

THE
OAKLAND GHOST

AND

ANCIENT PHENOMENA,

WITH A REVIEW OF THE

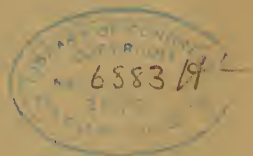
OAKLAND COMMITTEE,

BY

THOMAS BROWNELL CLARKE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1872
5645



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Horatio—"Look, my lord, it comes!"

Hamlet—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

Ghost—"Mark me!

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,"
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.
But, that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.
List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love;
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; but know thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears a crown."

In this brief extract we have a complete synopsis of modern spiritualism—

First—The fact of spirit materialization;

Second—A condition of suffering for sin after death;

Third—Progression of the soul by purification;

Fourth—A knowledge of the acts of men in this world by
men passed on to the spirit life.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

PREFACE.

The following account of manifestations at my residence in Oakland, Cal., April, 1874, was written while the scenes were vividly fixed in my memory.

At that time, speaking in general terms, myself and family were entirely ignorant of modern spiritualism.

I write this, that this phenomena may in great measure remain, as when it came upon the material plane, and not because I am vain to advertise my ignorance.

We endeavored to keep the matter secret, not wishing notoriety from our connection with an unsolved phenomena; but it having been made public through the papers, could then do no less than to tell the honest truth. Afterwards, we consented to an investigation of each and every witness, as to all they had seen or heard, by three gentlemen who were supposed to be honest and capable. That it was possible that there could have been fraud or deception in any manner, never for a moment entered our minds; and the first intimation, that we, or anybody had attempted it, was upon reading the summary of this committee, which we shall investigate in the after part of this pamphlet.

Our experience is not unlike all history; that while falsehood and iniquity travel upon the wings of lightning, truth has to travel on foot; but which like the tortoise, yet ever wins the race. The stigma of fraud heaped upon me and mine by the committee, has been like the deep snow upon the early fall grain. Its very venom has protected us amid the wintry blasts of slander. Even in the short three years that have past, hosts have risen in all parts of our world, to bless, that but for this miserable verdict, would never have known of us.

From the golden shore of the Pacific, it has gone out, that there is one man, at least, whose soul is not so warped by the garments of superstition, but that he dares speak God's eternal truth, without fear or hope of reward. Besides the truth, the phenomena stands out every day more and more wonderful, and of greater importance to the human family. My house, during these three years, has been an open one, receiving all that came, from the poorest to the wealthiest, the ignorant and the learned; and of all the thousands, I have never known one to go away, without having been lifted higher towards that "home not made with hands." If the Oakland committee were so deceived with the idea of infallibility of those in high places, that they thought their word would be taken in free America, in place of evidence, they made a most serious mistake.

I am aware, that truth outside of fashionable institutions, has had a hard time in past ages; also, that for a clergyman or scientist, or counsellor, to admit that there existed certain facts which they could not explain, has caused many a thousand in high position, to deny his manhood, rather than be honest. Humility is not a quality of the pulpit or university; hence the private individual that enunciated facts or ideas beyond their knowledge, has universally met persecution at their hands.

Socrates walked the streets of Athens, teaching with wisdom, which the priests and workers in brass, saw would ruin their occupation; hence he drank the hemlock. Jesus, who went from village to village "the friend of publicans and sinners," doing good unto all, had the misfortune to be an honest man, and candidly told the priests of the Jewish church of their iniquity; hence suffered a cruel death. Voltaire, who supported a Protestant church upon his estate, died in the city of Paris from excitement, caused by an ovation, such as few mortals have ever received, has been slandered beyond any man that ever lived, because he exposed the iniquity of the Catholic priesthood.

John Wesley, for a life of over sixty hard working years, suffered one continued persecution from the church of England, because he exposed its errors and from his followers, because he would not leave the Episcopal church, form a new sect, and as they thought, be honored by becoming a Methodist bishop.

Thomas Paine, the friend of Washington, Lafayette, Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, and all the old patriots whom we now adore, gave his great powers as a writer, enlisted

as a soldier, served as a statesman. When Washington's army was without food or clothing, the treasury empty, the convention adjourned in despair, he headed a subscription with all he had in the world, then begged of others, until at last this private subscription amounted to over one million five hundred thousand dollars; thus being the means of saving our army—our country, in which to-day, we may worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. He has been vilified by the recipients of his sacrifice, his energy, his hope in "one righteous and perfect God, with equal and exact justice to all men," because he was a man of courage and honesty, daring to say what he believed true. These are but a few of the great host, that have lived martyrs to principal; and while the great lights of the passing hour of their day—floating like butterflies in the noon-day sunbeams—have passed from remembrance with the fleeting breath of the physical, these, and others like them, true to the honesty of the inner soul, true to their fellow-men, true to their God, still live; and though there were no spiritual life hereafter, there is yet guaranteed to these honest men, an eternal life. Life is one great mystery. To perfect it, there seems a hidden necessity of trial, to develop the power and greatness of the soul, to bring it from its darkness, as the beautiful flowers come forth from the darkness of earth, that it may bloom, bear fruit, and give evidence of its divine origin.

Whatever has happened or may happen to me, I have the great misfortune to be living in an age of reason. There is therefore, no possibility that I shall be deified, or even sainted, or that greater honor than either, burned for witchcraft. Notwithstanding, I have no aspirations for any of these honors; I shall nevertheless, send this little messenger of truth regarding this wonderful phenomena, as "bread upon the waters" of eternal life, towards which it points, trusting it in the hands of the unnumbered hosts on the "evergreen shore," who planned, and carried these manifestations of their hidden life and power, into a successful execution.

At some future time, I may write of what millions of the earth now know, of that "ever green shore," those "mansions not made with hands," those cities more beautiful than the one of precious stones; that life that does honor to the God who hath given it, granting to it immortality, that sometime, on in eternal years, by its own labor, it

may be entitled to a home with the angelic host, far beyond all material worlds—the eternal home of angels.

For the present, I have to deal with mortals in the bondage of ancient heathenism, superstition and bigotry; but before we close this little book, we shall endeavor to do them justice; and if, like the guilty criminal who said to the judge "that was what I feared," and they shall be troubled thereby, they must remember that the gate of eternal life was opened wide, that they might behold the glory which they refused. Therefore eternal responsibilities rest upon me, and I also would prove myself a coward, if I neglected to give to the world this grand immortal truth.

T. B. CLARKE.

Account of Manifestations.

That the reader may form an intelligent idea of the manifestation, it will be necessary first to give a brief description of the house and its occupants. It is a one and a half story house, situated in Oakland, Cal. The first floor has five rooms—the second four. The house for a number of years previous to becoming my residence, had been occupied by a purely orthodox family. No murders had ever been committed within its walls at the time previous of these manifestations. Myself, wife and son of eight years, occupied as private room, one in the ell opening from the dining room, Mrs. F—and sister and my daughter, the two front rooms in the second story; Mr. B—and Mr. O—the two in the rear. The evening in question, April 23d, 1874, the family had been at home as usual. Mr. B—and Mr. O—had been at a neighbor's and did not return until quarter past 11 o'clock. Having retired, but hearing them come in, I requested them to lock the doors and put out the lights. When the gentlemen had been up stairs about 15 minutes, I heard a noise that seemed to be at the front door as though the gong upon it had been lightly struck. I went immediately there, but found no one. I closed the door and returned to bed. Hardly had I laid down, before that same noise was repeated, but much louder; again I went to the door as before, and found no one—I stepped out on the porch, it being a bright moonlight night, looked in all directions for any one who could have rung the bell, but saw no one, and so returned in doors—as I did so I spoke to Mr. B—whose room was at the head of the stairs, asking him if he was making any noise with his clock. He replied, no—and asked who is ringing that bell—I replied, that is what I wish to know. Immediately he came rushing down the stairs with pistol in hand, and said, “that is some boy's work” and out of the door he went and around the house, but found no boy. When he came

