

A
SOUTHERNER
AMONG THE SPIRITS:

A RECORD OF INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE
SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA,

BY MRS. MARY DANA SHINDLER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUTHERN, NORTHERN AND WESTERN
HARPS," "THE PARTED FAMILY," ETC.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed, is Death."—BIBLE.

"The highest and richest inheritance is a truthful mind."—A. J. DAVIS.

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DEDICATION.

TO

MY DEAR SPIRIT FATHER AND MOTHER,

THE REV. B. M. PALMER, D.D.,

AND

MRS. MARY S. PALMER;

AND

TO MY SPIRIT HUSBAND,

THE REVEREND R. D. SHINDLER,

AT WHOSE REQUEST THIS WORK HAS BEEN PREPARED ;

AND

TO MY NUMEROUS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

IN THE ANGEL-WORLD,

I affectionately dedicate this record of my experi-

ence in investigating the wonderful and

heart-cheering phenomena of

Spirit communion.

M. D. S.

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AMONG THE SPIRITS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

HAVING decided to investigate the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, I commenced it with an earnest heart and an honest mind; and I now, by special request, give to my friends the results of that investigation.

I address myself especially to the Southern people; and more particularly to those who have had no opportunity to investigate the startling facts of modern Spiritualism. There are thousands who have heard of these things as common rumors, or who have occasionally read startling accounts of the wonderful phenomena which are now attracting the attention of scientists in all civilized countries, but who, not having had an opportunity to verify these phenomena, and being fearful of deception in regard to a matter so important, have let the subject pass from their minds as a dangerous topic of contemplation.

But, if it be true, as is alleged, that the loved ones who have left us desolate, *can* return, under certain conditions, and hold communion with their sorrowing friends, identifying themselves in many ways, and thus making their presence *absolutely known*; I say, if this be true, ought not such a consoling truth to be proclaimed to every suffering human heart?

The universal human heart will answer, "YES!"

The question then is, are these things true, or are they not? It will not do to throw the whole matter aside with a contemptuous sneer or a foolish joke. That is the favorite refuge of conceited idiots.

I was talking on this subject the other day to a young gentleman in the city of New York. He was a fine specimen of "Young America," handsome, bright, talented, but encased from head to foot with an armor of proof—the impenetrable armor of self-conceit, which the sword of truth could not hope to pierce. His mental citadel was so well fortified, all its approaches so thoroughly guarded, that the messenger of truth had no chance for entrance. I have lived a pretty long life, and I have always found that a thoroughly conceited mind is never a perfectly honest one.

"Now," said young America, "this whole thing of Spiritualism is an arrant humbug from beginning to end."

"Have you ever seriously investigated it?" I quietly asked.

"Investigated it! Pshaw! Why, yes, I have," said he; "and I've found those mediums out, too. They're a lot of hum-bugs. Now, there's that fellow Foster, he's as great a fraud as ever lived. I went to him, and I told him I was Mr. Cruikshanks, and that I wanted to hear from my spirit friends. The moment the fellow looked at me he knew he couldn't fool me; so he said he could do nothing for me, that the conditions were not right. Conditions! conditions! that's what they all say."

"Well," said I, "is there anything without conditions? If you make a cup of tea and put salt in it instead of sugar, would it be nice? Ask the man of science who wished to make a delicate chemical, or any other experiment, if he would expect to succeed without attending carefully to all the conditions! Would it be safe to neglect the minutest one? If he did, would he expect to succeed? Must not the proportions be exact, and the conditions 'perfect'?"

"That's all very true," said young America, "but that's a very different matter. What have the spirits to do with chemistry?"

"I imagine they have a good deal to do with it. Now," said I, "in the first place you went there with a lie. Mr. Foster knew that your name wasn't Cruikshanks; so did the spirits, if there were any there. I don't at all wonder that none of them would have anything to do with you. If you

went there for manifestations you only fooled yourself, and not Mr Foster." I then told him of my experience with Dr. Mansfield, which I will relate hereafter; and he, knowing me well, knowing that I was naturally skeptical, but honest and truthful, seemed somewhat staggered. "Well," said he, "I must go to Mansfield, but I must make my own conditions."

"Then," said I, "you need not go. You not only will get no satisfaction, but the spirits will probably send you home with a flea in your ear." Thus ended the conversation.

I afterwards showed him several remarkable things, such as spirit-pictures, communications through the camera, &c., but he always insisted that there was fraud somewhere. He was of those who would not "be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Severe afflictions, such as bereavements, and pecuniary losses, may, one of these days, take the conceit out of that young man, and he will then be vastly improved; but at present his mental atmosphere is quite unwholesome, and must be especially so to sensitive spirit friends, who, being invisible, can take their leave without apparent impoliteness; while we, poor mortals, have to sit still, and see and hear a great deal that is unpleasant. I have mentioned the case of this young man as a specimen of the spirit in which this subject is often approached; he does not stand alone; he is but a type of a large class of young and old—so called—investigators, both male and female.

And let me say just here that one who is investigating the claims of Spiritualism will find much to annoy and disgust him, just as an honest, earnest investigator of Christianity, going into our churches, and judging from the lives of their members, would soon become disgusted at finding so little of the spirit of Christ among those who profess His name. There are apparently quite as many weak brothers and sisters among those who call themselves Spiritualists, as will be found in the orthodox churches.

True Spiritualism should make men purer and better. The honest Spiritualist believes that *by a pure life only* can he attract pure spirits as his companions. The following words

from a little work entitled, "The claims of Spiritualism" page 8, will fully express my own ideas :

"A large proportion of those who profess to be Spiritualists are no more Spiritualists than many who profess to be orthodox believers are Christians. They are mentally, and often morally, incompetent to be anything but noisy professors of what is far above their comprehension ; but, for those who can understand, no belief ever presented for the acceptance of man so completely satisfies his religious wants, none so enlarges his aspirations for the good and beautiful, and at the same time furnishes the spiritual aliment which satisfies his cravings."*

I intend in this volume to give an outline of the workings of my own mind in regard to modern Spiritualism, and also to tell what my eyes have seen, and my ears have heard ; and if, in so doing, I seem to be egotistical, I cannot help it. I write for those who have not had many opportunities for investigation, and I ask them to examine the matter for themselves, and to receive nothing that does not recommend itself to their inmost consciousness. One must learn on this, as on all other subjects, to sift the chaff from the wheat, and to accept nothing that is not pure and genuine, that does not reach the devout heart, and fasten a firm conviction upon the honest mind. If Spiritualism be true, it is a blessed sun just rising upon a benighted world ; if it be false, its falsehood should be exposed, and its treacherous light quenched in midnight darkness.

I wish it to be borne in mind all through this book, that I am writing for those who are unacquainted with Spiritualism, with the hope of inducing them to investigate its varied and wonderful phenomena. And though what I have seen and heard may be far less wonderful than many well attested facts to be found in other works, still, where truth is concerned, we must have line upon line, here a little, and there

*This was written by Dr. Eugene Crowell, an eminent physician of Brooklyn, N Y., who was a strong materialist, with no belief in the immortality of the soul. He has recently written an elaborate and exhaustive work, entitled, "The Identity of Primitive Christianity with Modern Spiritualism"—a work which will well repay perusal.

a little ; therefore I bring my "little" to my Southern friends, and ask them, each one for himself, to investigate these startling phenomena. About the existence of these physical manifestations there is now no question in candid minds ; and the next question is, how are they produced ? What is their source ? If Spiritualism is a delusion, it is so widely spread and so rapidly increasing, that all lovers of humanity should rouse themselves to the task of earnest and candid investigation. It is a matter which should not be lightly thrust aside. And if it is no delusion—if it be true, what a delightful thought it is that the dear ones who have gone before us, our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our husbands, wives, and children, and all our departed friends, are always near us, striving to do us good, and to protect us from danger and from harm ; and that they can, through sensitive human beings, come at our call, and hold communion with us, and tell us that they still live, and are waiting for us in the beautiful Summer Land. This is no subject to be demolished by a foolish jest, or an opprobrious epithet.

Victor Hugo, in his recent work on Shakspeare, says : "To substitute jeering for examination is convenient, but it is not very philosophical. To elude a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it the attention due to it, to bow it out, to close the door on it, to turn our backs on it laughing, is to make bankruptcy of the truth ; it is to omit to put to it the signature of science. The phenomenon of the ancient Tripod, and the modern table, has a right, like every other, to observation. Physical science undoubtedly would gain by it ; and, let me add, that to abandon these phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

Before I enter upon a record of my own investigations, I will introduce an extract from a letter written by Governor Tallmadge, in the early days of Spiritualism, to the Hon J. F. Simmons, former United States Senator from Rhode Island. He says :

"But what is the objection to investigating this matter ? Is it feared that there may be some discrepancies between the religious sentiments communicated and the tenets of the different religious denominations amongst us ? Such discrepan-

cies are heard every Sunday from our different pulpits throughout the land; and still all denominations of Christians, though differing about particular tenets, maintain the great and leading doctrines of Christianity. And from the investigation I have given the subject, I agree with the Rev. Adin Ballou, who has written the most candid and satisfactory explanation I have seen, that, '*Whatever of divine fundamental principle, absolute truth, and essential righteousness there is in the Bible, in the popular religion, and in the established churches, will stand. It cannot be done away. On the contrary, it will be corroborated and fulfilled by spirit manifestations.*'

"It has been objected that there have been cases of derangement arising from these manifestations. If there be such cases, I apprehend they are less numerous than they have been represented; and may have arisen from other causes than the one to which they have been attributed. But, be that as it may, and be the number great or small, it has no possible bearing on this question. Derangement has often followed from religious excitement and the over-excited passions of the human heart; still, this is no objection to the investigation of the truths of religion, or of the emotions of our nature. Neither is it an objection to investigating the subject under consideration. Denunciations cannot stop it; but, on the contrary, tend to encourage it. But for the denunciations of Judge Edmonds, an old acquaintance and friend, I doubt whether my attention would have been called to it. If it be true it should be known; for great and mighty results must follow. Already we hear of many who have been converted from infidelity and now proclaim the immortality of the soul, and that 'death is not an eternal sleep.' If it be not true, that can only be ascertained by investigation; and the sooner it is done the better. In either case, therefore, all good citizens, all intelligent minds, should unite in ascertaining the truth or falsity of this the greatest phenomenon of the present or any preceding age.

"It is understood to be a general belief at this day amongst all Christian denominations, that spirits visit this earth; that they impress us, and thereby protect us from accident and

danger. Every one's own experience will confirm the truth of this observation. A communication to me, purporting to come from Mr. Calhoun, conveys the same idea, wherein he says, 'We, by our united will, acting upon spirits clothed in flesh, influence them to perform duties which benefit mankind.' If, then, such be the general belief, is it any great stretch of that belief, after the astounding facts we have seen and heard, to suppose that there may have been discovered a mode by which spirits can now communicate with us in addition to attending and impressing us, and that they are permitted to do so? To my mind the conclusion is perfectly rational and philosophical. With all the evidences of progress which surround us here, how can we discard such evidences from the spirit world, which is believed to be one of everlasting progression?

"Many persons, unable to resist the evidence of the spiritual source of these communications, are finally compelled to admit them, and, as a last resort, charge them as emanating from evil spirits. I consider this as giving up the controversy. There *may* be communications from evil spirits; but that does not conflict with the communications which bear internal evidence of coming from the 'spirits of just men made more perfect.' There is an abundance of communications purporting to come from such a source, and of the purest, most elevated, and most religious character. If the 'evil one' has prompted these, I confess I have heretofore formed a very wrong estimate of his character.

"On the whole, the result of my investigations thus far is that the weight of evidence is in favor of the truth of these spiritual manifestations. But I shall continue to investigate as opportunity offers. And if, hereafter, the preponderance of evidence shall incline to the other side, I shall as readily announce that result as I have above communicated the other.

"In the meantime, let us exercise all possible charity for those who do not believe; and especially those who denounce without investigation, and condemn without knowledge; for they are those that most need it."

It so happens that just at this time my eye falls upon an

extract from the *Scientific American*, which bears so forcibly upon the object of this book—that object being simply to induce investigation—that I cannot forbear transcribing it. It says: “There has lately been an extraordinary revival of Spiritualism, and it again challenges the general attention. Nearly all the newspapers, and some of the most respectable of the literary magazines, without reservation or protest, lend their columns to its advocates.”*** “We can find no words wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, if true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand fold to be fitted for such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world’s history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the century.” “If Spiritualism has a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than its verification. A realization of the dreams of the *elixir vitæ*, the philosopher’s stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism.”

And now I will only call to mind the well known maxim attributed to Arrago:

“He is a rash man who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word ‘impossible.’ ”

And Denton, in his “Soul of Things,” says:

“There is nothing more difficult than to tell what cannot be done; and many wise men have made themselves foolish prophets in attempting it.”

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SOUTHERNER AMONG THE SPIRITS.

CHAPTER II.

SEALED LETTERS.

I WILL now proceed to an account of my own investigations into the varied phenomena of modern Spiritualism. I aim merely to state facts; theories and inferences I will leave to others.

On the 26th of May, 1875, I arrived in the city of New York, having traveled from the interior of Texas; my chief object being to satisfy myself of the consoling fact of spirit communion. I already believed in the immortality of the soul, in the doctrine of the intermediate state, and in the ministry of angels or departed spirits. But that our loved ones could return to us, make their presence known, and absolutely convince us of their identity, I did not believe. The idea seemed too good and too great to be true.

My first essay was a visit to Dr. J. S. Mansfield, 361 Sixth Avenue. I was an entire stranger, so far as I knew, to every human soul in the city. Clad in the deepest mourning, with my heart bleeding from a recent sore bereavement, I went to him alone. I did not give my name, nor did he appear to expect it. He bade me seat myself at a table, handed me a long strip of paper, requested me to write any question I chose to any of my departed friends, and, after writing, to fold the paper over as many times as I pleased; while he retired to the further end of the room, and walked back and forth while I was writing. When I had written my question to a buried friend whose name I placed at the top of the paper, and had folded it over to my heart's content, I rose from my seat, and he approached the table. I took a chair at a little

distance, but never removed my eyes from the charmed spot where the mysterious paper lay. He sat down, drew the paper towards him, ran the tips of his fingers lightly over it, pasted it securely down, and then commenced writing the reply, while I watched him closely all the time. The index finger of his left hand was ticking like a telegraph all the while his right hand was writing. Soon he called me to the table, and read the reply to my question. At the head of the letter was my full name, and it was signed with the full name of my departed friend. The answer to my question was entirely satisfactory.

I then addressed a question to my father, Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., who passed away from earth in 1847. His name was also correctly given, and the reply was most satisfactory, inasmuch as there were some allusions to matters which were not in my mind at the time, and could not therefore have been the result of what is called *mind-reading*.

I next addressed the companion of my youth, who left my side in 1839, thirty-seven years ago. His name was also correctly given, and his letter was a remarkable test.

There was one partial failure, which carried to my mind more conviction, if possible, than perfect success; because it proved the honesty of the medium, and the genuine character of his manifestations.

I had heard of the death of a dear friend whom I had not seen for fifteen years. He had passed to the spirit-world but a short time before my visit to Dr. Mansfield, and the circumstances connected with my visit to his residence in New York, where I hoped to find him, were somewhat peculiar. In his reply he alluded to my visit, said he was with me when I called at—, and heard that R. N. had passed away. He mentioned the street, and the number of the house; but Dr. Mansfield could not quite get his name. He resisted my offers of help, but finally consented to let me give the first letter of his surname. He then wrote the name correctly, and it was not a common one.

As my object is brevity, so that my book shall be neither large nor expensive, I will merely say that I had

three sittings with this wonderful and truthful medium, and was filled with wonder, which grew greater and greater the more I reflected upon the variety and the satisfactory nature of the communications I received. It is not necessary to come to New York to test this particular phase of mediumship; all one has to do is to write a letter to a departed friend, seal it thoroughly, and send it to Dr. Mansfield, or any other medium, with this special gift. Write the full name of the departed one with whom you wish to communicate; ask any questions you please, and sign your full name; seal your letter well; write the medium a note, with your address; enclose three dollars and four three cent stamps, and you will soon receive your sealed letter back again with a reply. Be sure to keep a copy of your letter, so that you may judge of the replies. Do not trouble the medium with letters of inquiry, unless you send him stamps for return postage and enough to pay him for his time and trouble. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Dr. M. lives at 361 6th Avenue.

On two occasions I saw Dr. Mansfield in public assemblies, where, without money and without price, he exercised his wonderful gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience for the benefit of investigators and the confirmation of believers. I believe, however, upon second thought, that he does not *hear* the name of the spirit he sees, but that it is brought to him by telegraphy. But, be that as it may, he describes the spirits whom he sees standing near certain individuals, and gives their names. On the last occasion, after he entered the room, there was a warm and even angry discussion of some Spiritualistic matters; when, according to an invariable law which operates upon these "sensitives" or mediums, in procuring spiritual manifestations, the positive inharmony of the atmosphere so affected Dr. Mansfield that, when he went to the platform he feared he would be unable to do anything that was expected of him. The good and friendly spirits, however, did not fail him, and he was quite successful in describing departed friends and giving their names to many persons who declared that they were utter strangers to the medium, and who seemed amazed and confounded at what had occurred.

I cannot forbear saying that I have the utmost confidence in Dr. Mansfield's purity and truthfulness. He exercises his mediumship at the cost of a great expenditure of his vital forces; has had two attacks of paralysis, and will probably soon be released from the cares and trials of earth, but like all good Spiritualists, he regards the death-change as a beautiful necessity, and a welcome introduction to the only true and perfect life.

CHAPTER III.

TRANCE-SPEAKING—PHOTOGRAPHS, &C.

SPIRITUALISM is a science, and not merely a religion; it is emphatically a science, based upon a great and ever increasing variety of stubborn *facts*. I could fill many pages with little corroborating circumstances, which go to swell the mountain of evidences appealing to the mind of the investigator; but as my object is condensation, I must forbear, and only select such *facts* as stand out prominently and cannot be thrust aside or wiped away with those weapons of the ignorant, ridicule and idiotic sneers. Neither will old time Authority, though dressed in gown and cassock, and all the paraphernalia of the ancient regime, be able to thunder in a voice so loud as to drown the cry of the despairing multitudes who are seeking for other proofs of immortality than those which are fast wearing away from the decayed and mouldering creeds of the past. I speak not for myself; the immortality taught by the church has satisfied me, and would satisfy me still, but is it not a *fact* that the time has come when a new revelation is needed to stay the flood of infidelity which is sweeping over the earth? Such a blessed revelation is given us, so say its advocates, by the accumulating *facts* of modern Spiritualism.

I have been thoroughly convinced of the existence of a power outside of the medium, by hearing a great number of addresses spoken in a trance, or under what is called "control;" that is, some other mind in the spirit world, as they say, so controls the mind of the medium, that he or she will utter thoughts, often on scientific subjects, far above any ideas that exist in his or her mind in a normal state. I lately heard a young man who was, whether "under control" or not, particularly fond of public speaking, deliver a very fine address on a scientific subject. He professed to be controlled by Professor Hare. Now, that

young man was extremely illiterate, and usually made sad havoc of all grammatical rules, so that it was evident to all who knew him that some one else was speaking through his organism; and a well-known physician in the audience rose and testified to the fact of the abnormal condition of the medium. The physician was not a Spiritualist. Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Hyser, Mrs. Hawks, and others, will hold their audiences enchained for one or two hours with strains of the sublimest eloquence, and discourses of the deepest scientific lore. They know nothing of these things in their normal state. It would require too much space to give instances of this kind of evidence, but to me these mental phenomena have attested strongly to the fact that some wonderful intelligent power outside of the medium is at work. I have not found a great many perfectly developed inspirational mediums, for with a few exceptions there will appear now and then, some trace of the medium's mind, manifested by a grammatical inaccuracy, or an incorrect pronunciation. The science of Spiritualism is yet in its infancy, and while candidly acknowledging indisputable facts, we must also candidly make allowances.

On Wednesday, June 23d, I attended a circle at the residence of a photographic artist, who was likewise a medium. His wife is also a good medium, and understands the photographic process. Owing to the fact of a recent removal there were very few persons present; but this to us was no disadvantage, for I have remarked that the manifestations are usually best when the circle is not very large or promiscuously attended. The little circle had the all-important merit of being entirely harmonious, and, when our hands were joined, the magnetic current was said to be unusually strong.

And, just here, let me intreat all those who go to "circles" to try to take with them an honest, humble, teachable spirit; if they go with a mocking, jeering spirit, not only will they obtain no satisfaction themselves, but they will probably *defraud others*—honest skeptics perhaps, who go with the right feeling. The spirits are not afraid, so they say, of *honest* skeptics; but they will not throw their pearls before—well, fools! And I do not blame them at all.

Our spirit friends did not have time to do much, as it was 9 o'clock before the seance began, but they were uncommonly lively, and what they did, was done well and heartily. We sat around a table, the light was extinguished, and we joined hands on the table and began, as usual, to sing. The camera was upon the table, and was covered with a black woolen cloth. A plate which had been prepared, and privately marked, by skeptics, for identification, was placed in the camera, and very soon the medium's hand was violently convulsed, and there were raps heard, which was a signal that something had been done. The light was struck, and we found that a well defined photograph had been produced. This process was repeated several times with the same result, the photographs having been, with one exception, recognized by members of the circle as the likenesses of their friends in the spirit world.

I, the only "investigator" present, for all the rest were believers, with the exception of the two skeptics who had marked the plate, was trying my best not to feel anxious for a picture, because I had been told such anxiety would defeat its own object. At length there came, upon a plate, through the camera, a written message, which ran thus :

MY DEAR WIFE—I am so happy to see you investigating this beautiful truth. Press onward.

There was no signature, but as I was the only person present who could have borne the relationship claimed by the writer, I knew the message was for me. And we were informed, by raps, that this was the case.

After that, the table, which was quite a heavy one, became violently agitated, rocked backward and forward on two legs at a time, moved away from us several feet, the people making way for it; came back again, and finally settled down upon its side, turning over into my lap, and causing me to make a precipitate retreat. There was no possibility that these things were done by the medium, for I was sitting next to him, and holding his hand, which I only relinquished when the table tried to get into my lap.

At length, at the medium's request, the table slowly righted itself, and we collected our scattered forces, both mental and physical, and once more formed a circle for further developments. I still held one of the medium's

hands, and a lady held the other. At this time a large book, which had been loaned to one of the family, and which was known to have been in another room just before the seance began, was brought in and slapped down with startling force just in front of a young lady to whom it belonged. A heavy braid of hair, which was also in another room, was whisked about in our faces. Its first arrival was signalized by an exhibition of cowardice on my part, of which I was afterward somewhat ashamed. Something large, warm and heavy, settled down upon my arm, which was resting on the table. It was perfectly dark, and I, thinking of spirit hands, and the like, exclaimed in tremulous tones, "Oh, Mr. E., there is something on my arm!" "Take it off," said he. "Oh," I exclaimed, "I would'nt touch it for a thousand dollars!" He felt for it, and removed it from my arm, putting it down on the table before him; when it immediately sprang over my shoulder, and wiggled down my back like a snake.

The next performance was a heavy blow upon the table as if by an axe in the hands of a giant, and I am sorry to say I again disgraced myself by springing from my chair with a scream. At this juncture hands were loudly clapped as if applauding the performance, and soon after a great many questions were, by raps, audibly and intelligently answered. I asked my husband if he would give me his spirit picture before I returned home. Answer, by raps, "Yes." "Can you set the time for it?" "No." The reader will discover, in the progress of this narrative, how this promise was performed.

During the next week I attended another circle at the same house. That night there came, through the camera, the likeness of a confederate soldier, an officer, as appeared from the stars on his collar. The spirit was asked whether he had any acquaintances in the circle. Answer by raps, "No." "Did you come to any one in particular?" "Yes." Then we asked, by turns, this question, "Did you come for me?" When I asked the question, the raps said "Yes" emphatically. "Did you come to me because I am a Southerner?" "Yes." "Well," said I, "That is quite natural; for if I know my own heart, I would have died for the Southern cause."

CHAPTER IV.

IN BOSTON—THE FLOWER MEDIUM.

ON the 7th of July I attended a circle at the residence of Mrs. Thayer, the famous medium for the production of flowers, birds, &c. It was fearfully warm, and the medium complained of being very unwell and quite exhausted, and seemed to fear that the seance would be a failure. However, the room was thoroughly searched, the doors secured, hands locked, the light extinguished, and the usual singing began. Soon there were sounds as of something falling upon the table, and a light was called for. There were a few flowers, about enough to give one specimen to each person present, the number of visitors being about twenty. A large greenleaf of the Calla lily, *wet with dew*, which had fallen almost upon my hands, was my share of the floral offering. The light was again extinguished, and this time the spirits were rather more liberal. When the light was struck, a larger supply of flowers was discovered, a large and beautiful fern having been laid directly across my hands as they lay upon the table. One gentleman received an English Ivy about three feet long, with a quantity of dirt adhering to its roots. This gentleman told me before the seance began, that he had received at different times two tea-rose bushes about a foot high, with the earth around the roots, just as if they had been recently removed from the pots in which they grew. He had planted them in his garden and they grew luxuriantly. The caterpillars, he said, had taken possession of his garden, and eaten every leaf from every plant, with the exception of those two rose-bushes, which had been entirely safe from their ravages. The gentleman was a stranger to me, but having heard as wonderful things which are *well authenticated*, I see no reason to doubt the truth of his story.

As my evening at Mrs. Thayer's was considered almost

a failure—though to me it was very wonderful,—I take the liberty of transcribing an account which appeared in the *Boston Herald* of May 1st, 1875.

[From the *Boston Herald* of May 1st, 1875:]

"FLOWERS AND BIRDS PRODUCED BY MRS. THAYER UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

"Mr. Robert Cooper, of England, sends us the following account of a seance at which he was present:

"On Friday evening a seance of a remarkable and important character was held at the office of Dr. Storer, Montgomery Place; the object being to ascertain if the phenomena reported to take place in the presence of Mrs. Thayer would occur under such test conditions as would place the reality of the manifestations beyond all possible doubts. To insure this Mrs. Thayer was requested to come alone, and meet a company of responsible and reliable persons, who would be willing to attest the facts. There were about a dozen present, among the rest myself and three ladies. Mrs. Thayer was first taken into the adjoining room and divested of her clothing by the ladies, who reported that they found nothing concealed about her person. Having dressed, Mrs. Thayer came out into the seance room, and was placed in a large muslin bag, which was tied around her neck at the back, and the tape sealed. The company then formed a circle round a table, my seat being next but one to the medium. On the light being turned out we began singing, and had not got through the second verse of the 'Sweet by and by,' before I felt a fluttering against my face, and soon after something touched my hands. Placing them together, I found I held a bird, which, on the production of a light proved to be a beautiful white pigeon. The light was again turned out, and soon after Mr. Houghton, who sat on the opposite side of the table, said he had a bird, which proved to be a canary, and upon the table were found several flowers. The light was again extinguished, and a further supply of flowers soon resulted. Though but thirty minutes had elapsed from the commencement, it was not considered necessary to prolong the seance, and Mrs. Thayer, after the seal had been duly examined and found intact, was

released. A list of the spiritual trophies was then made, which was as follows: A pigeon; a canary; a large orange, with stem and leaves; orange blossoms; annunciation lily, with four buds; a sprig of acacia; leaf of calla lily; cactus leaf; lump of moss; three varieties of ferns, and a plant unknown. One of the ferns was placed on the medium's head.

"I have only to add that all the doors were locked, and that every precaution was taken to guard against fraud, the only object of the investigators being to prove beyond all doubt the reality of these phenomena, which of course involves *the passage of matter through matter*. Everybody present was satisfied of the fact; and that we were not the subjects of hallucination was proved by our carrying home the various flowers and birds."

I desire to call attention to the fact that this seance was held, not at Mrs. Thayer's own residence, where I myself have attended one—of which I have given a description—but at a physician's office, the medium being under *the strictest test conditions*, and every precaution being taken by the company.

CHAPTER V.

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MRS. BOOTHBY.
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ONE day I went to the office of the *Banner of Light*, and there I met a lady with whom I entered into conversation. Finding that I was in search of light and information, she told me of a favorite medium for materialization, which phenomena I was particularly anxious to see. She did not give public seances, and was a little difficult of access. I called upon the lady, a Mrs. Boothby, residing at No. 49 Appleton street, and made my case known to her, soliciting permission to attend one of her circles. My request was cordially granted, and on Tuesday, the 13th inst., I was on hand at the appointed time. Professor Webster, formerly of Harvard college, presides at these seances, and appears to manage the affairs of the cabinet. Mrs. Boothby is not entranced, but pats her hands constantly, and carries on a conversation with any visitor who chooses to ask her questions.

The first spirit who comes is a little girl called Lulie; she opens the curtain, and her whole form, clad in white and shining raiment, is visible for an instant, and then disappears. Dr. Webster's face soon appears at the aperture of the curtain, and he is instantly recognized, and cordially greeted by those who know him. Dr. W.'s voice is loud and hoarse, and somewhat hollow, and his enunciation is remarkably distinct. He sang his favorite song, "The Old Oaken Bucket," in which we joined with subdued voices. He also chanted in a musical voice and with solemn pathos, "Come unto me, ye that are weary, and heavy laden, and I will give you rest, &c." There is something overwhelming in his presence, and one feels that he is in the atmosphere of a powerful mind. At least, so it seemed to me. There had been at that time nothing in the course of my investigations, which had

seemed to me so *real* as the presence of Dr. Webster in that cabinet.

A member of Mrs. Boothby's household told the Dr. that there was a stranger present who wished to hear from, or to see departed friends. The Dr. said he knew me, that my dearest friend was present, but could not materialize to-night. A lady said, "Why is it, Dr., that *you* can always come, and we cannot see *our* friends?" "Because," said he, "I know the way." "Well," she exclaimed, "That is not very satisfactory, and is hardly a civil answer." To this he made no reply, but those who knew him said that he only meant that, being a chemist, he knew how to use the materials necessary for his purpose.

He then addressed himself to me, said he knew all about me, knew what hours I spent in solitary meditation, had been with me all day, and had seen me writing alone in my room. He said all my doubts would be removed, and that I would succeed in my present undertaking, and finally, spoke many words of sympathy and consolation.

A lady asked him how long it was since he began to return to earth. He said he came back at once, for he had a great work to do; but that it had taken him over twenty years to materialize his voice so that he could use it freely.

A sailor boy, named Franky, sang two nautical songs very finely, in a loud, clear, manly voice, which *could* not have come from the medium; and she, let it be understood, was under test conditions. There was a skeptic present who had made a thorough search of the rooms and cabinet, and had secured the doors, and they had to be broken before they could be opened.

Several faces came to the aperture, which were recognized by members of the circle. One gentleman, a spirit, raised his hands, and gave a Masonic sign to a brother Mason.

In corroboration of what I saw I will append a communication which appeared in the Boston *Herald*, of May 1st, 1875.

"The late Prof. Webster continues his soirees at Mrs. Boothby's, 49 Appleton street. One evening recently he came and chanted in a strong, distinct, musical, though

somewhat hoarse voice, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden,' and soon followed with his favorite song of 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' He also joined in several pieces sung by the assembled party, strongly or weakly, according to the volume of sound. He wanted a good deal of singing. He said he got strength from the open mouths of the party. Accordingly the singing, led by a gentleman of Mrs. Boothby's household, was nearly incessant, and as artistic as usual on these occasions. Prof. Webster presented a very imperfectly defined face at the aperture in the curtain of the cabinet, and bade the party a hoarse 'good evening,' to which came an eager response from the party. He then retired from sight, but continued to talk with a curious emphasis, not unlike the traditional villain of the stage, or as though struggling to overcome the difficulties of the strange condition of

EXTEMPORIZED PHYSICAL LIFE.

"He said he found it very hard to materialize to-night. The conditions were unfavorable. There should have been more ladies present. Various questions were asked, to which he promptly responded, and with a force and intelligence quite beyond the scope of the average medium. He signified that his tangible presence was the result of entering, as into a bath, the magnetic aura of the medium, in which the spirit form becomes, as it were, electroplated, and clothed with physical substance. He said it is a 'miserable' state, but time and experience would ameliorate it. Interest in mundane affairs brought him back, even at the expense of taking on the old and unhappy feelings of terrestrial life.

"The next face which appeared at the aperture was that of an old woman in a cap, which was immediately recognized by several present as that of 'Aunt Nancy.' She is said to have been one of the oldest inhabitants of Boston about a hundred years ago. The face was much more perfectly defined than that of the professor. She asked the company to sing 'Old Grimes is Dead,' and as they responded to her request, she loudly joined in a voice shrill and discordant, as might be expected in a lady of her age.

She claims to have been a sweet-heart of Old Grimes.

"Several other faces appeared in succession, one of which was new to all present. The most noticeable was that of a beautiful young lady, corresponding to the pictures and descriptions of 'Katie King,' whose first return to earth was first heralded in London, and there recognized by *eminent scientific authority* as an undoubted spirit. For some reason not explained, but perhaps because of the frauds perpetrated in her name in Philadelphia, she now chooses the name of 'Gracie,' by which she is addressed. Her identity with the London spirit is vouched for by Prof. Webster, as the principal spokesman of the band in attendance upon Mrs. Boothby. As her really beautiful face appeared at the aperture, by a motion as if floating in the air, a combined

EXCLAMATION OF ADMIRATION

came from the spectators, mingled with various endearing words of welcome. She quickly withdrew, but very soon re-appeared, and held at the aperture three very beautiful tea roses, which, being taken from her hand by a gentleman of the party, were afterward given to another person by direction of Prof. Webster. The person indicated was a 'member of the press.' When asked if the favored person might share the flowers with the only lady in the circle, Gracie re-appeared, and gracefully assented by a wave of the hand. She afterwards sang a song, but not in the most melodious manner.

Near the close of the seance, Frank, a sailor boy, made a flitting appearance, and sang in a strong, but not unmusical voice, "My Bark is on the Sea." On previous occasions he is said to have appeared in full form and sailor costume.

