

**The Life of**

**Little Justin Hulburd**

**Medium, Actor and Poet**

**E. W. Hulburd**





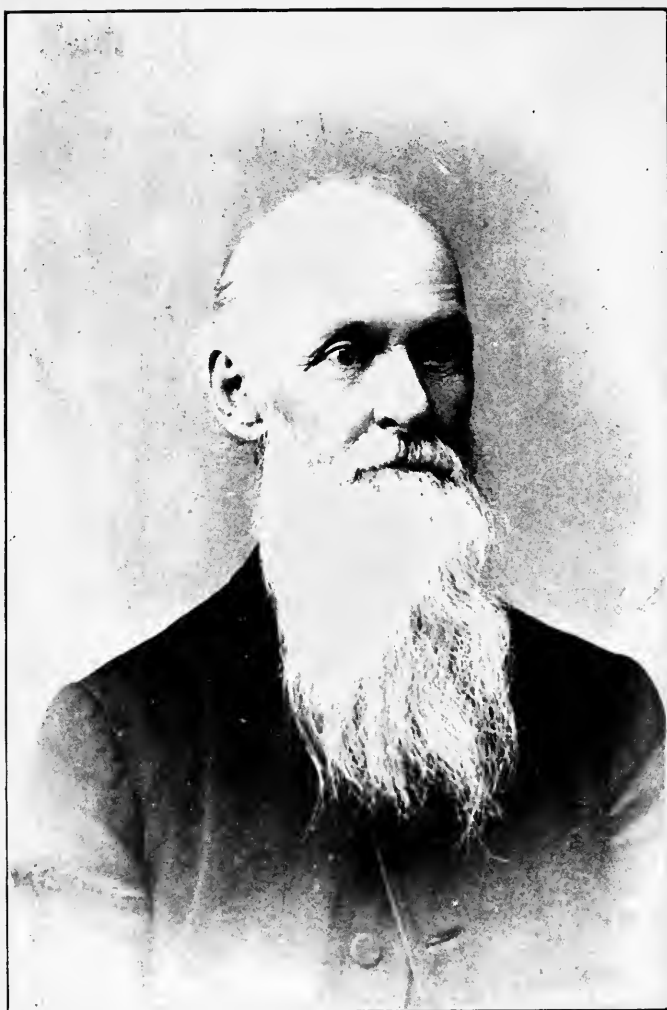








Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



E. W. HULBURD

# The Life of Little Justin Hulburd

## Medium, Actor and Poet

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

---

Compiled by his cousin

E. W. HULBURD

Volume II

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



## Index to Volume II

Frontispiece.

	Page
Preface - - - - -	7
Lola Montez - - - - -	11
General John H. Morgan - - - - -	19
Violet Campbell - - - - -	31
Johann of Arc - - - - -	46
Amanda Hulburt to Her Children - - - - -	55
General George Warren - - - - -	57
Mrs. Patterson Sheldon - - - - -	133
Sada—The Lone One - - - - -	145
Ida - - - - -	159
A Man's Conscience - - - - -	166
Doctor H. W. Gould - - - - -	168
Thomas Paine - - - - -	175
Mary C. Morse - - - - -	205
Julia Hawthorne - - - - -	208
Neil Bryant - - - - -	228
Charles Leicester - - - - -	234
Matilda Herron - - - - -	246
Laura Keene - - - - -	249
Richard Bishop Buckley - - - - -	252
George Henry Clifford - - - - -	255
Richard M. Hooley - - - - -	258
Ada Isaacs Menken - - - - -	260
David Wambold - - - - -	264
Charles Foster - - - - -	268
Alice Cary - - - - -	272
Phoebe Cary - - - - -	287
Frances E. Willard - - - - -	294
Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain - - - - -	298
General Robert E. Lee - - - - -	307

# INDEX

	Page
Harry Symmes - - - - -	325
Helen Howard - - - - -	330
Charles Reed - - - - -	338
William Emerson - - - - -	345
Jane Davenport Landers - - - - -	375
Major H. J. Gleason - - - - -	395
Charles R. Thorne, Jr. - - - - -	403
Mary Gannon (Estelle) - - - - -	420
Emma Hardinge Brittan - - - - -	456
Olivia Stephens - - - - -	460
Mary C. Morse - - - - -	473
William Denton - - - - -	477
Miscellany - - - - -	479



# Lola Montez

## Chapter I

Wednesday, August 7, 1901.

I greet you, sir, with the friendship of an old friend. Any one that is dear to the little medium is also dear to me, for I loved that little creature very much, and when I saw him today lying in the hammock with an old body and white hair and some wrinkles on his face from age, the contrast is a great one—today and the first time I ever saw him. As I watched him lying in the hammock under your beautiful oak trees it did not seem possible that he could lie in that hammock so long, for at least the space was two hours. I must say I look upon it as a miracle, as his little body was always constantly on the move in days long ago. Allow me to tell you, sir, that your beautiful, balmy climate here in your mountain retreat has been the medicine that has kept him in his body.

When I look at your beautiful live oaks and feel the life giving property that lies within their branches, I do not wonder that people live to such an old age here in your mountain dell, for every whisper on the breeze speaks to me of health and longevity. I wish I could carry some of your beautiful breezes to fan the heat stricken people of New York City; to cool and soothe their aching temples and give them at least a few nights' good sleep. May God and the angels have mercy on those poor people that are huddled together like pigs in a pen. Oh, good sir, when I look back and think what New York was over fifty years ago and what it is today, it seems almost impossible that so many human lives could be collected on an island of that size. I am glad that Little Justin has not to endure that terrible heat and stench that emits from their vile gutters and their loathsome beer dens, giving forth a terrible stench to the nostrils of respectable people. The beautiful at-

mosphere that you enjoy here in your mountain dell, no price of gold could pay for. All the wealth that was ever taken out of mines is not equal to your balmy climate. People living in material bodies, if they could only realize and understand it, require less food to sustain bodily strength here in the mountains than they do along the coast. If people would only get the courage to thoroughly test it, they would find there was a realization in what I say. People eat too much for good health. They clog up all the fluid channels of the body, the muscles do not act properly, because they are overheated from too much meat eating and fatty substance that they take into their stomachs. The sinews, cords and ligaments and nerve fibers in the human anatomy are eaten up and destroyed by over-eating the flesh of animals, drinking beer and all other ardent spirits that they swill down that even hogs would refuse. They think that hogs will partake of food too low and degraded for the human stomach, but a hog could not eat or drink the filthy material that human stomachs take in, in the way of beer and ale and porter and other life-destroying spirits. My dear friend, if you could only see the human stomach of a beer guzzler analyzed, it would discourage you with the manhood of the human race. As long as the human race will indulge in such filthy slops you cannot wonder there are so few bright minds to tell of the progressive ideas and the scientific conditions of heavenly bodies floating in space. When you are calm and lying in your bed, thank the great ruler of the universe that you live here in nature's dell.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, known to the world as "Queen of Tragedy" asked me by special request to accompany her here today and add my mite to the history of the life line of the little medium. When I first saw the little medium it was about sixty years ago while I was playing a star engagement at the old Broadway theatre on Broadway, near Pearl Street. We were going to produce a musical piece called the "Fairy of the Ferns." The managers of the theatre asked me to remain with them to play the Queen in their new piece. I did so, as the arrangement they made with me was quite agreeable in a financial way, and also from a point of art. It was their desire to get someone to play a sprite to tease the fairies in their beau-

tiful flowery dell and to constantly keep flying in and out among the fairies. The first morning that rehearsal was called for the new piece Mrs. Bradshaw, who was the old lady of the company—not only a lady by name, but a lady by nature—walked on the stage holding a child by the hand whom I think was one of the prettiest children I ever saw. I said, "Mrs. Bradshaw, to whom does that beautiful child belong?" He had long, curly hair, white skin and red cheeks, teeth as beautiful as any pearl you ever saw, and oh, such eyes. Great, large, dark blue eyes, and when they looked at you they looked like the eyes of a fawn, asking your love and protection. Mrs. Bradshaw said, "Lola, this little one is to play the sprite in the new piece." I said, "Jeannette, it is only a baby and should be with its mother." She said, "Lola, it is older than you think." I then clasped the child to my breast, kissed and hugged it, thinking of my own little boy, whom I never was to see again. I said to the Little One, "How old are you, dear?" He said, "Lady, I am twelve years, going on thirteen." I shall never forget that musical voice as he pronounced those words. I said, "But my little baby, you look too small for that age." He said, "They brought me from Scotland, and that's what makes it." We all commenced to laugh. I then said, "Your nationality is Scottish." He said, "I never knew him; he didn't live at our place. Grandpa was the biggest man there, and if women talked too much he made them shut up." which got us all to laughing.

Mrs. Bradshaw then said to Mr. Marshall, the stage manager, "The Little One is quite smart and quite agile; he can jump around as nimble as a cat." Mr. Marshall said, "I have heard of this Little One before." The Little One spoke up and said, "I can do more with men than women." He walked up to Mr. Marshall, laying both little hands in his large palms. He looked up and smiled in his face, saying, "You will have me, won't you? Me and Charlotte Cushman starred it one time at the Chamber Street theatre," which caused a ripple of laughter. Mr. Marshall said, "Well, we will see what you can do in the shape of a sprite." Mr. Marshall was sitting down on a chair, with his manuscript lying on a table that stood by his side. Mr. Marshall said to the Little One, "Can you jump

pretty high?" I don't believe you could have counted two when the Little One sprang into the air, kicked Mr. Marshall's high silk hat, which he was in the habit of taking off and brushing every once in a while with a silk handkerchief. The Little One landed astride of Mr. Marshall's neck with his little feet over each of Mr. Marshall's shoulders. The company burst out into such a roar of laughter that it took us over ten minutes to quiet down. The first words I heard after we had quieted down was Mr. Marshall saying to the Little One, "You are engaged," at the same dragging him down off his shoulders, and when he had stood him on the stage, he addressed me, saying, "Miss Montez, can it be possible that such an imp of the devil can live in such a beautiful body? By God! I am going to own that young one if I can, for I really believe he is a flash of lightning. You are all here safe, are you?" which sent the company off into another roar of laughter. When we had quieted down again he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, now we will commence rehearsal." Turning around to the Little One he said, "You get up and sit on the table where I can see you." Mr. Marshall turned around and said to Mrs. Bradshaw and myself, "I don't think we will need any artificial brimstone in this piece while his young highness is around," which made us all laugh again.

We commenced rehearsal then and in the second act where the great fairy scene is, I am drawn on in a beautiful chariot all decorated with flowers: right back of my chariot stands a great, beautiful tree, and one of the boughs bends towards my chariot, with the sprite sitting upon the bough. Mr. Conway, a very handsome leading man, addressed Mr. Marshall, saying, "George, ain't you afraid that that Little One is too small to hold on to that bough until he comes down and rests on the chariot?" Mr. Marshall said, "Wells, old boy, let your mind rest easy on that score, that little kid sitting on the table there, I would be willing to wager a whole year's salary, would sit on top of his Satanic majesty's crown, if they would only give him a fair show; not all the fires of brimstone in hell, or the greatest storm at sea that old Neptune could get up; God himself can open up all his trap doors and let the wind out with full force; the weather clerk can let down all the hailstorms

and rain he has a mind to, and when the storm has lulled to rest, you will find that little curse there sitting where he was before the commotion, which I can prove by the back of my neck." When he had said this the company went off into another boisterous laugh, and when we had quieted down the Little One said, "G. Scott! I don't think you are much of actors, the way you laugh so much; if old Charlotte was here she'd shut you up mighty quick. She don't stand no Shenanegan, you can bet." We laughed and then went on with rehearsal. Mr. Wells said, "Now, baby, I will carry you up the ladder and place you on the bough." The Little One said, "Not much; I want to know how much I am going to get first." Mr. Marshall said, "How much do you get at the Chatham?" He said, "Six dollars a week, but I want more for coming here and letting you have my name," which made us laugh again. Mr. Marshall said, "How much do you want, Little One?" The Little One said, "I want ten dollars a week, for I don't think you are very good actors here." Mr. Marshall said, "Ten dollars it shall be." I believe he would have got twenty just then if he had only asked the old gentleman for it. Well, after a week's rehearsal the piece was produced and ran three months. The Little One sitting on the bough and holding on tight until the bough had reached my chariot, where he springs from the bough in front of my chariot and sits in a bed of roses, whistling like a bird, was the admiration of the people. Every night when the curtain fell on the scene it was a struggle between Mr. Marshall and Mr. Conway, the leading man, which would grab up the Little One first, to hug and kiss him. I generally came in last, but got more of them, which made it last longer.

In the last scene of the piece, which was a beautiful one, almost beyond description, I am sitting on a throne with all the fairies attending me, when the sun commences to rise up over a beautiful hill all shimmering with gold and silver and precious stones. Just as the sun rises above this beautiful hill, the Little One was discovered sitting in the sun, like cupid, with his bow and arrow. You could hear the people all through the audience saying, "Isn't that the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" A bell strikes then, cupid fires his arrow, which sticks in the top of my crown, and the curtain goes down to

big applause. At every performance Mr. Marshall carried the Little One in front of the curtain in his arms, I following and several of the principal members after me. We commenced to think that perhaps old Charlotte and he did star it at some time. After the piece had been running about six weeks he came to my dressing room one evening, looked up and said to me, "Lola, I am going to strike. I want more pay." I said, "My little dear, you get ten dollars a week, and that is a large salary for a little one like you." He looked up at me with his large blue eyes, saying, "I can talk as big as you can, and I am going to have more money. If I don't get it I will break up the show." But I said, "Why, my dear, there are lots here in the theatre that don't get any more than ten dollars a week, and I had to work hard for over six years before I got a first-class engagement." He said, "Oh, that's different; you are a foreigner, and some day I am going to be an American citizen, and I have to protect my rights." I said, "Well, you and Mr. Marshall will have to settle it between you." I discovered next morning in conversation with Mr. Marshall that the Little One demanded twenty dollars a week and he got it, as he had to protect his rights, being one of America's future citizens.

After the piece was over I made my mind up to go to Europe and travel on the continent for several years, playing star engagements at different points. He accompanied me when I went to get my passport. When we returned to the hotel he gave me a piece of advice. He said, "Now, Lola, you've been over here playing in America, and when you go to Europe, if any of those foreign galoots say anything to you that you don't like, just kick them," putting the action to the word. He kicked Mr. Conway's back anatomy, as he was leaning over the piano at the time. He turned around and said, "Puss, what did I do to you?" Puss said, "Nothing, but I was just showing how to do it." Mr. Conway said, "Please practice on someone else the next time." I laughed and said I would try and remember his advice. We all adjourned to the dining room and had tea; I do not mean the public dining room of the hotel—I had my own private dining room, where I entertained my guests. We all parted, they all wishing me and my mother-in-law God-speed.

While in Europe I wedded the King of Barvaria, of which the whole world learned. Our wedding was an unhappy one. After traveling through Europe I returned to America. When the steamer came up to the New York harbor and moored at her dock, I was looking to see if there were any friends to welcome poor Lola back to America, the land of her adoption. While I was looking over the style I saw someone mounted on a man's shoulders waving a handkerchief and hollering at the same time, "Lola, Lola." I said, "There is one friend, at least, but who can it be that welcomes the unfortunate Lola back to America. My mother-in-law passed out of her body while we were in Europe.

Now, I am going to tell you of a funny little thing that occurred here. I moved toward the gangplank as I saw they were preparing to place it between the steamer and the deck. As soon as the gangplank was placed securely, there were three men about to step upon the plank, when two of the men that were there in attendance said, "Gentlemen, you cannot go aboard yet. We are not ready to receive anyone." There was an officer connected with the boat who said, "No one can come aboard until we are ready." He stooped down to look at something in connection with the railing of the gangway. While he was stooping I saw a little figure spring on to his back and from there on to the gangplank. When the officer straightened himself up, he said, "Jesus Christ! what was that that hit me?" Then the other two men stood there laughing fit to kill themselves. In less time than it takes to tell it Puss was up the gangway and in my arms. I laughed so much I could not find time to say, "How are you?" but dragged him into the saloon. We sat there and talked, crying and laughing for over an hour and when we quieted down and came to our senses, Puss said, "Now, Lola, get your wraps and order your trunks to be sent to the hotel. Mr. Buckley gave orders that rooms should be prepared for your reception." We went to my stateroom, Puss picking up my satchel, said, "Lola, I suppose you have got all the crown jewels in the satchel?" which made me laugh. I said, "Puss, minus the crown." I picked up my outside wrap and silk umbrella and we went forth to go on shore. When we got near the gangplank there were several friends to welcome me back.

I was glad to see them all. Mr. Conway was standing alongside of an officer in close conversation. At the same time Mr. James Buckley stepped up and said, "Lola, permit me to take your wrap and umbrella." At the same time, Mr. Conway and the officer turned around and faced us. When Mr. Conway said to the officer, "There is the little chap, Mr. Gaston, that jumped on your back and then on the gangplank." The officer straightened himself up, and with a roguish smile, said, "Young man, do you know that it is a state's prison offense to hit a man with a sand bag when he is down? If you don't pass me in to see you perform tonight I will sue you for breach of promise, as you tried to lead me astray on the gang plank of a public steamer," which caused a big laugh. Puss says, "Conway, write that evil-minded man out a pass, and put my name in very large letters so that he will remember he is a very inferior person." Before I knew it the officer grabbed him, hugged him and kissed him, and my poor satchell that never harmed anyone, with all the crown jewels—there were no crown jewels in the satchel—lay sprawling on the deck, which caused a big laugh. When we had collected my goods together and were about to descend the gangplank the captain of the ship stepped up and said, "Madam, allow me to see you to your carriage." Mr. Gaston, the officer, said, "Little One, I dare you to get up on my shoulder and let me carry you to the dock." No quicker said than done. The Little One mounted to his shoulder, when the people on the dock and on the steamer commenced to cheer. So then, you see, I was escorted to my carriage in regal state, all my friends following as my retinue. They entered several carriages and escorted me to my hotel where quite an elaborate banquet was waiting us. I felt happier than I ever did when I wore royal jewels. To be a queen with dear friends and hear their loving words concerning my welfare was greater to me than all the thrones of Europe. I thanked God in my heart to know I was once more in the land of freedom, where a woman is as good as a man, if she conducts herself properly.

I leave my love for the little Medium, and thank you, sir, kindly for taking down my communication. I am the once unhappy Lola Montez, but now a spirit, understanding that which is best for my progression. Goodbye.



# General John H. Morgan

## Chapter II

Saturday, August 10, 1901.

Attention! We have a grave question to deal with this morning—one which the world must be the judge of—was this medium a spy or was he not? That is the question before the people. Or was he merely a tool in the hands of spirits who acted upon his organization at will. He was always looked upon as a strange child. I do not think he was two hours alike, out of the twenty-four.

I am going to relate a strange incident for the benefit of readers. I, John Morgan, sometimes looked upon as a gentleman soldier, at other times as a leader of a guerilla band; sometimes as an adventurer and at other times a rascal of the worst kind. But, you know, all is fair in love and war. It was according to what neighborhood or locality I was in, I was addressed and looked upon according to their ideas at that time. One day I was informed by a Mr. Donaldson that over in the borders of Virginia, just a little way out of Kentucky, there were two brothers living with their families who were strong Union men. They were the owners of some fine horses and cattle, just such as our army needed and they had provisions in abundance and fodder galore for our horses. So I thought we had better make them a visit and secure some rations for our army. Sometimes I was called by Union people a rebel dog who barked more than I could bite; but once in a while I fastened my teeth with a tenacious rebel grip, and before I let go they found the Southern Confederacy could take hold once in a while and do things up brown.

When we had made a visit to the Union curs and collected things to send back by some of our men, we thought we would

go a little farther into Virginia. We halted in the afternoon at a beautiful place called Saunders' Corners. While we were resting there and thinking about the Yankee toothpicks that, perhaps, we would meet on the morrow, a Southern gentleman came riding along leisurely. When he saw us he approached our camp. He addressed a lieutenant, saying, "Who commands these men?" Hearing his voice, I stepped to the front, and said, "I do, sir." He said, "What might your name be?" I said, "Morgan, sir. What can I do for you?" He says, "John Morgan?" I says, "The same, sir; at your pleasure." He got down off his horse and shook hands with me, telling me he was glad to see me. I said, "Now, sir, what is your name?" He said, "My name is William Anderson Wilson. My mother's father owns all this property around here." Then I said, "You are a family of some means." He said, "'To be sure, as all Southern gentlemen should be." He says, "General, I have got something funny to tell you. As I came along by Colonel Blackwell's quarters, which are close to my home, he called me in, saying, 'The men have just brought in a little Union spy. He is a little Mulatto boy and saucier than all tarnation. I asked him who his father was. He said, Jeff Davis, the defunct president that is to be of the Southern Confederacy.' I said 'Colonel, may I see him?' He said, 'Why, certainly, Mr. Wilson.' Then he sent for him to be brought to his quarters. When he came in to the presence of the colonel, he came to attention and saluted him, saying, 'Colonel Blackwell by name and nature, I am here, at your service,' which made use all laugh. The colonel said, 'You Yankee imp, how dare you say that Jefferson Davis is your father?' The Little One looked up with a rognish smile at the colonel, and said, 'He is worse than that; he is the youngest son of old Lucifer and you are all his attendants—or, in other words, his retinue and serfs, who one day will partake of a grand dinner in hell. I tell you, colonel, Yankee powder will make a big stink that day.' I was all the time watching this little curse closely. When he had done speaking, I said, 'Colonel, that boy is not a Mulatto. His skin is only tinted to look as such.' The colonel says, 'Mr. Wilson, do you really think so?' I said, 'I do, colonel.' He ordered a tin basin of water and a rag brought to him. He asked his orderly to wash that boy's face and use plenty of

soap in the operation. The orderly did so and when he had washed his face off all clean once more, he washed the soap all off with clean water. He disclosed to us one of the prettiest faces, I think I ever saw. It looked more like a girl's face than a boy's. I said, 'Colonel, I believe that is a girl and not a boy at all.' He said, 'Wilson, Jesus! but it is pretty to be in such a business as this. I have ordered him to be shot at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. I did think about having him shot at day-break. I changed my mind and thought I would give him one square meal before I sent his soul to hell, where it belongs, and every son of a bitch of a Yankee that fights under the Lincoln banner.' I said, 'Colonel, it seems cruel to me to take the life of such a pretty little one as that,'—for I tell you, Morgan, my heart was going out to that little Yankee. I said to the little boy, 'Think what a crime you have committed by entering the Southern lines as a spy, when you should be at home tucked in bed by your mother.' He looked up at me, with a roguish smile, and said, 'Do you call it a crime to visit old friends?' I said, 'Old friends!' He said, 'Why, yes; you are old friends of mine.' 'Me?' I said, 'Why, I never saw you before in my life.' He said, 'Oh, yes; you did, Mr. Wilson.' I said, 'Where did I ever see you?' He said, 'We met at Mr. Carlton's home. Don't you remember? I was there with the Buckley family, making a visit, and while we were staying there you and Mrs. Wilson made them a visit. Don't you remember, I sat on your knee and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" for you.' I said to him, 'Good God! Are you that Little One that sat on my knee on Mr. Carlton's porch and sang for us all? I tried to get Mr. Buckley to give you to me,'—for we had no children then, and very little prospects of getting any. Morgan, he stepped forward and took a hold of my hands, looked up into my face and sang a verse of 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' I thought, general, I should fall to the floor before he had finished. When he had finished I took him in my arms and held him to my breast. I burst out a crying, saying, 'Oh, Little One, Little One, it grieves me to see you here.' I turned and addressed the colonel, saying, 'Can you not spare his life? He was once loved by many people, and it is hard to see him die so young.' The colonel said, 'No, Wilson, I cannot spare him. I have heard of him before. He

is one of the worst spies that Lincoln has. He enters our lines sometimes as a girl and sometimes as a boy and at other times as a little old woman. I heard of him one time as a little old nigger wench selling things to the soldiers; at another time as a boy belonging to the low whites selling plug tobacco. That time, Wilson, he stole some valuable papers, and three days after he had disappeared a bloody battle took place and our men were mowed down like grain in a field. He is the worst imp out of hell and caused the Southern Confederacy more trouble than any Union spy that ever entered our lines. He looks beautiful—almost like an angel in human form—but he is a devil reincarnated in that little body and must die tomorrow. When his lifeless body is presented to the president at Richmond, I get twenty thousand dollars for my share of the work—that is what President Davis has offered for his body, dead or alive. By this time tomorrow, Wilson, that pretty little face and body that you have just hugged and kissed, calling it sweet names, will be wrapped up in a blanket and on its way to Richmond.’ I said, ‘Oh, God!’ staggered and fell to the ground, when the Little One rushed to my side and took my head in his lap and said, ‘Oh, Mr. Wilson, don’t feel so bad; you know there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.’ Then he kissed me time and time again. I tell you, Morgan, those were sweet kisses. The colonel took a hold of him by the arm and dragged him roughly to his feet. I could hear his little bones crack. When he stood him upon his feet he said, ‘You damn Lincoln imp. There will be no slip this time,’ and with that he hit him a blow in the face, saying, ‘I will spoil your damn beauty for you. It has lured many a man to his ruin, but you can’t escape from me this time.’ And, with those words, he hit him another whack in the face which felled him to the ground. I jumped up and grabbed the colonel by the coat collar, saying, ‘Colonel Blackwell, you are a low brute of the worst kind, and you shall answer to me for this.’ I stepped toward the Little One to take him in my arms. The colonel stepped between us, saying, ‘No, you don’t, Wilson. None of your petting here. That God damned brat dies in the morning.’ I said, ‘Little One, tell me your real name.’ He could not speak for a minute or two, for the blood was coursing out of his mouth. I said, ‘Colonel Blackwell, I am as good a

man as there is in the South and love our cause, but, God damn you, you shall pay for this brutality.' The Little One spoke then and said, 'Sometimes they call me Justin.'"

