the snakes gave them all their wisdom and knowledge and made them crafty so as to deal with their enemies. The Son of the Moon made predictions for our race. I will now say good day."

Jennie Lees then controlled the medium and explained that they brought the spirit at this late hour as Mr. Gladstone was afraid if they did not they might lose him. His communication was of great importance and they wished to secure it.

ZAPHRA HARMOONA

Wednesday, March 27, 1901.

Justin and E. W. Hulburd called at the home of Dr. Meyer about 1 p.m. After conversing upon various topics for a time, Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"My name is Zaphra Harmoona. I was one of the Priests of the Temple Sika Wanona. I dealt altogether with the snakes. I had nothing to do with the bulls. We had a box so prepared that they could not escape. We made holes in it so they could breathe and would put in sandalwood, sawdust and gum camphor, then put in the snakes. The sandalwood, sawdust and camphor gum would stupefy the snakes and we could handle them with impunity.

"Adrian was the same nature as me. We worked together with the snakes when they would have snake worships. I, with Adrian and other Priests and Priestesses, would take the snakes from the boxes containing the sandalwood, sawdust and gum

camphor, the snakes being stupefied. We would take the snakes back of their heads, then look them in the eyes and hypnotize them until their eyes became altogether dull and bleared, which would be a sure sign that the snakes would be absolutely under their control. They would then entwine the snakes around their arms and bodies while they, the priests and priestesses, were entirely nude, and danced with them and performed with them whatever their religion required.

"The people would wonder at what we could do with the snakes. We could take the most poisonous snakes and handle them without fear and the people would worship us as some superior beings. I was looked upon as a God.

"We could keep the snakes under our control and in this condition from ten days to two weeks, then we would turn them loose. They would at all times have people catching snakes for them. The people who would catch them would bring them to the priests in baskets, with a small hole in the top. The priests or snake priests would look through the hole in the basket, sing a song or whistle to call the snake's attention and then by looking the snake in the eyes they would be able to tell if they (the priests or charmers) could control them by their ordinary means. If they found one that was obstreperous and they could not control it, they would put that snake in ammonia water for a time, which would stop the circulation to a certain extent and then put him with the rest in the prepared box with sandalwood, sawdust and gum camphor. I would at times put a snake's head in my mouth.

"The stupefaction of the snakes would generally last about two hours. The warmth of the human body would gradually resuscitate them. We always had someone to watch them when we were performing with the snakes and when they saw any signs of any snakes coming to, they would give sign; then they would at once put the snakes back into the box. The name of our religion was Triona for the snakes and Toro for the bull.

"One day the High Priest gave out that we were to have a grand snake festival. I, with other priests and priestesses, took the snakes as usual, after being stupefied and performed with them in the customary manner, when one of the snakes that was not thoroughly stupefied struck its fang deep into my cheek to

the bone. My face and body at once began to swell and turn black, when some priest threw a cloth over me and told the people they could no longer look at me, as I was too holy. They carried me into another room, where in one hour's time I died. It was given out to the people that I had ascended to heaven bodily. The priests cut my body into small pieces and burned it and scattered incense so that no one would find out the deception."

Then came Jennie Lees, who said, "Gentlemen, you can see by what this spirit has told you, how the masses of the people have at times been deceived in religious matters by the priesthood." She said it had ever been the same in all religion. She left, but soon returned, saying Mr. Gladstone requested her to say to us that we should be very careful of our notes from the ancient spirits, as some people would do most anything or give most anything to destroy these records. "They show too clearly the mythical nature of the Christian religion. We do not want them destroyed, but published in book form and go to the public to open the eyes of the people." She charged us to keep them securely locked and not show them to anyone.

The spirit who gave the above communication lived 16,000 years ago. Mr. Gladstone himself then came and said he wanted to say something about these ancient spirits that are communicating. He then told us of the difficulty they had in persuading them to come, as they said white people would always deceive them, but they finally came and gave the communications we have received and we hope to get more. He reiterated what Miss Lees told us about keeping these records securely locked.

RA-ME-NA SA-ME-LA

Thursday, March 28, 1901, 11 a.m.

Justin was sitting engaged in his ordinary morning occupation and E. W. Hulburd was copying the communication received the previous day, when an ancient spirit controlled Justin and said:

"My name is Ra-me-na Sa-me-la. I was one of the High Priestesses of the Temple Sika Wanona. I come to confirm what Zaphra Hermoona told you yesterday. The Priestess had

nothing to do with the bulls. We had only to do with the snakes. I was the one who took the snakes from the box and stood upon them. I would put my foot upon them just back of the head so they could not harm us.

"The snakes were looked upon as so deadly and treacherous that as we handled them with impunity the people looked upon us as Goddesses and worshipped us accordingly. We made them believe that we never died, but when the time came went to heaven bodily and the snakes would accompany us and sing songs for us and then come back again.

"When I put my foot on the snake back of the head I would press down gently and make them run out their fangs. I would then raise my foot and they would draw in their fangs, then I would press down a little harder and make them run out their fangs a little farther and the people would think it very wonderful.

"The people thought all the female Goddesses came from the Sun and the male Gods came from the Moon; and thought the Sun was the abode of Goddesses and the Moon was the habitation of the Gods and that they were the only inhabitants of those planets.

"Zaphra Harmoona forgot to tell you that Triona was the religion of the snake and Toro of the bull. These Gods and Goddesses never ate common food, but were fed by the angels from heaven.

"The common people supposed the snake had all the wisdom of the world and that we got our wisdom from the snake.

"Miss Lees says that she remembers all she can to aid us in recording the communication. The spirits leave immediately after communicating, as they are afraid of trickery of the white people."

FORSOONA RAMESES

Friday, March 29, 1901.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Forsoona Rameses. I lived 10,000 years ago. I lived in the age when we worshipped the toads and snakes. We were overrun by toads. There were more toads with us than there were before or have been since. We looked upon the toad as having

been sent by God to punish us. They came in a shower. We were overrun with lice, fleas, toads, etc. The toads would run through our houses. The people would pet them. The Egyptian plague was a story written up without any foundation.

"They gave up the worship of the bull and took up the toad and snake. Since I have been in spirit life I see that these toads must have been taken up somewhere and let down in our section of the country in a shower.

"We had images representing God or Gods. As their people did not know what God looked like, they made their images as hideous as possible. The one who could make the most hideous Gods would be able to sell the most.

"The Priests and Priestesses thought the more hideous the Gods would look the more they would instill into the common people. The people would go to the Priests and Priestesses to confess what they had done. The Priests and Priestesses were supposed to intercede for them with their Gods and the people would have to divide or pay to the Priests and Priestesses according to their needs and their means. The men would confess to the Priests and the women to the Priestesses.

"They got the idea to make one large God image about twenty feet high, as hideous as could be, and surround it and all over it with smaller Gods, the images of toads."

Miss Lees came and said that he forgot to say that in their time they first started to make clay Gods. In his time they also started the idea of the devil, attributing everything that was bad or evil to him. They looked upon the toads as evil spirits. They feared them and thought that the big Gods sent them.

WAS-SO-NA

Justin was then controlled by an ancient spirit who said, "I am Was-so-na, son of Samoona, and my mother was Siena. I come to tell you we worship the bee. We think the spirit of man lives in the bee—not the bee that makes the honey. We think the bumble bee to be our guardian angel. They will soar aloft out of sight and we think they have gone to heaven and they come back to earth to guard our place of worship, what you call church. The building I speak of was round. We would

get many bees in the building and they would make a humming noise and we would think they were spirits or Gods.

"The great God was away in the Sun, because when the Sun threw out its heat it brought out the flowers and fed the bees so that they made much honey. That is our religion. We had a man among us named Hashada, who was a great healer. He made sick people good and well. He was like a prophet The people thought him God. We lived 'way back 50,000 years."

Sunday, April 7, 1901, 10:30 a.m.

Early in the morning Justin Hulburd was notified that the spirits wished to have a little talk as soon as convenient after breakfast. Dr. Meyer and Mr. High were notified accordingly. About 10:30 Mrs. D. S. H. Gallup, Mrs. Abbie Laskey, John E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd met at the home of E. W. Hulburd. After singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye" Justin was controlled by spirit Sir Thomas Clifton, who took for his subject, "What is Soul?" He gave a grand address, which was full of instruction to all who heard it and there was a unanimous feeling of regret when he closed and that we had no stenographer to record it in full.

Mr. Clifton was followed by Margaret Fuller, who said she came to add a little that Mr. Clifton had forgotten, which she did in her usual beautiful style. Then came R. M. Hooley, the great theatrical manager, who said he came to defend the Little One, as Justin was called by him during the twelve years he had been connected with his (Hooley's) companies, from the malicious attacks of that licentious beast, Breckenridge of Kentucky, but for the last two years in hell. This Breckenridge, although he had a wife and family, at one time in Justin's theatrical career became greatly infatuated with him. Justin was at this time representing female characters under the name of Fannie Blanchard and dressed in female clothing, and Breckenridge was so very conceited that he thought every smile and every flash of the eye upon the stage was directed at him and followed him from place to place, persecuting him with his attentions to such an extent that he finally called for the protection of the police.

This Breckenridge passed to spirit life about two years ago and last Friday evening came, as he stated, to revenge himself

on Justin, because in his egotism he fancied Justin, or the Dashing Blanchard, as she was then called, had selected him from the whole auditorium as the one he favored. Mr. Hooley's scathing criticisms of the man's egotistical conceit must have made an ordinary man or spirit hide himself for shame. After Mr. Hooley, Margaret Fuller again came and gave a beautiful poem. Finally Rosa came with her characteristic humor, making the circle happy with her fun and jollity.

SHAS-MOO-RA

Saturday, April 13, 1901, 3 p.m.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Shas-moo-ra. I was a Priest in the Temple Zarnooria, which means in your language, House of the Gods. I lived 60,000 years ago. I lived in the time when they worshipped the goat. They were somewhat different from your goats. Ours were striped black and white. They were a species of goat that roamed in the valleys and hills, mostly in the hills. We sacrificed the goats to our Gods.

"We looked upon the spirits of our ancestors as Gods. We did not have one great God. When we sacrificed the goat we believed we appeased the spirits of our ancestors, believing our ancestors were Gods. From our language came the ancient Sanskrit. We did not eat flesh of any kind, but lived on cereals and fruits.

"There were three seasons of fruits and two seasons of grain. We were not a migratory race, but remained mostly in one place. We had no Priestesses, only Priests. Women had great influence and had sole control of their daughters, who could not marry without the consent of the mother.

"Priests were allowed thirty to forty wives, what were later called concubines, who were supposed to become holy by cohabitation with Priests. They were called Shan-noo-ne-ra, wife of the holy Priest. When a girl would be selected by a Priest, they would hold a great festival in commemoration of the event.

"We were a dark race, but not so dark as the Africans. We were what you would call a dark slate color. We were a very prolific race and were not migratory. We stayed in the south-eastern part of India.

"After our time the people would worship other animals and things until they finally came down to the worship of man. This evolution will continue until the great religion of the world will be based upon science.

"Our people were very large. A man who was not more than seven feet tall was considered small. We were from seven to ten feet in stature. The stature of mankind has since that time decreased, but the brain power has become enlarged."

When this spirit left, Miss Lees came and said, "This is a very important communication. We had a hard time prevailing upon him to come. He has been in spirit life 60,000 years and has never been reincarnated. Many of his people have been reincarnated. He will come again."

RA-MOO-SA RA-ME-SES

Monday, April 15, 11 a.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Ra-moo-sa Ra-me-ses. I lived 20,000 years ago. I lived when they worshipped the fire and the snake. Our temple was called the Temple of the Living Fire. We never permitted the fire to go out. We were afraid if the fire went out the Gods would not visit us. Therefore we kept it burning all the time. We kept men and women watching it and throwing incense on the fire so it would impregnate the temple with perfume and burned odors. We burned barks of different trees, sandalwood and odor of incense.

"It was from us the Pagans got the idea of burning incense in their temples and it was from the Pagans that the Catholic church got the idea of using incense in their churches. Your Catholic religion is nothing more than Paganism, with a lot of superstition attached to it.

"I was what you call in your country a Governor. I was a Governor in my time. We had what you call chariots in my time, but of a very crude construction. We had much gold and silver and jewels in our tribe, which were stolen by the coming race of Egyptians.

My wife was a very beautiful woman—that is, my principal wife. My wife's name was Hoodra Hadora. She bore me eighteen children. I had over thirty wives, or concubines, as

you call them. I stood over nine feet and had a very dark complexion. My wives admired me very much and would fight for my kisses. I was a very pompous and conceited man.

"I ruled with a good deal of tyranny; or in other words, I was what you call a tyrant in your language. I lived to be one hundred and twenty-three years old in your way of counting. We believed the great God dealt with nothing but fire. Fire in our minds was a purifier.

"We did not bury our dead, but burned their bodies. Plagues and diseases were almost unknown in my time. We also believed that our God and no other God, created the world and light. All other Gods fell down and worshipped our God.

"We were great lovers of flowers, from which we made perfumes, also of oils from natural nuts, with which we perfumed our bodies on festival days. Good day."

In taking down this communication, Mr. Hulburd's pencil became dull, and he asked permission to get another, which was granted.

After the spirit left, Miss Lees came and said the spirit was of a very suspicious nature. He would have communicated much more, but for the interruption. She admonished us to be sure hereafter to have everything in readiness so there could be no interruption in the future.

SOO-MA WA-TA-MA

Monday, April 15, 1901, 2:30 p.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Soo-ma Wa-ta-ma. I lived about the same time of the spirit who came this morning. When he passed out of the body I became next Governor and took up the work. I took up the work before he passed out, as he was getting old. I lived to the age of ninety-eight years. My three principal wives were the daughters of he that preceded me. Their names were Sa-foo-don, Ar-me-na and Si-su-po-ta. Between them they bore me thirty-eight children. We were a very prolific race. I had a large number of concubines, also.

"There was a woman who lived in our time whose name was Hel-se-pah. She claimed to deal in visions. She claimed that she had a message or vision in which we must add the bird

called the eagle to our religion. She said that bird was the swift messenger of death, and we killed animals that they might come and feed upon them. She said we must protect and feed them or our race would pass away. In our Temple when our incense was burning we sang praises to the swift eagle to go and tell the Gods we loved them, for we would be a great people and worship the Fire, the Serpent and the Swift Eagle, the messenger of death.

"When we would find an eagle feather we would wear it in our hair as a token from the swift messenger. We would have what they call the Eagle Dance and the bird would perch on our shoulders and arms and the people would dance, singing praises to the Gods. The people would put garlands of flowers around the eagle's neck and also around our own, and the workmen who worked in metal made cymbals and the people would strike those and sing and dance.

"Our people domesticated a great many eagles and slew animals that they might feed upon their carcasses and we looked upon them as holy birds and were the only messengers that could reach the Great God or Great Spirit, as we called him.

"The exalted rulers of our tribe tattooed their foreheads and chins and wore earrings, as many as six in their ears, as an emblem of high dignitaries of the race. The women pierced their noses and wore earrings in them, but not the men.

"What you call the zebra horses were beasts of burden in our time. They were used as pack animals and were hitched into our chariots.

"We had a mode of baptism by fire. The child was passed through the smoke and through incense and then the child was given its name. We believed that fire purified everything and also the being that was to grow up into manhood and womanhood. The people of our race used the flint in our age and that was the mode of lighting the fires.

"Our women were warlike and went to war with the men. They were what you call in your language the Amazon. All the female warriors were spared and could not bear children. They never cohabited with men and therefore could not become impregnated. Their whole bearing was that of masculinity.

"Our people, before they went to war, went to the Temple

and threw incense upon the fire to the Gods that they might be victorious in war. They prayed for the swift eagle that they would bring demoralization on our enemies and that they might flee and all would come back to our people victorious, with many slaves. The male prisoners were made to work hard and do all the drudgery of the tribe. The female prisoners were distributed among our men to bear children and increase our race in numbers.

“Our people used eagles to carry messages, much as you have a bird today called the pigeon. We also had the pigeon in our country, but they were not used to carry messages, as you now utilize them.

“We called the great God Wa-soo-na, just as the Buddhists today have a name for their great God. The Buddhist religion came from our religion—that is, it descended from it.

“We did not destroy or kill any feathered bird, but killed several of the animal races. We were not flesh eaters. We merely killed the animals to feed the eagles and other birds and our dogs. We had a species of dog. No matter how old our dogs were they were allowed to die a natural death. If any one was known to have killed a dog they were put to death.

“We looked upon cats as witches and were very careful not to offend them. We believed in a spirit that haunted the woods and in a spirit that haunted the water and were only kept in subjection by the eagle. We thought the eagle gave us all our knowledge and sense, as they seemed to us a very knowing bird.

“The elephant in our time was much larger than those you have at the present time. We thought all the devils and demons lived in them. We drove them out of our country whenever we came across them, as that woman said she in a vision saw them coming out of the pits of darkness and must be driven from the country. We were very superstitious and ignorant. We had a large amount of conceit and thought we knew everything that was worth knowing. Our skin was very dark. We were a prolific race. Good day.”

After the spirit left Miss Lees came and explained why they brought this spirit today, it being that they had him in the right condition to communicate. She said they brought the

sudden illness on the medium through their efforts to get this spirit to communicate, as it was a continuation of that given this morning.

Monday evening, April 15, 1901.

Present, John E. High, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd.

Justin was controlled by spirit W. E. Gladstone, who came and delineated in an elaborate manner the plans of the band in regard to those ancient spirits they are now bringing to communicate through the mediumship of Justin. He said English and French spirits could control, but until they found this one they had found none that could be used by spirits who had been in spirit life more than 3000 to 4000 years. After Mr. Gladstone left, Gen. Warren came and explained other matters in the same connection. Then came Jennie Lees, who made further explanations that were quite lucid. Then came Rosa, as usual, to "fix the box."

ZE-BA-ME-NA

Wednesday, April 17, 1901, 12:30 p.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Ze-ba-me-na, wife of Sharmoon Sorceren, High Priest of the Temple. I am only one of the many wives that he had. He dealt in black art and made people believe he was a very advanced holy being. He was what you call a ventriloquist, and practiced legerdemain. He threw his voice against the people and claimed it was the God speaking through him, just as these fraudulent mediums do in the dark circles. He could psychologize people to a great extent, as he had a wonderful psychological power. He performed many tricks of legerdemain. He would throw much incense on the fire, which caused a great deal of smoke. The smoke would become very dense, then he would have me come from an aperture dressed in a gauzy material. The Temple was filled with a dense smoke and odor of incense. He would psychologize the people so that they would think I was floating in the air and he would call upon them to behold the beautiful Goddess, Farsoona. He would throw more incense upon the fire and cause a great smoke to come again. He would arrange it so that it appeared that I

was ascending, when in reality it was only that I was backing toward the aperture again, and then I would disappear as the curtain fell; that is, the curtain in front of the aperture. This was one of his principal tricks, for the people looked upon him as a very holy man to think the Gods would visit him thus. He had many other tricks that he would perform to mystify the people. When he had them so mystified, as it were, that they had lost all reasoning power, then he would bring to bear his ventriloquism; then he would send his voice in among the people in all parts of the Temple. They would strike their cymbals and beat their tomtoms and shout their songs to the Gods, for were they not blessed to think the Goddess Forsoona and other Gods had visited them?

"The Goddess Forsoona was the Goddess of all cereals and all fruits came under the Goddess Forsoona. You see, this was the way he held the power over the people. He claimed he had constant communication with the gods in private and dictated to the people what they should do and what they should not do.

"He was a very wealthy individual; the most wealthy man of the tribe. The people presented him with gold, silver and other valuables to a great extent, which made him the wealthiest man of our race. The other Priests had to submit to his conditions and he dictated what they should do in the Temple. He had a great healing power; when anyone was ailing, through his magnetic powers he banished the disease. He was looked upon as wonderful, for he had a great magnetic power and he was called the Saviour of his race. When he walked out under the trees or along the paths the people bowed their heads to the ground. They kissed his feet, for they held him in great reverence and adoration, for he was to them the holy of holies. The people did not abuse him as you did your Christian Saviour. They placed upon his head a crown of gold, studded with jewels. His food was cereals and flowers, to which was added a light wine made from the palm tree. He blessed water and called it holy. The people purchased it at high prices, that they might bathe their eyes to look upon the Goddess Forsoona.

"He had a strong mediumistic power and used it for all it was worth. He had large, dark, liquid eyes. When he looked at the people they declared they saw the sun shining through

them. They sang that he was the great God Shanoora come to live among them as a man. You see, from our race came the idea of holy water down to your Catholic church. What I tell you now shows to you they had man Saviours all through the human race. All religion is man-made, built up by priestcraft. That is all I have to say concerning my husband."

HI-RAM WANOONA

Thursday, April 18, 1901.

Present, John E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd. Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Hi-ram Wanoona, next in rank to the High Priest in the Temple. I assisted him in all his tricks, also in his juggling art. He taught me ventriloquism. I was the one who stood in the dark recess while the smoke was enveloping everything. I threw my voice out from the dark recess while his wife was moving in the smoke, dressed in a gauzy substance. I used all my force to throw it on the people, so that the voice was quite audible. Then the High Priest commanded the people to strike on the cymbals and sing praises to the great God who was talking to them. While they were beating their cymbals and singing praises and beating their tomtoms, the people would bow their heads to the ground in adoration to the great power that was amongst them. Then the female would come forward and throw incense on the fire, a blue flame would arise and when it got to a certain height it would spread into a red flame. Then the High Priest would proclaim to the people, 'Behold the tongue of the living God.' Then the High Priest would walk down in their midst and they would cover him with garlands of flowers. Then the people would proclaim, 'He is next to the high God—the God of all Gods.'

"This High Priest was very smart in legerdemain and performed many marvelous tricks with my assistance; therefore, he made me the next richest man in the tribe to himself. He did not allow any of the other priests to know how they were done. He was born with many wonderful gifts and his mother said that when he was born voices were heard singing in the air. She thinks there must have been over a million. She claims

that the voices proclaimed him next in kin to God—the God of all Gods. So you see she was greater than the mother of Christ, for Mary was only overshadowed by one spirit—that is what you Christians claim—while this mother had millions attend the birth of her child, which of course, was all a myth. The High Priest decked his mother in jewels to get her to tell this tale to the people, which must show to you that all religions are made up of superstition and lies.

“The High Priest and I one day had an altercation about some of the wealth and I threatened to expose him. He struck me a blow in the temple and I fell in a swoon to the ground. He dragged me into an inner recess of the Temple and filled my mouth with living coals of fire so that my spirit had to leave the body. Then he proclaimed to the people I was too holy to live and the great God had taken me to himself.

“It seems before this in my sleep I was in the habit of talking and one of my favorite wives got out of me some of the secrets of how we performed the tricks and mystified the people. When I did not come home she became suspicious. Her suspicion was so aroused that she could not sleep at night. She knew that the High Priest and six of his favorite wives generally slept in the Temple, for he was afraid to be left alone. On the third night after my disappearance she entered the Temple by the main door, fastened it on the inside, crept around quietly and fastened the other doors. Then she took some of the fire from the great urn and placed it in contact with the inflammable parts of the Temple. She then scattered the holy fire throughout the platform on which we did our tricks and in one hour by your time the whole Temple was in a blaze. The High Priest, his six wives and my favorite wife all perished in the flames. She fastened all the doors so that none escaped. I was a brother of the woman who communicated yesterday. It was twenty thousand years ago. Adieu.”

SWI-E-NA MOO-DA-RA

Then came another ancient spirit, who said, “I am Swi-e-na Moo-da-ra. I was the favorite wife of he that preceded me. All he said is truthful, for after the fire when this great holy man or High Priest was burned, the people for a time lost

faith in their Gods. To think that the great God would allow so great a man as this to be burned that was so holy. They went back to worshipping the snake, the zebra horse, and the goat.

"A new Governor to the people was proclaimed, who was a brute of a man and the tribe commenced to decline and was swallowed up in another race of people who came to war with our tribe and had higher Gods that spoke to them in the wind that passed through the trees. Our people took up with their God idea in time. The name of our tribe vanished, because they were compelled to take the name of the other tribe that was victorious and in time we were known no more. History had nothing to show that we existed, as the other race burned up all our history and papyrus that we had our laws written upon, but there was one thing that they overlooked and that was the papyrus that was placed in the corner stone of our Temple. That was not burned.

"We had the trowel, the square, and other emblems such as you Masons have today, so that I know now that we understood your Masonic secrets. The cross that your order wears as an emblem was created by us. Those things will some day be found. By excavating in the earth they will be discovered and you will find that you are only secondary individuals."

This spirit then left and Jennie Lees came and explained the trouble they have had to get these ancient spirits to come. Some of the papyrus was buried and that, with the papyrus in the corner stone of the temple, will some time be found. The Masonic order was in their time and both men and women were admitted to membership. All the tribes had their secret orders.

Then came Joe Overmeyer, who stated that he was with Miss Lees and one other spirit, three in all, attended every ancient spirit when they communicated, to whom they could refer when at a loss for the proper explanation and act as interpreter when necessary. He also gave an explanatory talk in regard to the trouble they were having in getting these ancient spirits to come. They were so suspicious of white people.

Then came an unknown spirit, who gave the following lines of poetry:

"If I had but one little speck
 To overcome my human wreck,
 I would always keep him dry and never wet;
 I would place a sign upon his back, 'To let.'"

KAR-SOO-NA RA-ME-SEN

Sunday, April 21, 1901.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Kar-soo-na Ra-me-sen. I lived eighty thousand years back. I was what you call one king. I black man. I live other side (South) Africa; all black. Bye and bye comes one what red, copper color. They come; they make one peoples. Go away in jungle, way in Africa. They fight him. We can fight good. They plenty big and strong and fight good.

"I had more than a hundred women. I tell all the people that way back that sometime we live in the sun. That is a lie. In our time we no got hell. In the big mountain got big hole and people not good put them in there and animals eat them up. In my time we think everything what make noise, elephant and everything, have great spirit.

"Then people what you call Egyptian what live in Egypt, them people come from my people and them red people what you call copper color, they make them Egyptians the color what they got now. The Egyptian kings called Rameses came from our race and took the name from my name Ramesen. We had no religion. No can tell much, no got much to tell. No understand English talk good. By day. That's all."

Miss Lees came and said, "This shows the origin of the Egyptians coming from this race and the copper colored race. The name Rameses came from their word Ramesen, which meant everything kingly or that was ruling."

She said this man was little above the ape. His fingers and toes were formed as though for digging for roots. His head was of a very peculiar shape and his features different from anything you can find at this time. He had great difficulty in learning enough English to give this communication.

BOR-SOO-NA SOO-MA-ER

Tuesday, April 23, 1901.

Justin Hulburd was still in bed when he was told to get up and get his breakfast, as there was a spirit who wanted to communicate. He did as directed, after which he was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"My name is Bor-soo-na Soo-ma-er. I lived in Egypt fifteen thousand years ago. We understood the art of working in stone and dressing it. We worked in brass, copper and bronze. Bronze was used very extensively in my time. Some of the bronze images that have been found in Egypt in the tombs imbedded in the earth were made in my time.

"We looked upon the cat as a wonderful creature. We looked upon them as a go-between for the Gods and us. But the principal thing that I was brought here to give this communication for was of a man savior that lived in my time, who turned out to be a regular impostor. He came from India to Egypt. He had a man precede him with a mythological tale, which was all a lie. I will describe that tale as it was related to us.

"This man said that one day the whole earth was covered with a pall of darkness. The people could not see one another, it was so dark. They got down on their knees and cried to their Gods in lamentation. They begged of the Gods to have mercy on them and on the earth and to bring back their sun God which gave them light and they would serve him with all their souls. This man said while they were thus praying, a beautiful white cloud came from heaven through the darkness. He said while this cloud was descending to earth, its edges all around were covered with sheen, like the colors of the rainbow. The cloud came down and rested upon the earth, and resting upon the cloud was the most beautiful child the world ever saw. An angel had given birth to it in heaven. She permitted it to come down on this cloud that we might look upon it, as it was to be the coming savior of the world.

"Note one thing: This child was just born, yet it raised itself upon the cloud and spoke to the multitude. He said, 'I am the Savior of man and he that believeth in me shall have immortality. I hold power in the hollow of my hand. When I come again I shall perform wonders and work miracles for the salvation of the human race. I am the all-life giver and I

breathe into the souls of men and women, Eternity. None such as me has this world ever seen before.'

"Then this man said the cloud arose from the earth and ascended back to heaven, that he might be nursed by the angels, for he could not eat the earth food.

"That is the legend this man gave us that preceded this savior. I will show you wherein the inconsistency lies of this man being a holy God. He was attended by twelve men, such as your Christian God had; but, this man being a holy God, he was attended by five concubines, for the benefit of his nature on earth, so it was claimed.

"The other men that followed him had many concubines with them. They finally arrived in Egypt and commenced their preaching and they all had their stories to tell of how they were converted and were drawn near to their great man God. That he was the great God of heaven come to earth in the form of man to save the human race from perdition.

"All the miracles this man performed were legerdemain tricks, assisted by his confederates. They all professed to be very poor and accepted what the people would give them. They claimed that they only preached in the open air, the temple of the Great Living God.

"Finally it was found out, while the multitude was listening to this man and they were performing their tricks, many of the people's homes were robbed of gold and silver, dishes and precious stones and other valuables. The Governor and other high men of the tribe became suspicious and they had men hid in secluded places to watch and they discovered that these concubines that this man brought were doing the robbing while the men were preaching in the square.

"One night our temple was robbed. We had square blocks of gold that weighed as much as two hundred pounds upon the altar, to place candles in. They stole many valuables and even picked the precious stones out of the eyes of our gods. When they had accomplished this, they fled back to India, taking all their booty with them.

"It was discovered they were a band of robbers. A great force of our warriors were sent after them, some riding on camels and others walking on foot. You see, in my day, camels

were the beasts of burden. There were no horses in use in Egypt in my time. Our warriors overtook these men and women and brought them back; also all the plunder they had carried off. They had a trial and were found guilty and were condemned to be burned alive in the square, which took place the next day. A great multitude was present to see these impostors give up their lives.

"This illustrates to you that all religion is a humbug and a fraud. It is all man-made, built on superstition, and accepted by a credulous class of people, which a majority of the human race consists of. This gives you an idea of how they have introduced their different men Gods through life, and it shows that all religion is backed up by hypocrisy and fraud.

"We had in our time mediums such as you have at the present time. We had one woman who bore the name of Kasha-moo-na. This woman told the people that the spirits had told her that this man and his followers were frauds of the worst kind and that some day they would have their eyes opened, which, you see, was the final result.

"We had a very good government for our age and the people were happy until these villainous men came among us. Our people became very wayward and sought after other gods then. Many of them got to worshipping the god of thunder and others got to worshipping the god elephant.

"One time there came among us an old man with a long, white beard. He was what you call a hermit. He claimed the Gods or spirits had revealed to him that there would come a race of people that would overthrow our government and become masters of our people. The high dignitaries of our race laughed at him and called him the dreamer and told him to go back to his cave, for there was no race of men strong enough to conquer us. His prophecy was not fulfilled in our time, but I learned in spirit life that it came to pass after many years. A race of people came from the Far East and conquered ours in war. Then was when the first dynasty of the Egyptian kings commences. I do not remember the kings' names, but the Rameses came from them.