Soon after the vocal performance by Frank, one side of the curtain was withdrawn, revealing within the cabinet

A FULL FEMALE FIGURE,

thought by some to resemble the medium, but wearing a white skirt, while the dress of the medium was dark. Immediately after, before a sufficient time had elapsed for a change of raiment, the medium came in front of the curtain, and, taking a seat outside, attempted to produce

the phenomena while visible to the audience. Although she had sometimes succeeded in doing this, the unfavorable conditions on this occasion are said to have interfered with the desired success, and the only other manifestation which occurred was a little more singing by the professor, followed by his hoarse 'good night,' which closed the performance.

"It should be said that the manifestations were not produced under what are known as 'test conditions.' These had been imposed so frequently by gentlemen present on this occasion, and without affecting the result, that it was deemed quite a useless precaution to repeat them. Ordinarily, however, ingress to the cabinet is securely guarded against, and the medium secured by cords, which, running through staples in the walls, and extending into the room occupied by the spectators, have, attached to their ends, pieces of white cloth, by which any motion of the medium would be surely indicated. The use of all these precautionary measures are desired by the medium, who quite thoroughly appreciates the natural skepticism of people in this matter, and says she cannot expect them to believe in the verity of these

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS.

"Mrs. Boothby is an amiable and agreeable lady of middle age and excellent health, and, unlike most mediums, rarely complains of exhaustion or fatigue as the result of her mediumship. Her powers have been known to the public but a very few months, and she shrinks from notoriety and the harsh criticisms of the skeptical. She is also rather careful as to whom she admits into the charmed circle of manifestations which are largely dependent upon favorable mental conditions and surroundings, and is quite annoyed by the skepticism and uncharitable observations of some of her sister mediums of Boston. She does not rely upon her mediumship as a means of support."

To all of these statements in the *Herald* I give my unequivocal attestation.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW PHASE.

I WOULD like to combine under one head each particular phase of manifestations, but I think it best, at the risk of being a little desultory, to tell things just as they occurred in the regular course of my investigations.

There now came to me a curious episode, which I will proceed to relate. I had arranged for a private sitting with Mrs. Boothby, when I could have Dr. Webster and his wisdom all to myself; and at the appointed time I repaired to the appointed place. What was my chagrin to find that Mrs. Boothby had forgotten all about her promise, and had made another engagement! I had hoped on that evening to see the face of my departed husband, and returned to my boarding place with a feeling of intense disappointment.

But there was a compensation in store for me; for I found, on my arrival there, that a lady had called to spend the evening with my hostess, and had brought with her a famous medium, so that my evening would not be lost to the great subject to which I was devoting all the energies of my mind.

After a little general conversation the medium, whom I will call Mrs. D., drew up to the centre table, and asked me if I would not like some manifestations. I replied "Yes, very much." So I seated myself also at the table, and soon we had raps in great abundance. I inquired of my husband if he was there. He answered, by raps, "Yes." Mrs. D. then requested me to lay my hand *on one of hers*, which she placed under the table, her other hand being in plain sight upon the table. Then she requested me to make a mental wish, and I requested my husband to touch my hand. This was instantly done, my hand being touched and patted, and pressed, from the tips of my fingers to the wrist, and an attempt was made

to gather my fingers together. Then I placed my other hand beneath the table, the medium remaining perfectly quiet, and that hand was touched in the same way. The fingers seemed warm and soft, and there was a certain expression in the touches denoting a caressing sort of affection.

Mrs. D. then placed a tablet in my hand, which still lay upon hers, and on my requesting the spirit to take it from my hand, it was done after two or three ineffectual attempts, and thrown upon the floor. We then carried on a long conversation through the medium, who personated several friends of the company present; but this part of the performance was of very little value to me, as evidence of an outside power.

The feeling of those warm and affectionate touches remained with me during that night, and throughout the next day; and I determined to visit Mrs. D. on the first opportunity. The next evening, by appointment, I visited Mrs. Boothby for my private sitting. One gentleman had applied for admission, and to this request, as he seemed an earnest investigator and a scientific man, I gave a cheerful assent.

As usual, the cabinet and rooms were searched, and the doors well secured. Before the medium was well seated, "Lulie" flashed out before us, and instantly disappeared. Then appeared the face of an old lady, who was recognized by the gentleman as his grandmother. The Dr. not yet having made his appearance, the medium said there was a spirit in the cabinet whom she took to be my husband. "Did he have an R. to his name?" inquired she. "Yes." "Did he look so and so, and so and so?" describing him. "Yes." "He is trying very hard," said she, "to materialize himself." I waited in breathless anxiety, and finally there was a faint appearance of something like a face at the curtain several times, which would as often disappear. At length a face was plainly seen—plainly to those whose sight was good—but I, being nearsighted, was not certain about it. However, when I addressed him, and asked if it were he, he nodded in affirmation, and appeared to glow and smile with rapture. After the seance I showed his photograph to the gentleman and

Mrs. Boothby, and they said it certainly was that face which I had seen.

The Dr. now made his appearance. He had been busy, I think, helping my husband to show himself. He told me my husband was very glad that I had come North to investigate this subject; that he wished me to go to Vermont, to the Eddys; that my intense desire to communicate with him was a great joy to him; that going to Vermont would do me good, and that he would show himself, in full form, to me there.

The Dr. then gave us a long and very scientific lecture on the subject of materialization; his thoughts and his language were far above the capacity of the medium, and he must have spoken for nearly an hour. He said he loved to talk when he had sympathetic listeners and a harmonious circle. He talked of the philosophy of spirit-communication, and of the condition of things in spirit-life. He joined with a loud voice when we sang, in subdued tones, "There are Angels hovering near," but did not give us his favorite, "The Old Oaken Bucket." The oldest inhabitant, "Aunt Nancy," did not appear on this occasion. A female voice from the cabinet sang in loud tones, "The Sweet By-and-By," in which we also joined. She sang three verses and the chorus. We asked if the female singer, the beautiful Gracie, could not show herself, but the Dr. said he had talked so much that he had taken too much power from the medium, and he was afraid of injuring her. The good spirits seem to take good care of their mediums.

The sailor boy sang his song, "My Barque is on the Sea," and we asked for his other songs, but the Dr. said no; that they had to do the best they could, and we must be satisfied with that. After kindly replying to several other questions which came rushing to our lips, he bade us a courteous "good night," which ended the performance.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. D. AGAIN.

WISHING to feel once more those singular touches of fingers which were certainly *neither mine nor the medium's*, I visited Mrs. D. the morning after the seance at Mrs. Boothby's. Again those mysterious touches thrilled through my soul. First one hand, and then the other, was patted and caressed, and I carried on a long conversation, through raps, with an invisible intelligence. Mrs. D. inquired whether I would like to have a communication written by a spirit. "Oh yes," I replied. Then she took a small tablet, looking like a book, and getting a small piece of paper, she requested me to write a question. I did so, being very careful that she should not see it, and placed it inside the tablet, closing it carefully. A piece of lead pencil, about a quarter of an inch long, was handed me, which I laid upon the closed tablet. I then laid my hand on that of the medium, and the tablet on my hand, and we held them under the top of the table. The question was this:

"Did I see your face last night at Mrs. Boothby's?"

In a short time the raps announced that the question was answered, and on opening the tablet, of which I had not discerned the slightest movement—neither had the medium's hand moved at all, while her other hand was on the table—I found written on the other side of the paper these words:

"You thought you did."

Then I wrote, following the same process, this question:

"Do you wish me to go to Vermont to visit the Eddy brothers?"

The answer was:

"I fear you will be disappointed."

After this followed the usual personation by the medium, who talked to me a good while in the name of my hus-

band. He told me that if I went to the Eddy's, and did not see him there, he knew me well enough to believe that the disappointment would almost break my heart. He said, however, that I must follow the dictates of my own good judgment, that he did not wish to dictate, but he could not bear to see me disappointed. He said I must remember, that, although he never despised the poor and lowly, he didn't like to thrust himself into a rough crowd, and that they had Indians and others there with whom perhaps he would not like to associate, &c., &c. This staggered me a little, as I knew he always had manifested the kindest sympathy for Indians, those ill-treated children of nature.

When the sitting was over, the medium volunteered a good deal of her own advice, and I found that she was bitterly opposed to all materializations, and wondered that I would frequent Mrs. Boothby's seances. As to the Eddys, she said she had been told that they had nothing fit to eat, and a very celebrated lawyer, a friend of hers, had entreated her to advise her friends against going there.

I returned to my room in a very unsettled frame of mind. I cared very little about the medium's advice, but the invisible intelligence with whom I had been communing, had created a doubt in my mind as to whether I had seen him at Mrs. Boothby's, and whether I ought to go to Vermont. I pondered seriously and anxiously on what had taken place, and resolved to go the next morning to Mrs. D., and request my husband to speak his mind more decidedly upon these matters.

Accordingly, the next day I was once more sitting with the medium at the enchanted table. Once more was I touched and caressed, and answered by raps, and then I requested to have some writing in the closed tablet. My question was this:

"Will you please to tell me positively whether that was your face that appeared at Mrs. Boothby's?"

ANSWER.—"No, dear, it was not."

Then I wrote: "If you do not wish me to go to the Eddys, tell me so, and I will not go."

ANSWER.—"Don't go, don't go."

Then I, not knowing as much about the laws of mediumship as I do now, decided at once to yield to the wishes of my invisible friend, and give up a visit to which I had been looking forward with intense desire ever since I began to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. It was a terrible disappointment.

But before turning my back upon the East and returning to New York, I wished to attend one more of Mrs. Boothby's seances, and get perhaps a ray of light. She held a circle that very evening. I debated the question with myself; for, thought I, if the spirits of our departed friends can return and communicate with us, surely that must have been the spirit of my husband which had come to me through the mediumship of Mrs. D.; for I had actually tied up securely in a pocket-handkerchief the hand which was under the table, knotting the handkerchief very firmly, and all the manifestations of touching, writing, &c., went on as before. Now, thought I, if he does not wish me to go to the Eddys' perhaps I ought not to go to Mrs. Boothby's, especially as a face comes there as his which he does not acknowledge.

While in this state of confusion and indecision I was visited by a friend who had taken a great interest in my investigations, and had rendered me valuable assistance. He had advised me by all means to go to Vermont, as to a place where there was a concentration of spirit power, and where I could investigate a greater variety of spiritual manifestations in a given time than at any other point in this country, and probably in the world. The name of this gentleman was Mr. F. Vogl, of Boston, himself a medium, and an excellent clairvoyant and clairaudient.

He was quite astounded when I told him that I had renounced the idea of going to Vermont. And when I told him how and why I had been led to this conclusion, he saw through the whole matter. "That medium," said he, "Mrs. D., is herself opposed to these materializations, and the communications coming through her are probably in unison with her own feelings and ideas. We must not give up our own judgment on any occasion. We must 'try the spirits,' get all the light we can, and then follow our own honest convictions. If I were in your place I

would go to Mrs. Boothby's to-night, and see what advice you get there; and I would certainly not give up the trip to Vermont in consequence of those manifestations at Mrs. D's., for they may not come from the right quarter."

Though the evening proved to be rainy, I went to Mrs. Boothby's seance, and had no cause to regret it. The usual precautions against fraud or trickery were taken—indeed, Mrs. B. always insists upon them. There were about eight persons present, and the circle seemed harmonious, but the damp and sultry atmosphere was unfavorable to good manifestations. Little Lulie twice opened the curtain and showed herself. I saw her much more plainly than usual, and it certainly was not the medium; besides, I heard her patting her hands within the cabinet all the time. The mason came again to his brother mason, and gave him several masonic signs. A face appeared which was recognized by two gentlemen as a friend of theirs whom they called "Bill," and several other faces were recognized by different persons in the circle.

I was seated next but one to the end of the semi-circle, the gentleman manager being at the end and on my right, while on my left was a gentleman who seemed very anxious to see and recognize his departed wife. His sister, however, appeared, and another lady came to a stout gentleman, and seemed to be recognized. Then old Aunt Nancy presented herself, and commenced singing "Old Grimes," which we took up and sang with her. When we had finished the first verse, she wanted it sung again, which was done. While these manifestations were going on, I felt my chair shaken as if a strong hand had seized the back of it, against which I was leaning, and was shaking it rather roughly. The gentleman at the end was a little in front of me, and I could see that he had nothing to do with the phenomenon; so I turned to the gentleman on my left, and saw him gazing at the aperture with a sad and earnest countenance, hoping to recognize the features of his dead wife. "Sir," said I, "are you shaking my chair?" I shall never forget the look of astonishment with which he turned to me, and I felt ashamed of myself for having interrupted, by so rude a question, the

thoughts which had been concentrated on his departed wife. "Madam," said he, "I haven't touched your chair, but I see that it is shaking still." No other chair in the circle was similarly affected.

At length the Dr. showed his face, and bade us "Good evening." He was eagerly greeted by us all. "I am here," said he, "with a message for that lady from Texas. I want you," (addressing himself to me), "to tell Madam D. she had better stop meddling with my business!" He expressed himself much more strongly than this, but I do not like to give his exact words. "I told you," he continued, "that your husband wished you to go to Vermont, and would show himself to you there, and she tells you he does not wish you to go, and don't like the sort of spirit company they have at the Eddys! I wonder people can be such confounded fools!"

"I hope you are not angry with *me*, Doctor," said I in a tone of meek submission; "how was I to know that those communications through Mrs. D. did not really come from my husband?"

"No," he replied, "I am not blaming you; you were doing the best you could. The truth is it all comes from selfishness and jealousy. The mediums who can't materialize are jealous of those who can, and are doing all they can to injure them. If the mediums would only be harmonious and work together, they could revolutionize the world in a short time." He then gave us a scientific lecture on the philosophy of spiritual phenomena, and I asked him if I might report his remarks so far as I could remember them. He said, no; that his remarks were very imperfect; but it would not be long before he would be able to lecture in public.

He then told me I had better go to the Eddys'; and "tell William Eddy," said he "to make that man up"—meaning my husband—"so that you can see him and know him; tell him I say so. A visit to Chittenden is just what you need to convince you of the truth of spirit communion; and don't you receive anything, anywhere, that is not sanctioned by your own honest judgment. Your experience with Madam D. was intended *as a lesson* for you, which I hope you will profit by. You have an hon-

est and an earnest mind, and when you are convinced of the truth of these phenomena, and your mind gets quieted and settled, you will be happier than ever you were in your life. Follow out the idea just dawning on your mind, and give your experience to your Southern friends; let them receive it as they may, you will have the consciousness of having done your duty. You have a large band of spirit-friends around you, for most of your family have passed on before you; and you will be taken good care of; and when the right time comes, will succeed in your plans and desires." After a few general remarks, he bade us "good night," the seance closed, and I wended my homeward way, through a chilly rain, feeling very comfortable and happy.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE EDDYS'.

THE next morning, July 31st, found me in the cars on my way to Rutland, Vermont. We arrived there at two o'clock, and found a comfortable carriage in waiting to take passengers to Chittenden. The day was fine, the roads splendid, the scenery surpassingly beautiful, and the spirits of the three individuals who were being whirled along towards the mysterious "spirit vale" seemed to rise higher and higher every moment.

At length we drew up at the door of the old Eddy homestead, where several smiling faces waited to welcome, and bid us enter. It is a curious place. People who have never met before, and expect soon to part, never again to meet on earth, are acquainted in a moment. I was so fortunate as to have a special introduction to the Eddy family, having been the bearer of four letters, from a mutual friend, to as many members of the family. The lady boarders took charge of us, and provided us with sleeping places to the best of their ability. And it required a good deal of management to do this, as the house was already filled quite beyond its capacity for comfortable sleeping arrangements.

I had heard the house described as dark and gloomy looking, but it did not strike me so. Plain and unpretending it certainly is, but no house filled with kind and happy faces, in which the atmosphere seems one of peace and love, can seem dark or gloomy. As to the surrounding scenery, it is strikingly beautiful; I have never seen anything at all resembling it. The house stands in a valley, and all around, in what seems a perfect circle, one sees a range of verdant hills rising one above another, so that we seem shut in from the outside world by a beautiful wall of emerald, with a dome above us of the purest,

deepest blue. But I must not rhapsodize, I must get to my promised *facts*.

I was at the Eddy homestead twenty-three days. Every night during that time, with one or two exceptions, when he was very sick, William Eddy went into the cabinet, and there appeared before us a succession of forms, varying in number from one dozen to twenty-two. These figures all varied in size and shape, in gait and general appearance. The circle-room contained four double bedsteads, all of them occupied by gentlemen; and all day long, up to the time of taking our seats for the circle, the boarders were going in and out of the room, so that there was no opportunity to carry in figures, masks, or the varied costumes in which the figures appeared.

It was just so every where. There was no hiding place about the premises. Think of a collection of fifty people, with nothing to do but roam about from morning to night, where there was no room, no out-house even, under lock and key—and one can easily imagine how dangerous would be the least attempt at fraud.

I found among the boarders a Mrs. Packard, of Albany, and her brother, Mr. Pritchard, a retired merchant, likewise of Albany, N. Y. No one could see and converse with those people, and believe them in league with the Eddys' to deceive the eager throng who came to that old homestead hoping to see the spirit-forms of their loved ones who had passed away. I took special pains to inquire into the standing of those people, and I found, from those who had known them long and well, that for probity, and high moral worth, they had no superiors.

I will venture to transcribe the testimony of the high-toned gentleman, and well known lecturer and traveler, Mr. J. M. Peebles. I was there at the time, and was a witness of the scene of which Mr. Peebles speaks. He says:

"One evening last week, after several Indians, Mrs. Eaton, the 'Witch of the mountains,' and four Shaker spirits, had made their appearance, the spirit mother of Mrs. Packard and Mr. Pritchard came out arrayed in white. Conversing a few moments with these, her children, standing *by her side upon the platform*, she requested an introduction to the audience. Stepping forward, they introduced her. These people occupy a fine social position in Albany, and are well known

to your regular and able contributor, Dr. Ditson. (The article from which I quote, appeared in the *Banner of Light*.) And then, while standing by the side of their spirit-mother, each holding a hand, and looking alternately into her face, each solemnly declared,

THIS IS OUR MOTHER !

The question, therefore, is, could not these people, while handling, distinguish their mother from William Eddy?"

Some people say that William Eddy personates all the forms that issue from the cabinet; but it appears to me that such persons are far more gullible than those who think them spirits. I think with Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, that "there is a gullibility in skepticism as well as in belief." But to go on with Mr. Peebles:

"If this retired merchant of Albany, Mr. Pritchard, does not know his mother, *who does?* If he, and other members of the family, cannot trust their own senses—their own *eyes*, whose can they trust?"

As I said before, I was a witness to this scene. Mrs. Packard left the Eddys, to return home, while I was there. The evening before her departure she was invited by the spirit, Mrs. Eaton, who appears to manage the cabinet arrangements, to take her seat upon the platform, as several of her departed friends wished to bid her farewell. Mrs. Eaton speaks in an audible voice. She is an old lady, who appears to have lost her teeth. She is very energetic, and seems to possess a good share of hard common sense and considerable mother-wit.

As this is a good time and place to describe the circle-room and its belongings, I will do it in the words of Col. Henry S. Olcott, who visited the Eddy brothers for the purpose of investigation, and who has published the results of his labors in an interesting and truthful volume entitled "People from the other World." The book is finely illustrated, and will repay those interested in this subject who will consult its pages. The following extract is taken from another work by Epes Sargent, entitled "Proof palpable of Immortality," which ought to be not only read, but studied by all who wish to become acquainted with this momentous subject. Speaking of the circle-room at the Eddys, Col. Olcott says:

"The apartment is forty-eight by sixteen feet, with three windows on each side. At the west end is a raised platform the width of the room, about two feet high by four broad,

reached by three steps of about ten inches rise. Between the kitchen chimney, which is in the middle, and the right hand wall is a small cupboard or closet, lathed and plastered, with a very narrow door, six feet and one inch high, opening from the platform, and a single window for purposes of ventilation. This closet is the cabinet in which the medium sits. A light hand-rail runs from side to side of the room at the edge of the platform."

Having called Mrs. Packard to the platform, the ceremony of leave-taking with her spirit-friends commenced. First came her mother, Mrs. Pritchard, who sat down by her, and they talked a good while together. She then rose, as did her mother also, and she announced her, as usual, to the audience. The spirit-mother bowed to her son, who was not upon the platform, and who did not expect to depart with his sister in the morning. The spirit then put her arms around her daughter and kissed her affectionately.

Next came Mrs. Packard's nephew, Chester B. Pritchard, of Wayne county, New York, who was killed at the battle of Winchester. Then her son, Wm. J. Packard, and another son, J. Chester Packard, came to their mother. Then appeared her husband, Chester Packard; after him her grandson, William Chester Packard, aged twenty-five, and finally her great grandchild, Willie Moore, who died at the age of two years. They appeared in such quick succession that William Eddy must have been exceedingly industrious to have altered his face, his form, and size, and to have changed his dress so many times in such a short period. Mrs. Packard, be it remembered, was on the platform, where she could take their hands, and look them closely in the face, and it would have been passing strange if she had allowed herself to be deceived.

Several Shaker-spirits showed themselves to Elder Evans, and two Shaker-ladies, and three or four other spirits appeared to their friends; and then Mr. Brown, the spirit-father of Edward Brown, who married Delia Eddy, drew aside the curtain, said a few impressive words to the audience, and bade us good night, which ended the seance. Mr. Brown is over six feet high, and there is considerable difference between him, and the little child two years old.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIAN SPIRITS AND OTHERS.

THE spirits are very fond of music—though they sometimes get sad discords—and all circles are usually opened by singing. On this occasion, August 3d, 1875, the audience sang, “Nearer, my God, to thee,” the chorus of which was roared out with an earnestness which perhaps compensated the invisibles for its lack of harmony. The first spirit which appeared was an Indian called Wickachee. He was considerably taller than William Eddy, was very erect, had a most symmetrical form, and his movements and gait were full of grace and dignity. No one can ever make me believe that Wickachee and William Eddy are one and the same. And Wickachee could not have crawled into the cabinet through the little window, for that was boarded up. Wickachee beckoned Horatio to the platform, and they walked back and forth for some time in Indian file. Then turning, and facing Horatio, the spirit advanced towards him, and backed him up against the wall, and it seemed to me that Horatio was a little afraid of him. He then waved his hand as a signal to have the light raised, which was done, and he stood in the doorway of the cabinet for some time in full light. Wickachee appeared at least a dozen times during my visit. On one occasion he danced with Horatio, who is a tall man, and his feet were repeatedly on a level with Horatio’s face. I also saw him dance with Mrs. Stone, a well-known lady from Cincinnati, who loves the spirits and is not at all afraid of them, and he then displayed his agility in the same way.

After Wickachee came a giant Indian, whom they call Santum. He usually stands for inspection in the door of the cabinet, but on one occasion he stepped out, and with the greatest ease laid the back of his hand on the ceiling. After the seance a gentleman six feet and one or two

inches high, went upon the platform, and, on tiptoe, could just touch the ceiling with the tips of his fingers. Certainly Santum was not William Eddy, neither did *he* crawl in at the window. Perhaps these figures were mortals, secreted in the little cabinet to the number of fifteen, besides the medium in his chair; and on one occasion to the number of twenty-two.*

Several Indians appeared on this occasion to different persons in the audience, but it is not necessary to describe them. Many of them were highly decorated, and all were differently clad in true Indian costume. There was present a highly intelligent and cultivated lady, a sister of Mr. Edward Brown, who married the medium, Delia Eddy. She came to Chittenden a confirmed skeptic, but she loved her brother in spite of what she deemed his absurd spiritual infatuation, and so she came to visit him. On this evening her deceased husband appeared to her as he had done several times before. He comes *in full light*, and is perfectly recognized by his wife, brother-in-law, and others who knew him well. That lady is now rejoicing in the belief, *aye, the knowledge*, that her husband still lives, and can return to her and make his presence known.

*Or perhaps they went up the chimney, as the astute Mr. Bishop has discovered, notwithstanding that Col. Olcott, who examined the chimney with two regular brick-masons, affirms that there is not a hole large enough for a mouse to get through!

CHAPTER X.

A SPIRIT AND A PHOTOGRAPH.

I HAD intended to devote a chapter to the taking of spirit photographs, but in order to make a true and consecutive narrative, I find I must mix up things a little. The chapter on photographs will still be forthcoming.

On the same evening of which I have been writing, the third after my arrival at Chittenden, when I was beginning to feel a little blue at not seeing the face of the friend I had loved and lost, Mrs. Eaton spoke from the cabinet these words: "What is the name of that lady from Texas?" I gave her my name. "Well," said she, "her husband is here and will show himself to her, and after the circle will give her his picture." My readers will perhaps remember that in New York my husband had promised to give me his picture, though he could not say when or where.

I sat in mute expectation, feeling strangely calm. At length a form appeared, clad in black broadcloth and with the well-known outline. But I am quite near-sighted, and the light was so dim that I could not distinguish the features, though others could; but, as he had been known to none of them, they could not identify him.

"Is that you, my darling?" I inquired. He bowed his head and rapped three times. "Oh, thank you for coming!" I exclaimed in the fullness of my heart, and the form retired. Mr. Brown, as usual, made a few pertinent remarks, bade us "Good night," and the seance was over. The spectators in the front row, who always join their hands, are expected to remain perfectly quiet until the medium has retired, and they always do so.

Generally there is an immediate rising and stretching forth of arms and hands, as a relief from the constrained position in which they have been held so long; but on this occasion all kept their seats in expectation of the promised photograph.

The artist retired, accompanied by a gentleman visitor. A small table was brought in, and on this the camera was placed; a chair was set for me, and I was directed to place my hands upon the table at the back of the camera, which was covered with a thick, black woolen cloth. The artist slid his plate into the camera, covered it over, placed his hand upon the instrument, the light was extinguished, and we sat in perfect darkness. Very soon a convulsive movement of the medium's hand, accompanied by raps, announced that the work was done; a light was struck, and the medium, accompanied by a visitor, took the picture to his room for development.

In a short time he returned, and requested me to look at the picture. Then, for the first time, I trembled, and could scarcely hold the picture. One look convinced me that there was no mistake about the likeness—it was *perfect*. “Now,” said I to the eager company, “if you will keep your seats, I will go to my trunk and get a photograph, with which you may compare this one, and say whether they represent the same person.” I accordingly left the room in the presence of them all, went to my trunk, and returned with the original photograph. There was a universal exclamation of astonishment. Not only was the likeness perfect, but the new picture was an exact copy of the other. Every minute feature of the dress, the points of the shirt collar, the opening of the vest, everything was exactly and minutely reproduced, so that skeptics cannot now be persuaded that the medium artist did not actually copy the one from the other. And yet I know, as well as I can know anything, that he had never seen the original photograph. I had never told him it was in my possession, and I had kept it hidden away in my trunk, and what it all means is more than I can tell.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHAPTER ON PHOTOGRAPHS.

AS the taking of Honto's picture and that of my husband, were part of the performances of the circles, I may as well go on to tell what I saw while at the Eddys in the photograph line. The evening after I had been so honored, Mrs. Eaton drew the curtain, bade us "Good evening," and said that Honto wished to have her picture taken, and they would occupy a part of the evening in that way. Honto, as numbers are aware, is the Indian maiden who is a prominent feature of William Eddy's materialization seances. "Do you wish it taken now, Mrs. Eaton?" inquired the artist. "Yes, now," said Mrs. Eaton; "go and get your plate ready." As he left the room for this purpose, Honto came dancing out of the cabinet and took her seat on the steps of the platform, evincing a delightful eagerness and childlike impatience, often smoothing down her robes and gazing earnestly at the door of entrance; and the moment the artist entered the room she rose, skipped gaily to the chair which had been placed for her, and seated herself in a most graceful attitude. She found the right focus exactly, too. When the artist went out to put the plate in the bath, a reliable witness having been sent with him, Honto glided to the camera, which she examined with great curiosity, peeping into it, and looking all around it; and then she skipped back into the cabinet.

This picture was taken by the light of a miserable, forlorn-looking kerosene lamp, which stood at least fifteen feet from the camera. Like my husband's picture, which, unlike this one, was taken in perfect darkness, it was a complete success. There were nearly or quite fifty witnesses to these photographic wonders, whose names could be given, if necessary. I will add that the full materialized

form of my husband appeared to me five times, and was always instantly recognized by all who had seen his photograph.

I afterwards sat for my own likeness, hoping to get a spirit picture on the same plate. The medium generally waited until he, or some other clairvoyant, saw the spirit form by the side of the applicant for a picture, and then he was almost sure to succeed. So I waited with the understanding that he would let me know when I was wanted; but several days passed by, during which I frequently took care to put myself in the range of his vision. The weather was delightful, and, becoming impatient, I one day said to him, "You are losing a great deal of bright, pleasant weather." "I cannot help it," he replied; "I won't try to take a spirit picture till I see the spirit." Then suddenly his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, "Come with me now; I see your husband." Accordingly, I sat for a photograph, and, sure enough, there on the negative was the beloved face, rather faint, but still an *unmistakable likeness*.

And now, though it carries me forward two or three months, I must tell what occurred in relation to this picture. The artist, not being prepared to print pictures from his negatives, was obliged to send them to New York for completion, with directions to have them sent to their different destinations. I directed that mine should be retained in New York until my arrival there, on my way to the South; but when I arrived there I found that, by some carelessness, it had been sent off, nobody knew where. The artist's wife was in the city, and seemed much mortified at the occurrence. She wrote to her husband to have them hunted up, but day after day passed, and finally week after week, until the time arrived when I had promised to visit my relatives in Virginia, and Charleston, S. C., before returning to my Texas home. Quite in distress, I called on Mrs. E. for the purpose of entreating her not to remit her efforts to find the pictures, and to send them after me to Charleston. By the way, as the negative was there, she had promised to have them reprinted, if the others did not arrive in time. But there seemed to be some difficulty in the way, and finally she said, "Mrs.

Shindler, it is the strangest thing about that negative, we cannot find it anywhere. It has been here all the while, we have seen it every day, and now I believe the spirits have hidden it. And your husband has been talking to me all the morning." "Ah," said I, "what does he say?" "He says you must sit again with me," said she. The lady, be it known, is quite as good a medium for spirit pictures as her husband.

"Well," said I, "will you try it?"

"I am quite sick, Mrs. Shindler," she replied, "but we will try."

As it is quite a drain upon the medium's vitality, I told her that, anxious as I was on the subject, I did not want to injure her health. "Oh," said she, "I am as anxious as you are, only I fear that I shall fail. But let us try." Accordingly, we repaired to the gallery; I took my seat, and she stood with her hand upon the camera. The first time there came a company of what appeared to be nuns upon the plate with me. We tried again, and there was no result. "I must sit with you awhile, and hold your hands," said she. While sitting thus she was violently shaken from head to foot. "I shall get something now," she exclaimed, "for my Indian has come." Then we tried again, and this time my husband's head was seen leaning on my shoulder, while my head, which but a moment before had been in an erect posture, was leaning sideways upon his. This time, also, there was no mistaking the likeness of the spirit picture.

When I had been in Charleston about a week, to my great joy, the original pictures arrived; so that now I had three separate spirit pictures, each taken under peculiar circumstances. I was rich indeed.

There was at the Eddys' a lady, Mrs. Stone, of Cincinnati, well known as a prominent and earnest Spiritualist, who desired a spirit picture. She got a deadly nightshade, and a mushroom and three swine, one under the dense nightshade, one a little nearer the light, and the third almost in the light, with the motto, "Cast not your pearls before swine." She said it was exactly emblematical of the states of mind of three of her male relatives in regard to Spiritualism.

Her brother, desiring to sit for a spirit picture, arranged himself with special care for the occasion. But, behold! upon the negative there was no sign of the sitter, but in his place appeared what the artist declared to be *an old woman*. But Mrs. Stone immediately *recognized the likeness of an old blind uncle*, who had left her his fortune, and *who always wore a white skull-cap*. She produced his photograph, and the likeness was perfect. I was a witness to these things.

As this is a chapter on photographs, I will here insert an account of the taking of a spirit photograph under the strictest test conditions. It was published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, directly after the event occurred:

[From the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.]

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the *Enquirer*.]

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul,"

seems indeed to be fully realized and proven in this wonderful age of startling discoveries. Spirit photography, it has been claimed, has solved this momentous question; and various persons, from time to time, have claimed the peculiar power of placing their hands upon the camera, by which means the instrument became "sensitized," so as to enable "spirit forms" to impress their image on the plate with the sitter. Among others, Mr. Jay J. Hartman has claimed this power, and has been producing "spirit pictures" at Teeple's gallery, No. 100 West Fourth street. He has been bitterly denounced as a fraud and trickster by the skeptics and unbelievers, and lately one of the morning contemporaries gave three columns of sensational arguments and statements to prove that the whole matter was a delusion, and Hartman a miserable humbug.