With that I sprang to my feet, as if a ball had penetrated my heart. I said, "God Almighty! I know that Little One, Wilson. He used to be with the Buckley's, on Broadway, New York, when I was stopping there. I was in love with him and tried to steal him and carry him off to England, but I failed in my purpose." I then gave orders that the men should get ready soon as possible. It was only a little while when we were on the march. I said, "Come, Wilson, we will save the Little One, and he will be our little mascot, if I have to put a bullet through that son of a bitch, Blackwell's brain." When Wilson had finished telling me his story, it was then past nine o'clock and quite dark. Wilson went alongside of me on the march.

We reached Colonel Blackwell's quarters about half past two in the morning. When we rode up I commanded the sentinel who was on guard to wake up Colonel Blackwell and to bring him into my presence, and also see that the little prisoner was brought to me. A lieutenant stepped out of his tent who heard me speaking loudly and said, "General Morgan, what is the matter? Can I do anything for you?" I said, "See that that brute you call colonel is brought into my presence immediately, before I go into his tent and put a bullet through his lousy brain." He went into the tent, where he found the soldier trying to wake the colonel up. He came back to me, saying, "General, there is something the matter with the colonel. We can't wake him up." Wilson and I jumped from our horses, went into his tent and found the colonel lying there like a dead man. The lieutenant said, "General, he smells like a man that has been chloroformed." I said, "I hoped the son of a bitch was dead." Then I gave orders to the lieutenant to bring the little spy to me immediately. When he left I requested the soldier to light all the candles that were in the shebang. The soldier lit several. I cannot remember how many. After he had done so Mr. Wilson pointed to a camp stool which had considerable blood on it. He said, "General, there is some of the blood that came from the Little One." I clasped my hands to my head, saying, "Oh, little, little Justin, if I had only been here. I would

have saved you that blow; curses on his black soul, but he shall pay for this." I lifted the camp stool and kissed the blood, when, great God! I found myself weeping like a child. I, John Morgan, the terror of different states. Mr. Wilson came forward and laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "General, it may be hard for you to look at the blood, but it was harder for me to see that brute there strike the blow that felled the Little One to the ground." He had no sooner uttered the words when he struck the brute a blow on the mouth that knocked out several of his front teeth, and with that I gave him a kick. When the lieutenant entered, saying, "General, the prisoner is nowhere to be found—he must have escaped in the night." I said, "Lieutenant, order men to bring water here and dash it in that hog's face that he may come back to his senses; that is, if he has got any." They brought the water and dashed three pails of it on his face, when he showed some signs of returning consciousness. They got some liquor and hot water and poured it down his throat. After a little while he sat up and said, "Where am I?" I said, "You are here, but I wish you were in hell, you dirty brute." You struck a Little One that I love and felled him to the ground. If I had him here now in my arms he would be dearer to me than anything there is on earth." He spoke in a guttural voice, as he had lost his front teeth. He said, "General, I was going to pardon him and let the twenty thousand dollars go to hell. He had promised to go to Canada with me, and we were to start for the Union lines at three o'clock this morning." He said, "Oh, God! what is the matter with my mouth? It hurts so. Look at this blood! How did it come here?" He put his hand up to his mouth, and cried, "By Jesus Christ, my teeth are gone—that little bastard of hell must have drugged me and then knocked my teeth out. God damn his little eternal soul. I believe the bastard is a witch, general. I washed him all up and fed him. My heart felt sore to think what I had done and he got around me in such a way that I believe the bastard of hell bewitched me. I became so fascinated that I told him if he would fly with me to Canada, where I had relations living in Montreal I would make him the happiest being on earth. I got down on my knees, general, and begged him to forgive me for what I had done. He kissed me on the

mouth and said he forgave me. Then I became a lost man. We both laid down here on this bunk to rest, saying we would take a little sleep and then light out at three o'clock in the morning and make our way to Canada. General, I thought then I was the happiest man living. I was going to desert my wife and children and our cause, general." I said, "Colonel Blackwell, do you know that you struck one of the dearest things on earth to me—something that I love and cannot possess?" He then looked at me with the eyes of a bloodhound, saying, "General Morgan, are you another one of his victims? Look at me and take warning. See what the imp of hell has done for me and your fate may be worse, General Morgan.

"Major Thompson told me that he saw that little bastard sitting on General Lee's knee, carressing the general like a pet fawn, and General Lee looking down on him with such an expression in his eyes as if he had captured cupid at last. I tell you, General Morgan, that vampire of hell left that night, taking with him some of General Lee's most valuable papers. How he can pass through the lines is a miracle to Jeff Davis and others. They have set all kinds of traps to catch him but nary a catch. Yesterday, he was brought here to me. I condemned him to be shot, for I was anxious to get that reward, for you know I am fond of gambling, but where is he now? You will have to ask God or the devil, for I think they are the only ones that can answer you, for I am blessed if I can." I ordered Colonel Blackwell to be put under arrest. You have permitted that Union spy to escape and you have given away valuable secrets that belong to the government of the Confederacy; besides you did not treat the prisoner of war with the civilization that this present day boasts of. You are arrested as a traitor to our cause and shall be tried by a court, consisting of twelve Southern officers, gentlemen of the Southern army. Tomorrow you shall be conveyed to Richmond and there stand trial. I was glad to have him cast in prison, I told the lieutenant to see that there was a large guard put over him until he was conveyed to Richmond. Mr. Wilson and myself left the tent, mounted our horses and withdrew with my men, to Mr. Wilson's plantation, which was about two miles from there. In the morning we were all well fed and found comfortable

quarters for two or three days. I then bade Mr. Wilson and his family good bye. When he shook my hand he said, "Thank God, general, that brute will meet his reward." I said, "Aye, Wilson, he has already met his fate." He said, "Good God, general, what do you mean?" I said, "Last night, as his guard was conveying him to Richmond through a piece of timber, a bullet found his brain, and he dropped like the dirty dog he is." He said, "General, can I kiss you? I never kissed a man before in my life, but I want to kiss you, General Morgan." We clasped each other in our arms and then kissed like brothers in a good cause, for I loved the Little One.

I then left and returned into the state of Kentucky. In about three months afterwards, two of my men went to spying around Louisville and to hear how things were getting on with the Union forces. They returned giving me information. One of them handed me a bill of the theater on which I read, "For three nights only, the Little Queen of Burlesque shall appear—A change of bill each night." When I held the bill and read it I felt that was little Justin that was playing at the theater. I got myself up as an old man, went into Louisville, went direct to the hotel where the landlord knew me, told him I wished to speak with him in private. When we had entered the room and locked the door, I said, "Now, tell me, does the Little One that they call the Queen of Burlesque stop here?" He said, "Morgan, that little individual stops here, but what has that got to do with you?" I said, "Has it got large dark blue eyes?" He said "Yes." I then told him that Little One was the wife of a Union officer who bore the name of Warren. The creature is in the city for no good purpose. Now, I want to tell you, Henry, and will make a clean breast of it, "I love that Little One and am here to carry her off. You must help me out in this condition and you will never regret it. I want to become the possessor of that little body and if you help me to carry out this work and when he is in my arms and I have landed safe with him in the midst of my men, one of my followers will bear a bag to you containing a thousand dollars in gold." "But," he said, "John, you are a married man." "It matters not; I wish to possess that little piece of humanity for my own, and when he looks up in my face with my arms around him pro-



tecting him from the whole world, I don't care for God Almighty then or any other fellow that bears that title." I said, "Now, Henry, what is the number of that individual's room?" He said, "Number two, next to the parlor; but they are all at rehearsal now." I said, "Henry, you will have a chair reserved for me right opposite where the Little One sits at the table. I will watch him till he leaves the table. He cannot recognize me in this disguise. I will follow him to his room, then enter it and lock the door." I did so. I entered the room and locked the door. He turned around and faced me, with those beautiful eyes glaring like a tiger. Oh, I tell you she became grand when enraged. A man would sell his soul for her. She says, "Who are you and what do you want? How dare you enter my room and lock the door." With that she took a dagger out of her breast as quick as lightning and came toward me. I threw off my gray wig and snatched off my white beard and stood before her saying, "Sweet Justin, I came for you. I want you to go back with me and you shall queen it over me and my men. Come, Justin, and your word shall be law. She let the dagger fall out of her hand and gasped for breath, saying, "John Morgan, you here?" I said, "Aye, Little One, I have risked all this for you. Don't you think it is worth something? Come, pet, and go back with me. If that Union officer loved you he would not allow you to go around the country like this. Your playing here and there a night or two is only a blind. Justin, you are only a Union spy, and I know it. I sent a bullet through a man's head that struck you when you were captured inside of the rebel lines, as you call it. I killed Colonel Blackwell and would kill any other man that would raise his hand against you. You see, Justin, I love you, and would even murder Jeff Davis did you but command it."

He fell into my arms crying, the shock had been too great for him. I sat down on the sofa and held him in my arms. He put his little hand up to my face and said, "Oh, John, John, we are enemies, did you but know it. I am the wife of a Union Officer and a spy for that Union and could never bear any friendship for the man that would try to break it up, let alone love him. Papa Warren, is the dearest thing there is on earth to me. He is my God and all there is to live for. Oh, John, go

back to your people and be friends." I said, "By all that is holy, you shall go back with me." He said, "That can never be." I said, "Then, you can do one thing for me, you can accompany me to the suburbs of the town, professing to be my friend, when once I reach there then I can escape beyond the Union lines." I had my mind made up inwardly that if I ever got him as far as the suburbs of the town he would not escape me and he would be mine for all time to come. Oh, God, sir, if you ever loved as I loved him, or her, if you choose to call it, you would kill anyone that would stand between you. My love was what you would call desperate love. I had only eyes for one and that was little Justin. I thought of him night and day, and even dreamt of the time when he should become mine; but, alas! it never came to pass. He said, "John, if you must have me accompany you, I will go into my sleeping room and put something on so the people won't recognize me." I said, "All right, Little One; but don't be gone long, for I can't bear to have you out of my sight now that I have found you." He said, "It will only take just about five minutes and I will be ready." Oh, God, but I was a happy man then, thinking I was going to carry the Little One back with me. While I was walking up and down the floor, backwards and forwards, to pass the time away, I heard a little noise and said to myself, "Now, he is hurrying up." I looked at my watch and found ten minutes had gone, and said, "I will wait a few minutes more. If he does not come out I will go in search of him. I knocked at the door and received no answer. I tried the handle of the door and found it locked. I said, "Good God! can it be possible that he has escaped me, after all?" I made quick steps for the door that led into the hall of the room which I was in. I found the door locked and the key gone. I said, "Mother of God, I am caught in a trap!"—while passing to the other room he must have taken the key out of the lock. I went to the bell cord and rang it vigorously. A bellboy answered my summons. I said, "You send the landlord here with a key that can open this door." In the meantime I resumed my disguise. When the landlord came with a pass key and opened the door and when he stood in the room, I said, "Henry, by the living God, he has escaped me after all." He said, "How is that, John?" I said, "He went

into that room to put on a disguise to accompany me to the suburbs of the city. I thought he was staying too long. I knocked at the door and received no answer. I then tried and found it locked, and, as you see, I am here an entrapped man and the bird has flown. By all the Gods and saints that's in the calender, if I ever get my hands on him again I want to see him get away; that's all!"

Two weeks afterwards I saw by a Cincinnati paper he was playing at the theater there. I went to Covington, Kentucky, sent for the landlord of the Walnut Street House to come and see me as quick as God would let him. He did so and we had a private conference together. I said, "Now, look here, Will, if you will entrap that Little One, whom I see by the papers is stopping at your house, and will place him tonight in a close carriage, gag him and bring him to me, so that he can't cry out while on the road, place him in my arms, my men and myself shall rob a bank and you shall own every bloody dollar that is in it. I don't care how many thousands we find there, it shall be yours. Now, see that you do the job up clean becoming a Southern gentleman."

That night at ten o'clock I received a message saying the Little One had fled the city. "I believe he is a witch and became suspicious of my kindness towards him, and he is nowhere to be found." I met John Robinson, the circus man, and asked him if he saw anything of little Justin. He said, "Yes, I saw him in a buggy with a man and they were driving to the railroad station as fast as two beautiful horses could take them. It was Mr. Ross who was driving him with his two fast horses, Kate and Jennie. I yelled out 'Ross, what is your hurry?' He yelled out he has got to catch the nine o'clock train." I looked at my watch when I got in front of the drug store window and saw they had only thirteen minutes to get there by my time. If they caught the train, little Justin is on his way east by this time.

I heard four mornings afterward by the paper that the court house or place where they met at Harper's Ferry, had been robbed and some valuable papers stolen. Some people of the town said they saw a smart-looking boy leave the train and the next time he was seen he was walking through the street. That same night, about eleven o'clock, one of the guards on the

bridge was found dead with a bullet hole in his head. I have learned since I came to spirit life, the Little One robbed the court house that evening. He approached the bridge in company with a Union friend. The sentinel who was on guard challenged them. The Union friend sent a bullet through his head and he was found dead when they came to change the sentinels. The Little One fled across the bridge into the dark night. He walked about a mile, when he came to a plantation house. As he approached the house he met an old darkey, to whom he said, "I have dispatches here in my breast for Father Lincoln who is trying to free your race. See that you saddle me your best horse as quick as possible, so that I may carry these papers to the President without delay." I heard through one of our spies that he arrived safe in Washington and placed the papers in old Abe Lincoln's hands. I never saw him again in the body. I, John Morgan, tell you these things, so that you may know what kind of a life we lived during the war. Good day, sir.

# Violet Campbell

## Chapter III

Friday, August 16, 1901.

Oh, life, life, what is it? It is like a rainbow with many tints and when the tints become dim and pass into the shadow and so it has been with many lives. They bore the glorious tints and shades of life's rainbow. They budded and blossomed to fade again from earth and pass into that vast array called the keystone of life. They entered into the temple and became initiated. When the work is perfect and well done and becomes satisfactory to the neophyte and masters, then the Great Master will proclaim to the world, "It is finished." Oh, Rebecca, Rebecca, thy children have seen the great star and now they believe in the mastership of its origin. It is the great constellation leading thy children to understand the mastership of creation.

This instrument through which I speak budded and blossomed. He budded during the hard trials of life without the proper care of a loving father and mother. When the flower opened from budhood and burst into a blooming flower that became the admiration of people from many climes and nations, he took upon him all the shimmering tints and hues of a beautiful rainbow; but, alas! they had to fade, as old age crept over the material body, and now, as the sun is going down and fading upon this incarnation, the body will wane and some day be laid away to provide nutrition for one of the beautiful wild flowers of nature, and when it is throwing off its beautiful odor, or, in other words, its sweet scent which will perfume all space around it. When I look at your beautiful hills, mountains and glens, Oh! that my spirit might have passed away in such an element as this, fitting for the Gods of all time to worship at the shrine of wisdom and intellect. Apollo must have moved through

these groves that his rich deep voice left such an echo through the woodland. Oh, how he must have flirted with Venus, in his chariot that rode on the clouds of time, when he dwelt in the midst of the shadows, the female gods attending him singing their song of praise about his manly beauty. His form was the admiration of all female intellect; but, alas, this medium that I now control, his form and looks were the dream of Apollo. An angel must have visited the mother in her sleep to give such a form as this for the world of men to rave over. Being of both sexes, it created in its nature a spell that he wove over the people and brought them to his feet.

Friend, I come here today to make a confession which you will understand later on. I lived in a mortal body and had weak points, like others of my sex. While visiting in New York, in 1852, in the month of October, I was invited to be one of a party to visit a performance at one of the theaters on Broadway. We occupied a box on the right of the stage. I saw by the program the name of the play was "The Magic Ring." It was what they call a spectacular play. The scenes were grand and beyond my imagination, I being a Southern country girl. There were some of the scenes that so enchanted me it would be impossible for me to describe them. In some of the scenes when the fairies reveled and danced I became speechless and had no eyes but for the stage. I remember in the grand fairy carnival a devil or sprite rushed upon the stage with a little creature that had wings on it like a butterfly. When it had reached the center of the stage he threw this little creature into space; she whirled around several times and then fell into the arms of another sprite or demon who threw her to the center of the stage where she stood upon one toe, with her other foot in the air, which brought from the people tremendous applause. Then she commenced to dance upon her toes a dance called "La Ariel." Her dancing and execution upon her toes I thought was beyond the power of human ken. When the curtain went down on that grand scene my Uncle pointed out to me the name of that individual on the program. It read, "The Dashing Blanchard," and I saw by the description that she represented three different characters in the play. One was a page to the great king, and I thought it was the most beautiful boy that ever saw

in my life. When this great king falls in love with the page and takes him upon his knee, saying, "I want you for my child. You have bewitched me and I must possess you for my son." Then the king takes him to his breast and lavishes kisses on his mouth, at which many of the audience called out "Share those with us, if you please." The other character in the play that was represented by this individual is what they called the soubrette of the piece. I think in that character she was the sauciest minx I ever saw. She fascinated the king's butler, and also the King's clerical individual. These two parties meet in the woods to fight it out, and she walks on the ground linked arm in arm with the king's secretary. When she beholds the bloody duel that she has been the cause of she laughs fit to kill herself. Then she vanishes from the grounds. Then the two men seize the king's secretary and commence to punch him, which sends the people off into a roar of laughter. Just then, two policemen come on, led by an old hag—or, perhaps, you would call her an old witch. She screams at the top of her voice for the two policemen to seize those two villains and carry them off to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle walls. When the policemen have seized the two men and the poor secretary lies bleeding on the ground, she throws off her disguise and there she stands, the beautiful young minx again. Thinking of the trick she has played upon them she bursts out into a loud laugh, which sets the audience into roaring. At that the curtain drops. The next and last scene of the play is called a transformation scene, which is beyond my description. Those three characters were represented by this medium—that is, the danseuse, the beautiful page and the flirting soubrette were all represented by Justin.

One afternoon in the same month I had an invitation with several others to attend an afternoon coffee at the Logan home. There I met Alice and Phoebe Carey, Mr. Longiellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Lowell, and many other ladies and gentlemen who were well-known to the public. About three o'clock in the afternoon the names of Mr. Warren and his son were announced. There entered a tall, elegant-looking gentleman, holding by the hand what seemed to be a little boy. One of the ladies present went forward and took the little boy by the hand, saying, "Justin, I am so glad you came." She addressed the tall, ele-

gant-looking man, saying, "Mr. Warren, let me have Justin a little while, these other ladies and gentlemen present will entertain you. I want to have a long talk with the Little One, for perhaps, some day he may be one of the characters in one of my books." I understood afterwards the lady bore the name of Mrs. Southworth. While she was talking to the Little One, Louisa Alcott said to Mr. Lowell, "Who would ever think that Little One could play so many different characters?" Olive Logan said, "Miss Alcott, he is older than you think he is. Mr. Warren found him in forty-eight, and then he looked just about as he does now." A gentleman who bore the name of Bayard Taylor said, "Mr. Warren, will you and your boy favor us with a duet?" He said, "I guess so." Just then, Mrs. Logan said, "Mrs. Southworth, you will have to spare the Little One for a while, he is going to sing with his father." A lady sat down to the piano to play the accompaniment, I think she was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw in my life. She bore the name of Lizzie Weston Davenport. Mr. Warren and the boy stepped up to the piano, when the lady said, "Pet, haven't you a kiss for me today?" He said, "Of course I have, Lizzie." He threw his arms around her neck and gave her I guess as many as four or five kisses, then she said, "I could play the introduction to any piece of music now." Some of the other ladies and gentlemen said, "I think he ought to pass those around." Mr. Warren said, "Not until he has got through singing." Then the lady played the introduction to their duet. They commenced to sing, and Oh, that rich, deep bass voice I never can forget. When he had sung about a stanza then came in a beautiful high soprano voice that rang throughout the parlors. I thought to myself, "Heavens, these must be opera singers." I never had the pleasure of attending an opera before that time; but I had the pleasure afterwards of hearing Madam Anna Bishop sing in "Lucretia Borgia," and the same Little One played the page and sang the drinking song at the banquet table. Their duet here in this house that I speak of was something grand. When they had finished the people begged of them to sing another, which they did. After they had sung that duet, Mrs. Logan came into the room, followed by a servant, carrying two glasses of lemonade on a silver tray. When the Little One saw the



lemonade, he said, "Oh, pshaw, Mamma Logan, I want a bigger one than that," which made us all laugh. He said, "Justin, there's a pitcher full coming and you can have all you want. I know how you like lemonade and I have provided a large pitcher full." He said, "You shall have the first kiss, Mamma Logan." When Miss Alice Carey spoke up and said, "Now, Justin, before you get to kissing the friends, won't you please sing us "Coming through the Rye?" He said, "With pleasure, Miss Carey." He made no excuses, like so many singers, but turned around to the lady sitting at the piano and said, "Lizzie, do you feel too tired?" She said, "Not at all, if you will promise me the second kiss after Mrs. Logan?" He said, "It's a go." She played the introduction and he commenced to sing, and I never heard, "Coming through the Rye" sung as it was sung that afternoon. When he had finished, Mr. Longfellow said, "Oh, little darling, won't you please sing one verse over again." The Little One said, "Which verse shall I sing?" Mr. Longfellow said, "'Among the twain there is one swain I dearly loo mysel; But what's his name or where's his hame I dinna choose to tell.'" He sang it with so much feeling that there was a burst of applause and Mrs. Logan caught him in her arms, saying, "Now, give me my kiss," and I actually believe she took half a dozen of them. The men were wiping off their mouths with their handkerchiefs, which made me smile. He grabbed Miss Davenport and hugged and kissed her. I came to the conclusion they must have been old friends. He said, "Now, I am going to papa first: then I will kiss all the rest of you," which he did in turn.