"This was long before the time of the Pharaohs. Some of the pyramids were built by this race of people, because they

understood the art of building. They were a more advanced race than ours and their skins had a bluish tint. They were to a great extent artistic in carving and painting. That is the age where the Egyptian hieroglyphic language commenced. Much of the carving found in hieroglyphics in the tombs and pillars were done by that race. There is much of the hieroglyphic carvings and other conditions that the present mind cannot translate. They were put there by what you would call a very ancient race of people.

"The men of the present day think they have discovered wonderful carvings, wonderful tombs, wonderful bronzes, but nothing in comparison to what is going to be discovered.

"The name of the governor of our tribe was War-kasoon Garboda, like you would say in your time. A man of many accomplishments and ruled the people with a good deal of wisdom, as wisdom was developed in the brains of men in our time. We understood a good deal of civilization, that is what you call it, and were superior to many of the prisoners of war that were brought in by our people; so you see that created a good deal of conceit in our natures. Good day."

Miss Lees then came and said, "Mr. Hulburd, this is a very valuable communication. It shows how they tried to foster on the people a man God and it came down through all those years until it reached the age of Christianity. And as the human mind became intelligent, they wanted to do away with God images and took up the man Jesus and called him divine, but you see his birth was not as beautiful as that impostor that came on the cloud, which was a beautiful conception of the man God, born of angels and nursed in heaven."

SOON-WE-NA

Friday, April 26, 1901, 10 a.m.

Justin, being quite unwell, had not yet arisen, when he was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"My name is Soon-we-na. I lived 10,000 years ago, by your count. One of the Pharaohs reigned in my time.

"I was what you call a medium. I was born medium like this person that I speak through. All the electric storms affected me and they called me the barometer. All genuine me-

diums are strongly affected by the changes of the atmosphere. I saw visions and read the stars. The stars were a great study in my time. Now I can see I read them through spirit power. The king and his great councillors consulted me, and many other great men and women of our band. The common and poorest classes were afraid of me through their superstition and ignorance.

"Many of my predictions had come to pass and the people looked upon me as a holy being. One of my predictions that I made was that it would rain forty days and forty nights. It caused great destruction and many people were drowned. When the vision passed before me it affected me so that I went to see the king and his councillors and told them of my vision and the dreadful destruction that I saw was to take place. The king gave orders that I was to pass through the streets unveiled so that the people might look upon me.

"After I had told the king of my vision they had the public buildings and many others fortified against the destruction of the water and a great many of them were saved. The people that took the warning and sought the hills were also saved. The king had so much confidence in me that he sent heralds throughout the land to proclaim to the people the great rain-storm that was coming that would bring a flood upon the land.

"There is where the Jews got the story about the flood. After the waters had subsided and the people had got back to their normal condition, which took a long time, the king proclaimed to the people that I was a God and I must not walk on the earth any longer. He had a platform fashioned and made and fastened to two camels. He had a canopy cast over it, under which I sat on beautiful cushions, attended by slaves, not female slaves, but eunuchs who sat cross-legged on the platform; they found it did not work well to have the platform on the camels, as sometimes one camel would want to go ahead of the other. Then we were carried through the streets by twenty male slaves and the people threw beautiful flowers to me in honor of my mediumship.

"In my time, nor previous to my time, was there any history of any person named Joseph and his brethren who came to Egypt and interpreted dreams. I never heard of any male

babe being found in the bullrushes and being brought up by a princess in the palace. Those are Jewish fables.

"The Jewish book speaks of plagues that were sent on Egypt. In my time they had lice, toads, frogs and all other kinds of insects and conditions. All vermin had an abiding place in Egypt long before there were any Jews known or heard of.

"In my day they had a crude class of warships to protect the Nile from marauders from other nations. These warlike boats were in existence long before my time. There were many other predictions which I made which will be found recorded.

"The people think that they have found wonderful things in the tombs of Egypt. It is nothing to what they will find in buried cities. They will find a written history. They will find bronzes and statuary. They will find precious and rare stones of a large size and high value. Many of them will be polished and others in the rough state. They understood the art of polishing rare stones in my time. They will also find coins that have been manufactured by metal workers. These coins were ordered produced by the king. They will consist of gold, silver, copper and brass. They will also find medals that have been cast in bronze, which were presented to people for being masters of their art. Bronze had a high value in my time.

"Another vision that was shown to me that I explained to the king was that I saw clouds of winged insects that would come and eat up all the grain and other vegetation; that would bring desolation on the land if they did not build houses to store up their grain. It came to pass.

"There is where the Jews got the story of Joseph from, coming into Egypt, only they reversed it, having it that the famine came among the Jews and Joseph had to come to Egypt to get grain. They were a low and untruthful class of people, like many of your christians at the present time.

"When the king became an old man and I was old too, I had another vision, wherein I saw a light race of people coming with large warships and thousands of soldiers which were clad different from our people and had different war implements. I heard the booming of the cannon and the firing of rifles. I told the old king these would be the conquerors of our land,

which I think must have been the English. When I made the prediction to the king he became so enraged that he screamed aloud for the guards to come in and put me to death. I was slain in the royal audience chamber of the palace. My body was cut up and thrown from the windows into the street for the dogs to devour. This is the reward my mediumship brought me. I was called Soon-we-na, the prophetess. Good day."

Jennie Lees then said, "Mr. Hulburd, you see that in all ages that true mediums have been persecuted, while frauds could revel in luxury. Those so-called mediums, living frauds and mountebanks of the human race, but the true medium will become exalted and the people will understand that they are the true ministers of God's truth."

WASH-BOOD-SOO-NA

Monday, April 29, 1901, 1:30 p.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "My name is Wash-bood-soo-na. I lived in the time of the Pharaohs, also in the time of that other spirit that preceded me, who was a medium.

"One day I visited her to get a sitting, as you call it in your tongue, but I should call it holding an audience with her. And while there she told me of a vision that a dark condition seemed to cover the whole earth and it seemed to her as if the sun stood still. Then she said it looked to her as if a dark cloud and mantle covered the whole sky and the sun was invisible and the people cried aloud; rushed to the tombs of their ancestors. There they wept and begged of their ancestors to plead with the gods to give them sunlight. I had so much faith in what she told me that I went among the people and told them that the Gods were to show me a sign. I did not tell the people that she informed me of the vision she saw, so you see I was a hypocrite.

"In three days after she told me of the vision, at four o'clock in the morning the sky commenced to darken. The shepherds that were attending their flocks on the high lands about eleven o'clock in the morning saw the dark pall covering the sky. The shepherds became afraid and drove their flocks down into the low lands, about the walls of the city, where they

thought their flocks would be secure. Then they went into the city and commenced to wake the people up. Those that they found abroad already, they asked to do likewise. Then when the people were woke up they rushed out into the square. They commenced to scream with terror and rushed to the tombs of their ancestors. Then they begged of their ancestors to appeal to the Gods. There was great commotion throughout the land.

"About five o'clock in the morning the sun came out and seemed to stand perfectly motionless. Then the people threw kisses to it and commenced to dance and sing and beat their cymbals. It seemed as if the sun remained motionless about one hour and then disappeared entirely. The whole earth became covered with a dark pall; so dark that you could not see your hand before you. The people threw themselves upon the ground and beat the ground with their hands and cried that their Gods had forsaken them. This darkness covered the earth twenty-four hours, by your count. Then the darkness by degrees commenced to go and all disappeared. The sun came out and shone beautifully.

"After the sun had come then the people proclaimed me to be one of the messengers of the gods, and paid me wonderful honors and heaped upon me presents of high value. You see, I took all the honor that they heaped and beat my breast and called aloud that I was a great medium.

"All the while, you see, I was a treacherous individual and a fraud of the worst kind. My whole nature was made up of hypocrisy and I spread myself to its utmost. When I walked abroad I carried my head very pompous. Some of my slaves attended me and when I met the people they bowed their heads and called me the man of God.

"You see I was a fraudulent medium and an impostor of the worst kind, like many you have today, while she was the real medium and should have received all the praises that were due her, remained at home quiet and repeated the word to herself when she heard them singing praises to me. She said the word—wait, wait, wait.

"About five years after this occurred, a great drought came upon this land, and this poor people, that is the credulous ones, appealed to me to have the Gods withdraw this terrible drouth.

To keep them quiet and keep them in this ignorant condition, I told them I had communicated with the Gods and they had said they would soon remove it from them, but instead of that there came a great, brassy heat and a great electric storm and burned up everything in the land.

In the meantime, some six months ahead, this genuine medium went to the king and told him there was a great drouth coming on the land and to put up houses and store their grain. So the king's councillors gave it out to the poor people that when this drouth came to come to them and they would sell them cheap the foodstuff. The king gave it out then that this woman had predicted what had come to pass. He made preparations for emergencies and had stored up the grain. He told the people that this woman had come in private to him and had predicted this great darkness that had come upon the earth and the sun would look as if it were motionless and the darkness would cover the earth twenty-four hours by your count.

"Then the people became enraged when they saw that the Gods did not remove the drouth for this man. They cried aloud, 'Let us put him to death, for he is an impostor,' for they believed the king, as no one dared to doubt the king's word as he was infallible with the people. So I fled in the night, but was overtaken before I had gained fifty miles by your count. On the road coming back, we became very tired. They all sat down to rest and partake of provisions that they had brought with them. They gave me none but bound me to the tree so that I could not escape. While they were resting there came up a great electric storm. The lightning struck the tree that I was tied to and I was instantly killed. The people became happy and held one of their sun dances. They cried aloud that it was a judgment from the God. They returned to the people, bringing my blackened corpse and threw it down in the square that the multitude might look at it. They spit upon my body and threw stones at it. My mother came and plead for my body, that she might put it away, that the people might not look upon it. While she was pleading for my body they threw stones at her and killed her. They heaped wood and brush on top of us and cremated us in the square.

"This was where the Jews got their story of Joshua com-

manding the sun to stand still, for the people thought that I commanded the sun to stand still. That is what I was brought here for today to tell you this story, and also to show you that there has been in all ages impostors calling themselves mediums, such as me, while genuine mediums as a general thing, only receive rebukes and persecution. I, as a fraud, revelled in luxury, but my judgment day came. Good day."

DES-DA-WEE-NA-MOO-NA

Tuesday, April 30, 1901, 10 p.m.

Justin Hulburd called to E. W. Hulburd to get pencil and paper, as someone wanted to communicate. E. W. H. having done as requested, Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Des-da-wee-na-moo-na, daughter of the king. I lived at the same time as that wonderful female lived that predicted the coming of a white race that would conquer our people. She made many wonderful predictions that came to pass.

"She made one prediction that there were buried cities lying beneath the desert. Some of the ruins have been discovered, but yet the greatest ruins of all have yet to be discovered, in which they will find the people have been very skillful in manufacturing bronze, brass and copper. They will find that in the ruins of the buildings the doors and entire casings and the casings of such windows as they had, will be entirely of bronze. They will also find that the walls of the rooms and the ceilings are entirely of bronze, with beautiful figures of a race of people before our time. She said that the desert would be reclaimed by the Nile and by canals that would be cut through it. That time has already commenced.

"Many people wonder what the sphinx represents. It represents a statue or image of the great God of the whole universe. It is the nearest they could come to the idea of a great god. It was placed there by a race of people before my time.

"I never heard any story or history of any child being found in any basket in the bullrushes which you Christians call Moses. It was a lie. The lady says it was what you folks call a myth.

"In my time they thought a great deal of cats and that is why they are found in so many of the tombs of our people. Most

of the hieroglyphics, paintings and carvings in the tombs were done by a red skinned race of men that mingled and married with our people. They came from away to the east of where we lived. They were very artistic in everything they did. They taught our people many of the arts. They had a language which they could write down, as you say in your tongue, and a great deal of our high civilization—writing, education, as you call it, came from them. They were teachers. They taught our people to make instruments which they could produce music from, and from them came many of the manuscripts and folios which were found in the ancient libraries. By our people they were called Muzzellers, which means in your language a copper colored race. They say they came from the east and that their ancestors came from a continent or island that was sunk in the water.

"The lady says she thinks they must have been the descendants of the Atlantians. She says you people have a history of such a race of people. They wove the gold and silver cloth for the royal palace and taught us the idea of worshipping in a temple. They prayed to the sun and their great God, Sar-moona, lived in the sun. Many temples were built to the worship of Sar-moona. Many figures were carved to represent him, half human and half animal. They were carved that way to show the people that he had power over the human race and also over the animal race.

"They also had astronomical instruments and read the stars. They were a scientific people and believed many other planets were inhabited like ours. They understood geometry and other scientific conditions and dealt in solar biology. Their minds were greatly advanced of our conditions of education. All the principal libraries of Egypt were compiled and composed under their direction. They were what you call a scholarly race of people. They held many large circles and among them were many highly developed mediums through which spirits communicated. They were guided entirely by spirit power. That is why so many mind readers were found in Egypt among the higher classes.

"They believed in cremation after the death of the physical body and said it was much easier for the spirit to reach the great

Nirvana, which to our idea was the heaven of the heavens. Good day."

SHA-WAD-MOO-NA

Wednesday, May 1, 1901.

An ancient spirit came and said, "I am Sha-wad-moo-na. I was high councillor of the king, and had charge over the granaries. The granaries were all constructed under my orders and they were filled with grain to keep the people from starvation. They were filled with corn and other grains and all kinds of root vegetables, dried up so that they might be kept in preservation for the future or what you call a famine.

"I had the buildings constructed so that the air would pass through them constantly, north, south, east and west, so that we might keep the foodstuffs pure and in a perfect state of preservation.

"We were what you call Spiritualists. We consulted mediums on all occasions. We found some to be genuine, truthful mediums, while others were cursed hypocrites and frauds.

"The royal seat was surrounded by six mediums, three female and three male mediums. We consulted them at all times. They were oracles and read the stars.

"One of the genuine mediums, whose name was War-see-na-moo-na, looked to me as if she read both heaven and earth. Her body was so transparent that you could see all the veins and ligaments in it. In a private room, which you would call a seance room, the spirits materialized without any cabinet, so you see materialization is nothing new to the world. When her spirit passed from her body, they mummified her body. They placed it in a solution of alum, honey, turpentine, sweet myrrh and olive oil. Then her body was swathed in swaddling bands. Where the eyes had been were placed large precious stones. Her mummified body was kept in the temple and was guarded night and day by fifty men. On our great religious festival the mummified body was placed on a litter, which was covered by a cloth embroidered with gold and silver. Then it was borne through the midst of the people, that they might look upon a mummified body that once held so great a spirit.

"In the carvings of the tombs they find her as the floral

queen distributing flowers to the people. They also find her as a god Seres, bringing a plentiful harvest to all mankind. In certain conditions they attribute this god to other individuals, but it is a mistake. On our tombs and on our paintings she is represented as five different goddesses, for to us she was a wonderful being. I was brought here to tell it to you. Good day."

GOR-DO-NA SA-SO-NA

Wednesday, May 8, 1901, 10:30 a.m.

"I am Gor-do-na Sa-so-na. I lived at the same time that grand medium did. I was the head attendant on the king. The lady says such as you call the king's private secretary today. I noted down all his sayings, attended to his wardrobe and principal wants. He allowed me seven servants to attend on me and get me whatever I wanted, so that I could furnish his wants. The king and I were great friends. He presented me with many valuable presents and among others a beautiful slave girl. She bore me three children and I loved her very dearly. The king saw how beautiful she grew and coveted her for himself. He told me he would give four other women in place of her. I did not dare to refuse. But there came a change in our lives and I hated him secretly and I longed for revenge. I did not dare to show it in the slightest way or I would be put to death. But it was approaching the Parsena festival. Let me tell you that before this festival as you call it, we fasted for thirty days. There was a kind of dough made up into small cakes and we were allowed one three times a day. There was large quantities of them placed in a basket and blessed by the different priests. We had a large number of priests in our temple and a number of assistant priests. The lady says much as you call neophytes or students. When the festival of Parsena came off—. Before I say any more, this is where the Jews get what they call their Passover. Now when the festival Parsena comes off the king is paraded around in a grand chariot, covered with cloth, embroidered with gold and silver and precious stones. When he comes back from this parade he is very tired because he is a large, fleshy man. His body is very flabby and sways from side to side as he walks through the different apartments of the palace. I thought now the time had arrived for

me to get my revenge. I played off that day that I felt quite sick, and could not attend the festival, but if I laid down I would be all right by the time he got back. I laid my plans the day before. As you see, when the festival is over they have a great feast, and eat much flesh at it. The day before they slaughter these animals for the feast. The priest stabs each one of them so that the meat might be holy. That also became a Jewish custom. I had one of the slaves bring me some blood in a vessel. I poisoned him and he was found dead, so he could tell no tales. When the king came back I attended him to his chamber. I assisted him onto his couch so that he might lie down and rest. I told him I would get him wine so it would quiet his nerves and he could go to sleep.

"In those days we made a wine from the palm trees. I prepared his wine in a silver dish. The lady says it is what you now call a drinking goblet. In the wine I administered a dose of poison. He went to sleep and never woke up in the body again. I had the blood already prepared in the vessel and I saturated a cloth with it so that they might think I had been wiping the blood off his mouth. I called the principal people of the palace in and told them that the king had died from a terrible hemorrhage and that he was so bad that I could not leave him to call any of the servants in attendance. Then they set up a wail and a loud cry and asked the Gods to give them another wise king. Then the chief mourners or the paid criers, as you call them, sent up their lamentations to the Gods to not forsake their people. His body was mummified and laid away in the tomb of his ancestors. His eldest son was chosen and made king. That took place after forty days of mourning. He was blessed by the priests of the temple. Then the people sang and danced and beat their cymbals and called on their Gods to bless the new king. I was presented with a great necklace of jewels for all the kindnesses I had shown to the king and that I had been with him in his last moments. The priesthood blessed me and called me the chosen disciple of the Gods. I asked permission to visit another part of the country and requested that the mother of my children should attend me on the journey. We were escorted by forty slaves as a bodyguard. When we got about one hundred miles by your count away

from the place where we lived I gave the woman over to the guards to ravish and said the Gods had commanded me to bring her there for that purpose. I told them the Gods said they must ravish her until she dies and the breath leaves her body. I said now she is blessed, and we left her body on the plains for the vultures to pick.

"So I had my revenge on them both. That is the way we did things in our time. The lady says that I must tell that we were crude and barbarous in our habits of living and quite frequently took the law in our own hands. She says today I would either be hung for my crime or electrocuted in a chair until my spirit left its body. That is all. Good day."

HER-ME-NES MER-NEE-SA

Wednesday, May 8, 1901, 10 p.m.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "My name is Her-me-nes Mer-nee-sa. I was what you call a philosopher. I lived forty thousand years ago. I lived in the country now called Greece. It was not called Greece in my time. Greema was the name of our race. The Greeks came from us. We did not carve statues out of marble in our time. All the statues we had were made from clay and painted. We made very graceful looking statues and the coming Greeks got their ideas from our statues to make their highly developed statues of art. Our people moulded out of clay some very beautiful statues and figures, so much so that we sold them to other tribes and they worshipped them as images of their Gods. We believed that the great God had three heads and we made great statues to represent him with three heads. We made one head represent a man, one to represent a woman and the other one to represent a male child. There is where the Christians got their idea of the Trinity, three in one. We were what you Christians call pagans and believed in the lion being a great representation of the power of God. That is why lion's heads were found carved on the tombs of the early Greeks. They took the idea of the lion from us. Being a powerful, ferocious beast, it must be next of kin to the three-headed God.

"We had snakes moulded in clay and put over the entrances of our houses as a warning to you that the eye of the

snake was always upon you. We believed that the great three-headed God sent the snakes to earth to watch our actions and nothing could induce us to kill a serpent because we believed they were the messengers between the great God and man. We understood a certain class of writing. We did it with a quill, but not as some people of late days do it. We did not sharpen the end of the quill to make a pen to write with, but we wrote with the opposite end that had the feather part on it. We understood how to use water power and crush our maize or corn as you call it. That is why some ancient millstones were found in Greece. The stones, instead of being round like the Greeks used, were oblong, one placed on the other. When set in motion by the action of the water they crushed the corn.

“In my time they believed in sacrificing human bodies to the three-headed God. They would always select a beautiful young maiden. Many of these young maidens would present themselves for sacrifice, as they believed they would go to Nirvana, the Heaven of Heavens. They would not sacrifice anyone that had ever known man, for they went under an examination so that no mistake would be made. There was only one time in the year when they sacrificed a male, that was when the sun crossed the line. They believed that by sacrificing this male it would adjust things on earth properly. At all other religious festivals they sacrificed maids only. Then we expected plenty of rain and a great harvest and believed the spirits of these maidens caused the rains to fall on the earth and were called ‘blest of the Gods.’

“In my time the women did all the field work while the males hunted and fished and worked at the mechanical parts and conditions in our tribe. Others were potters and moulded dishes and vessels of all kinds. They painted and decorated them in beautiful designs. The Greeks copied the art of painting from our people. In that line some of our people were remarkable and studied human anatomy pretty good. We understood physics and the art of psychology, both mental and physical, in our day. We were not an ignorant race of people, as some supposed that found many of our tools that we worked with. Our tools to you people may look crude, but some fine work was turned out with them.

"The zebra horse was known in our day. We domesticated them more for pets than for beasts of burden, although many people rode on their backs. We believed that both the Sun and Moon were inhabited and there was where many of the Gods and their attendants lived. When we had a great storm and devastation was shown on every side, we believed they had showered their wrath on us so as to make us shun our ways and become better people. We also believed that they were purifying the earth that the Gods some day might come and live among us.

"We did not believe in what you call marriage, but took women on trial. If we could not harmonize we would send them away and they were taken up by one man after another until they found someone with whom they could harmonize. The lady says that is what you call affinity.

"The male side of the house had to support the children until they could support themselves. That was the law of our nation. What you call divorces we knew nothing about. If a man lived with a woman and she could not become pregnant we sacrificed goats to soften the heart of God that he might place a child in her womb and visit her and tell her that she would become a mother. That is where the Christians get the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. As you see in our religion we believed such things could be done. This we believed, that God came and illuminated the woman all over with a brilliant light and we believed that God placed the child in the womb without any cohabitation with man. Now I can see that that was an erroneous idea. It was doing away with one of the laws of nature. No woman can give birth to a child until she has known man.

"We were a very superstitious race of people and believed in things improbable to all laws of nature. When I lived I was looked upon as a great philosopher, but I now see I did not understand natural laws as well as an educated person of twenty years old today. That is, I mean a person that has reached that age and been educated in your schools. That is why people took to Christianity so easy. As we were a superstitious race and people with a new religion could work upon our sensitive organs until we believed it was a truth; we sacrificed

three different men that called themselves saviors. They claimed they came to earth to save the human race, but they could not define a planet or its scientific surroundings, so we put them to death. That was our quickest mode of dealing with such frauds and impostors. Good day."

MAS-SEE-SUS GAR-DE-SUS

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "My name is Mas-see-sus Gar-de-sus. I lived 30,000 years ago. I lived in the land you now call Greece. I was a maker of Gods. The lady says you call them images now. I made them out of what you call mud. She says it is called soil, water and lime. I made them look like folks and when they got dry they got hard and they were sold out of the temple to the people so that they might worship them and kiss them and call on their ancestors and show them how they loved them by kissing the Gods. We had a three-headed God that we thought was very powerful.

"I could draw pictures, too, and I would get the women and children to lie down naked and some of them to stand up, too, and I would make clouds around them and draw some kind of nice flowers on them and they were sold in the temple for heavenly pictures, and I used to get the men to stand naked and I would draw them, too; but I wouldn't make the face just like theirs, but I would make different kinds of faces and they were sold in the temple for the pictures of our war Gods and the people would buy them and take them home and hang them up in their houses. We had over one hundred different Gods that took care of our people and saw that we were prosperous. We were a very conceited people. The Greeks took all their artistic ability from us. The lady says they inherited that in their natures; that is why they make all their statues in early times naked, like ours. They were a conceited race of people, too, because they had a higher understanding of learning than we had. There is negro blood in them, that is why you see so many dark complected Greeks. All the dark races have negro blood in them. That, mingled with white blood, makes them quarrelsome, also treacherous. You see that blood when it passes through their veins mingled with white blood, gives them a

kind of brutish nature. The decline of the Greeks was caused greatly by mingling and marrying among themselves. They rose to a high grade of civilization. The lady says she thinks it would sound better to say a high standard of civilization. They mingled and married so much among themselves they became very effeminate. The lady says what you call dudish and when men get to that condition and leave off the powerful masculine natures the nation is on a decline or the men wouldn't have held onto petticoats as they did. When men's natures are strong and masculine they don't want to wear anything that looks effeminate, such as women would wear. That is what is the matter with the Chinese nation now. Their dress looks too much like the women's. If they want to become strong and masculine they must throw aside those things that look like dresses or petticoats. The Greeks require new foreign blood mingled in their veins if they want to become a victorious nation. They want to lay aside all petticoats, all dandyism and all femininity if they want to be respected by other nations and looked upon as men worthy to be associated with. When they get new foreign blood in them they will come to their former greatness. I cannot bear anything in the shape of a priest that wears a gown or petticoat. They are only fit to be among a lot of old women, washing clothes at a running stream and nursing babies and scrubbing up floors. Good day."

SOO-NA-FI-DE-NA

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

Justin Hulburd had not yet risen when E. W. Hulburd was summoned to bring paper and pencil. He did so and received the following communication:

"My name is Soo-na-fi-de-na. I was one of the first sculptors that the early Greek age had. It was my hands and brains that made the first statue. The Herald of the Sun was produced; that was found in the early Greek ruins. I was also the master of the three female statues that the modern age calls the 'Three Graces.' When I produced them to the world I called them the attendants on the God of Knowledge, which the early Greeks thought this God was located on an island in the sea,

which was all mythical, or as you would properly call it, superstitious, located in the people's minds.

"I also produced a work of art, a chariot supposed to be on fire, drawn by the fates in which sat the great God, Chil-de-na, that produced rain and fire, or as you would say, rain and fire brought on to the earth. What I mean by fire was lightning. This God was worshipped by the people at large, as he was thought to be the most powerful God that they had any knowledge of. The people believed that he existed millions of years back. He created or gave birth to the three-headed God. So you see through superstition they reversed many things in nature. There is where the Christians get the idea, 'All things are possible with God.' Through their superstition and ignorance they got all things mixed up, for it is utterly impossible for God to be a male and a ruler of the universe at the same time. As we all see, everything is male and female, as the womb of life is female and the male part is only the protecting element that surrounds it as a guard on duty.

"What you call today the Greek columns were first produced by an ancient tribe and were made of mud or stucco work. These pillars were supposed to represent conditions supporting the sun and that the invisible spirits walked up and down, or as you would call it, climbed up and down. There is where the ancient Jews got the idea of Jacob's ladder. They had discovered in ancient history wherein it said there were pillars that reached to the sun, that spirits that once lived in bodies climbed up and down at will. I also produced in marble a chariot drawn by what you call cupids today, in which sat a Goddess that ruled the sun, moon and the earth, and was supposed to be the superior spirit of all the worlds. You see, in my time the female predominated over the male and was looked upon as the most perfect being of all the human race, but the low, dirty, filthy Jews, being of a low, licentious nature, that had no understanding of morality, changed the idea of God into a male so that they could carry out their low, licentious conditions, for they were born polygamists and had very little respect for woman-kind.

"I came here today to give you this communication to show to the world how the God idea was changed to suit the purpose

of the people wherein the moral idea should have been carried out for the elevation of the human race, but men's minds were so low and debased that the animal part of their natures was the ruling power, especially the low Jews, and they created the idea of a God to fit in and to be the ruling principle of their low, debased, brutish natures. That will give you an idea of how low the Christians were when they took up the Jewish God for the figurehead in their religion. The human life is a cosmo of ideas in which the licentious idea or in other words the brutal part of their nature predominates.

"I lived twenty-five thousand years ago. I was among the first of the Greek nation. We were then called Greco Simion, which means in your tongue, Greek, me that understands God, which was a falsification thrust upon the people, like many others. Good day."

MER-CE-DES PAR-SEE-NA

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

"My name is Mer-ce-des Par-see-na. I lived forty thousand years ago. I was a female warrior. We as it were at that time were looked upon as a highly civilized race of people for that time. The tribes surrounding us were barbarious and we looked upon them as a low class of people. They were constantly attacking our race and we had to invent some way to conquer them, for they were stealing our wives and making them slaves and concubines.

"In one sense I was like Joan of Arc of a later period. I, as it were, received the idea in a dream or vision as you may call it, that I should drill and prepare women for war. I was what you call a masculine woman, in your tongue. I had no affection for men whatever, as all my love was toward the female. I being a hermaphrodite wherein the male nature predominated. I drilled and exercised women and prepared them for war so that our nation would not become too weak. I consulted the leading warriors of our nation, such as you call generals in your time. I led these women forth to battle, that they might fight and strengthen the male part of our army. That is what you call it today—army. I was called Mercedes, the female Goddess of War. But as I did not like anything fem-

inine connected with my character, they changed it to Mercedes, the God of War. The scientific people of our race called one of the planets 'Mercedes, the Dog of War,' which more modern people changed to 'Mars, the God of War.'

"All the ancient planets in our time, that is the planets discovered by our scientific people, were given names that were held by individuals in the body. For illustration, the planet that now holds the name of Venus, by our people was named Ver-sem-doo-na. She received her name after a beautiful wife of one of our leading generals or warriors who bore the name of Coperhena. That was also one of the names given to one of the planets, but was changed by the scientists into what you call in a more modern day, Copernicus. All the ancient planets were named by our people.

"The people that came after us many generations found a broken statue representing me, which they thought was a male or a statue that represented a male God. They gave it a male name called Markana, which you people call Mercury. Those that discovered the broken statue did not know it was one made to represent a female warrior, as the whole appearance was that of a warrior dressed in full regalia, with all the implements of war surrounding it. They took it for granted it was the representation of a male war God in which it represented one fully equipped for war.

"I drilled and conducted all the war conditions of the female warriors, so I became their war chieftain, or chief, just as you wish to call it. My height was seven feet, five inches.

"You will notice in some of the communications the word Soo-na is used. That is what you people call the sun in your tongue. All the warriors, male and female, looked up toward the sun and called on the Sun God to make them victorious in war and to give them strength so that they might destroy their barbarous enemies. We went forth to battle fully equipped, that is, the male and female army. We conquered all the barbarians that we came in contact with, and came out victorious. We brought back over twenty thousand prisoners, which we tried to civilize in our way. We made slaves of them so that they might carry all the heavy burdens, and in that way we civilized them. We became a very conceited race of people

and beat our breasts in a pompous manner and sang and danced to the Gods, telling them how successful we had been through their aid and assurance.