in, we had quite a conversation as to who had been the cause of this sound, and its peculiar tone—but had to give up any solution and again retired; but a few moments, and there was a tremendous shaking of furniture in the dining room, as though some one was rattling the upright piano that stood there. Mr. B—hearing this same noise, pistol in hand came rushing down. We met to see no one, and were still more astonished than ever. While again talking over this additional mystery, Mr. B—walked into the hall, and when opposite the parlor door, he exclaimed in an excited manner “Clarke, bring a light, quick!” I was there in about one second, when Mr. B—rushed over behind the sofa, and then to the bay window. Finding one fastening unclasped, he said “That fellow has gone out at the window.” Turning around, and seeing a small reception chair lying in the centre of the parlor, I said, “How came that there?” B—replied “I know nothing about it, I did not touch it, but there was a man struck me on the back when I called you” This made things worse than ever—bells ringing—furniture rattling, being struck on the shoulder, chairs thrown in the middle of the room, and no one to do it. Our astonishment is better imagined than described—Meantime I had dressed myself, lighted some lamps; the people above were aroused and conversation as to who or what was doing these things became general. As the unseen and unknown could not be explained, we again retired to our separate rooms. But a few moments had elapsed before we heard a loud rattling noise in the parlor, as though ten bundles of sheet iron had been slammed down on the floor. In about two seconds I was there, and only found the blower lying in the centre of the room. The gentlemen hearing the noise came rushing from their rooms, with “What made that noise?” My daughter who had slipped on a morning dress and come from her room, stood talking to the gentlemen, each of whom had a lamp in his hand; I was standing in the hall below; she started to come down stairs, and when about two thirds down Mr. B— saw a basket of silver belonging to him, valued at about three hundred dollars, rise from a bureau standing in the extreme end of the hall. He instantly exclaimed, “Take care, Nellie!” Having some instinctive knowledge of danger, she screamed, and turned the newel post just in time to escape the basket, that coming down in a half circle, as it had to from its position, to strike where it did and fell with a thud on the floor at the

foot of the stairs. All supposed the silver ruined as a matter of course; I picked up the basket and contents and carried them to the dining room, where we all assembled to examine, which we did, piece by piece, finding no injury on coffee or tea pots, creamer or bowl, spoons or forks. Save, only one very thin silver vase which was slightly bruised.

Presently Mr. O—— went outside to take in a little fresh air, whereby to strengthen his nerves, leaving the balance of us wondering how it was possible for that silver to come with such velocity a distance of twenty feet, strike so hard and not all be ruined. While thus discussing and wondering, we heard a noise in Mr. O——'s room, directly over us as though a person was jumping with all his might upon the floor. Mr. B—— and myself rushed up into the room, but found no one—neither anything disturbed. While there, Mr. O—— came in and up to his room—walked to a chair, in which lay a towel mused into a bunch. He picked up the towel as though to wipe his hands; as he did so, he, as well as we, discovered his watch and chain lying in the chair. His amazement cannot well be described. He exclaimed, "How came that watch in the chair?" "I said, I suppose you placed it there." "Placed it there? I left it in my waistcoat on the bed." We expressed our doubts. He again said, "I tell you I left it with the chain run through the button hole, hooked back into the pocket, and on that bed." As he took the watch from the chair it sprang up clipping Mr. B—— on the elbow, so hard as to bring tears, and landed in the center of the bed. It now seemed that wonders would never cease, or any chance come to give us a night's rest. So we descended to the dining-room, and commenced an inquiry meeting as to the causes of these wonderful phenomena, but soon found this world's philosophy could not satisfy or explain. We found that the more we talked the less we said, and for once became wise and confessed ourselves fools in the midst of an unseen power.

While thus meditating, for we had assumed that condition, one of the solid oak chairs rose about one foot, and with the velocity of a boy's top, went revolving across the room some ten feet, and sat down as still as though it had never moved. Mr. O—— made this sage remark, "I don't like this." Mr. B—— added, "Neither do I like a power that I cannot shoot." The rest of us thought if

there was any one that wished to be kept up nights to see this kind of fun, we wished they had it all; we were tired and had seen all the manifestations of the unseen we cared to. This manifestation, occurring in an illuminated room in the presence of four of us, violating every law of gravitation, propelling power, and cessation of power as well, for its stopping so suddenly and so absolutely still, was the most remarkable feature of it all. It left us in a state of bewilderment that made us doubt the reliability of our eye-sight. We felt that if God or the devil ever did come to earth to cut up pranks for their amusement, this must be the time and place. It would have been a good time for those superstitious people that believe the devil goes about doing all the evil in the world to have said their prayers. While still in the dining-room, there came a great crash in the hall; we rushed to see what new development, and found a box 15x15 inches square, 6 deep, that had contained about twenty lbs. of coal, which stood in the upper hall, had been thrown over the baluster and down stairs. I picked up the box with what coal I could, and carried them to the kitchen. Then came another of our scientific discussions upon electrical, magnetic, natural, supernatural, and occult forces. While thus engaged, another most frightful noise came from the parlor. Rushing in there, we found the same blower lying in the middle of the room bottom up, which, when I picked it up previously, I had placed on the hearth face downwards. Another calm came, and as our philosophy seemed to have gone "where the woodbine twineth," in this new development of facts, we had about concluded that we did not know more about this than the Almighty, and so we did considerable thinking with little philosophical talk.

Some had gone upstairs to tell the ladies what had happened, and while thus talking, a large upholstered chair, standing in the hall near the ladies' door, went whirling around, and down in full view of all. Hardly was this new act well settled, before from the parlor came another racket. Upon going there we found the same small reception chair that once before had been laid in the center of the room again lying in the same place. In the mean time the family had assembled in the dining-room, discussing this annoying phenomena. While thus engaged, to our utter amazement, another heavy oak chair rose and spinning like a top, crossed the room in a contrary direction from the previous one; again, with amazement, we

looked at each other, tried to talk, but the subject was too vast. It threw all our philosophy in the shade. It now being about one o'clock, Mr. B—— had taken his lamp in his hand, and standing in the hall door leaning against the casing said, "Well, I am going to bed, and I won't get up again if they take the end of the house out." No quicker had the words ceased than a large upholstered chair rose a few inches, and spinning around, fell out in the middle of the room. Mr. B—— closed this demonstration with the remark, "Well, that beats the devil." Of course this was a bad starter to go to bed upon, and so we camped in the dining-room again, for some new development; for this last feat of handling a forty-pound chair like a feather, rather beat any previous ideas we had obtained on this mundane sphere. About that time, if we had only had the knowledge that I have so often heard displayed since, how nicely we could have all retired to rest—just this and nothing more. "Oh, this whole thing is a humbug, a delusion, a wicked fraud." Yes; but we were so stupid we could not see the humbug; but we did see the chairs go, and the man that says we did not is a liar, a knave and a fool. After a while, wearied with this nonsensical display, as it appeared to us, of legerdemain by an unseen power, peace and quiet seeming to have come again, we retired to our various rooms in hopes to get a little rest. We were hardly there, however, when the whole house was shaken, as by a wave of the sea against a ship. Mr. B—— came rushing out, and calling, "Oh, Clarke, was that an earthquake?" I replied, "no"; for to me it had none of the uplifting sensations of an earthquake. While we were talking of this new phenomena, heavy raps began all over the house, which continued for, some minutes, appearing to some to be inside the house, and to the others outside. A general levee was now held in the ladies' room, discussing this new demonstration, which became more and more beyond the explanation or comprehension of man according to anything of physical laws, at present, known and accepted by the philosophical teachers of this or any other age. It may well be imagined that to a sleepy household at that time of night, the novelty soon wore off, and again we had scattered in various parts of the house with the determination not to get up again, come whatever might. Hardly had I lain down when I heard a few low, sharp raps, appearing to be in the dining room. Mrs. C—— also heard the same, and noticed