Several of the gentlemen and ladies present got up and read articles which they had written out, and about five o'clock we entered the dining-room where coffee, cake and fruit were served. The jokes and sayings were many. The company was kept in a constant halo and atmosphere where they reveled in the misty spell of fun. I call it the "misty," friend, because during the whole time that we were reveling in that luxury which seemed to us a dreamland for the time, the spirit rappings were heard all over the walls and on the dining table. When I went to raise my napkin and was in the act of doing so, it was snatched out of my hand, carried in space to the head of the table and there placed on Mr. Longfellow's head in the for-

mation of a night-cap, which was the cause of much laughter. When we had adjourned to the parlor again, Mr. Warren begged to be excused. He said, "It was his desire to take the Little One home to take a nap, so that he might get rested before he commenced his night's work." Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson stepped up to Mr. Warren saying, "Don't fail to make me that visit next summer and we will all go to the White Mountains." Mr. Warren said, "It shall be so, Mr. Emerson, when I give my word I never break it."

After they had left the house and we had all quieted down again, for it just seemed for awhile before they left as if things had turned into a regular babel. The ladies and gentlemen were stealing kisses from the Little One and I felt it was time for his father to take him somewhere to rest if he expected to have a whole boy to take with him. After they had gone I said to Alice Carey, "Miss Carey, will you please tell me who that little person is that you all admire so much. He sings beautifully, but I cannot believe it is a boy; did you take notice of the way in which he rolled his eyes at the men, while he was singing 'Coming Through the Rye'?" Miss Carey said, "That is in his profession." "Profession?" I said "What profession?" "That is the little Dashing Blanchard." "That the little girl that I saw dance on her toes so beautifully that evening, the page that fascinated the great king and sang that beautiful piece of music, 'When the twilight comes at eventide,' and also that saucy sou-brette?" Miss Carey said, "The same, Violet." I said, "You astonish me, Miss Carey."

The next year I met him at our home in Memphis, Tennessee. He came there with a company that was playing "Aladdin." They were called the Buckley Serenaders. I invited him and Mr. Warren to dinner the following Sunday, as I had a desire that all our friends in the city should meet them. There were thirty-eight in all sat down to dinner and we had such a jolly time. When all had finished for the day in visiting and interviewing the Little One, mamma proclaimed it the happiest day she had ever spent in her life, but one and that was the day she became the wife of Robert Campbell.

The next time I met him was six months afterwards. He was playing with the same company in Richmond, Virginia. I

was visiting my eldest sister, Mrs. Patterson, near Petersburg, Virginia. We saw by the Richmond paper that the company was playing at the Richmond Theater. All the family including myself went to Richmond to witness the performance. While we were sitting at the table at dinner, Mr. Warren and the Little One walked in. They were ushered to a round table by themselves. While they were passing along to this table, Mr. Warren's eyes glanced my way and discovered me sitting there with my friends. I heard him say, "Puss, there is Miss Campbell." The Little One said, "There are lots of Campbell's in the world." Mr. Warren took his hand and turned the Little One's head. When he saw me I waved my handkerchief to him. He said, "G. Scott, papa, that is Violet Campbell." He came right over to where I was sitting, shook hands with me, Mr. Warren following. I introduced them to my sister and family. Then, the Little One said, "Violet, bring your chair and come sit at our table. I have got lots to tell you. I have mashed everything high and low since I have met you." I arose and Mr. Warren took my chair. We three sat down at their table to dine together. The Little One kept me laughing pretty much all of the time. When we had about finished dining, Justin said to his father, "Papa, you will write out a pass for one of the boxes, if there is such a thing in the darn old theater. I forgot to look whether the town owned any such article as that. Now, papa, you write out the pass for Miss Violet Campbell and all her friends with the niggers thrown in for good luck." I thanked them kindly for the pass. They withdrew to their rooms to rest for the afternoon and I went back to my friends. Just as they were in the act of leaving the table Justin took my hand and said, "Violet, don't you think Papa Warren is handsome. He will escort you tonight to the theater and after the performance he will be the gallant knight to see you back to the hotel. Now, Violet that is a favor that I don't grant to many young ladies." I thanked her kindly, for I must inform you that she was traveling in woman's clothes at this time. Mr. Warren was a handsome man and I was proud of his escort to and from the theater that evening, and I must admit here that when I bade him good night at the hotel I kissed him voluntary of my own free will as he had to return to the theater for Justin.

Next day as we were returning to our own home we stopped at a friend's on the way. Now, here sir, I must make my first confession. I was in love with Mr. Warren. In this house, where we were stopping, I took a pencil and wrote him a love letter, confessing my love and passion for him, which I sent back by the afternoon mail to the hotel. Here is where I betrayed the confidence that Justin placed in me. I received an answer to my note at Petersburg from Mr. Warren, in which he said, "Miss Violet Campbell, I thought that you were a lady. You took advantage of the confidence Justin placed in you. I wish to inform you that what little correspondence we have had must cease right here for I am a gentleman and love my little Justin, soul and body." It was such a rebuke to me, sir, that I longed for vengeance. I returned to my home in Memphis, Tennessee, and never placed my eyes again on the Little One until our Civil War, or rebellion as you call it, was going on. I married a gentleman by the name of Mr. Featherstone who at heart was a Union man but went with his state, which you Northern people call seceding. He became an officer in the Confederate army. During the war Grant and Sherman made things pretty lively around Memphis. I left Memphis to join my sister, Mrs. Patterson whose husband was also an officer in the Confederate army, or, as you call it, the Rebel army. Her home was in Virginia, near Petersburg.

One evening, on the 5th of October, 1863, while I was living at my sister's home, we were entertaining some neighbors. A Major Miles's family. A rap came to the parlor door. When I opened the door there stood a tall, guant, rawboned-looking negress that went by the name of Aunt Judy. She requested me to come into the hall and shut the door. She motioned, in her negro way, and I did so. When the door was shut she said, "For the Lawd a massy, Miss Violet, dares de queerest lookin critter down at de cabin I spec dat you ever see in all your born days. He said for me to tell you in a speechified way that he want to see you right smart now. Miss Violet, I want to tell you I reckon he is one of those haunts out of the swamp. I'se goin tell you de trufe now, right straight up, Miss Violet. You know that turkey what you white folks eat up las week. All you white folks is good for is just layin round and eatin up good

wittles and that ar war going on. Well, to tell you howsom-ever de trufe, my old man, Pete, stole dat dar turkey from de Hennerson people and he thought he'd jes take anoder one at de same price us black folks done eat up. Ole Pete sittin down der in de cabin up in de corner shakin like he got de ager. He says de dun know'd dat ar critter's a haunt and dat he's after him fur jes borryin dem measly ole turkeys dat he is goin to pay back after de war was done. Dat gosteses or haunt or what-somever tis, ordered me speechified like to come up here an get you to go down dar. You know dat time when old Aunt Carline died, she left me her whole fortune, six dollars and forty cents, three dresses and a half a one and dis yer rabbit's foot, what her grandmother guv her on de day she married Eph. Well, I took dis yar rabbit's foot out of my breast. I kissed it and then waved it at de haunt and rushed by him out de cabin door. As I was goin by I smelt de brimstone dat haunts carry around to burn up niggers with down in hell when dey's bad. Now, that gosteses wants to see you right smart, Miss Violet. I guess honey, you'se done gone and did something what dem haunts don't like, so you better tote yarself right down dar an make it up wid de haunt. It lays tween you and my ole man Pete, which one de gosteses is goin to tote down to hell right smart. He let me pass by and didn't throw any sulphur on me, so I'se free dis yar time. He 'aint laid his eyes on Sukey yet or he'd tote her along wid him."

That is the way, sir, this old darkey told her tale. I followed her down to the cabin and to my astonishment and surprise, which was very great, there stood little Justin with his clothes all torn and covered with mud. His face was scratched and bleeding. He wore no hat to cover his head. I said, "In the name of God, Justin, what are you doing here and looking like this?" He said, "Three days ago I escaped from Longstreet's corps, which was in North Carolina, and reached here tonight, as you see me. You are a Union woman at heart. I ask you to give me something to eat and a night's shelter." "But," I said, "Justin, my husband is an officer in the Rebel army, and I would be hiding an enemy of our cause." He said, "Mrs. Featherstone, your husband said you were a Union woman and would give me shelter for one night at least." "Did

he tell you that?" "Yes, and he said his heart went with the Union, too, and he would try to escape into the Union lines and let his home go to the devil. If you will not do it for your husband, do it for old friendship's sake, Violet." When he spoke the word "Violet" there arose before me the form of Mr. Warren, who owned my heart, as I never gave it to that man Featherstone, whom I called husband. I then spoke to old Aunt Judy, who remained outside and was afraid to come in. I said, "Aunt Judy, this Little One is a servant of Father Lincoln, who is trying to free your people; see that you give him something to eat and a place to sleep. He will rest here all day tomorrow and leave tomorrow night when the moon rises." He then said to me, "Mrs. Featherstone, I thank you for your kindness." I told him not to call me by that name, "for I can see, Justin, you read my heart like an open page; I love Mr. Warren and you know it." I then said, "See to it, Aunt Judy, that he is provided for." I was about to leave the cabin when he came forward and took my hand, saying, "Violet, do you not wish me Godspeed," I threw his hand aside and said, "No, I hate you. I hate you from the bottom of my soul. You stand between me and the man I love. I hope before many hours a bullet will find your heart," and then I left the cabin. I woke up that night about half past twelve and lit a match and looked at the clock. There was loud knocking at our front and back door. I went down in company with my nephew, who was about twelve years old, the only white male that was left on the place; all the others had gone to war. My eldest sister was a terrible coward. We left her lying across the bed moaning and groaning, saying, "She knew we would all be killed by the Yankees." When we reached the door I opened it. A young confederate officer by the name of Williams addressed me, saying, "Have you got a young boy hid in this home? He was seen coming this way. He is quite small and a Union spy, Mrs. Featherstone." My nephew spoke up and said, "No, Mr. Williams, you are mistaken; there is no such person in this house. Every night Aunt Violet and myself go through the house before we lock up to see who is out and who is in, for you know we cannot depend on the negroes now." Mr. Williams, the officer, spoke up and said, "General Longstreet offers \$10,000 reward for the capture

of that little chap. Four days ago he was at General Longstreet's headquarters selling pins, needles, thread and other articles that soldiers use. He also sang some Irish songs with a strong Irish brogue, and we really thought he was a little Irish boy. He said his father had enlisted in a South Carolina regiment. His name was Mike O'Nale and he was looking for him. General Longstreet and several of the other officers pitied him and had something brought for him to eat and drink. After he had gotten something to eat and drink, he laid down his basket and his wares and said he would sing and dance for them if the General would give him a pass to go on to some other place. The General said he would, for he was anxious to see what the little fellow could do. Then the little fellow sang and danced for them, and I tell you, Mrs. Featherstone, he could do it well—as good as any professional I ever saw. While he was dancing and singing he kept rolling his eyes at the officers and I tell you, those were eyes, too. While he was singing General Longstreet said to one of the officers, 'God, but those are pretty Irish eyes. I have read of just such pretty eyes as those in books.' When he had finished dancing and singing he leaned up against General Longstreet and said, 'Mister, it's mesilf that's tired.' The General said, 'Little one, you must be tired, for you have worked hard to please us. Now, you rest here with me and my officers will send out men to see if your father can be found.' After the little chap had rested a while the General ordered some more coffee for him and when the Little One had drunk it the General asked him if he could sing 'Kathleen Mavoureen' and said, 'That is one of my favorite songs, little boy.' The little chap then said, 'Ach, and its mesilf, General, that knows every word of it.' Then the General said, 'Sit here on my knee and sing it for us.' The Little One, quicker than you can say it, was on the General's knee, when the General said, 'Boy, but you are quick.' 'Sure, and if you've traveled as far as I have it's a lift you'd be takin' once in a while, yoursilf.' He sang 'Kathleen Mavoureen' and when he had finished I saw the General was a changed man. He clasped the little boy to his breast, kissed him and said, 'You must live here with me and become my boy.'

He requested all the officers to withdraw from his quarters, as he wished to be left alone with the boy. That night, Mrs.

Featherstone, the boy escaped, taking Longstreet's most valuable papers, and now he offers \$10,000 reward for his capture. If you will give him into my hand I will divide the money with you." An evil influence then arose in my heart. I would betray him, thinking he would be taken back and shot. I would get half the money, then I would escape and get inside the Union lines; there I would inquire for Mr. Warren. When I would find him I would tell him of the death of his beloved one, which would be a revenge to me to see him weep and moan for the one he loved so much. Then I would play the part of a comforter and grieve with him until I would win him over to me. I know it was a treacherous part to play, but my life belonged to him. I said to the officer, "Come, Mr. Williams, I will show you where he is concealed." But lo, when we got there he had flown into the night and old Aunt Judy stood in the centre of the cabin like a black priestess. When I entered the cabin she shook her long black bony hand at me and said, "Woe, woe be unto that woman who has got no secret in dat heart, but would betray one ob Massa Lincoln's angels who is tryin' to free de black folks. Woe, woe, dat punishment is near at hand, and I reckon you low trash, it's goin' to come soon, if old Aunt Judy can read signs. When I looked at dat ar moon yister night and de black cat laid her head against me, I said to old Pete, 'Dar's trouble a comin' on to dis yar plantation.' Now go, go, woman, for youse de Jezebel dat de Bible talks on. Jes as soon as I sees dese yar soldiers comin' up I went an wake de little one. I says, 'Git up, honey lamb, dey would slaughter you before de altar ob de Lord. Now light out, and my Sukey will show you de bes' way to get to Father Linkum's men.' Here I is, hossifer, if youse want to make a sacrifice to Jeff Davis, take ole Aunt Judy and slaughter her up as a peace offerin', and her soul will go on singin' until she gets right into Jesus' arms and rest dar for de rest ob her life." The men then left the cabin and said they would push on after him and perhaps capture him before he reached the Union lines. Just then old Aunt Judy screamed at the top of her voice, "You sons of Belial, hell's a waitin' for ye: tote dis old she devil along wid you, for dat's all de good she is." She meant me when she said that.

At four o'clock that morning our house was in flames. It



was burned to the ground, we escaping only in our night clothes. We discovered that all the negro cabins were on fire. We saw the negroes coming to where we stood, waving sticks and crying out, "The curse of God has fallen upon you poor sinners." Aunt Judy spoke the last word, saying, "You low down white trash, de curse and wrath ob de Lamb of Christ have come upon you through ole Aunt Judy," and with that they all gave a scream, singing out, "We'se a comin'," and lighting out for the Union lines.

After the war was over, in 1867, I went to pay a visit to an aunt that lived in Washington. While I was walking down F street one afternoon I noticed two negresses coming up the street. One of them was tall and raw boned and put me in mind of old Aunt Judy. When I came close to them I discovered it was she and her daughter Sukey. I thought I would hold out the hand of friendship towards them. Aunt Judy struck it one side and spit at me, saying, "You low-down Tennessee trash who had to come to Wirginny to get something to eat, who never could keep a secret in her heart, but here's old Aunt Judy who's got a secret, and jes knows how to keep it, too. You low down Tennessee mud suckin' trash," and with that she blew her nose and threw the vile contents down on my dress; threw her head into the air and walked off with the vilest contempt that I ever saw shown to a human being. You can imagine, sir, how humiliated I felt to have this common negro woman treat me with such disdain and contempt right on one of Washington's streets—she who had been a slave to my sister and waited on me at one time hand and foot, and had to obey all my commands. The insult was so great I wanted to die right there. Perhaps, sir, I deserved it all. I betrayed this medium twice and my punishment awaited me in spirit life. Oh, sir, but it is hard to bear. That is why I, Violet Campbell, come here today to make a confession. Do not think that you escape punishment, for every wrong deed you commit there is punishment awaiting you. I ask Justin's forgiveness for the wrongs I did him or her. Mr. Warren's manly form tempted me and I fell. I dreamed of him by night and thought of him by day, and my whole hope and wish was that I might become his mistress. I never possessed the power to wring his heart with anguish when I would

tell him of the death of his loved one, how I saw him shot down as a spy. Oh God, it never came to pass, and I was left to my own reflection, a wicked woman.

One day in the year 1868 in the month of April I was walking along Arch street, Philadelphia, when I saw coming towards me Mr. Warren and Justin. I had changed a good deal, but yet Justin knew me. He held out his hand to shake hands with me when Mr. Warren stepped between us, saying, "Madam, go your way; you shall not touch the hand of my Little One, whom you were willing to give up to the vengeance of a rebel general, you dirty harlot." He then spit at me. Taking little Justin by the hand they went on their way. Little Justin looked around with a sad expression on his face in which I saw volumes of pity and forgiveness. Oh, God, but my punishment was hard to bear. I was trying to make my living as a seamstress in Philadelphia. It was hard to make, as I had been accustomed to luxury and slaves to wait upon me. Now I was reduced to want and poverty, and sought the streets at night for a rescue and a way to make a living. I had become an abandoned woman.

One Friday night while it was raining, I passed near by the theatre where Justin was playing and fortunately I met him coming forth from the stage entrance alone. As he came towards me I tried to hide my face. He recognized me and said, "Oh, Violet Campbell—it is surely you." I said, "Justin, surely you don't want to speak to me." He said, "Surely I do, Violet; come with me and tell me what has happened to you. I know a place where we can be quiet and we can get something to eat. Then you can tell me all you wish to—that which you have no desire to tell, keep to yourself, Violet. It's no one's business, but your own, and to God alone have you only a right to tell that which is a secret in your heart." After I had told him most everything he took out his purse and gave me \$15 saying, "Now Violet, go home, wake up tomorrow morning a different woman. There is going to come a turn in your life. I am going to furnish you work at decent wages, so that you can live a respectable life, and some of the Violet Campbell of young days will come back and we will laugh and sing together again." I said, "But where is Mr. Warren; why does he not come after you?" "Violet, he does not come out at night, he is sickly, the

army life ruined his health and Oh, Violet, I am so happy when I go home at night and see his kind face waiting for me. Violet, you loved him, too—don't feel ashamed to tell it—you love him now, and I will give you his picture, that you may have it in your room to look at. Some time I will walk on the opposite side of the street; I will have him with me so you may look at him. I will arrange it so that he will walk next to the curb stone." I said, "Oh, God, what kind of a creature are you? This man that you and I love so—you will give me his picture to look at, and to think that you will assist this wrecked soul to become what the world calls a virtuous woman." "Violet, your soul is not wrecked, it is only the material body that became weak and fell under the eyes of a handsome man. We are not the only two souls who have loved the same man, and must only give an account to God alone. Now I want to be a sister and a brother to you. Promise me that you will become an honest woman." I took an oath, and thank God I kept it to the last. He provided me with work and paid me well. He arranged so that I died in Mr. Warren's arms at the last. This is my confession. Hoping that the great God of all will forgive, in time, Violet Campbell.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and leave my love for Justin. I know your fingers must be tired. Good day, sir.

# Johann of Arc

## Chapter IV

Tuesday, September 3, 1901.

Good morning, sir. Your air is beautiful here, it is so pure and sweet. I think your home is located in a beautiful spot—surrounded by all those gorgeous looking mountains. It looks to me like a beautiful nest, located under these beautiful oak trees, where a mother could raise all her little fledgelings in safety away from the enemies of the world. Nature was bountiful in giving her grand, invigorating air to this spot that I call the "Home of Truth," where ministering angels can come and go at will. This is the abode that will invigorate a healthy mind and bring it en rapport with the ideals of life so that they can unfold and manifest that eternity has no beginning and no end. I, Johann of Arc, know of no beginning, neither does she understand of any ending. All is life and animation; it is the constant unfoldment and working out of destiny.

The French historian gave me the name of "Joan of Arc," but I was christened "Johann of Arc." I was what you would call a lazy child, very slow of speech and more so of action. I was one that lived upon the ground a great deal, and liked to come in touch with mother earth and feel the soil passing through my fingers.

Close by my parents' home were a number of large trees. I never had the desire to climb either one of them, as other children would do. There was one large tree that was nearer to our home than the others; that one was my favorite. I would lie upon the ground under its beautiful shady branches and listen to the invisible voices. The other children called me the dreamer, and sometimes when they would prevail upon me to go nut gathering I would walk so slow that they would say, "Johann,

we will go ahead and you can follow." Sometimes I would find the place where they were gathering the nuts, and at other times would not. I would on some occasions become weary and tired, then I would lie down. It is then I would hear the spirit voices. Sometimes when I would reach home it would be dark. As I entered the door of our hut my mother would address me, saying, "You lazy baggage, where have you been?" That is the way you would express it in English.

Our home was a small one; it was built from stones picked up in the field, plastered inside and outside with mud. Our floor was made of clay beaten down hard while in a wet condition, so that when it became dry it was solid. The house had a thatched roof, covered with some kind of substance that had the condition of pine in it, and this kept out the rain or dampness of any kind. My people were very poor and lived in a primitive, crude condition. Our home consisted of two rooms, a living room and one in which my father and mother slept. Bedsteads were unknown in the part of the country in which I lived. They were bunks fastened to the wall, dried leaves and grass were placed over the under poles to quite a thickness, which made it soft and pleasant to sleep on. As a general thing the leaves would be covered by the skin of a deer or some other animal. My little brother slept in the same bunk with father and mother. Those bunks were made long enough so that a child could sleep at the parent's feet. I went up a ladder in the living room to a little loft over the sleeping room and slept on dried grass and leaves up there. When all had gone to bed and the home was quiet I felt happy up in the little loft. Then I would hear children's voices that would come and sing to me of the beautiful spirit world. Oh, how happy I would be then. After they had got done singing I would hear a voice say to me, "Johann, some day the world will hear of you." It seemed to me then it was a great secret they were confiding to me. I kept it locked up in my heart, but there came a time when I had to reveal it to my parents, and also to others. I never had any education, for there was no school in the part of the country where we lived. We were not a highly civilized race of people, but crude, coarse and ignorant. I never saw a book until I was eighteen years old, and it was a great curiosity to me. I looked

upon the woman who was the owner of it with surprise and wondered how she could talk out of that thing. I watched her as she read and turned the pages, thinking to myself, that must be an angel talking, and wondered how she came to possess it. One night I laid upon the bed thinking about the woman reading the book when a voice said to me, "Johann, that woman shall be your friend, for she is a scholar and a lady." I wondered what a scholar was, never having heard the word before. The voice said, "She understands a great many things about the outside world, for she is constantly reading about what is going on." I said to the voice, "Shall I ever learn to read like her?" The voice said, "No, you do not require books. We will educate you and when we have finished our work through you, then you are through with that body." Alas, this came true.

