

THE  
SPIRITUAL INVENTION;  
OR,  
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC  
SCENES AND SKETCHES.

BY  
FRANK CHASE.

[A DETACHED FRAGMENT—ONE CHAPTER ONLY—FOR THE PRESENT.]

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

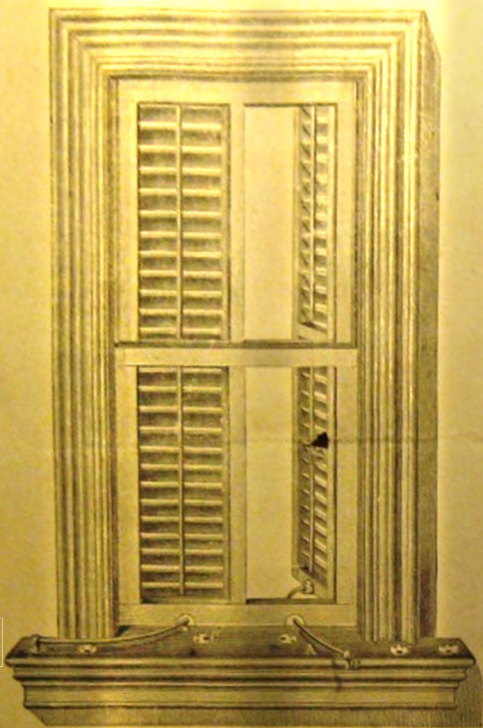
"Its name is INSIDE SELF-ADJUSTING BLIND AND SHUTTER FASTENER.  
It is simple in construction, but perfect in principle. They can be made  
of brass or iron, burnished; are equally well adapted to palace  
or cottage. He can get a patent for it, and it will be a VERY  
GREAT success. ALL WE ASK IS, THAT HE WILL  
PUBLISH TO THE WORLD HOW HE CAME BY  
IT, THAT THEY MAY KNOW WHENCE  
THEY RECEIVE GREAT INVEN-  
TIONS." — *Spirit*.

BOSTON:

SOLD BY WM. WHITE & CO., BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE,  
128 WASHINGTON STREET.

1867.

Engraving and Description that appeared in the  
Scientific American, April 28, 1866.



**Inside Self-Adjusting Blind and Shutter Fastener.**

**A SPIRITUAL INVENTION.**

MR. FRANK CHASE, of South Sutton, N. H., states that the Blind Fastener, illustrated above, was revealed to him through Emma Hardinge, a spiritual medium, by the ghost of his uncle, a worthy mechanic, sometime deceased. Acting upon the hint of Miss Hardinge, he made the fastening, which is certainly a good one, and if done by the spirits, as Mr. Chase claims, is certainly no discredit to their inventive genius.

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120 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1867.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853,

By FRANK CHASE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

## PREFACE.

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WE clip an article from the pen of Miss EMMA HARDINGE, that appeared in the "Banner of Light," of Boston, of April 5, 1862, and in the "Herald of Progress," of New York, of April 26.

### WHERE OUR THOUGHTS COME FROM.

FRIENDS OF THE BANNER, — We all acknowledge with Thomas Paine, that there are "some thoughts that bolt into our heads," coming we know not how or whence. Inventors, composers, and writers will be especially familiar with this experience; and, to such of your readers as may be willing to accept of a spiritual solution for this seeming spontaneity of thought, the following incidents of my travel may not be uninteresting.

Last November, I went to Sutton, N.H., to fulfil an engagement of long standing, and give one Sunday to the good people of Sutton. I found my correspondent and employee, Mr. Frank Chase, almost the sole representative of spiritualism in three villages; and, if time and space would permit me, I could give your readers a history of modern martyrdom, endured during a five-years' warfare, conducted single-handed by this brave young man, against bigotry, cowardice, and village politics, that should stimulate the despairing to hope under the most adverse circumstances, and put to shame the murmurs of the "well-to-do" spiritualist, who, after enduring a few cold looks, and paying out a few dollars to sustain "the cause," withdraws, with the self-satisfied assurance "that he has made



sacrifices enough for spiritualism, and means to do no more."

Not so my brave ally, Mr. Frank Chase, who, with scarcely any means, and the entire battery of Sutton influence levelled against him, by aid of a few Quixotes, whose chief inducement to lecture is the need of the people, rather than self, has managed to keep spiritualism so unmistakably before Sutton eyes, that they know with the heart what they reject with the lips. Although none of Mr. Frank Chase's family were spiritualists, I was hospitably entertained in his house.

One day, whilst receiving visits from the neighbors, in company with Mr. Chase's mother, I noticed to some of my\*visitors the presence of different spirit-friends they had brought with them. As those I was so fortunate as to perceive were recognized with many expressions of gladness and surprise by their friends, Mrs. Chase remarked, "She supposed she was not good enough to be visited by spirits, as I had never recognized any for her." In apparent answer to her remark, a tall man appeared at her side, who called her "*A kind of sister of his.*" This, in connection with other tokens of identity, assured her it was a *half-brother of hers*, and excited much curiosity and interest in her mind.

Some time since, my host, Mr. Frank Chase, had invented a new window-blind, for which he had obtained a patent. Mr. Chase always claimed that the thought of this invention had come into his head in a manner so singular, that he was perfectly sure it was a "spiritual impression." The spirit of the uncle now before me informed me that he (himself an ingenious workman) had been the author of this thought; but, as the assertion contained in it no special proof, it was not received by the company with much favor. Ere he had disappeared, the spirit added, "I will give Frank another proof of my care and love for him, and do something greatly to his benefit."

That night, the moment I extinguished my lamp, on going to bed, the tall man stood by my side, kindly quieted the fear which the miserable prejudice of early education has still left on my nerves of spirits; and, after exacting from me a promise that what he was about to communicate I would freely give to his nephew, he proceeded to show me an invention for closing window-blinds, opening, shutting, and most securely fastening them,—and all from the inside, and without the cold and troublesome process of opening and shutting the window.

The machine was and is exceedingly simple; can be applied to any window; is the most secure of fastening, when closed, against burglars; and equally so, when pushed back, against the action of the wind.