Although he gave private test-sittings that seemed satisfactory, yet even many of his friends began to doubt him, until he, last week, published a card that on Saturday morning, December 25th, he would give a free public investigation, addressed to the public generally, and to photographers especially; stating that he would place all the arrangements in the hands of those taking part in the investigation; they to choose the room where the trial was to be held; bring their own marked plates; furnish their own camera, chemicals, in fact every thing; Hartman simply asking to manipulate the plates in the presence of practical photographers, to show that he used no fraud or trickery. Christmas morning came, bright and cheerful, and found sixteen gentlemen, five of them practical photographers of this city, assembled at his rooms. Putting the question to vote, it was decided to adjourn to the photograph gallery of Mr. V. Cutter, No. 28 West Fourth street, Mr. Cutter being an expert in detecting the "spirit-picture trickery," and, as Mr. Hartman had never been in his gallery, he would be at the double disadvantage of being in a strange room, surrounded by strong skeptics, and practical men quick to detect fraud. Mr. Hartman cheerfully accepted, exacting but one condition—that there should be no arguments, jesting, or unbecoming conduct, in speech or action, liable to produce discord, and disturb the harmony and quiet necessary to insure results. As the offer was made by Mr. Hartman in a perfectly fair and gentlemanly manner, it was accepted in like good spirit, and the party adjourned to Mr. Vincent Cutter's rooms. Entering the operating room, the party were requested to seat themselves on each side of the camera, and join hands. Mr. Hartman then desired to be searched and blindfolded, but the photographers waived this as being unnecessary. Mr. Hartman then chose Mr. F. T. Moreland to represent him, and see that everything was done fairly. Then, selecting Mr. C. H. Murhman, a practical photographer and strong skeptic, the three entered the dark room, Mr. Murhman selecting his own plates. The plates prepared, they approached the camera, Mr. Murhman carrying the plate, and then sitting for a "picture." Amid breathless silence the plate was exposed,

and carried back to the dark room, Mr. Hartman following. Soon came the cry, "No result." Skeptics somewhat jubilant. Another plate was ordered. Mr. Murhman again followed Mr. Hartman through. No result. Unbelief above par, and rising rapidly. Mr. Cutter, the proprietor of the gallery, a strong skeptic, and probably the best expert in the city, was now chosen to go through the workings. Hartman seemed downcast, and, declining to enter the dark room, stood at the camera, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation or prayer. His friend Moreland and Mr. Cutter entered the dark room alone, Mr. Cutter preparing the plate. Coming out to the camera, and giving Hartman the "holder," he seemed so much abstracted as to be scarcely able to place it in position. Calling to two gentleman to place their hands on the camera with him, the third plate was exposed with no result. Affairs looked gloomy, indeed, for poor Hartman and his friends. But he directed Mr. Cutter to prepare another plate, and dropped into a deeper state of abstraction than ever. Mr. Murhman sat close beside Hartman and the camera, closely watching every movement, as he is well calculated to do from his long experience in detecting "professional mediums." Mr. Cutter, having finished the preparation of the plate in the dark room in the presence of Mr. Moreland, brought the fourth in the "holder," and handed it to Mr. Hartman. Selecting Dr. Morrow as the "sitter," and a third person to place hands on the camera, the plate was again exposed amid intense, breathless silence. Hartman visibly trembled, and appeared to be engaged in deep, silent invocation. The hands of the persons resting on the camera likewise visibly trembled, showing the presence of some occult power. Finally Hartman ended the painful suspense by covering the camera, when Mr. Cutter took the plate, and, accompanied by Mr. Moreland, retired to the dark room to develop it, leaving Hartman standing at the camera with great beads of perspiration studding his brow, while the assembly looked like "grave and reverend signors," awaiting a verdict that was to blast the fond hopes of the Spiritualist—and prove that "life is but an empty dream." But quickly came the joyful exclamation from Mr. Moreland,

and the astounding cry from Mr. Cutter—a result! A ripple of quiet joy ran over Hartman's countenance, while his friends, scarcely believing the good news possible, crowded, with the skeptics and unbelievers, who doubted the evidence of their own senses, around Mr. Cutter, who held the glass plate up to the light; and there, sure enough, impinging on the head of Dr. Morrow, was the clearly defined face of a young lady, even clearer and more distinct than his own.

Every one was astonished at this unexpected result. Murhman looked at Cutter, and Cutter looked at Murhman in blank amazement, declaring that he didn't do it, as it was one of his own plates, and he knew there was nothing on it when it went into the camera. There was the picture! *Hartman had never touched the plate, or entered the dark chamber during its manipulation! How it got there, he didn't know; there it was!*

While skeptic and Spiritualist were equally astounded, the best of feeling prevailed, and, to the credit of all be it said, not a harsh, ungentlemanly word was dropped by any one during this great and conclusive trial. Conclusive, in that, while Messrs. Cutter, Murhman, *et al.*, do not admit the "spiritual" origin of the form on the plate, yet they all agree that Mr. Hartman did not, and could not, under the circumstances of never touching the plate, or entering the dark room, produce the "spirit picture" by fraud or trickery. There is the face of Dr. Morrow, with the face of a young lady, with something resembling a wreath arching over their heads. Whence came it? If it is not what it purports to be, a "spirit form," what is it? And how came it there? All finally agreed to sign the following certificate, as justly due to, and fairly earned by Mr. Hartman:

"We the undersigned, having taken part in the public investigation of 'Spirit Photography' given by Mr. Jay J. Hartman, hereby certify that we have closely examined and watched the manipulations of our own marked plates, through all the various workings, in and out of the dark room, and have been unable to discover any sign of fraud or trickery on the part of Mr. Hartman. And we further certify that during the last sitting when the result was obtained, Mr.

Jay J. Hartman did not handle the plate, nor enter the dark room at any time.

“J. Slatter, C. W. Murhman, V. Cutter, I. P. Weekman, F. T. Moreland, T. Temple, (all practical photographers.) E. Saunders, Wm. Warrington, Joseph Kinsey, Benjamin E. Hopkins, G. A. Carnahan, Wm. Sullivan, James P. Geppert, D. V. Morrow, M. D., E. Hopkins, and Robert Leslie.”

“Mr. Murhman demurred to the first part of the certificate, not that he had discovered fraud, but that he was not in the dark room when the result was obtained, but cheerfully signed as to the last clause, and with the balance exclaims: “*There’s the fact, who can explain it?*”

I will also refer the reader to a pamphlet put forth by Mr. Mumler, of Boston, on his own experiences in Spirit-Photography. He gives many well attested cases of pictures taken by him, which have been unmistakably recognized by relatives and friends as the faces of those who are in the spirit world. Mr. Mumler is the gentleman who some twenty years since, more or less, underwent a public trial in New York city, and was triumphantly acquitted.

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM EDDY.

I HAVE omitted to give descriptions of a great many sittings with various mediums, before I went to the Eddys', for, though some of them were quite remarkable, there was nothing definite enough to be recorded, though they were of importance to my mind as collateral proofs of the truth of spirit power and communion. Many things which were eagerly received by others, made upon me no impression, partly because I did not personally know the medium, and could not be assured of his or her perfect honesty, and partly because they were things which I thought might have been done by the medium and not by spirits. I will now proceed to relate some things which I saw while at the Eddys, but for a more full and graphic account of the wonders of that enchanted house, I again refer the reader to Col. Olcott's famous book, "People from the other World." It is profusely illustrated, and will amply repay a perusal.

And I will premise my account with the remark that during my twenty-three days' sojourn at Chittenden, or rather "Spirit Vale," I did not content myself with merely attending the seances of these famous brothers, but watched them continually at their daily tasks, and in their hours of relaxation, and am firmly persuaded that all their manifestations were perfectly genuine. Especially did WILLIAM impress me as a man of singular honesty and simplicity of character; too guileless to protect himself from the wiles and snares of others. I loved him as one of God's chosen instruments to bless and comfort the mourning hearts of those whose friends had been taken out of their sight.

I remember that, on one occasion, the hired girl had become offended, and was about giving up the situation. There were about fifty boarders, the house was over

crowded, and it would have been utterly impossible for Alice—now Mrs. West—the young and rather frail looking sister, to have cooked and waited on that motly crowd. There was great consternation among the lady boarders, for although several of us were in the daily habit of rendering assistance in household duties, we knew that the buxom maid of all work could not well be spared. While remonstrating with her, and also trying our powers of persuasion, she said: “I won’t stay any longer; I’d go on my hands and knees for William, but I hate all the rest.” This was not exactly true, for she was a good-hearted girl, and they treated her kindly; but she was in a great passion about something, and her testimony to William’s goodness was quite valuable and touching. She did not leave us.

One night a spirit appeared, and announced, by raps, that it was a friend of mine. As I said before, I am near-sighted; so, with my mind entirely upon my recently deceased husband, I addressed as such the spirit. But the form stepped entirely out from the cabinet, took a step or two so as to throw the whole outline upon the white-washed wall, took up a portion of her dress and shook it, to show me it was a woman, and then I beheld and recognized my dear mother, who had been in the spirit world for twenty-eight years. She appeared to me three times, and having been a large woman with a very fine figure, her appearance was quite different from any other of the spirit forms I had seen there.

I give here the testimony of Dr. J. M. Peebles to the genuineness of the Eddys’ mediumship, partly because he is so extensively and honorably known, and partly because I had the pleasure of meeting him at Spirit Vale, and thus he can and will corroborate my testimony.

In the *Banner of Light* of September 11th, 1875, he says:

“Before me lies a copy of the *Banner of Light*, containing a letter from my pen, dated Lowell, Mass., Oct. 7th, 1865. In this communication, describing the Eddy brothers, I said: These mediums are modest, unassuming, and unpretending, utterly unschooled in the arts and wiles of the world. When confined as securely as a skeptical

committee could tie them, music would be heard on several instruments at the same time; hands, arms and faces shown at the aperture, and all too, while tied so tightly that the blood partially ceased to circulate. * * * In a subsequent letter to the *Banner* I mentioned a prophecy made by the controlling spirits at the Eddys', that *in a few years spirits would be able to so control the aural envelopes of mediums and the elements in seance rooms, as to materialize the whole form and speak in audible voices*. Similar prophecies were made through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Dr. H. B. Storer, and several others. These prophecies have since been fulfilled—literally, unequivocally fulfilled in different parts of the country.

"Meeting these Eddys for the first time some fifteen years since, I then and there fully satisfied myself that they were mediums. Attending their seances in Buffalo and other Western cities several times afterwards, and then investigating again, something like a year since, *all* confirmed what, to my mind, required no further confirmation—the *genuineness* of their mediumistic gifts! * * *

"WHAT IS SAID.—'They are curt and churlish,' said a visitor, while lounging under the shade trees that front the door.

"Effects have legitimate causes. Whatever else the Eddys may be they are not hypocrites. Their mediumship, converting such determined skeptics as Dr. Miller, of New York, Judge Haynes, of Tennessee, and other noted persons, is established. * * *

"Considering the slimy insinuations, the wanton abuse, the contemptible lies and slanders retailed about these mediums—and the *scars*—yes, the *scars* they wear upon their persons as seals of their mediumship—I really wonder that they have patience or even a shadow of faith in humanity remaining.

"SUNDAY AT THE EDDYS'.—To the truly enlightened all days are holy, and all hours fit seasons for worship. True aspiration is worship—is *genuine* prayer. At the usual Sunday hour for religious worship, the Eddy visitors and a few of the neighbors assembled in the large seance room, where we held a most interesting meeting. The music if not classical, was cheering, and though there were present

Spiritualists, Shakers, Universalists, Methodists, and skeptics, there were uttered no jarring or discordant words. The speakers were Elder F. W. Evans, Rev. A. Gage, Eldress Antoinette Doolittle, P. C. Tomsen, William Whittenmyer, a lady poet from Texas, and others."

Dear reader, asking pardon of my good Bro. Peebles for the contradiction, the lady poet from Texas did *not* make a speech! Being a Southern woman, I am in such things somewhat behind the age; yet I hope the sterner sex will pardon me when I declare that of the numerous public addresses I heard last summer, those spoken by women were, in a majority of cases, the best—that is, in my humble opinion. Somehow or other, my gifted sisters know how to reach the *heart*.

But, lest I should appear to contradict my brother Peebles too flatly, I will confess that I did rise at my seat, and in an almost inaudible voice, say a few words. Among the songs on that occasion was one commencing with the words—

‘Oh, sing to me of heaven
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.”

That song was composed by me many years ago; and, being somewhat impressible, I was so much affected at hearing it under such circumstances, that I felt an uncontrollable impulse to announce a fact unknown to those present, and with a trembling voice I did so, expressing at the same time my gratitude to God that I had lived to see that day.

But Brother Peebles forgot to say that he was the chief speaker on that occasion, and I, and I hope many others, will never forget his thrilling words.

And while I am at the confessional, I will record two other instances when I was impelled, by some power outside of myself, to say a few words in public. Soon after my return from the Eddys', when attending a conference at the Harvard rooms, New York, a lady took the platform and denounced poor William Eddy as a fraud. She gave no proof that I could discover, but raising her right

hand to heaven, exclaimed, "I know William Eddy to be a fraud!" then descended from the platform.

The first thing I knew I was marching up to the platform, and it is said that in a few words I defended William Eddy bravely and well. How that is I cannot myself say.

The next and last time that I thus disgraced (?) myself, was just before I left New York to return to my Southern home. As is pretty generally known to those who frequent the conferences at the Harvard rooms, the debates are sometimes any thing but harmonious. It is a free platform, and all, skeptics or others, are allowed to express their opinions, the time of speaking being limited to ten minutes. It happened on this particular Sunday afternoon—the last at which I should be present—that an atmosphere of love and holiness seemed to pervade the room, and on looking round at the countenances with which I had become so familiar, an irrepressible desire to bid my friends farewell took possession of me, and I went up to the platform, bade them an affectionate farewell, and asked their prayers. This is the head and front of my offending; but could I only be a TAPPAN, a HYZER, or a HAWKS, I should bless God, and take courage.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EDDY BROTHERS.

INSTEAD of giving my own descriptions of the wonders seen at Chittenden, I will transcribe from the *Banner of Light* certain portions of two articles written by Mr. Henry Lacroix, of Montreal, Canada. We were there together, and thus I can vouch for the accuracy of his delineations; and his style is so quaint and graphic that I know he will interest my readers more than my tamer words. He is a Frenchman, which will account for the idiomatic peculiarities of his composition. And now for Mr. Lacroix:

“The circle room, on the second floor, in the rear part of the house, is large enough to seat one hundred persons, &c. * * * The only spot which looks suspicious—at first sight—even to a believer, is the cabinet. That narrow and rather short place, with a door in front, has an opening on the side, or gable end of the house, which is but partially closed by a board nailed across. It looks on the roof of the adjoining kitchen underneath, on which one might be led to believe that some *confrere* could, during the seances, hold and pass to the medium, or operator, apparels to represent the different characters which are produced before the audience. We were, at first, we must acknowledge, somewhat nettled by that feature of the arrangement; the interstices between the board, and the frame of the window, also the hole made in the board itself, seemed to us of a suspicious character. In that mood we surveyed the whole argument so laid before our mind, and came to the conclusion that a skeptic could not be satisfied with such appurtenances, such a seeming clap-trap.

“As we, in justice to our readers and ourself, must state things as we saw them, we make the above statement; but at the same time we have to say that imperative necessity, as we found upon inquiry and due reflection,

demands such air-holes for the life protection of the medium. The door of the cabinet is closed during the seances with a black curtain, hung from the top, and so is the window in the cabinet. We can very well understand that a skeptic, coming and remaining here but a night or two, and seeing the manifestations of materialization under their ordinary aspect, returns home dissatisfied, and, more than that, with a strong suspicion that he has been fooled. Hence the rumors, wide spread, take consistency here and there, that the spectres of Spirit Vale, as Chittenden is called, are unreal, intangible, and but objects of trickery. We would certainly advise all skeptics, and even investigators who have made some headway, to go elsewhere - to see about home what is produced by inferior mediums, and furthermore, to prepare and educate their powers of understanding. It is unsafe for those who have been in darkness to satisfy their desire for light by rushing out at once into the full blaze. The subjective and objective realities of Spiritism are no mere child-playthings; they cannot be comprehended without initiation; and the thick headed, which form the majority, need not expect to get ahead of others who step by step have advanced, and now possess conviction and comprehension. * * *

"Some over zealous people, in wishing to instruct the visitor about the "*queer*" ways of the great mediums, will tell you to be cautious how you express yourself before them, or to those around; how you deport yourself in every way—as the very sensitive, "*bear-like, uncouth, uncivilized,*" brothers may dismiss you on the slightest grounds, and when least expected. * * * It is due to truth, and to the medium brothers that we should lay bare the case, and in a few words: We have found, by personal experience, unsought, unlooked for, that the brothers, far from wishing harm to those parties who try to injure them, or being inclined to resent on the innocent the injuries received, take such little notice of these fly-bites, numerous as they are, as to render unto their enemies good for evil. The two brothers who minister unto the spiritual wants of so many are simple in their ways, language, and dealings; manhood, beside, being stamped upon their brows in unmistakable characters. Accustomed as the

principal medium for materialization (William) is to the inner life, his manners reveal less of the outward than is found in Horatio, who enacts in what are called the "light and dark circles." Both, however, endeavor in every way to make themselves agreeable to their guests, and are always ready to answer questions in a genial mood. The active care of the farm devolves upon William, who is seen all day long, and every day, attending to such work. The outside business, and attendance on the guests, is performed by Horatio. The lady guests are often seen in the kitchen helping the cook, and sometimes William, who occasionally in the morning performs that drudgery, as well as the washing of linen, under the influence of the spirit of an Irish washerwoman, named Ann Cuddy.

"* * * The audience is always requested at the opening of every seance by Mr. Brown, who presides, to sing, and religious airs are generally those chosen. Those on the front row of benches have to join hands during the whole seance. There is next to the platform a melodeon organ, which is occasionally played on, but a musical box is often resorted to, to fill the atmosphere of the room and the minds of the audience with some harmony. * * *

"The personality of Honto, as she appears night after night, cannot be mistaken. Her form, movements, and gestures, are so peculiar and different from that of other spirits seen here, that none but the blind could not distinguish her instantly from the others. It is true that her features are not plainly perceptible, the whole having at a distance and under the imperfect light which prevails in the room—given by a kerosene lamp set on the floor, and partly shaded by an old cheese box—a muddy, confused aspect; but as she shows herself in full blaze, as she often does in the doorway of the cabinet, then her features and Indian color brighten up and display themselves sufficiently to be recognizable at any time. Were she able to speak, as many others do, she would delight the audience much more, and create quite a furore. (We have been informed that some time ago, she could and did speak.) Her artifice, if we may so call it, in manufacturing shawls from the air, taken in mid-air, on the walls, on the floor, from the neck, or feet, or lap, of persons on the platform, is

truly a marvelous feat, and the way she does it is so off-hand, so dexterous, as always to win and excite applause.

"The shawls so made by Honto are of different sizes, shades, and seeming textures. Sometimes she stretches them their whole length with the aid of some one selected from the audience holding on to the other end, and after so doing she rolls them up, and throws them into the dark cabinet. It comes to pass sometimes that Honto announces her approach, or presence in the cabinet, previous to her coming out, by the loud report of a pistol shot, and as she dances on the platform, firing here and there in quick succession, the elegant boldness and surety of sight she then exhibits make that part of the programme an impressive one.

"To prove how agile she is, Honto once ran down like a gazelle the steps of the platform, onto the main floor of the circle room, and leaped clear over the railing on to the elevated platform, four feet and a half exact measurement, being the distance of the railing from the floor. This feat was so sudden, so unexpected, that it took every one by surprise, and charmed us all beyond measure.

* * * * *

"The dress which Honto wears is white, but her waist, which is like a reed, is encircled by a red sash; a red, pouch-like article hangs at her side, and forms an agreeable contrast with the white robe. Her hair, which often in her agile movements gets over her features, so as to hide them sometimes, is of a deep dark brown color, and we sincerely hope, before leaving Spirit-Vale, to be graciously favored with a lock of it, however small.

"The next personage who attracted most our attention is Wickachee, a *brave* of such characteristic manly beauty and elegance, as would in our estimation, win the brightest smiles of a Fifth Avenue coquette.

"As he came out speechless, and stood before us like an Apollo, his features illumined by an interior fire, which partook of the character of sacred flames which cannot be simulated by any one not having them within them, we felt and realized well that this actor was undoubtedly superior to his *role* and the conditions which hold him imprisoned. * * * This brave, of medium height,

but of perfect symmetry in every limb, and truly elegant in every one of his movements and gestures, pointed his finger toward Horatio, who came on the platform to cross swords with him. Those weapons stood with some musical instruments on a table at the left end of the platform.

“As his steel sparkled in his sure and *exercised* hand, and struck that of Horatio, we could at once see that his magnetism, passing in bright sparks over and out of the weapon he held, instantly awed Horatio, and made a weak child of that medium. At the seance of the 5th August, Wickachee appeared to us for the fourth time, and walking to Horatio, who was sitting on the platform, he motioned him to get up. As they confronted each other like statues, Wickachee suddenly fired a pistol which was hidden in his right hand, startling every one. He next motioned Mrs. Stone, of Cincinnati, and Horatio, to execute with him a military march on the platform; after this, he danced with Horatio in such an extraordinary gymnastic way, flinging his legs forward, and so high, as to astonish every one.

“Before going further with our descriptions, we would here mention that having left Chittenden on the 19th to go to Boston, where we remained until the 27th, we learned in that city from our eldest spirit son, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Rockwood, that he had materialized himself, and came to us at the Eddy circle, promising to return at the same place, and if possible shake hands with us and talk French. Through the same excellent medical medium—who is also, as we have found, a good test-medium—the spirit George Dix and another came, without being asked, and told us that they would meet us half way and more, in satisfying us by establishing stricter test conditions than those with which we had found fault while at William Eddy's circle. As will be seen further, this was done beyond the point that we would have asked, and at short notice, after our return to Chittenden. * * *

“As we do not intend to survey the whole line of facts of materialization that we witnessed, * * * we judge it well to give but a synopsis of the different characters which come often, arrayed in William Eddy's magnetic garments, or his aura, as some would call it. One of the

principal ones, apart from those already described, is certainly the *factotum*, Mrs. Eaton. That spirit is a type which has many representatives in all towns, but who are to be seen under better conditions, in all villages the world over. She is fond of talking of herself, but more so of others. Her remarks about wrong doings and sayings carry a heavy load of truth, and show that she has, in a sly or stealthy way of her own, taken the trouble to find out the actual quality and quantity of that load which she brings before you. She hunts up the texts of her improvisations, in quick snapping bites, that inflict no great harm, as she comes *toothless*, and furthermore, be it said to her credit, she always finishes her *mercuriales* by a good, warm, steaming bowl of good humor, of love and charity, which brings on each brow the sweet perspiration of ease.

“ * * * Human nature, even in the spirit, is no doubt sensitive to all kinds of inflictions which reach it, and therefore the over-sensitive Mrs. Eaton, who takes to heart all that is said against any of the members of her much loved band, over each of whom she watches with a tender, motherly care, is liable, like all beings so constituted, in or out of the flesh, to feel resentment whenever they are attacked. That a spirit of the nature and status of Mrs. Eaton should appear in a tangible, talkative form, and deport itself as an ordinary human mortal, that indeed seems too much of a ‘*sell*,’ to use a common but vulgar expression, to suit the delicate and preconceived notions of a large class which have been reared in the pernicious hot-houses of superstition and ignorance. Evidences of immortality, as furnished by Mrs. Eaton and the other spirits who materialize themselves night after night, cannot be evident to all, even of those who see those apparitions close to, and under the strictest test conditions.

“Yes readers, who lend us your ears, Mrs. spirit and spirited Eaton is a remarkable little body, and a most important personage in these manifestations. She appeals to all the senses of an assemblage, and enacts a part most vital in these phenomena. Notwithstanding her snappish remarks at the display of doubts on the part of any skeptic or inquirer, the busy, bustling, and ever alive little creature invariably furnishes more than is asked, and, as she

does so, a happy smile comes over her quaint, protruding features, and she bluntly says: 'There you have it, are you satisfied?' On one occasion our subject, after coming out repeatedly on the platform, and delivering one of her queer but practical addresses, remarked that somebody in the crowd was far from being satisfied with her identity, or genuineness, and that she would at once prove that she was herself, and nobody else! She then called on two ladies who were seated on the platform, on both sides of the cabinet, to examine her closely, *in full light*; to feel her face, her body, her clothes, and cap. The ladies so addressed proceeded on their investigation, and reported to the audience that Mrs. Eaton was really an old woman of flesh and bones, with wrinkled brow, and possessed their entire confidence. To add to the conviction, Mrs. Eaton then said to one of the ladies: 'Now kiss me,' which was done.

"The heart of Mrs. Eaton is good, and the higher powers use her eccentricities to an evident purpose, which every one having a little amount of perception can easily sum up in his own mind. We qualified Mrs. Eaton with the term of *factotum*, and so she is, and a good one, indeed, to all intents and purposes. Mrs. Eaton is fond of dancing, and performs well enough that part. She two or three times appeared to us and others, no more in her grayish *old* clothes and wrinkled features, but a bright, pretty young woman, decked in shining white, exhibiting herself *in full light* to the close and scrutinizing glances of several ladies on the platform, being kissed by them at the same time. Mrs. Eaton is undoubtedly herself always—a *bona fide* person, not in the least ghostly in mien or deportment—and as she treads the stage, stamping her feet, not gliding, she reminds one and all of the stern actualities which take place in this age, the world over, and significantly points out and proves what is coming, what is to be, on a vaster and more diversified scale. On the 3d of August, Mrs. Eaton asked for a glass of water, which she sipped and swallowed while on the platform, a gentleman near her verifying the fact better than we could, as we were at some distance from her. She pronounced it good, but a little warm.

“On the second night after our arrival from Boston we were startled and agreeably surprised to notice on getting into the circle room, the verification of what had been told us by the spirit George Dix through Mrs. Rockwood, that he and others were ready to meet us half way, and more, in establishing *stricter* test conditions. Behold! there we saw to the left of the platform, in the open place next to the chimney, a black curtain hung up, intended for the evident purpose of holding the cabinet for that night, in a place where no air-hole could or can be found. ‘Are you satisfied?’ said in our ear the briny control of these circles. We could not help feeling thankful for that test, for that exhibition of good will and anxiety on the part of these *invisible* ones to comply with our desire to see the manifestations take place under stricter test conditions than before. Will they, thought we, be able to manifest in and out of that *too close* box as well as usual? Will not the medium be strangled for want of air, all the windows of the circle room being, as they invariably are, closed? What we feared nearly came to pass—the medium coming out after a most brilliant seance of materialization, equal to any we have seen before or since, in such a pitiful state of exhaustion as to be unable to walk to the entrance-door of the circle room, having fainted, although a powerfully built man, from the noxious effects of the carbonized air which he had inhaled during one hour, while in the *too close* temporarily arranged cabinet. As we saw the medium carried down stairs in an insensible state by two men, we felt sorry for having been the cause of such a *denouement*, but his spirit friends whispered in our ear, ‘Fear not; we know how far we can tax him.’ The reporter of the *Boston Herald*—*who was once requested by William Eddy to stand outside of the closed or barred window of the cabinet to see that nothing was introduced through that aperture during the seances*—was present at that sitting, and we considered it our duty to tell him and others all the circumstances of the case, not having intimated to any one before what had been told by spirit George Dix concerning his proffer of *establishing stricter test conditions for us*. The consequences of that arrangement were that William felt its effects for two days, so much so that the controls on the second night after, said and proved that they could not materialize through him as well as usual on that account.”

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. LACROIX.

I WILL now transcribe some portions of the second part of the *Banner* articles by Mr. Lacroix; still assuring those of my readers who know me personally or by reputation, that *I can vouch for their entire truthfulness*. I give these experiences in his words, simply because he describes them, as I believe, better, more comprehensively, and more philosophically than I could. Mr. Lacroix says:

“We have been told of a remarkable seance* which took place here, while we were in Boston, on Sunday night, July 25th, Mr. Brown’s shop, close by, answering as a cabinet. It seems that the night previous spirit Brown had announced that the next circle would take place at his son’s house, and that they, the spirits, would endeavor, the weather permitting, to produce and exhibit *several forms at the same time*. The doorway of the above mentioned shop being closed with the ordinary curtain, Mrs. Eaton appeared first, and then Honto. The latter stepped out on the grass-plot in front of the shop, and the audience, passed over to the left and picked up a large shawl manufactured by her, and then deliberately went to a hen-coop on the right, from the interior of which she again drew another shawl. Then she took as a partner a Mrs. Stone, of Cincinnati, and danced with her vigorously on the lawn. After retiring inside the cabinet, Mrs. Eaton immediately appeared, and said that what had been promised the day previous was going to be fulfilled. The curtain was then fully raised from the inside by Honto, who stood on one side to show the spirit form of Mrs. Eaton, standing alongside of William Eddy, who was still entranced. That

*I have also received an account of this seance from several reliable eye witnesses many of them well known, and of undoubted purity of character. I did not witness it myself.

M. D. S.

remarkable case served to prove the reliability of these manifestations, by the occurrence of a fact of such a startling nature. The "Witch of the Mountain" then came out, and during twenty-five minutes delivered a forcible and eloquent address, the purport of which we did not learn.

"We have to inform our readers (in this out-of-the-way place) that Honto some twenty months ago used to speak. As we consider this item of some importance, we introduce it here.

"The 'Witch of the Mountains,' whom we will now interview, appeared many times on the platform in the somewhat hazy atmosphere of the circle room. This spirit claims to have command of the band, and that she is the daughter of Belshazzar, and was the medium for the writing on the walls of her father's festive hall, her own brother, who appears often at this circle, being the spirit who drew from his sister the magnetic means to inscribe thereon the fiery letters. * * *

"That this spirit possesses power over the other spirits forming this band we have no doubt, but whether she exercises it in virtue of purely intrinsic merits of a moral order, is another question. We hold that the spirit world and existence there, are not in many respects far removed from the status of our planet and existence here; and that muscular power in the brain and frame go a great way there as well as here to constitute and institute authorities—who, when interviewed closely, are seen deprived in a great measure of the excellencies of the station.

"On emerging from the cabinet * * * the Witch generally wears a sort of diadem, studded in front with a bright light, which after a while mysteriously disappears and re-appears. As to her dress, it would be a rather hard matter to describe, as she was always seen by us in a somewhat murky atmosphere. Probably having read over our shoulder the above remarks, which we leave, for a purpose, in its original shape, and as if desirous of showing her power to appear under different circumstances, she, on the sixth of August, the day preceding our departure, had the full light on in the hall, and in its direct rays, as well as those of our searching eyes, she boldly walked out,

displaying every fold of her pure white dress, which seemed quite fresh from the laundry. Over it, falling in artistic puffs all around, was a deep crimson skirt, reaching below the knees, which lent much charm and liveliness as an adornment to that well-cut and tasty garment. On her bosom rested a beautiful necklace of pearls. As we beheld besides, under the full light, the now disclosed features of the Witch, we was struck with their regularity, their bold-like expression of will-power. Under the diadem covering the queenly head were a mass of dark locks, which, like those of Sampson, appeared to hint, at not only power, but also a vast amount of mystery.

“* * * That the directress of this band desired us to re-write or correct our statements concerning her we have some plausible reason to suppose; that she also wished to convey to others some important hints, of which they alone could appreciate the significance and portent, became apparent by her saying that she was indeed the daughter of Belshazzar; that she had lived one hundred and thirteen years on earth, and over four thousand years in the spirit world. Her whole bearing and half stifled emotions and words as she referred indignantly to the ‘unjust and base conduct of some who cheated and ill-used her pure, simple, and slave-like medium, who, day after day and night after night, toiled, sweated, and bore his burden, without so much as a reproach rising to his lips,’ seemed to convey to our mind that her expressed resolution of quitting those quarters soon with her band (which she would make legions if necessary,) and medium, was real and not to be set aside.*

“The brother of the Witch, appareled in an oriental costume, we saw and heard speak several times. His style of address is a good deal similar to that of his sister; he generally makes his appearance in too gray an atmosphere for our eyes to see him clearly. He is, notwithstanding, recognizable by others when he walks out. A singularity, which we noticed particularly in this spirit, and his sister also, but to a more marked extent in the first, is, that they

*Since that resolution was expressed, William Faddy and his band have really left ‘those quarters,’ and William is now giving splendid materialization seances at Aucora, N. J., near Philadelphia. M. D. S.

both, when speaking, show most unmistakable signs of weakness in their bronchial tubes and lungs, being obliged at almost every sentence to respire into those organs a sufficient amount of air so as to be able to proceed. (As if to contradict that observation of ours, on the 6th of August, alluded to above, the 'Witch' evinced nothing of that defect whatever.)

"A goodly number of Indian spirits make their appearance here, but we heard none of them speak except one, who gibbered some of his idiom to a Mr. West. That class of control comes oftener, we are told, when the medium is unwell, or in bad condition, so as to give him strength. On Tuesday, August 3d, six of these Indian spirits appeared, attired in a gorgeous manner; some of their head-dresses were ornamented with beautiful flowing plumes, which they bent forward in the full light outside of the door of the cabinet. As one of them, called Massasoit, who came for a Mr. Tomson, of Philadelphia, protruded his head outward, three beautiful pond lilies (of which none are to be found in this neighborhood) were seen among other ornaments upon his head. Another, stranger still, who came to the medium, Mrs. A. W. Cutter, of Boston, had also a gorgeous costume, and a *coiffure éclatante*, (a brilliant head-dress,) from which a seemingly living serpent, of the milk-adder species, coiled around it, dangling its moving head over the brow of its charmer and possessor. Wickachee was the first to emerge from the cabinet on this occasion, and motioned Horatio to come on the platform. He was the only one who fairly and boldly walked out, and as he moved up and down on the platform, at first with his chosen companion, and afterwards alone, we could but admire him, and follow eagerly every one of his manly, bold, and elegant motions. On leaving, he lifted his hand, a signal to have the full light for the exhibition of the others who were to follow him. Santum, on this and other occasions, filled the doorway with his great and imposing height. He was dressed from neck to foot in buckskin. * * *

"Were we to interview the different spirits who came before our eyes, or even mention their names and those for whom they came, our article would surpass its bounded

limits. We cannot avoid, however, mentioning some of them, such as Spirit Brown, for instance, the father of the Eddys' brother-in-law, who presides over the circle room. This spirit, dressed in black, we never saw come out, but he appeared in the doorway of the sanctum, from which he often, at the close of the seances, explained what seemed obscure, and otherwise gives good sound advice, speaking in peculiar hollow tones, which, however, partake somewhat of those of William, different only in being expressed in a major key.*

"Spirit Silas Wright, formerly governor of the State of New York, is a frequent visitor; he comes dressed in a full black suit, his face wearing a long black beard and moustache. Spirits of young girls, bearing bouquets in their hands, and beautifully attired in white, are often seen on the platform. We saw one who had on a red checkered shawl, who by certain movements attracted the attention of a lady in the audience, who thus recognized her, at which she seemed much pleased, and then left. A bright spirit girl called Ste. Marie, born in Montreal, came to greet us with her charming presence, likely on account of our being a townsman. She was tastefully dressed in white. This spirit belongs to the Band. A good number of Shaker 'sisters' made an appearance, and greeted by signs and raps two of their mortal 'sisters' who were sitting with Elder Frederic W. Evans, of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., on the front bench. These people arrived there on the 29th of July, and made a stay of about a week. Their visit to Chittenden was made for the purpose of soliciting this Spirit Band, and the Eddy boys, to exhibit at Mount Lebanon. In answer to the Elder's request, Spirit Brown informed him that they—the Band—could not make any such engagement.

*I have before described the recognition of their mother by Mr. Pritchard and Mrs. Packard; but must here add a few words from Mr. LaCroix;

"Whereupon a skeptic on one occasion replied to that son and daughter, who were looking into their mother's face, and saying it, 'You are deceived!' And another, in reply to Mr. Eaton speaking from the cabinet, and asking, 'Who then do you think it is?' answered, 'It is William Eddy,' to the great amusement of the audience, and the spirit of Mrs. Eaton, who inside the cabinet was giving vent to real, genuine laughter."