When I was a young person living at my parents' home— But first let me tell you when I was possibly about the age of six my mother did not know whether she would raise me as a boy or a girl, I being very masculine and having dull eyes, but my father decided he would like a daughter and they raised me as a girl. I never had any girlish ways, nor did I ever play with a doll like other little girls. There was located in my make-up both male and female, the male predominating. I liked boys and boy's ways. When I grew to be a young maid, as people called it, the young men came to court me and would use loving words when they addressed me. They would say, "Johann, I like you very much and speak of other endearments such as young men do to young maidens. One day a young man that bore the name of Heinrich Dorio came to me and taking my hand, said to me, "Johann, I love you and I want to make you my wife." My male nature drew me up to my full height, which was not so very tall. I addressed myself to him, saying, "Heinrich, if you ever say that to me again I will kill you." He said, "Johann, what do you mean; don't you intend to get married?" "Never to a man. My nature loves a girl." He laughed and went off, telling other young men and girls that I was crazy.

Now, sir, I will tell you something, perhaps, that you do not understand and thousands and hundreds of thousands that are living in the world do not understand to this day, with all its boasted civilization. The male nature was so strong in me

that I fell in love with a beautiful young maiden and wooed and won her for myself and we lived together as man and wife. French history does not tell you this. I was a male spirit that had taken on a female body for an experience in life. Those that ridicule this and say it cannot be, do not understand what they are talking about. Their ignorance of the divine law of nature put it beyond their comprehension. I am now, today, acting in the capacity of a female influence. I controled the condition of the Indian spirit that is living her life through the medium's guide who bears the name of Rosa, whose proper name is Water Lily. She has placed herself in this condition to work out and expiate for crimes that she committed in her past life. This Rosa and myself came in rapport with the medium when she was ushered into life. She is also working out a condition in her life for past crimes that she committed. She has taken upon herself a male body but the female predominates so strongly that the male part of it is a failure. In this way, sir, I will explain it to you. The female is so strong in her condition that her love is still for the male sex. All the male portion that came in this embodiment is only the masculine expression, and in that you can see the female lips, the female eyes and the female laugh, even the hands, feet and the body is a failure, when it comes to the form of a man.

Now, I will give a description of my makeup. French history describes me as tall, beautiful, graceful and commanding-like. They say, I had the look of some goddess; that I was the possessor of a luster in my eyes; that when I looked upon people they humbled themselves before me. It was nothing of the kind—that is all a falsehood and a misrepresentation of my appearance. I was low-sized—what you would call squatty. My complexion was dark and swarthy. I had a large mouth and flat nose, dull eyes, dark hair with a tawny look to it. There was none of that brilliant appearance to me that this medium possessed in the prime of life, and which has not altogether passed away. As I still see there is a luster left to the eye which I never possessed. My great grandfather was a Moor, and on my mother's side there is Spanish blood. We are what you call French—dark and swarthy. How little the medical fraternity knows of our sex. It seems a mockery to mention their name in

connection with our condition; but it is time that the civilized world should know that such individuals inhabit bodies. Many of our sex are very beautiful, especially those where the female predominates. They fall in love with men and men fall in love with them. They marry and live together as man and wife. They go to some foundling institution and adopt one or two children. Then they remove to a strange city and they give out to the neighborhood that those children are theirs. Jennie Lamont, the great circus rider—the most daring woman ever known on a bareback horse—her riding was so daring that every night some of the people were afraid she would break her neck. She was of our sex—the female predominating—and she was very beautiful to look at. The circus proprietor married her and made her his wife. They are now living in retirement at Nice in France. Both of them are over eighty years old and well to do.

I give you this little illustration, so that you may understand those that come into the world in a body, at some part of their life the world hears from them, just as they did from this medium and others of the sex. He has been entertained by the highest of all nations. When he visited London, England, Queen Victoria entertained him or her, as you choose to call it, in a royal manner. She knew of this child and understood there was what you call royal blood in his veins. She kept it a secret, knowing all the while there had been such a child born into the world. That is why her gifts were rich and precious. He had been entertained by several of the presidents of the United States. He was loved by President Lincoln for his mediumship and other conditions. When he was young and lived with General Warren he was what you would call beautiful and I might as well mention here that men raved over that beauty. Many a senator and congressman vied with each other in throwing flowers to this individual and sending many valuable presents to her rooms at the hotel. At one time during her life her diamonds were valuable, as she possessed many of the rich gems.

Now, sir, I will go back and deal with my own life. When I was a young woman, as the world was allowed to call me, I was sitting under my favorite tree and received a terrible shock as if strong electricity was passing through all the conditions of



my body. I was thrown into a terrible condition of perspiration—every part of my body seemed to be burning up with fever. When I heard a loud voice speaking to me which sounded coarse and cruel. The voice said, "Now, Johann, the time has come when the world shall hear of you. France has become an impoverished nation and the enemy are invading her beautiful land. She has been ruined and the poor have been ground down and held like slaves to pay the immense debt of a worthless king who is low, licentious and brutal. His whole life has been one of riotous living and, in connection with his concubines, he has ruined the nation. He is a low brute, living in a human form. Brutality and licentiousness is expressed in every lineament of his face. He gets drunk and his brutal and licentious carousing with his low concubines lasts away into the morning. He turns day into night and night into day. Now, to save beautiful La Belle France we must drive the enemy from her shores. Johann you will go forth to battle and I will give you the commands and you can give them to others, so that they will be put into force and be executed." I said to the voice, "Who is this person that speaks thus?" The voice said, "No matter now. You will know when your work has been carried out and finished." Alas! I discovered who it was when my work was finished. I discovered it was the brutal Nero who gloated on human gore and when we heard the shrieks and cries of the wounded and dying I could hear the voice laughing at the suffering and misery of these poor creatures. I begged this cruel voice to let me go, for my heart had become sick at the suffering and carnage of battle all around me. It just seemed as if France would become a charnal house for the bones of the dead. Oh, God, sir, it was something terrible to witness the condition of poor La Belle France and her starving and poorly-clad army. Many a time the tears coursed down my face when I heard the cries of the suffering and aching hearts of poor women and children who were almost starving for the want of food. I kept begging and begging the voice to let me go. The answer was, "No; you shall go on to the end and until it is all finished, and then we will release you," and they did as they had promised. They released me by burning my body at the stake. That was my reward for it all.

Now, the Catholic Church canonizes me and calls me Saint Joan. Oh! what a mockery in the name of religion. This same Catholic Church is nothing but a house of pagan religion, where they worship idols and still perpetuate pagan ceremonies. All their religion is stolen from Oriental customs with the introduction of modern priests who live on the best of the land and keep the poor people in ignorance of the inside workings of their religion. This is a curse to any nation that is controlled by it. They are the poorest and most degraded of all nations in the world. Ignorance and poverty are in the majority of all their conditions. I thank God the day is not far distant when the people, through elevation, will arise en masse and burn down their convents and monasteries and will drive the inmates with their mummeries to all parts of the globe. Oh, I tell you, sir, there is going to be a big revolution in religion. As schools go up and progress and the minds of the people will become intelligent and expand in breadth of liberality, then people will think for themselves. Churches and their mummery will slide down the hill and be swallowed up in a volcano of high civilization. History says that when I rode upon my horse into battle I sat straight and erect and my eyes took in the whole situation at one glance. That is not so. I sat upon that horse like an automaton or a wooden figure, as you would call it. I heard the commands and gave them to others. My voice was of low speech, so you see I did not, as history describes, call out my commands in a loud, powerful voice. I gave them in a quiet manner to the officers who were in command. They called them out in a loud voice to their men. History says I was dressed in a beautiful tunic, all ornamented with gold and silver. In front of my helmet was set a large precious jewel, and that my beautiful, light brown hair hung down below my waist and was the admiration of all the officers and soldiers. Now, sir, let me tell you that is a straight lie from beginning to end. They said that I rode on a beautiful white horse. The horse that I rode was dark dun color. It was neither of a bay nor a sorrel, but of a very gentle disposition, and I became very much attached to it. It acted as if it was proud to carry me on its back. France was too poor then to give me a beautiful white tunic all embroidered with gold and silver ornaments.

I will now describe the manner of dress I wore. It was a dark blue cotton tunic of very cheap material, lined inside with rabbit skin. My legs were encased in cow skin leggings, laced up with strips of deer skin. My shoes were made of horse hide without being tanned, for the hair was still on the hide. They were made of two pieces, very much like an Indian moccasin. They were long and pointed—being of the fashion that a poor peasant wore at that time. My hair was coarse and dark—almost as you would say, like the hair of a Moor. In a certain light it had a kind of tawny shade to it which made it look almost of a dark, dull red. I wore no helmet upon my head, but a small fur hat that my mother made for me to wear in battle. So you see, sir, I was not dressed dashing, neither did I have that striking appearance that history claims I had. They have raised a monument to me which represents me as a tall, erect, beautiful woman, fashioned and formed like an amazon. I looked like a female God of war, when I was only a low, squatty individual—an organization formed and fashioned for spirit power to play upon. I suppose the Church will claim me now to be a beautiful spirit saint.

I expect to be painted next in looks to the Madonna herself, so that the deluded minds may gaze upon the picture and see what a wonderful being I have been. Alas! alas! Credulity, thou art the destroyer of the human mind, and you compel the human intellect to become a dreamer of imagination. I long pray for the day when people will be permitted to stand upon their own merits and the world will see them and view them from a truthful standpoint in life. Now, sir, I wish to express myself in the part that I play in connection with the medium. I am the one you call Rosa, for which I will give you an explanation. I am the duality of the dual nature—the one you call Rosa is working out her condition for past crimes committed while in the body. She is living her life through the medium. There is a Chippewa Indian girl who is living her life through Rosa. That is why Rosa is attracted to everything that is gaudy and of high color. I have been with the medium ever since his individuality was ushered in or located in the womb of the mother when she took the male condition upon her and was ushered into life through the process of a physical birth. I have been the guar-

dian and protector. I am principal intelligence of the condition through which I guide her. I act upon the Indian girl, also upon Rosa and the medium. I am the fountain head of their actions, so that you can see that I live my life through them and in reality I am the guide. I am the one that visits your circles and compels Rosa to act for me. I was the controlling instrument that guided the medium through the war. I conducted him through and inside of the Rebel lines, taking care that he got back safely inside of the Union lines. The voice of George Washington gave his commands to the medium and I saw that they were carried out to the letter. I compelled the medium to fulfil everything, as the spirit of General George Washington requested. Your medium lived in a dream, as it were, during the whole rebellion. That is why you have the individual with you today so that you can listen to the higher teachings of spirit existence. Thank God, re-embodiment is a truth and those that mock and laugh at it do so because their ignorance will not permit them to understand that which they mock. "He that laughs last laughs best."

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and hope that the medium's health will permit a condition that can be prepared for other communications that are to follow. Wishing you good day, and God bless you. You will have to live a little while longer in the harness. Your friend and well-wisher, Johann of Arc, and not Joan, as history has it.

# Amanda Hulburt to Her Children

## Chapter V

Children, God is in His Holy Temple.

The great created life in universe,  
Which nothing in nature's laws can reverse.  
He is the soul in atom of eternal life,  
Constantly ministering to man and wife.  
And as every rose bud drinks in the sun,  
So did my child Hannah, when her life begun.  
God was in her whole expression—  
I saw she had from truth learned her lesson  
And grew up under the temple of eternal life,  
As she one day became a wedded wife.  
I come back with my love to her, as I do to you all,  
So the great God does not permit even a sparrow to fall.  
The human mind is easy to tempt,  
When the ear to perishing infidelity is lent.  
But the soul that drinks in eternal truth,  
Will become a gleaner in the field, like Ruth;  
For nothing can fall in the sight of God—  
Not even the base tempter's rod  
That he may point at man with scorn,  
Because you were all created in God, before born,  
For life is eternal, proved beyond death,  
As ye receive each day from God your vital breath.  
Now, my boys that are still in human form,  
Do not even the least of God's specks scorn—  
As all through evolution and progression will rise  
To sing the praises of their Maker in the skies.  
Let the enemies of God belch forth vituperous scorn.

Your souls will rise above it on the coming morn.  
See that your life by morality can your name adorn,  
And you some of the bright satellites in heaven will form.  
It is not hard to bridge the span called death,  
As it is merely the change from the body of eternal breath.  
When you open your spiritual eyes on the other side of life,  
Then you can by expiation all errors outwipe,  
For God is forgiveness and charity in all her power—  
So, you see, you were loved from creation's hour.  
Oh, how can man fall from God's grace!  
Only through a religion misconducted by a race  
That held up priestcraft to enslave women and men,  
And must be wiped out of all human ken—  
For the spirit of Christ came through Jesus to earth  
To teach you of the higher spiritual birth.  
That when you have laid down your weary mortal coil  
Jesus taught you how all crime and sin to foil.  
So, my children, let Truth be your highest light,  
For it will open up to you God's inner sight,  
And through wisdom you will understand  
That God always loves and does not command.  
Those laws that never bring to the highest intellect and gewgaws  
As you must feel in your soul, God is the great cause.  
There is nothing fails here—all is real—  
As you in spirit will know and feel.  
Let your thoughts be to your neighbor of eternal love,  
And we and the angels will reward you from above.  
The thoughts of your family group  
Are that your lives are like the sparkling brook,  
And as you glide along through life,  
May you sow the seeds of a higher light  
Constantly coming to earth's children fair,  
As God is in light, space and air.  
These few lines I send to you,  
My loving children, bright and true.  
Father and the rest all join in spiritual love.  
Now you understand we watch you from our home above.

Your loving and affectionate mother, Amanda Hulburd.

# General George Warren

## Chapter VI

September 15, 1902.

Brother, in eternal life I enter your home with the love of friendship, hoping that it will never be anything else but that love shall reign within your home.

My name is Warren; I was known as a military officer in your American army, the position of which I hope I fulfilled, as all military men should fully do their duty toward the nation that gave them birth, and the honor of that birth being consummated on American soil.

Why I come today is simply to honor the anniversary of your little Medium and myself taking up our tent together on the fifteenth of September, 1848. I come here by the request of a band of spirits to give a description or illustration by the pen of his life while I knew him; many of the band consist of his friends and my friends. Why, I express it in that way is that many of my friends never met him while they lived in the body—only hearing of him and that he belonged to me.

Now, I will commence my illustration and you will give it to the public through your pen, the orifice of the ink and the development of the fingers that handle the pen.

This illustration that I will give to you is true and truthful, as it comes from every sentiment of my nature and existent of my soul's comprehension. I have awakened to the simplicity of my natural condition in connection with your medium—rap. That rap that you just heard is the manifestation and proof of which I shall relate to you.

In the early part of September, 1848, I attended a performance given at a theater in which Adah Isaacs Menken played the leading part. The little Medium was then called "The Dashing

Blanchard." He lived and traveled in female attire. He was not quite four feet tall, but very beautiful to look at. He had beautiful long dark raven locks, which waved and curled as they fell toward the ground.

Now I will address the Medium as she, for as such he was known to the public.

In the play she played a sprightly, artistic soubrette part—one in which she made a great deal of fun for the audience to laugh at. Her dancing and singing was charming. I became smitten and vowed I must know her, for she had stolen my love and heart that night. It was love at first sight. It increased and lasted while I lived in a physical body. A more happy little creature I never met in life. She was one of the most innocent individuals I ever had the pleasure of meeting. I can see her large eyes now looking up at me in wonder when I would tell her some of the affairs in human life—for you must understand, she was born and lived in the country until about one year before she entered the theatrical life, and as the Scotch say, "She was a bonnie thing to look at." Those who played with her when she made her debut told me that she was a little mite of a thing and could sing and dance, much to the delight of the people.

She made her first appearance at the Old Chatham Street Theater, in New York city. I think it was then called the National Theater. I have heard actors tell how the little thing sang in broken English, for she had to learn how to speak English after she came to America. I've heard G. W. Jones say it was a strange little creature. After she had played about six months she had taken to wandering off by herself and they had great difficulty to find her sometimes. He says he remembers one time they found her in a cellar at the "Five Points," dancing and singing for a lot of negroes and low whites. At another time they found her grinding an organ for an old Italian at the corner of Chambers and Center streets. At another time they found her crying out the beauties of an old Jew's wares on Pearl street. He said the Jew was sitting down on a three-legged stool, laughing fit to kill himself, while she was crying out what bargains they would get if they would only come and buy. Mr. Jones said on Chatham street there was a little museum, natur-



ally, he said, he looked up and to his surprise there was the Little One standing in a window held up by the fat woman of the show. He was crying out, "Here's where you get the best show in the world, and you can see everything that's in the world if you buy a ticket."

"I knew we had to use him in the play that night, and now was my only chance to grab him while he was in sight. I bought a ticket, walked up stairs, walked right to the window where he stood, caught hold of him and took him right in my arms, when he said, 'Hello, Jones; is it time to play yet?' I said, 'Yes; and they are waiting for you.' He said, 'All right, Jonesey.' He kissed the fat woman good bye and I carried him in my arms to the theater." At that period of his life he dressed in boys clothes.

I could tell you many of the escapades he would venture out on, told me by Mr. Jones and Mr. Fox; but it would take up too much space.

He played children's parts with many distinguished actors and actresses. Edwin Forrest told me he loved and admired him very much, but he was a strange creature, and he never could understand him.

Now, I will return where "he" is a "she," that is as the world looked upon it. When I made her acquaintance she was full of fun and harmless tricks. Menken used to say, "The little creature is a regular kitten; it is always so full of fun."

Now, I will relate here something, perhaps, the world never knew—I do not relate this through vanity or vain feeling of my personal appearance—I have to relate it in order to fill out this part of my communication.

The beautiful Menken fell desperately in love with me. I could not return that love, for she was no woman of my choice. I was desperately in love with the Little One, and thought I could not live if I did not possess that little creature. I wanted it all for my own and to take it away from the gaze of the world. I felt I must steal it, carry it off and hide it away in the woods where none but the birds and myself could look at it.

When the beautiful Menken discovered I was in love with the little creature she commenced to hate it and upbraid it badly for not paying proper attention to its business on the stage, which came from a jealous part of her nature, then she com-

menced to tell us dreadful things about the Little One, who was innocent of everything she accused it of.

I told her I would not listen to any of her stories, for I knew they were lies made up through her jealousy toward the Little One.

Then she came out and told me, "She can never bear you children. She is of both sexes—an hermaphrodite." I said, "So much the better, for I do not like children. She is all the little baby that I want anything to do with." She said, "She's not yours yet, and there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." She said, "Now listen to me, Warren, and also to common sense, "If you will promise to marry me, I will get divorced from my husband; then we can go to Europe, where I am a big favorite. There we can get rich and buy a beautiful home." I told her all the beautiful homes on earth could not fill the place of that Little One in my heart. I felt that she was for me and I was for her. Menken tried to force a large diamond ring on to my little finger, saying, "Take that as a keepsake and act sensible." I placed the diamond ring on her dressing table, saying, at the same time, "No one can buy me with diamonds or money. I am a man and an honorable man. I want you to understand. My ancestors, the Warrens, were honorable people and I never heard of one of them selling their honor for money," and walked toward the door of her room. She turned in a fierce fashion, saying, "I hate that Dashing Blanchard, and shall hate you, too, if you shall prefer her to me."

I called at the hotel the next afternoon and sent my card to Blanchard's room. She sent me back word that her trunks were packed and she was going to leave for New York that evening. It seemed as if my brain got on fire. I ran up those stairs two and three steps at a time. When I had reached her room I found the door was open. She was sitting on a sofa, stroking down a cat. I walked into the room and said, "Blanchard, what does this mean? Why are you going to New York?" She said, "Adah says she will not require me any longer and has purchased a ticket for New York, making me a present of it." I said, "You shall not go to New York." She said, "But, I will, for I can't afford to stay here and pay board." I said, "Your board is of no consequence. I shall pay your bills." She laughed and said, "How generous men are becoming."

Two nights before that she gave me a tongue lashing in a ball room. I told her it was no use to do that. She would become mine and she could not help herself. That night when I saw her home from the ball I told her I would call tomorrow afternoon for my answer. She slapped my face in the carriage and kicked my legs. I said those were only love taps. I called the next afternoon. She sent word to me in the parlor she would not see me. I then went direct to her room, opened the door, walked in and closed it behind me, which was a piece of audacity and not such as a gentleman would do; but my brain was on fire all the time and that is the only excuse I can make. I said, Little One, I have come for my answer." She said, "Take it," at the same time throwing a water pitcher at me, which I dodged. Oh, those eyes were beautiful when she was angry! I went up and took her in my arms. She kicked and fought me at the same time pulling my hair and slapping my face. I sat down with her on the sofa, saying, "Little Pet, listen to me. You're to be mine and you can't help yourself. I shall be both a husband and a father to you."

I want to tell you here, that I brought my psychological power to bear on the Little One, who became quiet and passive. I said, "Now, Little One, you were made for me and I was made for you, and we must both live in the same tent. She said, "Why, I am never going to marry any man, I couldn't bring his children into the world, and a married man is never happy only when he has children and he hears them call him 'papa.'" I said, "My sweet little goose, that is all right. I do not want any children, because I do not love them. You are all the baby that I want to have around me. I love you very dearly and I know in time you will love me, although I am much older. I am twenty-seven years older than you are, little sweetheart, but what does that matter when we love each other. You require a guardian to look after you. You are so innocent to the ways of the world. I am that guardian chosen by God. If there is such a thing in life, there is a strong power that forces me toward you. I just feel a if I want to eat you up. No other man shall ever own you; if any one attempts it I will kill him. No, dear, you have heard what I have to say, become resigned, Pet, and

I will make you the happiest creature living. I could not do otherwise, for you are so small and fragile." She then said, "Well, if I have to take a husband, I might as well take you as anyone else; but remember I don't love you." I said, "That is all right. I will make you love me, for I will be kind and gentle to you. She said, "Well, it's a go. What are you going to give me after getting off all this talk?" I said, "You shall see tomorrow, dear, when I call to take you up to my Aunt Mary's, for she is a kind woman and will be kind to anyone that I love. I will place you in her keeping, as I have to return to West Point, where she can bring you to see me." She said, "Well you must go now, as the curtain must fall on this act with tableau and red fire," which made me laugh. Then I placed her on the sofa, where she stood up, threw her arms around me and kissed me, saying, "Old man, you've only got a mustache; if you want me to love you, you've got to have a beard, too." I said, "All right, little darling, I shall raise a beard expressly for you to play with."

On the morrow, when I called, you can realize the disappointment I met. There she was with her trunks all packed to go to New York. After I had talked with her, I discovered that she had told Menken what she was going to do—that she was going to live with me. Menken told her I was a very wicked man and had another wife and three children and she would buy her a ticket to take her to New York, where she would escape my clutches—I being a dreadfully wicked man. I admitted to her that I had lived with a woman and was the father of three children. I had discovered I could not love that woman as a wife—we had been separated two years. I then said, "I love you and you only for all time. I am the father of many other children." She jumped up and stood on the floor, looking at me with those wonderful eyes, saying, at the same time, "Is that because you're such a big man, you can be the father of so many children?" I laughed and took her in my arms, at the same taking out of my vest pocket a diamond cluster ring. It was a beautiful ring, consisting of seven large stones of the first water. I placed it upon her finger, saying, "There, Pet, that's what I bring you for all the talk we had yesterday." She looked at the ring, admiring it on her fingers, and I placed it on her thumb. She laughed with joy, saying, "Oh, isn't it beautiful?" She said,

"Now, I think you are a pretty good-looking man," which made me laugh. I told her my beard hadn't come out yet. She said, "This ring will do until your beard grows."

That shows you, brother Hulburd, how a glistening ornament will cover a good many defects in a man with those that have the female nature in them—especially if the bauble has much value to it. I told her then that she must return that railroad ticket to Miss Menken. I placed the ticket inside of an envelope, addressed it to Miss Menken, left it at the hotel office to be sent to her room.