My shadowy mechanical friend took the pains to show me the instrument made in two kinds of metal; the one plain and inexpensive, the other more showy and expensive. With another charge to "*give it to Frank,*" together with the assurance that he should obtain a patent for it (and, more apocryphal yet, be actually loaned the money which was to procure said patent without any difficulty) my good instructor went over again the screws, hinges, joints, material, &c., and bade me kindly good-night.

The next morning, almost at dawn of day, saw me fitting on to a frozen window, and in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, a paper model of the spirit's machine. Mr. Frank Chase, a ready and ingenious mechanic himself, at once understood the idea; and with the promise of the spirit (which he did believe), that, where my description failed, he would inspire him, and a further promise (which seemed so wild in Sutton finance that he did not believe it), namely, that the means for obtaining his patent should be found, I quitted Sutton.

About one week after my departure, I received a letter from Mr. Chase, announcing that the machine was made, tried, and pronounced by several mechanics of the vicinity

perfectly satisfactory and complete in all its details. A few weeks later, my correspondent informed me that the money was readily obtained, and the patent followed; that the spiritual machine is now in successful operation and great demand, and can be had of Mr. Frank Chase, Sutton, N.H., &c.

As I have the permission of the parties concerned to publish this statement, and as the various witnesses can and will testify to the above, I think I am justified in saying that in me (whom I presume none of my acquaintances would look to find germs even of mechanical genius) there is one evidence, at least, that we need but to see the wheels that move the machine, and obtain glimpses of the invisible workmen who are engaged in the machinery, to find where those thoughts, fraught with gleams of untried possibilities, and rife with gems of useful discovery, come from.

EMMA HARDINGE.



## THE SPIRITUAL INVENTION.

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### CHAPTER LXXXIV.

To all appearance, I was used up—"laid away" the *dogs* called it.

To be sure, those that held control of Miss Houston were nothing but a "*contemptible clique*," and not half of them even pretended to be spiritualists. Pressey had gone to the principal spiritualists in town to get them to sign the forged paper; but they had refused, and he had to put up with the signatures of a few *doubtful characters*, who were not spiritualists, but only *lackeys* and *hypocrites*.

They held control of the woman; and, although she had fallen into disrepute in their hands, they hadn't sense enough to know it, but were hilarious over their apparent victory.

Wasn't it glorious victory for nearly a whole town, something like a thousand persons, to triumph over one individual! for, although this "*contemptible clique*" had done the dirty work, a larger number indefinite were glad to see it go on, and to cheer and encourage with their influence,—not that they respected the doers at all; but because they were jealous of poor me, religiously, politically, and socially.

"They have triumphed over you grandly," said mother; "and what can you do?"

"Well, it all looks one way just now, I know; but never mind, for something will turn up in my favor to set things right." Mother was in despair, but not I.

My motive was not self, — it was for the good of the people; and I did not expect to gain any thing in a selfish point of view.

I waited with patience and curiosity to see what the angels would do; for that they would cause me to triumph in the end I had not the least doubt.

Listen! What is it they advise?

"We want you to get Miss EMMA HARDINGE to lecture in Sutton."

"What! Miss HARDINGE, the most celebrated lady-lecturer in the world, to come to Sutton!"

"Yes: she is the one: get her. Have her lecture some Sunday in August in your village, — have her stop at your house."

I turned to Mr. Richardson, who was present, to get him to join with me in this enterprise; but he declined absolutely.

"I cannot get anybody to help me," I said to the invisibles.

"Then get her yourself alone," was their prompt reply.

"But she is very distinguished; and I don't know as she will speak in so small a place as ours; and she gets great pay."

"She will come for you, and there will be no trouble about the pay."

"But they are about to repair the meeting-house, and won't they make a pretence of that, and so prevent our having it?"

"We think not."

"Do you *know* they will not prevent our using it, under a pretence of repairs?"

"We are decidedly of opinion they will not; but, of course, it is impossible to *know any thing* beforehand."

I consented to undertake to get Miss HARDINGE; and, having written, received her reply: that she was engaged all through the summer and autumn and winter, except the last Sunday of November; but she would come to Sutton for that day if I desired.

I laid the case before the spirits, and they said, "Engage her to come and lecture the last Sunday of November."

"But," I remonstrated, "Mr. Bunker, the Baptist preacher, has a meeting appointed in our meeting-house on that day; and, moreover, his appointment is of long-standing, — was arranged in the beginning of the year by the church authorities, who are principal owners; and Mr. Bunker has so far occupied the house, in accordance with their arrangement, every second and fourth Sunday of every month."

"He will give up his appointment for you," was the spiritual reply.

I turned to Mr. Richardson again: "You don't believe Mr. Bunker will give up his appointment for a spiritualist?"

"No, nor I don't believe the church-folks would let him," was his response.

"What means would you have me use to gain his consent?" I asked.

"Oh, just you go to Mr. Bunker, and ask him; and he will accommodate you; for we will go with you, and impress him at the time!"

"But again the last Sunday of November is so late

in the season, that it is liable to be stormy ; and, at any rate, it will, in all probability, be cold and disagreeable ; and won't it be even impossible to have a successful meeting then ? ”

“ No: it will turn out to be a popular thing,” they replied, “ *even if it storms on that day.* ”

In spite of all real or apparent obstacles, unaided, lack of means, inclemency of season, repairing meeting-house, appointments of churches, of *hounds*, — in spite of every thing and everybody in the visible world, I determined to rely on the invisible ; and accordingly engaged Miss HARDINGE to come.

I happened to be in Manchester soon after this, and happened to see Emma and friend Hattie.

Now, they had been in the habit of telling my fortunes occasionally by cards or by teacups, — more for fun, *perhaps*, than any thing else.

But, from the cards and things, they could read nothing but success. There was a surprise, they said, — the lady would prove to be smarter than I'd any idea of, and would teach me many important things. Particularly were they emphatic about a sum of money, which, they said, I was going to make in connection with her. “ I guess you are mistaken this time,” I said, “ unless it's out of pocket I'm to make the money.”

In accordance with the spiritual instructions, I went to see Mr. Bunker, at his residence at North Sutton, to get him to give up his appointment for a spiritualist. He was not at home ; but his wife gave it to me as her decided opinion that he would accommodate me.