them because of their peculiar sound. In a few moments more, we heard the same kind of raps, and held conversation as to cause, &c. As I had made up my mind not to be disturbed by this to me apparent nonsense any more, I declined to get up, or even look to see the cause, and, therefore, remained lying on the bed. For a while everything remained quiet, and we felt encouraged that peace had again come to our household—but not so—in a few minutes there came a crashing sound from the parlor, as though some one was making kindling wood of the furniture. The ladies directly overhead, remarked, “There goes over that marble-top table in the parlor, and everything upon it is ruined.” This crushing noise brought me out in about one second, and the gentleman downstairs in the same time. The gentleman found, lying in the center of the parlor that same reception chair, for the third time—this time a long shawl, that had been folded and lying in the parlor, was opened and spread very carefully over the chair. Two large upholstered chairs had been turned around and laid on their backs—the same blower was again laid in the center of the room. As I came from the room, rushing to see what had made this infernal noise in the parlor, I was stopped in the dining-room by my eyes discovering a dining chair, face down, lying upon one end of the table. Upon further examination I found another dining chair laid upon its side; but that which beat our electrical theory was, to find a small goblet I had drank out of only a short time before, and sat down where the chair now lay, had been moved to the other end of the table, and turned bottom up. There seemed to be no end to the diversity of demonstrations. No crotchety theatrical visitor could have found fault with our variety, however severely he might have criticised the manner or unreasonableness of the play. Being tired of the play, and putting things to rights, which had been my occupation now about two hours, I said publicly, for the benefit of these unseen powers, that I should put up no more furniture, and as they seemed not disposed to do harm, they could go on and throw around as much as they pleased; but that I should put things to rights no more, and thus I left the furniture as it lay. Again we assembled in the invalid’s room above, and had our usual chat as to what and who and how; and oh, what wisdom we then and there displayed. Calm continued, and as morning was drawing near, all well tired out one by one, we scattered with the

remark, "Well, I guess the thing is over, and must try to get some sleep," and again in our individual rooms were remaining in quiet with a prospect of peace, and a chance to obtain some little rest. But not so, however; in a few moments there came the sound of a terrible crash in the hall that seemed as though Mr. B——'s request had been granted, and the end of the house had been torn bodily away. As quick as thought I was in the front hall. The two gentlemen made their appearance at the top of the stairs about the same time. We found the front door had been lifted or removed from its hinges without withdrawing the bolt, and now stood leaning against the newel post, and we had the opportunity of looking upon a beautiful moonlight through where the door ought to be. This was no dark seance, and at 2 o'clock, the morning of April 24th, 1874, six full-grown people sat on the stairs, or stood in the hall hardly knowing whether they were in the house or out of doors. Locks, bolts, and even the door itself seemed no impediment to this power. I had previously said that I would put no more things to rights; but we concluded we would. So we hung the door back upon its hinges. As we did so, Mr. B—— remarked, "As they have plenty of room to go out now, whoever or whatever they or it may be, I hope they will leave and give us a chance to rest, and to our great surprise there was no more disturbance for the balance of this night or morning as you please to call it. Thus ended the first act of occult demonstrations in the "Clarke Mansion," much to the gratification of the inhabitants.

The morning of the 24th, Mr. B——arose about half past 6 o'clock, and went over to his place across the street to attend to personal business matters. My daughter came down stairs soon after and went into the parlor, then came and requested that we would let the furniture remain, as she wished to go and invite a neighbor to come in and see what had been done, and passed out; very soon after we heard considerable noise. Mrs. C——went to the kitchen and questioned the boy as to whether or not he had upset a table or made noise otherwise—finding nothing she returned; when immediately Miss B——came in and said, "Why, you didn't tell me that the sofa had been turned over." To which I replied neither has it; "Oh yes it has, and lies flat on its back." Upon going into the parlor, surely enough we found not only the sofa wheeled around in front of the grate, and then laid on its back; but also found

that a zinc safe that weighed eleven pounds, had been taken from a whatnot and placed upon the back of one of the chairs that had been thrown down the night before; also three books taken from many on the whatnot and laid down on the floor; also a pair of gloves that lay on the whatnot, were lying side by side on the floor; also a small wooden puzzle had been moved from the whatnot to the middle of the room. A paper covered book, "Lucelle," was standing on end among the sundries, thus completing the morning demonstrations. At about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 7 o'clock, my daughter returned with her friends to see the midnight orgies, but was much astonished to see the new display of furniture scattered about the floor. Another convention of scientists was had, including our outside friends, which discussion culminated in eating our breakfast, enjoining secrecy upon all within the house. Mrs. C—having an old long tried friend living near by, wished to allow the things to remain until she could invite him down to see them; especially as the gentleman was one of our best men and a reverend deacon. By some oversight the young man that came with my daughter was not told to keep silent on this scene, so that while we three gentlemen of the household passed to San Francisco in silence about the matter, this young man thought it a good joke, and going over on the boat told a few friends about it. From this the story spread; About 12 o'clock, I was requested to enlighten a gentleman in regard to it, but turned the subject by telling him that he was "sold" by some one and passed on. About 2 o'clock a reporter called to get particulars; I did not wish to exactly lie, and neither could I imagine how the rumor had got about town. I said to the reporter that it was true that a few chairs moved quite singularly, that I supposed that would be the last of it, and I hoped they would not give it public notice. Lest I should be visited by other reporters, I immediately left for Oakland. The *San Francisco Chronicle* having heard of the rumor, and as it calls it self a "live paper," could not bear to go to press without improvement of the opportunity for such a "stunning" sensational article. Consequently one of their reporters who had a most vivid imagination, wrote a two column article in regard to dancing of silver ware, crockery, furniture, ringing of bells, etc, at the "Clarke mansion," in Oakland, which article appearing on the morning of the 25th, and as might have been expected, set the two towns in a perfect uproar, discussing the "Oakland Ghost."

Returned to our residence, as we were assembled around the dinner-table the afternoon of the 24th, a very stout friend of us all, entered, and was admitted immediately to the dining-room and welcomed with an "enlarged smile," for we well knew the occasion of his appearance at that hour of the day. Very soon after being seated, he remarked, "Well you do not look like a set of crazy people," "Now tell me what this all means." Of course he was soon told, and left for his own residence merely with the request that if any more demonstrations were made, to send for him, as he had a great desire to see some such wonder of which he had heard and read from time to time. Confessing to being somewhat nervous in regard to these manifestations, as I have since learned the spiritualists call them, a lamp was placed in each room of the house. The family remained the same as the previous night, except that I had sent our little boy in the country, lest the ghost should come again and disturb his youthful nervous condition. Mr. O——had gone out to spend the evening and did not return until quite late. The family were scattered as usual. At about half past eight, while we were sitting in the dining-room my daughter remarked that after the previous wakeful night, she felt tired and thought she would retire. When she was about half way up stairs, recollecting the scene of the basket of silver coming at her the night before, I said jokingly, "Nellie, look out for your head," she replied "Oh! it is not time for them to begin yet." Instantly a large upholstered chair standing at the head of the stairs, went revolving and lay down across the stairway preventing her getting up. I came to the rescue immediately and picking up the chair put it again in its place. Again we had assembled to wonder, for all theories were exploded in our minds; we just thought this thing beat the devil, and let our philosophy end there. The ladies became very much excited, much more so than on the previous night, and especially Mrs. F——who declared that she could not live through another such night of horror as the previous one, especially as this had commenced so early. During our rambling conversation of what had been, and what we must do, especially in regard to Mrs. F——, Mr. B——came from his room and went out doors. While my family were in the dining-room talking of these things, our condition, what to do, etc., there came another crash as though a dozen chairs had been crushed in pieces in the hall. As I reached the foot of the stairs I found

one of a set of reception chairs that had been standing in the hall above. Upon examination, though a very delicate chair, I found no injury, not even a scratch; I then wished to go for our stout friend, but the ladies all said no, you must not leave us alone. So I waited for Mr. B—who soon came in, and while we were all standing near the head of the stairs my daughter stepped a short distance into Mr. O——’s room and while there said, “If any furniture is going to jump around in this house to night, I wish it would do it now and be done.” Hardly had she done speaking when the chairs went flying around that room, of their particular direction we did not know. But the young lady vacated those premises exceedingly lively. I then left for our stout friend, who I found at the City Hall. He with four others returned with me to the “Haunted house,” where we found everything had been quiet during my absence. These gentlemen after sitting for about half an hour began to get quite discouraged, and were about to leave, when much to their joy a rattling was heard at the top of the stairs. Upon examination we found that the large upholstered chair had been going through its, what now seemed to be, accustomed evolutions, and again laid down on the floor. This made matters look interesting to our visitors, however it might be death to us. With cheerful faces they began to await new developments. It was but a few moments when came another crash in the hall. One of the gentlemen exclaiming, “There is a chair crushed all to pieces.” Upon examination they found a duplicate of the chair that had previously been thrown over the balusters and down at the foot of the stairs entirely uninjured. Upon further examination they found that when it came over it struck the wall with such force as to make two indentations in the plastering with the two hind legs. These gentlemen being interested in the nominations then being made in the City Hall, thought best to leave. But said they might return after they had finished their business. We feeling that we had seen enough of this power, said to the gentlemen as they left, that we hoped that they would take our spirit friends, or whatever it might be with them and give us a chance to get a little rest. To our great and agreeable surprise this was the last manifestation of the night, and though watching the entire night no more demonstrations came.