The Little One became mine as long as I lived in the body, and I was a happy man, I tell you. Only I did not like it, when the influence would come around her and make predictions.

I gave the company a supper on the following night at the hotel. Next day following after that night I placed my Little One in the care of my Aunt Mary, whom I loved above all my relations. Then I told the Little One she must put on boys clothes in order that she might visit me at West Point. She did as I requested.

On her visit to West Point, General Scott said to me, "Who is that pretty little creature with your aunt? It's too sweet-looking for a boy; it looks like a girl." I said, "General, that is my little boy; he belongs all to me and only me. No one else has a claim on him." The General said, "Hasn't the mother any claim on him?" I said, "Not now." The General said, "So, he's one of your boys. Have you ever counted how many you can claim relationship to? I suppose this one being so pretty you selected him out from among the rest." I said, "Just so, general." He laughed and said, "That's right, Warren, my boy. Keep the scripture by multiplying and replenishing the world." We laughed and parted, for I saw the General had fallen in love with my Little One and the pangs of jealousy crept into my heart. It was only a false alarm. I discovered in time he loved my Little One as a father would love a child, and as long as he lived he was always Uncle Scott to my Little One.

We will continue at another time, as I know your fingers must be tired.

September 16, 1903.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. We will now continue my communication—that is, I will give the communication, and you will take it down, as per se.

I wish to give an explanation of what a peculiar creature my Little One was. I made the discovery that his whole nature was that of generosity, with a good deal of canny Scotch in it.

I found that I had to be very decided on all points of the question and that question was how to control my Little One. I discovered that he put no valuation on money and that he would lend a good deal of his salary to some of the deadbeats in the theater. I call the Little One him now, as he wears pants and a jacket.

One Monday morning that I remember in particular, he came home from the theater with part of his salary gone. He placed what was left in my hand, saying, "Papa, you take care of that." I thought I would count it before I locked it up in the desk drawer, until I could get a chance to deposit in the bank. When I had counted it I found it was thirty dollars short of his regular salary. I said, "Puss, there is thirty dollars missing." He said, "Oh, that's all right, I lent Mr. Boyd thirty dollars, and he is going to pay me back with interest when he gets his benefit." Then I thought it was time to put a stop to those deadbeats borrowing his money. I said, "Come here Little One, and stand by me. Papa wants to talk to you and talk to you seriously." He looked up at me with his wondering eyes, saying, "Is your grandfather dead? When did he die?" I said, "No, my grandfather is not dead. I want to tell you a story about a man who thought everybody was honest, just as he was. He had a relation die and leave him a large fortune." He said, "Oh, papa, now you are coming to the truth. You're rich, 'aint you? Who left you all the money?" I said, "No, Pet, I am not rich. Now, pay attention to what I have to say. This man that was left all the money was a very generous, liberal-minded man. His friends or supposed friends kept borrowing from him. He would lend them money and take no note for the same or any written statement whatever. He kept lending and lending his money and the first thing he knew he was a poor man. He had run

up many bills himself and one morning he woke up to find the merchants were demanding their money. He thought he would go around and see the people that he had loaned money to, telling them they must pay him back now, as he had a number of bills to pay himself and the merchants would not become satisfied until he had liquidated those debts, or, in other words, had given his check for payment. He gave his checks out quite freely, thinking his friends would pay him back the money so that he might deposit it in the bank to meet those checks. His friends did not return him the money, but were prolific with excuses why they did not do so. Now, you see, Little One, this man had no business qualities whatever. His notes were put to protest and he became a disgraced man. The dreadful calamity that had befallen him broke him down. He aged fast, and finally landed in the poorhouse another pauper for the county to take care of.

"Why I have told you that little story is to show to you how many people that borrow never intend to pay back. Now, I confidently believe that this man Boyd, will never pay you back what he has borrowed. He owes you over three hundred dollars now and I as your guardian and friend must put a stop to it. I feel it my duty to do so. Every Monday morning, while you are playing this engagement I will go to the box office and receive your salary. Then, I'd like to see any of those dead-beats borrow it from me." He said, "All right, Papa Warren, you are a bully soldier." Then he remained quiet for a number of minutes. I saw he was thinking about something. I took him on my lap and said to him, "Pet, what are you thinking about?" He looked at me with one of his roguish smiles, and said, "Papa, was ever any of the Warren's hung for being too generous?" The idea struck me as ridiculous, and I burst out laughing. He invariably went from the sublime to the ridiculous. He heaved a long sigh and said, "I guess I'm damned bad, papa, but when I learn to read the Bible I'll be good then, papa." I said, "My little darling, you are good now, you think everybody is honest, like yourself, and that is why they take advantage of your goodness. Now, I am going to make a proposition to you. "I will place ten thousand dollars in the bank in your name, providing you will promise me to deposit the largest part of your salary every Monday in the bank to swell your account, and some day

you can buy a farm and take Papa Warren there to live with you." "Oh," he said, "won't that be grand?" He jumped off my lap, danced around and clasped his hands. You see, Brother Hulburd, I had to appeal to him as I would to a child of nine or ten years old. He was always a child in nature. The people that had charge of him did not educate him. When I told him or explained anything to him I had to do it in plain language, using no high-sounding business words of any kind, as he would not understand them, being quite illiterate as regards education.

Nature had provided him with wonderful gifts, which made him a star in his profession. He was passionately fond of flowers and loved art of all kinds. He'd bring weeds of different descriptions and place them in a vase of water; as long as they had pretty tints, that was all that was required. He loved all kinds of animals, dogs and cats being his favorites. He had a true mother nature, and all children were attracted to him—no matter how dirty and ragged they were, he could always see something pretty in them. Quite frequently he'd make me feel ashamed in the street, when he'd grab hold of a little dirty ragged urchin and kiss it. He'd say, "Oh, papa, did you see that pretty face and those beautiful eyes?" Perhaps the little urchin's face would be so dirty you couldn't tell anything about it. One day I had to laugh in the street. I couldn't help it. We were crossing the street from one sidewalk to another; there was a little ragged girl sweeping the crossing and begging money, while we were crossing a man drove along in a buggy. The little girl stepped out of the way to let the horse and buggy pass. As she did so she slipped and fell into a pool of muddy water. Puss rushed and dragged her out, saying, "Are you hurt, my dear?" She said, "No, you son of a bitch, I'm not; you know very well, I wasn't hurt. Now, give me a nickel quick for cleaning the crossing so that you ere gents wouldn't get your shoes dirty." He took out a quarter and gave it to her, saying, "There, now you can get something nice to eat." She thanked him, and when she looked at him the second time, she said, "Holy Jesus! It's the star of the Seventh Street Theater. I'll be damned if it 'aint."

When we had reached the sidewalk he looked up at me with one of his roguish looks, and said, "Papa Warren, she's religious. Didn't you hear her talk about 'Holy Jesus?'" It struck me so



comical, him saying she was religious, that I burst out into a loud laugh until my sides shook with laughter. So you will understand he always saw the comical side of everything.

When we were by ourselves in our apartments, he'd coax me to play circus with him. He was very fond of walking around on his hands with his feet up in the air. He'd get me to lie down on a rug on the floor in order that he might jump up on my feet and from there jump on to my hands. There was not much weight to him then. He only weighed seventy pounds.

When he would jump on to my hands he'd get me to twist him around this way and that. Then he would jump from my hands on to the floor, smile and bow all around, as if he was receiving great applause from the people in the circus, then he'd throw kisses to the imaginary people when he would say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now perform the great belly walking feat." Then he would bow, laugh and throw kisses again, as if he was receiving great applause. He'd turn to me and say, "Now, papa, hold your legs stiff; this is the great star act of the evening." Then he would jump on to my feet, stand erect, bowing and smiling to the supposed audience, when all of a sudden he'd drop with his belly on to my feet, crying out, "Papa, twist like hell now, for this is our great act." After I had twisted him considerable around on my feet he'd jump to the floor, bow and run into the bedroom; then he'd rush out again hollering at the top of his voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's impossible that I can perform that daring feat tonight again. Papa Warren has struck for higher wages, so you see you will have to let me go this time." Then he'd run back into the bedroom. He did it all so earnestly that I would have to laugh when he had finished up. No doubt some of the readers when they read this communication will think how unmanly it was for a large man like me and unbecoming to my dignity as an officer in the army to get down on the floor and play circus with my Little One; but if they would only stop and think how happy it made me to play circus with him, for to me he was always a little child. When I would lock the doors of our apartments, lie down on the large Turkish rug and play circus with my Little One, I was one of the happiest men in the world. No king or emperor that ever sat on a throne was prouder than I was then to see my little agile creature jump

around and imagine he was a great acrobat in the circus. Little did I think then that little, nimble agile creature would become such a daring spy in the war between the North and the South. His little body was all nerve and grit and he knew not what the word fear meant. I permitted him to become Abraham Lincoln's private spy. It was a secret between the President and myself.

He was one of the gentlest creatures I ever knew until aroused into anger by something that displeased him, then the air would become blue, as it were, for a time with oaths. How he could swear, is beyond anything that I could describe in this communication. If I was close by when he'd commence to swear I would go up and take him in my arms, place my hand upon his head and bring my psychological power into use. After a little I'd calm him down when his whole little body would relax just as if it were a rag. I'd carry him to some place where I could sit down with him. I would not relax my will power until he had gone to sleep, for I knew that was the only medicine that would give him strength.

Brother Hulburd, I had a peculiar little being to deal with—the strangest character I ever came in contact with. As years went by I thought I understood him thoroughly, but, alas! I had made a failure in that. I woke up to the discovery as years went on that I did not understand my Little Puss, and no one will ever understand him thoroughly while he lives in his physical body. Oh, God! what a strange life he has lived. He told me he never was happy until he met me. I traced back his wanderings through life and they were many and various. He suffered poverty, shame and disgrace, but he went through it all living as if in a dream.

There is so much that took place in his life while living with me before our Civil War came, it would fill three or four large volumes but I protected him through it all from deadbeats and vipers in the outside world. I used to say, "Oh, God, if there is such a spiritual existence, take him out of his little body before you do me, that I may lay his little body away from the cruel cold world that had treated him so meanly." But it was not to be, Brother Hulburd, as you see he still lives in the body. People used to look at him and say to me, "What a strange creature your boy is, Mr. Warren. He can laugh and cry almost in the

same minute and don't you know, Mr. Warren, if he had lived a hundred years back instead of at the present time they would have burned him for a witch, because he tells so many things that come true." I will not relate his predictions here. They were many and would take up too large a space in the book.

I remember one time we were at a reception, one I think of the best given in the city; it was very elegant and carried out with a lavish design which money could furnish for that purpose. One of the ladies present said to me, while standing in an alcove surrounded by palms, "Can you not give that boy up? I am wealthy. I am worth seven millions in my own right. If you will give that boy up and say you will marry me, I will get divorced from my husband and make you a wealthy man." I said, "Madam, not all the money that this city contains could fill that boy's place in my heart. I love him as I love nothing else in the world. He is dearer to me than any God I ever heard of, if such a thing can be possible that there is a God such as you church people talk of." She said, "Why is it that you love this boy so?" I said, "Because, Madam, that boy is my wife." She said, "God in Heaven, what do you mean, General; did I hear aright? Did you tell me that that creature was your wife?" I said, "So, madam; he is of both sexes—the female predominating. No diamond that was ever set in a Queen's crown could ever be such a precious jewel as that jewel is to me." She said, "You love that creature and call it your wife? How is it with your other wife?" I told her my other wife bore me children, but I never loved her. It was only a marriage of circumstances." She said, "God in Heaven, general, what a novel this would make. What shall I do with the son I bore you that my husband has fathered?" "Do as you wish with him, madam, let your own heart dictate what is best to do. I'll allow no one to come between me and my Little Puss." She wrung her hands and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh, God, what will become of me? I love you so, and carry another child of yours in my womb. Man, have you no heart or soul? You know I do not love my husband as I do you. Let us fly together and I will make you the happiest man living." I said, "That can never be," when we heard footsteps approaching. A brother officer came up leading Little Puss by the hand. Little Puss saw how the lady looked, he went forward and said,

"Lady, you are sick." He turned and said to me, "Papa, get her some gin and water quick; that's good for a woman's nerves." The look of a devil came in her eye. She opened her mouth and said, "You stand between me and the man I love, curse you," and with that she grabbed him by the throat and would have strangled him to death had not my brother officer and I released her hands. Then I threw her to one corner of the alcove, saying, "You she devil I never loved you and told you so; but you kept sending me presents with notes accompanying them to meet you at certain places. I did not meet you, but one day I was passing your house and you saw me from your parlor window. You ran to the door and called me in and you know the result of that interview. You bore me a male child." My brother officer stood there pale and speechless, for he was her cousin. Their fathers were brothers. When I had stopped speaking the Little One burst out laughing, when finally he said, "Oh, papa, don't I wish that this scene had been on the stage. It would have made a hit. You and she can act so good." As I said before he always saw the funny side of everything. I said, "Come with me, pet, we will leave the house, call our carriage and return home."

My brother officer followed me and as we entered the hall he placed his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Warren, was it all true what you said to her?" I said, "Yes, it is all true, but see that you tell no one of what you heard." He said, "She is a wicked woman and has deceived her husband." I said, "She is no wickeder than I am, and if there is any punishment to come from it in the hereafter, as you call it, I am man enough to pay the penalty for it all; but she led me on with her coquetry, and you heard me tell what the result was." He said, "I did not think this of you." I told him I did not claim to be a strictly moral man, but I would allow no woman to come between me and my Little One.

I promised my Little One that if we both outlived the war I would furnish rooms for him that would look beautiful, as I would furnish them in colors to suit his taste. We both outlived the war and I kept my promise. I purchased costly furniture and beautiful paintings to adorn the walls. I paid a large price for Mueller's "Four Seasons," which I think were beautiful pictures

to look at. I also purchased other works of art, which I knew would make him happy when he saw them. After I had the rooms furnished and all things were put in place, as I thought would please him I invited him to see the rooms, General Meade accompanying us at the same time.

When I opened the door and invited them to enter, Little Puss surveyed the premises all around, and said, "G. Scott, isn't this fine! I think, papa, you are getting better looking every day. Don't you think so, Meadey, my boy?" which got us to laughing. He walked through the different rooms, then finally came back and sat down in the center of the parlor floor. He commenced to cry and then laughed. He looked up at me and said, "Papa, we are getting rich and we don't know it." I said I hoped it would always last that way.

Why I tell you this, Brother Hulburd, is to show you what a childish nature he had. He was an artist while on the stage but outside of his profession he always had the simplicity of a child. He was not a child in years, it was only the way he looked at things. Sometimes he would become quite serious and seem to understand advanced things in life. He would talk like a highly educated individual, perhaps, in an hour he would become Little Puss again—the rollicking child of nature. Oh, how he loved to go into the woods where he could scream, dance and sing to his heart's content. He'd get me to sit down by the foot of a large tree, when he'd say, "Now, papa, let's play you're Robin Hood and I'm your best fellow that brings you all the good things to eat. He gathers some leaves, sticks and stones, brings them and lays them on the ground alongside of me, while on the other side he'd place some brush and long grass. When he had finished arranging the things he'd say, "Now, Mr. Robin Hood, fall to and eat all you want," and with a sweep of his arm he would say, "You see, Mr. Robin Hood, there is abundance in these woods, so do not fail to satisfy your appetite." After he would play in that way for about two hours I would say, "Puss, come and sit down alongside of papa, and sing some of your woodland songs."

There was one song that I always liked to hear him sing:—

From the woodland bowers

I bring you these beautiful flowers

Hoping at every hour  
Our souls together will tour  
Into yon bright realm beyond  
Where you and I and our souls  
Will be left alone to bound.

I like to tell of these things that he would do. To others they may look simple and childish, but to me they remain as jewels set in my soul and that setting is a sacred love for all time.

After awhile he would lay his head down on my lap and go to sleep. I would read the newspaper until he awoke out of his sleep. Brother Hulburd, we were two happy beings, then. We would return home filled with nature's gift—that was one of the greatest medicines in life. We revelled in nature's free air and sang under the great trees in the woodland.

After that he would become a contented child for some time until the great desire came upon him to go out into the woods and the free air, for he had a great deal of Gipsy in his nature. I frequently called him my little Gipsy. I really think there must have been Gipsy blood in him at some time in his nature. I used to think it was Highland blood; at times he would play the Gipsy while we were in the woods and would pretend to read people's fortunes and sometimes they came true. We will continue at another time.

Wednesday, September 17, 1902.

Well, Brother Hulburd, I see it is almost the noon hour for those who live in a physical body; for us that live in a spiritual body all hours are alike. Sometimes we require quietude and rest to prepare our condition for further development.

In the month of August, 1867, the Little One and I were visiting a very fine family who lived in Wilmington, Delaware. While there the friends made arrangements for a picnic on the banks of the Brandywine. The morning of the picnic was beautiful and warm. We were conveyed to the picnic grounds in three large stages. I remember each stage had four large horses harnessed to it. When we arrived at the picnic ground the people immediately improvised tables to place their baskets on.

We opened the day with singing and recitations. A number of the women grouped together were talking about the beau-

ties of the day. While they were thus conversing, one of the women inadvertently made a remark about me. I do not think she would have done so, had she known my Little One was so close by. When he heard the remark he rushed at her with such a torrent of oaths that the rest of the women screamed and scattered. The one that made the remark stood there and did not seem to move. The Little One jumped up on to the improvised table, cursed and swore, damned them all into hell for a lot of old scandal mongers. A boy came running up to where I stood with some other gentlemen, smoking. He said, "Oh, come, Mr. Warren, quick; your boy has gone mad." I hurried after the boy as fast as I could. When I arrived at the place, there I found the lady crying and Puss standing on the table, cursing. I took him in my arms and carried him away into the woods where I could quiet him down. I got him to become quiet and go to sleep. I remained there with him, I should judge, about an hour, then I arose and went to the people to beg all the ladies' pardon who were present. I explained to them the nature and character of my Little One and that he was very impulsive. He was a little Highlander, and had a great deal of that wild Highland nature in him. Often I think it had more of the Gipsy in it than anything else.

The ladies, with the assistance of some of the gentlemen, made preparations for lunch. An old lady came up to me whose name was Mrs. Sarah Mitchell. She said, "Thee mustn't feel too bad, Mr. Warren, the boy defended thy name. She was brash in speaking of thee as she did. Now thee will go and get thy boy and bring him to me, for thee and him must eat with us." I went and woke him up. We joined the old lady and her group at lunch.

There was a gentleman in her group whose name was Alexander Frazier and I was very much attracted to him, for I found him a perfect gentleman and a strong Union man. He came from Baltimore two days previous to the picnic. He was stopping at the hotel. One day he invited Puss and me to join him at dinner. We did so. After dinner was over we accompanied him to his room and there I found during his conversation that he was a strong Union man; that during the war he became a spy for the benefit of the Union. He said he had

heard of the Little One and one evening he attended the theatre in Baltimore, saw the Little One dance and sing in a comedy and he said, "Oh, how I wished at the time that I could hold the Little One on my knee." He asked permission and I granted it.

While he was holding little Puss on his knee he said, "I have something very important to speak of to you, Mr. Warren. This Little One that I now hold on my lap sent a bullet through my brother's brain and he dropped from his horse on to the ground, a corpse. This Little One seized the bridle of his horse, galloped off with it and reached the inside of the Union lines." I said, "Mr. Frazier, that was in war times, and all is fair in war, you know—so the old song says." "At the same time," he said, "while my brother lay dead upon the ground, the rebels were hunting me down by his orders. I escaped back into the Union lines. Four days afterwards there was a man came to me at a certain place and told me of my brother's death. He said he was shot by a little old woman on horseback, who had a strong Tennessee accent and said she was looking for her son, Jeems O'Willoughby. This man that gave me the news was a Southern man by birth, but a Union man at heart. He often aided me in my work inside of the rebel lines. That man is here in Wilmington, and will be at the picnic. I will introduce you to him. His name is Clarence Wilberforce. The other evening when little Puss sang the old maid song, he recognized the voice of the one that shot down my brother. My brother he said, tried to seize the bridle of the old woman's horse, when she sent a ball through his head. Perhaps you wonder why I want to hold this Little One on my lap. It is because, General Warren, I know his and your secret. He was a Union spy, dreaded by the leaders of the rebel army. Warren, I am a medium and have the power of clairvoyancy, given to me as a gift from nature's realm; through my clairvoyant condition I have seen many things that have taken place in this Little One's life." Puss looked up with one of his roguish smiles and said, "Mister, will you lend me a quarter?" He was getting tired sitting on his lap. He asked permission to lay across the foot of the bed, which was granted, and he went to sleep. Mr. Frazier said, "I have something further to tell you that will surprise you. I



was present one dark night, I think it was one of the darkest nights I ever saw in my life. Part of the rebel army went into camp. Next day they expected to be paid in rebel money. The wagon that had the box with the money in it had a guard placed around it on the outside of the camp. Along about one o'clock in the morning came along a mulatto boy with a strong nigger dialect. He had a demijohn full of whiskey, he said. He told them he had stolen it from 'dat yar house ober dar'; he brought it to them, thinging they might want a drink, 'cause he liked to look at sojer boys.' He said, 'Hurry up and drink, boys, kase dey might be after me to get de demijohn back.' The boys filled up pretty well, declaring it was good whiskey—also the lieutenant that had charge of the men. I do not think it was half an hour afterwards when they were all fast asleep, lying on the ground. The whiskey was drugged. The boy in the meantime went away, carrying the demijohn with him. He came back after all the men were fast asleep, got into the wagon and opened the box; how he did it I don't know, for generally such a box has a good lock on it. He set fire to the money in the box, which of course consisted all of rebel paper money. The fire was not discovered until the wagon was on fire. It was too late to save the money. That little mulatto boy was that individual lying on the bed, for I will tell you how I know. As he was running away from the wagon I stepped towards him in the dark. He raised a dagger to stab me when I said, 'Go, boy, you are free; you have done this for the Union.' He said, 'Are you not a rebel?' and then fled into the darkness. I knew through the clairvoyant power I would see just such a scene that night." He looked at me and laughed, saying, "Isn't it wonderful that he never was killed?" I said, "Oh, no, the voice told me they would take good care of him."

Now I will go back to the picnic on the Brandywine. After we had partaken of lunch the ladies carried the dishes down to the river to wash them. The river bank is sloping and grand trees grow all the way to the edge of the water. While my Little One was sitting and talking to old lady Mitchell and several other friends, old lady Mitchell was chiding him for being so quick tempered and that he must learn to control himself. While she was talking and advising him, some of the men commenced

to shout and cut up. The Little One, she said, jumped to his feet and looked up towards where we were cutting up. A man by the name of Scott who was quite a friend of both Puss and mine, picked up a large stone and held it above his head, struck a tragic position and yelled out at the top of his voice, as he had seen Edwin Forrest do. He said to me, "Now I am going to kill you," and was about to say something else, which he never got the chance to do—that is, at that time. My Little One grabbed one of the knives that had been in use during the lunch; he gave a Highland yell, and before anyone could stop him he stabbed Mr. Scott with the knife. Fortunately the knife only went a little below the skin. It had to go through a vest, a dress shirt and an undergarment. The Little One jumped and struck for his heart with the knife. Mr. Scott staggered a little. I jumped to my feet and grabbed him in my arms. Then I said, "Puss, see what you have done." He looked at me and stared with fierce eyes and he said, "Weel, I hae done it, and I don't gie a damn." The next words came in good English. He said, "Papa, he was going to kill you, and I thought I would kill him first." Mr. Scott laughed and said, "You little Tartar, I wasn't going to hurt your father." Puss said, "Wasn't he going to hurt you, Papa?" I said, "Why, no; we were only acting out and cutting up." Then the Little One commenced to cry, and cried as if his heart would break. By that time we had laid Mr. Scott on the grass, opened his vest, shirt and undergarment and I was staunching the blood with my white silk handkerchief.