“We had a God for all conditions in our time. I think we were the first race that had legitimate female warriors. We did not have standing armies as you have now, but all the males that were strong and healthy had to go forth and fight for the nation—you call it nation. All the females that had a desire to fight or assist the male army went forth under my leadership. I discovered afterward when I went to the spirit side of life that there were many statues raised in honor of my name. They were a poor representation of me as they had too much of the female expression about them, as I was entirely male in all my make-up and conditions. Every lineament of my face and body was masculine. The only effeminate condition I had was that organ of the female sex which I hated and despised, as all my masculine love went out to the females. I met all men on an equal footing and would not receive their friendship in any other way, as I liked all things masculine. I was a freak in nature, of which there are many today. Female seemingly to all appearance, but with male likes and dislikes, while on the other side, there are males that carry female natures and all the love of their natures goes out toward the male sex. How few of the doctors and scientists understand this condition in life. Their education yet stands on a platform of ignorance, curtained around by superstition and held up by what they call intelligence and a scientific education which is void of a great deal of the reasoning powers of life. Men that claim to be college bred and women too, are groping through a channel of dark superstition that only the spirit world can open up to the light of day. I shall bid you good morning, sir.”

Miss Jennie Lees came and said, “Mr. Hulburd, you see why we wanted this communication taken down carefully. It is very important as showing how the planets’ names were given from individuals.”

HAR-SHO-NA KA-MOS-NA

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

“My name is Har-sho-na Ka-mos-na. I was governor gen-

eral of our people at the same time that the female warrior lived. She was straight and good and conducted things on a high plane of civilization for our time. She had many female warriors under her control that did lots of good fighting. After she led the women into battle with my army of men connection we licked everything around. We subdued all the barbarian races and brought them under the power of civilization. We had to bear down on them strong laws to make them subject to our will and power. It was a great benefit to them, as it brought them out of their barbarous state and condition.

"In time we got them to take up the idea of farming, as you call it. With the assistance of our people they cultivated the ground and raised crops. We distributed our people in among them to teach them the art of building and creating towns. Many of the towns are the buried cities that the excavators have found in our country. Many of the towns and cities were buried in ruins by earthquake.

"There was a sea that once crossed that part of the country. Through volcanic conditions it lies buried under the desert and other parts of this country. Portions of it will be discovered in time, as earthquakes will occur and open up the ground and expose portions of this buried sea.

"From our race comes the most beautiful women of the world. Both our men and women were much larger in our day than your present Greeks. The cause was they mingled and married so much among themselves instead of bringing in outside conditions to build up their race, which I think improved them in time.

"In our temples we had women and men that were great seers or clairvoyants, as you call them. We were guided entirely by their directions. Before going into battle we consulted our seers. They gave the leading men orders just what to do and how to fight the enemy. We used strategy largely in our mode of fighting. There were people in our race that understood the art of drawing maps so that in time we understood the topography of the whole surrounding country.

"Our women were held in adoration by the men and were on perfect equality with all men. In our time men were permitted to take all the wives they wanted, that is, provided the

women were willing to take up their abode with these men. No man could force a woman unwilling to live with him. He had to get her consent and the consent of her parents. We were a race of people that had just laws that protected the people. No one could force anyone to do that which they had no desire to do. Our laws protected the people in their civil rights.

"In our time we had a certain class of performances that were given in buildings erected for the purpose, which you now call theatres. We had a building where the high councillors met on a par with your senate, and our governor was on an equality with your president. Both men and women sat in the council hall, which in the future the same thing will take place in your nation.

"We understood the art of railroads. It was in a crude condition to that which you have now in your nation. The wheels of our wagons were made to fit the wooden rails, so you see railroads are nothing new. We also understood the art of making balloons, but not as perfect as you have them at the present time, but they suited our purpose.

"We had many mediums in our time, such as the one through whom I speak. People interviewed them to receive communications concerning their future life. We had scientists that read the stars and planets and were interviewed by many people to find out which were their lucky days and their unlucky days. Astrology and astronomy was a common line of education in my time.

"I think we were a spiritual class of people for that age and day, as we held constant communication with the spirits of our loved ones that had passed on. We were not what you would call an ignorant and illiterate class of people, for we had several branches of education that was in use in our time, therefore we were looked up to. Good day."

WAS-NE-TA BUR-DE-NA

Wednesday, May 15, 1901.

"My name is Was-ne-ta Bur-de-na. I was a Greek dyer. That is, they call our people Greeks now. I discovered the art of dyeing in bright shades, for which I received a medal attached to a gold necklace and a pair of gold bracelets to wear

on my arms and a pair of gold anklets to wear on my ankles, and also a pair of large round ear-rings to wear in my ears, presented to me by the ruler of our people for discovering the art of dyeing in bright colors. Our people understood the art of dyeing in dark colors long before my time, but I made the discovery how to dye what you call a crimson color and several other bright shades. I dyed the mantles of the principal people of our nation. That is, both women's and men's mantles. I dyed them a crimson color, of which they were very proud. It was only worn by the highest parts of our race. Men and women of nobility, as you call them. The lower classes of our race were only allowed to have mantles a dark blue shade. The discovery in my art made me a wealthy person.

"In my time they still had the three-headed God. It wore a robe of bright scarlet, which I dyed, and they called me the dyer of the Gods' raiment. We had many priests and priestesses in our temple. Their garments were dyed yellow and scarlet. I dyed these robes for them and was called the blessed dyer of the temple.

"Our people understood the art of weaving on looms. They wove some beautiful linen fabrics and also woolen cloth. We knew nothing of the cotton material you have now. It was unknown to us then. We had some very fine metal workers among our people. They worked in brass, copper, silver and gold. They produced some vases of rare workmanship. Our urns that held the ashes of our dead were beautiful pieces of workmanship. We burned the bodies of our dead, that is what you call cremation now. Our people in my time wore many ornaments upon their bodies. They wore large round rings in their ears. We had an instrument that cut out a round piece of the ear wherein the rings were placed. The men and women wore necklaces and armlets of gold and silver. The women also wore head-dresses of gold and silver and precious stones. The women and men both wore gold bands above their knees, sometimes of silver. They also wore anklets of gold and silver around their ankles. Our people in war frequently would take prisoners that were loaded down with anklets and bracelets of gold and silver and copper. So you see we discovered that others understood the art of metal working. They told us that they

also burned their dead. From that we understood it was a common habit with all the different tribes to burn their dead, but as far as we could learn, we were the only race of people that saved the ashes of their dead.

"One race of people that we came in contact with through war carried a six-headed God into battle with them, while ours was only a three-headed God. So you see the different races had different ideas of a God. We were conceited enough to think our God was the only God and that all other Gods were only outsiders. But we discovered in going to battle with the different races that their God was the only true God. So you see religion from all ages has only been a matter of opinion with the different people. The minds of the people make their religion.

"We had a great many different statues in our temple to represent the different Gods. That is, lower Gods that were servants or attendants on the three-headed God. There is where the Christians get their idea of their God being attended by angels and cherubims. Our people used to make pictures with the air full of flying Gods, bringing messages to the great three-headed God. They were riding in clouds and on streaks of lightning and on everything that the mind could imagine. We had what you call a devil, but we did not locate him in hell or any place like that. We believed he went flying over the earth, causing earthquakes and drouths and floods. We believed that he lived in a great big cave attended by bad spirits and that when our three-headed God became angry with us because we did not present him sufficient presents to satisfy his greedy nature he let this devil with his attendants come out of the cave to fly over the earth and cause desolation. Then through our belief and superstition and his great power which brought a fear upon us, we would rush to the temple and place our valuables at his feet—that is, gold and silver and precious stones—and anything that held a high value to it. We felt that he disdained our money because it was only made of brass and copper. We would dance and sing before his high majesty and beg him to remove his curse from off his people.

"Since I have been in spirit life I have made a discovery—that is, that men and women are nothing more than supersti-

tious animals awaiting a development in life through a high principle that we understand but very little about. This great principle, wherever it is located, only shows itself to men and women by degrees and as it unfolds itself to one's intellect so that we may understand there is a high principle governing all life and through it we grow to understand there is a high development awaiting all life and also the planet that life lives on and as we gain this knowledge we become more spiritual and intellectual and collect wisdom to beautify our surroundings. Religion is worthless to man if he does not learn and understand the great power that this principle has in store for him. Man's true religion is Reason, Wisdom, Truth and Charity toward all the human race. No individual can save another, but if that other is advanced in spiritual intellect he or she can become a teacher to those that are lesser developed in spirit power or intellect. Reason is a noble master when it becomes a partner with truth. The soul will grow into generosity then and through its spiritual atmosphere will create a God according to his own ideas of immortality. All life is an education preparing us to meet the real God and understand the living laws of nature and its principles which draws nearer and nearer to the true affinity of our own existence. Religion without truth is void of all expression of the God principle that is within us. Without it we are miserable beings, groping through an age of darkness, trying to find the light of truth. When that great searchlight illuminates our mind and conscience, then we have love and charity for everything that exists, formed and fashioned in nature. We have found God. I lived six thousand years ago. Good day."

HA-RO-NA SE-A-NA

Tuesday, May 28, 1901.

"My name is Ha-ro-na Se-a-na. I lived nine thousand years ago. I was a priest in the temple, Saboona Seana. We taught the worship of fire. From us came a race of people called the Druids, sun-worshippers. My home was in what you call at the present day, Spain. There was a race of people that came from the east and mingled with our people and from them came the Moors. We had in our temple both male and female priests

and priestesses. We believed in the art of palmistry and mind-reading in our time and astrology was largely dealt in and introduced among our people. We had a high priest, one above all the others, whose name was Arteya Mermee Saboordá. He corresponds to what you Christians call Pope of Rome. He made laws and then they were voted on by the council to see which would be put in practice. Many of our laws were more just than many of your laws at the present time. The names of our children, those that were married, the first name was called after the female side of the house; their second name after the male side of the house. A man in our time could not buy or sell land without the consent of his wife and female daughters, if they were old enough. Should it be that he was not married, he would have to get the consent of his mother. No man could present a horse or any domestic animal without the consent of the female side of the house. We had some horses which were very expensive in our day, which were brought from the west. There was a race of people which came from the west and brought horses with them to sell, which was an expensive luxury and brought high prices. The people were what you call gypsies, and I would be willing to wager that if you were to trace this medium's origin quite a ways back, you would find he had gypsy blood in him.

"We believed in circumcision and every male child of our race was circumcised by the High Priest. Every child, male and female, when it was one year old, had a letter cut in its breast. When the letter was cut on its breast it was filled with a chemical process. When the healing process took place it would turn a dark brown. When the healing process was entirely gone through with and the wound, as you call it, was entirely healed, the letter would stand out somewhat from the breast, tinted with a dark brown hue. That letter or hieroglyph would correspond in your tongue to the letter 'G.' It stood for the name of our race, Ga-rin-da, which in after days the Spanish changed to Za-rin-ga. As I said before, the 'G' stood for the name of our race, Garinda, which means good. We were called by the savage people who surrounded us good, or godlike people, as you would call it, because our life or way of living had a certain civilization attached to it. We were looked

up to by the more inferior races. Our religion was that of worshipping fire because we believed it was the purifier of all evil. This High Priest or Pope, as you would call him, the people could only look upon once in every moon, as he was carried on a dais or platform as perhaps you would call it, which it took twenty-four slaves to carry. The people would bow their heads in silent prayer and swing their incense, which gave forth odors. These were composed of bronze boxes with chains attached to them so that they could be swung backwards and forwards. There was a variety of barks broken up in small pieces and set on fire inside. The lid was then put on, which was perforated with little holes which would permit the smoke to come through and then it would also distribute sweet scented odors among the people, which would come from the bark inside the box. There is where your Christian church gets the swinging of incense from, and from our High Priest you get the idea of your Pope. All our priests, from our High Priest down to the lowest, were all castrated, so that they could not cohabit with females. Our female priestesses were spayed so that they could not cohabit with men. It was the same in the early time of your Christian church. Your priests were castrated, but after you got a Pope ordained that sat in judgment over your Catholic church, he produced a decree claiming that all men that entered the priesthood became pure and holy, and this medium, they tell me, is the result of one of those holy men. It is utterly impossible for any man to become a pure saint that has any of Adam left in him. Any man that does not permit nature to take its course must become a masturbator and in time an imbecile, which is a disgrace to manhood. If men and women do not marry and live the proper life that nature intended that they should, they must be either spayed or castrated. To live pure lives, it is utterly impossible otherwise to do so. There are many men and women in the world today that claim to live pure lives, that are single, that have reached the age of thirty by your counting, but I, as a spirit, doubt their word when they say they are pure. There may be such a thing as a born idiot or people who are born with an unbalanced mind, who inherit very little of the animal propensity. Those people understanding very little of licentious conditions may be pure, but sane

people, no—for it is the right of every man and woman that inherits common sense, to marry, multiply and replenish the world. When they do not do that, there is something wrong in their make-up, and should not be looked upon as sane people.

“We, as a race, were very prolific, and men and women whose seed could not multiply became drudges to the temple and had to wait upon the priests and priestesses and keep the temple in order and do other drudging that was required of them. If a man took a woman into his household and she could not bear him children he must present her to some other man and if she could bear children to that man she was looked upon as a true woman and mother, but if she failed with that other man, she was passed on until twenty-four men had tested her abilities. If she failed with them all, then she became a drudge for the temple. On the male side of our race there were some that also failed to produce children by women, but they had the same test to pass through that the women did, and if their seed did not multiply they also became drudges for the temple. No man or woman was looked up to with any honor only those that were parents of families. You see we looked upon all that could multiply and replenish our race with the highest respect and paid them great honor. Every child that was born in our race, male or female, was looked upon with all our love and respect. An animal was sacrificed as soon as we heard of a birth and songs and praises were sung to the God of Fire and the babe was brought into the presence of the great High Priest and his body was sprinkled with blood from the animal that was sacrificed and the priest gave it a name. If it was a male child, there was an afghan or large cloth placed on the priest’s lap. One of the assistant priests took it in his arms and handed it to the High Priest, then the babe was placed on the afghan, which was thrown over the High Priest’s lap, and with the assistance of two female Priestesses, the High Priest circumcised the child. So you see circumcision was a religious mode before the time of the Jews.” •

SER-VA-NO MORT-WA-NO

Thursday, February 20, 1902.

Ser-va-no Mort-wa-no, High Priest in the Temple of Bu-

deno Dorsoto 60,000 years ago.

"Hello. She em say I greet you. You Christian man tell plenty lies. Me tell plenty lies too. She em say me tell you me plenty big Priest. Me live long time ago. She em say in that country what you call Greece now time she em say me make three times them kind of bodies. She em say you make it call carnation. I got them three bodies she em say when I live them 60,000 years. She em say way back that time me do plenty things what them people say is big. She em say they call me big God, big spirit. Me make plenty big things. She em say me make plenty people well. She em say I make big things. She em say people talk me big God. She em say I make them got up good when they lie bad on the ground and make plenty sick. She em say me like great doctor me make plenty things what you call medicine. She em say I make by that medicine plenty magnetism. She em say I tell plenty what I see. She em say I got two kind of eye. She em say with one eye I see plenty things. She em say one eye come from God. She em say one eye make me see plenty things. She em say them people make plenty talk like me one big God. She em say me tell all plenty, that year plenty things growed. She em say me tell that year not things plenty growed. She em say me tell plenty things what's astronomy. She em say me big medy. She em say plenty peoples come to see me. She em say plenty peoples got sick, me make em well.

"In another country she em say you make that talk what you call English. Jeshu San. She em say me tell her plenty what that man he make. What he say. He make plenty people well. She em say me tell you them peoples make him God, plenty big God, plenty big spirit. Me not like that kind make plenty big God, me make talk. I kill him. She em say I make that talk. He make plenty big things what I can no make so big she em say. Then I say I kill him. Then I make plenty people come eat too. He got more man's comes too what make plenty things like him. I make them kind a drink what he drink and the man's drink. She em say they die. She em say I make them poisons. I no want him make plenty bigger things than I makes. Then I makes him dead. Then people makes plenty talks on that mans and them other mans what he got.

They make them talks she em say with a stick on them things what them Christian peoples finds them long time it after. She em say. She em say Jeshu San Christian make that talk she em say. She em say they make him got name Jesus Christ. Him big man talk and make plenty things. She em say him Theosophum. She em say He knows plenty things more than me. He no marries woman. She em say I no talk good like them other ones. Me got plenty womans. She em say me got plenty children. She em say He no got womans. He no likes womans. She em say He like all the time plenty flower, plenty trees. She em say Him like everything what's got plenty nice look. She em say Him got the same kind like this em one what I make plenty talk. She em say this em one no got woman. She em say all the same kind. She em say me tell you them people think him big God. I no like that. I make them kind a drink and he die. She em say me big priest in temple. She em say I make big talk plenty. She em say me want them people to think me big God, bigger than Jeshu San. So me kill him. She em say them people think me bigger God what I make him dead. She em say all them peoples come make sing and dance. She em say I bigger God. She em say by-ne bye me die. She em say another priest he kill me. She em say he tells the peoples I goes to the biggest God what was. She em say the great God. She em says I make plenty tricks she em says what that other mans learn. She em say then he kill me. She em say then he big God. She em say He make all them kind of things what makes people well. She em says she wants me to make tell you that all them Gods no good. She em says that she makes me tell. We all make plenty lie like Christian make plenty lie. She em say all ligion make plenty lie. I go now. She em come make your talk,"

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I had quite a difficult task to perform instructing that ancient spirit to speak some English whereby he could give his communication. The band discovered that he had been an ancient priest while living in one of his embodiments. They brought him to me and I endeavored to instruct him to give a communication. I think that the other spirit that was looked upon as a High Priest and a God by his people who bore the name of Jeshu San was the original

character whose name has been handed down until the Jews deformed it into the name of Jesus. For you must understand they have no original history of this Jesus Christ or any authority whereby they can claim that this Jesus the Jew, was crucified. It is only hearsay, written up by Jewish writers and the Christians stole the principal of those Jewish tales and created their man-God out of said writings to fasten it on the people. They brought in the idea of a miraculous birth whereby the people could look upon him as the Son of God or as the son of Lucifer. Now, this ancient spirit whose name I gave you the other day and also the name of the temple in which he was High Priest. He gave the band some very valuable information concerning the fraud that had been perpetrated upon the people. I must once more say that I really believe that Jeshu San was the original Jesus. His make-up was that of both male and female, the female predominating. Such beings make fine mediums. Those men that he spoke of as followers of that Jeshu San following him from one country to another is where the Christians got the idea of the disciples. I wish it were so that he could have given you more information concerning the period in which he lived, but it was such hard work for me to get him to speak the English tongue. It was the desire of the band that he should communicate while they had the opportunity of his company. I have been at work for two weeks to get him to pronounce what he did. I am glad that he had accomplished enough so to be understood. When he pronounced that word "she em" he meant me, as he could not pronounce "She told me so and so." I have now given you a little explanation of his meaning. He became jealous of that individual and poisoned him to get him out of the way. So then, you see, the people thought he had the greatest power. He gave it out to the people that he had called down the wrath of the great God, who inflicted upon this man and his followers death, so that made him the greatest Priest living then in that country. You see by his own communication he had poisoned them by a drink that he had prepared. This is the way that all religions have been built up, forced upon the people by deception and hypocrisy of the worst kind. Theosophy was understood by the people of that age, but only in a crude form. I believe the one they call

Madame Blavatsky or Searchlight, was at one time this same Jeshu San. She has passed through many re-embodiments and developed her spiritual condition to where it is now.

There is no end to progression and that is why she gave up her life in those different embodiments for the benefit of the human race. Thanking you for a time, I will bid you good day.
Jennie Lees.

Inspirational Poem

Chapter XXX

Inspirational Poem, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Judson, Searchlight Bower, California, October 9, 1889.

Oh, mamma and papa, how do you do?
It is some time since I talked with you,
But your little Ella is constant and true,
So a few words I want to send to you.
I'm growing to be such a big girl,
To look at me might make your head whirl.
Tell sisters and brothers I'm so happy in the spirit world
Since I have grown to be such a big girl.
I wish you could see the home where I dwell,
There is no fear here of a Christian hell.
With Grandpas and Grandmas and Charley, too,
We are all so happy and loving and true.
It is one of the most beautiful homes you ever saw,
And we all live under a happy spirit law.
We have so many pretty flowers
I declare, our homes are perfect bowers;
And I love to sit with Charley by the hour,
He is always full of jokes and never sour.
He talks and talks so much of you
I often wonder, can it be true.
He says he is the first Charley you ever had,
If that is so I am awful glad.
Grandma Chappel says how can you doubt,
For every one of his thoughts are devout.
Many happy days we have had,
That is Charley, me and his partner, Tad.

This young man looks so fine,
Charley says his thoughts are divine.
He met him when he came to spirit life
And don't you think neither of them has a wife.
They were two babies that never saw earth life.
But they have a wonderful perception of sight
And they will for the battle fight,
Don't you think, papa, that is right?
The spirit banner to the world must fly,
For they are marshalling hosts through your sky.
Let them stop it if they dare.
We will make their churches and creeds look bare,
For every one that has friends below,
This Christian superstition must overthrow;
And all priestcraft out of their hearts must go,
For what I say you will find will be so.
So you see I have kept my promise at last
And will try and make up for time lost in the past.
Charley, Tad, Dan and me
Will give thoughts to thee.
He is another of our little group,
And I tell you, in himself he is a whole troop.
A little newspaper we do see,
And it is a branch of the spiritual tree.
Bye and bye it will come to the front.
Sour looks will be thrown at it with many a grunt.
So papa, blow your bugle fast as you can.
In spirit life you have a little lady and a young man
Who will stand by you as strong as they can.
We are both chips of the old block,
And I guess can stand many a hard knock.
So now, papa, let you prepare
The battle to fight with heroic care.
We have had too much milk and mush,
And lots of their Christian slush.
I am so glad I came over here
It was required I should come to spirit sphere.
Charley, Tad, Dan and I
Feel our thoughts to the world must fly.

We are building a generator here
And will give you plenty of work, do not fear.
So now you will have a chance
To make some of the hoivy people dance.
I only feel that I am a little spoke in the great wheel,
Charley, Tad and Dan have a new reel,
And you can play the music as you feel
And make some Christians learn a new step in the reel.
Now I will bid you good bye for a while,
As we have many thoughts to file.
Mamma, papa, sisters and brothers, I send you a big kiss
And hope the angels will go with this.
Your loving little Ella, or Pearl Gate.

Miscellany

Chapter XXXI

Animal Passions and Appetites.

Friday, May 26, 1905.

In the *Progressive Thinker*, No. 807, Jas. H. Young replies to the statement of Lyman C. Howe in No. 788, that "Animal passions and physical appetite do not pass the death line."

When reading the article of Mr. Howe I was greatly surprised that a person of his probable experience in spirit manifestations and knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy should still cling to that nearly obsolete "twinkling of an eye" doctrine which some years ago was so generally taught in the orthodox churches. Although my parents were fanatical Christians, thanks to the good angels I was saved from the blight of such teachings.

After thirty-two years' study of spiritualism and twenty-four years' daily life with one of the spirits chosen mediums and communion with hundreds of highly advanced spirits, I have never heard one make such a statement as that attributed to Mr. Howe. On the contrary, every spirit that has made expression on that point says, "Spirits, when leaving the body, invariably take with them all their attributes of the earth life and it sometimes takes a long time to rid themselves of those encumbrances."

I long ago supposed all highly cultured spiritualists, such as Brother Howe, had advanced beyond the old church teachings and had been released from the "swaddling bands of Christianity." I fully endorse Brother Young's article, and in corroboration will relate a few instances sustaining his views.

My cousin, Justin Hulburd, when fifteen years of age, was

a member of Edwin Forrest's dramatic company. When on a boat going down the Mississippi from St. Louis, Mo., to Memphis, Tenn., Mr. Forrest was sitting on the deck, Justin stood alongside of him holding a spelling book. Mr. Forrest was teaching him to spell. He discovered in time that it was a failure. As they were in the process of a little quarrel about the spelling lesson, the captain came to where they were. He said, "Mr. Forrest, won't you allow your boy to sing for the passengers? They have a great desire to hear him."

Just then Justin was influenced by a spirit who said to the captain, whose name was Horace Maybrook, "Hod, for Christ's sake, give me a drink; I'm shivering all over for the want of a drink." Justin's little body was shaking like an aspen leaf.

Mr. Forrest said to the captain, "Bring some whiskey in a glass and let Puss smell of it; perhaps the odor of the liquor will satisfy the unhappy spirit, or whatever it may be." The captain left and soon returned with a glass of brandy. Mr. Forrest said, "Now, Puss, or whoever is talking, sit here on my lap and smell this liquor." No sooner had Little Puss sat on Edwin Forrest's legs when he grabbed the glass out of the captain's hand and drank the contents before they could stop him, then threw the glass into the river and said, "Brother Hod, that was good. Now I can talk to you. James Livingston was my murderer; he shot me through the heart as we were riding through a piece of timber near Jefferson, Mo." The captain admitted to Edwin Forrest that was the spirit of his brother, who was a gambler and an outlaw. They knew he was killed, but by whom they never learned until then. The captain said, "Why, that child has drank enough brandy to make him drunk." Edwin Forrest said, "Those influences that surround him have a way of destroying the effects, how, I cannot tell."

The above incident occurred before the Fox sisters were heard of. The captain told it to a reporter for the New Orleans Picayune and it was published at the time.

On one occasion in 1878, I with two others was spending an evening in a social way at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Pirnie was a grand medium. Mr. Pirnie was also a medium, but owing to ill health was rarely controlled, but this evening as we were having a friendly chat

he was suddenly controlled by a negro spirit he had known in Michigan. The spirit said he was drowned in Saginaw Bay. He had procured a bottle of rum, gone out in a small boat fishing, was caught by a squall of wind, the boat was upset and he was drowned.

I asked the spirit how he felt when he went to spirit life. He said, "I'll tell you, boss. I felt mighty bad to think I had lost all that good rum; I'd only drank part of it, and I was so sorry I hadn't drank the rest of it." It was very evident death had not taken from this poor spirit the love for rum.

In 1875 Justin was living in Chicago taking a rest. He frequently attended circles and was many times controlled by a spirit who gave the name of Tim. The circle was usually composed of Col. Morse and wife, Mrs. Thompson, wife of a Chicago lawyer, a Mrs. Robinson, who was a member of the society for which Mrs. Richmond lectured, a bass singer of Mrs. Richmond's choir, name forgotten, F. D. C. Meyer and a sister-in-law of Col. Morse, name forgotten.

The spirit Tim gave many fine tests, but never until they would give him a drink of whiskey—Justin never drinks liquor of any kind, but the sitters would give this spirit what he desired in order to get tests. He wanted only the commonest whiskey. If they gave him a good article he would refuse to give tests.

In 1882 in Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain, accompanied by Prof. Haus of Topeka, Kansas, called at Justin's home. Besides the above named there were present Mrs. Lee, daughter-in-law of Bishop Lee, of Davenport, Iowa, Dr. J. W. Charles of McPherson, Kansas, and Dr. F. D. C. Meyer. After sitting a short time Justin was controlled by Edgar Allan Poe, who gave Prof. Haus his past life in rhyme, telling him of the peculiar minds he had to deal with among the students. The Professor told Mrs. Chamberlain every word was true. The Professor asked the spirit Poe if he now had any desire for liquor. He said, "Not any more. It took me a long time to get over that desire." Then Professor Haus asked him what the feeling was when he came en rapport with a physical medium. He said, "When I came close to the medium's atmosphere, there came a strong desire for liquor and when I

did not receive it I could not give a good communication. After a time that desire left me and I prayed to the good angels to keep it away. My prayer was answered and now I have no desire for liquor." Those present said, "Thank the good angels for that ministration in life." Such was told to me by Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain.

The same year we were holding circles twice a week at Justin's home. The circle was composed of Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Joseph Fleming, F. D. C. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and the medium, Justin.

At one of the circles Justin was controlled by an Irish influence. The first words were, "Shure, now, and who be yez? Is it heretics ye are? Arrah, now, and what would Father Brady say if he saw me here?" Then she commenced bemoaning her sad mishap at having been enticed into a place where there were heretics. Finally she said her name was Bridget Kelly, that she was a washerwoman in New York City. She told of Dennis, her husband, and her daughter, Norah.

After talking for some time she turned to Mrs. Chamberlain, a very dignified old lady of seventy-two, saying, "Give me a sup." Mrs. Chamberlain said she did not use liquor, and had none. The spirit said, "Sure, now, take that bottle out of your pocket and give me a drop." Mrs. Chamberlain reiterated the assertion that she had none. The spirit indulged in some characteristic remarks and left. Justin's Indian guide, Rosa, came, laughing heartily, and said she found the spirit wandering around, looking for the Virgin Mary. She told her the Virgin was in there. When the spirit left the medium she again met Rosa and upbraided her for deceiving her. Rosa then told her she was the Virgin Mary. The spirit wanted to know what made her so dark. Rosa said, "I got sunburned going about to so many different countries."

Bridget afterward came several times. She said we were her saviors. She became a member of Justin's band and the guides say she is doing a grand work bringing ignorant Catholic spirits from "Darkness to Light." She is very bitter in her animosity toward the priests and says, "Sure, they are the ones that took all our hard earnings."

After we came to our present home in the mountains of

Southern California, for a time we had great difficulty in procuring the family washing done, having to depend entirely on Indian women, who at first were very unreliable. At one time we were for several weeks unable to procure a washerwoman. Finally Justin said if I would bring the water he would try and do some washing. I brought the water and he commenced. He had been at work but a short time when I perceived it was not Justin who was washing. Bridget had come and she remained until the work was completed. After she had been working for some time she said to me that Mr. Franklin said she might have a drink and she asked for whiskey. Benjamin Franklin was at that time the leader of that band. After the passing of twenty-three years Bridget is still working with the band and frequently makes her presence known. Justin's guides say she has become a beautiful spirit and is a grand missionary among those still in darkness. It was evident she did not leave behind her desire for liquor when she left the physical body. In many years now she has not expressed any wish for liquor.

When we came to the mountains of Southern California we frequently employed an Indian named Jose Duro, who was captain of the Canajoes. He was fond of whiskey and would drink it on all occasions when he could get it. In time he passed to the "happy hunting ground." Several times he came and controlled Justin. The last time he controlled was about two years ago. He said he knew of a rich ledge of gold-bearing rock and would lead us to it if we would give him some whiskey. We told him we did not keep whiskey in the house. He persisted for some time, urging us to get him whiskey. When he realized that he could not get it he left without revealing his secret. This Indian had been in spirit life about twelve years, but still craved whiskey.

In the winter of 1883-4 Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, Justin Hulburd and myself were one evening at the home of Prof. Kimmel in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Kimmel, the accomplished wife of the professor, was a medium. On this occasion she was controlled by an Indian spirit, who demanded pipe and tobacco. Upon being repressed the spirit attempted to take her to the street,

where those things could be procured. It was only by a strong effort the professor prevented her leaving the house.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?

There seems to be much speculation in regard to President Lincoln's belief in spirit return and quite frequently articles are seen in the *Progressive Thinker*, headed, "Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?"

I write what follows at the dictation of one who knows.