The sensational article appearing in the *Chronicle* of the 25th, created so much excitement, that our residence was

surrounded by hundreds of curious people, looking at the "haunted house," during the entire day. Friends came and went, wondering how and who, or by what power had these things been done. The "Oakland Ghost" became the general theme of conversation.

Having remained at home, I was visited by the *Chronicle* reporter who had written this article, based on rumor; who not finding me in town, had procured a letter of introduction from a friend, and came for further information. Seeing that I was already notorious in connection with this mysterious affair, I thought best to tell him the truth about it, and consequently, gave to the press the items, as they had occurred.

As evening came on, with it also came the crowd in increased force. Mr. B—— and Mr. O—— went out soon after dinner, and did not return till after 10 o'clock.

Early in the evening, friends and acquaintances began to call, and of course every one was anxious to know of this new wonder.

While sitting in the parlor engaged in conversation with various callers from Oakland and San Francisco, at about 9 o'clock, we all heard distinct rapping, that appeared as though the sills under the dining-room had been struck by a heavy sledge-hammer.

Upon going into that room, we found a Mr. F—— and my daughter, quite excited. They said those heavy raps were directly under Mr. F——'s feet; and on the whole, he said he thought he might as well leave for San Francisco, but concluded to wait awhile and see the fun. As a matter of course, this was interesting to our visitors, however annoying it might be to us. During this examination and discussion, we had nearly all gone into the dining-room. One gentleman remained, and while standing in the hall, the large chair at the head of the stairs went whirling around in a most mysterious manner, as per evidence of the gentleman, and down on its side as the previous evening. This evolution was made in full view of the two ladies up stairs.

This renewed the interest of our visitors, and created an intense excitement among the crowd outside, who had heard the noise made by the falling chair, but made us feel very much like the frogs. Visitors, in the meantime had increased, and conversation upon the new wonder became general. While thus engaged, a continuous sound, as though proceeding from a silver tea bell in the china

closet in the dining-room, was heard all over the house. The sound continued for a moment after the door was opened, but no striking of the hammer was made.

A few moments after this, an old bell in the kitchen rang quite violently. Hardly had we returned from the kitchen, when over the balusters was thrown down into the hall, two paper boxes; one empty, the other containing a lady's hat, a covered willow basket, and a small leather bag, which were stored in the hall, making so much noise as to be heard outside, making the crowd almost furious to get into the house. The basket I laid in the hall below, and carried the boxes and bag upstairs, putting them on the floor in the hall. Very soon after this performance, one of the small reception chairs was thrown over the balusters and down stairs, without harm.

About this time Mr. B—— and Mr. O—— came in, and were met at the door by Mr. S——, who said to them, "you are too late for the show."

While people walked to and fro, not knowing from where would come the next development, as quick as a lightning flash, which was the character of all the movements, the same upholstered chair at the head of the stairs, went revolving in mid air and down, in the presence of Mr. F—— who stood in Mr. B——'s door talking to him, and in the presence of Miss B—— who stood in the door of her room directly opposite.

A great rush was made for this point by the friends in the house, not even respecting the privacy of the ladies' room, where Mrs. F—— was constantly in bed. This chair having been the means of great annoyance to us thus far, I placed it in Mr. O——'s room where it would be less likely to disturb us. The ladies at the time protested, saying, "if you do not leave it, who can tell that they will not throw the bureau down," referring to a large, old-fashioned mahogany bureau with mirror on top, that stood in the hall at the head of the stairs close to the wall, and close in the corner. I remarked that it was nonsense to think that they could make that go dancing about, and so put the chair out of the way. Quiet having followed this last demonstration, and the house getting nearly full of acquaintances also, we were compelled to have some one constantly at the door to prevent strangers from entering, almost by force, they were so anxious to see these wonders in furniture moving, which we hoped continually would cease; for this thing of having our yard overrun with the

crowd, and our house overflowing with friends on such an errand, was to us, to say the least, a great nuisance. There however seemed no end, for, while the crowd were scattered in parlor, dining-room and hall, Mr. S——, who was standing at the foot of the stairs, looking directly up and at the bureau, saw it begin to jump about, and in an instant, fall forward, being caught on the turn of the baluster, falling so hard, that it indented the mahogany rail a quarter of an inch, and jarred the uprights of the balusters loose in their sockets, making so much noise, that it was heard by the hundreds outside, and four persons standing in the center of the block opposite. The gentlemen in the hall rushed up to right the bureau; but before so doing, were careful to look for springs or contrivances of any kind, by which this could have been done, and found none; but did find that this heavy bureau had been moved forward about one foot, and endwise about one foot, before being tipped; also, that notwithstanding the force that could indent a mahogany rail, the marble of the bureau was not broken; and more remarkable still, the mirror upon the top unharmed.

At this time, five gentlemen well known to me, but I could hardly call them acquaintances, came to the door, and requested to be admitted with the privilege of remaining in the house all night. I acceded to their request and have their evidence to close the mouths of all vilifiers of their neighbors' characters and to justify God's eternal truths. At the request of the ladies, I again brought out the chair as the lesser evil, and set it at the end of the bureau in the hall, where it had previously stood, and from whence it had performed its various evolutions. As usual, between the acts, quiet in good measure reigned. Mr. S——, who stood at the foot of the stairs as when the bureau moved, and in a few moments, saw this same upholstered chair going through its accustomed evolutions, but this time it started down stairs, end for end, and was caught by him. In this descent, by some means, one of the legs was broken, being the first harm that had happened to any one or anything, save the small, thin, silver vase. Soon after this, the chairs in Mr. O——'s room were heard moving about, and upon examination were found lying on the floor in a promiscuous manner. It getting late, one by one our friends were leaving, until the house seemed again at rest. A number of us were sitting in the parlor, among them Mr. O——sitting in a large

Turkish chair reading a newspaper. While thus sitting, to the great astonishment of us all, he sprang from the chair, landing on the other side of the room, exclaiming, "Heavens, that chair was going up with me!" My daughter saw the chair rise from the floor before he sprang; I saw it immediately after. This was followed by a good hearty laugh at Mr. O—— for his fright; this being the first time his English calmness had deserted him; in fact, fear is not a quality of any of that household, including Mrs. F——, the invalid, and when she did leave it was that she might get rest—not from fear. After this, as usual, a free discussion of a few moments, followed by a calm. Mr. O——, thinking that this thing would never end, and that he must have rest, retired to his room with the intent of remaining for the night. The balance of our friends, save those expecting to spend the night, had all left. Myself and four of the gentlemen were seated in the parlor; one was standing in the hall. Almost imperceptibly to us all, the hat-box containing the lady's hats that I had put on the floor in the hall above, was silently set directly in the parlor door. Again I carried it up stairs, but for safe-keeping placed it in a ladies' room. It now being about 12 o'clock, the crowd outside, well tired of looking at the "haunted house" and seeing nothing, had nearly all left. Mr. O——, feeling somewhat nervous while in his room, changed his mind, and concluded he would not retire, but again go down stairs and sit awhile longer; so slipped on a thick coat, and, as he came from his room, closed his door. Mr. B—— saw him close his door, and asked him where he was going. He came down into the parlor where we were all sitting, except Mr. P——, who was standing in the hall as he testifies: "Looking directly up the stair-way, looking, listening, and watching for any movement, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw that trunk strike the wall, fly past me, and set down at the foot of the stairs." At this moment, we in the parlor who were facing the door, saw a large body pass. Upon getting in the hall, Mr. O—— exclaimed, "That is my trunk." I rushed up stairs, found my daughter and Mr. B—— looking down, who asked me what it was that had made that noise. I said it is O——'s trunk. "Nonsense," said Mr. B——, "why his door has not been opened." My daughter repeated the same words, and said, "Why look at the door; it is now closed, and has not been opened since Mr. O—— went downstairs." I said, "I know noth-