While the Little One was crying and wringing his hands, he got down on his knees, kissed Mr. Scott, saying, "I thought you were going to kill papa, and then I'd be left all alone in the world." Mr. Scott said, "There, there, now don't cry so hard. I wasn't going to hurt your papa. It isn't anything very serious, but it might have been, you young Tartar, had the knife been sharp." He looked at me and said, "Papa, your handkerchief ain't large enough—we will have to get a larger cloth." There was a lady stood near by who had a white apron on. He grabbed a hold of it and tore it off her, and placed it over the wound. The lady said, "You young devil, if you had asked me for it I would have untied it and given it to you." He said, "I didn't have time," which got the people all to laugh-

ing. It turned out to be the same woman that had made the remark about me, for which he cursed her.

The old Quaker lady said, "It does beat all. I was just advising him to control his temper." Mr. Frazier laughed and said, "You might as soon control the moon from shining at night," but thank God, Brother Hulburd, he learned to control a good deal of it.

The Little One sat down by Mr. Scott and held the cloth on the wound. After awhile it stopped bleeding. Mr. Scott said, "Now, you young Highland Tartar, if you'll sing some of your pretty Scotch songs for me I will forgive you and call it square." The Little One said, "Will you really forgive me if I'll sing for you?" Mr. Scott said, "Certainly I will." The Little One kissed him and then sang for him while all the rest of the people sat around on the grass listening to him. I will never forget that beautiful picnic ground on the banks of the Brandywine.

I invited Mr. Scott to come and stop with us in Philadelphia until his wound would heal, as the Little One said he wanted to nurse him. I tell you this, Brother Hulburd, to show the people some of my Little One's nature, and also that they may understand the picnic did not pass off without some excitement, as picnickers like to have some fun when they go to the woods, but not possibly that line of fun.

Mr. Scott remained with us until his wound healed. Our friendship became greater than ever, as I had given him the greatest treat he ever had in his life—that was to watch the Little One's nature and the extreme points it would go to. He made the discovery, he said, that my Little One's make-up was full of love, but when aroused, he became a little demon.

When Mr. Scott was parting with us he said, "I have never enjoyed any visit that I ever made in my life as I have this one." Our friendship lasted as long as I remained in a physical body.

At another time we attended a picnic given at the Wissahickon. It was got up by Doctor Spear and his friends of Philadelphia. Great was our joy that day as we had an abundance of amusement, singing, dancing and recitations. Many swings were put up for the benefit of the people, which they enjoyed largely. My Little One had me swing him. He would scream

and laugh when I would send him away up into the air. He never seemed to know what fear was.

Among the company there was a large number of the people who claimed to believe in Spiritualism, or spirit return, as it was called. They said many of their noted mediums were there present on that occasion. I remember one who bore the name of Anna Bullene. They claimed she was a wonderful medium. I did not test her powers, therefore could not say whether she was or not.

Mr. Spear, who was a good deal of an astrologer, and had studied astronomy quite largely, I should think, from his conversation, was there. He gave us a beautiful illustration of the planets and their forces.

We would not have gone to the picnic had I known or been informed that many of them were Spiritualists, as I did not wish my Little One to come in contact with Spiritualists, for I was very much opposed to it then and lived in dread of my Little One making predictions of which he did too much to my liking. I tried to smother it as I thought, but I lived to discover that I was an old fool, and it would show itself at all times and whenever it pleased, much to my disgruntled nature.

At this picnic I am describing after the people had partaken of food, they sat around in a circle and called on the mediums to display their art by telling them something of the spirit world. There was a man got up who claimed to be a doctor of some kind. He walked around among the people and described what he saw for them through his clairvoyant power. Many claimed what he told them was wonderful. I think the people addressed him as Doctor Shephard. I noticed after he sat down my Little One commenced to shake. I tried to get him to leave the company and go back and sit down under the trees. He said, no, he would not, very decided. He released himself from my hand, walked over to where there was a tall, dark-complexioned man stood by a tree. He had a black beard and mustache and large, dark eyes. He took hold of the man's hand, at the same time looking away off, as it seemed. He said, "I am on a road that leads to a coal mine. I see a man come up behind another man and strike him on the back of the head with a hammer. That man falls to the ground as if he

were dead, the other man searches through the pockets of his clothes and robs him of everything that he has in his pockets; among these articles are many bonds and a purse of money. The bonds are United States bonds, and that man looks a little like you."

The man laughed a peculiar laugh and said, "Little One, you have made up a pretty good story for the amusement of the people." The Little One said, "Perhaps I have, that man that was struck with the hammer is not dead and he stands over there, pointing to a man with red hair and red whiskers. The man with the red hair and red whiskers jumped and grabbed the dark-complexioned man by the coat collar, saying, "Brother Rob, I have got you at last. I have hunted you down, becoming my own detective." He then said, "Will some of you men assist me in placing this man in jail?" This is my brother, as that little chap says, he thought he had murdered me. After he robbed me of my government bonds and money he got my wife to fly with him to the West. He abandoned her there, after stealing her money and jewelry. She was weak and entered a house of shame. I have tracked him to this city. I was invited here today by Doctor Spear. I never saw him before with a mustache or beard. His hair, mustache and beard are dyed black. His natural hair in color is sandy, like mine,"—pulling off his red wig. He was assisted in taking the man to the jail. The man was taken back to the state of Illinois, where the deed was committed. He was tried by a jury and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

That is the last picnic I ever attended with my Little One, as I had gotten all I wanted picnicing with a crowd of people. I tried to hide his mediumship from the people, but now I can see I was foolish in doing so. We will continue at another time.

Friday, September 19, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I will now continue my communication. The medium was in such a condition yesterday I found it would be difficult to control his forces—he is so sensitive to the changes that take place in the atmosphere. Yesterday the haze affected him very much. It bore down on his condition and gave him a stupid feeling—he being so sensitive, all the passing little breezes of wind affect him when he is in

that condition, so I thought I would defer it until today—his physical body is far from well now. He is laboring under the effects of heavy gasses that surround your home at the present time. You must understand that when such a condition as is present with you now the gasses are heavy and more or less affect you all—it produces a tired feeling on the physical system.

In one part of my life, a Mr. Clifford and myself took out a company on the road, called the Broadway Company. We did well for the number of months we were on the road. We both cleared over forty thousand dollars—that is, Mr. Clifford and myself. We struck good weather all the time and had a brilliant comedy company, which received a great deal of praise through the newspapers. My Little One was the star. We played a comedy called "The Sins of the People." Mr. Clifford's wife and my Little One were great cards in their singing and dancing and comedy acting—as you know Little Puss was called the "peerless queen of burlesque and comedy." I see you have one of the programs here in your house which can testify to what I say.

But that which I wish to express to you is related to an occurrence that took place in the company, or I should say, an unfortunate condition was brought to bear by one of the members of the company—a man that was very aggravating. His whole makeup was that of tantalizing other individuals. One day he thought he would get off some of his funny business on my Little One. Puss warned him to desist and attend to his own affairs. He did not heed the warning and carried his funny business a little too far. He held a large pocket knife in his hand and kept thrusting it toward the Little One. Puss seized it and as quick as I can tell it, stabbed him through the center of the hand and left the knife sticking there. The man fainted and fell to the floor.

This occurrence of which I tell you took place in the green room at the Cincinnati Theater. After he recovered—that is, this Mr. McCracken, whose full name, as I remember it, was George McCracken—he threatened to have Little Puss arrested when the whole company said, "If you do it will be a bad day for you," for they all declared they would go into court and swear on oath that he tantalized and aggravated the Little One to

commit the deed. He saw he had the whole company against him; therefore did nothing toward having him arrested.

During the time he remained with the company, which was two months longer, he remained very docile and wasn't quite so funny. His gags were less and he paid more attention to his own business.

My Little One was very sorry that he had committed the deed. When I took him to task and scolded him somewhat for being so rash in doing such a thing as that, he looked up at me with those eyes of his, saying, "Papa Warren, he acted so I just had to do it; he was too fresh and required civilizing." I laughed right out and could scold him no longer, as I was glad he did not stab him anywhere near the heart, which might have resulted in a murder. Oh, that Highland temper of his was hard to control; but as years went on he controlled it more and more all the time. I had great delight in seeing that my education had some effect upon him.

Every once in a while, or perhaps I should say, every other day, he would give several screams, yell just as loud as his vocal powers would permit. After that he would quiet down when he would look at me with a smile on his lips and a roguish look in his eyes, saying, "Papa, I feel better now. I had to scream or I believe I would have burst my gizzard." That was a great expression of his; when he would get angry with anyone he would say, "Papa, I am so mad I could just chew their gizzard up." It would make me laugh, for I thought it was such a peculiar expression. I must tell you here that he had one of the worst tempers I ever saw in a human being. After he would get out from under that condition the members of the company could borrow anything he had, even to his diamond rings, of which he had seven.

Now I will relate to you a funny little occurrence that took place in a boat on a river. This will give you an idea of his nature.

With a number of friends we were in a boat on the Delaware. One of the men had been drinking some and became rather abusive. He was a military officer and quite prominent at one time in the field, but here I will withhold his name from the public.

During one of his abusive fits, or spells, perhaps you would call it, the Little One crept up behind him and with all the strength of his little body, pushed the man overboard. He always did everything quick and before I could grab him, he, too, jumped overboard after the man. After a good deal of labor and hard work, we got them both into the boat again.

I said to Little Puss, "What in the name of Heaven did you jump into the river for?" He said, "To save him," which was the cause of a big laugh, it being so ridiculous for anyone to think that a little creature like him could save such a big man from drowning. I said, "What did you push him out of the boat for?" He said, "I thought a ducking would sober him up," and I think myself, when they laid the man out in the bottom of the boat, he commenced to revive and at the same time grew into a sober and wiser man. That night he signed a pledge, saying that liquor should never pass his lips again, and I believe he kept his word, for I never saw him under the influence of liquor after that.

I conveyed my Little One to our home as quickly as possible, for he was soaking wet, put him to bed, gave him a hot lemonade and he was all right next morning. The officer's friends looked after his welfare. After that occurrence he became a changed man and his family was proud of him. He always called the Little One his savior, and on Little Puss's benefit night the family presented Puss with a diamond ring.

While we were stopping at one of the large hotels at Atlantic City, New Jersey, Little Puss said one morning to me, "Papa, I don't like to live in such a large hotel. Can't we rent a furnished cottage?" I said, "If you wish it." Finally, we rented a furnished cottage, invited the lady with whom we were boarding in Philadelphia and her maid to occupy the cottage with us. It was a cottage of five rooms, and we did not require so many. After we had lived in the cottage a week, my friend and brother officer, General Meade, made us a visit.

One evening during his visit, after we had returned from the hotel, where we dined a gentleman who had been a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment, accompanied us to the cottage. His name I cannot recall just now. He was a first lieutenant, and if ever his eye should peruse this communication it will recall to



his memory the condition of that evening—that is, the condition it found us all in. When we had opened the door and entered the cottage we saw a tall, dark form gliding toward one of the sleeping rooms. I followed it up and just saw it as it was vanishing through the ceiling. I came back into the center room and said, "How strange that was. I was there just in time to see the apparition vanish through the ceiling." The lady living with us said, "How strange it was; I would have believed it to have been imagination, if we had not all seen it at the same time." Brother Meade laughed and said, "It's some of Puss's spooks after him; perhaps it was Old Nick, himself, for you know, some people say Puss belongs to Old Nick." Just then the table slid along the carpet toward the lieutenant and went up and down three times.

The lieutenant commenced to laugh, and said, "Someone here must be a witch." When he said that the table slid back to the center of the room, turned around on its legs three times. After it had done that I noticed my Little One's body commenced to tremble. I took him in my arms and sat down on the sofa with him. I placed his head under my coat, foolishly thinking I could prevent them from talking. The voice spoke and said to the lieutenant, "I am your uncle," and I think he called himself, "Uncle Ezra."—I was murdered in this cottage for my money by a woman that I came here to live with—one that I had taken out of a house of prostitution. She went by the name of Belle Fletcher. It was my spirit you saw this evening. I want you to hunt that woman down. She lives on Brown street, above Tenth, Philadelphia. Tell my wife that I deposited a will with Judge Brewster. See that you do as I bid you: if you don't I will make it hot for you." Then the spirit left.

The lieutenant left the next morning for Philadelphia to see if he could discover the whereabouts of that woman, and if such a person existed. He found where she had been; that is, where she had roomed, but had left that same evening for Chicago—the evening which I speak of when we were all assembled in the cottage.

We heard afterwards that such a woman did exist and was killed in a railroad accident near Pittsburg. She was a daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher was employed in

a printing office. The mother, Mrs. Fletcher, taught music. The daughter had always been a wayward child and it looked as if they were not capable of controlling her. She was led astray by a young man studying for the ministry. She left home and lived with him for six months, and doing him, she took up with a gambler who finally placed her in a house of prostitution. Her father told me, with tears in his eyes, that he was glad when he heard of her death. He said her name was Jennie Fletcher, not Belle Fletcher, as the paper said.

One day, the Little One and I were visiting at a Colonel's home in New Jersey. While there a lady also made a visit at the home. I think she called herself either Mrs. Mellon or Mrs. Ellen. I have forgotten just which of the names she bore then, but I am confident it was one of those that I have just given you. She came to where the colonel and I were sitting in the garden under a large maple tree. It was the largest maple tree I ever saw, and formed a fine shade for anyone to sit under. She came towards us, smiling, saying, "Gentlemen, do I intrude?" The Colonel said, "Not at all, madam."

She sat down alongside of me on the grass and after becoming seated she took a letter out of her pocket, saying, "Gentlemen, listen to me. I have here a letter in which I have been presented an offer of marriage." That was the first time I discovered she was a widow. I said, "Then, your husband is not living?" She said, "Oh, no; he had been dead three years. Now, gentlemen, I want to read you that letter," which act I thought was very weak on her part to do and did not think it was discreet for her to read another gentleman's letter to us; however, she read it. In it were great protestations of love and a valuable offer of marriage. That is, such an offer would have been very valuable to many women looking for a husband. After she read the letter she placed it in her pocket, saying, "Gentlemen, what do you think of that?" at the same time looking into my face with a gracious smile. The Colonel said, "That is a big thing if you can close it up, Nell. Just think of the gowns and jewels you can wear." She said, "What does Mr. Warren think of it?" I told her that was what women generally looked for—plenty of money and a fine home to live in. She said in a very arched way, "Don't you think that Love

ought to play a part in it?" Oh, I said, "Love is an outside issue with many women. If there is any Love in it that comes afterwards." She said, "You men are a hard class of people to deal with." I discovered then she was a little on the order of a flirt, from her manner of speech.

During the time this conversation was going on, my Little One was off at a distance swinging with the children.

That evening after dinner I was walking through the park smoking a cigar. I was alone, my Little One had gone on a donkey cart to the village with the other children of the home. I leaned up against a large oak tree, while I was knocking the ashes off my cigar I lifted up my foot to strike a match on my heel in order to relight my cigar, and while I was in the act of doing so I heard footsteps approaching and the rustling of a woman's dress—that same lady that had the valuable offer of marriage presented to her, came direct to me, saying, "Mr. Warren, I have found you. Oh, it is so dull up at the house, and I came out to get the evening air. I do so love to ramble among the trees. Are you sorry I came? Perhaps I broke up your thoughts and scattered them." I said, "Oh, not at all, I was only thinking how my Little One will enjoy the ride in the donkey cart." She said, "He seems very precious to you, and I should think his mother would not like to spare him away so long from her company." I said, "As to that, madam, he has no mother." She said, "What are you—a widower?" I said, "I am anything, madam, that you wish me to be at the present." "Oh, then," she said, "we will take a ramble through the trees. Just imagine yourself Apollo and I am Diana come to greet his lordship in the woods." Then she gave a coquettish laugh and placed her arm through mine. We strolled under the trees and were silent for some time. She broke the monotony by saying, "Did the Colonel tell you that I was a sweetheart of his once?" I said, "No, madam, I never heard of you until today, when we met at the lunch table." She said, "Well, I was, and we were very happy in each other's love until that woman came between us," meaning his wife. We walked along for some time and neither spoke to the other, when all of a sudden she burst out in a passion, saying, "I hate her! I hate her!" I said, "Madam, you should not hate her; it was to be." She said, "Just stand

here and let us look at that beautiful sunset. Oh! isn't it glorious?" and just then she threw her arms around my neck, pulling my face down to hers, kissing me very passionately. She said, "General, I love you. My soul has loved you since my eyes first looked upon your manly form." I said, "Madam, I am sorry to hear you talk like this," for I commenced to think she was a little 'gone in the upper story,' as the boys say. She kissed my hand passionately and then threw herself on to my breast—that is, as far as her head could reach. She commenced to cry, and said, "Oh, tell me, tell me that you have some love for me in your heart." I said, I was afraid it hadn't reached there just yet. She said, "Tell me that you will marry me and no other woman." I commenced to think I had a lunatic to deal with and thought we had better get back to the house. I told her we had better retrace our steps back toward the house, the family would be looking for us to play that game of cards we had promised to do. She took my arm and we walked back toward the house. When we had returned about half the distance from that point where she had confessed her love for me, my Little One and two of the other children came running up to meet us. They were laughing and saying at the same time, "Oh, we have found you, you naughty people. You went into the woods to talk to the fairies, didn't you?"

We returned to the house. She said to me, "You be my partner at the table, won't you?" I said, "All right." We played several games of cards that evening. As my Little One was going upstairs to our room, Barbara, the maid, brought him a glass of lemonade, which he thought was very kind in her to do.

In about an hour after that he was seized by terrible pains in the region of his stomach and bowels. He commenced to vomit and vomited for about half an hour into a basin that I held for him. The family became alarmed and the Colonel and his wife and that woman came to our room to see if they could assist me in any way.

The family became alarmed and the Colonel and his wife and that woman came to our room to see if they could assist me in any way.

The Colonel's wife said, "He vomits like one that has been poisoned." The Colonel took the lamp from the table, came tow-

ard the bed, held it alongside of the basin in order that his wife might look into the basin. When she had done so she said, "Good God, he has been poisoned by someone—just look at that green froth there." We did so and discovered there was some green material that must have been placed in the lemonade. I told the Colonel and his lady that Barbara the maid, had handed him a lemonade before he reached our room. She and the children were standing outside of the open door while I pronounced those words. She entered and said, "Yes, I handed him a lemonade," and as she said so that woman tried to leave the room, but Barbara the maid, barred the way, and the woman grabbed Barbara by the hair of the head, saying, "You she devil, let me pass," but Barbara and the children held the woman, Barbara struck the woman in the face several times when she released her hold. Barbara said, "This woman gave me the lemonade to hand to the Little One, saying, 'Give that to the little dear. I think he is so nice.'"

The woman appealed to the Colonel, saying, "Oh, save me, as you know I am the mother of two of your children that we have placed in school. I fell in love with that man, Warren, and knew that I could not possess him for a husband, or even gain his love until I put that boy out of the way. I am a wicked woman, William, and have mercy on me, as once you loved me." I grabbed the woman, held her two wrists together while Barbara tied her apron tight around them. The Colonel's lady said, "You wicked woman, I see nothing for you now but the penitentiary." She left the room, returning with a drug in a bottle, saying, "Give five drops of that every ten minutes until we get some strong black coffee made."

When Barbara brought the black coffee to the room we gave him all he could drink of it, which, I think saved his life. In an hour after he had drunk a large quantity of the black coffee he commenced to vomit again. After he had finished we examined the vomit and found but very little of the green ingredient that the lemonade contained.

When Barbara, the children and the Colonel's lady had left the room the Colonel shut the door. He went in front of that woman, saying, "Nell, God damn you, for a bitch out of hell, what brought you here today?" She said, "I came to get

more money, and if you don't give it to me, I intended to expose you to your wife by telling her of a murder you committed." "A murder, you bitch!"—and before I could prevent him, he struck her a blow in the face which knocked her off the chair. I grabbed hold of him as he was about to kick her. I said, "Don't do that, Colonel; she is a woman, no matter how low she has become." She screeched out, "Yes; he is a murderer. He strangled his first child that I gave birth to." He said, "You fiend out of hell, who told me to do it but you?" She laughed and said, "When I came here I saw this man Warren and fell in love with him, then I relented of my purpose with you. You see we are both murderers. Now, do your best. Who bought this beautiful home for you? I did with the money that I stole from my father. Curses on you! You got me to poison my father and then rob him. Oh, you pass in the church for a fine Christian gentleman. You wrote me you could not let me have any more money and I discovered the arsenic you had placed in the letters, for I loved you with a demon's love, and now, curse you, we will go to prison together," and before I could prevent it he kicked her in the region of the heart. She fell back on the floor and in a few minutes' her spirit left her body.

They returned bringing the coffee which saved my Puss's life.

When the Colonel's lady saw the woman lying on the floor she said, "What is the matter with her? The Colonel was shaking, as if he had the ague. I spoke up quickly, and said, "The unfortunate creature died in a fit." She said, "God help us. What have we done to bring such trouble on our house?" I said, "Nothing, madam, whatever; that unfortunate woman, pointing at the body, was insane and took your husband for some man that she had been acquainted with. That is all."

The Colonel staggered out of the room, went to his own room. In a few minutes we heard the report of a pistol. The Colonel's wife, Barbara and the children rushed to his room. I could not leave my Little One to go then. I heard a scream. Barbara came back wild with fear, pointing to the room and telling me the Colonel had shot himself and that he lay dead on the floor. I said to my self, "Oh, why did we come here to witness

all this misery?" I remained with the family until the Colonel and that woman were laid away in the village churchyard.

I gave the broken-hearted woman and her children some good advice, then left, taking my Little One with me. I made him promise me he never would receive a drink of any kind in the future from a stranger.

We will continue at another time.

Saturday, September 20, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. Your sky is overcast with clouds this morning.

I wish to relate an occurrence that occurred in Baltimore. One evening my Little One and myself were walking toward the theater. As we were walking along my Little One said, "Papa, I feel queer." When we had walked a few rods further, all of a sudden he gave a terrible scream. He said, "Oh, papa, I believe I am shot, right here," placing his hand over his right breast. He staggered and I caught him in my arms.

While I was holding him I saw a man coming toward us. I noticed he was a heavy built man with a black beard that was quite long. As he was walking toward us another man stepped out of a doorway, saying, "God damn you, I've got you now," and shot him right through the breast. The heavy man fell to the sidewalk, crying out, "My God, Will, you have killed me!" The other one said, "I meant to, damn you." Three men grabbed the murderer and held him until a policeman came up and put the bracelets on him.

The remarkable part of it was that as soon as that man was shot, the pain left the Little One and he was all right.

We stepped forward and they were examining the wound to see what they could do for him before they placed him in a carriage to take him home. I discovered where he was shot corresponded to the same place where my Little One put his hand when he gave that terrible scream.

About a month afterward, while I was visiting a clubroom, some of the gentlemen there present got to talking about the man that was shot. A Mr. Kelsø said, "By the way, Warren, that man had a strong psychological power and had been using it on the man that shot him. He compelled him to tell a young

lady that he was engaged to he would not marry her. She became angry, ordered him out of the house. Next day she accepted another man's offer and got married."