“The light circles, which are held at irregular times after the general seance, takes place through the mediumship of Horatio Eddy. A curtain is stretched across the vacant place to the left of the chimney, (on the platform), which leaves at the top an unveiled space of about two feet, but in such manner as to leave at the right an open spot for the shoulders of the medium, and the chair on which he sits. Being seated, a second curtain is pinned in front of his person, closely at the top, so as to adhere to his neck, also to the body and neck of the investigator who sits next to him—(further on, the reader will find an account of my own experience when, on one occasion, I was privileged to occupy this seat. M. D. S.) the latter's arm, next the medium, exposed bare by the sleeve being rolled up above the elbow, is held by the two hands of Horatio. In one instance we were allowed to sit with a lady at one of these *full light* circles, the lady sitting between us and the medium, to his right. Every thing being ‘ready,’ a number of musical instruments and other things lying on a table back of us, behind the curtain, were immediately bustled about in a lively way, and soon after, the guitar and tambourine were thumbed, and evidently floated away from the table. Those instruments, as well as a hand bell, were carried in all directions, rang out their different sounds and confused notes, and struck us on the head and shoulders occasionally. The guitar was often shown over the top of the curtain, a large brass trumpet also, and the bell was vigorously rung by an unseen hand. As we sat there we asked *mentally* that some hand would touch our right shoulder, which was beyond the reach, we knew, of Horatio. That request was granted, but only toward the close of the seance; then a small hand, that of a child, patted our right shoulder briskly, and so gave us something substantial, a good test, to speak about. A large hand and arm, in the meantime, were often extended out over Horatio's head, through the united folds of the curtains, and were shown in all possible positions. This same hand would also, from the inside, slap our heads and shoulders vigorously. After a while another (right) hand appeared with a mutilated finger, said to be that of George Dix, who was lost with all

others on board the packet steamer 'President,' about thirty-five years ago, and who controls this and the dark circle.

"This hand motioned for cards to write on. These being produced and placed within reach of the very white spirit-hand, (which differs much in that respect from those of Horatio, which are much sun-burnt), its fingers took up one after another of those cards, and handed them inside, behind the curtain, where they were covered with figures and communications to parties in the hall; the writing, in pencil, being done on the sitters' shoulders and backs in a most rapid manner, the noise of which could be heard by every one in the room. As soon as each of those cards was written on, the mutilated hand would protrude itself out, and fling them in every direction. One of these cards, which we have in our possession, is covered with Chinese characters. At this circle, flowers of different kinds, some of them unknown in this locality, were produced, and given to designated guests. At times, the ring test takes place at these seances.

"When we aver that we saw with our wide open eyes, tangible forms, numbering some nights as high as twenty and twenty-five, all differing in size, dress, manners and appearance, gray-haired beings, male and female, young men and women, and children even of two years of age, without counting a babe which is occasionally seen, brought by a mother in her arms, many of these in full light, it must be admitted that we did not require much more to assure conviction.

"We had intended at one time to avail ourself of the offer of William Eddy to keep watch on the roof of the kitchen under the window of the cabinet, but after the holding of the seance before alluded to, on the left of the chimney—where no opening of any kind existed—we considered such procedure unnecessary. Be it remarked, that the seance room and cabinet are open to inspection all day, and every day; that four double beds are in the first, and that this room, besides, is constantly occupied by the guests, in the day as well as at night, who resort there to read, write, and converse together. Under such circumstances, trickery or collusion is scarcely possible.

Besides, the manifestations speak for themselves sufficiently to convince any one endowed with common sense.

"On the fifth of August another of our spirit children, aged between six and seven, appeared at the doorway of the cabinet, and answered to our inquiry, made in French, that she came for us.

"After the general seance, Horatio announced that he would hold a dark circle. As we had missed one that had taken place before, which we were told had been very good, we felt much pleased at the announcement. The seance room was made ready by closing every door and putting blankets over the curtains at the windows. A table covered with musical instruments and different kind of wares was set next the platform on the main floor. The medium was tied to a chair near the table, by one of the audience, and all joined hands, forming a semi-circle in front of the medium. The light being extinguished, very shortly after, a strange, husky voice, which seemed at first to proceed from Horatio, and almost immediately from a spot near the ceiling, bade us all "Good evening," &c. That voice said that it belonged to George Dix, the principal control of this circle. Before beginning the exhibition, if we remember right, we, individually, were addressed by name, and told that our remarks about the Witch of the Mountains were written in a way to mislead the readers of our article from the exact truth, concerning her history. *That that spirit was the daughter of Belshazzar, &c.*

"Mayflower, who appears as a child, we were told, saluted her audience in a peculiar voice, and talked about indifferent subjects in an infantile way. Then Geo. Dix said he would give us, with the help of his band, the "Storm at Sea" scene, naming French Mary, (whose real name Horatio told us was Delano), Honto, Santum, Mayflower, &c., as his band. The *vacarne*, or noises of the 'Storm,' were indeed so well executed by the instruments of the band, as to recall vividly like occurrences on the "vasty deep," we have witnessed at Cape Horn and other regions. Mayflower next improvised a long versification, very pretty, and feelingly composed and recited, concerning spirits and their relations with their earthly brethren and

sisters. We are told that this spirit, who always appears and speaks as a child* was of Italian birth; that she went while on earth, through many vicissitudes, but that the spirit of music was even then her loving and much-loved companion. With her ruby lips and golden tongue, she informed us that she would now give us '*The March to the Spirit World*,' on the concertina. There was expressed in that piece such warmth of sentiment, such beautiful expressions of harmony and melody, such a masterly touch and handling of both, and such a truthful conception of the flight of any *good* human being from his earthly form, that we would fain believe it to be the exquisite composition of some master of art in the spirit world. Mayflower next gave us 'Home, Sweet Home,' on the same instrument, and afterwards with variations. This was sweet to hear, but it could not be compared with her first piece. George Dix said in his gruff tones that he would treat us with 'Yankee Doodle.' This was done on the violin in such comical and grotesque accents as to fill the hall with laughter. The 'Écho,' played by Mayflower on the mouth harmonicon, was a dreamy-like composition, which rocked us into a sweet *reverie* of forgetfulness of everything else but the sweetly expressed music from the lips of the joyful child, who comes to instruct humanity in her pleasant way about immortality and the active state of the hereafter."

Here end the two articles of Mr. Henry Lacroix, for the entire truthfulness of which I can honestly vouch, and so can many others, whose names would carry weight and authority. In the next chapter I shall give some individual experiences which occurred after Mr. Lacroix had left Chittenden, for I remained some time after his departure. To the truthfulness of these and similar phenomena, I could also give the testimony of many eye-witnesses, whose names would be of general and undoubted weight in both the scientific and literary worlds.

The photographs were taken before the arrival of Mr. Lacroix, and this accounts for his failure to mention them. Mr. Lacroix holds an important official position in Montreal, Canada, I think in connection with the custom house. He is in every respect a reliable witness.

*We have, however, her spirit picture, which represents her as a beautiful girl of about eighteen. M. D. S.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE FACTS.

I WILL now add a few items of personal interest to myself, which, in addition to the facts related by Mr. Lacroix, contributed to establish in my mind a firm conviction of the truth and wonderful beauty of spirit communion, and spiritual manifestations.

Mayflower, the beautiful Italian girl, who manifests herself with great power in Horatio's dark circles—gave me one evening a striking test of the reality of her materialization. I had purchased in Boston three yards of narrow ribbon, of three different colors; for I had understood that Mayflower sometimes made ribbon bracelets for the visitors, and I hoped to be thus favored. But evening after evening passed away, and I felt too timid to ask the favor, or else saw no favorable opportunity. There was a visitor present from New York city, a Mrs. Goodwin, well known as a healing medium. In Horatio's dark circle she was one night addressed by Mayflower—she was to depart the next day—who told her that if she had brought ribbons with her, she would have plaited her a bracelet as a keepsake. Mrs. Goodwin expressed her regret that she had not done so, when Mayflower said, "But that lady next you has some ribbons in her pocket, perhaps she will let you have them." This gave me courage to speak. "Mayflower," said I, "I certainly have some ribbons in my pocket, which I have kept there for some time hoping myself to obtain a bracelet from you. But as Mrs. Goodwin goes to-morrow, and I expect to remain for some time, I will let her have them, and send to Rutland for some more. But I consider it a most heroic act, a great piece of self-denial. You will have to come and take them from my pocket, however, for you know I am in the front row, and cannot break the circle." "Oh, I can get

them," said she; and straightway she came to me in perfect darkness, inserting a very active and solid feeling hand into my pocket, which—like a boy's first pocket—was filled with quite a variety of articles. Patting me on the cheek with the other hand, she said, "Why, you have a pocket full, but I can find the ribbon," which she accordingly did, and the bracelet was beautifully made—all in black darkness—while she chatted like a pleased and happy child. I procured more ribbon, and on a subsequent occasion, she made at one time four bracelets, of which mine was one. It is now one of my treasures.

On the evening of my heroic surrender, after Horatio had been securely tied by a committee, a heavy gentleman seated on his lap, and another placed in front, with his feet upon the medium's, "French Mary," who entranced and spoke through him, requested that two ladies should sew up Horatio's coat to the chin, and the spirits would take it off. The objection was raised that we had no needle and thread. "We have provided them," was the reply; "strike a light, and you will find them in the middle of the floor." A light being struck, there was seen, sticking in the floor, a large bright needle, with a long double thread, all knotted and ready. The coat was thoroughly sewed up, beginning at the top—the collar having been turned up—and ending at the lowest button. Then the light was extinguished, and in a moment something heavy was thrown upon Mrs. Goodwin's lap and mine, which proved to be the coat. A light was demanded, and the coat passed around for examination. Not a stitch had been disturbed, nor the thread broken in any place. There was the coat, and there was the medium in a trance, with his hands firmly tied behind him, a heavy gentleman on his lap, and one in front, securing his feet!

That was an evening of wonders. An old, portly, and venerable looking gentleman had arrived a day or two before. His general appearance, bearing, and conversation, proclaimed him a man of mark; but he was in deep mourning, and appeared sad; and in a confidential conversation we ascertained that he had traveled quite a distance with the hope of seeing the materialized form of his deceased wife. He had been disappointed thus far,

and was obliged to leave in the morning. William Eddy's seance was over, and he had not seen the beloved form, and most deeply did we all sympathize with him in his disappointment. When it was announced that Horatio would hold a dark circle, we were all delighted, but the good old gentleman looked sad and solitary, and appeared to feel no special interest in the announcement. "French Mary," however, selected him as the person to sit on Horatio's lap. The medium being tied as usual, the light was hardly extinguished before we heard distinctly the rustling of silk garments, and soon, amid the most profound silence, the sound of kisses was heard, and distinct pats, as of some one fondly caressing another. "Is it you, my darling?" we heard from a manly voice, broken by sobs. The whispering answer could not be heard, save by the weeping husband, but fond kisses were showered upon his face, head, and hands. The control called for a light, and the old gentleman was permitted to retire to his corner, weeping convulsively; but they were tears of joy. When the seance was over, we gathered round him, and he said, still weeping, "I am satisfied; I *know* I have been caressed, kissed, and spoken to by my angel wife; she had not power to show herself to me, but she did what she could, and I go from hence a happy man." We assured him of our sympathetic joy, and mingled our tears with his.

I believe I can now dismiss the dark circles, with the corroborative assurance that Mr. Lacrbix's description of the Storm at sea, and of Mayflower's music and improvised poetry fall far short of the reality; nor is it his fault; they must be heard to be appreciated.

I will now give a description of one of Horatio's "light circles," in which I had the honor and privilege of acting a somewhat prominent part.

On the last evening of my sojourn at Chittenden, it was announced, to my great delight, that Horatio would hold a "light circle." This was at the close of William's materialization seance. The vacant space upon the platform, to the left of the chimney, was used as a cabinet. Before the searching eyes of fifty people, a common pine table, upon which were several instruments, was placed in the

recess; then a dark army blanket was hung up before it, and before this blanket Horatio took a seat. Above the blanket is an open space of about two feet. To my intense gratification Horatio named myself as the person who was to sit beside him, and a lady from Ithaca, N. Y., was chosen to sit beside me. A blanket was then pinned before Horatio and myself, leaving our heads alone visible. Scarcely was this done when all the instruments began a lively serenade, the guitar being held sometimes above the curtain, and sometimes being thrust under our chairs so far as to be entirely visible, playing lustily all the while. Bells were rung, horns blown, and a general charivari of discordant sounds held carnival for a while. I forgot to mention in its place the most important thing of all, which is that I bared the arm next Horatio's to the elbow, and he clasped both his hands upon it, and kept them firmly there till the seance was over, which ended with the famous "ring test."

In a short time six or eight hands of various sizes were thrust through the blanket above our heads, which, when withdrawn, left no holes behind them. Blank cards were handed to the spirits in a little table drawer, which was then turned upside down and used as a writing desk. A great many communications were written, addressed to various persons in the audience, who looked on and plainly saw the hands in the act of writing. They patted our shoulders so vigorously as to shake us in such a way as to be perceived by all. The patting was also distinctly heard. Several hands caressed me, affectionately stroking my cheeks and patting my head in the view of all. Then they brought flowers, and threw them over the curtain in great profusion, to be distributed among the visitors. They stuck flowers in my hair, all over my head, and put their hands round so as to place the stems in my mouth, between my teeth. They were full of affection, and full of fun, and so was I. I had a beautiful message from my mother, written on one of the cards, and on another was the drawing of a dove holding a scroll in its beak, on which was written "Hope. Mayflower to Mrs. Shindler." And all this while I solemnly declare that Horatio never moved his hands from my arm; and besides, Hora-

tio possesses only two hands, and there were sometimes as many as six at a time protruded through the curtain.

A gentleman asked me after the seance if I did not think it possible that Horatio's hands could leave my arm without my knowledge? I wanted to say, "Sir, do you think I am a fool?" But I simply turned away, disgusted.

The ring test ended the performance. Horatio took his hands from my arm, and we firmly clasped each others hands. An iron ring about half an inch thick, and as large round as the crown of a hat, was placed upon his arm, and slipped down upon mine. He gave a convulsive shudder just as it surrounded his arm.

One circumstance, omitted by Mr. Lacroix—it may have occurred after he left Chittenden—I think it well to relate. During one of William's seances, a young woman emerged from the cabinet, holding a young baby in her arms. Mr. Brown, the husband of Delia Eddy, at once recognized his sister, and asked if that was Delia's baby. The spirit form bowed her head in affirmation. "May Delia go on the platform?" he inquired. Again there was an affirmative bow. Mrs. Brown accordingly went upon the platform, took the apparently living, moving baby in her arms, kissed it affectionately, and returned it to its spirit nurse. With bowed head and streaming tears she returned to her seat beside her husband, amid a silence broken only by the suppressed sobs of other mothers who had witnessed the affecting scene. No *mother* who was present on that occasion will ever be persuaded that this was not a real spirit scene.

Another small occurrence is worthy, I think, of mention. One evening when there was an unusually large attendance of strangers newly arrived, Mr. Brown suggested that some of those who had been for some time occupying front seats, should give way to others, for that night, at least. No one responded to the appeal; but at length I, a front-seater, went to Mr. Brown and thus addressed him: "Mr. Brown, I cannot bear to be selfish, but you know I am near-sighted. If I retire to the back seats, would my husband be as likely to appear as if I were in front?" "I think so," he replied; and I accordingly took a seat quite in the back row. But my husband did not

appear, and towards the close of the seance, when I was feeling rather sad and lonely, I distinctly felt the pressure of an arm, or something else, around my waist. Thinking that perhaps a gentleman behind me had, in his eagerness to see, drawn closer to me, I turned round to look, but there he sat, at least three feet behind me, in an isolated chair. After the seance, I addressed Mrs. Brown, who is a fine clairvoyant, and said, "Well, I did not see my husband, but I suppose I must be thankful for what I get." "Your husband," she replied, "was sitting by your side all the evening, *with his arm around your waist.*"

The reader will perhaps remember that in Boston, at one of Mrs. Boothby's seances, when I was in precisely the same state of mind, that is, feeling sad and disappointed, my chair was violently shaken by some occult power. My husband has since told me, through a medium, that it was done by him, to console me for my disappointment.

On several occasions while sojourning at the Eddys, mediums among the visitors have personated my husband in a way so striking as to fill me with amazement.

One Sunday afternoon, in company with several ladies and gentlemen, I took a walk. On our return home, we passed the residence of Webster Eddy, a younger brother of the public mediums himself a medium, and highly clairvoyant. One or two of us concluded to pay himself and wife a call. We went in, and I was requested to play and sing an original composition, beginning, "I saw the young Bride." Its title is, "Passing under the Rod." I complied with the request, and when I resumed my seat, Mr. Eddy said, "There was a Confederate soldier standing beside you all the while you were playing." I asked for a description, and he described very accurately the photograph which I have before mentioned as having been given to me in New York by the spirit of a Confederate soldier. The same spirit, if I can judge from their descriptions, was seen beside me by a great many mediums during my stay at Chittenden. I felt impressed with an idea that it was some soldier endeavoring, through me, to communicate with his friends; but as I, in my ignorance, had not asked his name, I could not find it out.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN NEW YORK.

ABOUT the 1st of September I returned to New York, where I continued my investigations. I had then a firm conviction of the truth of spirit-communion, from which my mind has never for a moment wavered; on the contrary, my belief has been growing stronger and stronger, until now, after a lapse of more than a year, *I feel an absolute certainty* that the spirits of our loved ones do and can return to tell us that they still live, and watch over us far more effectually than they could while in the flesh.

I will now relate what I saw performed through the mediumship of Mrs. Belle Youngs, of Washington, D. C. She is commonly known as the "Piano Medium," because, under the control of Dr. Franklin, as she alleges, she can move the heaviest piano-forte, and cause it to give intelligent replies by rapping with its ponderous feet, giving three raps for the affirmative, &c.

On the 10th of September I was invited to attend a circle in the upper portion of the city, for the purpose of witnessing the "piano phenomena" as given by Mrs. Youngs. The evening was rainy, the atmosphere damp, and the "conditions" consequently unfavorable. But the manifestations were truly wonderful. Standing in front of the piano, with the fingers of her right hand resting slightly upon the music rack, she told the instrument to raise both feet at one end and rap three times, which was immediately done, but with much noise and rattling of the castors. Declaring that she did not desire any such noise or violence, she ordered it done more gently, and straightway the piano rose and fell with scarcely any sound, though there was no mistake as to the fact. When the instrument did not respond immediately to her demands,

she addressed the venerable spirit of Dr. Franklin in authoritative tones, and told him not to keep her waiting all the evening! I was quite shocked at this, and wondered how she dared to do it, and thought that if I were the Dr., I should probably retire in disgust, and leave her to own devices. But I have since that time repeatedly observed that the spirits are very patient with the infirmities of us poor mortals.

Mrs. Youngs then requested several of the heaviest gentlemen in the room to take their seats upon the piano, which was done, and it rose and fell as before, answering intelligently "yes" or "no" to many questions propounded by persons in the audience. There were six good sized gentlemen seated comfortably on the instrument. Then Mrs. Youngs took her seat, and played under spirit-influence. I do not think I asked the name of the musical spirit-control, for I was so completely entranced by the fine march and battle piece which she played, that I could think of nothing else. But this I know, that all the while she was playing, the piano was rocking back and forth, keeping exact time to the music. And this, while the gentlemen were seated upon it, who probably were made a little sea-sick, though they did not tell me so.

I was at that time an inmate of a house kept by a gentleman who was a materialist, and who scouted the idea of spirit-manifestations. But the tale I had to tell so excited his curiosity that he determined, if possible, to test the piano business at his own house. He had not long occupied the house, and had not yet procured a piano for his daughters; but having ascertained that Mrs. Youngs was willing to gratify him, he hired for the occasion the heaviest piano he could find, and the seance was held in the presence of his own household, and several invited guests. It was still rainy weather, and the medium was quite unwell; but the same manifestations occurred as those I have described, and on this occasion there were *seven* heavy men upon the instrument. One of the gentlemen went out and purchased an egg, which the medium held in her hand when she placed it under the piano to lift it up; the piano was lifted, and the egg not broken! And how do you think my materialist friend accounted

for these things? I am almost ashamed to tell you, but he said she raised the piano with her knees! And yet, as I said before, she often stood in front of it, not even touching it with her dress, and merely resting her fingers on *top* of the music rack, which was a queer way of *lifting* it! Truly, none are so blind as they who *will* not see, nor so deaf as they who *will* not hear.

I copy the following article sent by me to Dr. Watson for publication in the AMERICAN SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, and published in the number for July, 1876.

AN EXCELLENT TEST.

I attended a circle on the 26th of October at the residence of Mrs. Lindsley, of New York city, who, by the way, is an excellent and truthful test medium. I was accompanied thither by Mrs. T. J. Evans, a good medium for spirit-photography, who also resides in New York. It was a pretty large circle, and Mrs. E. was seated at one end of a long dining table, while I sat at the other. In the course of the evening she said, "Mrs. Shindler, who is J. O.?" I was so much startled at the question, that I could not at first answer it; but finally I said: "I know that name, Mrs. Evans; what do you know about it?" "I see that name—the full name," she replied, "in a semi-circle just over your head. The letters are so bright" (the room was dark), "that they dazzle my eyes."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, almost springing from my chair, "can it be possible? Ladies and gentlemen," I went on to say, addressing the sitters, "the young man who bore that name was the lover of my youth. When I was at the age of thirteen we engaged ourselves to each other, but for reasons of their own, our parents kept us apart, and he passed away in early life. The affection between us was pure and deep, and he died with my name upon his lips. I am very certain that his name has not been mentioned by me to any one for many years; indeed, it is a memory of long past times; and in calling for my spirit friends I never thought of him, because a large crowd of those dear ones with whom I had passed my early life, and who have more recently left my side, were thronging the chambers of memory, and giving me test

after test of their presence and their desire to communicate with me. That young man left this world more than forty years ago."

This test was considered a wonderful one by all present. And how grateful I felt to my dear spirit-lover for giving me such a proof of his continued affection, even though I had overlooked him in calling for my spirit-friends.

Now, I ask all who read this statement, if they can account, on any earthly hypothesis, for this remarkable occurrence? The name, I am sure, had not been in my mind for months, perhaps years. The last name is a very uncommon one in this country; but a name often chosen for its beauty by novelists and poets. The full name was over my head in letters of living light.

But this is not all. A few evenings afterwards I attended a circle at the residence of Mrs. Evans. We had the camera upon the table, and received several good photographs, taken in total darkness. There were present two gentlemen, commissioned by societies, for the express purpose of testing the genuineness of the manifestations—one a member of a Brooklyn committee, and the other the secretary of a prominent London Psychological Society. They each marked a certain plate with Greek letters, and it was placed by Mrs. E. in the camera. When the raps announced that something had been done, the plate was taken out, carried to the bath room, and brought back for examination. It contained a message, beautifully written, for me, and here are the words:

"MY FRIEND, MY MARY—I come with love offerings to you to-night. The mantle of love hangs over you with the brightness of old; I wait for you.

"Your spirit lover, J— O—."

I will add now in addition to what was published in the *Magazine*, that this beloved spirit says he has been one of my guardian angels all this time; that he is always present at our home circles, and is only waiting for the messenger to call for me, when he, with hosts of other beloved ones, will bear my spirit HOME.

ANOTHER TEST.

[From the *American Spiritual Magazine*.]

Just before I left New York I called to pay a parting

visit to that wonderful medium, and good man, Dr. J. V. Mansfield. While we were talking sociably together, he took up a pencil and began to write. I thought he was merely putting down some private memoranda, and went on chatting as usual. But I soon observed that he was paying no attention to what I was saying; and I then noticed that the first finger of his left hand was working with a ticking motion, and I at length discovered that he was writing a communication from the spirit-world, and became silent in an instant. He soon read to me the following communication from my spirit-son, who passed away from earth in 1839, aged two years and three months:

"Bless you, my darling mother, bless you! I am more than pleased to meet you. Oh, how I attempted to show myself at Chittenden, but could not. Dear Mr. Shindler did, and so did Grandma, but father and I could not get near enough to make an impression. Mr. Shindler, or, as I call him, Father Shindler, was rejoiced to be able to do what he did. He says he trusts it will be a sufficient test evidence for you and his dear ones at home. Well, mother, we have been with you most of the time during your absence from home. The visit or tour East has made an impression on your mind time will not efface. Care not for what bigoted skeptical ones may offer towards refuting the truth of these phenomena; think for yourself, believe for yourself, as you live for yourself, and must die for yourself. Cherish the truths you have in your heart, and thank God you have lived to see the dawning of this day. Go where you may, we shall be present with you. When I say we, I mean those who are now present with me; they are Mr. R. D. Shindler; my dear father, Charles E. Dana; Mrs. E. F.; R. W. N.; and your son, Charles Palmer Dana. So, then, be of good cheer; know that the best of the journey of life is before you. Say to that dear Mr. Watson, he is doing his work acceptably to God and the angels; tell him not to falter in ways of well-doing. Do, do, do allow us one and all to talk with you from time to time.

"I am your spirit son,

"CHARLES PALMER DANA."

Now, when we consider how many strangers are continually calling upon and writing to Dr. Mansfield, and that he had just returned from a protracted visit to Saratoga, where undoubtedly he had received daily, hundreds of names, from mortals and spirits—the giving of these names, all written out in full, to a comparative stranger, is, to say the least, simply wonderful.

On Wednesday, Sept. 22d, I attended a circle at the residence of Mrs. Evans. There were present two professional photographers, evidently skeptics. They marked the plates, and watched the proceedings with great intensity, while on their faces an incredulous smile seemed an index to their thoughts. They were, however, perfectly quiet and respectful. One or two pictures were obtained, whether recognized or not I do not remember, as on this occasion I only made a note of what concerned myself.

In the course of the evening a written message was obtained *on a marked plate*, and, when Mrs. E. brought it in, she said, "Who is Benj. M. Palmer? Here is a message from him." No one replied, and she continued: "Well, that is queer; who can it be for?" Then I quietly said, "That was my father's name, and the message, I suppose, is for me." This was the message as it came through the camera:

"Mary, my child, how happy I am to meet you here to-night. Mother is with me, and we are so happy, so happy.

"BENJ. M. PALMER."

These messages appear to be what are called tin-types, and are written in white on a black surface. The reader will observe that neither the medium nor any one else knew anything about my father, nor, in fact, about myself. The two photographers were honest enough to say there could have been no fraud about it, and they could not imagine how it was done.

On the 27th of September I was again at one of Mrs. E.'s circles. I frequented these circles because I was always hoping to get a photograph of some "loved one gone before." Somehow or other, I was never expecting messages, though now I think them almost as satisfactory as photographs. On this occasion I received a communi-

cation from my spirit-son, Charles P. Dana. It ran thus:

"Mother, I am so happy to give you my little mite. Both fathers are here to-night, and send you much love.

"Your spirit-son,

"CHARLIE."

I am very certain that no one present knew that I had been twice married, and that "Charlie," the son of my first husband, called both my dear ones "father."

At a circle at Mrs. Linsley's, Sunshine, her little Indian control, told me that if I would wait—I was about starting for Charleston—and come to the next circle, she would bring me a canary. I told her I would willingly wait for *that*. In the meantime I met Mrs. Lindsley at one of Mrs. Evans' circles. On that occasion Sunshine told me she had picked out my bird, a yellow one, with green wings. I asked her if it could sing, to which she replied that she did not know. She said she got it away down town, in an old tumble-down house, where they had "such a many birds; lots of 'em." I asked her if that wasn't stealing. She said no, they had "such lots." I concluded to leave the question of stealing to Sunshine's conscience, and let her bring me the bird if she could. I was so certain of receiving it that I purchased a cage on my way to Mrs. Lindsley's, on the designated evening.

We had a large circle, and scarcely was the door closed and the light extinguished, before something came fluttering in our faces, and I exclaimed, "There is my bird!" Some of the ladies were alarmed, and cried, "Oh, *what* is that?" The gas was lighted, and the little panting creature was found seated on the sofa, directly behind my chair. Sunshine had pulled out its tail in bringing it, and she said it was not the one she wanted; she had to take what she could get, and she had hard work to get it at all. It was a very pretty bird, however, notwithstanding the loss of its tail, being of a bright, golden yellow, with a green top-knot. I carried it safely to Charleston, but regret to say that it somehow or other got out of its cage, and as numerous enquiries and advertisements failed to restore it, I very much fear it made a dainty meal for

some one of the numerous cats which infested the neighborhood of my place of sojourn.

Candor compels me to add that Mrs. Lindsley was not under "test conditions" and I do not know whether "Sunshine" really brought the bird; but I think she did, as I believe Mrs. Lindsley to be an honest medium.

One more seance in New York, and my experience at the North is at an end. I called upon Mrs. Wilson, and obtained permission to attend one of her circles for materialization, which I had been told were quite satisfactory. There was a large company present.

The cabinet was a very slight affair, apparently just a frame, with cloth and paper pasted over it, and ran on castors, so that it could be moved about. In pity to my near-sightedness, I was allowed a seat in the front row, quite near the cabinet. We examined it inside and outside, and it was not possible for any one to get into it without our knowledge. The medium requested to be searched, but as she was a small woman, and very plainly dressed in a black gown, without any "furbelows," we contented ourselves with feeling her person outside of her dress. There certainly were no masks or other fixtures about her. Several strips of court-plaster were then placed over her mouth, both horizontally and perpendicularly, and she was securely tied by a committee of two, who appeared to understand the business. Then she was led into the cabinet, seated on a chair, the door was closed, and the manifestations commenced. She was entranced and controlled by a former husband, a sea-faring man, I believe, whose name was Ben. Thackerberry. He was a very cheerful and talkative spirit indeed. He sang several songs, and conversed with his acquaintances in the audience in quite a humorous way. A face appeared at the aperture, which I saw distinctly. It was that of an old gentleman, with hair and beard of a snowy whiteness, and after talking awhile, apparently with some difficulty, he announced himself as "Father Taylor." Then he was warmly greeted, but I do not think he was recognized till he told his name. He was asked if he could show himself to his wife—Mother Taylor, of New York, a dear old lady—but he said, no, she would be so much

agitated, and so would he, that he could not do it. Songs were sung in the cabinet by four voices, carrying different parts, which was startling when we consider that the medium's mouth was securely sealed. The Star-spangled Banner was called for by Ben., and sung in a spirited manner by the audience, the spirits in the cabinet joining loudly. When this was over, I said, in a spirit of fun, "Nobody calls for 'Dixie.'" "Oh, yes," exclaimed Ben., "let us have 'Dixie,'" which was accordingly sung in full chorus by both spirits and mortals. Then Ben. announced that there was a spirit from Texas, anxious to show himself to his wife, but he "couldn't quite make it out." A face appeared for an instant, and as quickly disappeared, and this occurred three times. It was so quickly done that no one could have recognized it. I believe my husband was trying to show me his face, but could not get power to accomplish it. After several faces had appeared and been recognized, Ben. invited some of the visitors to come to the aperture and shake hands with him. There was quite a general hand shaking, and then I asked if I might come. "Certainly," said he. I went up and put my hand through the aperture, when it was caught and shaken so violently that I verily thought the cabinet would be turned over. It shook and rocked like a ship in a storm. When the laughter caused by this scene was over, I said, "If that spirit from Texas is still there, I wish he would take my hand." Immediately it was taken and gently pressed by a warm, life-like hand, very different in feeling from that of Ben. Thackerberry.

Ben. said he wanted me to put him in my book, and I have done so.

I forgot to mention in its place that I called upon the famous Dr. Slade, but he was then engaged with a party. Understanding from his agent, Mr. Simmons, that, on account of his feeble health, he did not materialize, I did not call again. Mr. Foster, the other great New York medium, was absent from the city all the while I was there.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SAD CHANGE—CONVERSATIONS.

AND now came a time of loneliness. For more than six months I had been devoting all my energies to the investigation of the astounding phenomena of spirit communion. I had become entirely convinced of its truth and transcendent importance, but felt that I knew very little about the laws governing these manifestations, and I longed to be able to pursue my investigations, and determined that on my return home I would make an effort to form circles and try to develop mediums. I first visited Virginia, Maryland, and Charleston, So. Ca., where resided my husband's relatives and mine.

At none of these places was I able to see or converse with a single Spiritualist. Indeed, circumstances forbade my making the attempt. Arrived at my Texas home, I entered upon a course of study, procuring suitable books and periodicals. I also made some attempt at forming circles, but so many obstacles arose, and so general was the incredulity, and so unprepared the mental and moral condition of the people, that I concluded the time had not come to move in the matter. So I could only pray to God and the good spirits to help me in their own good time.

At length there came a change. A lady whom I shall call Mrs. D—, came to our town, expecting to spend a few weeks. I was pleased with her refined appearance, and gentle manners, and we soon had a long and interesting conversation. At length the subject of Spiritualism was introduced, I think by her, and she said she had heard of it, but knew nothing about it, and had been very anxious to become acquainted with me, as she understood I had been investigating the subject.

In the course of the conversation I found that she had always had premonitions of the death of her relatives,

and from what I had learned of mediumship, I felt convinced that she was one of that gifted class called mediums or sensitives. Accordingly, we arranged for a sitting, to see if she could write with Planchette.

After sitting for some time with our hands on Planchette, and singing at intervals, the instrument began to write, and wrote distinctly her spirit-father's name. Then we had communications from both her spirit-friends and mine. I was overjoyed, and full of gratitude to God and the good spirits, I invited her to make my house her home as long as she remained in our town.

As our experience has been somewhat singular, I wish to relate it for the benefit of investigators who may be situated as I was, without access to competent teachers, and developed mediums. That this subject is exciting interest in all quarters, I am very sure; and in the South, where the population is sparsely settled, it is difficult to find out the best methods of investigation, or even to have access to books which might give information on the subject.

Our first communications were very curious. Mrs. D.'s father, mother, and husband wrote, *as we thought*, and informed her that her only remaining sister was in a dying condition, in Virginia, and would die at three o'clock on a certain morning. They gave a most minute account of her condition and surroundings, and we both thought it must be true. Unfortunately there were visitors present when the communication was received, and the news soon spread over town and country.