ing about it; I never saw the trunk before, but he says it is his trunk." Immediately the trunk was brought up, and the door found closed, and Mr. O—— declared that he closed it when he went down but a few moments before. The trunk weighed (90 lbs.) ninety pounds, contained one glass tube, eighteen inches long by one and one-half inches in diameter, a dozen or more small glass tubes, a quantity of glass bottles, containing artist's oils, a palette, brushes, pictures, papers, &c., and though the trunk was well split, not a single thing in the inside was injured. In its flight the trunk did not revolve, and was sat down at the foot of the stairs the same as it had stood in Mr. O——'s room. An afghan, that had been spread over the trunk, was found spread over the balusters as though it had been left by the trunk sliding out from under it. After the excitement of this last unexplainable demonstration had died away, we assembled in the dining-room as headquarters. Some were walking about, but generally a season of quiet. This continued for about one hour, which being longer than the usual intervals between the manifestations, we had made up our minds that there would be no more this night, and one by one the chamber lodgers had retired to their separate rooms, leaving Mrs. C—— upon the lounge in the dining-room. Col. V——, C. T——, H. P——, F. P——, and myself, sitting about the dining-room. Two of the five thought best to go home after the trunk performance. I think they had a little trembling about their knees, which caused them to start. I learn since that at the eventful moment, that Mr. B—— was nearly if not quite asleep; Mr. O—— stood with his hand on the thumb screw of his lamp, having at that instant turned the light out; the ladies were all in a semi-sleep—ourselves as above stated, when in an instant the whole house was illuminated, as by the flash of a powerful drummond light, and at its hight there came a long, terrible scream of a female voice, that filled the whole house. It appeared to me as the last wail of despair from the regions of hell itself. Every one of us were on our feet instantly, and white with horror at the sound of this voice. Mention it to this day to any one who heard it, and the cold chills creep over their mortal frame. In a moment I flew to the ladies' room, and found them in a state of excitement exceeding our own. My daughter screaming, "Oh, that dreadful scream; that horrid face."

The illumination seemed to have the effect of causing the partitions of the whole house to vanish; for to all of us, both up stairs and down, the center of light was in the hall, and from which center the visible woman was seen, and from which center came the scream.

Though accustomed to this phenomena for three nights; regarding the revolution of a chair, as calmly as the waving of a tree in the breeze, our frames trembled, and every face was blanched as we saw and heard this phenomenon that closed the scene.

I have made record of the facts. The honest philosopher that shall investigate and give to the world the cause, if within material philosophy, can immortalize himself.

That the reader may be assured that I was not deluded by that phenomena called modern spiritualism, I will give an account of my first seance. It was held at my residence in the haunted house, Sunday evening the 26th day of April, 1874. I returned from San Francisco at 9 o'clock, finding my residence surrounded by about five hundred people; inside the house, some twenty or thirty. The dining-room I found occupied by a *Chronicle* reporter, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Foye, were holding a seance for the purpose of allowing the spirit world to come and control Mrs. Foye, who is a spiritual medium of great note, and explain all these wonderful manifestations. After I had assured myself that there were police enough on the outside, to keep the four or five hundred people from destroying the real property, garden, etc., spoke a word or two to the twenty or thirty inside, hunted up my wife who I found occupying an "upper chamber" (made vacant by the two ladies who I had taken to town, and my daughter, who had gone to a neighbors), I returned to the dining-room, and joined the spiritual circle.

We sat in a quiet condition until 12 o'clock without the least manifestation of spirits to either move the furniture, or Mrs. Foye. I then said to Mrs. Foye, that it was a very singular phenomenon; that I could always bring spirits, and that she could not, and that I still had faith in my ability to continue the phenomena. This made their eyes brighten. I remembered that there was some choice whisky in the closet, and being much exhausted, I stepped to the closet, brought out the bottle, some glasses, and a dish of cake as a real manifestation of spirits. This was all the spirits we saw or heard from at that seance. Justice to Mr. and Mrs. Foye demands that I add, that neither touched the

whisky. But it is no slander to add, that the reporter drank enough for all three. It is also justice to add, for the honesty of Mrs. Foye as a medium, that though her spiritual theory was here put to a public test and failed, she proved an honest, true woman and medium, to write only as moved by the unseen.

This account, I prefer, should stand as it came, upon the mundane plane, simply as a material fact, accompanied by intelligence from the unseen world; and as such, to be received as philosophical facts, capable of investigation upon the plane of tangible realities. Whether they can be solved upon that plane of knowledge, is a question for honest men to decide. Myself and all the evidence, is ever accessible to intelligent, honest inquiry. This is no dark seance, no secret, no humbug, no fraud, but eternal truth, to stand when all the actors of this day, shall have passed on.

REASON, ARGUMENT, COMPARISON AND CONCLUSION.

The preceding account of this phenomena, under ordinary circumstances, could be allowed to rest upon my word; but as I once allowed myself and friends to be put upon trial before judges, who bore a respectable character, holding responsible positions in society, and that committee having brought me and mine in guilty of gross fraud, it would be unjust to publish to the world so important a phenomena as truth, without showing the committee to be in error, and establishing the phenomena beyond further dispute. Not only is it important upon the one verdict, but, because for three years repeated statements, like all falsehoods, have gained strength as they have been repeated.

A celebrated Englishman, traveler and hunter in Africa, wrote that "hunting the lion was the grandest of sports; but if the lion commenced hunting you, it often became serious business to the whole camp." If the trespass of these judges upon the moral character of my family, should have turned my attention to the general conduct of men professing to be followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus," leading me in the investigation of this phenomena to have examined the one upon which they and the Church teach our immortal welfare rests, and thus lead me by comparison to show them to be the occupants of fairy hopes, without evidence of a reality, the responsibility of having drawn a quiet citizen into the arena of phenomenal facts, must rest upon them. Having given a detailed statement of each act of the whole phenomena, I shall now give only proof enough to satisfy the reader that what I have said, was and is true. Having proved that manifestations occurred, I shall take pains to clearly prove that they oc-

curred by an unseen, unknown, and, by what this committee is pleased to term, a supernatural power; and also that the evidence before the committee is indisputable upon that very point. Above I have written that myself and family were reported to have committed a fraud. I am aware that the reply will be that, that is an error, for they distinctly charged the manifestations as tricks of my guest Mr. B——. I have committed a great many mean acts in my life but none so mean as to allow a friend to bear the charge of fraud, which, before I close this, I will prove I did not commit. I, therefore, assume the whole responsibility.

These gentlemen came to my residence endorsed as learned, honest, Christian men, and proved themselves wholly unworthy to investigate a phenomena, and as a consequence, the world to-day, so far as they are concerned, is in the same superstitious, bigoted condition as in the days of Jesus; they have encouraged the same old spirit that crucified Him; filled the old world with a long train of a thousand years of imprisonment, banishment and death for religious opinion's sake—the same spirit that burned and hung witches in our land; the same spirit that, stopping honest inquiry after truth, extends ignorance, in which path iniquity and crime follow as a natural consequence.

I do this, not on account of any personal feeling towards these three men—*for they are but three men*, soon to pass on to find written upon their own souls the acts of their lives, which, as in a mirror, they will read over and over again in the ages of that higher life. While I speak of them personally, I shall do so because they have treated this phenomena similar to other Christian scientific citizens in all parts of the world, and are fit representatives of the whole body. Therefore, it is time somebody told them of the glass house in which they dwell, and that the grand phenomena, in all parts of our world, teaching of an unseen, spiritual, and possibly immortal existence, may be proved as a fact, or honestly disproved. The infallibility of scientist and priest has recently taken the cremation form of disappearance. The evolution theory is as true in regard to clergymen as it is in regard to insects. No sooner is one loaded down with the old rubbish of heathen traditions, than to his Rev. at one end, they attach two D's to the other. Upon the same principle that Dar-

win applies to the evolution of the monkey, acting by reverse rule, he, increasing in intelligence, shortens his tail so they retrograding, wallowing in this old, filthy mud-hole of persecution and death, add imaginary honors in the shape of D. D. It needs no priestly robe, no university parchment, no judicial ermin to scatter their unrighteous verdict to the winds.