I went again to see Mr. Bunker ; and, as he was not at home then, I went to New London, some nine or ten

miles, over down a steep hill, which, I should think, was a mile long, — the worst hill I ever travelled, — to the west end of Pleasant Pond. He treated me gentlemanly, and gave his consent for us to have the meeting-house, provided his church-folks were willing, — which he'd no doubt they would be, and provided, also, that I could engage the meeting-house at the Middle Village for him for that day. "There are three committee-men," he went on to say, "that manage our church-affairs; but you need go to see only two of them. Just call and see Taylor Bean, on your way back, and then there is Mr. Pillsbury at your village. You needn't trouble to go off from the road to see Deacon Nichols."

I was glad I needn't trouble to see the latter-named individual, because he was an *old foggy*, a *copperhead*, in religion.

Taylor Bean treated me well, and obligingly gave his consent to the new arrangement. "If Mr. Bunker is willing, I have no objection," he replied. His wife, who was present, interfered against me, and with all the energy of a woman who is determined to carry her point; but he was firm, and she lost the case entirely.

Mr. Joseph Pillsbury replied: "If Mr. Bunker is willing, and Mr. Bean, I shall make no objection."

I went to see Mr. Roby, who had charge of the Middle Village meeting-house, and engaged that for Mr. Bunker.

I sent to Manchester to get bills; but as they did not come, after waiting a long time, I went to Newport, fifteen miles, the nearest place I could get them printed, with my own team. The printers there said they should come to hear the lectures.

The "Pressey Clique," having made a lackey of Miss Houston, had engaged her to lecture again in Sutton, in September; and I got my bills just in season to spread on that occasion, and to stare them in the face at every corner. I knew Houston had a very great respect for Miss EMMA HARDINGE. 'Twas the first notice they had of it; and it took the *starch* out of the whole *pack* to learn that this distinguished lady was coming at my call.

It was only after I'd scattered the bills that the public knew of my intention to get another speaker; for word had been given out, and industriously circulated, that I "*was entirely used up.*"

"I glory in your spunk," said Mansel Blake. "You may have my best team to get the lady from the depot," said Robbins. "We will give something towards paying her," said several who did not pretend to be spiritualists.

Although I had a team of my own, I accepted of Mr. Robbins's offer, because I thought 'twould interest him in the enterprise, and, perhaps, in spiritualism. But alas! for *poor slandering, cowardly, adulterous, insinuating, rascally, miserable, fickle, mean, treacherous, selfish, venomous, lying, corrupt, sneering, doggish, misrepresenting, deceitful, snaky, villanous, domineering, boorish, penurious, hoggish, jealous Sutton human nature.* He soon after came to me to buy off from the engagement; probably having fears as to the final popularity of the scheme. He paid me thirty-three cents; and I released him from the *entire* obligation. Told him this thirty-three cents should be appropriated towards paying the lady.

I went to see each of the three Repairing-Committee



about the meeting-house, — Aaron Russell, Johnson Colby, Lon Carroll.

The two former admitted that the house was repaired all that was intended; but still they would not say it in so many words, preferring rather to leave it all to Carroll to decide, thinking, or hoping at least, that he was enemy enough to me to invent means to prevent me from occupying it at the time appointed. They were disappointed, for Carroll did not particularly interfere.

The two former committee-men were at Carroll's often; and Saturday, the day before the lectures, Carlos G. Pressey had a great deal of business in our village; and Deacon Nichols, the foggy, religious copperhead, and disaffected committee-man, whom Mr. Bunker had said I "needn't go to see," came down from his home, four miles, *to get them to paint the entry-floor, for the avowed purpose of preventing us using the meeting-house!*

Mr. Pillsbury now told them he never had given his consent for us to have the house. Here was another sample of Sutton human nature!

Saturday night, they would not let me have the key to the meeting-house: they then were in session, consulting about it.

And now, the report had been made current over town, — through the instrumentality of the *puppies*, doubtless, — that the lecturer was not coming, and that we were not to be allowed the use of the house. But I selected a few friends, whom I knew could be relied upon in *this* emergency, and laid my plans to have the use of the house at all hazards.

My plan was as follows: I would enter the meeting-house at midnight, by a back window, take all the

fastenings from both outside doors ; and then, early Sunday morning, would apply for the key, which, if they delivered it to me, all I would have to do would be, to just put the fastenings on the doors again, as they were ; and no one could know they had been removed at all. But, if they refused me the key, would not go to the meeting-house until late in the morning, not until people began to come to meeting ; and then, with half a dozen friends by me, would proceed to open the house and build the fires, greatly to the astonishment and dismay of those that had not so much power as they thought they had. And with half a dozen friends by my side, and new ones constantly arriving, what could the *whelps* do ?

The arrival of the cars at Bradford, on Saturday, found me waiting there ; and, as the passengers stepped out upon the platform, I was confident I saw the lady among them, but was waiting for some indication to confirm it, when she advanced promptly, and, selecting me from the crowd, spoke, and shook hands, saying, at the same time, "I know I make no mistake, for my spirit-brother has delineated your character to me, and described your personal appearance." A cordial greeting from a perfect stranger.

"What did your spirit-brother say of me?" I queried, as we were getting aboard of the carriage to leave the station ; "for it will interest me as a test."

"It was in very high terms that he spoke of you : I sha'n't tell what he said," she replied, with an arch expression of mystery that I did not understand ; "but he said you would do every thing possible to insure success in my lectures."

I felt, from the moment of first meeting her, that Miss HARDINGE was a lady of no ordinary ability. I

never before had seen a woman of such startling energy, frankness, promptitude, decision: possessing at once the kindest suavity of manner combined with the smartness of steel, and the most indomitable courage and perseverance, she had the "*true ring*."

I told her they were trying to prevent us having the use of the meeting-house; "and what if they should succeed?"

"*Then I will lecture from the steps!*" was this heroic woman's reply, as we were shivering with the cold on that bleak November day, and with every prospect of a snow-storm on the morrow.

When we came in view of my place, she spoke out enthusiastically: "Oh, it is the prettiest house in the whole village!"