July 20th. (Mrs. S. to her spirit-husband:) What have you been doing to-day?—Watching over you.—You don't watch over me all the time, do you? Have you not missions to fulfill?—Not now, when I can talk with you every day.

Will you send me a message to —? Mary, I fear she will not accept it; however, you can try. (Message omitted.)

(I will here remark, that my husband, in earth-life, never called me Mary; and when I asked him why he did so now, he said because he liked the name, and it was short and convenient.)

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August 1st. Commenced our seance, as we always do, by repeating the Lord's prayer in unison, and then sang "The Sweet By-and-By." (Mr. S.) Mary, those are beautiful words.—Yes; do you remember how I used to sing them after you had left me—or I *thought* you had left me—while I sat looking at your photograph, the tears rolling down my cheeks?—Yes, I saw you, and tried to comfort you.

This day we had a good test. Mrs. D. is a teacher, and is seeking a good situation in Texas, to which State her physician had advised her to come in search of health. Mr. Shindler, my spirit-husband, told her there was a good opening in M——, and he thought she had better go there. Where is M——?—In T—— county. We hunted up our atlases, but they were quite of an old date, and we could not find the town, though we did the county. So we sent a messenger to inquire of a prominent citizen where M—— was. In T—— county, was the reply. As neither of us had the least idea of its location, we considered this a pretty good test.

August 2d, at night. (The Lord's prayer and singing.) —Well, darling, here we are again.—Yes, I am glad night has come. (We had omitted our usual morning seance.) We've neglected the spirits to-day.—Yes, too busy to talk to spirits.—You know we must do our work.—But you do so much unnecessary work.—Must I not attend to my flower garden, when it is suffering?—I want you to talk to me.—Did you hear what —— said to me this morning?—Oh fie! you should not listen to such nonsense.—When he said it was the work of the devil, I told him he gave up the whole question when he acknowledged these manifestations as coming at all from the spirit world.—Certainly he did.—Can you influence——at all?—I try hard to influence him; he is a good and conscientious man, but he cannot see things as you do. Dear Mary, the time will come when he cannot deny these truths. It would indeed be fearful if you knew that you were constantly associating with what the people term "the devil." Now that my body is in the ground, —— thinks that my spirit has no power; but does not common sense tell us that the soul does not die, but has eternal life? Then why can it not

perform missions as well as in earth-life? *Why should not we commune as well as evil spirits?* (An unanswerable argument.) He does not reason correctly.—Are you acquainted with Professor Hare?—Yes, he is quite a learned man and very interesting in conversation. He gives me much more knowledge of chemistry than I had. We are constantly learning something new.—That is what you like.—Yes, you know I always took great pleasure in new ideas. Oh, Mary, when my spirit left its prison—for while in the body we see only through very narrow crevices—my eyes were immediately opened to spiritual truths, and everything became as plain as the letters of the alphabet. I thought it very strange that we were so engrossed in external pleasures that we lost all the beauties of life eternal, and I so longed to tell you then; but my mortal tongue was silent, and my spiritual tongue had not yet been trained to speak. I was just like an infant coming into life; we are tenderly nursed by the good ministering angels till we can take care of ourselves; I mean, nourish our own bodies spiritually.—(At this moment Mrs. D.'s hand began various erratic movements, and finally she wrote:) Good morning.—Who wrote that?—A spirit whose name is H.—(Mrs. S. to medium:) Did you know such a person?—Yes.—(Medium to Mr. S.): Is it J. H?—No, his name is S. H.—(This was a good test, as the name of that spirit was not in the medium's mind. He was not related to J. H., though having the same surname.) Is S. H. a bad spirit? (The spirit:) Yes, madam, but he hopes you will forgive him his wrong. I am trying to progress, and I hope you will forgive the wrong I did you. I did not mean to wrong you, but was tempted, and could not resist. I am glad that I did not succeed at last, as I have suffered much for what I did. (He had cheated her out of money.) I forgive you, and hope you will progress. I will pray for you.—Thanks to your goodness. I will not disturb you any more, but I have felt badly for treating you so, and wanted to tell you, and get your forgiveness. Your sweet mother's and father's faces are so very bright, I can see them from my remote place in darkness, but I cannot get near them.

(A pause, then singing.) Darling, can you write now?

Yes.—Did we do right in allowing that spirit to communicate?—Yes, it is a relief for spirits to come back and ask forgiveness from those they have injured. Mrs. D. is a good woman; she has evidently had many trials, but has the right spirit, and will have her reward. Take comfort, dear lady, all will be well with you here. I sympathize with you, and wish you a pleasant life. I have become much attached to your family, and when we all meet here will be glad to cultivate your acquaintance. You have been purified by affliction.

August 3d. Darling, you know I have written a long letter to—, giving some of our conversations; was that right?—Yes; but it is a queer subject to those who have not investigated it.—There are many mysterious things to those who have.—Mary, are there not mysteries in every thing?—Will he receive those communications?—Not all of them. He knows that neither you nor Mrs. D. would be guilty of fraud, so it is a mystery that he is unable to fathom.—But you know the devil is very smart, and he thinks they come from him.—No, he is not sure now that they come from the devil, but he has no idea by what power they are given.—Will he not want to come to our circles, and try it?—No, he has no desire yet to unravel the mystery.—He is not like me then.—But very like me. Mary, do you not remember that I had no confidence in Spiritualism?—Yes, he is always bringing that up to me.—But I have learned better now, and he might gain information that would benefit him greatly, if he would only ask. I am glad you acted just as you did.

August 4th. This science, or religion, is spreading very rapidly. What is it? Is it a science?—Mary, it is both a science and a religion of the highest and purest order.—(Mrs. D., to her husband :) Dr., did you see me when you were buried?—Yes, and I pitied you so much. I saw you kneel beside my lifeless body, and weep bitter tears of sorrow, you were so lonely. But we were all with you. Your father and mother conveyed my spirit across the river, and I have been with them constantly since I passed over. The spirit-world was infinitely more beautiful than anything I ever imagined. (Mrs. S. :) Father, were you with me when I returned home so lonely?—Yes, my poor

afflicted child, we pitied you more than words can express. (Both of my parents passed away in one week, while I was absent in New York city.) What is mother's occupation?—She is one of the ministering spirits.—That was her occupation on earth.—Yes, our occupations are very much the same.—What is my sister Jane's mission?—She comes back to earth as a dear good spirit, and hovers near those who are in great affliction, often in garrets, as well as in palatial mansions. She receives the spirits of a good many poor people, and leads them to the spirit land.—I do not wish to weary your patience, but what is the occupation of my brother Keith?—He is a minister. (I find I have been always a Spiritualist. When my parents passed away in 1847, I wrote them a long letter, which now lies in my desk at home.)

July 5th. Did you go with me, darling, to the graveyard, when I took my weekly offering?—Yes; many thanks for your kind remembrances.—R — N —, are you with us?—Yes, Mary.—Do you have religious services on earth?—Yes.—Have you a regular pastor?—Oh, yes.—Who is it?—Mary, your dear father is our beloved pastor.—He must have a large congregation.—Yes.—Then you and R — are not now Episcopalians?—No, we are all in perfect harmony.—Can you select your own pastor?—Oh, certainly.—How came you to choose my father?—We were attracted by his talents and purity.—Oh, I wish I could hear one of his sermons.—(My father.)—You will before long, my child, take comfort.—(To Mr. S.:)—Do you have music at your services?—Oh, yes, we have delightful music.—Instrumental?—No; voices.—Then the instruments mentioned in the Bible are figurative?—Yes. Can you sing?—Yes.—Well?—No.—Oh, that is a great disappointment; I thought every one could sing well in heaven.—Mary, you will have a great many to sing with you.—But I want *you*.—I will try my best. Be comforted, dear Mary, it will not be long ere I shall be sent for you.—But how will you comfort R.?—He will be grieved because of his different religious views, but he will be comforted as you were when I passed away.—You wish me to go to Memphis this winter?—Yes.—And leave all my flowers?—Mary, there are brighter and sweeter flowers

here. Oh, Mary, I fancy I see you a bright spirit! There will be a crown of life prepared for you when you come to this beautiful shore. I shall place it upon your head, and deck you in pure and holy array, and we shall soar together in realms of endless bliss.—Darling, I am very happy at the thought.—Yes, 'tis a sweet anticipation. You cannot yet realize the glories of this beautiful spirit-land; no, not until you see it yourself.—Father and mother, did you hear our conversation?—Yes; we, too, are waiting for the messenger to come for you.—I am the last of your nine children.—Yes, dear child, we shall soon be all united in one family circle.—(In Mrs. Eldridge's cabinet, in Memphis, my mother comes with open arms stretched towards me.)

August 6th. Darling, could I possibly communicate with Gen. Lee?—Yes, to be sure; why not?—Is he here?—No, but I can bring him; oh, Mary, he is a very bright spirit.—Did you hear me tell R. I was going to Memphis?—Yes; he will not oppose you; but at the same time he is not entirely willing for you to go.—He thinks I am too old?—Yes.

August 8th. Will General Lee come this morning?—Mary, he is here.—Will you communicate now, Gen. Lee?—Yes, dear madam, I am most happy in coming to this choice private circle to hold communion with you for the benefit of Southern people. It is indeed a glorious privilege, and I thank you most heartily for having sent for me.—Gen. Lee, we felt hardly worthy to call for you, the father of the Southern people.—Oh, dear madam, I feel indeed honored, I feel highly honored to be so fondly cherished by my country; and though a spirit, am still willing and anxious to serve in the noble cause of humanity. Press onward, dear lady, 'tis a good work. When done with the toils of life, I will welcome you to this beautiful and glorious summer land.—Thank you, Gen. Lee; I have reason to believe that my summons will come soon; and I hope so.—Yes, we are only waiting for the messenger to send for you.—Darling, is Father Mc S. here? (A Roman Catholic priest.)—Yes.—Father M., I am glad to meet you. Do you watch over my son? He loved you; and did he not close your dying eyes?—Yes;

I knew when he closed my sightless eyes. My spirit was then soaring away.—Who went with you?—Angels, kind lady. I passed away very quietly and sweetly.—I must tell your friends about this.—Yes, tell them for me. They will not believe it, because they will not think for themselves. You know I always had my own ideas, and was never biased by narrow prejudices. I shall be delighted when you cross over, and will be one of the spirits to welcome you into eternity.—Oh, how delightful! I shall have a host of friends!—Yes; you have a large circle of pure spirit friends.—How we shall sing together! (He was a most accomplished musician, a fine painter—indeed, he had a wonderful genius for the fine arts. He and I sang together often.)—Yes, I long to have you sing with me again; you know I have a passion for music.—Can't you make Mr. Shindler a singer?—He sings.—Does he sing well?—He says not.—Would you like to send a message to any friend?—I would like to send several, but they would not, I think, have the effect you might desire. Miss E. S. will never live to see Spiritualism exposed as she desires.—Is not N. a medium?—Yes; 'tis a pity she cannot cultivate her powers. She could be a splendid medium.—Is ——— a medium?—He could be if he desired.—I have had a very pleasant talk with you.—Thank you; it is equally pleasant to me. Good morning to you both.—Darling, I have found out that there are three faces, besides yours, on the plate with me. Who is that next to me?—Your sister Jane.—And the next?—I don't know the face. I thought it was your brother Keith. I was taking care to show "number one," and it was hard work.—Will you find out about those other faces for me?—Will you have me go and hunt the spirits?—If you have nothing better to do.—But I have though.—Did a big Indian come to help Mrs. Evans?—Yes.—Are there particular angels to watch over little children on earth?—Yes, I am one of that class. I watch especially over R——'s dear little baby, but don't tell them so.—Would they be afraid to trust him with you?—Yes, they might be afraid to have him watched over by a spirit.—You are so good; you try to do whatever I wish.—Did I not always try?—Yes, but I am more exacting than I used to be.—Mary, I

love to give you tests, they are so very gratifying.—My work on earth is done.—No, it is not done; you must complete your book. Your earthly career is nearly ended, but there is a great work for you to do here. (Spirits do not compute time as we do. In the regular course of nature I must soon lay down my mortal body; but were I to remain in the flesh ten or twenty years longer, they would probably call that “soon.”)

August 9th. (Prayer and singing.) Darling, do you understand how spirits materialize themselves?—Not very well; I know something about it. Materialization is composed of the essence from the bodies of certain mediums, and from the atmosphere.—Will you show yourself to me in Memphis?—Yes; I will try very hard to gratify you, dear Mary; but it will not be long before I can commune with you here, as I have so long desired.—Did you hear what I was reading just now to Mrs. D.?—Yes, it was very interesting. Mr. A. J. Davis says, as I do, that the music of the summer land is that of voices, without instruments. It is a very correct representation. I rejoice Mary, that each day brings you nearer to me. It will be sad for you to leave our son R., but you can be very little with him now, and I hope he will soon know and realize that, as disembodied spirits, we can be nearer to our loved ones than when in earth-life.—I think more about his sufferings than my own.—I know it.—Will he succeed in his undertakings?—Yes; I am watching him with great interest. He is anxious to talk with you about these manifestations, but do not broach the subject yourself. He would like to learn more, but is not yet quite prepared for it. It was well for you to write to him; it will have a better effect than spoken words. Your communication was very carefully perused, and it has been a subject of the deepest thought to him since.

Thursday night. Mary, H — S — is here.—Col. S —, was that your picture?—It was; I knew you were in sympathy with the spirits of departed Southern soldiers.—Is that a good likeness?—Yes, it would be recognized by my family.—Were you killed in battle?—Yes, I was killed at Maryland Heights, and my remains were buried on the battle field.—Does your wife know anything about spirit communion?—No, she has been very much grieved

since I passed away. I hope her attention will be turned to this subject, and that it will make her happy.—Your picture looks very young.—I was only twenty-four.—Had you any children?—My only child is with me.—Is not that a tree over your head in the picture?—Yes, madam; do you not recognize it as a palmetto?—I said so from the first. Was that because I am a South Carolinian?—Yes; emblematically I gave it to you.—That is delightful; I thank you so much. It was a very delicate compliment.—As such I intended it.—Thank you. I am obliged to you for coming. I consider it an honor to have a communication from a Confederate soldier. (This spirit wrote a beautiful message to his wife, which is omitted, but will be forthcoming when called for.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONVERSATIONS.

AUGUST 11th. Charley, who nursed you when you first passed away?—I had a great many angel nurses, dear mother. Father and I tried very hard to comfort you, and I think we succeeded; for you appeared to realize our happiness and joy. (My dear husband and only child, Charles E. and Charles P. Dana, were taken from me in two days. I was in Iowa, then a territory, more than a thousand miles from every earthly prop, but was most wonderfully sustained.) My dear mother, are you present?—Yes, my child, I am always with you when not on a mission. Where are Aunt Harriet and Aunt Ann? (my mother's sisters.) They are with their dear Indians. Your aunt and uncle Wright love the Indians better than ever. They watch over them still. (For thirty years they were missionaries to the Choctaw Indians, and this was unknown to the medium.) Darling, I have been writing to-day.—Yes, I was watching you. Your book will be appreciated, Mary.

(At night.) After writing a short time the medium closed her eyes, and murmured, "I feel as if I had been

taking chloroform." Soon her head fell on one side, and I thought she had fainted. Alarmed, I called for a stimulant and, with some difficulty, got her to swallow a little, when she revived, and we got her to bed.

August 13th. (Singing and prayer.) Did our medium faint last night?—No; we were trying to entrance her, and would have succeeded if you had not given her the stimulant.—Is it possible? She had been so very feeble that I thought she had fainted.—Sometimes in a state of physical weakness we can best succeed in entrancing a medium. I wanted to give you, through her lips, a communication for your book.

Tuesday night. Mary, my dear wife, I want to tell you something on an important subject.—Darling, I am always glad to hear you.—I want to tell you something of the movements of spirits, and their relation to our Father, God. What is God? A mental puzzle to every one unacquainted with spirit communion. God is our being; through us He acts, and rules the mighty universe. Earth, sun, moon, and stars, look up in divine adoration to His supremacy. Mountains tremble and fall; lands are submerged; cities decay; but the Divinity is unchangeable. So are His movements. Spirits are the instruments through which all earthly changes are made. Matter, the great essence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is wholly at our disposal. (Here we were interrupted by visitors, and, much to our regret, obliged to close the seance.)

Wednesday night. Darling, can you go on with your communication to-night?—I may possibly tell you some things.—Do you know the spirit of Geo. D. Prentice?—Yes, I am well acquainted with him. He had a bright mind in earth-life, and is progressing now.—Do you know Mrs. Hemans?—Yes, she occupies a high position.—Some time I would like to talk with them if I can.—Certainly; any high spirit would like to come to our circle.

Thursday night. We received a letter by this evening's mail, which announced that Mrs D.'s sister was alive and well! After three or four weeks of suspense, during which we both felt sure that she was dead, our minds are much perplexed, and the community are jubilant over the

spiritual hoax! Probably, in consequence of our mental perturbation, planchette, to-night, would not write a word either for good or for evil spirits!

August 20th. Can you write now, darling?—Yes. Many bright days are in store for you, Mary, when you cross over the beautiful river. Angels are beckoning you to come, and we are waiting for you.—Darling, I want to talk with Mr. Prentice.—I will have him looked for; I presume he would give you a good communication.—Will he come this morning?—I don't know; I have sent for him. (Planchette now ran all over the table, but at length wrote:) My name is M. M.; I lived in South Carolina, near the mountains. I have been here more than twenty years, and want to get out of the darkness. I was a wicked man; got drunk and gambled. I want you to pray for me; (which we did.) Thank you, I feel better, and will now try to pray for myself. May the Lord bless my dear ladies, and keep them from sin.—Darling, did you hear us praying for that poor spirit?—Yes, my dear wife, you are performing your mission. Many poor spirits will come to you now, and do not reject any of them.—What about Mr. Prentice?—He came with me.—Is he here now?—Yes; good-evening, my dear Mrs. Shindler. I am very happy to be remembered by you. I did not hope to realize this pleasure until you joined us in the summer land. A few fleeting months, and perhaps you will be here, a bright and lovely spirit. My dear lady, I may not be with you when you come, but I am progressing, and will some time occupy a brighter sphere.—(Mrs. D.) Mr. Prentice, could you give us just one verse of poetry? It would be a good test, as I never wrote a line of poetry in my life.—If you were a developed medium I could give you many verses pertaining to the summer land. But I will try, dear lady. (A long pause.) I will stay here, and try to give Mrs. D. a verse if I possibly can. (Mrs. S.) You and I could make poetry by the bushel.—Yes, I have always enjoyed your poetry so much.—Have you ever seen Mrs. Hemans?—Yes; she is not in my sphere though.—Are you happy?—I am paying my debts.—Well, that is a good thing to do—Yes, but pretty hard when one waits till he gets to the spirit world. I

had talents, but did not use them to the honor and glory of our Maker, God.—Your writings did good.—Yes, I was inspired by high and holy spirits.—Have you not some message for your friends? You were very much beloved.—Yes, I know my appreciation was very general, and my departure from earth-life lamented by a great many.—As it is late, would you like to wait till to-morrow?—Yes, I will try to give Mrs. D the desired poetry—And give me also a message for the numerous friends who loved you. I should be delighted to be so favored.—Thank you for bestowing honors on one so unworthy. (Mr. S.) Mary, it is very hard to write to-night, we had better adjourn till to-morrow. Good-night; we will watch over you till the beginning of another day.

August 24th. (Sang the “Sweet by-and-by.”) Good-morning; yes, we shall meet on that beautiful shore. We enjoy the “Sweet by-and-by” more than any other song.—Can Mr. Prentice give us a communication this morning?—I will try, my dear madam, to give you something worthy of notice. (At this time planchette began writing so furiously that it seemed ready to tear everything to pieces. It tore holes in the paper, and both the pentagraph wheels came off. At length we made out :) I want to write, too. I want you to pray for me. I am a dark spirit, and my name is M——. You must pray for me. I could hardly get in to write because some spirit had possession of the medium.—You interrupted Mr. Prentice. What made you act so violently?—I was trying to get power. He can wait. (We prayed for this new-comer, and planchette moved furiously again for some time, when it wrote :) I am another dark spirit, and my name is L——. I lived in Georgia, and died more than sixty years ago. I have been in the dark ever since. I never had any one to tell me before where I could go to get comforted. (We now prayed audibly for the sufferers, and especially for the new-comer, and gave thanks for their progress.) Thank you, kind ladies, for your prayers; we will now go away and leave you.—Come to us whenever you feel like it.—Thank you.—Now, Mr. Prentice, they will not interrupt us again this morning. (No answer.) Darling, do all our band pray for those poor

spirits?—Yes, Mary, we pray that they may be made better and happier.—Is Mr. Prentice getting ready?—Yes, he was trying to get control when the dark spirit came. (Here there was a long pause, then Mr. P. wrote:.) Among the angels I stand, aloof from earthly cares—amid the pure and holy throng— (A pause.)

The pilgrims' toils, and woes, and snares,
Are now forever done— (A pause.)

It seems impossible for me to write as I desire. If Mrs. D. can sit long enough, I will give you in verse the beauties of the summer land. It is very difficult to give verses to an undeveloped medium.—Darling, are you not glad that we can do good to those suffering spirits?—Yes, 'tis a blessed thing. Mary, the atmosphere is very unpleasant; Mrs. D. cannot be controlled. Mr. Prentice is very anxious to write for you, but I fear he cannot. He wants to give you something for your book. Our medium is in suspense about her future movements, as well as undeveloped.—Mr. Prentice, do you remember our walk to the grave-yard in Louisville one Sunday afternoon, while my curly-headed little boy trotted by my side?—My dear madam, I remember it perfectly well.—Can you see me now, Mr. Prentice?—Yes; time has left its impress on your furrowed cheek, my dear lady.—We must look very homely to you spirits, who see so many bright ethereal forms. No; but there is a great difference between mortals and immortals.—What is your occupation in spirit-life?—I control others to write.—Oh, do pray control me.—I will try.—Darling, where is Bishop Otey?—He presides over the spirits from Tennessee, his old diocese; and a bright and holy angel he is.—Is Bishop Polk a general, or a bishop?—A bishop.

August 26th. (A dark spirit came, who said he tried to write the night before, but could not control the medium. We prayed for him and others. After these visits we always sing; it seems to clear the atmosphere. On this occasion I asked:.) Why cannot you write till we have sung?—We cannot get power. The dark spirits exhaust the medium; that is why we couldn't write last evening.—What about Bishop Otey?—Conditions are not good for communications now, but I will try to get him. Our

medium is not well, and suspense weighs heavily on her mind. * * * Mary, you will soon be with me eternally; let that suffice; you must be content to spend the short remainder of your life alone. But I am not alone.—Oh no; hosts of angels hover around you wherever you go; so try to pass your life pleasantly.—That is what Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten told me in New York last summer. She said that as soon as I entered the room she thought of this passage of Scripture: “He shall give his angels charge concerning thee,” &c. It is a thought and a knowledge full of joy. Saturday night. (Sang the Bright Forever.—Yes, we shall meet, no more to sever. Delightful, isn’t it, my dear Mary?—Oh yes; I *know* I talk with *you*, darling. Has Bishop Otey come?—Mary, he has not come; I presume he is on duty. (By the violent and erratic movements of Planchette, we knew the poor suffering spirits were coming. This one was very rough in his movements.) Can you not be quiet now, and try to write your name?—My name is Solomon. I died in Arkansas in 1839. I wish you would pray for me.—Certainly we will, gladly.—I haven’t got anybody to grieve for poor Solomon. All are gone, and I’ve been in this dark place so many years, and ain’t seen no light, neither. Solomon was a wicked man, and a rough one. I didn’t get any larning in my young days, ’cause my father and mother had lots o’ children, and they didn’t have much money neither; so poor Solomon never had no book larning, but he drank whiskey and played cards very well; but the devil come one day and took Solomon to his hole.—Did you ever see the devil?—There are more devils than anybody can count, but there ain’t no fire and brimstone. They don’t have them things here, but I tell you, we never see anything nice; all is darkness. Tell the wicked folks to remember Solomon, and keep out of the dark place.—We are going to pray for you directly.—Thank you; Solomon never forgot kindness.—Then there was something good in you. Yes but I didn’t honor and obey my Maker, and so I gets punished now. Did you know better when on earth? Yes, but I didn’t think people had to be punished forever and ever in this place. But you will not. Thank you, mam, if you can raise

Solomon, 'cause I wants to get out of this dreadful place. Who brought you to us? I followed the other spirits, 'cause I wanted to see where I could go to get better feelings. Solomon didn't know the good ladies would pray for him. I tell you it's dark here. We don't see the shining crowns, and white robes, and pearly gates what Solomon used to hear folks talk about.—But there are such things.—But Solomon can't see them; but if the good ladies will pray for poor Solomon, may be he can see some light. (We now prayed for Solomon and others.) Now, Solomon, don't you think you can pray for yourself? Yes, ma'am, but I didn't know how they prayed before. Can Solomon come back and hear you pray again? Yes, certainly. Well, he'll be sure to come back with the other spirits.

(Prayer and singing.) Darling, did you hear Solomon's communication?—No.—(I read it aloud.) Interesting, isn't it? Yes, very. It should be a warning to the wicked, for it is a very good description of their condition.

Father, will you tell me how you regard Jesus? As the Son of God. Are we not all sons of God? Yes, He works through us, through the immortal spirits. We see Jesus as you see the planets, as a bright and shining light. We pray to Almighty God, the father of our being, and worship only Him. Jesus Christ, his Son, we regard as a high and mighty Spirit, and we pray that through his intercessions our petitions may be granted.—Mother showed herself to me in Vermont; will you not come to me in Memphis? I hope so; I will try.—I wish I could pass away as peacefully as you did. You will, my dear child, do not fear death. Will I be able to give my dying testimony? I hope so; we will be there, and give you our aid in carrying out your desires. Darling, these sweet communings will soon cease for awhile. Yes; and then you must go and stay with R. He is sincere in his belief, and so are you. (Planchette now ran over the table, raising first one wheel, then the other, and "cutting up" generally. Sang "Rest for the Weary.") Please write your name. My name is Oliver. I was a nigger. I jes wants de good ladies to sen' up a little prayer to de man what brings de niggers out'n de dark place what de people

used to call Hell. We're all black here; dere aint no white people here, but dere aint no fire. Some of 'em used to be white, but we's all one color now. Ole Oliver used to pick banjo, and dance like ebery ting; but I stealed and telled lies, too. Oliver don't get to pick banjo, nor dance now. De driber used to lash me, but now he aint no better off dan Oliver. Can't you bring him to be prayed for? He kin come if he wants to; nobody nebber axed me to come, but I see the oder spirits a comin', an' I come too. Don't write so fast, Oliver; wait till I've put down what you've said. Yes, mam; but I aint talked to nobody for a long time, an' I can't hold still. (We now prayed for Oliver, and the rest.) Oliver, did you hear? Yes, I heered you, mam. Oliver 'blige to de lady for de prayer, an' he hopes he'll soon git out'n de dark place. Is your master in the spirit-world? Yes, mam, but he aint no better off now dan Oliver. Massa was a gentleman; so call'; but he's low down now.

(Sang "Nearer to Thee.") Darling, I will read you what Oliver said. (I read it.) I am happy, oh, so happy that you are instrumental in bringing those poor suffering spirits nearer to the haven of rest. It is a glorious thing to bring sinners to repentance. (Planchette now began to caper, and acted like Oliver.) Oliver, have you come back? Yes, mam, Oliver done brought he massa, 'cos de good lady bin ax 'bout him. You are welcome, sir, how do you do? Good-morning, dear lady, Oliver tells me that you pray for dark and miserable spirits, and can bring them out of their miserable condition. I hope, dear ladies, that, without any intrusion, you will offer up a prayer for me.—Have you any objection to giving us your name? (No answer.) If you object, no matter.—I occupied a very high position in the world, and was immersed in pleasure. Would that I could live my life over again; but now we are all paupers alike. Kings often occupy a lower place than those who were beggars upon earth. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus I have seen verified. (I told him of the hope there was for him, and what our band had said.) Thank you, oh, thank you so kindly! Teach me to pray, and I will not disturb you longer. (Prayer for the dark spirits.) Will you come

again, and let us pray for you? I shall be happy, dear ladies, to accept your invitation. Please accept my grateful thanks. (Sang "Sweet by and by," and told Mr. S. about this last spirit.) I am happy to have him come. You had better not ask him many questions. He may have good reasons for not wishing to give his name.

Sunday night. (Prayer and singing. First our band began to write, then planchette was exercised most violently, and finally wrote :) Not wishing to push other spirits out of the way, but I want you to pray for me. Who are you? (Planchette quite uncontrollable—the medium's arm violently convulsed—at length was written :) O——S——. Who came with you? All the dark spirits, 'cause we want to be prayed for. I was a rough old customer, and never did know how to write. (Planchette began again to caper furiously, and we sang "Rest for the Weary.") Do you like that song? I like it pretty well: but I've been here a long time and aint rested yet, and I'm weary, too. Would you like to see the light? Yes; I haven't seen any light since they closed my eyes before I come to this awful place. Where did you die? In Orleans, mam; I was one of the ship's men; I had to work on the ship. Were you a negro? No, white man, but I wasn't much better than a negro. What made you do so when you first came? 'Cos I wanted to write, and I have'nt talked to any body for a long time. We will pray for you, and you may get better. Well, I hope so, you know sailors are not very good. I died of cholera, and it took me off like a flash. I wasn't thinking of going into the other world just then, but lots of dark spirits just came and grabbed me away before I had time to know, and I couldn't ax them what they were going to do with me, 'cause my tongue was stiff, you know. They carried me to the dark place, and danced round me till I didn't know what to do, and scared me till I didn't have any sense. When I was at sea I wasn't afraid of ghosts, but if I was to get back to my old frame, I'd be 'fraid of 'em, I tell you. (While I was hurriedly writing up what he had said, he became impatient and wrote :) What ho! put up sails, boys, and go! (I told him not to be impatient, and then we prayed for him.) Thank you, mam, I mean to

march with the dark spirits, and do just what they do. Oliver, I mean the negro, are you there? Yes, mam, I always go wid de oder spirits to de good place.—Solomon, do you feel any better? Oh, yes, mam, I feel a heap better. Good-night, poor sufferers, we sympathize with you, and will always be glad to meet you. Thank you.

Monday, 28th. (The Lord's Prayer, and the Sweet Bye-and-bye.) Will some spirit write his name? (A long pause.) My name is—— (The movements of Planchette became very violent, and seemed trying to write from right to left.) My name is C—— M——; I died at Morris' Bluff, on the Mississippi river. Do you want us to pray for you? Yes. (The movements of Planchette extremely violent.) I died about twenty years ago. I wasn't a good man, and so I came here. I had plenty of money, and that carried me through the world a highly respectable gentleman. Did you die suddenly? Well, I did go right suddenly. I didn't know about this dark place. When I started on my dark journey I didn't know where I should land. I didn't care, while I was a strong man, anything about this world. Have you never prayed for yourself? I don't know how to pray.—God is a good, kind Father, and will help those who call upon him. Is there anything you want to tell us? My history is of little consequence now, my dear madam, and if you'll excuse me I would rather not give you a sketch. Will you not try to pray for yourself? Yes, I thank you most heartily. I am very thirsty, dear lady, for the pure and holy waters of life. Could poor sinful mortals know how we suffer for our misdoings, they would change their course, and seek for better and purer paths. 'Tis truly said the road to destruction is very broad, and many there are who enter in by the short route. (The "mourning band" now left us. After prayer and singing, I said:) Darling, good morning. Is Bishop Otey here? (No answer.) Father, are you here? Yes, my child. Where is Mr. Shindler? He went to see if Bishop Otey could come and give you a message. You see, father, we have quite a band of mourners. Mary, my child, I am delighted to see you so well employed. It is a good thing to give thanks to our Father, God, and to offer prayers in behalf of the suffer-

ing. We pray for the suffering spirits, and will get ministering angels to go and guide them to the paths of pleasantness and peace. My dear child, comfort yourself with the knowledge that your days of trial and suffering are soon to terminate in a blissful eternity. We are waiting for you, my child. You have a very pure and honest mind; fear not, we are all with you. (Now for some time we could get no answer from any spirit, and finally Planchette began to caper, kicking up first one wheel and then the other, and playing, apparently, a regular tune.) Oliver, is that you? Yes, missis; I 'spected you would know Oliver, when he come a dancin'. Oliver liked to dance when he was in de body. Oliver can't pick banjo now. Do you want to? Oh yes, missis; I want you to ax de good Lord to bring Oliver out de dark place, an' let him pick banjo. Don't you hear any music now? Lord bless you, my dear missis, Oliver ain't heard no music sence he been to de spirit lan'. You will hear beautiful music bye-and-bye, I hope. (Here Planchette began to caper violently.) What are you doing, Oliver? Oliver is exercisin' his poor self; can't he do it? Oh yes, we have no objection. Can't you dance down yonder? Oh, ma'am, I does dance, but I don't hear no music, and it ain't very nice dancin' without no music. (I questioned him further, but he was gone.)

Monday, August 28th. (After prayer and singing, planchette began to caper a-la-Oliver, and then wrote:) Here we comes, Oliver and all! Oliver gits ahead sometimes. Oh, Oliver, you oughtn't to get before the white folks! (As A. Ward would say, this was a goak.) Missis, mam, de white folks aint no whiter dan Oliver in de spirit-world. I'm as good as any body. De one dat comes first, talks first. (Here planchette went rapidly all over the table, but did not write for some time. At length it wrote:) Henry. Henry what? Henry H——, Houston, Texas, 1860. I want you to pray for me. I'm not going away till you pray for me. Oh, never fear, we'll pray for you. (And so we did.) Darling, can you write now? Yes. Have you brought Bishop Otey? No, I couldn't get him to-day, he is engaged, but will come as soon as he can. Did you send some bright spirits down to the suf-

ferers? Yes; the dark spirits consume a great deal of the medium's power. — I couldn't help laughing when I prayed that Oliver might have a banjo; was it wicked? It is not wicked to laugh; you know I never believed in long faces. — I wish I was a medium, and could write for the dark spirits, and relieve Mrs. D——. You write for the good of humanity.