The Elder Wesley, at the time his residence was visited by scenes similar to this phenomena, thought them to have been caused by devils. Among other things, invisible beings disturbed small children; to which Wesley remonstrated, saying to the invisibles that they were cowards, and dared them to disturb the peace of grown persons, and let the children rest. He then assembled his household and sat for manifestations. None came. He then said, with the nobleness of an honest man, trusting himself in the hands of his heavenly Father, "Leave me alone, and then I will dare these devils; two Christians are too many for any devil." Like Wesley, I have declared these manifestations truths, and now shall sit alone for the appearance of his satanic Majesty, or any of his imps. The manifestations came in the middle of the night—came upon a quiet family living in the suburbs of the town; came with no spectators; came upon a sleeping people and invalids, and went as they came, in the middle of the night.

The evidence, given at the solicitation of respectable citizens, was obtained only by the agreement that names should not be made public; for every member of the family was already disgusted with the notoriety, and only in the interest of science did we consent to the tax upon our time, and the expense made. The gentlemen selected to make examination, and take the evidence that could be obtained for the purpose of establishing the presence of a power not known in physical sciences, consisted of the Rev. J. K. McLean, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, Joseph Le Count, Professor at the University of California, and W. W. Crane, Esq.

The positions of these gentlemen seemed to guarantee an honest examination, and a truthful verdict; but when this verdict, "We find the evidence insufficient to indicate the action or presence of any supernatural, or of any occult natural agency whatever," was rendered, Jesus Christ was not more surprised when Pilate said, "I find no fault

in this man," and yet ordered him to the crucifixion, than we and the intelligent people of Oakland were on receipt of this "Bunsby" verdict.

The witnesses were twenty in number, composed of gentlemen holding the highest offices of trust, foreign consuls, doctors of divinity, lawyers, bankers, merchants, and ladies professing and living the Christian religion.

Every demonstration recorded in this volume was proved to the entire satisfaction of the men sitting as judges. Each witness went before them alone, and told the story, submitting to as much cross-questioning as in the hardest contested case in court, and with no opposing counsel, until the reporter's volume reached the enormous amount of three hundred and twenty pages; to which the committee added forty pages of summary, endeavoring to show that Mr. B—— was the cause of all the manifestations, instead of attempting to arrive at simple truth.

I shall select only a few cases for examination and confine myself almost entirely to the evidence of persons non-resident of my family. To prove that they did receive "EVIDENCE of a supernatural or occult force," I will first give what they call a note from their summary. "Note. It is proper to say that this occurrence of the door seems to be utterly at variance with any theory of occult natural forces, as electricity or anything of that kind, and to clearly demonstrate that the motive force *was* an intelligent force, either natural or supernatural. *The evidence is strong to the point that the door had been bolted with an inside bolt, and that when the door was found, was pushed out. It moves too tight in its sockets to admit of the supposition that the jar of the falling door could have pushed it out.*" If ever words were more carefully written, and dovetailed to establish a fact with carefulness, cool deliberation than these, I never read them. This statement of the case is made by a Rev., a professor, and a christian lawyer, after having heard the evidence, in regard to it, of six persons of mature years and of good standing in the community; and then they sign their names to this, "We find no *evidence* of a supernatural or of any occult natural agency whatever," and after this these gentlemen assure me in the most Christian spirit that they exonerate Mr. O——d, the ladies and all my family, and at the same time knew that Mr. B—— was absent during many of the manifestations, as I will prove before I close. In

other words, they reject the evidence of reliable persons as worthless, that they were putting me to great expense to obtain and make a mock trial, similar to Pilate's, when Jesus was before him, and call themselves Christians.

We will now investigate the evidence which was given in regard to the raising of Mr. O——d while sitting in a large upholstered chair in the parlor in the presence of Mrs. Clarke, my daughter and myself. First for the purpose of showing the truth of a manifestation by an unknown, invisible power; second, for the purpose of showing that while these gentlemen admit the fact of every demonstration described—then charge them as tricks of legerdemain by Mr. B—— but to have occurred when he was not present. Let us hear the testimony of Mr. O——d in regard to the chair and himself rising: "It must have been 11 o'clock when I came in; I sat down to read the *Evening Post*. While sitting thus, a very curious sensation came over me, and I made a spring from the chair. Miss Clarke rose at the same time, exclaiming '*that chair rose with you!*' It seemed to me that the fore-legs rose as I rose. I was holding the paper in both hands." In answer to questions, he said, "The peculiar sensation that came over me seemed something like a suspension of vitality of the lower portion of the body. I arose suddenly, and made a spring into the middle of the room. In rising, I did nothing to raise the chair. It was a chair with sloping arms. Miss Clarke was not much excited. She said very coolly and very decidedly that the chair followed me in rising. I was sitting on one side of the table that stood between the window, and Mrs. Clarke was on the other." This is the evidence of an English gentleman of honor and truthfulness wherever known.

Let us hear what Miss Clarke said about this demonstration. "While Mr. O—— was sitting in one of the large upholstered chairs, it rose off the floor. I was sitting opposite, looking directly at him. I am positive I saw the chair rise from the floor, when instantly he jumped; then the chair went down. I was sitting clear across the room, some ten or twelve feet." This young lady is over eighteen years of age, and supposed to be of a sound mind. Mrs. Clarke was sitting where Mr. O——d testifies she was, and hence could not have seen the chair rise, and so testified. I was lying upon the sofa, saw the chair rise and Mr. O——d jump, at whose fright I had a hearty laugh.

As this one chair demonstration clinches that committee beyond redemption, let us examine a witness who came into the parlor door, just as Mr. O——d struck the floor, that forever we may silence the imputation that Mr. B—— was the magician of my household. This gentleman is a foreign consul and highly respected. Let us hear what he says in regard to the chair. "After that operation we went into the parlor, where Mr. O—— said, that a chair in which he was sitting gave a jump. He said it certainly did move, and he was not going to sit in it any more." I have selected this demonstration to show that it happened in a fully illuminated room, in the presence of four persons; also, that it was a demonstration while Mr. B—— was not in the room.

Having heard one side of the testimony, let us hear what these three honorable gentlemen say in their summary.

"Miss Clarke testifies that she saw the chair in the act of rising." There is, however, a discrepancy of statement as to where she was sitting. Mr. O——d's recollection is, that she sat upon the other side of a little table from him, facing the same way he was.

Mrs. Clarke and Mr. S—— who were present, testify "that they did not see the movement, *and the latter is positive that no remark was made at the time about the chair having risen.*"

In these few lines is a fair sample of the whole forty pages of summary. First. An admission of my daughter's testimony, and then an attempt to prove her a liar. Second. To give Mr. O——'s opinion where she sat, when he positively stated that Mrs. Clarke sat at the table opposite him. Thirdly. After hearing Mr. S——'s testimony in regard to the chair, saying he came into the room when they were talking of a chair having risen, they say he was in the room at the time, "and is *positive* that no remark was made at the time, about the chair having risen." This is a review of evidence by a reverend, a scientist, and a professed lawyer, all devout, professed christians, in an examination regarding a phenomena, which from their standpoint was a miraculous dispensation direct from God the Almighty. Comment is unnecessary, for the like review would be a disgrace to the meanest shyster that ever entered a criminal court. That this phenomena may be put upon so solid a basis, that the corroding hand of time may never efface it, let us review the evidence of a chris-

tian clergyman who came as of old, they went out to behold the miracles of Jesus. He says, "I came Saturday night about 9 o'clock, and remained about half an hour." While he was present, loud rappings were heard under the dining-room floor; bells ringing in the china closet, and the revolving of a chair. As he was the only gentleman who saw the chair, let us hear him.

"It came over the balusters feet foremost. It did not come as though it was thrown. It did not move after it struck. I picked it up. It stopped when it fell. I noticed the peculiar motion, and its not obeying the ordinary law of projectiles. It struck me as very curious, that the chair should have stopped where first it struck." I introduce this evidence as it forever silences the insinuation and the charge to me, that the demonstrations were the tricks of our worthy friend Mr. B——. Here the doctor testifies, that he came to my house at 9 o'clock, remained about half an hour, and yet saw demonstrations. Following this, Mr. S—— testifies that he opened the door and let in Mr. B——, between 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock, and made this remark: "George (B——), you are too late for the show." He also testifies to letting Mr. O—— in about the same time, which corroborates Mr. O——'s testimony in regard to the chair. Further, the committee asked Mr. S——, "Did you state that Mr. B—— and Mr. O—— came in, after the first chair came down stairs?" Answer of Mr. S——, "Yes, sir." Here again demonstrations are proved to have occurred after the doctor left, and before Mr. B—— and Mr. O—— came in, for the doctor did not see a chair come down stairs at all.