We were glad to find a good fire, that mother had taken care to have in readiness.

"You have always been a medium," said Miss HARDINGE to me as we were warming ourselves. "I see children around you; you are to write books for children; you have already begun to write a book; well, your spirit-friends want you to go on with it. There are medium spirits who are controlled sometimes by higher ones: my angel-guardians are mediums, and yours are."

The exact appropriateness of every thing she said and did was remarkable. In the evening she related a story of a young man who lived in the State of New York, in a village, was a builder of houses, and was a spiritualist; tried to introduce spiritualism; they not only persecuted him, but burnt down his dwelling *three times*, and he as often rebuilt it. At last he got *her* to lecture there, and under the most adverse circumstances succeeded: spiritualism prevailed there at

last, and he was popular : she told his story in the city, and very warmly was he grasped by the hand when he appeared there.

I answered her, that my case here was a somewhat different one, for I was not striving for popularity, but simply for principle ; “for,” said I, “what would even popularity in Sutton be good for ? There is nothing of that kind in Sutton that is worth striving for ; and I have never intended to live here always.”

It was towards the middle of the night ; all had retired except myself ; and it snowed furiously as I waited for the appearance of Mr. Jerome G. Rogers. He appeared at last, when I told him I had begun to think he was not coming because of the storm.

“Ain’t I always on hand in an emergency ? and did you ever know a storm to stop me ?”

I admitted that he had the true grit, as we proceeded to the meeting-house, which we entered, as I had planned, by the back window. The window shoved hard ; but we pried it open with a chisel. With a screw-driver, the fastenings were all removed from the outside doors, bolts, locks, &c. We had a jolly good laugh as we thought how the snow would cover our tracks, and how handsomely they would find themselves *sold* if they withheld the key.

When Miss HARDINGE appeared, Sunday morning, she spoke in a very animated manner of the state of affairs in Sutton, saying, “*The spirits have told me all about it.*”

I went out early, and got Mr. Richardson to send his boy after the key. The committee were in session at Mr. Pillsbury’s, and had just decided against our having the house ; and he, as one of them, had just told the others that he had not given his consent, nor

should not deliver it to me, when James Richardson appearing at the door, and calling for the key, *Pillsbury got up, took the key from the nail, and handed it to James without saying a word.*

All I had to do was quietly to screw on the fastenings again to the meeting-house doors.

If the committee had known how little it concerned me whether I had the key or not, I think they would not have made so much ado over it, — to meet together so many times for nothing. They thought they had power over me: *I pity them!*

After the fires were built, and I was returning home, I met a man from the other village, inquiring earnestly if the lady was going to lecture anywhere, adding, "They say all around, she is not to have the meeting-house; but I thought I'd come; perhaps she would lecture, for I desired very much to hear her."

I got out my new sleigh, for the snow was several inches deep. It was a beautiful sleigh, and in it Miss HARDINGE had her first ride of the season.

The lectures were POWERFUL; and no reasoning mind could escape the force of her logic.

While we were at dinner, Miss HARDINGE said, "If you think best, you can give out appointments for me to lecture at each of the other villages in town." I objected, by reason of the bad travelling, and inclemency of the weather, when she, suddenly controlled, said with vehemence, "*I've got to lecture at those places!*"

I had engaged Mr. Richardson to collect what money he could among the friends; but he did not collect any. I afterwards learned that this idea had been assiduously circulated, — "*Frank Chase got her here; let him pay the bills!*"

There was a good congregation out ; but, owing to the snow-storm, the travelling was bad, and, consequently, the people did not come from Bradford, Warner, Newbury, Newport, Claremont, Sunapee, New London, Wilmot, and Andover, as they intended.

Pressey had set on his *runners* ; first, to prevent our having the meeting-house ; second, to spread the idea that the lady was not coming ; third, that we were not to have the house ; fourth, to prevent anybody paying any thing. "*Frank Chase got her here ; let him pay the bills !*"

Monday morning, when Miss HARDINGE came from her room, she said the spirits had been showing her concerning the war in the South. "Their cities will be laid in ruins, and grass will grow in the streets."

After breakfast, I went with her to ride all around our village and in sight of the other, and then said, "Now, we can turn here and go back the way we came, or go up through that village and return by another road : which course would you prefer ?"

"Let us ride through that village," was the reply.

As we were slowly passing a two-story house of two tenements, owned by Carlos G. Pressey, we saw a man standing by his stable with a prancing horse. "That man is more of an enemy to you than you're aware of," said Miss HARDINGE ; "but you will come off victorious over him by standing firmly for the right, and acting only on the defensive."

I never had had any conversation whatever with her about this man, nor about Miss Houston, nor, indeed, about any local affairs. There was an abundance of valuable information constantly emanating from the lady and her spirit-friends, and as constantly interesting me ; and this I valued as of more importance.



What information of my history and of that man she possessed was certainly not derived from me.

As I lingered at the dinner-table Monday, in conversation with Miss HARDINGE, she abruptly terminated it, by saying, "There is work for you to attend to now, and you must go out in the village." I went out, and meeting many who were desirous of seeing the lady, invited them to call in without delay: half an hour later, Miss HARDINGE was entertaining a roomful of interested visitors.

I could not be in this company myself, by reason of preparing for her lecture at the Middle Village in the evening. While at the latter place, and stepping into the store of Richards & Burpee for a moment, I was accosted by Mr. Josiah P. Nelson, who wished to speak with me in private. After taking me around into a corner of the back store, he made a special request of me, and what do you think it was? *He wanted the carcass of my horse for his hens!* I only laughed in his face, and without making a reply, for I intended to keep my horse through the winter.

Having made all necessary preparation, and engaged Mr. Richardson to wait upon the lady and mother to the evening lecture, I returned home to find mother a good deal excited at what had taken place during the afternoon party. I will relate something of it in her own words:—

"While Miss HARDINGE was engaged in conversation with the company, sitting at the table where she had been writing, with her pen still in her hand, it was observed to be in rapid motion, and without her knowledge or consent. All at once her eye caught the figure of a ship in perfect rig, which she had thus unconsciously drawn upon paper. 'A ship! what can it

mean? I see a sailor now, a young man: I can't conceive what he came for; but some of you will know.' " Mother went on to give me her description of him, so that I knew him to be Willie Sinclair, my cousin, of Lowell, the civil engineer.