My cousin, Justin Hulburd, is a born medium. Spirits tell us that long before the outbreak of the Civil War he was selected to play a part which has never been made public—that of President Lincoln's private spy. He was very petite—four feet tall, small features and fragile build. He was kept in that condition until after the war. When forty years of age he grew fourteen inches, his features enlarged and he became of much stouter build. Several years before the war General Warren became his guardian and Justin was known in the army as Little Warren.

General Warren exacted from President Lincoln a solemn pledge that the services of Justin—or Little Warren, as he was called—should never be made known. Publicity would have been fatal, the rebel element being so prevalent throughout the United States during the war and for considerable time subsequent to its close. It was to be kept secret on account of Justin's profession, which was the stage. Notwithstanding such secrecy he was three times shot at when on the stage by characters who recognizing his voice, suspected his identity. Once in Washington, D. C., once in St. Louis, Mo., and once in Louisville, Ky. He was poisoned three times, but saved by spirit power, they—the spirits—compelling him to vomit, thereby expelling the poison from his stomach.

His spirit guides say, "We did not intend giving the above to the public until his life was published, which in time will be given to the world in three volumes, but there having been several articles in print asking, 'Was President Lincoln a Spiritualist?' we permit it to be given now."

He went through the war as in a dream, guided by a voice—the voice of George Washington—assisted by Johann of Arc.

He was promptly admitted to the White House at any hour, day or night.

He answered the guides' purpose admirably, being so small and having small features. He could represent either a boy or girl, as conditions required. As a boy he would enter the rebel lines dressed in a pair of little nankeen pants buttoned to a blue waist, go direct to headquarters and ask about his father, take out a top, wind it up and then make it spin, sing for the officers, win their friendship with his childish ways, which he could play to perfection.

At one time while Justin was playing in Chicago, Abraham Lincoln and Hon. David Davis attended the performance. The name of the comedy was, "In and Out of Place," in which Justin represented five different characters. At the hotel Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Buckley, the manager of the company, "That little creature would make a good army spy, he can represent so many different characters." He did not then think that that little individual would become his private spy.

Justin did not belong to the army or the Secret Service. He belonged to the Nation.

President Lincoln believed in Spiritualism, also in Jesus Christ, quoting many times from the New Testament those parts connected with Jesus' life.

Mr. Lincoln had several sittings with a man claiming to be a medium, who went by the name of Colchester. He discovered he was a fraud of the worst kind and ordered him out of the White House.

He had several sittings with a man named Conklin. He told me he thought he was genuine. Miss Kennedy he said, he knew was genuine, also Nettie Maynard, who was usually the medium for the circles held at the White House.

A woman by the name of Hilton he thought used some sleight of hand business, and also was a ventriloquist. Hon. David Davis thought the same.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Hon. David Davis, James G. Blaine, Salmon P. Chase, Gen. Winfield Scott, Richard M. Hooley, and President Lincoln pronounced Nettie Maynard and Miss Kennedy genuine mediums. Miss Kennedy was a wonderful medium, but her health failed and she gave up sitting for the public.

On one occasion Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keene, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Forrest, Mr. Conway, Mrs. Scott and Miss Jennie Maybury attended an "afternoon tea" at the White House. President Lincoln sent for Miss Kennedy and the tests they received from the spirit side of life were wonderful, so much so that Laura Keene took a diamond ring from her finger and presented it to Miss Kennedy. She said Miss Kennedy was the only medium that ever gave her mother's name to her in full. She went back six generations and gave Laura Keene the names of her ancestors in full, which made Laura Keene from that moment a Spiritualist. She never gave up her church but she felt it was her duty to speak of Spiritualism to those she came en rapport with.

Justin says Mr. Lincoln would often talk with him about spirit life and would ask him if when the voice spoke to him it sounded harsh or soft.

Justin says, "I have seen it stated in print that Mr. Lincoln had sittings with Charles Foster. I think that is a mistake. I never heard him speak of Charles Foster. My intimacy with Mr. Lincoln was such that if he had sittings with Mr. Foster he would have spoken of it to me."

President Lincoln and Hon. David Davis first met Justin in Chicago, some time in the forties.

At Mr. Warren's rooms at the National Hotel in Washington, D. C., in 1854 George Washington, through Justin's organism, predicted to David Davis the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency, which Mr. Davis received with a burst of laughter to think his old friend Abe Lincoln would become president of the United States.

Hon. J. W. Somers of Illinois, who after the war held a prominent position in the Pension Department at Washington, was for many years an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, and visited at our mountain home about twelve years ago. One day in conversation with Justin he remarked that Hon. David Davis told him that six years before Mr. Lincoln's election a little chap predicted that his old friend Abe Lincoln would become president. Justin smiled and said nothing.

In a communication from Mr. Lincoln, given through Justin's organism June 8, 1901, he said, "I was a Spiritualist and

knew that Justin was a medium all the time. I had a desire to take him to one of Nettie Maynard's circles, where four of us would sit on a piano. While the medium was playing the piano would be raised from the floor. I wished to have him see this, but Mr. Warren would not permit it, saying he did not wish him to come en rapport with Spiritualists, but I said, 'He is a medium, and some day the world will know it.'

"I remain your everlasting friend and thank God to know that I was permitted to understand the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism before I passed out of my body. I know there are many frauds calling themselves spiritual mediums, but one genuine medium makes up for a thousand of the low-lived villains that rob people of their money by fraud. Yours in the kindest of thought, Abraham Lincoln. One that loved truth always, no matter what it cost. Good night.

Mary C. Morse to Her Husband, E. W. Morse.

Monday, May 6, 1901.

My dear, dear husband. I know you wonder why I have never communicated through Justin. I was not allowed for the simple reason that Justin's guides were developing him for a certain work that had a cause and that cause has an effect which will go to the public one of these days and change many of the religious ideas. My dear, if you could only see the ancient spirits that are controlling Justin and giving their communications that will go out to the world. I think some of them are the strangest looking beings I ever saw. They are spirits that lived thousands of years back and I never saw such looking creatures in my life before, but dear, I am so glad to get this opportunity to communicate with you, for I know you will be pleased to hear from me. Tell sister and brother Stewart that I send them lots of love for all the kindness they are giving to you now. Tell them their loved one is with me here at Justin's home. She laughs and sends them bushels of kisses, sometimes when she touches her mamma's face and hair her mamma thinks it itches and scratches it, but it is only the finger touches of their loved one. Tell sister and brother Stewart that it is deeds and actions that tell here in spirit life, such as the kindness and goodness Mr. Hulburd shows now in taking down this for me

that I may send it to you. Tell sister Shepherd I often visit her and wish she could only see me. When we visit your home I wish you could all see us; your loved one and me and see all the kisses that she throws her papa and mamma.

When you see sister Bushyhead, give her my love and tell her I understand her true heart now, for she was a true hearted woman and her deeds are waiting their reward on this side of life which are building for her a beautiful spirit home. Cora is preparing it for her reception, as I am preparing ours for you, dear. Don't expect too much, then you will not be disappointed. I am running a beautiful vine over it, and I think the colors will be pleasing to your eyes.

Oh, loved husband, if you could only see the different conditions in spirit life you would be surprised.

Justin's guides tell me, dear, they could not develop him for this work in the city; that is, the work of publication. Now, dear, don't feel too lonely, for it won't be long when you will come to me. I visit you every night and kiss you with my loving lips. Give my love to all the friends that ask for me. I have old friends in spirit life, that is, our old friends, yours and mine. It would take up too much space to give their names and too much of Mr. Hulburd's time, which is valuable since he has to take down the spirits' communications, with those and his other duties to keep him busy. I hope, dear, they will permit me to come again through his organization, as I know, dear, you would like to hear from me. When you paid that visit to their home I was with you. I sat on the lounge alongside of you and ran my fingers through your hair. Justin saw me do it. He also saw me accompany you to the room they gave you, which made me feel happy to think he saw me. Now, dear, let me tell you. You are in all my thoughts and I am waiting patiently for you to come to this side of life that we may walk hand in hand through the beautiful spirit land, then we can ask the question, "What is love?" The answer will be, "Two hearts that beat as one, two souls with but a single thought." This I send you with all the love that your wife has in her heart. Mary C. Morse.

Friday, April 25, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. The band has given me per-

mission to come in this morning and through your kindness in taking it down I hope I will be able to send a letter to my husband, for which I will thank you very much if you please and are willing to take down what I have to say. I want to send a few words of comfort to my dear, dear husband, Ephriam Weed Morse. Why I put down the Ephriam Weed Morse is that when he was here making you a visit Justin asked him what the E. W. in his name stood for. Mr. Morse wrote his full name on a piece of paper for Justin. Why I tell you this, I want Mr. Morse to understand that I heard all he said when I was en rapport with the medium. Mr. Morse wondered why Justin did not understand what the E. W. stood for in his name, as I addressed my dear husband by his first name, Ephriam. Hé said to Justin, "Did you not hear what Mrs. Morse called me?" I want him to understand that when a medium is thoroughly controlled we use their forces while controlling and that they are oblivious to all that is going on.

The Letter.

My dear husband. The band has given me permission to control Justin's forces this morning. It is seldom they give permission for anyone to control outside of their book work, but I prevailed upon them to permit me to come this morning, being desirous of reaching you through this channel. Now, dear husband, please pay attention to what I have to say. Miss Lees, one of the principal controls, told me you had written a letter to Justin wherein you said that a medium had told you you were to receive some money from some unexpected condition outside of anything that you were aware of. I know of no source whatever where money would come from outside of that which you understand yourself. Dear husband, do not be misled by any of those charlatans who claim to be mediums. There are so many who claim to be mediums. There are so many impostors setting themselves up as mediums that I have discovered since I came to spirit life are frauds of the worst kind; they learn something pertaining to one's family and its resources. They have discovered while in conversation with some one, that which relates to you and me or someone else. Then they gather these conditions together or the tales they have

heard, when they bring them to bear and work on the credulity of you, or some other person. Dear husband, I have never controlled any medium in San Diego yet. When any medium claims that I am controlling them, you ask them for this test. What was one of the last principal sentences that I spoke to you? It was this, dear, if you remember. When you laid me on the bed with the assistance of Mrs. Stewart, I asked you what time it was. And if you remember, I had left the body right after it. Now, do not tell this, dear, to anyone claiming to be a medium, but ask them what it was I said to you just before I passed out of the body. If it is I controlling, I will give you the test. I have discovered from this side of life that there are frauds in large numbers. I will say there are at least fifty frauds to one genuine medium.

Now, dear, do not spend your money on those charlatans, frauds and impostors of the worst kind, only where you know you are getting genuine material or valuation for your money. When I lived in the body I never liked to give away money unless I understood the good it was going to do, as you know. I am glad that I gave but very little money to any of those impostors. They did not hoodwink me as they did Mrs. Bushyhead. I took no stock in their flattery or charms that they tried to display. When they described to me some grand palace in spirit life that was awaiting my coming I immediately put them down as frauds, for I always felt if you and I should take up our abode in any beautiful home in spirit life it was our works and deeds to humanity that would build it up. I have discovered such to be the fact since I came to spirit life. Dear, I have commenced to build a home for you and me. I found material awaiting me here which came from the good deeds done while in the body; that is the work you and I were interested in. I have utilized that material as far as my power will permit me, but I cannot finish our home, dear, until you come here and assist in the finale. Our home will be pretty. I can see that already. It will be no gorgeous palace, but a home of moral conditions, pure living and charity to all our fellow beings. The mottoes on the walls will be emblems from our soul's worth. The landscape pictures will be the dreams and beautiful part of our childhood. When the home is finished then we

will commence our work hand in hand, showing to all life we are our brother's keepers. The motto on our door will be, "Come in and abide with us. Wisdom dwelleth in the home that understands God's divinity." I have met so many of our friends who send their love to you that I will not mention their names here, as space is valuable.

Now, dear, I do not want you to feel too lonely, as it grieves me sometimes to see your condition; be patient and you will soon come to me where money has no valuation, living under the laws of Truth, we have all we require and no more. I thank you for the present you sent to Justin, but Justin would rather not had you do it, as he feels it is like selling his mediumship, but I spoke to sister Shepherd and showed her the true sense of things. I was a happy spirit when she made them that visit in order that I might talk to her on several occasions, but of course your visit to me was the grandest of the two. When you were here I did not possess the power to speak as loud as when sister Shepherd was here. Dear, I wish you had been present when Mrs. Bushyhead had some of the conceit taken out of her by little Rosa. It was a regular picnic to us spirits present and no doubt to those who were living in the body. If we come en rapport with the medium with too much of our self-assertion, Rosa has the power to make us act foolish and idiotic, but you know, dear, I never claimed to have that great knowledge of the spirit side of life that Mrs. Bushyhead did. When she came en rapport with the medium she wanted to show off her force of character before sister Shepherd. She came with that condition in which she said to us spirits, "When I want to gain a point I'll walk through hell to make it," but she had laid it out in her mind. The point she gained, dear, was that she could not tell her name, who she was nor where she came from. Rosa had placed her in such a condition and in the simple way she acted it just made us spirits shout with laughter. When Rosa released her from that condition she made the discovery there were other people in the world outside of Mrs. Bushyhead. Her daughter Cora laughed so much that she had to hold her sides. Possibly sister Shepherd can describe to you somewhat of the condition. We were all glad to see sister Shepherd on that visit. Mrs. Bushyhead has given a communication for their

book and perhaps I will some day. The band has asked me to do so, as they have learned of our acquaintance with Justin. Now, dear, I want to cheer you up and feel that I am with you as much as possible. I have just joined the forces of Searchlight—that is her spirit name. While she lived in the body her name was Helen Petrovna Blavatsky. She is the great teacher and I am one of her pupils, a little sunbeam in her train, listening to her great words of wisdom. Dear, while she lived in the body she was not understood by the masses, but we are grasping her great thoughts in spirit life. When Mrs. Shepherd controlled and spoke to sister Shepherd, he gave her a Theosophical stanza. One that I feel would be of great value to her if she would solve the problem.

In the brook a pebble laid,
 For to own it you had to wade,
 While you held it in your hand
 It spoke of immortality and man.

Dear, the pebble in the brook would become a great teacher to man through which they might solve the problem of thought. The pebble listens to the murmurings of the water as it glides on its way to the sea. Oh, what a history a brook has to tell. Do you know, dear, that the little prattling waves as they glide along, catch up the thoughts of men and women, age and children too—they are freighted with the thoughts of the human race, gliding toward the sea they deposit their thoughts in that great ocean of history. The pebble is the monitor and as the prattling water with a heavy load of thought unheard by human ears, they carry it along and deposit it in the ocean of history, waiting for future generations to come and gather those thoughts out of space, for you must know, dear, when a thought once takes possession of the mind it is led to the soul by self-action and there stored up to be utilized at a future time. If all people were clairvoyant and could read the inner sense of the pebble, what history it could tell them. The pebble is porous and a storehouse of knowledge. The ignorant masses do not comprehend when they have lifted up a pebble and thrown it wantonly to one side, they cannot comprehend they have thrown thoughts into space. The pebble passing through space or a condition of ether, it throws off the thoughts it had collect-

ed into space for human mind to grasp and thereby become developed through that condition. Now I understand, dear, why the ancient prophets handled and fingered pebbles, especially holding a large pebble in the hollow of the hand when they were sitting thinking and collecting thoughts for future manuscripts. They became the neophyte or pupil then receiving wonderful thoughts from the little pebble. The pebble is the storehouse of future knowledge. This may seem ridiculous to you, dear, and to others, but nevertheless it is truth which will be manifested in the future to the pupil of Theosophy. To form those large sized pebbles it has taken ages of time and through that condition many races have come and passed away. The pebble all the time has been gaining knowledge of those past races. It will give up its secrets in time to the coming generations through the power of Theosophical psychometry. They cannot lie, for it is only Truth that is embedded there. When the true psychometrical reader will read to the future generations the thoughts of the past ages and races it will become a great intellectual science through which it will take a firm hold in the future education and enlightenment of the pupil. It will become a great science of your twentieth century and can only be revealed to the human intellect by a true psychometrist. There will be schools opened whereby pupils can receive tuition in classes of psychometrists. They will give that history that has been lost to the past and present generations, of which there are no books of the present day can educate you in. A man or a woman will discover within thirty days if they are the proper individuals to search into that occult science and reveal to the world the past hidden mysteries of life. This is one of the lessons, dear husband, that many other spirits and myself have received from Searchlight. The problem that lies in the pebble will wake up nations to thought. The secrets that it can disclose and unfold to the human race will be wonderful for the future generations to listen to. That is part of the lesson, dear, that sister Shepherd's sweetheart gave to her. By holding the pebble in the hand it will speak of immortality and if the human race could only read the pebble they never again would doubt the presence of God in the world. I mean the great father and mother God of Nature.

Now, my dear Ephriam, don't be swayed to and fro by those charlatans calling themselves mediums. Ask for the test and if they cannot give it to you, do not believe in them or their mediumship. I will speak of the 'engravings. Possibly you have given them away to some one and do not remember to whom, but as I recall it, I think you gave some to Mr. Mc Daniel. Justin thinks you have already been too gracious by sending the things you did through the kindness of sister Shepherd. If you have any photographs to spare I would like to have you send some to Justin to put with his collection. He has a great number of individual photographs. I would like ours to add to the number, that is, if you can spare them. Mrs. Bushyhead and others send their love to you and hopes you will give her love to her husband. When we enter a class for tuition in spirit life we no longer bear the name we did in the physical body. My name in spirit life in our class is Sapphire; the meaning is watching for Truth and to gain knowledge for the development of my soul.

Did you feel me touch your cheek the other night? You brushed it away, not understanding, and I repeated it several times. It was I that gave that little tug to your hair that woke you up; I kissed you on your forehead and was the cause of that damp feeling. Now I send my love to sister and brother Stewart and also to those who would like to hear from me. Tell them I am as rational as ever and have the gratification of understanding that through my whole future life I am to gain knowledge makes me blessed in the sight of God, the male and female Eon of all time. I send you many kisses, dear Ephriam, as I am your guardian spirit guiding your steps to the border land where I will meet you and lead you to our home built up of the works that we have done. The good lives always; it is only the evil that perishes. Your loving wife, Mary C. Morse, hoping at a future time I will be privileged to send you another letter. Life, dear, is a wave and we are riding on it, its ups and downs is our conversion to the home of Truth. Tell sister Shepherd she has chosen the higher life while living in that embodiment. Wisdom religion being her guide, it will give her a proper sense through which she can see spiritual emanations as wisdom religion is her guide. The outworking of her mind

will bring into her soul heavenly happiness and clearer light, which will guide her to the spirit side of life.

Thursday, August 18, 1904.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. They have granted me permission to use Justin's organ of speech that I may send a few lines to my dear, dear husband. It is quite a while since he had a letter from me and I am glad of this opportunity. I hope I shall not monopolize too much of your time, but I want so much to send my husband a few lines.

Dear Ephriam—They say patience is a blessing to both men and women. I know that you have longed to hear from me. Justin's physical condition is not as strong as when you saw him last. His guides have granted me a favor today, so I take the opportunity of that favor.

Dear, I am with you a great deal of the time. I wish you could only see my spirit form. Sometimes I lay my cheek against yours and run my fingers through your hair. It brings back to me sweet memories when we would confide in each other's love. The wrong that has been done you must be atoned for. That unfortunate being that committed the crime must pay the penalty. Every day is a judgment day and every criminal act shall bring its punishment; it is impossible to escape it. The punishment will not come through a brimstone hell. The hell of the conscience will burn into the soul. Those that commit wrong acts wish that the rocks might fall upon them and crush them out of existence. That cannot be. Life is eternal and the penalty must be paid through good deeds in order to live down the bad ones. Nature's law requires interest, and sometimes it is compound interest.

My darling husband, be patient, and your reward will be great. When Justin warned me against that unfortunate man I thought he was too severe and did not understand him as we did. He told me there was something about that man that he did not like, which offended me, as I thought we had known him longer than he did. I let the warning pass and looked upon it as nonsensical. It left my memory and did not occur to it again until I heard of the unfortunate condition in which it placed you. Dear, I would have communicated with you before, had I been given the permission. Justin's guides said they

had to reserve his strength for a work that must be completed before long. In spirit life, dear, Time does not seem so long as it does with you in the physical body. They are going to make two volumes of his life in place of one.

Perhaps you felt faint and weary and wished to come to me, as you did not hear from me in quite a while. I had the desire to communicate with you but, as it seemed, unfortunately to you they did not grant me the permission.

Do you remember, dear, as we were about to start off on one of our pilgrimages, you picked me the flowers of a double petunia that grew on the east side of our house? I now compose a few modest lines to the flower and your memory.

It was only a little flower,
 But oh, it bloomed so sweet,
 When picked by the fingers of my love
 In our earthly loving retreat.
 It brought back to me one golden hour,
 One golden hour so sweet
 In this our spiritual sylvan dell,
 Whose winds are soft and fleet.
 It grows on my spiritual heath,
 Whose beauty is rich and sweet,
 Whose tints and colors is my talisman,
 Woven in a spiritual wreath.

These lines come from one that is not a gifted poet, they are from my soul, dear.

I was glad that brother Hulburd sent you the communications to read. Brother Hulburd wrote a letter to brother Buss and received no answer. I hope he will be gentleman enough to acknowledge he received the missive.

When the communications were given, Dr. Gould had a great desire to give one. As it was not permitted he became angry and showed his positive nature. One of Justin's guides said to him in a quiet, gentle manner, "Brother Gould, you did so little for the true Spiritual Philosophy and so much to support humbugs and frauds, therefore your communication is not required on this occasion." Brother Gould steamed up and blustered around, which was of no avail. He said, "Did I know that that woman Reynolds was such a fraud? I had perfect

confidence in all she did, thinking she was a genuine medium. She had me thoroughly under her power. She brought to bear upon me that psychological law that many a man has gone down to his grave in misery under the wiles of a wicked woman." He says now he wishes he had given the library of books to Justin, who gave him one of the best tests he ever received in Spiritualism. He said that when he was first introduced to Justin, Justin looked at him and laughed, saying, "You are a very positive man, sir. In your vest pocket is a gold locket; in that gold locket are two pictures—a man and a woman, still more positive than you are; they are your father and mother." He thinks that was the best test he ever received in Spiritualism. The locket, he says, was in a chamois bag and sewed up in his vest pocket. No one ever saw the pictures or the locket only himself before he sewed the locket up in his vest pocket. He did it thinking it would be safe from the eyes of other parties. "You see," he says, "how those clairvoyant eyes of Justin's penetrate into the locket and describe my father and mother so correctly. I had to admit it was a wonderful test." He wishes now he had done more for true spiritualism than he had done. Mrs. Pierce sends her regards to you.

I am glad, dear, that you have cultivated patience, for it is a jewel to one living in a physical body. I do hope so much that you can see my spiritual form before you leave your earthly body.

Brother James M. Peebles has written a beautiful letter to brother Hulburd about those communications. He hopes they will be printed and bound in book form, to go down to the ages. I hope brother Hulburd some day will permit the public to read that letter coming from such a spiritual mind as brother Peebles.

They have just received a long communication from a spirit whose name was Mary Gannon, known to the public as "Estelle." She was a literary woman when living in the physical body. Do you remember, my dear, about forty years ago we read in a weekly paper "Estelle's Manifesto," wherein she decided much that was said by the orthodox ministers in connection with the liberal press? In her communication she speaks of where Leah Fox and her stood together during the dedication of your hall. She said, "Leah Fox gave an expression that

I admired very much. Leah compared brother Peebles to a giant oak in the forest, who had withstood the storms and winds of ages." She said he was the greatest defender of Spiritualism and like a florist he was walking through the garden of cultivated souls." I wished, dear, on that day that you could have heard the spirits express themselves toward brother Peebles. Some of their sayings were beautiful. When he comes to the spirit side of life his welcome will be grand, as his many friends here will rejoice at his coming to our side of life.

I hope you will find it convenient this summer to make your friends a visit and read many of the communications produced through Justin's organ of speech. I think the change, dear, will be good for your physical condition.

The spirits say San Diego will become a great centre for Spiritual Theosophy. Justin's guides are teaching it (rap) to the friends, when his physical body is strong enough to sit from an hour to an hour and a half. They say San Diego will become a great seat of learning in many advanced philosophies. It is a chosen spot, selected by the spirits.

I do not know as you understand that Justin's organ of speech was brought into work by Gen. Winfield Scott of the army, predicting great things for the desert. It looks as if those predictions will be fulfilled to the letter. My dear, they are developing mineral up through this district. As you were interested in mineral at one time, I thought I would let you know they are developing mineral here in the mountains.

It is my desire to acquaint you with the facts concerning my spirit existence. I am happy here, but will be more so when you come to me; then we can attend the lectures together. I have the pleasure of listening to many advanced spirits lecture on the advancement of this planet. It has been in existence over a billion years, and perhaps longer than that. The ancient spirits say it has been in constant development all that time. Think, dear, if it has taken the human race over a billion years to develop to where they are now, how many billions will it take before they reach the perfect of perfectness?

The homes here are beautiful and it will be impossible for me to describe them. The reason I put in the word "and," is to give full expression to my thoughts; they are built up from lov-

ing deeds performed and acted on by spiritual growth.

The flowers have colors beyond my description. It would only be a weakness on my part to try to describe them.

I am a teacher here, who assists in developing little children to a high spiritual growth. I love my work and it brings me happiness.

Our landscapes here are beyond description and are wonderful to behold.

Our will power carries us from one place to another. You have no vehicles or car of any kind manufactured by man that compares with it, our transition is so swift from one place to another.

The parks with their beautiful shrubs and trees and colors of foliage, are dazzling to look upon.

I do not claim to be very wise. The community in which I live and move has given me a spirit name, "Mary," or "Love-light." They say I see the goodness in everything through spiritual light. I am glad to know it.

The pavilion in which we attend the lectures holds several hundred thousand spirits at a time, and yet we all hear the speaker, so perfect is his intonation of speech. When a speaker addresses an assembly here their articulation and sound of speech comes to you, as it were, on a soft southern breeze, their words invigorate and build up your spiritual condition. I listened to a lecture wherein the speaker said, "Sound is the musical breath of motion. As it moves north, south, east and west it carries with it the vibration of mind from the soul of the speaker. We sense it as we breathe in the atmosphere; the whole atmosphere is impregnated with knowledge caused by a divine wave coming from the soul of the speaker."

Our walks and avenues are shaded with a growth of soul desire coming from the spirits living in that community. The trees interlace each other above our heads.

Our food, dear, we receive through the communion of loving thoughts. Our table and vessels are filled with the fruit of spiritual growth. The different fruits are beautiful to look upon. While you are partaking of them and slicing them up into sections, the aroma coming from them fills the whole air with a sweet perfume.

Sister Bushyhead and others send their love to you and sister Shepherd.

I will now close with this frail attempt to describe my spiritual existence, hoping it will find you in as happy a spirit as I am in now, dictating these lines to my loved one, Ephriam Weed Morse. From your loving wife and spirit mate, Mary Lovelight Morse. Be of good cheer, dear, the time won't be long. I wish it could pass as quickly with you as it does with me in spirit life.

I thank you, brother Hulburd, for taking down my communication. Your reward is in the glory of knowing that you assist spirits to communicate with their loved ones on earth.

I leave my love for the medium, thanking you once more. Please send this to my husband, your friend. I will say good day, as there is no good bye. If we have met, it is constantly repeated over and over.

Monday, February 13, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. It makes me happy to be permitted to come that I may send a few lines to my dear, dear husband.

Dear Ephriam, I am dictating these lines through Justin's organ of speech while he lies in bed. He suffers a good deal, brought on by the effect of the storms. Perhaps you thought it a long time that I did not write to you. There was other work to do, dear, for the book when the guides found his physical body strong enough to give a communication.

It made me happy, dear, when you made that visit to "Searchlight Bower," and I could talk to you riding in the cart; those were happy moments to me. I was grieved when I saw you suffering from that cold.

Before I forget it, allow me to thank you for sending the book, "Widow's Mite." It made a nice present for Justin's birthday. They were all delighted with the work. He is now lending it to others, and I hope it will be beneficial to those who read it.

Possibly you have read the communication from Charlotte Cushman in the Progressive Thinker. She is a beautiful spirit, with a great will power. She tells me she knew Little Justin ever since he was a little mite of a creature. She informs me

he had a bad temper when he was little. He has lived it down, as age has come upon his physical body. When he was about seventy pounds in weight he could get around the quickest of any living creature she ever saw. If anyone offended him he would lay hands on the nearest thing within reach and throw it at the individual who offended him. Yet withal, she says, his make-up was that of love and he would give everything he had to those in need. He never knew the value of money like other people. He was a born medium and went hither and thither as if blown by the wind.

Dear Charlotte Cushman has sent a beautiful letter to brother Peebles wherein she speaks of the San Diego Spiritual Temple and in glowing terms of all connected with it. She admired the speakers, especially Col. Dryden. I love her so much, dear, her nature is so pure and beautiful. She tells me when she lived in a physical body she knew and realized the truth of spirit return. She had seen so much of Justin's and other mediums' powers of mediumship that there wasn't a loophole to crawl out through. From young girlhood to old age she was constantly en rapport with obsession in some phase.

There is a band of spirits, dear, on our side of life that brought an influence to bear on brother Peebles in order to give that book to the reading public.

There is one beautiful spirit—Lucy Carlton—that I admire very much. My whole nature goes out to her as a sister and you will love her too, dear, when you come to me. Amiability and gentleness emanate from her whole spiritual condition.

I think, dear, that young man you recommended to Doctor Meyer is a spiritual individual, and I know if good health will return to him, he can be happy here in the mountains for some time.

In the mountains all looks beautiful now, dear, since they've had such a fine rain. The grass looks green. When it gets a little warmer it will be grand for the animal creation.

Justin and others suffer from the effect of the storm. He is good-natured and says he is willing to suffer some for the benefit of the country.

I want you now, dear, to be careful of your physical body

as long as you have to live in it. Be cheerful, dear, and ever remember I am near you.

I wish I could use some other person's organ of speech as I can Justin's—that is, someone living in San Diego. Oh, what happy talks and moments of love we could have together. Be patient, you will soon come to me.

Doctor Gould and others wish to be remembered to you. Now he expresses himself as if he would like to have done more for spiritualism. Could he have seen it then as he sees it now, there would have been a division of his property. He is sorry to know how things are now, but he cannot help himself.

I have met quite a number of people from San Diego that have come to spirit life. A number of them have said they wish they had left the coast and gone back into the mountains; they advise all that are suffering from pulmonary disease to seek the mountains, where it is high and dry; they say it is impossible for anyone suffering from pulmonary affliction to get cured on the coast, where the dampness is the prevailing element in the atmosphere.

It pleases me, dear, to see San Diego grow; you and I waited so long, hoping to see a good sized city. It is on the road now to have a large growth. You, dear, can lay down your interest very easily in order to come to me.

The lectures that we attend here in spirit life are grand and I long for the time when you can listen to them also. On this side of life, dear, everything that you come en rapport with is more natural than on your side.