I could continue this review of the whole three hundred pages of evidence, and the forty pages of summary, showing inconsistencies from beginning to end, that are unworthy any citizen; but having from their own words proved them to have ignored testimony, of having misrepresented other evidence, and to have charged an honorable citizen with perpetrating tricks upon the family of a friend; of having trifled with a phenomena of the unseen world, it seems to me a waste of brain, paper, ink, and the precious time of the reader, to follow this investigation further. But the importance of the phenomena seems to demand the truth. I therefore will introduce the evidence of two strangers.

I would gladly have passed the verdict of these three men in silence; but as they assumed the position of judges

between a phenomena, occult forces, God, myself and family, it becomes my duty to establish what my friends and I have published to the world as truths. That I may do this beyond the possibility of doubt, I will trespass upon the reader's time, to quote as briefly as possible from the evidence of Mr. C. T. H. P——, one of the gentlemen admitted Saturday night, that he might investigate at his pleasure. This gentleman, it might be well to say, for the benefit of people outside of Oakland, is a graduate, a thorough scholar and close reasoner, a man of property, and one of the best of citizens. He spent the entire night, and had the kindness to write his testimony in full, which testimony he brought to the committee, and allowed them to read and cross-question. The total is from pages 299 to 319, or twenty pages of legal cap. He says, "Just before our admission, which was about 10 o'clock, we heard a heavy noise inside the house, and on entering, found quite a crowd of people gathered round the bureau at the head of the stairs, which had just been righted from its fall." In another place he writes, "I took for point of observation just in the parlor door-way, at the foot of the stairs. Suddenly, without any premonitory sound whatever, that I could hear, and to my strained attention, out of a dead stillness, a large trunk shot down the stair-way, striking the wall and rebounding to the balustrade, breaking out a baluster; then stopping at the foot of the stairs. As I was looking up the stairway at the time, I saw it before it struck the wall, and noticed its peculiar motion. Mr. O—— exclaimed that it was his, and that he had just before left it in his room with the doors closed. I rushed up stairs, and saw that his door was closed. Lifting one end of it, I judged its weight 80 to 100 lbs."

"From the point where I stood, almost touching the stairs, and seeing their whole course, watching every second for sight or noise, I do not think it likely that any one could, without my hearing some sound, have opened O——d's door and come out with that heavy trunk weighting his steps, and closed the door."

"I call your attention to one point, possibly bearing upon the case. The trunk naturally stood in O——d's room with its back to the wall of the house, the locked side fronting as it now did us, and *as I saw, it did not revolve in its downward flight.*" These are the words of a gentleman entering my residence—a stranger—for the pur-

pose of satisfying his own curiosity, and who believed the whole thing a fraud, until he saw, heard and felt. It is his own free act in proof of a phenomena, he sat all night to witness, and yet there is no evidence of "supernatural, or any occult agency whatever." In regard to the scream, this gentleman writing his testimony says, "The others sat around the dining table; I passed up and down the room. Suddenly we heard a short but unmistakable scream. It penetrated the house, and startled us more by its quality, than by its quantity. To me, it seemed to come from a woman, and to be a scream of mingled rage and fear. All of us in that room, located it in the hall near the foot of the stairs, hardly a dozen feet from where I was walking at the time. I can only add, that it was a highly unnatural sound, and resembled nothing that I ever heard." And yet say our committee, there is "*no evidence of a supernatural or occult agency whatever.*"

Gen. V—, a stranger to me, admitted with, and at the time, and for the same purpose as Mr. P—, enumerates in detail, the same facts. I will only quote one word in regard to the scream; he says "it was a wild scream, or shriek, in a kind of defiance. We were right in it. It was right around us. I said 'Good Heavens, that lets me out.'" Here is a word from the evidence of a gentleman who has heard the Indian's war whoop amid the shout of battle. A gentleman who this day holds the highest military office of the State of California, and yet our three honest Rev., scientific, legal gentleman did not have "*any evidence of a supernatural or occult agency whatever.*" These gentleman believe that Balaam's ass spoke; that Sampson killed a thousand warriors with the jaw bone of an ass—perhaps it was the same one that was used to speak with while living—believe that Sampson made a bet of thirty suits of clothes—that his riddle could not be solved, and that when he lost that, the pure and holy God they worshipped helped him to pay the bet by murdering thirty men, taking their clothes for this purpose. Well may it be said that there is honor among gamblers. They believe and teach that a temple so grand that three thousand people could walk its roof, was supported by two pillars so small that Sampson could reach around each, and thus caused the death of thousands to please a blind man; believe that Sampson, alone in an enemy's country cultivated too vines and olives, caught three hundred foxes,

alone tied them tail to tail with a fire-brand between; believe that Jephtha sacrificed his daughter, for which he received the blessing of the Lord; that God instituted human slavery. These men believe that although Jesse said unto his little boy David, "run to the camp to thy brethren" and that Eliab, his elder brother, said when he saw him "with whom hast thou left those *few* sheep in the wilderness" that he came in a carriage, 1st *Samuel*, 17 chapter, 22 verse, to bring the bread and cheese. High toned for a shepherd boy with a *few sheep in a wilderness*. Believe that David, a traitor, robber and murderer, was a man after God's own heart; that in a country without minerals or commerce, less in size than the State of Connecticut, that David left Solomon six billions of gold and silver, more money than all the nations of earth have this day—This money existed before ships went to the land of Ophir. They believe that Solomon living in one corner of Judea, the whole of which is not as large as the State of Massachusetts, supported one thousand wives, twelve thousand horsemen, forty thousand horses, a population of twelve millions of people and their increase for over five hundred years, upon less land than the over-crowded State of Connecticut, with its four hundred thousand. These facts are easily arrived at, three millions left Egypt, they double in twenty years, again double the next twenty, hence twelve millions entered Caanan under Joshua, the great miracle performer, five hundred years before Solomon's day, when his Egyptian father-in-law came over and conquered twenty cities from the Philistines and made them a present unto his daughter, Solomon's wife. The record does not say which wife, or that he did not conquer and give twenty cities to each of Solomon's wives. If it did, our good Christian committee would believe it notwithstanding the geographical dimensions of Judea, for with their God all things are possible, save to make men honest. These men believe that the world was made in six days, and that the sun and moon were made to be the lights thereof; believe that their God showed perfect wisdom when his first man and woman became sinners, and their first son a murderer. They do not believe in modern spiritualism, but they do believe that three "^{Israel}men materialized and ate a sumptuous meal of cakes, and a tender calf dressed with butter and milk" in Abraham's day; they believe in psychological phenomena when recorded in

their sacred book, and teach men of the glorious old Jacob, who by "ringstreaked poles" swindled his father-in-law, Laban, of his flocks and herds, saying, "so shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come", and his sweet wives who stole Laban's gods when they left, and fooled the old man with these pretty words of Rachel's, "Let it not displease my lord that I cannot rise up before thee." These men believe that God destroyed all the vegetables, all the fish, all the cattle in all the land of Egypt, and took his three millions of chosen people out as a band of thieves, borrowing jewelry they never expected to return; and never think far enough to ask how did the millions of Egyptians live, after the Israelites left, or where did Pharaoh obtain food for his army of three hundred thousand men and horses, with which he followed after the Israelites; they believe and teach that these three millions, with cattle and herds that must have stretched over one hundred miles, all crossed the Red Sea, a distance of twenty-two miles, in one night, and that in time for Pharaoh's whole three hundred thousand, themselves stretching fifty miles, the advance guard over one hundred miles distant (for of course behind the Jews) all made forced marches in time to be drowned. They believe that these people lived forty years upon "manna and quails." They believe and teach that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and that they obeyed; they believe spiritual mediums — in our day, frauds — but they believe Saul went to the woman of Endor and there received a message from Samuel that proved true; they believe that the materialization of spirits in our day is a delusion and fraud, and yet they believe in the real resurrection of the physical body of Jesus, and also of others in Judea, without one particle of evidence, as per the record itself; *Mathew 27th, chapter 62d to 64th verse, inclusive*: "Now, the next day of the preparation, the chief priest and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying," sir: we remember that that deceiver said while he was yet alive, 'after three days I will rise again'. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people he is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first."