Since I had seen him, he had gone to sea as a sailor, and suddenly terminated the earth-life, by falling from the mast upon the deck of the vessel.

Mother continued: "Then she saw a young soldier, all dressed in uniform; and she described him so, that we knew it to be Nahum Burpee; and she saw a large collection of people, a funeral procession, and much ceremony and parade.

"Then a man appeared to her, whom I knew by her description to be your Uncle Thomas; and he said he had something for Frank, but not then.

"All of a sudden, Miss HARDINGE cried out, 'A snake, a snake! A lady appears to me, and says, "Tell of the snake." Some of you have had an adventure with a snake.' Mrs. Nelson then related to the company about the snake that was found in the kitchen when Mrs. Cheney was sick, as has been before related; for it was her that had appeared.

"After this, Miss HARDINGE saw dense columns of smoke arise from Mrs. Richardson, who was present, and could not make out what it meant, until informed that Mrs. Richardson was a smoker."

A few hours after the above-related visions and revelations, when the stage came along, the news was received that the body of Nahum Burpee had arrived at Robie's Station. He had died in the army, and his corpse had been expected for a week. Two or three days later he was buried by the Freemason Order, and

with military honors ; and a great many people were out to attend the ceremonies.

The next summer, my Aunt Sarah, the mother of Willie, the engineer and sailor, was visiting at my house, and mother related what had happened when Miss HARDINGE was here. My aunt burst out crying in a moment, and said, "How strange! *for Willie was always drawing ships on every thing.*" After this, I could not talk of spiritualism enough to satisfy aunty, though always before she had scorned the idea: her prejudices, however strong, could not withstand a test so apt.

Just as I was starting for the other village on foot, and when it was too late to engage any one else to drive the team for the ladies, Mr. Richardson's boy came, and informed me that he could not go with them. Had he told me at first that he could not go, or even given me notice of it half an hour earlier, I could easily have got some other one ; but, as it was, I had not a minute to spare for that purpose. I consulted Miss HARDINGE a moment, and then left ; for her spirits informed her that they would guide the horse. Thus human agencies failed me, but spirits never.

The night was cold and dark and stormy ; but no accident happened, nor did the courage and faith of this HEROIC WOMAN falter ; for the bright spirits had said : "*We will guide the horse.*"

In spite of the extreme inclemency of the weather, and the determined opposition of those that pretended to rule, but did not, a respectable company was present, and many of them democrats, to hear a decided abolition political lecture.

Pressey was glad to come in and hear after paying to me his admittance-fee ; thus caving in to what he

could neither prevent nor control, because it was proving a success.

Tuesday morning, as I was sitting moodily over the parlor stove in which I had just kindled a fire, Miss HARDINGE accosted me as she entered the room: "A spirit-friend of yours came to me last night with something for you,—a new invention. He said, 'It's name is INSIDE SELF-ADJUSTING BLIND AND SHUTTER FASTENER. It is simple in construction, but perfect in principle. They can be made of brass or iron bur-nished; are equally well adapted to palace or cottage. He can get a patent for it, and it will be a *very great* success. All we ask is, that he will publish to the world how he came by it, that they may know whence they receive great inventions.'

"Now, if you cannot get the money to procure a patent, I will lend it to you; but you will have no difficulty in obtaining the money."

She then folded a piece of paper into a long narrow strip, crimping one edge so as to bend it in a segment of a scroll, shoved the window, threw open the blind, placed one end of the paper model against the lower rail of the blind, while the other end just reached inside of the sash, and said, "There, when the blind was open, the fastener was attached like that; one end of it being just inside for a handle." She then shut the blind, with the paper model still attached, which now was nearly the whole length inside, and continued: "When the blind was shut, it hooked up around the casing. I saw notches in the sash where it came through under the window. I am no mechanic whatever, and do not exactly comprehend what I have just explained; but he said you was, and would understand it if I explained it to you as he did to me; and further-

more that he would impress you with the particulars hereafter."

Her complete explanation happened in a much less time than it has taken to write it. At first it did not interest me at all, engaged as I was in the desperate enterprise of making her lectures a success here; and we were in the midst of a civil war, and what could I do with a patent in such times? But, when she spoke of lending me money, the romance of the thing struck me; and soon I began to perceive what a splendid spirit-manifestation it would be, considering all the circumstances.

After she had thus clearly explained the invention, with the paper model, at the window, I made just this reply: "It looks feasible."

Tuesday evening, Miss HARDINGE lectured at North Sutton, as contemplated by the spirits; but, what was remarkable, they told us *not* to charge an admittance-fee there, as we had the night before at the Middle Village, and as they had at first instructed us to do at both places. I afterwards learned, that, to those that held free meetings, the house was let free; but to those who received an admittance-fee, enormous charges were made for its use!

When we were on our way to North Sutton, the wind blew in our faces, and the snow, so that we were really in danger of freezing; but Miss HARDINGE did not falter in her mission here, but, when in the worst of it, said, "We will laugh together over these experiences when we get to the summer land."—"Yes! so we will; and we will laugh now too!" I replied. Then we had a good hearty laugh, and a long one. We laughed at danger and difficulty, disarmed it of its terrors, and in that way cheered and warmed ourselves, and kept from freezing.

Wednesday morning Miss HARDINGE had fixed as the time of her departure.

As the morning before, I was up first; and, when she came, she brought a message from her spirit-brother, together with a sum of money, which I had handed to her the night before, at the same time saying, "I shall accept of no pay for my services here." I could not prevail on her to change her determination; and all she would say was, in an enthusiastic and cheerful manner, "Never you fear! it is all coming out right."

At breakfast, I went on to tell her that I had not slept any since twelve o'clock at night. I had at first become wakeful, and then thoughts of the new invention had showered into my mind. "The curved rod can be made of common wire just bent into proper shape." — "That is just what the spirit told me when he came to me again last night," she answered.

We had to be at the railway station by the time it was fairly light. On the way there, she instructed me in many matters of science, fact, policy, and spiritualism.

She said the spirits had other new inventions for me.