Let your silent prayer ascend from your soul; it will be beneficial to me just as much as it is to you. Since I have come to the spirit side of life I believe more in prayer than I ever did before. Mrs. Bushyhead says she, too, believes in prayer. We do not pray to the God of the bible, whom they call Jehovah. We pray to that great Divine Generator of Life whose love is aspiration to the Spiritual Soul. After we have communed with divine nature there comes over our whole spiritual condition a glow of love for all in life. I have made the discovery, dear, that Wisdom can come to our spiritual soul through prayer. Justin says he does not pray. I know better; every loving thought that he sends out to a human being is a prayer. I wish,

dear, that all in physical bodies understood the prayer of loving thoughts.

Now, I ask you once more to remember, cheerfulness is a healing balm to the spirit as well as the physical body. I do not say good bye, I merely say good day for the present. I send this from a wife's loving heart to one of the dearest men on earth—at least he is to her the dearest man that lives in a physical body. Your loving wife and spirit mate, "Lovelight." When living in a physical form I bore a physical name, Mary C. Morse.

Brother Hulburd, I thank you with the greatest of kindness for taking down these few lines. Oblige me by sending them to my husband, Ephriam Weed Morse. I once more thank you and say good day.

P.S.—I return to say, be lenient and forgiving, dear; Bryant Howard is paying the penalty of his crime.

Friday, May 19, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. I thank you for the patience you have. I was here the other day, expecting to send a letter to my dear, dear husband. I found several spirits waiting. One, Joseph Jefferson, an actor while living in the physical body. I made the discovery he was very anxious to give a communication whereby he would have the people understand that live in physical bodies he is still in existence and expects to be throughout all time, the soul being immortal. I gave way in order to allow him to communicate.

Now, dear Ephriam, I will communicate with you. I am always glad when the guides permit me to send you a few words of comfort.

Dear, when you visit the mountains again you will find quite a change here. The house that brother Meyer lived in has been burned to the ground. All that remains is some iron hoops that surrounded the wine barrels. In the ruins lies some old iron and tin, with burned glass that has collected into crude forms, here and there interspersed through the debris. It is sad to look upon. Think, dear Ephriam, of the many people that visited that house, we among the others. How often Justin's organ of speech was brought into force, conveying messages and words of comfort to those living in physical bodies.

This is a beautiful morning and it made me sad to look upon the ruin that laid before me. I judge brother Hulburd and Justin had their hands full to care for the people that were rendered homeless. Rosa tells me outside of Mr. Meyer there were three extra men to take care of, which made the work almost too much for brother Hulburd, as his body and physical strength are not in the prime of manhood now. When you reach seventy-eight, you no longer are a youth of twenty-one.

In the adjoining little cottage, dear, there laid a man dying from his feet upward. His old wife and companion had an accident befall her. She slipped off a step leading from the kitchen door into the wood house; there a young man who bears the name of Lyon found her lying moaning on some sticks of wood. He came to brother Hulburd's cottage and asked brother Hulburd if he would not assist him in carrying the woman into the house. He did so and it was discovered that her back and thigh were considerably bruised. When that discovery was made they put her up a cot in the front room and laid her upon it. They sent to San Diego for a doctor and he provided them with some medicine. Alas, it was of no benefit. The spirit left the old man's body. It was a filthy body, dear, saturated and embalmed with pork grease, tobacco juice, wine and other strong drinks. Before he passed from the body there was a male nurse provided for him. A female nurse also attended the old woman. After the body of the old man was laid away, in about ten days two women conveyed to San Diego what was left of the old woman. In the wagon they made her as comfortable as conditions would allow. Rosa thinks she, too, will soon follow him.

Brother Meyer, dear, has fumigated the house and an Indian woman has scrubbed the floors and cleaned that, which required lots of hot water and soap.

Rosa said it was the most filthy den she ever entered. The stench that pervaded the rooms and impregnated the clothes hanging around was something abominable, so she tells me.

They paid part of their penalty for holding human beings in bondage. They were slaveholders and looked upon themselves as of the aristocracy. Rosa calls them low trash of the South that depended on negroes earning their living. So you see, dear, the last space they filled was a low one, as they did

not have negroes to attend them and do their dirty work. Now, dear Ephriam, I want to talk of you. That brings joy to my soul. The past conversation I relate to you as told to me by Rosa, the guide.

Well, you have passed through another severe cold. You must be careful, dear, as each cold leaves its mark and reflection upon your physical body.

No doubt of late you have wondered why your head feels a little itchy sometimes. It is I, dear, that is the cause of that. I run my fingers through your hair and that produces a little friction on the skin. I hope the coming warm weather will give you more vigor and strength, then you will feel like making another visit to the mountains. Rosa says you can occupy the same room that you did before, so you need not feel anyways delicate about it, as you will not be crowding anyone out of that sleeping apartment. Rosa says the guides are not going to allow any strangers to sleep in the house, only the old friends such as you, Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Hawley. It will not do, she says, to allow all kinds of magnetism to enter their home. It has too strong an effect on Justin. Every little passing breeze affects his physical condition, he has become so sensitive to the surrounding magnetic currents. They must finish their work and feel it their duty to protect him from outside influences. Dear, he is of both sexes; the female predominates, and that is why he is so sensitive. Some of the guests had left a Catholic influence behind them and the guides had a hard time to break it up. It has thrown the work of the book back for some time. All people outside of the old friends must go to the hotel. The guides say they will not permit them to sleep in the house.

Now, dear Ephriam, I hope you will feel like making "Searchlight Bower" a visit some time this summer. I am happy when I can talk to you face to face. I know brother Hulburd, Justin and Dr. Meyer would be pleased to have you make a visit. I took the liberty of making that expression, dear, for I know their hearts say it is so. Dear, I have a hard time to hold his organ of speech this morning. The effect placed on his physical body by the fire and the conditions that emanated from the adjoining cottage have weakened him much.

I will now close, hoping to see you soon. Write in answer

to this letter your feelings about coming. Rosa says you must try and make another visit.

With this letter goes much spiritual love to one that I am waiting for. The inspiration of my soul is laid bare to you, Ephriam, dear. Your loving wife and spirit mate, Mary C. Morse, or Lovelight.

I thank brother Hulburd for taking down my communication. Some day his reward will come on the wings of Love, through which he can cherish his soul's desire.

Aztecs

Monday, April 1, 1901.

Justin Hulburd being very unwell, had retired unusually early. About 9 p.m. E. W. Hulburd was sitting in Justin's room conversing with him, when Justin was suddenly influenced by some spirit, who commenced singing in what to Mr. Hulburd was an unknown language, but he thought it sounded somewhat like the Aztecs who came several weeks ago. By the voices there seemed to be two of them, male and female. After singing some time the female said, "Me Juanita; me speak little English; me no sing English." Mr. Hulburd inquiring what the language was, she said it was Aztec.

He asked how long they had been in spirit life. She said, "About 400 years, me think." She said her companion was Sacramatura. He was her lover and they came together to sing of their love and destruction to the Spaniards who slaughtered all their tribe.

First one would sing and the other would respond with interludes of talking, for about forty-five minutes, when Juanita said, "Now we stop; they say, 'You go to bed.'"

I did so in my own room adjoining Justin's, leaving the connecting door open in case Justin should want assistance during the night. As soon as I was fairly reclining in my bed, they sang a song, which she said was good night to me. Then they left.

Wednesday evening, April 3, 1901.

There were present Justin Hulburd, medium, Mrs. Gallup and her daughter, Mrs. Laskey of Chicago, Ill., H. R. Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd.

Justin was first controlled by Aztec spirits, who sang their songs in a very pleasing manner for some time. They were followed by Robert Burns, who gave a characteristic poem. Then came Margaret Wilson, who said Jennie Lees could not come, as she was engaged in Chicago. She gave an eloquent address on Truth, which we greatly regretted could not have been heard by more people, after whom came Margaret Fuller, who gave to each one present the name of their talisman. Then came an unknown Indian girl who said Rosa could not come and she was sent in her place to say that in two days' time, when Dr. Meyer returns home, Mr. Gladstone would come and give an address of about one hour's length, the subject of which would be the Soul Issue, and Mr. Overmeyer would also come and talk. She said her name was Quebechy, which in English is Waterfall.

R. M. Hooley and Others

Sunday, April 7, 1901.

Early in the morning, Justin Hulburd was notified that the spirits wished to have a little talk as soon as convenient after breakfast. Dr. Meyer and Mr. High were notified accordingly.

About 10:30 Mrs. D. S. H. Gallup, Mrs. Abbey Laskey, John E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd met at the home of E. W. Hulburd. After singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye," Justin was controlled by spirit Sir Thomas Clifton, who took for his subject, "What is Soul?" He gave a grand address, which was full of instruction to all present and there was a unanimous feeling of regret when he closed and that we had no stenographer to record it in full.

Mr. Clifton was followed by Margaret Fuller, who said that she came to add a little which Mr. Clifton had forgotten, which she did in her usual beautiful style. Then came R. M. Hooley, who was known throughout the United States as Dick Hooley, the great theatrical manager, who said he came to defend the Little One—as Justin was called by him during the twelve years he had been connected with his (Hooley's) companies—from the malicious attacks of that licentious beast, Breckenridge of Kentucky, but for the last two years in hell. This Breckenridge, although he had a wife and family, had at one time in

Justin's theatrical career become greatly infatuated with him. Justin was at this time representing female characters under the name of Fannie Blanchard, and dressed in female clothing. Breckenridge was so very conceited that he thought every smile was directed at him and followed Justin from place to place, persecuting him with his attentions to such an extent that he finally called for the protection of the police.

This Breckenridge passed to spirit life about two years ago and last Friday evening came, as he stated, to revenge himself on Justin, because in his egotism he fancied Justin, or the "Dashing Blanchard," as she was then called, had selected him from the whole auditorium as the one he favored.

Mr. Hooley's scathing criticism of the man's egotistical conceit must have made an ordinary man or spirit hide himself for shame. After Mr. Hooley, Margaret Fuller again came and gave a beautiful poem. Finally Rosa came with her characteristic humor, making the circle happy with her fun and jollity.

SPIRITUAL CURES

Spiritual Cures—Published in Sun Flower, April, 1905.

In the Sun Flower of August 20, 1904, I noticed an article entitled, "A Spiritual Cure," which strongly attracted my attention.

My cousin, Justin Hulburd, was a born medium. He was a very feeble child; none who saw him in infancy thought it possible for him to survive childhood. Justin tells me he has frequently been told by his foster father and others that when he was about one year old his grandfather—Sir John Robinson of Cottertown estate, Scotland—would hold him out on his hand and say to those present, "Is he worth raising?" But spirits had a work for him, which work will be made known to the public in a book entitled, "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium and Actor," which his guides say must be prepared for publication through his mediumship, and a powerful band has kept him in the body until he has reached his 77th year.

During the 24 years Justin and the writer have occupied the same home, at least a score of times I have thought him about to leave for a brighter home in that beautiful land "over there." Twenty years ago friends were gathered at his bedside to wit-

ness the passing away of the loved one. Physicians pronounced him dead—but no. After about two hours we thought we saw signs of returning consciousness; soon a movement of the lips—after an interval of some minutes a faint whisper, “Me come, we not let him go, he work not done.” After another interval of some minutes the voice became stronger and said, “Now go to bed; me take care of him.” They did take care of him and he is still in the body. Several times since he has been on the threshold of his spirit home, but was not permitted to enter.

When we came to our present home we frequently employed a young Indian named Cocha, who assisted us at intervals for several years, when he passed to spirit life. Justin was very kind to him—as he was to all—and Cocha formed a great friendship for him, which he evidently retained in spirit life. A few weeks ago Justin was very sick and unable to leave his bed. I was sitting by his bedside intently watching, when I perceived a change in the expression of his face. I then knew help had come. Soon his lips moved and a voice whispered, “Me come help some; me Cocha, me Cocha. Me come try help some. Me like medy. He good to me; he give plenty to eat.” He commenced treating Justin, which he continued for half an hour, all this time talking in his Indian way. Suddenly he burst into loud laughter, exclaiming, “Oh, I so happy, me so happy, me help some.” He continued repeating those words several minutes, then withdrew. In about half an hour Justin arose, dressed and went about as usual.

Here is another instance of spiritual cure, which perhaps will interest some readers:

About two years ago Justin was very low and sinking. A band of spirits called at Searchlight Bower, and seeing Justin's condition, stopped to see what could be done for him. A spirit controlled who said he went to spirit life from Chicago over fifty years ago. He said that when in the body he kept a low dive, that his place was the headquarters for the worst criminals in the city, that he was trying to work out of the terrible condition he had been in since coming to spirit life.

When the band saw Justin's condition they said to him, “There, Dan, go in and see what you can do to relieve him.” He was with us some time, telling of his wicked life when in

the body and his terrible suffering in spirit life. After he left Justin was able to leave his bed.

That he might better perform a certain work which the spirits wished done, he was kept in a dwarfed condition—being only four feet tall—until he was forty years old, after which, the work having been accomplished, he grew to be five feet in height.

Our home is a spirit station which they have christened, "Searchlight Bower." Justin is clairvoyant and clairaudient and no day passes that they fail to make their presence known. Nearly every night spirits make themselves visible and converse with him. Sometimes converse without materializing, sometimes manifest by raps only. They often come in groups, simply repeating their names.

The foregoing instances of spiritual cures are sufficient to prove to candid thinkers that there are many spirits who have a watchful care of their mediums—notwithstanding the "Great Psychological Crime" to the contrary.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS

Published in "Progressive Thinker" August 18, 1906.

To the editor.—Possibly the publication of some of the psychic manifestations coming from an old spiritualist, who has given thirty-four years' work for the glorious cause of advancing the religion of Truth through the earth's sphere, may be of interest to some of your readers.

There ever has been, and no doubt there will be for all time, great interest manifested by the human race in spiritual phenomena, therefore I send the following, which have come under my own observation:

In the spring of 1874 I was sojourning in the city of Topeka, Kansas. At that time there was a flourishing society of spiritualists holding regular meetings in that city. I attended the meetings of said society regularly. Among the regular attendants I noticed an elderly gentleman of very pleasing aspect, whose name I learned was J. G. Bunker. After service one Sunday I was impressed to approach him and introduce myself. Some two or three days later I met Mr. Bunker on one of the principal streets, when he accosted me, saying that his wife,

daughter and himself held regular circles in his home twice each week. At the sitting of the last evening their guides directed them to invite me to sit with them. He said, "If it would be agreeable to you, we would be pleased if you would come to our house tomorrow evening and see if our magnetism harmonizes." I did so. We found that the harmonious conditions were perfect. They were all mediums. Miss Mary, who was then sixteen years of age, was a fine medium. They had a grand band of spirit guides, the Indian portion being under the renowned Tecumseh.

I sat with them twice a week for seven months, and twice a week during that time for two hours I realized there was a heaven on earth. At the end of that time business called me to Cleveland, Ohio. The evening before I was to leave Topeka was the regular circle night. As we were about to close, Tecumseh controlled Mary, the daughter, and asked what time I would leave the hotel for the train. I told him. He then said to me, "We will escort you to the depot on our ponies." I asked him how many. He said, "Twenty-two; and we will throw moccasins after you for good luck." He said also he would send two Indians to take care of me on my journey.

At Kansas City my train left toward evening. I secured my berth in the sleeping car and entered the seat. We had been under way but a short time when I discovered that I had taken a severe cold from a draft which came through the transom above where I was sitting. I said to myself, "Now I am in for a disagreeable journey." But the next morning I awoke all right, with no symptoms of the cold.

I remained in Chicago two days; while there I visited a photographer who claimed to get spirit photographs. While waiting to be called, another person entered the waiting room. I soon noticed him looking intently toward me. After a time he said, "You must be a medium." I asked him what led to that conclusion. He replied, "There are two Indians standing by you."

I went from Chicago to Indianapolis where I remained one day, then took the night train for Cleveland. The day following my arrival in Cleveland I received a letter from brother Bunker in which he said, "The Indians returned and reported

that they would not let you take cold; while in Chicago they went with you to a place where they took pictures; that you were then in a big city, but would go on your journey next day."

After I had been in Cleveland a few days, I received a call from that grand worker in Spiritualism, David Eddy, who told me of a good medium, Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, and gave me her address. I called at her rooms. She met me at the door and said, "Come right in; Tecumseh was here about five minutes ago and told me you were coming."

I remained in Cleveland several years. One night I was asleep, lying with my face to the wall. I was awakened by the jerking of my bed covering; I turned to see what it meant and there I saw two stalwart Indians standing by my bedside looking at me and laughing. On another occasion I was awakened and saw, in a row, on one side of the room, five figures from the waist up. They were of different nationalities—Indian, Oriental and Caucasian; they said nothing and soon faded away.

At one time, in the section of the city where I was living, burglaries were quite frequent. One bitter cold night I arose, about midnight, to examine the base burner which was in the room adjoining. I had returned to my bed and in a few minutes saw the head of a lad, apparently fourteen or fifteen years old, extended from the sitting room, looking intently at me. The head was drawn back, but soon reappeared in the same manner. I was then satisfied that I had a visitation from a burglar and watched him, thinking, "How can I get him to the station?" Again he drew back, but in a moment he rushed into the room, slipped behind the door, which opened across a corner. I said to myself, "Now I have you, my lad." I jumped from my bed, ran to the door, but found nothing tangible. There was no exit from the room except by the door through which we entered.

A few days subsequent to the above I had again been examining my stove. As I returned and laid down upon my bed, I discovered the entire ceiling of my room was covered with writing in some Oriental language, the letters being from two and one-half to three inches deep. I watched it until in a short time it faded away. In a few minutes it was again written over

in a different language; it also faded away and soon disappeared. Soon it was written over the third time; this time I saw the hand make the writing with the forefinger, the substitute for ink flowing from the finger like liquid fire.

The next day I called upon Mrs. Pirnie, who was controlled by my spirit wife. She told me one of the languages was Sanscrit, another Chaldean. She told me the name of the third, but I have forgotten it. She also told me the spirit that made the writing was an ancient king and seer, and was the same who played hob at the feast of Belshazzar. Several times, before and after the above, this spirit would draw diagrams on the walls of my room. Soon after the above manifestation, the spirit controlled Mrs. Pirnie and told me he had been my guardian spirit from birth. He never again talked with me, but many times gave evidence of his presence.

I will close this article by describing another spirit manifestation which led to a radical change in my life, and grand results. My health failing in Cleveland, by spirit direction I went to Central Kansas. Business there not proving satisfactory, I disposed of it, but remained there several weeks, undecided whether to resume business at that place or go elsewhere. One evening after having pondered long as to the future, without result, I retired to my bed, still thinking as to what would be the best course for me to pursue, when suddenly a spirit materialized by the side of my bed. He looked intently at me for a moment and then floated over the bed to the opposite side, again looked at me for a moment, then with his right arm motioned three times toward the east and disappeared.

While this spirit was manifesting another spirit appeared in a brilliant light from head to waist downward from the ceiling. In less than an hour the first spirit again appeared and again motioned toward the east. I then knew my spirit friends had decided that it was best for me to go elsewhere. Some time afterward this spirit controlled a medium and made himself known to me. When a boy he had been a schoolmate and an intimate friend.

I immediately closed up the business matters remaining to be settled and went to Kansas City, Mo., where I was guided to my cousin, Justin Hulburt, and for twenty-five years we were

close companions, never being separated until November last, when he left his physical body, on his seventy-seventh birthday and went to dwell with loved ones who had gone before.

After I had been in Kansas City about three years, by direction of Cousin Justin's guides, we removed to Southern California. In time they informed us why we were brought here, and the work we were to do.

What I have given you are a few of the scores of spirit manifestations I have received, but I must stop, as this article is already too long.

E. W. HULBURD.

Searchlight Bower, Descanso, Calif.

EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT CONTROL

An article sent to the "Progressive Thinker" for publication.

To the Editor—Through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd we are told the great discussion on "Obsession" which for some time has been occupying much space in your grand and valuable paper—for which every broad minded person should subscribe—has attracted the attention of highly advanced spirits, who tell us the spirit world is highly interested; that there, as well as here, there is diversity of opinion, but those who dissent from brother Peebles' views are an insignificant minority. They inform us that all advanced teachers in spirit life express surprise that the "Progressive Thinker" gives precedence to so great an extent to theories of the incarnates in preference to facts as known and given by denizens of the spirit world. They say the Open Court will be a great educator and will revolutionize spiritualism.

As in your No. 801 you kindly inform us acceptable short communications on the subject—Obsession—will still be received, I send the following, which came under my personal observation.

One day in 1875 I was standing on Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, conversing with a gentleman whom I knew to be an ardent Spiritualist and a fine clairvoyant. While thus engaged a gentleman passed by. I noticed my companion's attention was immediately directed to him. He said, "Let us watch that man. Two spirits are following him. I am interested to know why they are attaching themselves to him so

closely. They now separate; one is on each side; now they each place a hand on his head. Let us see what they are up to." In a few minutes the gentleman turned and retraced his steps to a saloon which he had passed a few minutes before. He entered. My companion said, "Let us go in and see what they do." We entered the saloon. The gentleman went to the bar and ordered a drink, the spirits standing by. My friend said they seemed to enjoy it immensely. The gentleman then left.

After he had passed out the barkeeper turned to us (who were about to follow the man out) and said, "That's very peculiar; that gentleman comes in occasionally and gets a drink, but I never knew him to call for any such mixture before."

If that was not Obsession, what was the influence that took that man back to that saloon after he had passed it and proceeded nearly a block?

I am always ready and anxious to receive information by which I can arrive at Truth. I am open for conviction.

E. W. HULBURD.

SPIRITS—THEIR JOURNEYS

April 24, 1905.

In some of the spiritual papers and publications I have occasionally noticed articles expressive of different writers' ideas relative to spirits journeying away, leaving the physical body in a state of repose. Recently when reading Hudson Tuttle's grand work, "Psychic Science," the article on "Hallucinations" brought to mind several instances of which I was cognizant in the mediumship of Justin Hulburd that were in that line. Some years ago his spirit leaving his body was of frequent occurrence. Thinking it may possibly be of interest to some of your readers, I will relate some of which I have personal knowledge. Of course, there will always be skeptics, no matter how positive the evidence, doubting Thomas must express himself.

In February, 1848, I made my home in Morris, Ill. I soon made the acquaintance of a congenial spirit who in later years became known throughout the state as Hon. Perry A. Armstrong. We became warm friends and have continued such to the present time. Disability contracted during the civil war compelled a change of climate. I never returned to make my

home in Morris, but the friendship which had been cemented between Mr. Armstrong and myself was to endure for all time.

Scarcely a night passes that spirits do not come and converse with Justin, sometimes preventing sleep until near morning. In May of last year a spirit appeared to him who gave the name of Armstrong, who said he knew me very well. I was sleeping in an adjoining room. He conversed with Justin for some time. In the morning Justin told me of the visitation and described the spirit. I went to the library and got a book, of which my friend Armstrong was the author, containing his portrait. I showed it to Justin, who immediately exclaimed, "That is the man."

I immediately wrote to a mutual friend for particulars of his death. That friend replied, under date of June 10, 1904, "Perry Armstrong is still alive. He has suffered from a cancer for several years. His friends would not be surprised if he passed away suddenly."

I immediately wrote friend Armstrong and received two letters from him during the summer. He came and materialized to Justin four times while in the physical body. His spirit passed away in December and he has called to see us twice. Last night he came to Justin and said he had learned since going to spirit life that his spirit made those journeyings while in the body to prepare it for the life "over there."

While here last night he made the request that I prepare this article for publication in the "Progressive Thinker." He said, "In spirit life there is a great interest felt in Dr. Peebles' book, 'Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages.' It is going to revolutionize the spiritual Philosophy and it is about time those fakers were broken up calling themselves materializing mediums. While there is one genuine materializing medium, there are fifty frauds."

He did not believe any of those public materializing mediums were genuine. In company with other spirits he has visited a large number of them and found them to be frauds of the worst kind. He said, "It is about time they were broken up and sent to jail for receiving money under false pretenses."

At the home of W. W. Judson, Kansas City, Mo., one af-

ternoon in the month of June, 1883, while the family were sitting on the front porch, Maggie, the servant maid, came to consult Mrs. Judson on some kitchen affair. Justin, who was present, saw a spirit follow and stand alongside of her while talking to Mrs. Judson. Justin described the spirit to her as being a man about sixty years of age and had a peculiar way of holding his head.

She turned pale and placed her hand over her heart, saying, "That is my father you have described; I hope he is not dead."

After lunch she went to her room and wrote to her sister, asking if her father was well. In two days she received an answer to her letter, in which her sister said, "Father is as well as usual." Not long after that he passed from his physical body.

A merchant tailor in Kansas City, Mo., named C. B. Grabe, one day made a visit to our home. While sitting in an easy chair he laid his head back and said, "I am tired." Just then Justin saw a beautiful female spirit standing by him, which he described. Mr. Grabe said, "I have a letter in my pocket now from that lady. She was one of my dearest friends in Philadelphia. He wrote to her, asking her if her health was as good as usual. He received an answer saying she was as well as ever. Two weeks from that day she passed from her body, after which she appeared to him as a spirit.

In the summer of 1885, E. H. Davis, from Williamsburg, Long Island, was sojourning with us at our home in the mountains of Southern California. One day Justin was resting on his bed. He lay very quiet for some time and then seemed to awake. He said he had been to a place which seemed to be a good sized town and visited a house, which he described. The plan of the house, its furniture and ornaments (of which one was a large portrait of a young lady which hung in the back parlor.) Mr. Davis said it was an exact description of his father's home. The portrait was that of his sister, but Justin was mistaken in one thing. There never was a bed in the back parlor. He immediately wrote home. His mother replied they had received an unexpected visit from a relative and had been obliged to put a bed in the back parlor.

During a visit from Mr. Davis last summer he told us this circumstance had so interested his people that they investigated

and became spiritualists. Mr. E. H. Davis is now a prominent resident of Mesa Grande, San Diego Co., California.

Dr. Thomas Jennings of New York would frequently place his hand on Justin's head and will him to go to any place he wished. Justin would go, soon return, and report what he had seen, which was invariably verified. On one occasion he sent him to Philadelphia to the home of Dr. Van Ame. When he returned he described a lady whom he called Mrs. Chase. The name Chase Dr. Jennings did not remember. He wrote Dr. Van Ame for a list of the guests present on that afternoon. Instead of Mrs. Chase the name of that lady was Case, the wife of Col. Case of Philadelphia.

While Justin was playing at R. M. Hooley's Comedy Theatre, Chicago, one morning at rehearsal Mr. Hooley said, "Puss, I have received a letter from Mr. Hart, in which he says he can't get here until next Sunday evening. He will leave Jersey City Saturday night for Chicago."

The following morning when Justin appeared at rehearsal, on his way into the theatre he stopped at the box office, where he found Mr. Hooley and the treasurer. He said, "Uncle Dick, last night I boarded a train, entered a sleeping car, and about the middle of the car I threw back a curtain, looked into the berth, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Hart lying there. They will get here this evening."

Mr. Hooley said, "I don't see how that can be. Mr. Hart's letter says they won't get here until Sunday night."

Justin replied, "Uncle Dick, they are on their way now. You will see they will get here this evening."

Just then a messenger boy tapped on the window. Mr. Hooley opened it, when the boy said, "Here is a telegram for Richard M. Hooley." Mr. Hooley read thus: "Friend Dick—I will be in Chicago tonight. Your friend, J. Hart."

Mr. Hooley turned around and said, "Puss, if you had lived a hundred years ago you would have been burned for a witch."

Mr. and Mrs. Hart arrived that evening, sound and well.

Rehearsal was called next morning for Hart's new comedy. Mr. Hart said that evening to Mr. Hooley, "A strange thing happened last night in the sleeping car. While my wife and I were lying in the berth the curtain was thrown back; there

stood Little Justin, who laughed at us. I said without thinking, 'Tell Dick Hooley I'll be there tomorrow evening.' It all seemed as real to me then, Dick, as it does now that I am talking to you."

Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "The little witch told me all about it this morning."

Mr. Hart said, "That little creature is a strange being, and don't you forget it."

Mr. Hooley said, "He has played for me off and on for over twelve years, and I have seen and heard a great deal of his antics."

Mr. White, the stage manager, said, "He's an uncanny being." They fuss and quarrel sometimes at rehearsal. At the same time Mr. White holds a great love for Little Justin.

Mr. Hart told Mr. Hooley he had cancelled his engagement at the Olympic Theatre on Broadway, New York, and that was why he was here to attend rehearsal. A question came up between him and the manager on which they did not agree; he cancelled his engagement and that night started for Chicago.

I will now relate two instances which strongly corroborate the claim that spirits can leave the physical body and journey whenever they will. As I could not vouch for their accuracy, I will let Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, who was most particularly interested, and who verified them, state them in his own style:

One evening in the year 1886, we were sitting chatting on various subjects, when the conversation turned on Spiritualism. I asked Justin Hulburd, medium, if his spirit could leave the body at will, or if he could send the spirit to any place, at any time, wherever he willed it. In reply he said he did not know, but he had known his spirit to leave the body and go visiting at different times. I then asked Justin if he would try to go to Des Moines, Ia., where I had a sister living at that time. He said he would. He became quiet and shut his eyes. In about ten minutes he spoke and said, "Your sister is packing her trunk; there is a lady there helping her whom I do not know. Your sister is going to move tomorrow. Your sister saw me and started to speak to me, when the other lady commenced talking and broke the conditions so I could not answer her." He de-

scribed the various things in the room. Next morning I wrote to my sister, telling her what Justin had told me.

Four days from that evening I received a letter from my sister, saying that she had moved to other rooms. She stated that on the evening before moving, while packing her trunk, a lady friend being present to help her, she saw the spirit of Justin Hulburd and recognized it at once. She started to speak to him when the lady friend asked her what she was talking about. With that the spirit vanished. She wished me to ask Justin if he remembered having been there. Our letters passed each other on the way. We were both astonished and delighted to know that the spirit of Justin had really visited my sister on that occasion.

When Justin had related to me his visit to my sister I requested him to try and go to Germany to my old home, where I was born. He said he would try. He became quiet, as if asleep. In about fifteen minutes he spoke and said, "I see a house," and described my birth-place inside and outside better than I could have done it. He described the people who were living in the house at the time, whom I did not know. By writing I found the description to be true. While I was asking him a question he said, "Wait a minute. I am attracted to another place." In a minute or two he described a house which I recognized at once. Then he described the rooms and a man who was sitting by a desk writing a letter. "Well," he said, "that letter is for you. It is in regard to some property. He has charge of your property; he is your guardian." I told him it was true. He described that man so perfectly I recognized him at once. That letter turned out to be the final settlement of some property we had in Germany.

I could cite many more cases of Justin's spirit leaving his body, not only to go to places on the earth, but to the spirit spheres, but it would make the communication too long.

WHERE IS TOM PAINE'S SOUL?

June 10, 1905.

To the Editor.—In the Sunflower of May 27, I find an article entitled, "Where is Tom Paine's Body?" from which I quote the following extract: "Suffering from a complication of

disorders brought on by his habitual intemperance, he dragged out the last hours of his life propped up in a chair by a window, poring over the pages of a book and drinking at frequent intervals from a bottle of brandy that stood on a table at his elbow."