When that man was released and came to his senses he borrowed a pistol from his brother, laid in waiting for the other man to come along, stepped out and shot him as the man approached. A Mr. Booth, an actor, who bore the name of Junius Brutus Booth, I think, said, "By the way, Warren, I heard that man make a bet that he could psychologize your Little One, as you call him, that he could not play that night. The bet was for a hundred dollars." I possibly think that evening as the man approached he was trying to force his power upon my Little One. I think that is why the Little One became so sympathetic with the condition that was to take place.

When I told the gentlemen in the clubroom how my Little One screamed and said he believed he was shot just a few minutes before the shooting took place, I told him when the man was shot the peculiar feeling left the Little One and he seemed be relieved of the pain. They all remarked how singular that was.

Another peculiar occurrence took place while we were in Baltimore. In the dining room one morning the headwaiter gave us seats at a table with a young lady and gentleman who seemed to have been recently married. While we were sitting at the table I heard the gentleman say to the lady, "I believe that is the little star sitting opposite us." The lady said, "What a small hand he has and isn't it a beautiful shape?" Just then the Little One became silent and did not eat any more. I whispered to him, "Pet, do you feel sick?" He did not answer me. After a little he spoke and said, "Lady, take the next train for your home. Your mother is dying. See to it that you do not fail to take the next train." The lady became pale and left the dining-room with her husband. The man told the landlord what the Little One had said, paid his bill and said they would leave by the next train.

The landlord requested the man to telegraph him if anything should come out of it, and he would pay for the telegram.

Next day the landlord received a telegram and it read thus, "My wife's mother died last night at half past ten. That little



creature is a witch, and I do not think it is right for you to keep him in your house." The landlord laughed and showed me the telegram.

There were two old gentlemen living in Baltimore who were great friends of the Little One. He met them in Baltimore before I became acquainted with him. After he had finished his engagement at the theater they sent us an invitation to come and visit with them a week at their plantation. We accepted the invitation and went. The Little One enjoyed it very much, as he liked to talk to the darkies.

One afternoon about four o'clock we were sitting in the parlor—but first let me explain to you how I will designate these two men—I will describe them thus—the oldest one was six feet, four inches tall and rather a heavy-built man. The other one was a small, slender individual and stood about five feet.

While we were sitting in the parlor there, as I described before, a carriage drove up containing three ladies and a gentleman. Two negroes attended to their horses. The three ladies got out of their carriage, entered the house; the gentleman that accompanied them remained sitting in the front seat. He entered into conversation with the tall gentleman, six feet four, whose name was Carrington. After a while the two gentlemen entered the house, came into the parlor and sat down on the sofa.

Before they entered the house the ladies and we became quite sociable in conversation.

When the other two gentlemen entered the parlor Puss and myself arose, were introduced to the gentleman who bore the name of Cecil Barrington. During conversation we made the discovery that one of the ladies was his wife—the other two being his sisters. The little one that stood five feet bore the name of Alonza Ramsdale. They all addressed him as Lon.

In a little while after we were all comfortably seated in the parlor a colored maid entered and presented each with a cup of chocolate. Lon said, "Puss, these cups and saucers belonged to Mr. Carrington's great grandmother; they were brought over from England." I noticed the cups had no handles to them.

While we were talking about going to play croquet, Mr.

Carrington said, "Puss, I want to make you a present of one of those cups and saucers and a plate that belonged to my great grandmother."

After that the three ladies, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Carrington and myself went out to play croquet. Lon said, "I want to take Justin through the plantation house and show him what quaint looking rooms there are in this house." While they were upstairs in one of the rooms, my Little One said to Lon, "There is an old lady here; she is tall and slender and one that I should judge when she lived in the body was quite dignified. She points for you to open that closet door and wants you to climb up to the top shelf and get that old tea caddy up there and bring it down." Lon called one of the servants to bring a step-ladder. When the servant did so he climbed up, got a hold of the old tea caddy, saying, "Why it's quite heavy, Puss, I wonder what can be in it." He handed it to a servant who placed it on a table. He got down off the stepladder, saying to the servant, "Bring a cloth and dust it off. It must have lain up on that shelf a good many years." Lon said to Puss, "Now, you shall have the honor of opening it. Perhaps it contains some valuable treasure. I always thought that I was an Aladdin and should find some vast wealth laid away somewheres," which made the colored servant laugh. Puss attempted to open it, but found it was locked.

The servant had to go forthwith and bring all the keys that were in the mansion—trunk keys, bureau keys and any key that she thought would answer the purpose. Finally, a key of a music box undid the lock. Puss raised the lid and the first thing they discovered was some papers and letters from England. The next thing they discovered was a ladies embroidered cap. In that cap was some valuable jewelry. There was a lady's large brooch with a beautiful emerald in the center, surrounded by nineteen diamonds and twenty-eight pearls with a bracelet to match. Three diamond rings and a piece of jewelry the shape of a leaf, covered with diamonds, rubies and pearls. It was an ornament to be worn by a lady in her hair. When they had removed the cap out of the caddy, underneath was a gentleman's large riding glove. When they removed the glove they discovered three hundred English gold sovereigns, coined

in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Lon was so excited he went to the window and called to us to leave off croquet playing and come up stairs as quick as possible. When we reached the room he had the jewelry and money displayed on the table. He said, "Behold what Aladdin's lamp has done for me," pointing to Puss, he said, "And there stands Aladdin's lamp."

When Mr. Carrington saw the jewelry he said, "My God, there's my grandmother's jewelry that we thought had been stolen and never could discover it's whereabouts." He said, "Where did you get it?" Lon said, "In that old tea caddy," pointing to a large old tea caddy that stood on the table. He said, "A spook came here and showed herself to Puss. She wanted me to climb up to that top shelf there in the closet, take down the old tea caddy and open it, and you see our discovery." Mr. Carrington said to Puss, "What kind of a looking spook was it?" The Little One described her. Mr. Carrington said, "That was my grandmother. She always looked like that, as I remember her. I have gone to that closet a number of times to get books, as you see, the shelves are filled with them. Every time I went to the closet I would see that old tea caddy standing up there on the top shelf, thinking it was placed there to get it out of the way, as it belonged to grandma. Well, Lon, you have made the discovery, and it all belongs to you, for what is mine is yours. Now, what are you going to do with it?" Lon said, "I am going to give a sovereign to each one of you present, and to Puss I'm going to give one of the rings and also that jewel leaf, that he may wear in his hair at the theater." We all received our sovereign, thanking him kindly. Then Lon placed the rest that was left into the tea caddy again.

Mr. Carrington removed it to their room down stairs. He said he and Lon would look at the letters and papers at their leisure.

Three months afterward Mr. Carrington wrote me a long letter in which he said, "Those letters found in the tea caddy were his grandmother's and great grandmother's love letters. One of the letters told of the marriage of his great grandmother to Sir Joshua Carrington of England. They are now deposited with the jewels and money in my large safe."

"Lon says he wants Puss to come to the ball given by the

Hopkins' students. He wants Puss to be dressed in black velvet and wear my great grandmother's jewels at the ball. He says he will accept no excuse whatever and will feel very angry if you do not come." We went; attended the ball and the Little One wore the jewels. With his own jewels and the ancient jewels he was a blaze of diamonds which seemed to please Lon and I was proud of him that night. If he had only been a foot and a half taller he would have looked like a queen in royal robes.

I will now tell you of another condition that took place. When we were in Pittsburg we accompanied a lady friend to the railroad depot, who was returning to Philadelphia by the night train. As we were bidding her good bye she took the Little One in her arms and kissed him. As she did so the Little One received one of his shocks. He took hold of her hands, saying, "Leanora, on board of this train here there is one of your kin and he is a man. The voice says, if you will go into the third car you will discover him." I said good bye. "Come, Puss, the conductor is hollering, 'all aboard.'"

At Dayton, Ohio, we received a letter from Leanora, in which it said, "I went into the third car as dear Little Puss said, and to my surprise, there I found my brother, whom I had not seen in fifteen years. He returned from Australia, did not find me in Philadelphia, went west to Chicago to my brother's, who informed him that my engagement finished at Pittsburg and that I had returned to Philadelphia to sing with the Galton troupe at the Chestnut Street Theater. I cannot tell you how glad I was to see him. He returns to us a wealthy man. I send this little gold nugget to dear Little Puss. May God bless him always, for he belongs to the spirit world. Now, Brother Warren, if I may call you such, you must not hide this power that comes to him away from the public, if you do I think you will regret it."

While we were in Dayton, Ohio, my Little One woke up one night, saying, "Papa, I saw a fire in the kitchen under the closed sink. I never was in the kitchen but I know there must be a closed sink there with a door to it. Now, you go and wake up the landlord quick and tell him there is something on fire in the kitchen."

I got into my clothes as quick as possible, cursing the spirits

all the time. I woke up the landlord; we both went down to the kitchen and there found a big blaze. It already had burned down the little door of the sink and part of the floor was on fire. We threw about twelve pails of water on it and put the fire out. He said that drunken curse must have thrown something into that closet that was combustible. It seems it was the habit of the cook to get drunk sometimes.

We went from Dayton to Cincinnati. While the company was playing there, during the performance one evening a man shot at my Little One on the stage. The bullet missed its mark. The man was arrested and taken to the station house. There he declared my Little One was his wife; that she had deserted him and his two children. They discovered the man was partially insane. His relatives came after him and placed him in a lunatic asylum.

While the company was playing in Washington, D. C., a woman in the audience shot at my Little One on the stage. She was arrested and taken to the station house. After the performance was over I accompanied my Little One to the station house, as he said he felt there was something wrong.

He had an interview with the woman, when he discovered the poor woman had been misled by a vile character who had represented to this woman that her husband had been spending money and making presents to the Dashing Blanchard. My Little One had never met the man in his life.

While we were there the husband arrived from the railroad depot. After the catastrophe took place, of which there was no blood spilled, the woman's ball went through one of the side wings, she being a bad marksman, and had never fired a pistol before in her life, they telegraphed to Baltimore for her husband.

He came on feeling dreadfully to find his wife there. When I saw who the man was I became sorry for him, as we were well acquainted—he being a popular man and well known to the public. While his wife was crying she told him the whole story—how this woman had written letters to her and finally came to see her in person and told her dreadful things about him and the Dashing Blanchard. She said, "I became so enraged

that I went to the theater tonight to kill her. I first went to the stage door, but they would not admit me to see her. The old man said they did not permit strangers behind the scenes while the performance was going on. I told him I was a particular friend of hers. He said he could not help that; that I would have to wait until the performance was over, then he would call her father to see what I wanted, as he could not permit me to go to her dressing room, as her father allowed no one to see her without his permission. I knew that wouldn't do. I went and purchased a ticket, for my brain was on fire. I was mad with jealousy. When she came upon the stage I fired at her before anyone could stop me, and Oh, thank God now I did not hit her. It would have made me a murderer."

Her husband said, "Describe the woman to me that called to see you today." His wife described her, when he said, "Good God, that's a woman that's been bothering me for the last three months. She's been sending letters to me and would also meet me in the street. She is a woman that I met in a house of ill-fame. She calls herself Molly Baxter. She came here to Washington with an army officer and claimed to be his wife. He left her here and she became one of the inmates of that house of prostitution where I met her."

The Little One took hold of the lady's hands, saying, "I am sorry for you, lady. That vile creature slandered your husband and misinformed you as toward me. I never saw your husband nor you before in my life. I cannot prosecute you but feel deeply sorry for the affliction brought upon you by that wicked woman. I can see through it all now, lady. That woman thought she would lead you on to do something desperate; that would cause you to be placed in prison—she thinking then she would get your husband for a companion. There are so many unfortunate women of the same stripe. I feel so badly for you, lady, that words cannot convey to you my feeling."

He went to the chief of police and said, "I cannot prosecute that lady, she has been misled by a vile woman and if you want any bail, my papa will go her bail." The chief of police said, "I will take your father's word for bail; but that is an unusual thing to accept anyone as bail that is not a resident of the city, and we will see what will come of it in the morning."

The lady was released and went home with her husband. Nothing came of the affair.

Her husband and I arranged that Puss and I made them a visit the next July and remained a month with them. We had a happy time. Puss and the lady became great friends. During the month of August they both came to our cottage at Atlantic City.

At another time while we were in Cincinnati, a man fell in love with my Little One, annoying him by sending him notes. I found out where the man's place of business was. I called upon him and told him in very plain words that if he did not stop sending notes to my Little One and quit annoying him in any way I would break him in two. I said, "Mark now, what I say, for I mean it."

He said, "Who is your Little One?" I said, "Sir, it is the Dashing Blanchard, and you will find that out, sir, if you do not stop annoying her with your notes."

One day at the hotel we were sitting at the breakfast table, which was a rare thing for us to do, as in general we had our breakfast in our apartments, the landlord and landlady sat down at the same table with us. During our conversation the landlord said to me, "General, some gentlemen and myself are going over to Covington to see a target company practice, don't you want to accompany us?" I said, "If my Little One is willing that I should go for awhile." He consented, and I went, saying I would not stay any longer than three hours; but the men were quite jovial and I remained away four hours.

While I was gone that man that annoyed my Little One with notes had made the discovery in some way that I had gone to Covington to be present at the shooting by the target company. In about an hour after we left the hotel that man entered our apartments without knocking. The Little One sprang to his feet—as he was lying on a couch at the time when the man entered the room. The Little One said, "Who are you and what do you want? How dare you enter this room without knocking or sending up your card. What do you want here, anyhow? Leave this room or I will alarm the guests in the hotel and they will put you out."

The man shut the door and stood with his back to it, say-

ing, "I came for you. I want you to quit this theatrical life and come and live with me. This is no life for you. When you live with me you will be happy and become a Christian. There is no actor or actress on the stage that is a Christian. Make up your mind and come with me. I know you are a girl living in boy's clothes. You will come with me, or I will kill you."

The Little One said he took a pistol out of his hip pocket and aimed it at him, ready to fire. The Little One said, "All right, I will go with you; wait until I pack up a few things." He went to his trunk, found his dagger in the tray, wheeled around on the man, saying, "Now, I will not go." The man attempted to fire the pistol. Before he could do so my Little One stabbed him in the arm with the dagger. He staggered up against the door, the Little One kicking the pistol out of his hand, then drew the dagger out of his arm. The man seemed to collect his senses then, left the room and bolted down stairs through the ladies' entrance. He went to a drug store to have his arm dressed.

The Little One locked the door and remained in the room until I came back, when he told me the whole affair. I went and got out a warrant for the man's arrest. They could not find him at his place of business, neither at his home. I learned afterwards that he had hired a livery man to take him to a point on the Ohio river, where he took a steamboat and reached New Orleans. I heard afterwards by a friend in Cincinnati that he sent for his family to join him in New Orleans. After he had been in New Orleans about six months he fell in love with a lady that sang in a church or became smitten on her, perhaps you would call it. One evening while he was escorting the young lady home from church he was shot in the calf of the leg by some unknown person, blood poison set in, from which he died. I have met him in spirit life and he tells me he has made the discovery here that he was related to my Little One through his grandmother, who was a Hulburd of Scotland. Her name was Miss Nettie Hulburd. He said when he lived in a physical body he was not evenly balanced. He said he had a weakness of falling in love, as he called it, with people that wore petticoats.

Now, I must tell you of another thing that took place in



my Little One's life. On our way back from Ohio the company played in Pittsburg. A woman in the hotel that Mr. Clifford and myself became acquainted with, became severely smitten with me, so much so that she wanted me to desert my Little One and go with her to France. There is where she said she first saw me while I was in Paris. She said one evening I entered the *Maison de Marballe* in company with two other young gentlemen. She said when she was living in Paris she played at the *Comedia Francois*. I told her such a thing could not be possible for me to leave my Little One.

On the last night of the company's engagement, my Little One had a beautiful bouquet of flowers sent to his dressing-room. One of the ushers brought it in person. When he reached the green room he smelled the flowers and in a little while became very sick. He handed me the flowers and as I passed through the green room I placed them on the Little One's trunk in his dressing room, shutting the door after me, as the Little One was on the stage at that time.

When I entered the green room again one of the ladies of the company was holding the usher's head. He had something like a convulsion. She said to me, "We have just sent the property boy for a doctor."

In about ten minutes the property boy returned, bringing a doctor with him, who had rooms across the street from the theatre. He looked at the young man and pronounced it as a bad case of poisoning. In some manner he had received the poison through his nostrils. He said to me, "You see," pulling one of his nostrils open, "It is all blistered on the inside. The poison must have been in powder form." I said, "Good God! could it be possible that he inhaled it from those flowers that he carried in to the Little One?" The doctor said, "What flowers, and where are they?" I produced the bouquet from the Little One's dressing room, holding it off at arm's length, which I did not do when I received the bouquet from the usher, but fortunately for me I did not smell of the flowers, not being so fond of them as the Little One was. Just think what might have been the fate of my Little One had he received the flowers from the hands of the usher. It just seemed as if my heart stood still for a few minutes.

The doctor wrapped the flowers up in two papers, saying he would analyze them at his office. The usher was carried to his office, where the physician could attend to him. He died in the morning. The physician said he did all he possibly could for him, that human skill could do.

The doctor discovered that the flowers had been sprinkled over with arsenic in powdered form. When that woman heard of the death of the usher and it was not my Little One she had killed, she lit out and went somewhere where we could not discover her. It seemed as if my Little One's time had not come, and he held a charmed life.

Oh, there is so much in his life to tell it would take at least four large volumes to continue the matter for the reading public. We will continue at another time.

Monday, September 22, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I see you have an east wind this morning. That is a good cause for health. An east wind dries up putrified matted and makes the surrounding atmosphere healthy.

I wish to relate, or I should say, rather, describe, a peculiar circumstance that occurred at the house where we boarded in Philadelphia. The lady's name was Madam Dorio. While we were boarding there I was called to New York to transact some business belonging to my grandfather. While I was in New York I received a telegram to come home right away; my Little One had got into some trouble. I arrived on the evening train, about six o'clock, at our home in Philadelphia. There was a man and his wife and a little girl who came to board at Madam Dorio's. The man's name was Edward Percival. He was in the wholesale boot and shoe business. The woman claimed to be a medium, so she told some of the boarders. I did not permit my Little One to hold any conversation with her. It was discovered that she was in the habit of drinking whiskey and gin, and sometimes got pretty well under the influence of those ardent spirits. I presume when she could not call the spirits from the spirit side of life she manufactured some for the occasion.

One day she was dealing with the spirits quite strongly and had pawned a brooch to raise the money to provide the spirits

for that occasion, as her husband would not allow her to have any money, knowing her weakness in the line of spirits, and sometimes they materialized too strong, to the disgust of the husband.

On the day that she pawned the brooch her husband came home and found her quite intoxicated. He tried to talk with her, but found her reasoning qualities had vanished. He waited until morning to explain and adjust matters to his own satisfaction. He discovered she did not wear her brooch as usual that morning. He said, "Where is my mother's brooch that I presented you with on our wedding day?" It was a beautiful brooch, for I noticed it several times when the lady wore it at the dining table. He said when he asked her where it was, she hesitated for some time and did not speak. He demanded an answer to his question. She stammered and said, "I—I did not like to tell you. That little Warren that lives down stairs with his father came up yesterday to our rooms and stole it."

The man said, "That made me angry to think your boy would do such a thing." He said he asked her again, "Are you sure he stole my mother's brooch?" She said, "Yes, I saw him steal it and run down stairs. That's what affected me so yesterday that I had to drink some liquor to steady my nerves."

The man went and swore out a warrant and had my Little One arrested, for the brooch was a valuable one. It had a large diamond in the centre, surrounded by rubies and was a present to Mr. Percival's mother from her grandfather on her wedding day. After my Little One was arrested and taken to the station house, Thomas Scott, a prominent railroad man, called at Madam Dorio's to see me on some business. Madam Dorio was dressed to go to the station house and met Mr. Scott in the hall. She told him what had happened to my Little One.

He said he would go right with her and bail my Little One out so that he could play at the theatre that night. On his way to the station house he telegraphed me to come right on, which I did. When I arrived at our apartments I found the Little One lying on a lounge, crying, and in a dreadful nervous condition. Mr. Scott and Madam Dorio were with him.

I said, "Pet, what is the matter? What has happened?" He was so nervous and so excited he could not tell me. Then

Madam Dorio explained all. She said, "This morning I notified those people to leave the house." I took the Little One up and placed him on my lap. After awhile he commenced to quiet down, when he said, "Papa, I never spoke to those people in my life." Madam Dorio spoke up and said, "Don't worry so, pet; that unfortunate woman has done something with that brooch. No doubt she has sold it to get money to buy liquor with. She accused you of stealing it because you're little, not daring to accuse any of the grown people with the theft." Mr. Scott said, "Warren, you must make that man sweat for this." I quieted down the Little One and he went to sleep. He played that night at the theatre. During the performance I noticed he was quite nervous.

Mr. Percival said to me that about one o'clock next morning his wife got out of bed and went to the bath room. He thought he would get up and look in her pockets to see if she had any money. In one of her pockets he found her purse. He lit the gas, opened her purse and held it under the gaslight. He discovered there was four dollars there and a little change. When he had taken out the money he saw there was a piece of paper at the bottom of the purse. He thought he would look at it to see what it was, and to his astonishment he discovered it was a pawn ticket for six dollars. She had pawned the brooch and received six dollars for it.

When his wife returned from the bath room he knew by her manner she had been drinking. He held the pawn ticket in front of her, saying, "Look at this, you wretched woman. You have pawned my mother's brooch and got six dollars on it. You said you saw Mr. Warren's boy steal the brooch. Have you stopped to think for one moment what trouble you have got me into? I had little Puss arrested for theft, and now they can prosecute me."

He came to me in the morning to beg my Little One's pardon for the wrong he had done him and also to beg my pardon, saying, "You see what a drunken woman can do." He handed me the pawn ticket to look at. I put it in my vest pocket, saying, "Mr. Percival, I will now prosecute you for the disgrace you brought on my Little One. This pawn ticket I shall produce in court as evidence showing that your wife pawned the brooch.

she accusing my Little One of stealing it. You did not look into the matter properly, neither did you consult my Little One to see whether he would admit the theft or deny it, but you went right off in a rage and swore out a warrant and had my Little One arrested. Now I will prosecute you for false imprisonment."

Mr. Percival broke down and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh, Mr. Warren, is there no way we can settle it without going to court? It will disgrace my wife and her family. I did not know when I married her that she drank liquor." I said, "Mr. Percival, you did not stop to think what disgrace you would bring upon my Little One and me. Now you shall pay for it. You will pay over to my Little One five hundred dollars, or we will have a law-suit." He went to my desk, took out his check book, filled out a check for five hundred dollars and handed it to me, saying, "I am sorry—I was too hasty, as you have shown me. The brooch belonged to my mother and I prize it very highly. I will go and take it out of pawn, and that woman shall never see it again." I handed him the pawn ticket, when he said, "I would leave her now, only for our little girl." I said, "You must do as you think best," and bade him good morning.

Madam Dorio was so angry that she told him he must leave the house that day. They got a room at a Market street hotel. The unfortunate woman kept on drinking until finally one night she was arrested in the street drunk, and taken to the station house. Mr. Percival forbade her coming to his apartments. She went home to her father's family. He put the little girl into a convent school and made short work of it by getting a divorce. The unfortunate woman committed suicide. He never married again. By degrees he, my Little One and myself became great friends. He returned to Madam Dorio's to board and I think after a time he became quite contented with his life. His friendship for my Little One became very strong. When he passed out of the body and his will was read, they made the discovery that he had left my Little One ten thousand dollars in government bonds, which were turned over to us. Mr. Percival wrote an article, had it published in the Philadelphia Leger, exonerating my Little One from all blame in the theft of the brooch.