I took my leave, and she departed with the starting train, and I have not seen her since; but she had informed me that her spirit-friends would visit me occasionally after she was gone.

I returned home, and put my horse in the stable, from which he never came out again alive. The next morning I found him down, and without the strength to rise again or to stand. The spiritual horse had accomplished his mission. To carry Miss HARDINGE to the station was his last service; harness was never put on him again; he had carried me more than a hundred



miles to prepare for her lectures. *Mr. Josiah P. Nelson had her for his hens in four days after speaking to me about it.*

Wednesday evening, I was in to Mr. Richardson's, when he asked me what relative I had in the other world that showed his teeth. At first, I could think of no one; but after he had related to me how a man had appeared to his wife, stating simply that he was a relative of mine, and had described his general appearance, I recollected who it was, — my father's brother, Mariner Chase, an amateur machinist. To make something better than anybody else ever did was his highest ambition and his constant labor; a rifle that would be surer, or a keener temper for a razor. Days and weeks were as nothing in the business he loved; and thus he spent his earth-life. He would have me understand that his superior talents, knowledge, and experience, as a machinist, were at my service, and for this he had appeared to her.

The spirits told me they had to work hard to control the committee to let me have the key of the meeting-house; and that the spirit Susanna Ames had gone to Manchester to impress on Emm's mind what had taken place here during Miss HARDINGE's visit. I afterwards received a letter from Emm, from which I will quote to show how the spirit succeeded in the attempt to impress her with the facts:—

"I guess the fortune I told you is surely coming to pass, for part of it has already; and, if it all should, the people of Sutton would be surprised; and I rather think it will, for every thing appears favorable now for it.

"You remember, I told you your fortune had some considerable to do with some particular woman, who

seemed in some way connected with you in business. Now, young man, look out for yourself; but see if it don't prove so; and, if it does, don't say *I cannot tell fortunes*, will you? I tell some by dreams; and, by the way, I do have faith in dreams; for I have seen them proved out lately, perfectly clear as I dreamt; and one in particular I will refer to just to amuse you while you read it:—

“I dreamt that Miss H—— was up there to lecture to you; and I thought you took her to ride, and I seemed to be there looking on; and as I looked, and as you was riding, the old horse fell down dead. And I felt sorry; and I stepped along to an old man that seemed to be a dream-interpreter, and asked him about it; and he said, ‘You need not feel bad that the old horse is dead, for it will cause something to happen to Frank, which will be decidedly advantageous to him, and which otherwise could not have so proved.’ So I began to laugh at the old man’s logic, and it woke me. And when I read your letter, where you told me about the horse, I laughed again to think how it corresponded with my dream. So, don’t you feel bad; for I am sure it will turn out for your good luck, for the old man said so.”

Soon as the lady was gone, the *canines*, in accordance with Pressey’s instructions, gave a general howl throughout the town, saying, “Miss HARDINGE has turned against Frank Chase: he spoils every thing he takes hold of.”

They could not have circulated any thing further from the truth; but I kept still for the time. Not so Francis Robbins and others, who, although knowing what a *slave system* Pressey had established in town,

yet lent themselves as *tools* to echo their slang, and all the while pretending to be friends to me.

MISS HARDINGE had come to Sutton at my call; lectured in all three of the villages, in the meeting-houses,—in ours the first after its repairs; had gained the reputation of being the most powerful speaker that ever lectured in Sutton; had been instrumental in converting several to the faith, who, from that time, openly professed its belief; and given communications and tests to the villagers and townspeople, that created a most profound sensation in Sutton not only, but in all the surrounding country,—to say nothing of the SPIRITUAL INVENTION, which, to the public, was yet unknown; had drawn out *Copperheads* to hear her speak, and to pay money, although her lectures were of the most radical and practical antislavery sentiment; had accomplished all this at a time of extraordinary inclemency of season and of the weather, it being exceedingly cold, with snow-squalls constantly. The mass of the people could not but be astonished at the results of our unaided efforts, and in the teeth of the most powerful, united, and snaky opposition.

Miss HARDINGE had received a letter advising her not to come at my call; but, as her spirit-friends advised her to the contrary, she followed the latter advice unhesitatingly. They couldn't make a *lackey* of her!

About the SPIRITUAL INVENTION, nothing was yet known outside of our family. Now the lectures were over, I had time to think of this, and with rapidly increasing interest.

The next day after Miss EMMA HARDINGE went back to Boston was Thursday, Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire.

On the forenoon of this day, all I did, besides lounging around and thinking of the SPIRITUAL INVENTION, was to go to the tin-shop in the village, and get a piece of iron wire.

After dinner of this New-Hampshire Thanksgiving Day, I constructed an INSIDE SELF-ADJUSTING BLIND and SHUTTER FASTENER, and put it in complete working-order on one of the windows of my house. This was accomplished on the afternoon of one of the last days of November, which, as every one knows, is only four or five hours; and all of our family saw it before dark; viz., father, mother, and Aunt Mary Smith. And I hurried out in the village to call in Mr. John K. Richardson and Mr. Jerome G. Rogers, the latter not a spiritualist, to see it by daylight: for it occurred to me by this time, that it would turn out to be a very important affair, and I had better call in witnesses from out of the family to witness it as mine, in reference to the procuring a patent not only, but that it was completed on Thanksgiving Day, the next Thursday after the Saturday Miss HARDINGE had first come to my house; and after the Monday-afternoon party, at which she had announced that my spirit-uncle had something for Frank; and after the Tuesday morning in which she had first spoken of it to me, and described it on the window, with the paper model, in the presence of my family.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Richardson were not a little startled at the abrupt and hurried manner in which I called them from their business to go with me to my house; for, as I told them, I could not stop to explain. They are both good mechanics; and they expressed great admiration of the new device.

The very next morning, I called Mr. Jonathan H.

Nelson, a capitalist, to see the SPIRITUAL INVENTION ; and he, having a decidedly high opinion of it, consented to lend me the money necessary for the procuration of a patent.