I was surprised to see that vile slander in a paper devoted to the promulgation of spiritual thought. Christian ministers have persistently given voice to anything they could invent to besmirch the character of one of the grandest men of American history, a patriot of "the time that tried men's souls," one whom America should honor co-equal with Washington and Jefferson. Many of the ministers who uttered those falsehoods from the pulpit knew there was no truth in their statements, but they had so long been teaching that abominable criminal-producing doctrine of atonement, they undoubtedly believed when the time came to meet their Jesus all that was necessary would be to pray, "Oh Lord, forgive me," and they would immediately be "washed white in the blood of the Lamb" and clasped in Jesus' arms.

In 1882 at Kansas City, Mo., Thomas Paine gave a course of lectures through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd. During one of his lectures he wanted to give the Christian God a chance to perform a miracle by removing the life from the physical body of the medium while he had control of it. He said to the people present, "You see, it is a failure. Your Christian God has no power whatever. There is only one God and that is the God of Nature, unified throughout all life."

Mr. C. M. Aley, the stenographer who came to take down the lectures, became so interested in what the spirit Thomas Paine was saying that he forgot to take it down. It was a failure on that account. Mr. Aley, the stenographer, made us a visit here at our home in the mountains. During his visit he said to Dr. Meyer, Mrs. McKie and a Mrs. Allen, that "If there was anything in life that he regretted it was not taking down that lecture thoroughly. Now the lecture is lost to the reading public."

The spirit Thomas Paine says, "The only mediums that I ever found through whom to give my thoughts to the people with any satisfaction were Amelia Colby and Justin Hulburd."

April 16, 1902, Thomas Paine, through the organism of Jus-

tin Hulburd, gave a communication of considerable length for future publication, from which I make a brief extract :

"I was persecuted by the majority that I came en rapport with. When they thought they could not attack my character vile enough, then they called me 'a low drunken beast,' which was an infamous lie of the worst kind, as I was a temperate man on all occasions. The preachers only told that to people that had never seen me; finally it got into print and like many other lies made out of whole cloth, it was looked upon as a fixed fact by the people that never came in contact with me."

The persistency of the clergy and other religious bigots in vomiting forth their foul slanders on the name and character of one of America's grandest patriots in her time of greatest need will bring upon them a day of retribution compared with which a burning hell would be Paradise. The falsity of those Christian slanders of Paine have been repeatedly exposed, but gentlemen of the "sacred cloth" continue to repeat them when running short of material for their sermons. I once heard a Unitarian clergyman lecture upon the "Day of Judgment," in which he said, what is well known to all true Spiritualists, "Every day is a day of Judgment. Every act brings its own retribution." Let those who call themselves ministers of the gospel and other religious fanatics ever remember that for every slanderous word they utter for the injury of a fellow being there is a penalty from which there is no escape.

Phenomena

Chapter XXXII

On the sixth day of September, 1899, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Justin Hulburd was reclining on a couch in the home of his cousin, E. W. Hulburd, who was sitting by. They were conversing on current topics of the day when suddenly there occurred a very peculiar phenomenon. What had the appearance of a flame of fire flashed over Justin and passed through an open door into another apartment where it disappeared.

While they were conversing upon the unusual phenomenon a spirit came and through Justin's vocal organs informed them it was an occult manifestation to assist in preparing Justin for the work in which he is now engaged. That the manifestation was produced by the spirit Yawpan, who for many years was with him in Vineland, N. J., and Kansas City, Mo. At Vineland Yawpan would accompany Justin wherever he went, would open and close doors for him, whereby in one instance a servant girl became so frightened she refused to remain with the family. Orthodox ministers preach that witches should be put to death.

While in Vineland, N. J., Justin was one day visiting at the home of Doctor Jennings. There were present Doctor and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Susan Cornell, Mrs. Julia Schroeder and her young son, Freddie Schroeder. They were sitting in the parlor conversing in the early twilight, when suddenly an unlighted lamp which was standing on the centre table—no one being near it—sent up a brilliant flame; then in a moment subsided until it became the usual flame of a lighted lamp and remained so.

This spirit Yawpan, who is said to have been a priest in a temple in Japan, told Mrs. Jennings, who was a fine medium, that he dealt with fire—they were fire worshippers. When the flame burst up from the lamp it was accompanied by powerful odor which pervaded the room upwards of an hour.

When in Kansas City, Mo., Justin was connected with F. D. C. Meyer in a cigar and tobacco trade. One evening at a cir-

cle being held at their home there were present Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, their daughter, Ina Whitman, a Mr. Samuel Hale, who was in the millinery business, a Mr. Joseph Green from Philadelphia, Pa., a public medium by the name of Mrs. Watrous and her husband, Mr. Watrous, Mr. Meyer's sister, Mrs. Schroeder and Mrs. Marsh, wife of a druggist and the servant maid, Helen Fenton. During the seance Catholic spirits through Justin's organism told the circle that unless he—Justin—quit converting people to spiritualism, they would kill him. Next morning Mr. Meyer was quite sick and Justin went and opened the store for business. It was a cold day in February. Justin had lighted the fire, which was of coal, the stove had become red hot and he was sitting by it warming himself. People in the vicinity saw smoke issuing from the store. Rushing in they found Justin lying on the floor covered with the hot coals and the overturned stove lying near him. The first to enter the store was a negro preacher, who afterward said the spirits told him he must get up and go down—there was something wrong with the boys. He was quite unwell, but told his wife he must go. The next was Mr. Whitman, about the same time James Morton, of Morton's confectionery store, entered. Two of them carried Justin to the street in front of the store, while others extinguished the fire. Two men, proprietors of a restaurant opposite, came over; on learning of the trouble one of them returned and brought coffee, which they gave Justin and restored him to consciousness. The stove was overturned, but what seemed very remarkable, the pipe was not disturbed, but remained in place.

Catholic spirits afterward said it would be all right if Justin would give his mediumship to the church. In the vicinity of Kansas City is a monastery of Franciscans. Justin was strongly importuned by them to come and reside with them and give his mediumship to their order. When he refused they made threats against his life.

The papers at the time published accounts of the matter and thought it very wonderful that Justin escaped without injury. Spirits told us that he was cared for and protected by Yawpan, the Japanese spirit.

After all was over the negro preacher said to Justin, "It was

Jesus Christ who saved you." On the next Sunday a reverend minister proclaimed from the pulpit that Justin was in league with evil spirits and that is what saved him; none but evil spirits returned and no spiritualist should be allowed to hold meetings. Mediums at that time in Kansas City were Doctor Van Horne, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Watrous, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, a medium known as Doctor Lewiston and Justin.

On the next anniversary Doctor Joshua Thorne, in a public address, asked why it was that preachers always pitched upon Justin, who was physically the smallest of them all.

Remarkable Spirit Manifestations.

Monday, December 21, 1903.

The medium, Justin Hulburd, while reposing in bed, feeling quite indisposed, was about 1 p.m. impressed to sing, accompanied by the writer he sang several spiritual songs in his usual soprano voice. Suddenly he burst forth in a powerful baritone and sang several pieces in a manner that was wonderful. After the singing had ceased, the control entered into conversation with the writer, announcing himself to be Frank Lombard, who while in the physical body was a noted singer of Chicago, with whom the writer was well acquainted and at one time sang with him, having a bass voice.

Spirit Lombard said, "It has for some time been my great desire to come back and see if I could sing through another organism." He declared himself pleased with the result. He said, "This medium has a high soprano voice, and you see he sang in a deep baritone." The spirit was asked how he found spirit life. He replied, "As well as could be expected by one who had lived such a life as I had."

He then withdrew. This medium sings in several voices, soprano, contralto and alto. I have also heard him sing a selection in which he introduced deep bass notes.

The peculiarity of it all is how the different voices will produce their notes, as if it required no effort whatever for them to do so.

I have seen and heard him at many circles.

Tuesday, December 22, 1903.

In the evening after dinner, and the day's work disposed of, Justin reclining on a couch in the sitting room, he was taken with an unaccountable fit of gaping, which continued for more than an hour. He was then impressed to sing, which he did, with the writer's bass accompaniment.

After singing several songs he was controlled by his guide, the Indian girl Rosa, who seemed to be in great glee and on a regular lark. She sang several songs or snatches of songs, one of them being "Climbing the Golden Stairs." The medium's small dog, "Dick," was lying on the couch with him. It joined in the singing, howling its accompaniment, much to our amusement.

Rosa, in her Indian manner of expression, said, "Me make Dick sing. You no make him sing. Me go now."

In a few minutes the medium was controlled by two spirits who sang a duet. One was a powerful baritone, the other a high soprano. They sang a splendid duet in the Aztec language, their voices blending beautifully, both voices coming from the medium's vocal organs, producing the words and singing from his mouth at the same time.

In this lies the great test that both spirits used the medium's organ at the same time, not each controlling after the other. They had attempted this feat at different times, but without complete success.

Fitch Adams

Chapter XXXIII

Saturday, December 27, 1902.

Justin was quite ill. About 12:30 p.m. a very familiar voice was heard saying to E. W. Hulburd, "How are you, old boy?" and Mr. Hulburd's old schoolmate and chum of nearly fifty years, known when in the physical body as Fitch Adams, of Warren, Ohio in his youth, and of Cleveland, Ohio, during his manhood, gave through Justin's organism an eloquent dissertation—or revelation, as he called it—on different phases of embodiment. All persons from the beginning are of the sex which they will retain through eternity. Many have a desire to reincarnate in the other sex, but the change is never complete. Females wishing to reincarnate as males cannot fully throw off their feminine nature, but retain it to a marked degree, hence so many hermaphrodites. Males wish to reincarnate as females, and the result is the condition known as masculine women, or women with men's natures. They wish to have a woman's experience, but can never fully throw off the male nature, hence females in every community who have no affiliation with men.

It is necessary for progression to experience all phases of physical life. If you wish to advance to the perfect of perfectness, you must experience all of those conditions.

Hermaphrodites have been known since humanity has been on the planet. In the days of antiquity hermaphrodites were far more numerous than today. I think I can safely say there were a thousand to one at this time. As they progress through different embodiments they little by little advance toward perfection and finally reach that condition which is beyond the necessity for such experiences.

I heard you talking of the communications from some of

the spirits and the expressions used by them regarding the Jewish God, Jehovah, in which they speak of him as low, brutal and licentious. If you go back to your Sunday school days you must recollect what was taught you from the bible; that book tells us Jehovah was a murderer, thief and licentious brute. Of course, our orthodox Christians, who have swallowed the bible whole and been taught from infancy that the said book was the word of God, will be terribly shocked and say such publications should not be allowed; but many will begin to think and reason for themselves and soon the shackles of bigotry will fall from them; then they will see the rottenness of that filthy book called the "Old Testament."

F. K. Hulburd

Chapter XXXIV

Monday, December 29, 1902.

Today a very interesting talk was given by spirit F. K. Hulburd. He said, "Those who have been connected closely by family ties and were congenial and warmly affiliated in former embodiments will always be brought together in subsequent incarnations; it never fails. Every spirit must work out through successive embodiments the conditions of former embodiments until all its debts are paid and they reach the perfect of perfectness when they become merged in Deity, becoming one with God. The great central Sun is God; all suns thrown off by the great central Sun become suns to give light to some planets and are called Messiahs, or Sons of God.

"General Winfield Scott is called in the spirit world the President of the band that is interested in the development of the great California desert and is hovering around and over it the greater part of the time. He says that the bringing of water through canals upon the desert will absorb the alkali and it will arise into the air, forming clouds which will increase the rainfall; not only on the desert, but throughout the surrounding country for a distance of two hundred miles, thereby changing the general characteristics of Southern California. Rains will be much more frequent during the summer, or dry season. The people will be affected by it favorably, particularly sensitives, and the desert will become the Garden of California. General Scott says the development of the desert is taking place much sooner than he expected when he made the prediction through this medium in 1885."

Poem

Chapter XXXV

November 19, 1889.

There are three Spiritualists in the mountains of San Diego,
Their neighbors think they are a regular plague-O,
And wish that their God would blast them-O,
Since they can't drive them back to San Diego.

Now in this their spiritual home,
They invite the spirits, so they are never alone.
Their neighbors are no sooner come than gone,
For they are afraid some spell might be put upon

Their ignorant and unhappy lives.
So they keep away their children and wives,
Such is the prejudice of these mountaineers' lives,
For most of them are married to halfbreed wives.

We live up here in nature's free air,
And read of the outside world of care;
Then we inflate our lungs with lots of air.
In that we are extravagant and do not spare.

Now perhaps you would like to know
Why we came to live in these mountains so.
A certain development we had to undergo;
It required the mountain air to bring it out so.

There are three of us old chaps that live here,
We were directed to the live oaks by the spirit sphere,
And our love for them is true and sincere.
We all hope to come out the better for it here.

We have had ups and downs of every kind,
Now we hope they have all passed with the wind.
Some of us have gone through enough to make us blind,
But after all we are only frail human-kind.

While there is life there is always a spot
As this development came in our lot,
So we will go through like the Irishman's pot,
And perhaps come out of it like a solid rock.

When we came here they tried to drive us away,
But we told them we came here to stay,
For who had a better right in that way,
Since the climate is the best you ever saw any day.

We have had many communications here,
Given through Justin, our medium and seer,
And hope they will come to pass, in this we are sincere,
As they will be a great benefit to earth life here.

In spring our mountains are covered with flowers,
Which make our homes perfect bowers,
And the odors are wafted at all hours,
As we become magnetic with the flowers.

Then we look at the cattle grazing in the grass,
At each male calling his mate a bonnie lass,
As they smile and wink at us as we pass,
They know we look upon them as the animal class.

Warnings

Chapter XXXVI

In 1842 I was in Liverpool, England—I was playing at the principal theatre of that city. I was going from rehearsal, walking down one of the principal streets. I came to where there was a scaffolding up in front of a building—there was some work being done on the front of the building. As I was about to pass under the scaffolding a voice said to me, "Walk out into the street." I did so, and I don't think I was over twenty feet from the scaffolding when it gave way and fell to the sidewalk, killing five people.

The following year in the month of August while staying at Nice, Southern France, I was invited by three friends, who were staying at the same hotel, to take a carriage ride through the city. I accepted the invitation and the three friends and myself entered an open carriage. After we had taken our seats I noticed the driver was a rather peculiar looking man with a dark complexion. I whispered to one of the friends, "What a peculiar looking man the driver is." His reply was, "He has both French and Moorish blood coursing through his veins." After we had driven down one of the streets a short distance I noticed he would holler in a loud voice to the other drivers passing by. When we had driven perhaps as far as half a mile a voice said to me, "Tell the driver to stop; if not, jump out as quick as you can." I asked my friend, who spoke French, to ask the driver to stop and let me out. He spoke to the driver, but he would not stop, but commenced cursing at my friend in French. Then the voice said, "Jump." I sprang from the carriage and landed on my feet—I was both nimble and light of foot then. I looked after them and do not think they had gone more than one hundred yards when they came in collision with

a large wagon—commonly called a truck—drawn by large Normandy horses. The truck tore off two of the carriage wheels and in some way that I do not understand the carriage was upset, the driver killed, one of the horses was so badly injured that they were obliged to shoot him to put him out of his pain, one of my friends had an arm broken and an ankle sprained, one of the others had a large gash cut in his head and two ribs broken, the third one's breast was hurt, he had a cut across his face and an ankle sprained. I was informed afterward that this driver was in the habit of getting drunk, and he must have been under the influence of liquor that day.

While at Monte Carlo I stood near one of the gaming tables. A voice said to me, "Move back quick." I did so; just then a man that had entered shot at a lady who stood near by. The one who stepped into my place was shot down by the second bullet that came from the pistol.

While in Havana, Cuba, the yellow fever broke out. It was spreading quite rapidly. A voice said to me, "Tell the manager to get his company on board a ship as quickly as possible and leave the island, as the fever is going to become epidemic." One of the company who was too slow in getting to the ship was left behind and died with the fever. His name was George Gould.

On board the ship while out at sea they discovered that I had a touch of the fever. The voice said, "Tell them to give you sulphur and salt, a teaspoonful of each in a glass of brandy; drink it all down without stopping, then let them have a pitcherful of water, almost hot; drink all you can of it after taking the brandy and you will come out all right." I did as directed and it broke up the fever; on the third day I was walking the sunny deck.

While in Lima, Peru, I was in a large store making a purchase. The proprietors of the store were Germans. While making the purchase the voice said to me, "Get out, and right quick." I did as commanded. I do not think I was out of the building over five or six minutes when a terrible earthquake took place. Several people became dizzy and fell to the ground. That building fell in and over forty people were killed and buried in the ruins.

While lying down one afternoon to rest the voice said to me,

"Tell the manager not to take the company on board of that steamer for which he has purchased tickets; tell him to wait for the next steamer." The manager said that he would not go on that steamer for any money. About three o'clock next morning while the steamer was out on the ocean it took fire and was burned to the water's edge and more than one hundred people were lost.

During the Civil War, acting under orders from President Lincoln, I took passage at New York on a large steamer for New Orleans. While passing Cape Hatteras there came up a terrible storm and the steamer sprung a leak and sunk with nearly all on board. A number of women and children, with a few men, were put into the boats, which were never accounted for afterward. On a raft was the captain, his wife and a little son about sixteen months old, the first mate and myself. We drifted about on that raft four days and nights. Finally the wind drove us toward the North Carolina coast. We were washed in toward a place called by some Morehead City, and by others Morehead Landing. Some negroes discovered us on the raft and came to our rescue; they brought us safe to land. We remained with them three days, until we recovered somewhat from our cramped condition and recovered the use of our limbs. They were very kind to us and did everything in their power for our comfort.

When the steamer sprang a leak the voice said to me, "Do not go in any of the boats, but wait; there will be a raft built and on that you will reach the shore, for we have more work for you to do yet."

From the sun and salt water the skin on our faces commenced to peel off, which made us suffer intense pain. The captain's wife, while on the raft, became very sick and could not attend to her baby. The captain tied the baby to me with a rope and then tied me to the raft. I laid there chewing crackers to feed the baby with in order to keep it alive. We all reached the shore in safety, but in a terribly demoralized condition.

That little baby afterward, when he became a grown man, made me a visit in Chicago, Ill., while I was playing at Hooley's theatre. His name was Wm. Prentiss. He presented me with

a beautiful ring for saving his life on the raft. Harry Thorne made the presentation.

When I was playing at the Randolph street theatre, Chicago, Ill., in the fall of 1875, I was lying down in my room at the hotel, taking an afternoon nap. About six o'clock in the evening I was awakened by the voice saying, "Go to the theatre and take your jewelry with you; go now." I dressed and went to the theatre, taking my jewelry with me, as directed. When I arrived at the corner of the street near the theatre I met Mr. Kemble, the stage manager. He addressed me, saying, "Puss, we open Monday night in St. Louis for one week. The company starts from here Sunday night. Clara Louise Kellogg comes here to the theatre for one week with her opera company."

As we were walking toward the stage entrance a boy ran past us; as he did so he turned around and looked at me, saying, "Justin, at your hotel there was a fire, but it's out now." I should judge I had been in my dressing room about ten minutes when I said to Mr. Kemble, "John, I shall go to the hotel and see about that fire." He said, "No, don't go; you will get nervous and it will upset you for the evening." Just then J. H. Murphy, the tenor singer, entered the green room, and when he saw me he said, "Puss, I was glad that you wasn't at the hotel during the fire; it would have made you so nervous; there was a big commotion there for some time. A fire broke out in the laundry room and the guests of the house became quite excited. I went to the office and got the key of your room, opened the door, went in and dragged your trunk out into the hallway; I also dragged mine out and had them ready to get someone to take them out into the street in case the fire made much headway. They kept the fire confined to the basement and the men put it out after awhile. So it's all right. Now I would like to ask you a question: Why did you leave the hotel so early? I did not see you at dinner; had the spirits anything to do with it?" I said, "Yes; the voice told me to get up and go to the theatre and take my jewelry with me." He said, "I am glad they did; they know how afraid of fire you are since you lost your wardrobe in the Arch street fire."

One day in the fall of 1877, while I was playing at the Broadway theatre, New York, Clara Louise Kellogg was play-

ing at the Academy of Music on East 14th street. After rehearsal at our theatre I was standing in front of the building talking to Francis Wilson, William Hamilton, the baritone of the Kellogg company, and Mr. White, when Mr. Hamilton said, "Come, Justin, let's go and have lunch before the matinee performance." Mr. Hamilton hailed a carriage to take us to the hotel where he was stopping. He opened the door of the carriage for me to enter, when the voice said, "No, do not ride in that carriage; walk and watch the result." I told Mr. Hamilton we had better walk. He said, "Just as you choose. You've had a warning—I can tell by your eyes." When we got in front of A. T. Stewart's building that same carriage came up Broadway with two gentlemen in it; as it got in front of the Stewart building it drove in between two Broadway stages and one of the stages broke one of the wheels and damaged the carriage somewhat; neither of the occupants were hurt. Mr. Hamilton laughed and said, "It beats the Dutch how you get those warnings." We did not go to his hotel but entered a restaurant on Broadway and partook of lunch. As we were about to sit down at one of the tables the voice said, "Do not sit at this table, take seats at one of the tables at the extreme end of the room." I told Mr. Hamilton we would take seats at a table further on. He laughed and said, "Another warning, eh?" I said, "How can you tell I had a warning?" He said, "By your eyes; I always noticed when we were playing at the Operahouse in Philadelphia and you received a warning your eyes would always glisten as they did today."

While we were laughing and talking a mad dog rushed in from the street and bit one of the men sitting at the table where we thought we would take our seats. Most of the people jumped onto their chairs. A man that had a pistol in his pocket shot the dog in the head twice. It made me very nervous.

I went to the matinee with Mr. Hamilton and remained in the dressing room all the afternoon. He treated me magnetically several times. So you see that spirit warnings are very beneficial. Instead of being ruined by my mediumship as asserted by the "Great Psychological Crime," it has been a benefit to me throughout my life.

While playing in Baltimore Md., in January, 1868, with our

company from Philadelphia, the Caroline Richings Opera Company was also playing in the city. Both companies stopped at the same hotel. Mr. James Arnold—one of the members of the Caroline Richings Company—and myself were walking down Baltimore street. As we approached a drug store the voice said, "Both of you get into the drug store as quick as you can and shut the door." I said, "James, let us get into this drug store." He laughed and said, "Now you little witch, what's up?" We had no sooner entered the drug store and shut the door than a runaway horse with part of a buggy attached to it dashed up onto the sidewalk, knocked down two people, killing one woman. Mr. Arnold said, "It's wonderful how the spirits can warn you in this way."

While the Caroline Richings Opera Company was playing at the Academy of Music, Broad street, Philadelphia, Mr. Arnold, on a Tuesday evening, came to my dressing room at the Seventh street theatre. After sitting there a few minutes he said to me, "I see you are only in the first act tonight. I will wait until you get through, then we will go up to the Academy; they are playing 'Crown Diamonds' tonight and I am not in the cast, so we will enjoy it in the front of the house." We did so. When returning from the Academy on Broad street near Walnut the voice said, "Cross to the other side of the street." We did so; I do not think we had walked more than ten yards when we heard a dreadful scream from a female voice and looking across the street we saw a man rush into the street, brandishing a big carving knife and yelling like he was mad. It took two policemen and two other men to hold him. He had cut and wounded five different people before he was secured and taken to the station house. His first victim was a lady whose name was Jeanette Taylor. Afterward I became well acquainted with her. Her arm bore quite a scar where he cut her with a knife. The madman's name was Silas Wilkes. He became crazy from the opium habit. We had a narrow escape. Mr. Arnold said, "Now I believe in Spiritualism. Our loved ones are around us to guard and protect us from danger when they possibly can. I never told you before, Puss, but sometimes I think I see their shadows."

At one time in the forties Edwin Forrest was playing in

New Orleans. The play was Julius Caesar and I played the Page in the tent scene. While I was singing and playing the lyre a voice said, "Throw the instrument down and go immediately to Mr. Forrest's dressing room." I did so. As I neared the door of his dressing room a man came out of the room with a bundle in his arms. I kicked him on the ankles with all the vim and strength I possibly could. He fell to the floor. I sat down on him, took my dirk out of its sheath and told him if he moved I would kill him. I held him there until the curtain went down on the act. Just as the curtain had struck the stage he in some way got his hand into his pocket and whipped out a pistol. As he was presenting the pistol at me I struck his hand with my dirk. The pistol went off, the ball went into the door, his hand fell by his side just as the people from the stage reached where we were. Mr. Hill came running as he heard the report of the pistol and was the first one to reach us. Mr. Forrest and the others of the company dragged the man into his dressing room; his hand was bleeding profusely and I wrapped a towel around it. I told Mr. Forrest he had better search him. Mr. Forrest and Mr. Conway searched him. They found Mr. Forrest's gold watch and chain, Mr. Forrest's purse with over two hundred dollars in gold and silver and a number of other things that he could put in his pockets. In the bundle they found Mr. Forrest's street clothes, even to his socks and boots. Mr. Forrest sent for an officer to have him taken to the station house. In the street when the policeman was not on his guard he struck the policeman a terrible blow on the stomach. The policeman fainted and fell to the sidewalk and the man escaped. As Mr. Forrest and I were going to the hotel that night a pistol ball came whizzing past our heads. Afterward on a Mississippi boat I recognized the man and told Mr. Forrest, who went to the captain of the boat and informed him who the man was. The captain had him secured. When we reached St. Louis the captain sent for two officers. He was arrested, had a trial, was convicted and sent to the state prison.

At one time the company was playing in Cincinnati. After our engagement was finished there we were to take a steamer for Louisville, Ky. In the afternoon of the last day that we played in Cincinnati I was sitting in Mr. Forrest's room amus-

ing myself perusing a beautiful book of steel engravings that had been presented to me for a birthday gift. He said to me, "Puss, while you are looking at your book I will lie down and take a nap." I guess I had got about half way through the book when the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Forrest not to take that boat tomorrow afternoon, but wait another day." When Mr. Forrest awoke I told him what the voice had said. He said, "All right, we will not go on that boat. I will go down stairs and have Mr. Hill telegraph to Louisville that we will not appear until the second night." The boat that we were to take caught fire and many of the passengers jumped overboard into the river.

When I was traveling with the Broadway Company under Warren & Clifford's management, while playing in Pittsburg, Miss Louise Burch, Robert Meldrum, the leading man, Mr. Warren and myself were walking down the principal street of Pittsburg after rehearsal. The voice said to me, "Do not go any further, make quick tracks for the hotel." I told Mr. Warren what the voice said, when Mr. Meldrum spoke and said, "We will go to the hotel, for you know warnings always come true."

In the evening paper we read that a party of men rode down the street in an open barouche under the influence of liquor; before they were taken into custody they had wounded several people by shooting at them; how many I do not now remember.

While the company was playing in Youngstown, Ohio, our rooms were on the second floor of the hotel. Part of the company stopped at a second-class hotel. One morning about five o'clock the voice woke me and said, "Tell Mr. Clifford and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Burch, Mr. Warren and yourself to remove to the other hotel after breakfast." The voice said, "Do not fail to do what I tell you." We went to the other hotel and secured rooms. At about five o'clock that afternoon the hotel that we had left took fire and some of the inmates had great difficulty in escaping from the burning building.

While the company was playing in Dayton, Ohio, we were intending to take a night train for Cincinnati. The voice said to me in the afternoon, "Tell the manager not to take that night train, but to wait until morning." They did as requested. The night train was wrecked and several people killed.

After we had returned to New York from our traveling tour

the manager invited the principal members of the company to go on a picnic to Long Branch. We were to go all the way by water. The boat was to start in the morning, but the night before it was to start while I was in bed the voice said to me, "Tell the managers not to go on that picnic to Long Branch." I woke Mr. Warren and told him what the voice had said. He said, "We will not go then, but go to Coney Island instead." We went to Coney Island, remained three days and had a grand time bathing in the surf. The boat that we were to take to Long Branch collided with a Liverpool steamer below Sandy Hook. There came up a great wind storm with rain and hail, hail being very unusual at that time of the year—August. It became very dark and the ships came in collision, as stated. There were quite a number of lives lost on the picnic steamer, I do not now recollect how many. I think the name of the picnic boat was Flora Meade.

The company was at one time traveling on the cars between Pittsburg and Chicago. Mr. Warren and a Col. Smith of the army went forward to the smoking car. After they had been there about an hour and a half the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Hill to go to the smoking car and tell Mr. Warren to come back into the passenger cars if they wish to pay attention to a warning just been given." Mr. Warren, Col. Smith and several others returned to the passenger cars, while several of them laughed and remained where they were. About an hour afterward the engine, baggage car and smoking car were thrown from the track and all those who remained in the smoking car were injured. Some obstruction had been placed on the rails. I could tell of many other warnings which saved us from injury while with this company, but it would take up too much space.

While in San Francisco, Cal., in 1872, we were under engagement to Thomas McGuire for three months. We had played ten weeks, when one afternoon I was lying down on a lounge in my sitting room; the voice said to me, "Now pay particular attention to what I am going to say. Mr. McGuire wants to send the company out traveling. You go and tell Mr. Slocum, the manager, to go and have an interview with Mr. McGuire; tell him to tell Mr. McGuire that he has learned the fact that he, Mr. McGuire, wants to send the company out on the

road for the remainder of the engagement. Have Mr. Slocum tell Mr. McGuire that he will not have the company do anything of the kind. The engagement was for San Francisco, and here we will remain until the time is up." Mr. McGuire was so surprised and taken aback that he at first did not know what to say; finally he said to Mr. Slocum, "Who informed you of such a project? I have never mentioned such a plan to anyone, not even to my business manager, but I did intend to send the company out." Mr. Slocum replied, "We have a way of finding out such things."

While Mr. Warren and I were sojourning at the New York Hotel on Broadway, New York, we received a note of invitation from the beautiful Lola Montez to join her and a party of friends to take a sail on the Hudson river on the beautiful floating palace, St. John, the next day. While I was lying down taking my afternoon nap, the voice woke me up, saying, "Tell Lola Montez not to take her friends on that steamer as she intends to do tomorrow morning; tell her to wait three or four days." I told Mr. Warren what the voice had said. He immediately dispatched a note to Lola telling her of the warning I had received and that she had better come and take dinner with us at the hotel and we would talk it over. She reached our hotel about half past six and I explained to her what the voice had said. Then she said, "We will not go." After dinner I furnished her with pen and ink and paper. She wrote a note to each friend saying that she had put off the sail for three or four days and would notify them in time, when they would make the excursion up the Hudson. The steamer she intended taking her party on took fire the day she intended going and burned to the water's edge, and many of the passengers were lost.

Six days afterward we made a visit to Newburg on the Hudson, visiting the house where Washington made his headquarters. While we were all standing out in front of the house she she addressed the company, saying, "Friends, where we now stand, the greatest general the world has ever known stood—right here—and looked down on one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. His name was George Washington, the Father of the Great Republic." Then we sang "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner." After that Lola took the man to one side

that had charge of the house. I think she gave him a piece of money. He permitted us to eat our lunch from off the same table that General Washington ate from; he filled the General's teakettle with clean water and filled up our silver mugs with the same. She asked us to stand up and hold our mugs in our hands while she and the company sang "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow." After that we drank General Washington's health and gave three cheers for the land of the brave and the free.