August 29th. (Singing and the Lord's prayer, in unison; then the eccentric movements of planchette announced the coming of the dark spirits.) My name is O—— B——; I died in Eufala, Alabama, in 1860. I did not die a natural death; I was killed—got shot in a fit of drunkenness. What do you wish? I must get out of this dark place. Are you sorry for the sins you committed during your earth-life? Yes; I was a bad man, and I want you to pray for me, if you please. Who brought you to us? My mother. She is a ministering spirit, and she has heard that the dark spirits come to you. I am glad that you have an angel mother to care for you. Yes, she was a good Christian, ma'am; she died not long before I did. She told me if I came and confessed my sins, I would feel better, and I do feel better already. I will always come with the Band of mourners. (We now prayed for him, and others.) Oliver, do you think you'll get a banjo? I'll get it, missis; Oliver glad to hear banjo sound once more. Oliver feels like de good angels goin' to bring banjo to de poor nigger. — Solomon, how do you feel? Better, ma'am; clothes getting cleaner. I'm going to the better land.

Tuesday night. (Our Father, and Nearer to Thee.) Darling, have you brought Bishop Otey? Mary, he was here, but conditions were so unfavorable, he went back. — I don't blame him; but it was not our fault. No, but you can do the most good by comforting the dark spirits. (Here Planchette was most violently exercised for a long time.) What is the matter? Can you not write your name? My name is A—— M——. I died with pneumonia, nine years ago. I was a wicked woman, but now I am sorry. I made my child die before it was born. What did you come for? To get prayed for. Oliver told me about you. I was a white woman. There are lots of

women here. (We prayed for her and the rest.) I will try to tell the other women about it. I will try to teach some of them how to pray. I thought I was in darkness forever. I sinned and had to suffer. We are glad Oliver brought you. Oliver, you don't talk as much as you did. No, missis, O'iver thinking now, about seeing good things, and gettin' banjo. Will you praise God with your banjo when you get it? Yes, ma'm, I'll play all my life, any thing de angels tell me. Oliver'll be a good darkey when he leaves dis dark place, 'cos he don't want to come back any more. Oliver feels a heap better. I don't have to work, and I don't get no lashin' neither, but Oliver would like to have some good work to do. When do you 'spose Oliver'll git out de dark and git banjo? I prays all de time to de good Lord to git me out and gib me banjo. (He now played a well defined dancing tune with Planchette, and then retired.)

Tuesday night. (This was our last seance together, the medium expecting to leave us in the morning. Planchette wrote:) We are all here to bid good-bye to Mrs. Shindler, and to thank her for her watchful care of our sick and lonely one. We wish to express our thanks for your goodness to our loved and lonely wife and child. (The spirit husband and parents are writing.) Thank you, kind and noble lady, for your affectionate attention. We will be ready to welcome you when you cross the beautiful river of death—to welcome you to our pure and holy throng. Our wife and child has had hitherto to tread a thorny path, but we sincerely trust the remainder of her journey will be smoother and brighter. You have, dear lady, given her many beautiful thoughts for future reflection, and have been instrumental in dispelling some doubts that she has for a long while entertained. Some of those doubts were if the spirits of departed loved ones could return, and communicate with those on earth, and if we were permitted to recognize each other in the Summer-land. Those doubts, thank our Heavenly Father, are all removed, and she sees the silver lining to the cloud. She can now feel and know our presence, and we are permitted to give her knowledge that will benefit humanity. Heaven is not far away, and the road that leads to the

pearly gates is very straight and narrow; but how delightful to find an entrance there! Now, dear, dear lady, we will have the gates ajar for you, and welcome, yes, thrice welcome you to our beautiful Summer-land. May the God of Mercy keep your thoughts pure, and bring you safely to the home of happiness and rest, is our prayer. We are all united, and will watch over you with tender care. This comes from the family of your medium. Your band of mourning spirits are our special care. (Mrs. S.) Mother, will my spirit friends accompany me when I go to Memphis?—Yes, my dear child, we will be with you, and you will find sufficient employment to keep you very busy. The time is short, and we, as well as yourself, look forward with joyful anticipations to the renewal of our communications.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXPERIENCES IN MEMPHIS.

I LEFT my home in Texas on the 20th of September, 1876, intending to spend the winter in Memphis, for the purpose of continuing my investigations into the most important subject that can engage the attention of immortal beings. My first essay was a visit to the good and genial Dr. Samuel Watson, who received me with delightful cordiality. I was ushered into his comfortable library, where a home-like feeling immediately comforted my lonely heart, and I felt that I was indeed among friends. I found himself and family engaged in wrapping and directing his well-known MAGAZINE, and, while they continued their labors, we chatted like old familiar friends, the Doctor insisting on my divesting myself of bonnet and wrapping, and spending the day with them. I find that Spiritualists are never at a loss for interesting topics of conversation.

My first seance in Memphis was with Mrs. Miller, who is undoubtedly a fine medium for materialization. Several forms were seen; one among them purporting to be that

of my husband. I was allowed to go up to the spirit form, but was excessively agitated, and the figure vanished as I approached. Perfect calmness in the minds of the visitors seems to be an all-important condition. As will be seen hereafter, I attended a great many of Mrs. Miller's seances, and received many proofs of the presence of my loved ones. I am thoroughly convinced that Mrs. Miller is a genuine and powerful medium. The acting "control" at Mrs. Miller's seances is named Redface, and is said to have been an Indian. He is certainly a spirit of wonderful power. The next day I called upon Mrs. Eldridge, a new medium, who is now undergoing the process of development, and who combines in her mediumship a great variety of valuable and interesting phases. I was an utter stranger to Mrs. E., having been introduced to her, and nothing more. I found her sitting with a party for "independent slate writing," and, not wishing to intrude, took a seat apart, and engaged in conversation with Col. E., the courteous husband of the medium. I immediately heard a name which attracted my attention, and the company were inquiring whose it could be. It was that of my dear sister, Jane K. Palmer, who had passed away in 1837—forty years ago. I thought this remarkable, for I knew the medium could not possibly know my sister's name; but as I am now accustomed to remarkable "tests," I once more engaged in conversation. Soon my attention was attracted by another name, which was that of my first husband, Charles E. Dana. Neither of these names had been present in my mind. If the name of my late husband—of whom I am always thinking—had been given, a skeptic might have supposed that it was a reflection of my own mind, or that the medium knew the name. I will here mention that Mrs. E. *provides no pencil*, and that she places *her whole hand* beneath the slate, which hand perspires to such a degree that there is always the print of the thumb and each finger upon the slate. The other hand lies on the table. She also gets writing in a closed double slate held firmly up against the under side of the table top. Her two acting "controls" are Eldridge Wright, a splendid young man who fell in the Southern cause; and Harry O. Patterson, a remarkably promising

youth, who fell a victim to yellow fever in this city in 1873. This is the most genial and versatile spirit I have ever become acquainted with. I reside in the same house with Mrs. E., and occupy the next room, and all day long, and every day, we have such remarkable and unexpected evidences of Harry's presence, that I can hardly think of him as nothing but "a ghost." But I am getting before my story, for I ought to have explained how it is that I can be so constantly with a medium of such fine and varied powers. Suffice it to say that it is my firm belief that it was managed for me by my kind and watchful guardians in the angel-world; for if there ever was management—obstacles interposed, and obstacles removed, and things hrought about in an unexpected way—there seemed to be in this case.

Monday, September 25th, was the evening for Mrs. Eldridge's developing circle, but she was not well enough to hold one. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Miller came in, and Mrs. M. kindly consented to hold what is called a dark seance. I was directed by Redface, Mrs. Miller's "control," who spoke in Mrs. M.'s ear, to sit at the end of the circle; and as soon as the lights were extinguished the manifestations began. Mrs. M. coughs incessantly while she is not entranced, and on this occasion I knew, by her coughing, always in the same direction, that she never left her chair. The rest of us, Mr. Miller included, clasped hands during the whole seance. I was touched and patted all over, a slate and a drum were put in my lap, water was thrown over us—there had been none in the room, and the doors were locked—and beautiful lights were seen shooting up and dancing in every part of the room. This was an impromptu seance entirely. On Teusday, 26th, Capt. and Mrs. F., of Shrevesport, La., called. Capt. F. had brought five large bananas as a present to Harry. Mrs. E. went into the cabinet, which had been thoroughly examined, it being a bright day, and the sun streaming into the room. Three of the bananas were handed in at the aperture, and taken. When the medium emerged from the cabinet, the fruit was nowhere to be found. The medium had no pocket, nor means of concealment. Independent slate writing was now tried. The

sound of a pencil, which had not been given, was immediately heard, and Capt. and Mrs. F. received many remarkable tests. The two remaining bananas were then placed upon the slate, and carried off, or rendered invisible. Geranium leaves were then placed in the closed double slate, which were taken, and hidden in odd places, where we found them by the direction of some agency which wrote upon the slate where they had been hidden. Capt. F. wrote some words upon a piece of paper, which, together with a geranium leaf, Harry promised to carry to Dr. Watson's and drop in the library. Early the next morning Mrs. E.'s hand was controlled by Harry, who wrote that Mr. E. was to go to Dr. Watson's, and tell them that he could not get power to take it into the library, but had dropped it in the passage, and a servant had thrown it out in the yard, where it was lying under a certain evergreen bush. It was found, the paper rolled round the leaf, in that very spot. To those who do not know Mr. and Mrs. E. this is no test. But common sense, which, in these investigations, *is a very scarce article*, would suggest that Mr. and Mrs. E. have too much at stake to attempt so trivial a deception; and, to those who know them, such an idea is simply preposterous. Just before bedtime Mr. P., Harry's father, came in, and Mrs. E. went for a few moments into the cabinet. We had a nice lively conversation with Harry, and my sister Jane talked to me in a loud whisper. I solemnly declare that my conviction that Mrs. E. does not do this talking, amounts to *knowledge*.

September 27th. A cabinet seance was given to Mrs. E. L. Saxon, of New Orleans. Present, besides the aforesaid, Mr. and Mrs. H., Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. W., Mr. Patterson, Mr. Eldridge, and myself. The cabinet and room were examined, the doors locked, and the medium securely tied. Several hands of different sizes were seen, one of which was identified by Mr. W. as that of his wife, from a peculiar mark of which no one in the room was aware. An arm, clad in black broadcloth, was thrust far out of the aperture. Water was brought into the room, and thrown out upon us. Harry, who talks so as to be heard in every part of the good-sized room, was very

genial and entertaining. My sister likewise talked in a whisper. Two hands were shewn, a drum beaten, and a French horn played upon *at the same time*. The next day I was telling Mrs. Eldridge about Oliver, the negro who came to us at my home in Texas, and was so anxious for a banjo. "Why," said she, "there was a negro in the cabinet last night, and the first thing he said was, 'Is you got any banjo here?' I wouldn't tell about it for fear you would laugh at me." That negro came often afterwards, shewed his large black hand, and we could hear him dancing and patting "Juba" in real negro fashion. I have tried to borrow a banjo for him, but have not yet succeeded. Dr. Crowell says that there are as many spirits who do not believe in their power to commune with mortals as who do; in proof of which Mrs. E. tells me of a young man who passed away not at all believing in spirit communion. Her guides brought him one night to be convinced of the fact, and he was so angry at finding it true, that he knocked up a speaking trumpet that was being held to Col. Eldridge's ear, and hit Mrs. E. a severe blow upon the head with it. The guides say they put him out of the window! A few days ago, while Mrs. E. was standing before the looking-glass, combing her hair, she was much alarmed by the falling of a very large door belonging to a sort of double wardrobe. It fell with such force as to break the woodwork, and came near striking her on the head. The door was closed, and yet was lifted up to get it off its hinges. Harry told her that night in the cabinet, so that we all heard him, that it was E. H. who had done it, and that he wished to communicate with his mother, and had used that violent means to attract the medium's attention. He was then in the cabinet among the other spirits. He was the son of one of Tennessee's most distinguished men. This was the spirit who had been ejected through the window.

October 2nd. In the cabinet seance, notwithstanding a bright and flickering fire-light—the medium being *as usual* tied, and the doors secured—many hands were shown. The trumpet and drum were put out through the top where there was no opening, and taken in through the aperture; drum beaten, French horn played, three hands

shown at the top, and two at the aperture, *all at the same time*. Oliver's large black hand was shown, and my sister's small, delicate white one; and four geranium leaves were given me by four spirit friends. The next evening we went to one of Mrs. Miller's seances. While waiting for some persons who were expected, Mrs. M., in dark clothing, was entranced in full light, and had to be drawn into the cabinet in her own rocking chair. As the curtain fell when Mr. Miller came from the cabinet, the light was lowered, and I saw what seemed to be a female figure robed in white. Mrs. Miller, even if she had not been in a dead trance, perfectly cold, rigid, and, according to my judgment, well nigh pulseless, could not have had time to change a single garment; for the dropping of the curtain, and the appearance of the white figure were nearly simultaneous; and the latter was larger and taller than Mrs. Miller. The reader will observe that I express myself cautiously about these materializations; my defective sight, and the very imperfect light generally allowed, render it ~~un~~advisable for me to speak positively in regard to my belief in *the identity* of any materialized spirit form, unless I am allowed to go quite up to it, and am likewise able to obtain collateral proofs of such identity. As the question is often asked why comparative darkness is so generally an accompaniment of physical phenomena, I will give a few extracts from standard writers upon this subject, at the risk of being accused of introducing philosophy where I promised only fact. I transcribe the following words from a small pamphlet published by Mr. T. R. Hazard, called "Modern Spiritualism Scientifically Explained." These explanations were given by a spirit through the mediumship of John C. Grinnell, who is now himself in spirit-life. He says: "The magnetisms of the air are heavier in a dark atmosphere than in the light, and hence heavier physical manifestations can be made in the dark than in the light, for the reason that the light tends to dispel and dissipate the coarser magnetisms that should surround and protect the spirit aura, so that they cannot be collected and concentrated with so much body and force in the light as in the dark." Again: "The darker and heavier the surrounding atmosphere is, the greater is the

force spirits can bring to bear on material bodies." And Mr. Hazard says: "The presence of light is often as great a hindrance to the obtaining of physical phenomena, as that of bigotry and spiritual pride is to the obtaining of the highest spiritual truth through mediums. Why this is so has never to my knowledge been clearly demonstrated, any more than it has been shown why it is that fire burns more freely at night than in sunlight, or why a telegraphic despatch will pass more readily beneath the Atlantic when the waves are shrouded in darkness, or *why or how it passes at all!*" In Mrs. Britten's splendid compilation "Art Magic," we find: "Light is motion in the atmosphere; and tends to promote an energy of action which is unfavorable to the influence of the Astral light (the animating or spiritual principle,) in which spirits live and move and have their being. Material light and Astral light are as antagonistic to each other as the north poles of separate magnets. They mutually repel each other; hence, avoid as much as possible the action of material light. For obvious reasons the custom of sitting in total darkness should be held equally objectionable, except under *stringent test conditions*, and where remarkable evidences of physical power are demanded." So much for darkness; and now I return to my description. A small female figure came out, and Redface directed Mrs. Eldridge to approach it. She did so, and the spirit tried to draw her into the cabinet, pulling her with such force as to break the stitches in the armhole of a strong beaver-cloth walking cloak. Mrs. E. became nervous, made her escape, and went back to her seat; then, repenting of her weakness, she *mentally* requested that she might again be invited to approach, which was immediately done. The spirit then talked to her, told her she was my sister Jane, who had written on the slate for me, through her mediumship—made her sit in a chair beside her, when she kissed her repeatedly, and finally told her to "go back and sit by Sister." I was then allowed to approach her, and she patted and caressed my hand with both of hers, and kissed it, but could not kiss my face. Between my agitation and the insufficient light, I did not recognize her; but I am sure that Mrs. Miller could not have known that I had such a sister in

the spirit-world. Yet Redface announced her *by name*. Several other female forms were seen, and Redface said that Mr. Shindler was there, but had given way to the squaws; and this was very characteristic of him. Mrs. Miller was thoroughly tied, and after the seance it was at least fifteen minutes before she shewed any sign of life, being pulseless, cold, rigid, and in a dead trance.

October 5th. By the independent slate-writing to-day, my husband informed me that Geo. D. Prentice *did* try to write for me through Mrs. D., and that the communication from Gen. Lee was genuine; that the Confederate soldier's picture is really that of H. S.; that his widow formerly lived at W. Virginia, but has removed to Richmond. I am endeavoring to verify these facts, but have not yet succeeded. If I do succeed before my book is published my readers shall be informed of it. We spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. B. While engaged in independent slate writing, Mrs. Eldridge remarked that there was a negro man in the further room, at the glass door—there was another door with a glass top, and another room between. "That is strange," remarked Mr. B., "for my negro man went home some time ago. I will go and see what he wants." He went accordingly, but found no one there. Directly there was written, not by mortal hands, "That was me, Oliver." I find that he is one of my constant attendants, and gives many evidences of his faithful attachment. He is a powerful spirit, and is a favorite, also, with Mrs. E.'s spirit friends, and mine. The next day I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hawks. Mrs. H. is a very fine trance medium, being controlled by highly intellectual spirits. Her "familiar spirit" is a bright little Indian girl, named Ta-ke-ta. She is quite amusing, and generally paves the way for the control by higher and more intellectual spirits. On this occasion she was followed by "Edward," or "Sir Edward," who discoursed for some time in a lofty strain of eloquence. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. H., accompanied me home, and on the way we called on Mrs. Clanney, a medium. She is very easily thrown into a trance, and personates some scene in connection with one's spirit friends, so that the spirit controlling is generally recognized. She is a good and truth-

ful medium, whom none who know her would ever suspect of trickery or deception. Her young daughter is also a medium.

October 8th. At night Mrs. E. held her regular developing circle. A flower-pot, with a cape jessamine growing in it, which I saw on one end of the mantel-piece *after the circle was formed and the medium in the cabinet*, was, to our amazement, handed out from the aperture by Harry, to whom the plant belongs. It *certainly* was taken from the mantel-piece and carried into the cabinet by other than human hands. We sang "Home, Sweet Home," in which we were joined by a male voice in the cabinet, said to be that of Mr. Shindler. The medium cannot sing a note, neither is her voice upon the male pitch. Mr. and Mrs. I. were present, and their little son gave them as they said, certain proofs of his identity. The medium is always securely tied, and the cabinet *thoroughly searched*. A day or two after, as Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and myself were on our way to Mr. A.'s photographic gallery to experiment in procuring spirit pictures, Mr. E. proposed that we should go into a drug store, with the proprietor of which he was well acquainted. A slate was hunted up, which Mrs. E. held under a common desk. No pencil was given. Immediately the sound of writing was heard, and a characteristic salute, with the name of a former partner, was written, much to the astonishment of the by-standers, who well knew that there could have been no pre-arrangement nor collusion. To an honest mind this independent slate writing is an astounding phenomenon, which cannot easily be accounted for excepting on the spiritual hypothesis. In regard to spirit pictures I will say that we have not succeeded here to our satisfaction; though thousands of intelligent and reliable people know that these spirit photographs are constantly taken under the strictest test conditions. On the 18th, after the usual developing circle, at which Dr. Watson and Dr. Peebles were present, the manifestations not having been so good as usual, on account of the indisposition of the medium, Mrs. E. went again into the cabinet, that we might have a little "good night chat" with Harry. My husband spoke to me in a loud whisper, and with very distinct articulation, these

words: "Mary, my wife, how happy I am! I am proud of you. R. is well, and will do well. Remember, I am always with you." These words were distinctly heard by four conscientious, truthful and honorable persons. Do you say, dear reader, that they might have been spoken by the medium? So they might; but if you were in daily and hourly intercourse with her as I am, and have been for three months, you would repudiate such a suggestion. Besides, what possible object could she have in perpetrating so slight a manifestation, when others far more wonderful are of *constant occurrence*?

October 23rd. Spent the evening, by invitation, with Mr. and Mrs. Hawks. Dr. Watson, Dr. Peebles, M. N. W., and others, present. We had a wonderful exhibition of the power of Mrs. Hawks as a trance medium and speaker. Though possessing naturally a fine *physique*, she is at the present time in very frail and delicate health. Her nervous system, finely organized, vibrates to the slightest touch of spiritual influences. Passing easily from one control to another, she gave us fine addresses from Geo. D. Prentice, Jesse B. Ferguson, Ben McCulloch, Mr. Shindler, John and little Sammy Watson, three Indians, and others. The scene between Dr. Watson and the spirits of his two sons, personated by the medium, was affecting in the extreme. I think no candid person, while gazing on and listening to the utterances through the vocal organs of this high toned, delicate lady, could fail to acknowledge that she was controlled by powers and intelligences outside of this poor mortal existence. The phenomenal, and, so to speak, material phases of this wonderful subject will probably, *in this material age*, make more believers than the mental and moral wonders so often displayed; but, to the thoughtful mind, such speakers as Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Hyzer, my friend Mrs. Hawks, and others, must carry conviction of the truth that the spiritual gifts lavished upon the prophets and apostles of old are still bestowed upon certain favored mortals by the God and Father of us all. And were not the gifts mentioned by St. Paul promised to *every man*? Not to the ancient prophets and apostles alone, but to *all* who were so organized as to be capable of exercising them. Hear what St.

Paul says: "For the *manifestation* of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kind of tongues," &c. All these gifts, though they appeared to have perished out of the world, are now, in this new dispensation, being exercised by rapidly increasing numbers in all civilized countries; and it seems as if the day had dawned — *only dawned* — when the promise is to be fulfilled, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh," &c. But I am trespassing; I promised to record *facts*, and not to philosophize; and if my readers will excuse me, I will try not to trespass again.

October 26th. Seance at night at Mrs. Miller's. The usual precautions were taken. The first part of her seances consists of the chair and ring tests. The medium's hands are securely tied together, and in the twinkling of an eye one, two, three, and sometimes more chairs are hung upon her arms, also solid iron rings. A vest is asked for, and placed upon her, then changed hind side before, upside down, &c. Hands tied, and chairs and rings still hanging on her arms. This part of the performance is absolutely painful, for Mrs. Miller looks so remarkably frail that one shudders to see her so dealt with; but Red-face says he does it to gather power for the materializations. As for Mrs. Miller's being able, by sleight of hand, or otherwise, to perform these feats herself, any one who would imagine such a thing would prove himself *far more gullible* than we poor deluded Spiritualists; such an idea is simply ridiculous. Forms came out, and promenaded with Dr. Peebles and Dr. Watson. I was allowed to go quite up to the cabinet, and my sister came out, took one of my hands in both of hers, caressed it for some time, and finally kissed it several times. I had not courage to look her directly in the face, and therefore did not recognize her features. I returned to my seat, and after awhile was requested to approach the cabinet again. I did so, and stood there for two or three seconds singing "over there" in a soft under tone, when the curtain parted, and out stepped a male figure dressed in black. I looked him

full in the face — mine almost touching his — and most distinctly and positively did I *recognize* his beloved features. Then he took me by the shoulders, whirled me round so that I stood with my back towards him, placed a hand under each arm and tried to raise me from the floor, but had only power to lift me from my heels, so that I stood on tip toe. There were several spectators present, who will vouch, if need be, for the truth of my narrative. Though I had seen what purported to be my husband five times at the Eddys', and several times here, this was the first time that I have *positively recognised* his features. But, for purposes of proof, one undoubted recognition is as good as a thousand. The next day I learned, through Mrs. Eldridge's independent slate writing, that these two spirit forms were perfectly genuine. Wishing to use every precaution, I generally resort to this method of corroboration, and my husband, in signing his name, gives me a test which I privately requested him to use. In regard to the recognition of spirit faces, if the reader will pardon me, I will give another short extract from Mr. Hazard's pamphlet. "Unless the organs of color, form, comparison, &c., are sufficiently large in a medium, a disembodied spirit cannot show himself looking as he really did on earth, although the apparition may have some points of resemblance, and some things or words might be done or said characteristic of the spirit communicating, when he occupied an earth form. But if, for instance, the organ of color is imperfect or not well developed in the medium's brain, then the color of the hair, complexion, clothes, &c., will be imperfect; if the organ of form is deficient, the form of the spirit would appear unlike what it was on earth, or at least imperfect; &c." On our way home from Mrs. Miller's, Harry talked with us audibly. We were a party of six, and we all heard him. It might have been Mrs. Eldridge herself, do you say? No; Mr. E. was sick, and suffering greatly; and she was anxious to hasten on to Main street, where we hoped to get a car. "Hurry up, there's a car coming," we heard Harry say. "No, Harry," said Mrs. E., "that car is going the other way." "I tell you," said the kind spirit, "there's one coming the right way, but you won't catch it

if you don't make haste." We thought we knew better, however, than the dear spirit, and had the mortification of seeing the right car pass while we were too far off to hail it. The consequence was that four of us had the pleasure of walking over a mile home, while Mr. and Mrs. E. had to sit upon some steps, and wait about half an hour for the next car, he being quite unable to endure the walk. These things sound strangely enough, but they are nevertheless *true*.

Tuesday, 31st. Another seance at Mrs. Miller's. Let it be henceforth understood that Mrs. M. is always tied by some visitor, and the cabinet thoroughly examined. Chairs and rings as usual in painful perfection. Several female forms appeared. I was invited to the cabinet, and while I stood there, singing as usual, a gentleman's form emerged from it, and giving me no time to examine his countenance, whirled me round as before, placed his hands under my arms, lifted me at least eight inches from the floor, and, without easing me down, suddenly let me go, so that I came down with a violence which shook the room. This was done twice. He had told me by slate writing, that he would lift me entirely from the floor, and I had insisted that he could not do it, as I was quite heavy, weighing 135 or 40 pounds. Let any one try to raise even a child in this way, and they will see that it is not very easily done. My sister afterwards came out to me, made me feel her hair, patted, caressed, and kissed my hand, drew a chair to her, whispered, "Sit in my lap," sat down and drew me into her lap, trotting me as if I had been a baby, then pushed me hurriedly away, saying, "Go to your seat," and hastily retreated into the cabinet. There is a hurried, nervous manner about these two spirit forms, as if they were all the time fearful of losing power, and undergoing de-materialization before they reach the shelter of the cabinet. I did not recognize either of these faces, though, as I have other proofs of their identity, I do not doubt it. On the evening of Nov. 1st, at twilight, while seated at least seven feet from Mrs. Eldridge, and while the room was illumined by a bright fire, and a large kerosene lamp, I remarked, "Harry hasn't spoken to us to-day." "Yes I have," said Harry, right at the ear

farthest from the medium, and I was so startled that I sprang from my chair and clapped my hands upon my ears, exclaiming, "Oh, Harry, how you frightened me!" Then I distinctly heard him laugh as if he was very much amused; Harry is a very merry spirit. My readers may think these are very trifling things to mention, but as all these little daily occurrences have been so many corroborating proofs of one great truth, I mention them in the order in which they came to me. I have kept a faithful journal of my experiences, always writing down the result of my investigations as soon as possible. I aim at the truth, and I give honestly the process through which my mind has arrived at its present convictions.

CHAPTER XX.

STATE CONVENTION.

I WILL now mention the proceedings of a Convention, held on Friday, Oct. 27th, for the purpose of organizing a State Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, which met at night in Dr. Watson's library. On Saturday, the 28th, the Convention met at half-past ten A.M. The constitution and by-laws, as prepared by the committee, were read, and, after a little discussion, unanimously adopted. On Sunday, 29th, there was a conference in the morning, at which several speakers expressed their views, and related their experiences. A very good audience, whose countenances betokened both interest and intelligence, graced the occasion. At night there was a much larger gathering, when Dr. Peebles, after an eloquent address, related a highly interesting spiritual seance held on Mount Zion in the city of Jerusalem. At this convention Mrs. H. presided at the organ, and we were favored with very sweet singing by Mrs. E. and Mrs. N. Watson. I further append, by request of Dr. Peebles, his

DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

"To believe in God—to hold conscious converse with angels and spirits—and to live a calm, spiritual and Christ-like life—these constitute a Spiritualist."

November 19th. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hawks. Mrs. H. was not well, yet after tea she was controlled, first by Taketa, and afterwards by a spirit of powerful intellect and very decided views. Her voice, which is usually soft and low—that "excellent thing" in woman—became masculine in its tone, and loud enough to be heard to a considerable distance. The spirit, after a fine, logical, and forcible address, announced himself as John Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress. Mrs. H. is clairvoyant, and often described to me the spirit forms she saw with me. When I returned home and went to Mrs. Eldridge's room, I found them all eating some nice "taffy," of which I am rather fond. Some one handed me a piece, which, as I was trying to bite it, bounced out of my hand and fell on the floor. In endeavoring to rescue it from Daisy—the little dog—I leaned too far on one side, and the rocking chair in which I was sitting, turned entirely over, and I lay extended on the floor, Daisy meanwhile securing the disputed prize. They had given me the last piece, and I was inconsolable, when some one said, "Harry has plenty of it, he will give you some." At this hint Mrs. E. stepped into the cabinet, the curtain door of which was thrown over the top, and scarcely was the curtain dropped before a piece of candy, nicely rolled in paper, was thrown from the cabinet and fell at my feet, while Harry was laughing audibly at my ludicrous overthrow. Here is one of those *little things* of which I have spoken—grains of sand which go to make up the mountain of truth. Can any one believe that these impromptu domestic scenes are premeditated and pre-arranged? It seems to me that common sense would determine otherwise. It would be tedious, both to myself and my readers, if I were to detail what passes every day. Parties are constantly coming to commune with their spirit friends through the independent slate writing, most of whom are utter strangers to us all. They never even give their names; yet their own names, and the names of their relatives are given,

and circumstances detailed which prove their identity beyond question. They will also shake hands with their friends, and carry on a conversation by tapping on the visitor's knee as he sits beside the table, and this while the medium's right hand holds the slate in the manner described, and the other is lying in plain sight on the table. Mrs. E. sits sideways, so that her feet also can be plainly seen. In the cabinet seances, Harry has been in the habit of distributing flowers to all the circle; sometimes he takes them from vases in the room, and sometimes picks geranium leaves from plants outside of the closed windows in my room; brick walls and glass windows seem to present no obstacle; and on one occasion he brought zinnias from Mrs. Hawks' garden—about a mile distant—at least he said they came from there, and I think they did. It matters not about that; there were no such flowers in this neighborhood. He also procured some fine bunches of prince's feather from another garden. He also went down into his father's room, on another floor, and got a handkerchief from a certain corner of a certain drawer. He brought some cake from the same room, and a glass goblet from a closed safe in the next apartment; which he filled with water procured from the passage, and requested Mr. E. to hand round the water and the cake as a sort of "love feast." And all this was done while the medium was in the cabinet, and Harry's father in the circle, and every door securely fastened.

November 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and myself took tea at Mr. W——'s. After tea we held a seance for independent slate-writing. Mr. W. is a widower, with four children, two boys and two girls. Near the very spot where the wife and mother passed out of her mortal body was this interesting seance held. The spirit immediately began to communicate with her loved ones, and wrote words of affection to them all. The husband inquired if he might shake hands with his spirit-wife. This was declined, probably from want of power. The daughter, nearly grown, made the same request, with the same result. It was then asked, "Can you shake hands with little L——?" The reply was, "Yes." Sitting in her sister's lap, the child's hand was put under the table, and was

immediately seized and pressed so strongly that she cried out to Mrs. E. to let her go, thinking that she had done it. The child's hand was still held, and it was with some difficulty that the sister could draw it away. A name was now written on the slate which was known to none present but myself. It was that of a very dear double cousin, who passed away in South Carolina, but who, keeping watch and ward over her dear ones in that afflicted and beloved State, was not in the habit of communicating with me, unless I specially summoned her. The *significance* of her coming now consisted in the fact that her brother, one of the most distinguished divines of the South, and residing at a distance, was expected at this time to deliver a lecture in aid of a certain Presbyterian church in this city. I was not thinking of her at all, and the medium had never heard of her. She came several times after this, both in the cabinet and through the slate, appearing *painfully* anxious to communicate with her brother, but the opportunity to convey a message was not granted me. My experience of the reception of such messages from the angel world by various members of my family still on earth, is not at all encouraging. May the time soon arrive when none will be willing to close their ears to these angel voices! I regard this little incident—the giving of this name—as another grain of sand for the mountain of eternal truth.

During this seance, as I held my hand near the cloth which covered the table, that hand was grasped, and almost painfully squeezed. Then the cloth was lifted, my foot taken hold of, held firmly by the heel, and made to rap under the table top with the toe. So, it seems, I have joined the large company of toe-rappers! And all this while Mrs. E. was holding a large slate upon one hand, while the other lay on the table.

December 4th. To-day I purchased four cans of condensed milk. As I had to walk but a step or two, I declined having them wrapped up, and held them in my folded arms. Just as I was entering the door of my residence, I met a person from whom I thought I could procure a banjo for my poor Oliver. He promised to try to get one, and I went in, ran up stairs, and deposited my

cans in my room without mentioning the circumstance to any one. That evening, at twilight, as we sat round the fire, chatting on general subjects, Mrs. E. suddenly exclaimed, "Hush, some one is talking to me. . . Why, it is Oliver, and he says Missis is going to get him a banjo; that he heard her asking that little man (describing him) for one. Missis had her arms full of milk cans too." It is impossible that any one then present—for we live in the third story, back rooms—could have seen me talking to him, or have known the subject of our conversation. So I consider this a nice little grain of sand.

December 5th. Seance at Mrs. Miller's. Several forms of different sizes, robed in white, came to different members of the circle. I was allowed once more to approach the cabinet, and I waited there, singing as usual—to keep up my courage, I suppose—when the curtain parted at the side, and I saw the well known form, but had no time to examine the features; for the spirit kissed me twice, right upon my lips, rubbed his beard and whiskers against my face, then turned me suddenly around, and again lifted me entirely from the floor, and my descent was plainly heard by all. It seems Mrs. Eldridge had requested my husband in the morning to let me feel his whiskers, and he had promised so to do. Each time that I have been very near to an alleged spirit-form, I have distinctly perceived a cool breeze passing over me, and often a delightful odor, such as would proceed from a bed of violets.

December 11th. At night we had a dark seance, and Mr. H. brought a quantity of Malaga grapes done up in bundles, and labelled, for the different members of his band. I think there were a dozen packages, all of which disappeared excepting two. What became of them? We were all seated in a circle, holding each others hands, and the medium was securely tied. I knew all the parties present, and the idea of collusion or fraud is out of the question.