The reader will perceive that *it was not until the next day* when these Pharisees went unto Pilate for a guard. They

will also remember that the body was given to Joseph, a friend of Jesus, who, and the disciples, if they had thought to remove the body, would most certainly have done it the first night, from sanitary motives.

Therefore, the *test conditions*, and the faithfulness of Roman soldiers, so long glorified, all goes for naught, when the investigator asks for facts, and that according to the record of the witness himself. As these men and a few others, have taught so long of this wonderful phenomena, and surrounded it with divine authority, allows us to ask if this was the real body of Jesus, why did Mary Magdalene not recognize him? Why did the disciples that walked by the way not know their friend, not been gone forty-eight hours to the other world? How did he enter the upper chamber, the doors being closed—and what became of the real body when he ascended on high?

These men believe and teach, that the devil called upon God for a morning visit, and that the book of Job was divinely inspired; and yet the whole church acknowledge that they do not know in what language or age, or by whom it was written.

They teach that David, the man after God's own heart, was the amanuensis of the divine mind, for the writing of the book of Psalms; and yet the Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., bible commentator, writes, that some were written by Moses, others at the building of the walls of Jerusalem in Nehemiah's time. Some are credited to Solomon; and of seventy-seven anonymous ones, he says: "Further conjectures about the writers are entirely useless." In other words, they do not know where the Psalms came from, and yet teach men, that they are the "divine holy word of the eternal God." These men know that the present New Testament is a selection made from over three hundred gospels, written by various followers of Jesus during the first three hundred years of the christian era.

These men do not believe that a man can descend from heaven and materialize so as to be recognized; yet they teach that Moses and Elias did.

They also teach that the book of Revelations was given to St. John by one of the prophets, for he said, "I am of thy fellow servants, the prophets," and forbid St. John to worship him.

They teach us a physical resurrection of Jesus and the impossibility of materialization and dematerialization by

the spirit, and yet know that if Jesus ever was at all, that he did do both.

These men deny the facts of modern phenomena with a sanctimoniousness becoming the Pharisees of Jesus' times, and thus acknowledge the bible to be a fraud, while the angel world and spiritualists are endeavoring to prove that all in it that is good came from heaven; and that the hereafter of which it teaches, when divested of superstitious folly, is a solemn, glorious, and eternal truth.

In fact these men believe and teach anything under heaven or on earth, it matters not how unreasonable, impossible, or inconsistent, because somebody a long time ago wrote it and declared it to be God's holy word. I have placed in this phenomena a brief synopsis of some few of the phenomena of their sacred book, which they teach as of divine authority in contrast with a phenomena, of which they have received indisputable evidence that men women and children with immortal souls, may see that it is not the religion of Jesus, that these men teach.

If there is a life beyond this, it must be proved by living, tangible, intelligent, spiritual presences, manifesting themselves to our intellectual and physical perceptions. The errors, impossibilities, infamous attributes, and acts of God, written in the bible, prevent its acceptance as authority by any intelligent man. The conflicting testimony of the four gospels in regard to the resurrection of Jesus, is of such a character as to be rejected in any court. In Matthew, the two Marys saw at the tomb, "The ANGEL of the Lord descend from heaven and came and ROLLED BACK THE STONE and sat upon it." In Mark, "And when they looked they saw the stone WAS ROLLED away, and entering into the sepulchre, they saw a *young man sitting on the right side.*" In Luke, "And they entered in (to the sepulchre) and found not the body of the Lord Jesus—and it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold *two men stood by them* in shining garments." In John, Mary Magdalene went alone to the sepulchre—found the stone rolled away; saw *neither Jesus' angel*—young men, or two men—and ran to tell the disciples, who many of them, then came, but saw neither angels, one or two men, or Jesus, and "went away again unto their own home." "Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping," and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head and the other at

the feet where the body of Jesus had lain." Here is an account upon which untold millions have rested their immortal salvation. A Constantine has deluded his country in persecution. For a thousand years, imprisonments, tortures, banishments and death have cursed a continent. A Calvin has burned his enemy at the stake—this day hundreds of sects persecute each other—Saturday, a holy day to some, Sunday to another; all resting upon evidence with so many vital defects, that a case like it in any court in America for the amount of ten dollars, will be at once peremptorily dismissed. And yet men clad in priestly robes, worshippers of a mythical God, can sit in solemn court with their neighbors and friends, cross-question with all the legal, religious and scientific powers they possess, and at every point establish a phenomena that revolutionizes all philosophical knowledge; renders certain intelligence in an invisible world, of which the Rev. J. K. McLean said, as his last words in my parlor, "This is a mystery past finding out," and in six weeks from that day wrote his name to this: "We find the evidence insufficient to indicate the action or presence of any supernatural, or of any occult natural agency whatever." He continues to stand before men, women and children with immortal souls, as a follower of Jesus. Of him and his two friends, I care no more than Job did for his three comforters, and only mention them of a necessity in the furtherance of an eternal truth, which in our days is given to men, that the soul is like all else of nature, imperishable—a matter of seed and growth, as much as a tree; and that its development here, is of the heart's desire accompanied by suitable works, and that the same law will hold throughout eternity. The missionaries, working in the field of this phenomena, are in number what Abraham's seed were to be. They work without weariness, expense, or reward. They are educated in every language, that is, or ever was upon earth. To them the soul is an open book. The prayers made with polished sentences, to fall gently upon the audiences' ear is recorded for the utterer to answer when he shall pass to the spirit life.

There is no folly, so great as his, who thinks that he will escape the account of his earthly deeds.

The soul is but a natural matter of growth from a germ, like all else in nature. If it is made of envy, malice, avariciousness, licentiousness, or hypocrisy, when the

physical is put off there it will stand just what we made it, as much as a house that the carpenters have builded for us. If the heart has been a fountain of love, kindness, truthfulness, honesty, and justice, then it is what we have made it; fit companion for beatified spirits, long in the progression of spiritual life, who can and who will approach, and bear us away, amid the anthems of angelic bands, to realms more beautiful than St. John's city, with walls of precious stones, gates of pearl, and golden streets. Millions of priests of all theories, that bind men's souls to certain routines for reaching the heavenly world, rejecting opportunities of advancing knowledge from day to day, closing their eyes and ears to phenomena of the angelic world, ignorantly teaching that which leads to ages of sorrow upon sorrow in the spirit life; little realize the hell that will be theirs, as thousands upon thousands shall say to them: "I am in darkness and sorrow because you taught me wrongfully of myself and my God." Blood wash the soul clean? You might as well take it to wash down the stalwart oak, that through hundreds of years has braved the storm, as to change by it the heart of man. At best it is but polished heathenism, using man's blood instead of bull's. Its very conception is a license to iniquity, because it holds out to wicked men the means of escape from justice. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." "For verily I say unto you, until heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the law, until all be fulfilled?" The same teachings are still coming upon thousands of telegraphic wires from the once unseen, and who now occasionally walk our old material earth, as in Jesus' days, telling us the law of life is still inevitable. Miracles are not of God, but simply the foolishness of men. He, who holds millions of worlds at his command, is too great, too perfect to ever have erred, too just to ever show a favor. To Him the tree and the man stand as equal, ever receiving justice, and growing unto perfection, according to the surroundings of the original germ. He who fills all worlds, and all we call space, can never change; and we who, by his infinite law, have become individual beings,

never can see Him no more than the fish can see the ocean, or the bird the air; "for in Him we live, and move, and have our being." A personal God—a judgment seat—where can it or He be? Forty-five thousand souls, from this little earth, go on to the judgment, day by day. Millions of worlds floating in that we call space, and sending each its thousands, day by day, to the same judgment seat. Where, again, I ask, is that world to receive them all? How investigate such poor, sin-sorrowing soul's life, and how divide the righteous from the wicked?

It is well to use our reasons, and calmly ask for knowledge, using the phenomena, and facts of life whereby to learn of our own, and our God's nature; instead of ignorantly and superstitiously receiving heathen nonsense, men's wise and foolish sayings combined, as God's infallible worth and authority. In conclusion, this sermon may be credited to the Oakland Committee, whom God in our day, has done as of old unto Pharaoh, when He hardened his heart, that men might see His glory, and be made thus to praise Him.

THE
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AND

ANCIENT PHENOMENA,

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