In a few minutes I was under control and a spirit said, "It is not the land of the free yet, and it will not be until every black man and woman is released from bondage and stands on a footing of equality with the white race." Lola asked the spirit, "Do you think such a condition as that will come to pass in the United States? I do not think the South will allow that." The spirit said, "We will compel them, and the black man will hold some of your high offices in the boasted land of Freedom." To that Mr. Warren and some of the others gave three cheers. After they had finished cheering the man who had care of the place said to Lola, "If I had known that you had a witch with you I wouldn't have allowed you in the house; but for God's sake never tell this to anyone; what would the people say if they knew a witch had drank out of General Washington's teakettle—and one no bigger than a walking cane? God have mercy on me this day. I'll get down on my knees tonight and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive me for the crime I have committed." Lola said, "Suppose we pray to God now for his blessing and protection." He said, "Not until we put the witch out of the house." He grabbed me by the collar of my jacket and the seat of my pants and threw me out of doors before anyone could stop him. They say he shut the door and locked it, placing his back against it said, "Now, lady, please pray, and see that you do it strong, too." Lola offered up a beautiful prayer, asking God to bless them all, even to the little witch outside; at that the man got very angry, opened the door and ordered them all out. When they came out I was dancing the Highland fling. He told them if they did not take me away from there he would kill me. Mr. Warren had given him a five dollar gold piece. He threw that and the money Lola had given him after us, saying, "Take your

cursed old money—no good can come of it." When we went down to go on board the steamer four of the company—three women and one man—refused to go on board the steamer with me and waited for the next boat. One of the women became the beautiful Mrs. Keogh and traveled with the great Edwin Forrest. Ten years afterward she became an ardent spiritualist and a great friend of Doctor Newton. The others of the party were invited, by Mr. Warren, to take dinner with us at the New York Hotel. One of the party was Doctor Nickless, the well known druggist, corner Broadway and Washington Place.

One day Lola Montez asked me if I would accompany her to an art gallery. She was going to have her picture taken to present to a young lawyer named Mr. Chamberlain. It was in the days when they took daguerreotypes. When the picture was finished it was a beautiful one. I think she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. That night when I bade the beautiful Lola Montez good night was the last time I saw her in the physical body.

She was a grand character and was not understood by the public—only by her intimate friends. After we had left the gallery she said to me, "Puss, I hope Mr. Chamberlain will like this picture." I said, "He ought to—it is a beautiful picture." She said to me, "Puss, what do you see for him and me?" Just then the voice said, "Tell her she never will marry him; there will come a time when she will take a great dislike to him." The voice then said, "Leave this street and walk on one of the back streets." When we had reached the back street she grew so weak and pale that she had to sit down and rest on the brown stone steps of a dwelling house. While we were sitting there I saw a great many people running on the cross street. I went up and hailed a man and asked him what was the matter. He said, "There has been a terrible crime committed." I said, "What kind of a crime?" He said, "The beautiful Lola Montez, the actress has been shot down in front of the drug store." I returned to where Lola was sitting on the steps. I asked her "Did she think she could walk now? If so, we would return to the hotel." She said she thought she could. Then she said, "Why are all those people running on that cross street?" I told her a man and a woman had got into some difficulty and the

man had shot the woman. She said, "God help her; I hope the Saviour will receive her soul in peace." After we had reached the hotel and I had seen her seated comfortably in a rocking chair, I said, "Now, Lola, I am going to tell you the truth about those people running on the side street." She said, "Let's have it; I feel it is something connected with me, why, I cannot tell." I then said, "There was a woman coming out of a drug store and a man had taken her for you; he shot her down on the sidewalk. I believe it is the man that has been writing you notes and otherwise annoying you." She jumped up, screamed and said, "Puss, that is why the voice told you to go on the back street. I am going to pray to God to calm the spirits of those she has left behind." She knelt and prayed.

The mother of this Mr. Chamberlain to whom she was going to present the picture, was well known during the Civil War in connection with Dorothy Dix, as matron of the great hospital at Baltimore, Maryland.

The last time that I saw that beautiful picture of Lola was in the fall of 1883 in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain went to a bureau drawer and brought it forth, saying, "If that woman had become my daughter-in-law I could have adored her as one of the modern saints that never was understood by the people." Then she commenced to cry like a child, at the same time saying, "Lola, Lola, you never was understood, only by the friends that you loved and that loved you and understood your true character."

I was one of many children that were invited to the home of Rev. Dr. Brooks to partake of a nice lunch given on that occasion. Everything was very pleasant and sociable and we were all enjoying ourselves in the two large parlors when the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Brooks to get the children out of the house as quick as he can." He kept questioning me so long, this way and that, why he should do so, when all of a sudden the dinner bell that sat on a table in the hall was elevated into space and commenced to ring in a furious manner. The children saw no hand attached to the bell while it was ringing; they became alarmed and rushed out of the house. After we were all out on the grass Mrs. Brooks discovered there was a fire which had started in the dining room. The maid had knocked over a fluid

lamp that was kept in the dining room for heating water—that is what started the fire.

Afterward Mr. Brooks wanted to know in what manner I heard the voice or how it talked to me. I told him I heard it just as I did his voice. He said, "Do not tell of this to any of the children or they will not play with you; that is what they call witchcraft." Just then the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Brooks to walk back with you under the trees." He did so and I was controlled by his brother, who said to him that "This coming light would spread throughout the world; it is history repeating itself; the Catholic and Protestant churches have tried to crush it out, but like all great truths it will flourish and blossom throughout life." Mr. Brooks said he saw a light shining on top of my head; he wanted me to keep it away from him, as he was afraid of it. He said, "You are a witch, and I do not want you to come to my house again." He ordered me off the place. This took place nearly seventy years ago.

At one time the Broadway Company was playing in Brooklyn, N. Y. After the performance we were to cross over to Jersey City to take cars for Pittsburg. When we got ready to start and were walking toward a restaurant to get something to eat the voice said, "Hurry up and cross the East River; you can get something to eat when you get to Jersey City." I told Mr. Warren what the voice said. He said to the company, "Let us hurry to the ferry as quick as possible and get across the river." When we reached the ferry house we discovered that a fog was rising on the river. The boat was about to leave the slip. Mr. Warren, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Meldrum rushed forward, crying out to the men on the boat to wait for us. They did so. The rest of us hurried up and in a few minutes we were on board the boat. We reached the New York side in safety, entered carriages to be taken to the Jersey ferry. The fog became so dense that the hack drivers had some difficulty in reaching the ferry. It took them one and a half hours to go from the Fulton street ferry to the Courtland street ferry for Jersey City. The managers paid the hack drivers double fare for getting us there in safety. We got aboard the ferry boat to take us to the Jersey City side and we all stood in a group in fear of the boat coming in collision with some other boat, the fog was

so dense. We arrived safely at the Jersey City side. The next boat that followed us was run into by a ship and several of the company that remained behind to get something to eat were on board that boat: two of them were killed outright. Their names were Jos. Naylor and Wm. Saxton. A Miss Sarah Clinetop had two ribs broken; her sister Jessie escaped with a bruised arm. There were a number of accidents that night on both rivers and the ferry boats had to stop running. The fog was all the way from New York to Philadelphia. There were several accidents on the Delaware river that night.

The company arrived safely at Pittsburg the next day, minus the four mentioned. Mr. Warren warned the whole company, but those who remained behind were very hungry and had no faith in such warnings. Miss Louisa Burch fainted after we were all safely in the cars. Afterward she became Mrs. Dave Wilson, well known to the public of New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo, the latter city being her birthplace.

One Sunday Justin went with a Mr. Hill and family to dine with the family of Mr. Weber, who resided about one mile from Mr. Hill's home. The following Wednesday while Justin was calling at Mr. Hill's home he suddenly saw Mr. Weber's barn weaving as if about to fall. He sprang up and cried out, "Mr. Weber, jump—the barn is falling." About two hours later Mr. Weber's boy came to Mr. Hill's and said his father had barely escaped being crushed under the falling walls.

A poem given by Laura Courtland to her friend, Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd on his 77th birthday, August 5, 1904, at Searchlight Bower, Descanso, California.

As you sit side by side
Your spirit friends through the trees doth glide.
They come to sing their songs at eventide,
As round the trees they like to hide.

This is your seventy-seventh birthday,
So I've heard the angels say.
Your home's not far, only over the way,
And we'll welcome you some bright, sunny day.

Under the live oaks rich and green,
You sit in your armchair all serene,
On your head the sunlight leaves a sheen
While the moonlight plays the night queen.

Out in this beautiful mountain glen
Away from the vile thoughts of women and men,
Nestled in this bower like a beautiful wren,
That is why you wield an intellectual pen.

See, they are coming from near and far;
Electricity draws their spirit car
As each are tuning their guitar
To serenade the "Morning Star."

That is your spirit name now,
As in your soul they've placed a vow.
All has been cheerful, you must allow,
Since God and the angels are here I trow.

Listen to those bright angels' feet,
With joyous songs they come to greet
A soul so sincere and sweet,
At the spiritual gate we're sure to meet.

I bring my love to you
As on your honor I know it's true.
I made that vow to love you
As the queen of night is azure blue.

Your loving friend, Laura Courtland.

Lewis Justin Hulburd

Chapter XXXVII

Saturday, August 12, 1905.

Good morning, father dear. I enter Searchlight Bower this morning with blessings from our spirit band to you and all that dwell on Mountain View Ranch.

It is the desire of our spirit band to pay an honored tribute, or compliment if you choose to call it, to brother Francis, the editor of the "Progressive Thinker." It is a well-earned compliment; the band proclaims with one accord. It is he that is the Pathfinder in advanced Spiritualism. As he blazes the way frauds and mountebanks hide in the brush. Swift Eagle calls him the "Big Chief with a long think." He means by that he has a deep mind with many thoughts. When these thoughts are developed and brought to the front they produce a result. He is the friend and monitor of true Spiritualism, the champion of all genuine mediums. One of those highly developed thoughts has worked out an action; that action is cleaning up and clearing out the debris of the spiritual ranks. He is filling a long felt want in your beautiful spiritual philosophy. He is a terror to those individuals producing bogus materializations; all honest minds feel this to be a reality in Spiritualism. The octopus that has been crawling through its ranks dreads the voice of brother Francis.

Father dear, in spirit life we read your spiritual papers; every issue of the "Progressive Thinker" is devoured with a relish and brings a blessing upon the name of J. R. Francis.

Father dear, it is utterly impossible to produce a full formed materialized spirit in a promiscuous circle; they are made up of such a variety of minds. I will describe them—weak minds, positive minds, credulous minds that are hovering between a

will power and one that has no stability whereby they can decide for themselves; then there are minds that seem impossible to understand the action and condition that produces a genuine materialization, a visionary mind that is constantly hovering around a diseased intellect whereby all things seem wonderful to them, especially in the line of a fakir's trade. Wisdom, Reason and Truth are entirely left out. If a shadow should produce its condition they think the whole spirit world has come to visit them.

There is a band that has selected brother Francis to burst the bubble and destroy those vapory delusions. He is the Herald of the great spiritual development that is coming to your earth planet. There is a wave that is passing between the higher spirit realms and that of Earth that will sweep away all corruption placed on your spiritual philosophy by degraded fiends in human form, the outlaws of Truth who are constantly seeking to devour whom they can; feeble minded Spiritualists who see in every filthy, dressed up vampire a spirit form. If they can—which is not possible—produce a genuine spirit form, a thousand dollars awaits them, held in the hands of that gentleman in Los Angeles, California. No genuine medium dreads exposure; why is it then that there is no one brave enough to accept that offer and silence reigns when Truth prevails, deception and mockery hides itself in the dark waiting to pounce upon some victim called a "new phase" in the spiritual ranks or a degradation to your spiritual philosophy.

There is a spirit who says it is his wish that I should speak a few words for him. When in the spiritual form he was called Doctor Gould; lived in San Diego, Southern California. He says, "May the angels always keep brother Francis in their care; constantly shower blessings on his head, the deliverer of the true Spiritualism from those vultures that would disgrace it by their criminal actions if they could." While living in a physical body he was misled and wasted much money on those wantons representing themselves to be materializing mediums. Now, when it is too late, his desire is that he had helped the philosophy more than he did. Being of a stubborn disposition no one could appeal to the truthful part of his nature, showing up the deception of those wantons, as he knew it all, and what he did

not know about materialization was of no value to the world. The reading public that did not think as he did were persecuting and driving those poor materializing mediums to an early grave. Now he says he will do all in his power to break them up and send them to prison if he can; he is constantly watching to influence a truthful mind to enter those dens and break up the devilish work going on there. He says he will devote his life to create in the minds of honest people an abhorrence for all such filthy work produced by vagrants claiming to be Spiritualists.

Father dear, I know that etherialization is a genuine fact in nature. When true souls meet together in private life they produce a spiritual harmony; they receive manifestations in etherializations. It is only in private life it can be produced, never in public gatherings of any kind; harmony has no place in a promiscuous circle.

Helen Blavatsky says, "There are many so-called mediums who claim that I have materialized at their seances. That is a straight lie." Others have claimed and placed in print that she has given communications through their organism; such has been published through spiritual books and pamphlets. She says that is another lie. She has only controlled two mediums since passing to spirit life; one of them is Lady Mansfield of England, the other is the organ that I now control. She also tells me that Spiritual Theosophy will become the principal religion of your earth planet; it was the religion of past antiquity. Continents and races rise and fall; they pass away to be revived at a future time. As it is today the religion of the past is asserting its rights again in a more progressive form, the modern spiritual philosophy was brought into full force in order that Spiritual Theosophy would build on a strong foundation. True Spiritualism is the foundation of all that is good. It never can be banished from off the face of your planet. Your planet was created through a spiritual manifestation; the sunlight took possession of that manifestation and produced life, a reproduction of that which was before. All minds have a part in that creation, even from the lowest fibre in plant manifestation. All life has a mind, no matter if it should develop into a beautiful expression, when the full fruition comes outward shell decays,

the mind still remains. In that eternity is deified through the laws of Nature.

I thank you, father, for taking down my communication and leave my love for Little Justin. Your loving son, Lewis Justin Hulburd.

John Grover

Chapter XXXVIII

Sunday, November 19, 1905.

How are you, sir? I hope I find you well and happy, brother. Health adds a great deal to happiness, especially on a beautiful morning like this. The air is so sweet and the trees so green. I will name this valley "Enchanted Valley," where the spirits revel in spiritual delight.

Your home, I understand, is called "Searchlight Bower." My presence and spiritual condition is now in Searchlight Bower in the midst of all that is beautiful and green in the "Enchanted Valley."

I have a friend and brother named Warren who says you are getting up a book or life of your medium—that is, you are doing the physical work while the spirits are feeding your medium with the mental. Their communications will convey to the reading public some of your medium's life.

Through the desire of brother Warren I enter Searchlight Bower in order to give you a communication for your book. You can judge after I have given the communication whether it is wise or not to hold space or take it up, as I should say, in your valuable book. Now allow me to give you my name. When living in the physical body I was called John Grover; born in Surrey, England; an artist by profession. Sometimes I would take part in painting scenery for certain plays; at other times I would paint portraits. An English stage master by the name of Marshall engaged me to come to America and take charge of some scenery that was to be painted for "William Tell." It was the desire of the manager then holding a lease of the old Broadway Theatre on Broadway, New York City, to produce "William Tell" in big style. He said, "Mr. Forrest will play

William Tell and I want some grand Swiss mountain scenery, with the Alps in the distance. Spare no pains or work on the scenes. You shall have all the material in abundance required for such work. You need not economize in anything, as it is my desire the scene shall loom up and produce a grand effect. When the curtain rises on that scene I want it to become the admiration of the people." I told him, "It will be as you desire."

The other hands and my own worked on that scene for over two months. On the opening night the manager's desire was gratified. When the curtain arose on that scene the applause was immense. Our snow effect on the Alps was grand. Mr. Marshall, the stage manager, hugged me for joy, for the effect I had given the scene. The lessee of the theatre came to the green room and his praise was so great that I do not wish to describe it here. That was in the long, long ago; it created for my name that which a painter loves to hear. I do not wish to take all the praise; the other artists deserve much of the credit for this beautiful effect given to the scene. Mr. Forrest's praise was great; he told me he never had the pleasure of acting in such a beautiful scene before. Then he was a young man; his power and ability in acting was wonderful.

After the performance the painters partook of a wine supper furnished by the lessee of the theatre.

It was in those days of long, long ago that I first met Little Justin, or Puss, as he was called by his professional sisters and brothers. I think he was the strangest child I ever met in the physical body. I know, he was. Mr. Forrest had a great friendship for the Little One.

One day while I was talking with Mr. Forrest in the green room the Little One said, "Uncle, let's go. There's a man at the hotel who wants to see you and you will be glad to see him." I said to Justin, "Don't be in such a hurry—I want to talk with Mr. Forrest." The Little One said, "He's got to go. You go and take a smoke, you old dauber." Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "John, I will see you at another time. I understand his ways." He bid me good morning and as they were passing out the Little One kicked me on the leg, saying, "Take that, you old English duffer." It surprised me so that I turned around and said to Mr. Hilton, "What kind of a creature is that, and

how can Mr. Forrest stand his nonsense?" Mr. Hilton said, "He's a strange individual; we all love him just the same. Did you not think he played his part beautifully, Grover? That Little One controls Mr. Forrest, as you shall see." I said, "How strange it looks—more like a girl than a boy. Oh, those eyes; they have haunted me ever since I first saw them; they have such a peculiar look; they put me in mind of a fawn's eyes, pleading with the one that has captured him to be kind; they have such a dreamy look; that has captured Edwin Forrest." He came close to me and whispered in my ear, "The Little One is a witch, they say, and has the second sight; he is a native of Scotland, as you perceive by his manner of speech, and they say he deals in the black art." While we were playing in Baltimore he said to Mr. Forrest, "Don't let us go riding in the park to-day. I feel funny and don't want to go. I want you, uncle, to tell me that story about the hounds and the hunter where they met the fairy queen."

That afternoon a dreadful storm came up; a terrific tornado; some of the hail that fell I should think was as large as a hen's egg. The hail did much damage, hurting a great many and killing several that were out riding in the park, as they had no protection over their heads. He said, "Grover, don't let that Little One fascinate you. I believe he is one of the imps of the devil. I can see you are drawn toward him, but beware."

I went that afternoon to Mr. Forrest's rooms at the hotel. It was about four o'clock. I found Mr. Forrest and another gentleman. The Little One was lying on a couch asleep. I was introduced to the gentleman and we three had a social glass. During my visit I made the discovery that man was a theatrical manager and Mr. Forrest had signed a contract for New Orleans.

The Little One woke up; when he saw me he said, "Hello, old Grove, how's painting?" I laughed and said, "I guess I'll have to paint your picture on canvas." He said, "See that you get your Sunday look on," which caused a laugh. The man turned and looked at me and said, "Are you an artist? Do you paint pictures?" I said that was my profession. He said to Mr. Forrest, "I would like to have a picture of you in the 'Gladiator,' also the Little One in the picture as your boy." He said to me, "How much will you charge for a canvas eight feet high and six

in width?" I told him that depended on the time it took me to paint the picture and how much work I had to put on the canvas. He said, "How would a thousand dollars do?" I told him I did not think I could produce the picture for that amount; it would be more in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars to hand him over a first-class picture, then I would have to get the consent of Mr. Forrest and the Little One to provide me with sittings on the different occasions as I required them. He looked at me and said, "Some of you artists demand big prices for your pictures." Just then the Little One jumped off the couch and said, "By God, the picture shall be painted, or I'll know the reason why." I looked at the child in amazement and wondered where that heavy voice came from. The man laughed and said, "That sounds like my brother Henry's voice." The voice said, "Hal, you can bet every dollar you own it's me. I want that picture painted and send it to our home in South Carolina." The man said, "Brother, is it possible this can be you and the dead return and talk with their friends?" The voice said, "Yes, brother Hal, this is me. Your wife, Hal, at nine o'clock this morning gave birth to twin boys; I want you to name one of them for father and one after me." I saw the perspiration come out on the forehead of the man like beads; he jumped to his feet and said, "Forrest, if this is true the picture will be painted; will you sit for Grover? I know I will get the consent of the Little One." He said to the Little One, "Come here, Justin, and stand between my legs. I want to talk to you." Justin walked over and stood between his legs. The man took out of his purse a twenty dollar gold piece and said to the Little One, "Now, Pet, if you will sit for Mr. Grover and allow him to paint your picture, I will give you this twenty dollar gold piece." Quicker than I can tell it the Little One nabbed the twenty dollar gold piece out of his hand and said, "Twenty dollars for standing up straight; if you want me to stand on my head it's five dollars more." The man hugged him and kissed him, saying, "I wish you belonged to me. I would convert you to become a little Southerner, then I'd be a happy man." A peculiar circumstance happened then; the piece of money flew from the Little One's hand and struck the man in the face; then the Little One said, "I cannot take your money.

Bob tells me it would do me no good, but I will sit for the picture." This occurred before the days of the Rochester knockings. The man's name was George Halifax Gordon. He turned pale and said to Mr. Forrest, "Why is not my money as good as any other man's money to the Little One?" Mr. Forrest said, "I have no explanation to give (rap) only this, he is a strange child and is influenced by others outside of himself." A loud rap came on the door. I said, "What does that mean? I will go and see if anyone is at the door." Mr. Forrest said, "It is useless, Grover. I am acquainted with those knocks. They always come when it is their desire to decide anything, with a strong emphasis on the knock."

Mr. Forrest stepped to the table, filled up our glasses, saying, "Gentlemen, drink to the health of Mr. Gordon's picture." I said, "The Little One has no glass." He said, "No, he has never known the taste of liquor and I hope he never shall." We drank, hoping the picture would turn out satisfactorily. Four days afterward Mr. Gordon received a letter telling him he was the father of twin boys. He gave me a check for four hundred dollars in advance.

I understood afterward why they would not allow Little Justin to become a Southerner in feeling; they had other work laid out for him and he never was permitted to take up his residence in the South before the war.

Mr. Gordon returned to his home and we made arrangements to commence the picture. I rented two beautiful rooms on Fulton street, near Broadway. On the day of our first sitting I did not have things thoroughly arranged, as I was a diletory man in many ways in life. Finally we got things arranged, they donned their costumes. I had Mr. Forrest sit on an old Roman chair with his tiger skin mantle hanging from his left shoulder and a portion of it lying on the ground, which made a good effect. I placed some short boughs of a tree that was covered with moss between the Gladiator's legs; I had Little Justin sit on the wood with an old Italian harp of small size standing in front of him; his fingers were touching the strings of the harp; his mouth was partly open as if in the act of singing. The effect was beautiful. The right hand of the Gladiator was resting on the boy's head as if trying to inhale the notes

as they passed from the lips of the singer; his eyes were gloating on the loveliness of the child sitting at his feet. After remaining in that position for about thirty minutes Justin was getting nervous. He said, "Say, old man, I can't stand this any longer; won't you let me have a dollar, then you can buy a cheaper suit." I had promised that I would buy him a nice suit of clothes if he would give me all the sittings that I required for the picture.

While he and Mr. Forrest were looking at the outlines that I had placed on the canvas the strings of the harp commenced to vibrate and sounds came forth. As there was no one near the harp, that astonished me. I said to Mr. Forrest, "Did you hear those sounds coming from the harp?" He said, "Oh, yes; no doubt it is some one that owned the harp at some time. Where did you get it?" I told him I made the purchase at a second hand store on Chatham street. As I turned around to see where the Little One was he came from the adjoining room partly dressed for the street. As he walked toward Mr. Forrest his little body was bent like an old man's; he shook hands with Mr. Forrest and smiled. After that he came to where I stood, and to tell you the truth, brother, I commenced to feel a little shaky; a queer feeling was passing over my body; he raised my hands to his lips and kissed them, saying in the Italian language, which I understood, "I was old and hungry, senior, and I sold it to get bread. I could not play it any longer in the streets for my fingers were getting old and stiff; the people laughed at me and would not stop to hear me play. At one time, senior, I was rich and made plenty of money; I was like him (pointing to Mr. Forrest) an actor. I fell from grace through the accursed wine cup. I came to this country—America—to see what I could do. My wife deserted me and went away with a singer here in America. I drank more and people would not hire me to play for them, so the streets became my last resort, senior. My name was George Lorenzo. I was the natural son of the Count Lorenzo. My mother sang in the opera. Now I have told you my history and I am so glad (kissing my hands again) you bought my old harp. Take care of it, for I loved it so. I sat here in New York and played it on the different curb stones and in the different streets to win a few pence from the people; little did

they think the old man they bestowed a penny upon was the son of a Count." Then he kissed me upon both cheeks, went and knelt down by the harp, run the Little One's fingers along the strings and produced such tones that could only be produced by the fingers of angels. The Little One laid down on the floor by the harp and we heard a deep sigh. The spirit released him; he came back to consciousness and said he was hungry. "I want something to eat—right now, too." Fortunately, I had some cake in a japanned box. I produced it and he ate ravenously. While he was eating Mr. Forrest said, "If that harp belonged to me no money could buy it, Grover. I believe that harp will bring you good luck." I retained the harp for many years. I lent it to a brother artist, whose desire it was to introduce it in a picture. That night I had a peculiar dream. I saw my friend's studio in flames. An old man stood there with a harp in his arms, shaking his closed hand at me. I awoke from the dream; it had made such a strong impression upon me I immediately dressed and went to my friend's studio. When I had reached the building I saw it was on fire. I rushed up stairs and entered his room, where he lay upon his bed. I caught up the harp and held it on one arm while I seized one of his arms and dragged him out of the room. At the head of the stairs I threw his body down, which saved his life. I followed, carrying my harp. When I reached the lower floor the inmates of the house were in their night robes, with bundles in their arms. I dragged my friend out of the building onto the lawn. I discovered he was in a drunken stupor and in some way he must have knocked over the lamp in his room. I went home a happy man, with my harp in my arms. When I laid it down in my room the strings vibrated and the same tones came forth that I heard when Justin and Mr. Forrest were present.

On the day of our second sitting I proceeded with my work very rapidly. They sat for me on that occasion one hour. While my brush was passing over the canvas I was taken with the hiccoughs. Little Justin said to me, "How many drinks do you take a day, old man, when it affects you as bad as that? Are you funny when you get drunk, or do you get cross and want to lick everybody in the town?" Mr. Forrest said, "Hush, Little One, and don't talk like that."

On that occasion I had provided a nice lunch for them. While we were eating Mr. Forrest raised his glass and said, "Here's to the old harp player. May his spirit find rest and peace on the other side of life." All of a sudden unseen hands commenced to play the harp and played a beautiful Italian waltz to which the Little One got up and danced around the room. I discovered I was keeping time to the music with my fingers on the table. When the Little One took his seat again at the table he was under some influence and commenced to sing a hymn. I thought how much that sounded like mother's singing. After he had sung the hymn he placed one of his arms on the table, raised his hand and supported his face upon it, just as mother used to do when she was talking to father. My mother had been an invalid for twenty years; her physical body was weak. When talking she would place her face in her hand. It was my mother true enough. She controlled his organ of speech and gave me a motherly communication. It was too sacred for publication, so I will pass it over. In the communication she advised me to return to England, as my father was growing old and required my presence and help in his old age, not in a pecuniary way, only to assist him in business. After the picture was painted I returned to England.

Tuesday, November 21, 1905.

Good morning. We will continue the communication. For our third sitting we had a stormy day; the rain came down in torrents and the wind blowed hard—so much so that many of the signs were blown down.

When Mr. Forrest and Justin entered my studio Mr. Forrest said, "We can give you a long sitting today, John, as it is stormy out doors and impossible for us to take our walk." They sat for half an hour, then Little Justin waltzed around the room, he said, to keep his legs in motion; he didn't want them to forget how to waltz. Then they sat another half hour. Mr. Forrest and myself indulged in a cigar and a glass of spirits. Little Justin, as usual, waltzed around the room. I gave him a book that had many beautiful prints in it to look at, which he admired very much. They sat another half hour, then we had lunch. For that occasion I made some hot coffee. While eating lunch I spoke on the different qualities of liquor. Little Justin said,

"It told in the bible where a man got drunk and was caught up into the fifteenth heaven and there he lost his senses because they were not any good." He said to Mr. Forrest, "That's in the bible, ain't it, Uncle?" Mr. Forrest said, "Puss, I'm afraid I'd have some difficulty in finding that passage in the bible. I think you'd make a good temperance lecturer." Little Justin said, "I don't care much for the bible if it can't tell the truth."

The strings of the harp commenced to send out tones, when Little Justin said, "The old man don't like liars; now, which of you is the liar?" A rap came on the door; I opened it to see who was there. To my surprise a middle aged woman stood there, who looked like a faded beauty. I said, "My good woman, who are you looking for?" She said, "I am looking for work. I will do washing or anything I can get to do to buy bread for my children." Little Justin came to the door and said, "Good woman, you are hungry and I know it; come right in." The woman hesitated. Little Justin caught hold of her hand and led her into the room. He said, "This is Uncle Forrest and that's old Grove; I'm the other one." He led her up to the table, saying, "Sit down on my chair and I'll wait on you. Uncle Forrest says I'm the boss waiter." I had some sardines on my plate. He scraped them off my plate onto the one she was going to eat from. He did the same with Mr. Forrest's sardines, saying, "Those men don't need them; they're getting too fat now and the tailor will have to let their pants out." The woman smiled faintly; he gave her my cup of hot coffee, saying, "They can fill up on sponge cake and spirits." That made the woman laugh. She said, "Gentlemen, I do not wish to deprive you of your food, but I'm hungry. I've had nothing to eat for two days; the last loaf of bread that was in the house I divided among the children." Little Justin said, "Auntie, they don't need it. You fill up. When actors and painters eat too much they get the nightmare and that wears on their nerves." She smiled and said, "You are like a sunbeam, child, that makes men and women happy." Mr. Forrest said, "Let us leave her to the Little One. He will cheer her up. We will go into the other room and smoke. When we had taken our seats I said, "Edwin Forrest, at one time that woman was beautiful; suffering and poverty has brought her to where she is. I am going to

put her face on canvas if she will permit me, and call the picture "Faded Beauty." It goes into the gallery this fall." He laughed and said, "No doubt it will be an interesting picture." Just then we heard the woman and Little Justin laughing. I said, "They are happy now." Mr. Forrest looked through the door into the other room and commenced to laugh, saying, "John, look here." I looked into the room and there I beheld a spiritual manifestation. The table with its contents was levitated into space, about three feet from the floor. As we entered the room it descended to the floor. The woman was a strong physical medium and had a power, the gift of which she did not understand. Coming en rapport with Little Justin brought it out. When Justin discovered us looking on he said to me, "Old Grove, advance her five dollars on that suit you was going to get me." I took five dollars out of my purse and handed it to him. He said, "Now, Uncle Forrest, chip up another five." Mr. Forrest also handed him five. He said to the woman, "Now look here, auntie, you can't do hard work or washing. You are not made that way. You purchase a good-sized basket and fill it with knickknacks such as laces, threads and needles, combs and pins and other articles that people use. Here is ten dollars to purchase stock with. You can go around and sell them; that will help to furnish bread for yourself and children. I will call at your home tomorrow afternoon and see how you are getting along." I said to the woman, "Madam, would you object to me taking a sketch of your face and placing the same on canvas?" She bent her head and did not look at me for several minutes. When she did speak her words were so low it was all I could do to catch them. She said, "Surely you don't want to paint the face of sorrow." I said, "I do, and I will call my picture 'Faded Beauty.'" Little Justin placed his arms around her neck and kissed her on the cheek. He said, "Oh, auntie, please do; he will pay you for the different sittings." She hugged Little Justin and kissed him, saying, "For your sake, my child, I will sit for him. Some good angel has guided my steps to this place where I have found people with hearts and feeling for those that only know sorrow." Mr. Forrest said, "Cheer up, my good woman, there are brighter days in store for you. Little One loves to help the afflicted and has his own way of doing things." Just

then there came musical tones from the harp and it commenced to vibrate and rise in space. That made Little Justin laugh; he went over and hugged the old harp, kissed it and said, "Bless the performer." Oh, brother, I wish you could have heard the music that came from it then. Little Justin came over to where the woman was sitting, took her hand and led her to the harp, saying, "Let's kneel and pray, for the angels are here." The Little One—Justin—commenced to repeat the Lord's prayer. We remained silent for some time, when Justin said, "I'm going to clean off this table and we will all sit by it." He took from the back of a chair a beautiful towel I had placed there, gathered up what food was left on the table, placed it in the towel and handed it to the woman, saying, "Take that home to the children. These duffers here are getting so fat it's all they can do to see out of their eyes." The woman laughed and received the bundle. He placed the dishes on the floor, saying, "I guess they won't fall there."