Thursday 14th. At night held a dark seance. Present Mr. P.; Dr. Watson; Harry's father; Mr. Eldridge; and myself. The medium's hands were securely tied, and soon we were all stroked, patted, and caressed by invisible

agency. The piano was played upon at the same time. Soon we heard the piano close, and the voice of the medium was heard in quite a different direction from the spot where she had been sitting, as she exclaimed, "They have tied me to the chair, and here I am on top of the piano!" Another chair for Harry to sit in, was placed on the piano beside hers. The piano-stool was brought round, and placed behind my chair, and Harry informed me that Mr. Shindler was sitting there. Harry talked a great deal, and while we were singing "Home, Sweet Home," a masculine voice at my ear joined in the singing. I know that this voice proceeded from neither of the persons seated on either side of me. Dr. Watson had hold of Mr. Eldridge's hands during the entire seance. My head-dress, which was secured by a jet pin on each side, was taken off, and placed on Dr. Watson's head, where we found it after the seance. I begged the spirits not to lose my pins, which I had used for a long time. A tidy which was hanging on a rocking chair, was placed upon my head. A very large bunch of Malaga grapes, which I could hardly hold in both my hands, was brought by Harry from a certain fruit store, through the wall or closed door. Matter is no obstruction to spirits. I grumbled a great deal about the loss of my jet pins, and the next morning went to several stores to get others, but did not succeed. The day after, one of them was dropped into Mrs. Eldridge's plate as she was eating breakfast, and the day after that the other dropped down before her as she was engaged in making her bed! They have removed my head dress since that time, but I am no longer uneasy about my pins. I mention these things because, though apparently trifling, *I know them to be genuine manifestations.*

Friday 15th. A nice little home seance. Harry had expressed a wish for a ring which he could show upon his hand when he materialized it, and to-night his father brought two for him to choose from, one a plain circle, the other with a stone. He selected the plain one, and immediately put his hand out of the aperture, with the ring on his third finger. His sleeve was totally different from that of the medium. Let it be remembered that Harry is the "talker" of the "Band;" he will not let the

medium say a word. She has not yet been entranced, and essays sometimes to answer our questions, and often while she is speaking we hear Harry's "Hush up!" Mr. Shindler talked to me almost aloud, and he opened the side of the curtain and was seen from head to foot clothed in his surplice. He also put his arm out of the aperture, and the large white sleeve of the surplice hung down a foot or more. There were only three witnesses, and we sat so near as almost to touch the cabinet. I can honestly declare that the cabinet was perfectly empty, with the exception of her chair, when the medium, in *dark clothing*, entered therein.

December 17th. Dined to-day with Mr. and Mrs. M——. We had independent slate writing, and Mrs. M. placed her hand under the table, which was caressed and shaken while there was no possibility of its being done by the medium. Mrs. H. was present, who is quite an invalid, and Dr. Warren, formerly of Boston, a noted scientist and physician, wrote his name, and said that if Mrs. H. would write to Dr. Newton, the celebrated magnetic healer, she could be cured. I mention him now because there was a "test" connected with his communication. None of us knowing Dr. Newton's address, it was given by Spirit Warren, being 247 West 7th street, Cincinnati. On our return home, we found, by referring to a memorandum in a closed desk, that the address was correctly given. In the evening a gentleman from Okolona, Miss., by the name of E. D. Hall, being present, we had a cabinet seance for his special benefit. He was an entire stranger to us all, having come to Memphis for the express purpose of obtaining some intelligence from his loved ones in the spirit world. After telling us all "how d'ye," Harry said, "Mr. Hall, Capt. W—— is here. He says tell Dr. G—— it is all right with him now, and that he did not commit suicide as was supposed." This was a good test, and a great surprise to Mr. Hall, who was not thinking of that spirit at all. Such a person had been found drowned in Okalona, with his body lying across a log. The spirit said he was seized with a vertigo, to which he was subject, and had tried to save himself by a tree, but could not. Dr. G—— was his physician and friend.

Harry also said that a handsome young man was sitting on the piano stool, who would give his name on the slate—independently—when the cabinet seance was over. He said an old lady was present, Mr. Hall's mother, who could not give him her name, but would write it on the slate. "And she says," continued Harry, "tell Aunt Rachel I am very happy, and that she will soon be here with me." Mr. Hall told us he had taken his mother not long ago to visit her birth-place in the far North-east; that while there she had been taken ill, but insisted that she should be taken to her sister's, whom they all called "Aunt Rachel"—and that she died soon after she reached her sister's home. And considering that Mr. Hall was an entire stranger to the medium, and to us all, these were good test communications. Harry said there was a beautiful young lady, leading a child, but that she could not give her name. Mr. Hall, however, knew the spirit, as she always came to him leading that child, which was one of his. Mrs. E. then left the cabinet and tried independent slate writing. The son wrote his full name, S—W—Hall; and that he died of consumption in 1874; all of which was correct, and entirely unknown to the medium and to us. His mother wrote her name, Belinda Hall; and so did his father, Reuben Hall, M. D. While this was going on, and the minds of all were intent on Mr. Hall and his communications, I, being seated quite near the table, was carrying on a nice little seance of my own, by means of taps made upon my knee in answer to various mental questions. My hand—which was resting against the cloth table-cover—was also caught, and my forefinger squeezed with a heartiness that was almost painful.

December 18th. A dark seance. Mrs. E. sits apart from the circle, with her hands elaborately tied. We all hold hands, taking care that Mr. E. is held by a responsible party. The spirits were quite lively. My head dress was again removed, and put on a gentleman's head. My pins, as usual, gone; but I feel no apprehension of their final loss. While singing, I distinctly heard both a male and female voice assisting, and they were not mortal voices. While the piano was being violently played, my head and face were patted, and my curls handled. ~~At~~

the same time also, Harry, whom I can never think of as a "spirit," was searching in A——'s pockets for candy. A—— could not assist him in the search, because he was holding Mr. Eldridge. The piano stool was brought to me, and Harry said it was occupied by Mr. Shindler.

December 19th. Mrs. E. went into the cabinet for a little home chat. After Harry had gone, and we had all left the cabinet. Mrs. E. still remaining in it, she said, "Here is a materialized spirit trying hard to talk, but I cannot make out what he says." I was impressed with the idea that it was my father, Dr. Palmer, who is quite an advanced spirit, and finds it hard to manifest himself. Mrs. E. described him as a small man, with a face something like mine. The medium held a speaking-trumpet to her ear, and she could then hear him speak. It *was* my beloved father, who said that he had passed away a long while ago, and would speak to me some other time. A night or two after my father was again in the cabinet, so Harry said, but he came in a luminous cloud.

Dr. Warren is treating Mr. Eldridge, through his wife's mediumship, for deafness. He had also told him to write to Dr. Newton for treatment. Mr. and Mrs. E. go into the cabinet three or four times a day, and a large materialized hand is seen making magnetic passes over Mr. E.'s ears and head. One day, at 12 o'clock precisely, Dr. Warren said, "You are now, sir, under treatment by Dr. Newton." In two days after, a letter—magnetized—was received from Dr. Newton, dated at 11:30 A.M. of the very day of Dr. Warren's assertion. Little things, but wonderful!

December 22d. Mr. and Mrs. M—— called to spend the evening, and we held a dark seance. We had the usual manifestations, and then the lamp was lighted, and Mrs. Eldridge went into the cabinet. Several hands, arms, and faces were shown, among others the face of Mrs. M.'s father, Capt. DeM., which was very distinct and finely materialized. Mr. and Mrs. M., well known and highly respected residents of this city, declare, *without reserve*, that they perfectly recognized the features of that face. A few days after that seance we dined with Mrs. M., and Mr. P., a gentleman of our party, immedi-

ately recognized one portrait hanging in the parlor, among many others, as the same face which he had seen at the aperture of the cabinet; and it was so. Capt. DeM. was a "man of mark," with strong and well-defined features, which could not well be mistaken. Mrs. M. brought a bundle of candy for her spirit son, which he took from her hands, and distributed to other spirits in the cabinet. It was either conveyed away or rendered invisible, for none of it was ever found. Figs, apples, oranges, grapes, bananas, candy, &c., are constantly given to the spirits, and never again seen. This morning I saw Mrs. Eldridge standing on a chair, and putting some clean clothing on a high shelf. Hearing her exclaim, "Don't Harry! you'll make me fall!" I watched the chair and saw it tilt, the medium standing on it, trying to hold on by the shelf, and no other mortal within twelve feet of her. Pardon me, dear reader, for mentioning such trifling things; but if they are not done by mortal agency, *are they trifling?*

December 25th. Christmas day, the day commemorated as the birthday of Jesus, the Christ! Away from home, and from my loved ones there, how lonely would I have felt but for the manifested presence of my angel friends who have passed to the spirit-world! I had mortal friends also, who gave me several cordial invitations to dine with them, but I dined at home with our heaven-gifted medium. We had a nice turkey and other "Christmas fixings," and our dear spirit-friends were at the table with us, for they joined in our conversation by tilting the table in affirmation of our remarks. At night we had a private home seance. Mr. P. slyly handed Harry a paper of torpedoes, which he popped by throwing *through a thick woolen curtain* to the furthest corner of the room, seeming to enjoy the fun with all the zest of a merry-hearted boy. Mr. E., who is hard of hearing, and did not see the torpedoes given to Harry, was startled and amazed, and inclined to think we were having some new and wonderful exhibition of spirit power, and that probably the detonating missiles had been manufactured for the occasion in the cabinet. Harry, with the rest of us, keenly enjoyed his wonder and perplexity. Mr. P. had, during the day, brought up a box of figs as a Christmas present for Eld-

idge Wright, the Chairman of the band. Mrs. Eldridge had put them away, and Harry asked his "pa" to get them, telling him where they were—on the top-shelf of the safe, exactly in the middle. The room in which the safe was had no light, and Harry said, "Light a match, pa, as you did at the foot of the stairs when you were coming up." Mr. P. found the box of figs exactly in the designated place. Harry took them from his hand through the aperture, and handed one to each of us, the medium's hands being tied tightly together. Mr. P. has recognized his son's face, without a doubt.

January 1st, 1877. At night we had a *test seance*. Mrs. Eldridge was secured as recommended by Mr. Jones, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. A staple was driven into the wall, to which the medium was attached by a handkerchief placed round her neck, sewed together at the back; the ends then passed through the staple, sewed together tightly, and sealed with sealing-wax. She could not possibly rise out of her chair without drawing the staple, and choking herself, into the bargain. At this seance several hands were shown, of various sizes, among which was Harry's, wearing his ring. There were also seven faces shown, but indistinctly. Several torpedoes came *through the curtain*, and exploded in different places. These were the large kind, which explode with a noise like a pistol. Harry's arm was thrust far out, the hand with the ring upon it, and the black, loose coat-sleeve showing plainly. The medium's sleeve was brown, tightly fitting, and decorated with a lace quilling at the hand. A large lock of golden hair was given to me by Harry, about which there is a sequel, as will be seen hereafter. Harry said to a lady present, "I was at your house to-day, and the old rocking-chair turned over with L. and me." This overturning really did occur, though the lady had not mentioned it to any of us. A "tidy," much valued by Mrs. E., which had been missing for several days, and which the spirit "Eldridge" had promised to recover for it had been stolen—was thrown *through* the curtain before our eyes.

And now about that lock of golden hair. We were anxious to ascertain whose hair it was, and were told,

through the independent slate writing, that it was the hair of Mr. Eldridge's first wife, which had been brought from an old trunk in Columbus, Tenn. On hearing this I divided the hair, giving half of it to Mr. Eldridge. Mrs. Eldridge plaited his, while I made mine into a curl. The next day a visitor expressing a desire to see the hair. Mr. E. went to a book in which he was certain of having placed it for safe keeping, but it was gone. Mrs. E. then came to borrow mine, which I placed in her fingers, but she had scarcely turned away, when she exclaimed, "It is gone!" With a sort of "whiff" it had escaped from her fingers, and could nowhere be found. We made a tedious and thorough search, but it was gone. Both pieces were subsequently returned to Mrs. E. at different times. Do you say, dear reader, that I am duped by Mrs. Eldridge? So be it; but I recollect the remark of an old writer, who said: "Dupes indeed, are many; but of all dupes, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped." I omitted to mention one thing which occurred at the last mentioned seance. As I was sitting quite near the cabinet, and leaning forward so that my head touched the curtain, Harry took my head between his hands the curtain being between us--made a remark about my hair being "roached," said he liked it, because it showed the forehead, and ended by taking one of the jet pins from the side of my head-dress, which went *through the curtain*, but was afterwards honorably restored. Remember, this was done while the medium was fastened to a staple, and could not have reached the spot where I was sitting.

Col. Eldridge has been a prominent criminal lawyer, but now devotes himself to the angel world, intending soon to take the field as a lecturer for the dissemination of the glorious truths of spirit communion. He is a man of fine intellect and great oratorical power, and possessing in his gifted wife a medium of varied and remarkable powers, the two together will form a rare combination, being able to present to all inquirers both the facts and the philosophy of this wonderful subject. Col. E. has been in the habit of obtaining from the spirits the verdicts of the juries in criminal cases, before they have made it

known. And they have never failed him yet. In the late Reesnover case, which attracted a good deal of attention, the spirit of the murdered man gave him the verdict of "murder in the first degree," which he accordingly announced to the lawyers at the court-house. But some officer of the court, who talked as if he knew, said that he had it from good authority that the verdict of the jury would be a different one. The Col. came home, looking very blue, and was quite uneasy lest he had been misled by his good spirit friends. But it turned out that the spirits were right, after all. And suppose they had been wrong; they constantly tell us that we must not regard them as infallible.

At this time a very interesting phenomenon occurred. A gentleman, Mr. P——, of whom I have before spoken, called to see us about Christmas time. His little daughter wrote—independently—"Papa, I want you to give the medium a nice Christmas present." He asked her if she would not like a present herself, and I suggested that he should give her a ring, which she could wear, and show to him when materialized. There was then written: "Give her the ring; she will be delighted. R. E. Lee." He accordingly purchased a very fine, heavy, plain gold ring, but for a very small finger, as the daughter, though now a grown woman in spirit life, comes to him as a little child. Her father made her promise that she would wear it when she was materialized at Mrs. Miller's, and try to give it to him there. That night in the cabinet, Harry told us how delighted all the spirits were about L——'s ring. This ring was repeatedly returned to us, being placed upon the slate under the table to show to special friends who expressed a wish to see it. I forgot to mention that it was engraved with the words, "My L——," on the outside, and that the engraver put a private mark upon it, so that there could be no mistake in its recognition. Whenever the father requested to see it, she complied, but always wrote to this effect, "Don't keep it long, papa." It is difficult to get this ring upon Mrs. Eldridge's little finger, and her hand is remarkably small. The father requested a seance at Mrs. Miller's to see whether the spirit child could perform her promise of

showing him the ring upon her finger, and returning it to him then and there.

On Tuesday, January 9th, this important seance was held, at which I had the privilege of being present, together with Col. and Mrs. Eldridge, Mr. B., Mr. P., and Mr. Miller. In the morning Mrs. Miller's "control," Redface, came to our residence and wrote through Mrs. Eldridge, that he had come to make arrangements with her band about the ring. At night we attended the seance. It was terribly cold, but the room had been made comfortable by a fire kept up all day, and we did not suffer. Several white-robed forms came out, and moved about the room, and at length came a little child, who said in a childish, but perfectly audible voice, "Papa!" Mr. P. then arose, went towards the figure, bent over it, took the little hand in one of his, and, with the other, took the ring off from the child's middle finger. *Could* that little creature have been Mrs. Miller? Or was it a rag-baby? This ring, as I have said, can be got on to Mrs. Eldridge's *little finger*, with some difficulty, but Mrs. Miller's hands are larger. The father kept the ring, and took it the next day to be identified both by the jeweller from whom it was bought, and by the engraver. It was fully identified. People will try to account for this fact in various ways, but, outside of the spiritual hypothesis, I can imagine no explanation which will cover all the circumstances of the case. Mr. P. asked Redface from which of the child's fingers he had taken the ring, and from which hand, and he gave, from the cabinet, correct answers to both questions. At this seance I once more saw the materialized form of my spirit-husband. I was very near to him, looked him full in the face, and once more fully recognized his features, which were thinner and paler than when in earth-life. He caressed me by patting my head and face, placing his arm round my waist, and kissing me. As the science of chemistry was one of his favorite studies, he is fond of experimenting in materialization, and is always anxious for me to go to Mrs. Miller's whenever I can. Mrs. Eldridge is not yet sufficiently developed to show the full materialized form, neither have her controls yet been able to entrance her. Where they can do that,

they say the full form can come out, and walk about. In Mrs. E's. cabinet, Mr. Shindler constantly talks to me in a loud whisper, and gives me many proofs of his identity. My sister also talks to me there. One morning I identified my husband by asking him when he passed away—when and where we were married—and by whom—to all of which questions he gave correct answers in writing. These things were quite unknown to the medium. One night while seated round the parlor fire, and Mrs. E., not being well, was lying down in an adjoining chamber, in which there was no light—voices, heard by the three persons sitting there, joined in our conversation, assenting to our remarks, and prescribing for an ailment of which one of us complained. Harry sometimes calls the young domestic, a negro girl, so loudly, and so naturally, that she comes flying in, to find us all seated round the cabinet.

An interesting series of communications have been given through Mrs. E., being the names of persons who had passed away, with the places where they died, &c. They will speak in her ear at any moment, however much occupied by household affairs, and she is obliged to drop everything, and write down the communications. The correctness of these names, &c., all unknown to the medium, has been fully established.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SEANCE was given to-night to Capt. P., of the steamer J. H., and his friend and clerk, Mr. C — . The cabinet was examined, the medium tied to a staple, and *her lips securely sealed* with court plaster, covering the whole mouth. She had a piece of straw in her mouth, which she unfortunately swallowed, and was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which was rather alarming. Let any one try to cough violently with the lips tightly closed, and see how they like it. Truly, if there is a martyr on the face of the earth, it is the much

abused spirit medium! Harry, on this occasion, talked as much as ever, whistled, gave the names of spirit friends, and faces and hands were shown at the aperture. The cabinet seance was short, and was followed by independent slate writing.

January 19th. Mr. and Mrs. E. and myself were invited to Dr. Watson's to supper. Before supper, while we were seated round the library fire, and I was translating aloud an article from a French periodical, Harry audibly assented to the author's opinions. He told Mrs. N. W. to look upon her lap, which she did, and there lay a piece of court-plaster which he had provided for sealing his medium's mouth during a contemplated seance. None of us had thought of such a thing. At the supper table we had unequivocal evidences of spiritual presence and power. A panel of the extension-table was lifted up, and, by request, there was an attempt made to take an apple out of a fruit-dish, but the apple was only *moved* in our sight. After supper we had a cabinet seance. The medium's mouth being sealed, Harry talked with great vivacity and power—said that John L. was there, and that he was coughing terribly. This was a nephew of Dr. Watson's, who had quite recently died of consumption. Harry said also that "Callie" was there. This was J. L.'s wife. Surprised at this, for they believed her still living, Dr. W. asked him to describe her. "Why," said Harry in a tone of surprise, "I believe it's a *double*!" The supposition is—a supposition borne out by historical facts—that the newly made widow was asleep, and in her deep sympathy for her husband, her spirit—or double—had left the sleeping body, and accompanied her husband. Water was thrown upon us from the cabinet, and Harry said he carried it from the table—on which stood a silver pitcher of water—to the cabinet, in his double hands. Dr. Watson's former wife appeared at the aperture, and he went up, and conversed with her. After the cabinet seance we had independent slate writing; and materialized hands were seen coming out from under the table.

January 21st. Dined with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hawks. I found her very unwell. On returning home just before dark, I found Mr. and Mrs. Miller in Mrs.

Eldridge's drawing-room. As they were about leaving, we asked Mrs. M. to go for a moment into the cabinet, to see what we could get. The curtain was scarcely lowered before a white-robed female figure appeared, then a child, then a man robed in a surplice. They were said to represent Mr. Patterson's wife and daughter, and my husband, Mr. Shindler. The whole scene did not last more than ten minutes, and, as it was entirely unpremeditated, and Mrs. Miller's dress was quite dark, and she was not entranced, it was a remarkable manifestation. We found her securely tied to the staple, which she could not very well have done herself. We did not identify the faces.

January 22d. One of Mrs. Eldridge's regular circles. There was, owing to some misunderstanding, a larger attendance than is desirable. Mrs. E. was also suffering considerably from the incipient symptoms of what proved to be an aggravated case of "mumps." A request was made that the cabinet might be examined, but the visitors seeming backward, Mr. P., not Harry's father, and I, examined it faithfully, and there was nothing there but a common chair. There were but few materializations—owing to unfavorable conditions—but Harry talked, gave names of spirits who had come to their loved ones, and handed out to a lady visitor a large bunch of grapes. He called some of us up to the aperture, and handed out some grapes. He also threw water out upon us. The medium was tied by the throat to the staple, and her mouth was securely sealed. Harry complained of want of power, and scolded us for not singing more. But this was not said in unkindness, for Harry is extremely kind-hearted, and would not wound any one's feelings for the world. After the cabinet seance there was slate-writing, and a great touching of loved ones by spirit hands. When the visitors had gone, Mrs. E. stepped into the cabinet, and Mr. P.'s little daughter tried to come out, but had not power. My husband spoke to me, as he now does frequently. Harry told me that John Wesley was there, and was a great deal with me. "What!" said I, "the great John Wesley? Oh, I am so glad!" Mr. P., for a test, asked Harry if he could tell us the last words of Mr. Wesley. There was a moment's pause, as if Harry were

inquiring of the spirit, then he said, "His last words were —'The best of all is, God is with us.'" I am ashamed to acknowledge that all of us, excepting Mr. P., had forgotten them.

January 26th. At Mrs. Miller's. A very fine seance. Mr. John Thomas, from Kirksville, Missouri, having come to Memphis for the express purpose of seeing our mediums—and especially Mrs. Miller—was present. His spirit friends, being accustomed to communicating with him, seem very powerful; particularly one who is said to be his sister, Eliza. She comes robed in white; is very active, and, in the freedom of her motions, and her extreme fondness for dancing, reminded me considerably of Honto. As to her identity, of course, never having known her, I cannot speak. Mr. Thomas is himself a medium, and seems to be a true-hearted, earnest man; and his presence appears to be highly appreciated at Mrs. Miller's circles. If people would only remember, that *honesty of purpose* is an essential condition in the production of these phenomena, and would try to keep out of circles those who come with *hostile feelings* and *uncandid minds*, they would have finer manifestations, and fewer disappointments. An *honest* skeptic should be always welcome.

On this occasion the white-robed figures were very lively and familiar; so much so that I became rather nervous. A figure representing an old lady, said to be Mr. Thomas' mother, came repeatedly and sat down by him, talking to him in a loud whisper. The sister called Eliza, came boldly up to each of us, brought a heavy blanket, and threw it into my lap; sat down and talked to Mr. Thomas; pulled him out of his chair; danced him round in great style, and rolled up a parcel of things in the form of a baby, which she placed in Mr. Thomas' arms. She then took the bundle, made a bed on the floor, and lay down upon it. She also took what appeared to be a large oil-cloth table-cover, and put it over our heads. A form, said to be that of Ira Thomas, Mr. T.'s son, came out and said in a loud voice, "How d'ye, pap;" and as he returned to the cabinet, he said, "I want an orange, pap; but I believe, on second thought, I would rather have

some pears." My sister Jane came boldly up to me, drew me from my chair, and made me sit down beside her in another. My sister spoke in a whisper, and she pronounced her words very much like Mrs. Miller, but as she has to speak through Mrs. Miller's organs, this circumstance is perfectly natural. I cannot say that I have ever entirely recognized her features; she passed away forty years ago, and was much emaciated by consumption. The hair is like hers, and the outline of the face. *I know*, however, that this figure is not Mrs. Miller, for she is not near so tall, and, if our loved ones can return, why should not this be, as she says she is, my sister? Little Essie Mott, daughter of Mr. Mott, the medium, came out and went up to Mr. Thomas. Before she returned to the cabinet, the form appeared to grow in height to the stature of a full-grown woman, and then gradually to grow down till she disappeared from our sight. In regard to these so-called materializations and de-materializations in our sight, I confess I am not a competent judge. It is so very dark, and my sight is so defective, that I do not feel willing to pronounce any judgment upon them. It is very much the same in regard to all materializations, excepting where I have been allowed, as in the case of my husband, to be as near as possible to the spirit form. I have certainly recognized his features three times—he says four—and I always the next day inquire about his identity through Mrs. Eldridge's independent slate-writing, which I know is not done by mortal hands. I consider the independent slate-writing as much more satisfactory than mere materialization; though the latter is so startling that it will attract more attention, and probably make more converts. Mrs. Miller is also a medium for slate writing. My husband, at this seance, came to me as usual, lifted me up, and kissed me.

January 28th. Went early to Mrs. Miller's, expecting an important seance, it having been announced by Red-face that Gen. Lee would favor us with an appearance. Present, Dr. Watson, Mr. Thomas, Mr. T., Mr. S., Mr. Miller, and myself. While we were chatting in the sitting-room, Mrs. Miller stepped into the back room. Mr. Miller, missing her, went to see where she was, and soon

returned and called me in haste. I went with him, and found Mrs. M. entranced, seated by the kitchen stove in a common chair; her head, having no support, had fallen on one side, and she was perfectly cold and rigid. We summoned assistance, and with some difficulty got her into her high-backed rocking chair, which we dragged into the next room, and into the cabinet. As we got her into the rocking chair, having to put her in sideways, her clothing got fastened under her in very uncomfortable style, and I requested Mr. Miller to lift her up that I might adjust it. We tried to do so, but failed, and I left it as it was. I mention this, because, when the seance was over, I found her clothing in exactly the same position, tucked sideways tightly and uncomfortably under her. On this occasion Eliza was very lively, going in and out of the cabinet, dancing and waltzing. Twice we saw two white figures at the same time. At length Redface desired that the light might be a little raised "for squaw Shindler to see Gen. Lee's face." This was done, and I was called to the aperture. Then I saw a face which seemed to be self-luminous, and which certainly resembled the pictures of our beloved Chief. I had never seen him in earth-life. The eyes were soft, brilliant, and natural, and gazed into mine with unmistakable intelligence. To two requests which I made, he bowed his head repeatedly. He then took my hand, passed it over and under his chin, then placed both his hands upon my head. The beard was soft as the softest silk, and the throat felt just like real flesh and blood. Some others were called up, and finally, that good and honest champion of truth, DR. SAMUEL WATSON. I presume that by this time the spirit had begun to lose "power," and perhaps the face had undergone some change. (I think I have seen my husband's features change while I was gazing on them.) Dr. W., like an honest man, demurred about the likeness, and Redface requested him to take his seat, and wait till Gen. Lee could get more power. Dr. W. went up a second time, and expressed himself better satisfied. We were then requested to engage in prayer before Gen. Lee came out among us. Accordingly, we knelt in prayer, Dr. W. repeating the Lord's prayer, in

which we all joined in unison. I was again called up to the cabinet, and the figure stepped out, again placed his hands upon my head, and kissed me on my lips. Taking my hand, he led me a step or two toward my chair, then seated himself in another, remained there a few seconds, and returned to the cabinet. I will remark that when Dr. W. was about returning to his seat, this spirit form, I think, took hold of him and pulled him back, then accompanied him nearly to his seat. After a while I was called up to see my husband. He was in his surplice, and kissed me on my lips. I asked him to speak to me and he whispered, "Go to your seat." Lingering still, he took my hand, and led me nearly to my seat. My husband's face looked something like that of Gen. Lee; and, really, in their pictures, there is quite a similarity of outline. The figure of a child, who was said to be little Essie Mott (daughter of Mr. Mott, the medium,) came out and went quite up to Mr. Thomas. After the seance I went into the cabinet to rub Mrs. M., and help to get her out of the trance. At the suggestion of some one the curtain was dropped to keep out the light, and then and there, with no mortals in the cabinet but the medium and myself, and with both of her cold and rigid hands in mine, other hands were forcibly patting the top of my head, and all the way down my body. Those outside will remember my exclamations of surprise, and almost of terror; for it is rather a "spooky" business to be in a dark cabinet, with an entranced physical medium. When she had nearly recovered, and we had brought her outside, she still being in her chair, I went on my knees before them all, and examined her under-clothing. Every piece of clothing, save the one indispensable white and scanty under-garment, was of a very dark color; yet there were white-robed forms among us all the evening.

January 30th. Another seance at Mrs. Miller's. The physical manifestations, with chairs and iron rings, were the most wonderful I have yet seen. Four chairs, in a great variety of positions, and two large iron rings, were on her arms at the same time, being changed about with wonderful rapidity. They took her up, and stood her in a chair with her arms through the back of it, so that she

was bent over double. It is understood, of course, that her hands are tied; but I defy any sleight-of-hand performer, *with his hands free*, to make the instantaneous and difficult changes I saw. How the people of Memphis can, as many of them do, denounce Mrs. Miller as a fraud, and no medium, because of the *unproved* assertions of a few hostile individuals, is, to me, one of the mysteries of human nature. If she is simply a conjurer, she is the most remarkable one I have ever seen, and my opportunities of observation in this direction have been very good. If she can *herself* produce the manifestations which I know I have witnessed—and I have written very cautiously—then she ought to travel the world over, and her success would be always certain. Instead of that she has been traduced and villified until she is nearly heart-broken. And why? Only because she is one of that class of sensitives, called spirit-mediums. But, as I said before, mediums must make up their minds to be martyrs for the angel world. Fraudulent mediums there are, plenty of them; but any one who will persecute a medium *on insufficient grounds*, is doing, I think, a cowardly and wicked thing. Let frauds be exposed, by all means; but let us first be *very certain* that we are right in our suspicions, lest, haply, we be found fighting against God and his angel world.

The medium was at length entranced, and the materializations began. Two forms in white were seen at once; one appeared to be clapping her hands, and the other moving a chair. I do not speak positively about these things, for the two reasons already given; namely, insufficient light, and defective vision; but I wish it understood that, like most near-sighted people, my sight, at a short distance, is unusually keen; and I have seen, under close inspection, quite enough to convince me that Mrs. Miller is a powerful and genuine medium. On this occasion Eliza was as active as a gazelle, dancing gracefully, getting four persons upon the floor at once, and whirling in and out by skillful evolutions. She brought an orange, handed it to each one to smell, peeled it, gave each of us a piece of the peeling, and finally divided it, and gave each one a plug, eating part of it herself. She remains out a long time, and seems very strong. She talks fre-

quently to her brother in a loud whisper. She took a common chair, and held it with one hand over her head. She made a pallet, and lay down on the floor. She tied her brother's hands together, and after some time came and untied him. She then made her brother and myself change seats, so that I was quite near the cabinet, where she effectually tied my hands, and I was found tied at the close of the seance, though I tried my best to loosen the knot; and am considered rather expert at such things. My sister Jane came up and bent over me for some time. From some mysterious cause, I can never look her squarely in the face; but she has given me many satisfactory proofs of her identity. A little figure, said to be Essie Mott, came out, said "Mr. Thomas" in a childish voice, and went up to him. A female figure, said to be a bride, named Alice, came out and promenaded back and forth before us. Mr. Shindler appeared, and kissed and caressed me as usual. On this occasion I had the pleasure of hearing Redface sing. He has a wonderfully loud voice, which is not particularly musical. When the seance was over, Mrs. Miller was not in the cabinet; Redface having brought her out, chair and all, and placed her outside, at the back of the cabinet. It was some time before we could restore her to consciousness, or even to any signs of life.

February 1st. At Mrs. Miller's. Had the usual manifestations; but this night, a female figure, much larger than the others, came to my seat, leaned over, and kissed me. Harry told Mrs. Eldridge that it was my mother. Mrs. E. tells me that she wore a cap, tied under her chin, and that her hair was smoothed down on each side; in short that the face looked very much like the picture she had seen of my mother. I was taken by surprise, and did not see the features, but I have had *collateral proof* that this was really the spirit of my mother, who passed away in 1847. A spirit, called "Our Frances," is one of Mrs. Miller's most constant attendants. She comes outside and plays the accordeon. She is generally bare-armed, and her hands and arms are very white and finely-shaped. Dr. Watson tells me that on one occasion he saw Ira Thomas quite plainly; that he came out and promenaded

with his father, taking off his hat and acting as naturally as possible. On this evening the bride's head was said to be decorated with flowers. She afterwards appeared wearing a hat.

February 2d. It was a gloomy, windy day, and something had occurred to trouble me; indeed all of us, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge and I, felt a little down-hearted. I took the slate to Mrs. E., and asked my husband to write something to comfort me. "Jesse B. Ferguson," was written. Then Mr. S. wrote: "Do not be uneasy, you will be guided aright. Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Lee, and I, are with you. Put nothing in your book that you do not believe to be genuine." And by God's help, I will not. In regard to the materializations of forms, one can not be too cautious. I asked my husband if the great and good Mr. Wesley was also helping me, and he said "Yes." At this time some good spirit moved Mrs. Eldridge to step into the cabinet, and soon we heard Harry's welcome voice, and well known "how d'ye." In a moment Mr. E. and I were before the cabinet, eager to hear words of comfort from spirit lips. Harry was truly sympathetic, kind, and consoling. Through a little hole in the curtain he put out a little rolled-up piece of paper, saying that it had been brought the day before by Mr. P., and that he (Harry) had read it aloud to Mr. P. It was a test question to Mr. Wesley, and Harry asked me to read it aloud. It was with the greatest difficulty I could decipher it, for it was very badly written with a pencil, and the writing was so faint as to be almost illegible. Yet he had read it in the dark. He asked me to give him something to read, and I stepped to the piano, took up a "Western Harp," opened it at random, selected a verse, and handed it in under the curtain at the bottom. He read it correctly, but seemed nearly suffocated with laughter, for between every line he had to stop and laugh, so that I asked him not to go into hysterics! It appeared to me that he was so overjoyed at giving me this "test," that he was laughing for pure happiness. Harry is very excitable, and more like a real mortal—a real happy boy—than any "ghost" I ever knew. I afterwards went into the cabinet with this very book, and it was so dark that I could

see nothing, not even the white paper, nor my hand before my face. It was a cloudy day, and the cabinet was darker than usual. At length I heard from the cabinet the welcome whisper, "Wife!" and a slate was asked for, and handed in. It was handed out again, with these words upon it: "My good wife, don't be unhappy."