I applied for a patent through the agency of Messrs. Munn & Co., publishers of the best mechanical paper in the world, the "Scientific American," of New York. And here I will say, that I should not do them the credit deserved, if after an acquaintance of some ten years, and a knowledge of the immense benefit of their patent agency, and their paper, the "Scientific American," not only to this country, but to the whole world, if I did not recommend them as men of the greatest promptitude, discretion, and integrity in all business connected with their establishment.

A patent for the SPIRITUAL INVENTION was granted March 25, 1862. Unlike most patents, the whole thing is covered by the claims. What I mean is this, that while most patents cover only some particular part, and that most frequently an insignificant or unimportant one, the patent for the SPIRITUAL INVENTION covers the whole of the machine,—the curved rod, attachment to secure it to the blind, the guide where it passes through under the sash, the hook to hitch to fasten the blind open, and the hook to fasten the blind shut.

I will just add, that all who are conversant with our patent system know this,—that patents are granted only for what is considered new in all countries ; and that our patent-office facilities are of the most extensive kind, to enable them to judge as to this point ; that even if any thing like a thing claimed has been spoken of in any foreign manuscript, lecture, or publication, the patent will be refused here.

Nothing was known of the SPIRITUAL INVENTION, outside of certain families, until the patent was granted ; outside of mine, Richardson's, Rogers's, Nelson's, Shaw's, except Miss HARDINGE herself, and our spirit-friends, with whom I often conversed on the subject. Judge of the surprise of the Suttonites, then, and of the *whelps*, when they heard of it!

I managed to let my friends know it first, and to have them speak of it ; and soon after followed this up by showing the letters-patent and a nice model, which I took care to have ready at the proper time. The effect was electric and contagious ; the romance of the thing ; the surprise ; the secrecy with which it had been kept so long by so many persons ; and the known character of all those persons for integrity and reliability, and many of them not being spiritualists at all ; the whole of the circumstances, together with the desperate nature of the conflict I had waged single-handed for the year past, — no one in Sutton could or did doubt the reality of the facts.

They were surprised and carried by storm ; for it was at once admitted by everybody to be a beautiful device, and worth a fortune ; and in all the time since I've scarcely heard a solitary *yelp* of any *cur* against it. Even Francis Robbins *himself* at last gave in, though with exceeding great reluctance, and only after everybody else had. " You've done it, Frank ; you've beat them all at last ! I'll have them on my house." The next I knew of this same great man (*bodily great*), he was working with all his might to prevent me from selling my patent ; just as he would be supposed to do if he had held a patent of all the patent-business of the great world in which we live.

The whole of Sutton was astounded, and those who



knew me best were the most so; and to complete the general dismay and discomfiture of all enemies was an account of the thing in the Boston and New-York spiritual papers, by Miss EMMA HARDINGE herself.

After receiving my patent, I had just written to her of the fact; and in answer she had requested permission to write an account of it for the "Banner." Now, imagine the sensation created when her account appeared to the public, of the SPIRITUAL INVENTION not only, but of my position and history for the last five years, and which was as unexpected to me as it could be to anybody, and must have been written under spirit-control; for I never had undertaken even to explain myself to her.

Her account of the SPIRITS' INVENTION was published in the "Banner of Light," of Boston, of April 5, 1862; and in the "Herald of Progress," of New York, of April 26. (See Preface.)

Now, wasn't there some squirming in the *kennel*? Had not God caused me to triumph nobly, and in a manner that was *miraculous*, according to the old notion of miracles?

Now it was, that after I had got Miss HARDINGE to lecture here, expecting to pay her myself, she would take no pay. And still more, the spirits had turned things so as to convert this enterprise into a first-class financial speculation. Now I threw back their fling more times than they desired to hear it; viz., "*Frank Chase got her here: let him pay the bills!*"

Now, a test had been given for the world, to be in all future ages considered as one of the best for fact or argument, as a foundation-stone for the "New Theology."

The *doggish* clique held a series of meetings to

consider this report of Miss HARDINGE, and found it a tough case to manage; for, after she had given to the world the facts concerning me and the SPIRITUAL INVENTION, — not only recommending me herself, but showing how nobly and triumphantly I have been sustained by God and the angels in my humble but determined and persevering, *desperate* efforts to do good, — what *could* they say? Echo answers, *What?* The world had now been informed of the mean and selfish policy toward me by those Sutton *puppies*, but that God was on my side, and that he had interposed especially in my behalf.

But I've not given all the facts yet, nor is it possible to actualize this "modern miracle," with its real force and clearness, with the pen. A thunderbolt from heaven, upon the heads of all the *dogs* here, could not have been more sudden, unexpected, or crushing.

The Pressey clique had been foolish enough to suppose that they could cut off my resources pecuniarily, and among many tricks employed was the following: As I have before stated, there was nearly five dollars "minister money" due our society annually from the treasury of the town. After engaging Miss HARDINGE, I talked with the treasurer, Enoch Page; told him I'd engaged a lecturer, and should need that money in paying her. Talked with him again just before she came, and after I'd ascertained the Sawmill clique had borrowed four dollars to pay Houston with the September before. I was at first surprised at his answer, that there was only four dollars in the treasury for us. "But there ought to be five dollars," I persisted. He only repeated that there was only four dollars. I went away unsatisfied, and afterwards accosted him again about this same matter. He then

informed me, at last, that Palmer had told him it was the will of the majority of the committee of our society that he should pay that money to Simon Kezar, who had advanced four dollars as a loan.

This third time of visiting him, I told Page I insisted on seeing the records; for that I believed there was a matter of about one dollar remaining in his hands; for I had talked with Kezar, and found his claim to consist of only four dollars.

Page at last produced the record (which was nearly five dollars, as I had at first supposed), and a written order signed by some of the committee, or, at least, purporting to be signed by them, for him to pay the whole amount into Kezar's hands, although his claim was only four dollars, and although Kezar held no office whatever in the society; and furthermore, Joseph Harvey was our treasurer at the time.

*Perhaps they could not make a lackey of the latter-named individual, perhaps didn't dare to try.* At least, what business to order that other dollar to be paid to Kezar, unless to keep it out of my hands?

My father was getting old and quite deaf, and had not been able to hear all the family talk about the SPIRITUAL INVENTION; but, after I got it in complete operating order on the window, I took pains to explain it to him, together with all the facts connected with its spiritual origin.