We sat around the table and sang several hymns. I noticed a peculiar look come into the woman's eyes. She stared at Mr. Forrest so intently that her eyelids commenced to droop. She laid her head on the table and said, "I am tired; life is not worth living, for you never loved me. If you did I would not have left you. Edwin, our child I gave to a negro woman, sold the last of my jewels to help pay for its keeping. My funeral cost no one anything, only my soul had to pay the penalty of my crime; my body found rest in the river." Mr. Forrest jumped to his feet and said, "Good God, is this you, Jennie? You know it was all your own fault. I would have married you, had you only waited a little longer. Your impatient nature annoyed me. That man took advantage of it and led you to ruin. Where is our child, that I may see it and care for it?" She told him where he would find it.

As she returned to her normal condition we could hear gurgling in her throat as if the water was choking her. This woman proved to be a fine medium. After coming en rapport with Little Justin the table was once more levitated into space.

That fall I placed the picture on exhibition. A man from Tarrytown visited the gallery. In that picture he found some of the features of his sister. He asked who was the artist, re-

ceived the information as to where I could be found. He called, asking the direction of the subject and where the model could be found. On one of my cards I wrote her address. In that woman he discovered his lost sister; she had married a man that her parents could not bear to look upon. That man became infatuated with a ballet girl at the Old Bowery Theatre. He abandoned his wife and three children. That desertion was his ruin. In a fit of passion the ballet girl shot him down like a dog, fled the city and was never heard of. Fannie Wilson had to struggle with the cold world to support her children. She sold all her jewels, her furniture and clothing, finally taking up her abode in an attic with her three children at 714 Delancy street, where her brother found her. He, Fannie and the three children returned to the old home on the Hudson. She married a man by the name of Thomas Green. In after years she was known as Fannie Wilson Green. Fred Wilson, the journalist, was her son.

Mr. Forrest and Little Justin sat for me until the picture was finished. I notified Mr. Gordon that I could turn the picture over to him when he was willing to receive it. I acquainted him with the fact the picture would cost him two thousand, three hundred dollars. He came to New York, received his picture and had it conveyed to his home in South Carolina. During the rebellion the northern soldiers set fire to his house and that picture went up in smoke, with other pieces of art. Such is the fate of war. One peculiar thing about the picture was—a halo of light surrounded Little Justin's head; how it came there I cannot tell you. I was not conscious of producing such an effect. The only reason that I can give you, it was the hand of a spirit that placed it there. After I had received my fee I engaged passage for England. I presented Mr. Forrest with a beautiful ring. Little Justin received a hundred dollars in place of a new suit of clothes. He said he guessed that six dollars I lent him was the interest on the hundred dollars he had waited for so long. I called it square and kissed him good bye. He threw one of Mr. Forrest's slippers after me for good luck.

When I arrived at my home in England I found my father's health was failing fast. He only lived three months after my arrival at home. I settled up affairs, left my sisters in charge

of the home, crossed over to France, where I passed two years in constant study and hard work at my easel. I got the American fever and once more made the United States a visit.

One day I was walking up Broadway. Among the people coming down Broadway I saw a military man holding a little boy by the hand. As I approached them I heard the little boy say, "Great Caesar, if it ain't old Grove. I guess they've run him out of England again." He let go of the man's hand, grabbed a hold of me, saying, "You old English duffer, I'm glad to see you." You can imagine, brother, how glad I was to see Little Justin. He hadn't grown a mite and looked so natural. He said to the military man, "Papa Warren, this is old Grove, the dauber. Grove, this is papa Warren, that hasn't got his full growth yet." Mr. Warren laughed and we shook hands. Little Justin said, "Grove I know where they've got the finest fish balls you ever swallowed. Let's go and get some." He remembered I was fond of fish balls. As we walked along the street he said to me, "Papa Warren is so rich he's getting parrot toed. Oh, Grove, that brings to mind—there's an old woman at the hotel where we are stopping that looks like a rhinoceros; there is something growing out of her forehead and her teeth grow out over her under jaw. Oh, she'll make a dandy picture for you. You must come up and live there and get acquainted with her; they say she's richer than all hell. Maybe you'll want to marry her." Mr. Warren commenced to laugh; he laughed so much he had to stand up against a brick wall. When he stopped laughing he said to me, "Mr. Grover, my Little One is trying to be a matchmaker."

That evening I dined with them. While sitting in the dining room the lady that he described to me that afternoon entered and was shown to a seat at another table. Little Justin kicked me on the leg and said, "Ain't she a beauteous?" After we left the dining room a desire came upon me to paint that woman's picture. I took up my abode at that hotel, got the landlord to provide me—or I should say furnish me—two sunny rooms just as I wanted them. Mr. Warren, Little Justin and myself passed many happy hours in my studio. Mr. Warren liked to smoke, and so did I, and with a sociable glass once in a while we lived a happy life, watching the antics of Little Justin.

Finally that woman permitted me to transfer her features to canvas. She was the most peculiar looking woman I ever looked upon. She had a large head and face. Something similar to a horn grew out from her forehead, which she generally kept covered; she wore a lace cap and part of the lace fell over that foreign growth; her upper teeth protruded out over her under lip; the two centre teeth were large and white and gave one the impression they were small tusks. She had a broad set jaw that gave her a masculine appearance, her ears were large, more so than the general class of human beings. You would call her a freak or a malformation in life. I discovered she had a strong masculine voice, was above the ordinary class of women in intellect and culture, and was a well read woman. It was a pleasure to converse with her, her conversation was instructive on all points of discussion. Her picture—or portrait as I should call it—I had conveyed to my home in England. My sisters placed it on exhibition at a music store in London. Sir Henry Green-ville purchased the picture for his private gallery.

While in New York Joseph C. Crossman, a wealthy man, had a desire to obtain a portrait of Lola Montez and of Little Justin. While we were trying to decide what style of picture he would like, he came to the conclusion he would have a large canvas with Lola Montez and Justin on the canvas. When the picture was finished he found fault with the pose I had given to Lola Montez and would not receive the picture. He lost three hundred dollars by the transaction, as he had advanced me that sum on the picture.

A Mr. Lody admired the picture, gave me fifteen hundred dollars for it and had it conveyed to his home in New Jersey. About three months after he made the purchase he told me that picture would dance on the parlor floor for the little children by swaying from north to south. If he placed it in any other position it would not move. So he related it to me.

After, I think, about thirteen months I had a desire to see more of the United States. During the time that we lived at the hotel we had many spiritual manifestations.

Mr. Warren and a man by the name of Meldrum took a concert company out on the road. Outside of the musical part each evening they played a funny farce in which Little Justin

displayed much of his art. I enjoyed that tour through the United States; after the season was up I returned to England. Mr. Warren and I kept up a correspondence.

If I was to describe to you all of the spiritual manifestations that I witnessed while in the United States their description would fill two volumes, therefore we will let that pass.

Mr. Warren notified me that he and Little Justin were going to make England a visit. I received them at Liverpool and escorted them to my home in Surrey.

While they were visiting with me Lord Dunraven made me a visit. During that visit he made an engagement with me to paint the portrait of his young wife. I noticed there was a strong attraction between him and Little Justin. Little Justin had fascinated the old man.

One day while they were in the garden—it was on a Sunday afternoon—Little Justin sat upon the lord's lap and was admiring the lord's kilt. The lord took from his belt a beautiful hilted dagger with a large jewel set on the end of it. He said to Little Justin, "Now this dagger I am going to make a present to you. It belonged to my son, whom I loved so well." He placed this dagger in Justin's hand. Justin threw it from him; it stuck in the ground. He threw his little arms around the lord's neck, kissed him and commenced to cry, saying, in the Gaelic tongue, "Oh, father, take back that dagger. Do not give it to this innocent child as a token of admiration for his winning ways. With that dagger I killed two women that refused to obey my wishes. I ravished them, after which I threw them into the lake for the fishes to feed upon. My life in the spirit world is a regular hell; it is the hell of the conscience. My two victims are always accusing me of the atrocious deed I had committed on their physical bodies. I was not the moral man you thought your son to have been. They told you I was thrown from a horse; that was not so. The brother of a peasant girl that I had ruined struck me on the head with a stone, fracturing my skull. The spirit left the degraded body and you find me here today. To me you were noble and kind; for that I love you, father. The love you lavished upon me I was not deserving of. I ask you to take back the dagger; do not allow it to contaminate the hands of an innocent child." The old man broke

down and wept like a little child. He said, "Oh, my son, my son, how you deceived me, and I loved you so much. I am glad you died so young; had you lived you would only have been a disgrace to the name of Dunraven and broken your father's heart. You cannot be dead, or how could you speak to me like this?" He looked at me and said, "Then it is true, we live after death." He raised his hands to heaven, imploring for mercy on his poor, degraded son. He said, "Holy Mother, plead with Christ for the soul of my son," then fell on the ground in a fit. The shock was too much for him then. Mr. Warren and I carried him into the house, applied restoratives to his weak physical condition. When he came back to consciousness he was a very weak old man and called for the boy that his son lived in. Mr. Warren said, "My lord, your son does not live in my Little One, he only controlled his organ of speech." The old lord said, "I want him near me; perhaps the good God will let him speak with me again." When Little Justin returned to his normal condition he looked at us all; seeing the old lord lying on the bed he said, "What's the matter with old Duriny—is he drunk again?" Mr. Warren said, "You must not speak to his lordship like that." Little Justin laughed and said, "I didn't come over here to call old bloats like that lords and dukes. I guess he's on another tear for six months; give him room." Mr. Warren shook Little Justin; at the same time while he was getting the shaking he kicked Mr. Warren on the leg, saying, "Damn you, I'm going home. I didn't come over here to associate with old drunken bloats." He grabbed one of my slippers, hit me in the face with it, saying, "Take that, blast you." Before Mr. Warren could catch hold of him again he jumped over the centre table, grabbed up a sofa pillow, threw it at the old lord and almost knocked the breath out of him. He yelled out, "I'll do you all up before I go back home." When I removed the pillow from the lord's face he gasped out, "He's an imp of the devil and I thought he was an angel. Holy Mother of God protect me and let me die in peace." Mr. Warren caught hold of Little Justin, placed him on his lap, then placed his right hand on Justin's head. The Little One commenced to quiet down. After he had quieted down he commenced to sing, "Jesus, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly." After he had finished singing Mr.

Warren said, "Puss, you have hurt that old man lying in the bed there. You almost knocked the breath out of his body." Little Justin said, "Oh, ain't that too bad? I guess I'll have to hug the old man." He got up onto the bed. Then the old lord screamed out with what little strength he had left, "Take him away, take him away." Little Justin went up to him and put his arms around his neck, kissed the old man and said, "Are you getting sober?" The lord's eyes looked like they were bulging out of his head. He finally got the words out, "I'm in the clutches of the devil. Oh, mother of God, I'm lost." Little Justin commenced to smooth the old man's hair with his hands, kissed and hugged him repeatedly, saying, "You want to be careful the next time and not mix your drinks," which made Mr. Warren and myself laugh. He laid down alongside of the old man and placing his little arm around the lord's neck sang a pretty Scotch ballad. After he had finished singing the lord and Little Justin went to sleep. I shaded the windows with the curtains and we—Mr. Warren and myself—withdrew from the room. We will take it up at another time.

The next day, November 22, 1905, which was the seventy-seventh anniversary of Justin's birth, his spirit left the physical body for his home in the bright celestial spheres, leaving the communication of Mr. Grover unfinished.

While General Warren and Justin were visiting Mr. Grover in his English home they planned and carried into effect a tour throughout the European continent; Mr. Grover, when here for the purpose of communicating, would occasionally hold social converse with me on subjects not intended for the book. On one occasion he gave a short synopsis of their tour on the continent and spoke of what he intended to communicate of the interesting incidents which occurred and the many remarkable spirit manifestations which took place through Justin's mediumship, but the sudden transition of Justin brought his valuable communication to an abrupt conclusion.

E. W. HULBURD.

Memorial Address

Chapter XXXIX

A Memorial Address delivered in the Spiritualist Temple, San Diego, by Dr. Peebles upon the death or departure from Mortality of Justin Hulburd, a noted Actor, a remarkable Medium and Abraham Lincoln's special private Detective during the Civil War.

While the Infinite Principle and Presence of the Universe may be considered as absolute causation, manifest everywhere from atoms to oceans, and from seashore sands to the stars in the heavens, the minor causes and more important plans relating to human beings as moral actors, are doubtless first conceived above by great, invisible intelligences, and because of their innate humanitarian sympathies.

Death, an incident in the line of evolution, is the leaving of the body with its limitations and entering into a larger sphere of opportunities and conscious relations. The unflashing of the spirit through death affects neither the individuality nor the immediate status of human beings; they take with them beyond the casket—beyond the cypress shaded cemeteries that dot cities of the dead—their tendencies and their great leading life purposes. Varied are the employments of the so-called dead. Scientists in the territorial zones encircling us, further explore the mysteries of nature; astronomers cease not to count and weigh the circling, whirling planets that gem the starry immensities; philosophers peer into the depths of life, light, ether, the potency of thought, the transference of forces, and the relations of spirit to matter and motion; poets continue to sing in rhythmic measures the harmonies of the many-mansioned heavens; travelers over there traverse the strata of the lower spheres up

to the celestial residences of the seers, and the palaces of the gods; actors, theatrical actors, in those regions supernal—continue their educational work of translating the ideal into the real and the emotional tragedy and comedy into soul-stirring manifestation of mirth or of love and wisdom.

Justin Hulburd was the cousin of this intellectually able and excellent man, E. W. Hulburd, originally from Orwell, Vermont, and later well known and esteemed for his business capabilities and moral integrity in Morris, Ill., and Traverse City, Michigan. He now resides in Descanso, California. In 1872 he became a spiritualist and his interesting articles have often appeared in the columns of Spiritualist journals.

Strong were the affectional ties between Wallace and Justin. They were like heart to heart brothers in the work of spiritual unfoldment.

What the San Diego Press Said of this Deceased Actor.

The San Diego Evening Tribune and other journals said in speaking of this death: "The theatrical world has lost one of its best known celebrities, and San Diego County one of its best known characters. To members of the profession and to the theatrical world Mr. Hulburd was known under the name of Justin Robinson, a name which he assumed for stage purposes. Though a number of years have passed since he appeared behind the footlights, his name is still remembered by the older members of the theatrical profession. Up to the time of his retirement in 1877, he was considered one of the foremost actors on the American stage. He was very small in stature until after the war of the Rebellion, when, as reported, he grew in height twelve or fourteen inches. He was considered in some directions a prodigy. Many actors, as well as his special friends, looked upon him as a sort of mystic, with psychic phenomena peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland."

His Peculiar Origin.

He was born in Perth, Scotland, to Justin Hulburd, a Jesuit priest, and Mary Elizabeth Stuart, a grand-niece of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, known in history as the pretender to the British throne. His father's mother was Margaret Hulburd, a

lineal descendant of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. Though knowing all this in his riper years, he cared nothing for his distant relation to royalty. He was, in fact, so intensely American in his nature that he greatly disliked, even in life's prime, to have his kingly blood descendance mentioned.

When this child, Justin, was ten months old, he was taken, for various reasons, to live with Sir John Robinson, a Scotchman of great wealth. He remained with Sir John until he was in his sixth year. Mrs. Robinson was a rigid Roman Catholic and repeatedly called the Little One a "witch" because he "pretended to see ghosts" and described them. He was considered premature and strange. When he described the scenes and the bright spirits he saw in the air, he would be whipped for lying. Still he insisted in childish innocence that he saw the sights and heard the voices. While Sir John Robinson, caring nothing for religion, made a pet of Little Justin, Mrs. Robinson pronounced him a "freak." As a sample of the physical manifestations occurring in his presence, it is related that when the family had arranged for a May-day festival, the carriage at the door, the coachman on his seat, Lady Robinson and Little Justin seated and Sir John Robinson stepping in and signalling the coachman to start on, the horses walked right out from under and through their harness, every buckle remaining firmly buckled. Lady Robinson screamed aloud, declaring that this was another proof that the boy was a "little wizard" and ought to be killed. Sir John then, to save Justin's life, took him up into the mountains for a year, and later this little waif was put in charge of Mr. John Puller and family, Mrs. Puller being a cousin of the child's mother. These parties, solemnly promising to care for him, removed to New York.

Many times invisible influences would take him from the home of the Pullers and he would be found in the streets, preaching or singing. He was taken up two or three times as a truant by the police, for obstructing the by-streets, where the crowds gathered to hear him. It was said that he "was never two days alike." He was a mystery.

When eight years of age he wandered doubtless obsessed, from home, and went to the Five Points of New York (equalled in depravity only by the Seven Dials in London) where he was

found by Mr. Puller, staying in a cellar with low people, telling fortunes. Again and later he was found at the Five Points with the Rev. Mr. Pease, a Methodist preacher, exhorting and singing. His voice was as sweet and musical as a seraph's. He sometimes appeared on the rostrum as a girl and sometimes as a boy. He had the perfect, delicate and well rounded form of a woman, but was a man—two in one.

At ten years of age he made his debut at the National Theatre in New York, as a singer and dancer. In future years he traveled in this country, England, Wales, and Ireland, as an actor in different companies, and once, because of his high Scotch ancestry and clairvoyant gifts, he was introduced to Queen Victoria. He was often with the lesser royalty.

At times he was on the stage as an actor with Edwin Forrest, George Knight, Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keane, Hooley, Florence and others, and all this time he was conscious of influences from the invisible realms of existence.

As a child Justin was very high tempered and yet exceedingly affectionate. He knew nothing of restraint or fear. He was admired for his beauty, his wit, his wise sayings; his far-off gaze at times exciting inexpressible wonder. For years he was attired alternately as boy or girl, and when attaining the years of manhood, he was by actual measurement but four feet tall. He had a sweet, attractive and winning way; his eyes were deep blue, his skin a delicate white, hair long and dark brown in color, while his wierd appearance and his temperamental tendencies made him understandable only upon the principle of mediumship.

He used to be asked even by the staid Quakers of Philadelphia to go into "the state"—they did not say spiritual trance, but that "state"—and describe the visions or pictures that he saw.

When the rebellion broke out he was on the stage with a company of his own, in the South; but, ardently in love with American institutions and the glorious Union he hurriedly left for Washington, where, knowing a number of statesmen and Senators, he was introduced to President Lincoln who, becoming, after a little while, seemingly infatuated with him, made him his private detective—a trustworthy "spy," to cross and re-

cross the lines leading into Southern camps, getting hold of maps, drawings and communications and bringing them through varied wily devices to Lincoln. The White House was open to him at all hours. He once got into Gen. Longstreet's headquarters in the guise of a poor little Irish boy selling peanuts and searching for his father. Upon telling Gen. Longstreet in tenderest tones that he could sing and dance some, some officers were invited into camp in the evening to witness an exhibition of his singing Irish songs and dancing. The officers were delighted, but during the night he slipped valuable papers and maps into his pockets and hurriedly crossing fields, streams of water and by-roads, led by a voice—mark this, led by a "voice"—he escaped and reached Washington. Prices were put upon his head, once twenty thousand dollars in gold by Jeff Davis, and ten thousand dollars by Gen. Longstreet. He was several times condemned to be shot or hanged, but always escaped, aided by the guiding voice. He was informed after the war that this directing voice was the voice of Washington.

Conceived and Planned in the Spirit World

For centuries had angels, inhabitants of eternity, yet once mortals, seen the curse of slavery—seen human beings torn from their homes, separated and sold in slave markets like the cattle in the field. The sympathies of these exalted ones were touched. Their advanced natures being afire with love for humanity, they said slavery must, shall, end; the colored man must, shall, be free; and we must impress, inspire and raise up men and women to break the chains of the oppressed and usher in the long desired era of emancipation. Among those wisely chosen for this end, was Justin Hulburd. Accordingly he was brought to this country from his Scotland home and kept in that physical dwarf-like condition by these mighty intelligences who, by invisible impelling forces which move nations, to be the better detective in aiding and hastening the Proclamation of Emancipation.

This feat accomplished and four millions of human beings made free by Lincoln's presidential pen-strokes, and Justin's work as a sharp detective done, this wonder—this seeming miracle in his organization—began to manifest itself, though nearly

forty years old. His physical body began to grow, to literally elongate, till it lengthened upwards of fourteen inches; and further, a full beard, becoming a vigorous manhood, made its attractive appearance.

Is there anything impossible? Who can set bounds to Nature? Is there any limitation to spirit power, the proper conditions being given? There are no miracles in the sense of the seventeenth century churches, or the eighteenth century theological schoolmen.

After the closing of the rebellion he returned to the stage for a few years, but failing in health, caused, as his best friends believed, by invisible intelligences, that they might do a more spiritual work through his finely tuned organization. He was clairaudient and clairvoyant. He had visions. He prophesied and was entranced, both consciously and unconsciously.

His friends, E. W. Hulburd, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer and others inform me that for several years he was seldom entirely free from the overshadowing influences in various stages of unfoldment. Similar instances are confirmed by history. The distinguished Quaker, George Fox, frequently heard spirit voices. Upon the authority of Cicero, Scipio Africanus declared that he was guided by spiritual beings, and at times conversed with them. Mohammed, hearing the voice, spoke with an angel when tarrying for a season in the deserts of Arabia. His mission, like that of Jesus and Guatama Buddha, was angel inspired. Socrates had his demon or spirit guide, Dante had his, Joan of Arc heard heavenly voices. These and similar manifestations have been the demonstrations of immortality all along the fading ages.

In the early eighties, Justin lectured upon Spiritualism in Kansas City, Mo., for a year or more. While in the city he was told by his guardian intelligences to move to California, where he would do his final work. They selected Descanso, a lovely retreat, in a grove of live oaks in the mountains—a grove that would charm the Grecian gods. Here he received communications for two or three volumes, his cousin, E. H. Hulburd, being his scribe. It has been my privilege to hear a number of these communications read. They are plain, positive, off-hand; in a word—unique. Now in preparation, they will appear in book form for perusal and spiritual assimilation.

Unexpectedly, suddenly, this noted man passed from his material body in Descanso on his birthday, being seventy-seven years of age; and agreeable to his expressed wish, his body was cremated.

Shall we Burn or Bury Our Dead?

During all the historic ages, there have been but three methods of disposing of human bodies—burying, burning or exposing them in trees or wall-enclosed towers. "Towers of Silence," as the Parsees of Bombáy, India, term their consecrated places for leaving the perishing forms of their loved to be devoured by birds, or to be disintegrated by suns and storms, and then scattered by passing winds.

Personally, I am strongly in favor of incineration. Our oft repeated burial services plainly recognize cremation. "Ashes to Ashes." Poets have breathed in tenderness, "Peace to thy ashes." Gerald Massey, in a wailing moment, sings:

"Set is the sun of my years
And over a few poor ashes
I sit in my darkness and tears."

While Tennyson, in a more cheerful mood, says:

"And from his ashes may be made
The heather of his native land."

Ashes and dust, interchangeable terms, relate to fire as the residuum of burned matter. Fire is a symbol of both brightness and purification, hence the phrase, "the baptism of fire." Trees are the mausoleums of their dead leaves, which autumn fires and winds lift the clouds. Life, conscious life, is comparable to Phoenix rising from the ashes of funeral pyres.

The human body, ever changing, lives largely by combustion. Diseases and fevers are mortal bodies on fire, the wastes constituting the ashes; and incineration at the crematory, literally gives "beauty for ashes" by freeing the spirit that it may pass unconfined into the encircling zones of earth or the higher Isles of the Blest.

If not wishing to retain the sealed ashes of the dead in the home of the friends, the burying of them would diminish the area of our cemeteries, reduce the cost of graveyard plots. Many in our great cities are denied, because of their poverty, owner-

ship in flower-embroidered Mount Hopes, Green Woods and Spring Grove cemeteries and so are forced to lay their loved ones away in weed-grown yards or "Potters fields."

The Burial of Human Bodies Unhealthy

The moment that a human body is dead, the soul-body elements and energies, having felt the human-shaped shell change, disintegration and putrefaction begins. The Jews were taught in the Talmud not to even touch a dead body. A corpse should never be kissed. Why kiss a cold cadaver—a shell from which the conscious spirit, like a bird, has flown? Many, the trance being mistaken for death, are doubtless buried alive each year. What can be more horrible? Cremation would obviate this.

We bury the dead, and yet know from their slowly decaying bodies there rises mephitic gases which, floating over cities, poisons the atmosphere the people are compelled to breathe; it is a most painful thought. Graveyards are most unsanitary visiting places. They should be made beautiful, with roses blooming and wild briars twining around the tomb stones, and then abandoned, only for repairs. None, aglow with the truths of the spiritual philosophy, would think of looking down grave-ward, but rather upward, for those called dead.

It is said that over five thousand acres in the vicinity of New York are used for burial purposes. Brooklyn is fast girdling her city with the graves of her dead; while busy, bustling New York is constantly encroaching on Woodlawn and Calvary, by nearing Greenpoint ferry. Cincinnati and other cities are reaching out toward the silent tombs of their buried dead. During heavy rains the waters percolate these graves, affecting, if not filling, cisterns, wells, and reservoirs, precluding fevers and deaths.

The air of thickly peopled cemeteries is loaded with germs of disease. The French Pasteur demonstrated that angle worms lift to the surface countless bacteria from the putrescence of the dead in graveyards. The mold and the affluence of the dead feeding and fattening the grassy turf, all too often ensnares the thoughtless living, leading to untimely disease and death. Often dead bodies, to increase building lots, are removed from their resting places and every time a grave is opened a cloud of pois-

onous effluvia is freed to taint the air or poison ripening fruits and adjoining waters.

Prof. Bianchi shows that the Modena plague was produced by the excavations of earth from an old cemetery. In the fourth municipal district of New Orleans, 1853, four hundred and fifty-two persons out of one thousand died from yellow fever, double that of any section of the city, because of cemeteries in the immediate vicinity. Inhaling poisonous air into the lungs taints the blood and breeds disease and death; therefore cremation, with neither smoke, nor smell, nor poisonous vapor, is infinitely preferable to the burial of the body.

Buried Alive

Can there be anything more awful than for a rational mortal awakening to consciousness and finding himself encoffined and buried, gasping—choking with carbon dioxide? Statistics in this and foreign countries show that hundreds each year are buried alive, the trance being mistaken for death.

Prof. A. Wilder relates the case of the undertaker at Mulligan Hill, N. J., who, upon opening the grave of a boy six years old for removal to a Philadelphia cemetery found, when the crumbling coffin was opened, that "the body was drawn up in a manner that told the mute story of a horrible struggle. The arms were bent over the skull, one leg was drawn up and the other crossed in such a way as to afford unmistakable evidence that the little sufferer had been hurried off to the grave while yet alive."

Recently in Sandy Creek, N. Y., Mr. Case, a man thirty-five years old, supposed to have died with scarlet fever, was hastily buried. Breathless and seemingly unconscious, he had been pronounced dead by the attending physician. On the 29th of March his father died and when arrangements were made to dig the grave in the family plot it was found necessary to move the son's coffin several feet. Upon disintering the casket, the grave diggers found the glass front of the coffin shattered to pieces and the bottom kicked out and the sides considerably sprung. The lid was then removed and the body of Mr. Vett Case was found resting on its face with the arms bent at the sides and in

the clenched fists were handfuls of hair, showing that most terrible struggles had taken place.

No artist can transfer to canvas, nor tongue describe the anguished horrors of this man, confined and buried alive. Cremation prevents such burial catastrophies. The new Pennsylvania law requiring graves to be dug two feet deeper, is causing the abandonment of cemeteries in favor of crematories.

Rising From the Dead

The past, molding the weary years, converges in the present. "That which has been, shall be," said the Syrian prophet. Spiritualism under different names, has illumined all the past centuries; the light increasing with the progress of the ages. The Babylonian soul-group chambers and the biblical mansions of the old seers were as real, as substantial, and wisely adapted, fitted for the abodes of spirits, angels and gods. These exalted intelligences, ever aflame with love, are continually active in some great educational work. They condescend to descend to us to teach, as the professors graciously mingle with their pupils in the universities. They delight to educate and uplift. Coming to earth enriches their experiences. They glory in self-sacrifice, knowing that in educating and lifting up others, they become still more highly and divinely exalted.

They delight to give. The infinite superiority of God, himself, consists in that he is eternally giving and never receiving. All is life—all in the inmost is energy. Heaven's rest is not idleness. The soul's activities are intensified by the translation from earth. The immortal life, then, is not a dissipated "shell" life, but a conscious social life, where the emancipated soul sweeps onward and upward in wisdom, excelling wisdom and in glory transcending glory through the measureless eons of eternity.

Spiritualism does not say "Good night" in the hour of death, or in the day of cremation; but rather gives the glad assurance, the irrefragible demonstration of a most welcome "good morning" just across the crystal river—a cloudless morning whose sun never sets.

I am sure that I speak the wishes of the kind-hearted and royal souled Justin, the medium, the actor, the honored detect-

ive of Abraham Lincoln, who was himself a Spiritualist, when I say that this gifted soul would see no mourning garments worn, nor would he see doors or caskets draped in black; but rather would he see homes, cemeteries and crematories made as beautiful as groves in spring-time with buds and blossoms and all resonant with resurrection songs of music—music that thrills and echoes along the evergreen shores of immortality.

“The world has felt a quickening breath
From Heaven’s eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth no more.
Our cypress leaves are laid aside
For aramanthine flowers,
For death’s cold wave does not divide
The souls we love from ours.
From pain and death and sorrow free,
They join with us to sing—
‘O grave, where is thy victory!
O Death, where is thy sting!’ ”

Battle Creek, Mich.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.