A short episode here, will, I hope, be forgiven. One day I had an attack of home-sickness, which was only relieved by a violent fit of weeping. Soon after, by slate writing, I thus addressed my husband: "Were you with me while I was weeping?" "No." "Why not?" "I had to leave you then." "Why, I thought you were especially with me when I am in trouble." "Mary, I saw that you were going to indulge in a fit of crying, and I had to leave you. I cannot bear it; it makes me unhappy. Besides, I knew you would feel better after it." Think of this, ye who nurse your grief, and reproach yourselves when, though clad in "the sables of woe," you indulge in harmless mirth. The friend for whom you are mourning, if he could speak, would say to you, "Cease this immoderate grief, it makes me unhappy." My husband has so often requested me to "lighten my mourning," that I have done so, notwithstanding my natural fear of Mrs. Grundy, whom I only dread when the subject of her remarks would involve a suspicion of want of loyalty to the dear ones "gone before."

I omitted to mention in its place that at one of Mrs. Miller's seances, the sister of Mr. S. procured a slate from another room, to write for her brother a private communication. She stood before us, in height and form much taller and larger than Mrs. Miller, and wrote so rapidly as to amaze us all. After the seance I saw the slate, filled with writing on both sides, which of course I did not attempt to read.

- On February 6th, there was a seance in Dr. Watson's library. Mrs. Eldridge, medium. Present, Judge R., Dr. A., Col P., Mr. and Mrs. T., Dr. and Mrs. K. W., Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Watson, &c. The medium's mouth was sealed with court-plaster, and her hands tied first together, and then to a leg of her chair, so tightly and elaborately that we found the knot to be of the "Gordian"

kind, which it was necessary to cut before the medium could be released. Harry whistled, played the French-horn, and talked, and several hands were shown. Harry asked Dr. Watson to let down one of the windows at the top, as he wanted to try and bring some grapes for the ladies. While we sang "Home, sweet Home," the grapes were brought—Mrs. W. having previously ascertained that Mrs. E. had nothing of the kind about her person. Dr. Watson went to the cabinet to receive them, and I believe they filled his double hands. They were presented to the ladies, who shared them with the gentlemen. I was called to the aperture by Harry, and two soft, warm hands, said to be Mr. Shindler's, caressed mine. We then had independent slate writing, which was quite satisfactory, considering the medium's health.

February 7th. This was the evening appointed for endeavoring to obtain, through Mrs. Miller, the materialization of spirit forms upon a vacant lot. Owing to several circumstances which it is unnecessary to mention, the attempt was not entirely successful. But to prove that it can be, and has been, done, I will introduce an extract from the *American Spiritual Magazine* of March 1876, containing the testimony of Dr. Peebles and others to the fact. He says: "The evening and hour were agreed upon. At the appointed time we were treading streets leading toward the outskirts of the city. Now we pass a gate; climb a fence; travel a few yards, and are in an open lot or common. There are five of us present, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Dr. Watson, Mr. Stillman, and myself. We halt; keep silent; Mrs. Miller is partially influenced. Now she is clairaudient. The spirits wish us to step aside two or three rods, and remain quiet. We obey; it is clear, and the stars are shining bright. We can see Mrs. Miller distinctly, and hear her talking with invisible intelligences. She kneels and prays. Rising, we see by her side a spirit form clad in white. And now there is another; and, ere long, still another appears, a soldier, seemingly dressed in a dark grayish suit. But the medium is exhausted, and falls to the ground. We lift her up. In this half rigid trance state, she cannot stand. Her husband rubs her hands, her arms, and pathetizes the brain,

till, consciousness returning, we return by the same winding way, not doubting that our forefathers saw, as they said, warning angels by the wayside, and ghostly figures in grave-yards.

FIRE FROM HEAVEN.

Spirit lights or fiery lights have been given at seances, and have been seen often by clairvoyants. Such phenomena are as ancient as the records of the Old and New Testaments. In connection with the "burning bush" that remained unconsumed, Moses saw a "flame of fire." A "pillar of fire" guided the Israelites out of Egypt; and "cloven tongues like as of fire" sat upon the Apostles. So while Dr. Watson, myself, and others, were out in the open field on that auspicious evening in Memphis with Mrs. Miller, awaiting the re-appearance of the spirits, there appeared suddenly a flash, or flame of fire above the medium's head, falling to the earth, kindling into a blaze the twigs, grass, and leaves, partially fading, then brightening up, and lasting, I should judge, some two or three minutes. And so the modern spirit-manifestations continue to parallel the ancient."

CHAPTER XXII

OUR WASHINGTON.

MRS. LEWIS has arrived. This is the lady in whose presence the materialization of our beloved Father and Chief, GEORGE WASHINGTON, is accomplished. She is the honored guest of our good Dr. Watson, whose hospitable doors are ever open to all those who wish to give or receive information from the angel world. Mrs. Miller's mediumship is now to be tested. In Dr. Watson's library, in a cabinet of simple construction, being formed of curtains attached to a frame in one corner of the room, with a solid brick wall on two sides, it is now to be proved whether Mrs. Miller is a genuine medium, or an arch deceiver! I shall relate events as they occur.

Saturday, February 17th. On this night the new curtain cabinet was occupied for the first time. We considered this only as a preliminary seance, and none of us expected to see Washington emerge from the cabinet, but after some fine music, Mrs. E. Watson presiding at the organ, and an earnest and affecting prayer from Dr. Watson, out stepped from the cabinet *a tall male figure*, looking in every respect like the pictures of Washington with which we are so familiar. The effect was electrical. The outburst of emotion was so sudden and so loud, as to be heard in the third story, and in the basement, causing considerable alarm to those who had been kept out of the room by household duties. This noble form stood quietly for a moment, as if to allow the emotion to subside, then reached for a flag which was waving from the top of the cabinet, and after himself waving it towards the audience, he threw it across the room towards Dr. Watson. After retiring to the cabinet, he again came forth, and, hand in hand with Mrs. Lewis, he walked across the room, when I had the pleasure of clasping his holy hand. He came from the cabinet five times, each time remaining out a little while. Wishing to have a nearer view of his face, I was invited to approach the aperture, which I did, bearing in my left hand one of the flags which he had handled, and which I now keep as a sacred relic. Arrived there, I said to him, "Bless me, oh, my father Washington!" With one hand upon my head, and the other patting my cheek, he smiled, and bowed his head repeatedly. To me the face appeared luminous, and resembled the portraits of Washington, and yet there was a something which made one think of Mrs. Miller. When the subtle laws which govern this wonderful phase of spirit manifestations are better understood, we shall all know that every *genuine* materialization must partake, *more or less*, of the characteristics of the medium. But that the face upon which I was gazing, and the tall figure which I had seen, were not Mrs. Miller's face, nor Mrs. Miller's form, I am very certain. Dr. Watson was called to the aperture, and after gazing on the face, which he also pronounces luminous, two firm manly hands took hold of his face on each side, and pressed it together distinctly three times. The spirit

then spread the miniature flag over the Dr's. head, and with this decoration he returned to his seat. The spirits, reserving their strength for the night of the 22d, Washington's birthday, are only holding preliminary seances, and it is hardly fair for me to report them. But I am striving to write an *honest* book, as all *honest* readers will discover and acknowledge. On this night Martha Washington was materialized in the cabinet, but, not wishing to use the power, did not come out.

On Monday night we had nothing of importance, neither did we expect it. On Tuesday night we had Martha Washington finely materialized. She came outside in a dark dress, said to be of silk, having on her shoulders a very white and glistening sort of cape, and a little white cap upon her head. She sat in Mrs. Lewis' lap, sat also in the rocking-chair, and rocked herself, and finally bent down and shook hands with me. Then she dematerialized herself; that is to say, she gradually grew shorter and shorter, till nothing but a white spot remained upon the floor, which finally disappeared. I was very near when this was done, quite successfully, and at a sufficient distance from the cabinet. This cabinet being new, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Miller enter it every night merely to magnetize it, and any manifestations the dear spirits give us we receive as extra favors. On Wednesday night, not expecting a cabinet seance, and Mr. and Mrs. Hawks being present, we hoped to be favored with a specimen of Mrs. Hawks' wonderful power as a trance and inspirational medium. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Miller entered the cabinet as usual, to magnetize it. The latter was soon entranced, and Washington showed his face at the aperture, each one being permitted to go quite near and gaze upon it. The face is certainly self luminous, and, while it feels like mortal flesh and blood, looks clearer and brighter than any flesh and blood I ever saw. Redface was in a very talkative mood, but finally bid us "good-night," and the seance closed. There was a Baptist minister present, who had opened our proceedings with an excellent prayer, full of honesty and fervor. He retired after the short cabinet seance; but if we had known what a treat was in store for us, we would have

urged him to remain. Mrs. Hawks was suddenly controlled by Taketa, who amused us highly for awhile; then, being fond of improvising "brook-tattleums," (poetry), she asked for a subject. Mrs. Lewis suggested "The Golden Gate." Taketa said there was a "buful" spirit by Mrs. Lewis, who would speak first; and immediately the inspired medium's whole appearance changed, producing such a transformation as I have never before witnessed. Then followed a poem by Martha Washington, so divinely eloquent, and so perfect in its rhyme and rythm, that it is indeed a pity it could not have been transcribed and preserved for the up-lifting of suffering human hearts. Then came Taketa once more, who gave us her pretty little "brook-tattleum" on the same subject. If we had not heard the first poetical spirit gem, Taketa's would have been pronounced excellent, and it *was* fine, very fine, but could not compare with the other. While Taketa rattled on after this, suddenly, in the very midst of a word, the control changed, and the medium arose, and in a fine, manly tone gave us a splendid address on the laws of materialization, and telling us why it required a greater struggle than usual to produce in perfection here the materialized form of the immortal Father of his country. It is mainly, he said, in consequence of the abuse and persecution which the innocent medium had undergone in Memphis, and that she would do better any where else than here. He also said that in every materialization there must be something of the medium; the form might be perfect, the movements and bearing perfect, but about the face, and especially about the eye, there was often an expression similar to that of the medium. The address, which I would like to reproduce, but to which I cannot do justice, was elevated, spiritual, sublime! Then little Taketa took control again, and said, among other things, that there was a spirit near me, with his hands spread over my head, blessing me; then raising her hands, the spirit, through the medium, said: "And he says, 'The peace of God, which passes all understanding,'" here she paused, and Dr. Watson went on, "keep your hearts and minds, &c." "Yes," she said, "but it was that first part he means; she has attained to that." Yes, thank God,

His peace, which passes all understanding, *does keep my heart and mind*, and I have been raised above the mortal cares and sorrows of earth. The spirit which Taketa saw was that of my dear husband, and she described him as attired in his surplice, while she spread out her hands in the very attitude he always used in pronouncing our beautiful and sublime benediction. Oh, may the glorious powers of this fine inspirational medium long be preserved for the spiritual elevation of humanity; and may the holy band of angels, who preside over Memphis, and the whole of our Southern country, keep her in good condition, and raise up many such instruments whose inspired tones shall resound through the land, and awaken the slumbering millions to a knowledge of the glorious and cheering truth of spirit return, communion, and inspiration!

February 22d. The birthday of WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country; and alas! a rainy, chilly, disagreeable day! At night we had our expected seance. Dr. Watson's library was crowded with an intelligent throng of spectators, but few of whom could be eligibly situated for seeing the manifestations; and this circumstance, together with the humid atmosphere, and the *positive illness* of the medium, caused somewhat of a disappointment to our hopes and expectations. Mrs. Miller is so timid, and so much afraid of a crowd, that the very idea that visitors were expected, caused her great alarm; and she was besides so sick as to be hardly able to walk from Mrs. Lewis' chamber to the library. At Dr. Watson's request I searched both the ladies thoroughly—those who know Mrs. Lewis will be amused at the idea—so as to be able to testify that there was nothing about them which could be used to make up a face, or a figure, or any portion of the dress of an alleged spirit form. Mrs. Lewis remained in the cabinet to soothe and reassure the trembling physical medium, and emerged from it only when she was fully entranced. After waiting a good while, during which time the indefatigable musicians were kept hard at work, the figure purporting to be Washington presented himself, but not near so tall as he seemed to be on Saturday night, neither was the light so good. It seemed to be hard and

up hill work, and as I *did* believe that this was indeed Washington striving to manifest himself to his countrymen, so that they could recognize him, and be thus convinced that he still lives, loves, and cares for them, I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. This sounds strangely enough; but when spirits leave their high abode to manifest themselves in a materialized form, they have to take upon them earthly conditions and feelings, and sometimes, when these earthly conditions are not right, they are said to suffer accordingly. This, I believe, is the philosophy; I am a novice, and do not profess to understand the subject.

At one time Mrs. Lewis handed her angel friend a large bouquet of very fine greenhouse flowers, and while Mrs. Nannie Watson was singing, very spiritedly, *The Star Spangled Banner*, he threw the bouquet towards her. The flowers being heavy, fell short of her; but she got possession of the handsome paper holder, and waved it above her head, while Washington stood and waved the flag for a considerable time. At one time I saw distinctly his three-cornered hat and his white hair; and with his arm extended, and his hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Lewis, he walked up and down before us, taking several turns. As it was his birth-day, Mrs. Lewis handed him a glass of wine, which I saw him take from her hand, and raise to his lips. He also underwent dematerialization before us, but, though I have no doubt of the fact, he could not come far enough from the curtain, nor have a sufficient light to make it satisfactory. In other cities he has spoken, and desired to do so here, but was not able. He expressed himself, through Redface, as feeling much disappointed, being not at all satisfied with his materialization, principally because he could not get power to assume his full stature, nor to allow sufficient light. His movements were very graceful, and his "make up," coat, knee-breeches, white stockings, three cornered hat, silvery hair, &c., such as could not have been accomplished in any way by the ladies whom I so thoroughly searched.

Martha Washington now showed herself at the aperture, and her white head-dress looked to me like a lamp in the darkness. She came outside in a dress apparently

of dark brown, with a small white kerchief about her neck, and crossed over her bosom; and about this garment also there was a glistening appearance as of bright, pure silver. She moved freely about, and while standing beside Mrs. Lewis, was considerably shorter than that lady, while Washington was taller. Lady Washington also dematerialized herself, but, as in the other case, was obliged to remain too near the cabinet. I feel sorry, for the sake of the visitors, that the conditions were so unfavorable; but I hope that some of them, at least, received food for thought, and will continue to investigate, as opportunity offers, this wonderful subject. No representatives of the press were present, though, I believe, there were several invited. The music, under the auspices of Mrs. E. and Mrs. N. Watson, was all that could be desired.

As the materialization of Washington is a subject which must interest every patriotic heart, I will endeavor to give a condensed account of his various appearances thus far. I cull the following facts from various sources:

"Mrs. Lucie E. Lewis, of Cincinnati, an intelligent lady in affluent circumstances, and the wife of a gentleman who idolizes her for her rare mediumistic powers, as well as for her personal charms, has from childhood been a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. Gen. George Washington and Lady Martha Washington have from her youth not only shown themselves to, and held familiar conversation with her, but through her mediumship have often conversed with other people, who felt honored thereby.

* * * Gen. and Lady Washington have often manifested to Mrs. Lewis, a great desire to show themselves on the 4th of July at Philadelphia, fully materialized and dressed for general recognition, in costumes corresponding with their portraits, with which the public are familiar. They directed her to attend Mrs. Stewart's seances at Terre Haute, and there the promise was verified. Gen. Washington showed himself on thirteen different occasions, in full costume, several times presenting a beautiful silken American flag. Lady Washington also showed herself several times, and was recognized by the audience from her portrait. They directed Mrs. Lewis to correspond with the editor of the *Religio Philosophical Journal* in regard

to a seance with Bastian and Taylor, the world-renowned materializing mediums of Chicago. The following is Mrs. Lewis' letter to the editor of this paper: (*R. P. J.*)

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 29, 1876.

BRO. JONES—Washington wishes to materialize at Chicago, and give to the world another proof of his power to come to us, and that it is not confined to the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart alone, but that he will do so especially through Mr. Bastian, and with great power. All he asks is my presence, which seems to be always necessary. He is anxious to materialize at Philadelphia on the 4th of July. At the last seance at Terre Haute, Gen. Washington stood in the cabinet door nearly fifteen minutes, and closed his remarks to us by saying: 'One hundred years ago, I, as a member of a patriotic band, aided in inaugurating Political Freedom, so again will I aid in inaugurating Spiritual Freedom, by materializing, if possible, on the 4th of July, 1876.' Dear brother, do all you can to consummate Washington's great earth work. I will be in your city very soon, look for me the first of the week. If Mr. Bastian is absent, telegraph me, so that I may proceed at once to Philadelphia.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. L. E. LEWIS.

"Thinking it would be a better test if we kept all knowledge of Mrs. L.'s intended visit, and the object of the same, a secret, we did not communicate to Bastian and Taylor, nor any other person, anything on the subject. Mrs. Lewis arrived at the Tremont House Saturday night, and on Sunday evening she attended Bastian and Taylor's seance. At this seance, in the dark circle, Gen. and Lady Washington presented themselves to Mrs. Lewis, and affectionately caressed her, and *without a word being uttered by her*, Mr. Taylor, the clairvoyant, recognized them from their portraits, and announced to the circle that Gen. and Lady Washington were by the side of and caressing Mrs. Lewis. In the cabinet seance Lady Washington fully materialized and walked out in plain view of all who were present—more than twenty persons. The

next day. June 26th, we were present at the seance of Bastion and Taylor, and there beheld a scene never to be forgotten. Here Gen. Washington, a majestic spirit, fully attired in a costume corresponding with the most beautiful we have ever seen him represented in, presented himself time and again, at the open door of the cabinet. He then most gracefully raised his three-cornered hat, showing his hair as white as the driven snow, and saluting the intelligent audience of gentlemen and ladies present, and waving a beautifully materialized American flag, he distinctly said, "God bless our country." He then retired to the cabinet, and after ordering the light to be made brilliant, he threw his flag out through the cabinet window into the full light, that all might see its dazzling beauty. Gen. Washington, as a spirit, is of majestic proportions, and the light was sufficiently brilliant to see his clothing even to the burnished knee and slipper buckles, and long, close-fitting stockings, as if they were really material fabric; as we suppose they were for the time, fully materialized. We think all persons present were fully satisfied that it was none other than the Father of our Country—the idolized Gen. George Washington; the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." (*Religio Philosophical Journal*.)

The following extract is from an article by a well-known gentleman of Burlington, N. J., and was published in the *Boston Herald*:

"In the early part of May, 1874, while investigating the subject of Modern Spiritualism. I had a private seance with Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia. While in trance on that occasion she was controlled by what purported to be the spirit of Gen. Washington. * * * Among other things he said that on the 4th of July, 1876, he would appear in Philadelphia in materialized form, in full light, so as to be clearly recognized, and would address those who might be present. Hundreds of times during the past two years my thoughts have recurred to the teachings I then and there received. Scores of times have I mentioned to friends the remarkable promise made by Washington on that occasion, and expressed my doubts of its fulfillment. * * * At the close of the past win-

ter (1875—6,) Washington requested Mrs. Lewis to visit Terre Haute, Ind., and attend the seances of Mrs. Stewart, of that place, to enable him to materialize his spirit form through the aid of that wonderful medium. Mrs. Lewis at once complied with the request, and, accompanied by Mr. Lewis, attended several seances given by Mrs. Stewart. On the evening of the 4th of March, (1876) Washington was enabled, for the first time, to manifest himself in full materialized form in the light. He appeared at subsequent seances in the same manner, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lewis returned to Cincinnati. About the middle of June, Washington again requested Mrs. Lewis to visit Terre Haute, and attend the seances of Mrs. Stewart, stating to her that he intended to materialize in the city of Philadelphia on the 4th of July, and that he would need the assistance of Mrs. Stewart to enable him to do so. He requested Mrs. Lewis to prevail on that lady to accompany her to Philadelphia for that purpose. Several times while Mrs. Lewis remained at Terre Haute, Gen. and Lady Washington appeared at Mrs. Stewart's seances, but Mrs. S. declined to go to Philadelphia.

Gen. Washington, while in materialized form, then requested Mrs. Lewis to visit Chicago, and attend the seances of Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, to enable him to materialize through their mediumship. * * * Washington appeared there many times in great perfection. On the evening of the 25th of June, while in materialized form, he directed Mrs. Lewis to hasten to Philadelphia, to find Mr. Kase, at whose residence it was his purpose to appear, and get him to arrange a circle there for the evening of the 4th of July. He told Mrs. Lewis he had chosen J. Nelson Holmes as the medium to sit in the cabinet, to enable him to materialize his form on that eventful occasion. With that "faith which cometh of knowledge," Mrs. Lewis lost not a moment in going to Philadelphia, and reached there on the morning of June 29th, an entire stranger in that city, and scarcely knowing how to proceed to carry out her remarkable mission. Not knowing where to find Mr. Kase, she had much difficulty in doing so, and only succeeded after a wearying search for his resi-

dence. Having related to Mr. and Mrs. Kase the directions she had received from Washington, those earnest friends of Spiritualism cheerfully tendered her their most efficient co-operation, and at once set about making the necessary arrangements for the requested seance.

The evening of the great centennial anniversary at length arrived, and at 8 o'clock a large company had assembled to witness the result of this remarkably appointed seance. I do not feel at liberty, without permission, to publish the names of the persons in attendance; but I am fully satisfied that in point of intelligence and personal influence they cannot be outranked.

The appointed hour having arrived, the circle was arranged by Mrs. Holmes in accordance with the directions given at the previous seances. * * * Mrs. Lewis sat at the right of the (cabinet) door, close to it, and Mrs. Holmes at the left, directly opposite. * * * At length the curtain was slightly raised, a hand was extended to Mrs. Lewis, which she took, and a face was shown which she recognized and addressed as Washington. Soon after, the curtain was drawn aside, and the majestic form of a man stood in the doorway near Mrs. Lewis. His costume was that of a gentleman of the revolutionary epoch. * * * The form and movements of the figure were graceful and dignified, and were in strict accordance with the historical descriptions of Washington. * * * If this was the personation of Washington, it was a marvelously natural performance. * * * He came close to me, and as I was seated on a low lounge, he bent over me, and looked steadily in my upturned eyes. Raising his right hand and extending it towards me, he said in a slow, distinct, and full voice, "Know the truth, and dare to maintain it." The voice was apparently blended with that of Mr. Holmes, but was individually distinct from that of the latter. When addressing me I could see his features distinctly, and I was struck by the striking similarity of his face to Stewart's portrait of Washington. * * * As soon as he had disappeared I volunteered to ask: "Is your appearance here this evening in fulfillment of a promise made more than two years ago through a medium of this city?" In a few moments he drew aside the curtain, and, standing

in full view, with emphatic action and gesture, he said: "This is the demonstration of that fact." * * * Pausing a moment, he raised his hands as if in benediction, and said, deliberately and distinctly, "Peace, good will, love, and charity to all." Seeming to lose power, he withdrew, but soon came out, and said, "Cultivate love and charity, and all will be well." When he next came out, Mr. Kase asked permission to take him by the hand. He bowed assent, and Mr. Kase went to where he stood. With their hands clasped, they remained for some moments looking into each others' faces, not more than a foot apart. Mr. Kase is six feet two inches high. Washington is not more than six feet. A short time after he came out again, and said, "Franklin is here, and will try to materialize." Finally he came out holding a small American flag in his hand. * * * He seemed to be more distinct and stronger than before. In a clear voice he said, "Turn up the light." Mr. Kase, who sat under the chandelier, rose to comply, but fearing the effect, he hesitated to do so. Washington then said with much emphasis, "Turn up the light full." Mr. Kase did so, and there, *with a strong light shining full upon his face*, stood the illustrious Father of his Country. Everyone could plainly see the strong general likeness to his various portraits, etc. "

The following is from the pen of Mr. Kase: "Mrs. Lewis, together with several members of my own family, went on the Friday evening following to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, when Mr. Holmes was secured in the wire frame cage that has been used by them since the *pseudo expose*, to meet the strongest demand for test-conditions, Mrs. Holmes sitting on the outside of the cabinet, on one side, and Mrs. Lewis on the other, of the door. Under these carefully applied test conditions, Washington made his appearance again, quite as satisfactorily as at my home, and not only Washington, but a score or more of other spirits came out, and at one time during the evening, after Mr. Holmes came out into the room, and Mrs. Holmes was entering, and before the door was closed, "French Mary," one of Mrs. Holmes' controls, who has never before been able to materialize, made her appearance at the door before Mrs. Holmes was fairly seated,

and still in full view, while at the same instant Washington appeared at the aperture of the cabinet. Thus were seen *at the same time*, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, French Mary, and Washington."

The following is the testimony of Mr. John Thomas, of Kirksville, Missouri; a man widely known, and as widely honored for his perfect integrity of purpose. He says: "Being present at a seance held in Memphis at the house of Rev. Dr. Samuel Watson, through the mediumship of Mrs. Lewis, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Miller, Gen. George Washington came out of the cabinet fully materialized, five or six times. He took Mrs. Lewis' arm, and promenaded with her several times in front of the cabinet. He appeared in military dress, likewise with masonic emblems and apron, and gave me the sign in the Master's degree. Martha Washington came out of the cabinet several times fully materialized, took the arm of Mrs. Lewis, and walked with her, and sat in her lap. Both Gen. and Lady Washington dematerialized in front of me and others, then again materialized themselves very quickly.

JOHN THOMAS, Kirksville, Mo."

I will add that both Mr. T. and myself were in the front row, and very near the cabinet. On Saturday night, 24th, at Mrs. Miller's residence, we saw the face of Washington several times, apparently illuminated, and wearing an angelic smile. I was at the aperture, and saw him very distinctly. Martha Washington came out, and dematerialized at least two feet from the cabinet. On Sunday night, at Mrs. Miller's house, Washington was taller and better "made up" than on any previous occasion in Memphis. He came several times from the cabinet, and remained out a long while. As Mrs. Lewis stood by him, she had to look up into the face of a man fully six feet two inches high. He measured his own height, and stuck a pin into a curtain to designate it; and Mr. Stillman, who I understand is six feet two inches high, stood beside him, and their height was precisely the same. A gentleman sitting next me requested Washington to give him the masonic "grip;" he attempted it, but failed, only touching the gentleman's hand. Seeming very anxious

for this test, he again requested Washington to make the attempt. He did so, and, as the gentleman assures me, fully succeeded. This gentleman is a resident of this city, and is considered by those who know him, an honest, truthful man; and I will give his name, which is Joseph Uhl, bookkeeper for H. Wetter & Co., 302 Lauderdale street. I think that on this occasion Washington gave, as he did on Thursday night at Dr. Watson's, the third or Master Mason's sign. When Washington returned to the cabinet, *instantaneously* there emerged a female figure all in white. And when Mrs. Lewis—after sitting in the cabinet with Mrs. Miller till the latter was fully entranced—emerged from it, it was not a second before a white-robed figure appeared. At one time Washington drew a chair a considerable distance, sat down gracefully and drew Mrs. Lewis into his lap, holding her there for some time. As he stood very near to me, he looked down and pointed to his feet, and I distinctly saw the large silver buckles on his shoes. I saw distinctly his three-cornered hat, and his silvery hair. The coat he wore looked precisely like velvet. Before he finally retired to the cabinet, he shook hands with every member of the circle. There were seven of us in all. Gen. Robert E. Lee was said to have appeared to us, but as "the power" must have been nearly exhausted, I do not know that this appearance was successful. Whether *the power* was exhausted or not, I know that by this time I was, so as to be hardly capable of forming a correct judgment. But in regard to what I have stated I unmistakably declare that I saw those things *distinctly*. I find, as a general rule, that small circles are the most satisfactory. I will add that Washington conversed a long while with Mrs. Lewis in a loud whisper, requesting her, as he had before done, to go to Terre Haute, that he might, through Mrs. Stewart's mediumship, show himself on the 4th of March, the anniversary of his first materialization. I am thankful for the opportunity I have had of making the acquaintance of a lady so lovely, so genial, and so spiritual as Mrs. Lewis, through whose peculiar influence our WASHINGTON is shown to us.

At this seance there were present Mrs. J. W. Owens, of Memphis, and her sister, Mrs. Barrett, Mr. Steger, Mr.

Uhl, Mr. Stillman, Mrs. Lewis, and myself. I take occasion here to say that I consider it one of the blessings of my life that I have been permitted to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Lucie E. Lewis, whose purity of character, earnestness of purpose, and resolute self-denial for the accomplishment of her beautiful and remarkable mission, entitle her to the sympathy and admiration of all pure, earnest, and self-denying souls. I was constantly associated with her, up to the moment of her departure, and shall carry with me during the remnant of my pilgrimage, a sweet and hallowed memory of her inspiring and delightful presence.

And now I have nearly finished my heaven-directed task, having given, to the best of my ability, an account of what my eyes have seen—my ears heard—and my hands felt, in connection with the life beyond the tomb. And now, having given my plain and unvarnished facts, with as few remarks of my own as possible, I trust I may be patiently read while I sum up, in a few ideas of my own, and of others, the conclusion of the whole matter.

And first I will remark that we—Spiritualists—are in good company. The names of Wallace, Crookes, and Varley, three of England's most eminent scientists, are in themselves a mighty host. Here are a few extracts from an article in "Human Nature," published in London, and called "A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science." It says: "In all parts of the world, and in all languages in which the discussion of the vexed theme of Spiritualism occupies a place, the names of these three gentlemen are very frequently repeated. * * * It is probable that in the centuries to come additional lustre will surround these fearless investigators, and they will be regarded as noble pioneers of scientific thought, who *dared* to look lovingly in the mystical face of nature, and read truthfully her most obscure though instructive lineaments. * * * Whatever may be the verdict of the future, it is undeniable that at present every word uttered by these gentlemen on the question of Spiritualism is eagerly sought after by the more intelligent section of the community."

In speaking of a work by Professor Wallace, which the author is reviewing, he says: "The facts introduced, ir-

reconcilable as they may be with the reader's experience, are so fortified with the testimony of some of *the most eminent names of the nineteenth century*, that the force of prejudice gradually gives way to the cumulative truth which the author so adroitly leads to war against it." All things considered, I, for one, am satisfied that we are in pretty good company.

My second remark is that without *facts* there can be no demonstration. The infallible truths of pure mathematics are built upon facts, and every scientific and religious dogma is valueless unless based upon undeniable facts:

And so I remark, thirdly, that the intelligent and honest Spiritualist has arrived at conviction through the laborious investigation of facts, and facts alone. Nothing else will satisfy him. He believes in human testimony, but that testimony must be corroborated by his own senses, his own sound judgment, and unbiassed reason. Yes, he plants his feet upon facts—facts ascertained by his own senses—by seeing, hearing, touching. And when facts of which he has judged by the honest evidence of his senses, agree, and cohere, and sustain each other, they form a basis which may be fitly termed—without irreverence—the rock of ages.

When Professor Tyndall so far forgot his high position as to designate Spiritualism by the uncandid, ungentlemanly, and unscientific name of "intellectual whoredom," did he not know that *millions* of rational, intellectual men had gained their knowledge of Spiritual things *just as he has gained his scientific knowledge*, namely, by evidence which has been, or is capable of being affirmed by the senses? "Why," it may well be asked, "is the same kind of evidence treated with derision when advanced in favor of the facts on which a belief in Spiritualism is based?"

I remark, in the fourth place, that the science of spirit communion is yet in its infancy, and therefore may perhaps, be fraught with danger to weak and unbalanced minds. But what subject is not dangerous to "fools," who are always ready to

"rush in where angels fear to tread?"

To the "pure in heart," and to the possessor of a calm and truthful mind, there is no danger. And in this con-

nection I would remark that disembodied spirits differ on many subjects just as men do here. We must weigh their teachings, and form our own conclusions. In other words, as St Paul wisely directs, we must "try the spirits." They all, however, agree in saying that "as the tree falls, so it lies;" and this not according to the old theological interpretation of those words; but they teach that our mental and moral status here must determine our condition there; but that after the change called death we can progress, and rise "from strength to strength."

And fifthly, I remark, that it is not a proof of wisdom or honesty to pronounce *without investigation*—an alleged phenomenon a fraud and "humbug." All fair-minded men must think that he who pronounces these phenomena—believed to be spiritual by many millions of intelligent men and women—a fraud and a "humbug"—that last foolish word forever on the lips of shallow and unreflecting people—I say that the man who makes this unmeaning assertion, without *honest investigation*, must immediately lower himself in the opinion of candid and right-minded people. Ah, it is so easy to say the stupid word, humbug! It is so much more laborious to examine and reflect! It does seem to me that the man who can pronounce the wonderful phenomena occurring in the presence of our unsophisticated "sensitives" or mediums, who are generally poor, without means and appliances such as are necessary to the success of noted conjurors—I say, it seems to me that the man who, in witnessing these things, can flippantly pronounce them a deception and a humbug, has simply succeeded in deceiving and humbugging himself. Some people pass their lives in self-deception, and dare not look the fact of immortality in the face, nor the accompanying fact that as a man sows, so shall he reap, and that only by a good and pure life can we secure a happy life hereafter.

I remark, sixthly, that no great truth was ever given to the world without ridicule, detraction, and persecution, to its first promulgators and disciples. "Socrates was condemned to death; Democritus was regarded as a maniac; Pythagoras was banished from Athens; Anaxagoras was immured in a dungeon; Galileo was imprisoned

and persecuted; Varolius was denounced for his anatomical discoveries; Harvey for announcing and upholding the circulation of the blood was considered a madman; Van Helmont, having cured many diseases by magnetism, was seized by the Inquisition; and because Berselius defended the laborious and brilliant investigations of Rheichenbach into the nature of odic force, Du Bois Raymond, the physiologist, declared that he must be in his dotage. And all this for the reason that each was inspired with thoughts and truths above the comprehension of his more material fellow-men. "M. A. (Oxon). And I myself remember (for I am not young), the first talk about photographs, sewing machines, the electric telegraph, &c., and that our own great country man, the immortal Morse, was called "that crazy Morse."

In conclusion, I ask the candid reader if it is any wonder that, with all these experiences, nay, *demonstrations*—when each returning spirit seems to say—I write the words with reverence—"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold! *I am alive forevermore, AMEN,*"—I ask, is it any wonder that I most firmly believe in the heart-cheering and soul-inspiring truth of spirit return and communion? Dear reader, and, may I not say, dear friend, I not only believe, I KNOW.