He listened in astonishment, and only gave vent to his wonder by opening wide his eyes, and uttering a groan. A few minutes later, I overheard him asking mother for her explanation of the phenomena, in the loud and earnest manner habitual to him: "*What do you think of that?*" and afterwards, when he saw the gold watches and the gold dollars it brought me, his astonishment was unbounded.

Mother's mind was completely bewildered. She never seemed to tire in telling the story to the neighbors and visitors, with all the marvellous particulars; and woe to the one who dared to doubt the least item! But still she would not own to me that she was a spiritualist. Sometimes, after listening to her eloquent recital of those events for perhaps the hundredth time, I would break in upon her with, "Now, mother, I want you to be cautious, or you will become a spiritualist; for you know I've often told you that I did not wish to convert you from your old-fogy religion to spiritualism; but I should like to ask you one question: "Did Uncle Thomas invent that machine, and give it to me? or, if not, who did?" She would turn again to the visitor, determined not to be interrupted, and tell them she knew that Frank never invented it; and I would interrupt again with my question: "But who did, mother?" — "Oh, I don't know! *it must have been the Devil!*" was her unbelieving answer at last.

Mother never tired in her eulogies of Miss EMMA HARDINGE: "She is the most agreeable and lady-like person I ever saw: how interesting in conversation! I'll warrant they can't fool her: how agreeable in the family! every thing always right. Oh, I should like to see her again!"

When Miss HARDINGE was here, and after I had informed her of the expressed desire of some Universalists for Mr. Stinson, their minister, to sit with her in the desk, she answered, "*Why should he be invited to sit with me in the desk? No! you are the one I should invite to sit with me there.*"

One day she happened to see a handbill concerning the Fancy Blinds, and, getting interested, expressed her

admiration of them, and her determination to have them on her Institution for the Homeless.

"Why! how enthusiastic you are!" was her explanation one time, on my telling my plans and policy to extend the spiritual movement.

"Continue, as you are now doing, to follow your spiritual impressions:" this was her last advice to me on leaving; and she expressed to me her decided conviction that she had been sent here on my account.

The SPIRITUAL INVENTION has been used enough to establish its practical utility, and exhibited sufficiently extensive to show that its fancy coincides with the prevailing fashions.

Of the thousands of persons who have examined it, there is scarcely one who does not think it is just the thing needed on every window in the world.

I will portray two scenes where the SPIRITUAL INVENTION was exhibited, as samples of the many.

In Albany, N.Y.; place, counting-room of machine-shop for the manufacture of agricultural implements; persons, boss of shop, proprietors, and two of the principal men of the city.

Master machinist takes the model on his knee; sits, and examines it critically, occasionally asking some questions; and finally gives his opinion to the distinguished company. "*'Tis the first good practical thing I ever knew to come out of spiritualism.*"

In Manchester, N.H.; place, Hill's express-office, in same room of Putney's saloon; gas just lit for the evening. Mr. Hill calls to his beautiful and interesting family, who happen to be in the saloon; Mrs. Hill quietly speaks her admiration of the thing to her husband; the little girl wants it for her play-house, and talks of it,—oh, how intelligently! Mr. Hill says,



"I own one of the best brick cottages in the city, and I want these put on all its windows." Miss Hill, the young and beautiful lady, had been contemplating the scene in silence; but, last of all, expresses herself in a clear musical voice and earnest manner; first to me, as she half fascinates with her sharp eyes and personal beauty, and then to her father, as she turns to him appealingly: "*You're a real genius! Ain't he, father?*"

A patent has been granted for the SPIRITUAL INVENTION in Canada; and initiatory measures taken to secure it in England, France, and Belgium. It now stands a clear fact before the world, as one of the most beautiful things ever recorded on the pages of history.



## Inside Self-Adjusting Blind and Shutter Fastener.

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Doubtless many persons have experienced annoyance from blinds slapping to and fro in windy weather, and wished for some means of fastening them securely. The ordinary devices for the purpose are not only ineffective but dangerous, for it is often necessary to reach out very far to fasten the shutters open or to detach them afterwards, and accidents have occurred from persons losing their balance and falling out. Moreover, in rainy weather, if the sash has to be raised, curtains and carpets are injured. It is also agreeable, sometimes, to have the blind partly open, in order to let light and air in, which is impossible with the ordinary fastening.

The objects desired are obtained, and the evils alluded to are all obviated, by the excellent arrangement here illustrated. The details are so few and simple that they are well understood without elaborate description.

They consist of a pair of brass rods, A, one to each blind, having a knob and pin, B, on the inner ends, the outer ends being fastened to the blind. These rods pass through holes in the sash, and are curved to the shape of the circle formed by the motion of the blind on its hinge. To the window sill is fastened a set of brass plates, C, with holes to receive the knobs. The plates may be of any desired number, and are fixed at such points as parties desire. To operate the blind, it is only necessary to take hold of the knob and transfer it from one hole to another, without raising the sash; this swings the blind wide open or only partially so, and effectually controls its movements. This arrangement is also a lock to the blind, which prevents it from being opened from the outside.

It was patented through the Scientific American Patent Agency, on March 25, 1862, by Frank Chase, of South Sutton, N. H. For further information address him at that place.

THE  
SPIRITUAL INVENTION;  
OR,  
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC  
SCENES AND SKETCHES.

BY  
FRANK CHASE.

[A DETACHED FRAGMENT—ONE CHAPTER ONLY—FOR THE PRESENT.]

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

"Its name is INSIDE SELF-ADJUSTING BLIND AND SHUTTER FASTENER.  
It is simple in construction, but perfect in principle. They can be made  
of brass or iron, burnished; are equally well adapted to palace  
or cottage. He can get a patent for it, and it will be a VERY  
GREAT success. ALL WE ASK IS, THAT HE WILL  
PUBLISH TO THE WORLD HOW HE CAME BY  
IT, THAT THEY MAY KNOW WHENCE  
THEY RECEIVE GREAT INVEN-  
TIONS."—*Spirit.*

BOSTON:

SOLD BY WM. WHITE & Co., BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE,  
158 WASHINGTON STREET.

1867.