I will now describe another peculiar thing that took place in my Little One's life.

We were sitting in a ferry boat that crossed the river to Camden, New Jersey. A lady came up to us with a baby in her arms. It was dressed beautifully and I should judge, was six or seven months old. She said to my Little One, "Boy, will you please hold this baby for just about two minutes until I run back to the office? The man has not given me the right change." My Little One said, "All right, madam," and received the child. He hugged it up to his breast and smiled, saying, "Papa, isn't it beautiful?" The boat started and the woman did not return. My Little One said, "She has missed the boat, and will come over on the next one. Just think what that poor woman's feelings must be, separated so long from her baby." We waited at the ferry house on the Camden side until four different boats came in, but no woman came for her baby.

We went to the home where we were invited to attend a lunch given in honor of Walt Whitman. When we arrived there with Puss carrying the baby in his arms, for I did not dare to handle it, as I never held a baby in my arms in my life, but little Puss, and he, fortunately, was strong enough to sit up and make his wants known. His commands had to be attended to right away, and if they were not, I was allowed to know the reason why. Oh, he was mild and gentle, but very emphatic.

When he had described to the lady of the house all about the baby and the woman that gave it to him to hold, she said he could leave it there until its mother called for it; that we could advertise in the Ledger where the baby was. The Little One said, "Don't say anything about it, Papa, and perhaps we can keep the baby." He was very fond of children. I said, "Just now, as we are situated, we could not take care of a baby, and we'll have to give the woman her baby back." I saw the mother nature beaming out of his eyes, and he reluctantly gave the baby up. I inserted an advertisement in the paper, but the woman never called for her baby and the family adopted it. They called it Henry Miller, their family name being Miller.

One day we called on Walt Whitman, the poet, to make him a visit of two days, as he requested. They were very pleasant days, he telling us much of his past life.

The second evening a few friends called to make him a visit. While we were sitting in his little front parlor, a lady who bore the name of Mrs. Singleton came in. She turned out to be a medium. This was before the Civil War. She said, "Mr. Warren, I see your boy surrounded by soldiers, but they do not all wear the same colored uniform. I see a river divide them. On one side of the river the soldiers wear a grey uniform. On the other side of the river they wear a blue uniform, and yet your boy seems to be just as much at home with either one of those armies. I see him crossing and recrossing that river, mingling freely among the soldiers and singing for them. Mr. Warren, that means something. I am afraid it means war. But why your boy should mingle so freely with the soldiers on both sides of the river I cannot tell, because they wear different uniforms, and do not seem to be friendly to each other. I am afraid our country is going to get into trouble." This was in '57. After '61 I understood it thoroughly. What she saw was my boy passing to and fro between the union and rebel lines.

Brother Hulburd, there is so much to tell that took place during his life while he lived with me that I cannot give expression to here. I want to leave some space in the book for others.

Why are we giving his life through his own mediumship? I know he would not give it in any other way. He is not capable of doing so, as he lacks education and never had a desire that the world should know his past life, but we, as spirits, have that desire. We want the reading public to know something of a natural born medium and his life. What they pass through the reading public would hardly believe. Their ups and downs are many, and I do not wonder that they become so tired of their existence in a physical body.

You were chosen for this work. You wield the pencil and we give you the memories of his past life. Oh, it was a sad one, before I found him or her, as you choose to call it. The female part was always the most prominent part of his nature. I really should say her nature, for she gave to me that love that is so seldom found in human nature. It was the love that had all the ferocity in it of a tiger and the gentleness of a lamb. She made me one of the happiest men living, as I was selected for

her guardian by the spirit world. She would play around you like a little kitten and give out all the love of her heart to you. Selfishness was unknown in her makeup, but when aroused to anger she became a demon, and then she was beautiful to behold. She would cut or strike the party that made her angry with anything that she could get hold of. I have seen her hiss out like a snake when I would hold her back from attacking any one. She was always loved by the managers and the members of the company when they realized her condition and understood her thoroughly. She never cared any more for the President of the United States than she did a laborer on the street. If they were good and behaved themselves they were just as dear to her as the greatest of her friends. She never seemed to care when people came into her life and went out of it. It was all the same to her. There were some of her friends that she was more attached to than others, but when the time came for them to part, it never seemed to affect her as it would some people in life. She would bid them good-by as calmly and quietly as if they had only met for the first time. I think her nature was but little understood by her friends, and she was looked upon as a peculiar creature. To sum it all up, my Little One was a freak in nature.

Now, the title of the book shall be, "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet." That is what the public shall read on the title page of the work.

I did not always claim to be a moral man, but I claimed to be an honest man, and such I proved myself to be to her. I was the father of forty-eight children by different women. I was kind to my Little One and gave her all the love I had while living in a physical body.

My affinity in spirit life bore the name of Julia Hawthorne, the blind singer. While living in a physical body my Little One knew her well and they often sang together. I have realized since coming here to spirit life that those whom you live with in the physical body are not always spirit mates. We mate here together, living happy in each other's love, with no thought of the animal passion in our natures.

The woman that I married and who bore me children has no attraction for me here in spirit life. I am glad my Little One



distributed my goods among her children. I am glad he gave my sword and ring to the oldest boy. It was too bad he lost his life-sized portrait in the fire, but I know my face and memory is always with him.

Brother Hulburd, when you come to spirit life you will see I was no small man when I lived in a physical body. She always looked like a little child alongside of me and I have not forgotten how she liked to ride pig-a-back and play circus.

Now, I thank you for taking down my communication, and I know you will get your reward, for such a work as this goes not unrewarded.

Put me down as "Papa Warren," that is always what she called me. I leave Julia's love and mine also for her. She has lived to an old age as the spirit world had a work for her to perform and she had to finish this section of it while living in this physical body. Be kind to her for she is growing feeble. Her task was a hard one, but she walked through it like a general. God bless her and may the God bless you, too, if there is such a principle in nature. I know the angels will bless you anyhow. Good day.

Thursday, October 2, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I am once more in the field. My Little One when living in the body was naturally religious. Her ancestors were all Catholics, and he naturally was baptised in the Catholic Church. He believed in Jesus Christ; that he came to earth as a moral reformer; that he gave to the world a high civilization; that he came upon earth through the Christian religion. He believed in no miraculous conception at all. He always said to me, "All things come through the natural process of laws in nature. I do not believe, Papa Warren, there ever was a force took place outside of nature. The overshadowing of the Holy Ghost is all bosh. It is only the conception of a superstitious writer. He wrote that up knowing of the superstitious condition of the people fostered upon their credulous and superstitious minds." (At this point came a loud rap.) "Knowing that they would have full confidence in anything that came through priestcraft, believing that God had changed one of the laws in nature for their especial benefit, and also for the benefit of the male child of Mary, the Holy Ghost being the

father and Joseph the husband of Mary was only an outside issue, being an old man and was willing to submit to anything that took place as long as Mary's child was represented as the Son of God or God himself taking on a human body—a disgrace to all human intellect. He did not believe that Jesus Christ was his Savior. His belief was that every individual had to pay the penalty for his own sins and crimes committed in life." I wish to relate an incident, or I should say, a foolish part that a man played in life.

There was a Mr. Joseph Green, a leader of a band, who became fascinated with my Little One. As you must understand, my Little One was a natural born flirt, and used that art or talent as you choose to call it. It was as natural for him to flirt on the stage as it was for him to eat, and many men fell under this spell or condition. That Mr. Joseph Green that I speak of was one of the weak-brained men in life. He was a married man and had a family.

While our company was playing in Cincinnati, he fell under the fascination of the Little One, and followed us around to several towns. One of my company acquainted me with the fact that he was acquainted with Puss. I went and spoke to him in a gentlemanly way, saying, "Mr. Green, don't be foolish and act an unmanly part; go back to your family and let this be a lesson to you in life. You have become fascinated with a natural born flirt. I know it has cost you a large sum of money for the flowers that you have thrown to her upon the stage. She cares no more for those flowers or for you than she does for any old Italian organ grinder on the corner of the street. Now go back home and become a sensible husband and father, never forgetting a part of your life wherein you became a weak man and was fascinated by a stage flirt. Do not forget, at the same time, it was both unmanly and unwise for you to desert your family and follow around a person that you even had not become acquainted with yet.

He left us in Springfield, Ohio, and we heard nothing further of him until he made his appearance at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

One day Brother Meade, Madame Dorio and her maid, myself included, went out for a carriage ride. Puss had been in-

vited by a congressman's family to make them a visit at the hotel, and he did so. While there he remembered he had forgotten a present he had at the cottage for the little boy of the family. He told the lady he would return to the cottage and get it. He would only be gone a little while. The little boy said he would go with him, which he did. When they had arrived at the cottage Puss presented the little boy with his present. They were about to leave the cottage when they heard a knock on the door. Puss thought that was strange that the person did not ring the bell. He paid no attention to the first knock, thinking they would leave, whoever it was. The individual knocked again. Puss went to the door and locked it on the inside, thinking it was strange the person did not ring the bell. He thought it was not wise to open the door. He thought he would leave by the back door of the cottage. When he had opened the back door there stood the man Green. He pushed the Little One back into the room, entered and shut the door at the same saying, "I saw the rest of your folks out riding in a carriage. I thought, perhaps, I would find you home. I knocked twice at the front door, receiving no answer, I looked in the window, saw you and the little child going toward the back part of the cottage. I hurried around and met you, as you see. We are alone; that child does not count for anything. I have abandoned my family to follow you here. I want you to go with me to England and go right now. I mean business, and if you don't I'm going to kill you." The little child commenced to cry when Puss quieted him by saying, "It's all a farce; it's only fun, baby." He turned upon the man and said, "You must be mad. How dare you follow me around?" The man said, "How dare I? You are a magnet and draw me to you. I have now become a disgraced man. I have abandoned my family, forged my father's name for \$30000, and I am here waiting to see what pity you have for one who loves you." My Little One said, "Foolish man, go away. I want to have nothing to do with you." The man said, "You don't? Then, by God, you will, for we will die together." He took a pistol out of his pocket, placed the cold muzzle of it against my Little One's forehead, pulled the trigger, but it would not go off. I think the reason was the cap had become too wet from the perspiration of the man's body—it being a hot

day in August. When my Little One discovered the pistol did not go off he kicked the man in the stomach which laid him out on the floor. He and the child fled from the cottage. He went direct to the hotel, told the family all that had happened when the congressman said, "Come quick and we will return to the cottage." They had another man accompany them. When they arrived at the cottage they found the man Green had gone; his hat and pistol laid upon the floor.

When we had returned from our drive and the Little One had told me all that transpired during our absence, I went immediately and got a warrent out for his arrest. All trains and boats were watched. He was nowhere to be found in the city.

It was discovered two months afterward that he had a little yacht lying off the shore in which he intended to carry my Little One away from Atlantic City. I did not hear of him for two years, when I read a notice copied from a San Francisco paper in which it said a Joseph A. Green died in San Francisco, who was a leader of a band. In spirit life he tells that that was he.

There is a beautiful female spirit that was once known by the name of Laura Keene when living in a physical body. She says she was lessee of a theater that bore her name on Broadway, New York. She tells me that the Little One played in a Christmas pantomime at her theater during the holidays. He played a particular part and as she had selected him for that part she dressed him up as a gaudy butterfly. He had beautiful wings on his shoulders and was discovered inside of a rose, when it had opened from a bud. It was a beautiful sight to behold, she said, "He was discovered sitting there. As the bud opened and the rose unfolded its petals his whole body looked like it was covered with diamonds. As the rose bent toward the stage he sprang out and commenced to dance, flitting across the stage like a butterfly when the applause became tremendous. At the finish of the dance he sprang into the center of the rose again, when it closed up like a bud. The applause becoming so great he had to repeat it." She said he was a strange little creature, who seemed to fascinate people that he came in contact with. Dolly Davenport, then an actor in New York, at that time, became so fascinated over the little creature that he took poison because the Little One would not live with him. He was saved

by the means of a skillful physician whose name was Doctor Mott. Laura Keene says she never understood the Little One, but loved him dearly. Many of the company she said, liked to kiss him at rehearsal, he had such red cheeks. She laughingly said, the manager of the theater was fascinated by the Little One, and would present him with beautiful cut flowers, right in the midst of winter, which cost him considerable money. The Little One would divide the flowers among the company. She said she remembered one morning a beautiful large box filled with candy was left at the box office for him. After he had received it he placed it on the prompters' table. I undid the wrapper and opened it up for him when he said, "Ladies and gents, fall to and partake of the sweets. If you can't all have the pleasure of kissing the man that brought them, you are just as well off as I am, for I never saw the man in my life. Heaven knows what the second edition will be," which got the company to laughing. She said he could not read then, and she read his love letters that he had received from admirers, for it was impossible to get anyone to think it was a boy. She has related so many things to me about my Little One that I enjoyed very much listening to his antics before I became the possessor of his little physical body.

At one period in his life he had quite a flirtation with a Christian minister, who came to the theater disguised as a fireman from a neighboring city. He wrote several notes, she said, to the Little One, then made his appearance in person, dressed as a fireman. She discovered, she said, the fireman's language was too elevated and refined for one in that line. She said, "You are not a fireman, but an educated man and I do not want you coming here after this Little One." He laughed, and said, "Miss Keene, I am not a fireman but a minister of the gospel."

She said when she lived in the physical body she was a religious woman and that shocked her. She ordered him out of the theater, but he waited around—waiting for the Little One to come forth from the stage door. He followed the Little One until he reached Bleecker street. He accosted the Little One, saying, "Come with me and have some ice cream and cake."

They went to a restaurant on Broadway, where they had ice cream and cake. While sitting at the table, the minister said,

"Let us take a sail down the bay as far as Staten Island." The Little One thought it would be fine to sail down the bay. The minister purchased tickets to go on board of a steamer that went as far as Sandy Hook. When they arrived at Sandy Hook, the minister said, "Come, we will go and get dinner at a house where I am acquainted." While dining at this house the Little One overheard some conversation in which the people said, "The steamer leaves in ten minutes more."

He left the house unnoticed, while the minister was conversing with the woman of the house. He made tracks for the steamer, got on board, after which they hauled up the gang-plank. The steamer sailed up the bay for New York, leaving the minister of the gospel behind at Sandy Hook. When the steamer reached the dock at New York they were commencing to light the city lights. On the passage up to New York, the captain approached the Little One, saying, "Boy, where is that man that came down on the steamer with you? Why is it that you return alone?" "I have to play at the theater tonight, and he didn't have time to get back to the boat," the Little One said. The captain laughed and said, "I feel there is something wrong here. You are not a boy, but a girl dressed in boy's clothes. You say you play at a theater." The Little One said, "Yes; I am playing at Laura Keene's Theater now." The captain said, "What is your name on the bill?" The Little One said, "They call me 'The Dashing Blanchard.'" The captain said, "I feel there is something wrong. You will go with me to the pilot house and remain there until the boat lands; then I will get a carriage and take you to Laura Keene's Theater, for I am a father of children and feel it my duty to see you safe to the theater. I will ask for Laura Keene and find out who you are." When the carriage arrived at the stage entrance, the captain asked to see Laura Keene. She received him in the green room. When he entered, holding the Little One by the hand, she wondered what was the matter. He addressed her, saying, "I believe I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Laura Keene." She said, "That is my name. What may your name be?" "I am Captain Hulburd, of the Steamer Sea Bird. I noticed on my trip down the bay this Little One, who says he is a boy—but I do not believe it—was on board of my steamer, accompanied by a man, whose ac-

tions I did not like. He did not act toward the Little One as if he was a boy, but more like a lover who had eloped with a girl in boy's clothes. At Sandy Hook when the men were about to raise the gangplank I saw the Little One running toward the boat, waving his cap. I told the men to hold fast until we would see what the Little One wanted. He rushed up the gangplank on to the boat, saying, 'It's all right now.' I told the men to haul in, feeling that there was something wrong." He continued, "Now, lady, do you know this person and is he one of your company?" She said he was at present. She thanked him for his kindness in bringing the Little One to the theater.

He said his name was Captain Horace Hulburd. She wrote him out a pass for himself and family, saying, "If you do not live too far away, you have yet time to get your family and attend the performance when you will see the Little One in the pantomime." He withdrew from the stage entrance, went for his family and returned to the theater in time to see the performance as the curtain went up.

He wrote her a note next day, thanking her for her kindness, in which he said, "I cannot believe that is a boy," and inviting her and the Little One to take dinner with him on Sunday, as his boat did not run that day. They went and were received kindly by the captain and his family, who lived on Bond street, near the Bowery.

During the conversation at the table, they spoke of the man in whose company the Little One was seen. The captain said, "Miss Keene, I am going to trace that man up, if I possibly can, and find out who he is, and what was his motive to induce the Little One to go to Sandy Hook, for it is a bleak-looking place at this time of year.

He traced the man and found out that he was not only a minister but a professor in a theological college, whose name was Charles Hulburd, and they were cousins. He was so disguised that he did not recognize his cousin professor. When he discovered who the man was he wrote him a letter asking him to come to his home on a Sunday, when he would be at home, saying he had some very important information to give concerning money that had been left the family in Scotland. That was bait which drew the professor to the captain's home.

When the professor arrived at the captain's home he received a cordial greeting by the family. The captain invited him to a room upstairs, where he could impart the valuable news to him about the money that had been left in Scotland. When they had reached the room the captain pointed to a chair, saying "Be seated cousin." The captain went to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket, saying at the same time, "That will prevent anyone from entering during our conversation."

When the captain had seated himself in an easy chair, he said, "Cousin, I believe you look upon yourself as a good Christian, and that you and your family are strict members of the Christian church. Where did you intend to take that boy that you had with you on board my boat? You both got off at Sandy Hook. How comes it, cousin, that the boy returned alone to the boat and you did not accompany him? Now, I fully believe that boy is a girl, living as a boy and wearing boy's clothes. Now, you are a married man with children. I repeat this so that you will keep it in your memory. What did you intend to do with that girl, and why did she return to the boat alone?"

The captain said first off the professor became furious, and said it was none of his God damn business what he wanted with that girl. "If this is what you have brought me here for, open that door and let me out. I will never enter your house again. You attend to your own business and let mine alone."

The captain said, "Not so fast my good minister of the Christian church; it is my duty just now, as a father, to attend to some of your affairs. Now, if you do not come right out and tell me why you were in that disguise with that child in your company and what you intended to do with her, I will expose you to the faculty of the college; besides I will advertise you in all the public newspapers, showing what a black hearted scoundrel you are and that you are a dangerous man to be admitted into any family where there are young females."

The professor turned pale, broke down and commenced to cry, saying, "Cousin, I am a wicked man, I know, but I am not altogether to blame in this. While in New York here I attended Laura Keene's Theater. While looking at the performance from the box, that little creature flirted with me; she bewitched me, and I fell desperately in love with her. She was in my dreams



all that night at the hotel. It just seemed to me I could not wait for evening to come, I wanted to see her so much again. I purchased flowers, presented them to her from the box. When she received them our eyes met. After that I became a lost man. My whole desire was to possess that creature. I forgot I was a professor and the father of a Christian family. Oh, Cousin Horace, if she had looked into your eyes, as she looked into mine, then I will say, in the name of God, you might have been lost to all that is pure and holy. I became her victim, assumed the disguise you saw me in, induced her to accompany me on board of the steamer to sail down the bay as far as Sandy Hook. When we landed there and walked in among the pines, I discovered a house at a distance in which I said the family and I were old friends. That was a lie, cousin, for I never was there before in my life. I was self-conceited enough to think you would not recognize me in it. While I was making arrangements with the women of the house to board us, the Little One left unnoticed by any one, and reached the steamer. Now, cousin, how did you discover who I was?"

The captain said, "I sent one of my men to that house to ask what had become of you. She said you remained there two days. After that she did not know what became of you; but you had left your pocketbook under the pillow in the bed. My man brought the pocketbook to me as the woman was anxious to know who you were and could not read. In your pocketbook I discovered several of your cards, also a letter from your wife. The woman accompanied my man to the boat when I told her that I had discovered who you were; that you were a good Christian and that I would return your pocketbook to you, which I now do."

The professor said, "God help me, she ensnared and bewitched me, and I have fallen from the grace of God. Oh, cousin, if you will only keep my secret I will become a moral, just and honest man, and will walk in the footsteps of my Lord."

He pleaded so that the captain said that he would keep it a secret, hoping that he would become a moral man in the future. This is the tale, as Laura Keene gave it to me. Oh, there has been so much that has taken place in my Little One's life. When we were playing at Albany, state of New York, there was a peculiar thing that occurred there.

The company was playing in a comedy called "The Dancing Master on a Lark." My Little One was the booby pupil of the dancing school; that is, she could not learn anything right, as the other pupils. She was so awkward in trying to learn the dancing steps that all the pupils and the dancing master got out of patience with her. He struck at her feet with a cane. She jumped up and screamed, falling into a private box among several gentlemen. One of them lifted her up to assist her to get out of the box. As he did so he kissed her. The affair was witnessed by the gallery gods, which was the cause of a big laugh. They hollered out, at the top of their voices, "Do it again, old man: she likes it."

When the curtain had dropped on the performance, Mr. Clifford received an invitation for the company to attend a lunch given in honor of the booby pupil. We all attended in a body. The lunch was given in a private room of the governor's mansion. We enjoyed ourselves very much on that occasion. I noticed while there the governor paid a good deal of attention to my Little One.

The man that kissed my Little One in the box became jealous. I think he had indulged too much in wine, for he struck the governor in the face, saying, "Take that, damn you. She is not in love with you but with me, and I'm going to marry her." That man was a president of a bank. I thought it was time to take my Little One away, so we left and went to the hotel where we were stopping. Next morning we left on the day boat for New York city. As my Little One was in love with the Hudson river, he liked to sail up and down on the boats. The president of the bank was also on the day boat. I went to him and calling him by name, told him that the Little One belonged to me and I wanted him to keep away. "If you don't, I will throw you into the river." That intimidated him for a time.

He put up at the same hotel where we were stopping—the New York Hotel. He wrote my Little One a note with a great deal of effusion, called love and endearments, asking my Little One to meet him at Barnum's Museum on Wednesday afternoon. I went to the landlord of the hotel, to whom I was well known, laying the facts before him, asking him to notify that man to

leave the hotel or my Little One and I must do so. The landlord sanctioned my request by notifying the man to leave the hotel. We had been guests of the hotel off and on for a long time. We always made that our headquarters and were well known to the old guests of the house.

That president of the bank afterwards married one of my cousins—a beautiful young lady. Their first baby was named after my Little One.

I will now close. You can place this in the communication after the theft question, where it belongs. I returned today at the request of Laura Keene, she having a strong desire that the reading public should understand she had some acquaintance with my Little One and loved him dearly. She says she cannot call the Little One anything but "her," as she is more of a female than a male and played hob with any man she fastened her eyes on.

Such has been the life of my little Justin. Good day, Brother Hulburd. I thank you.

Friday, October 3, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I called this morning to give to you an explanation and also to the public, why my Little One was not educated. After we had lived together about six months I found he was not educated and thought I would undertake the task myself. I found he was a ready and apt pupil, but commenced to get dreadful headaches; so much so that I was afraid it would affect his eyesight and gave it up for awhile.

My aunt, the Little One and myself made a visit to Watkins Glen, in the state of New York. We remained there two months and I thought I would get him to take up his lessons again, when the headaches returned. My aunt returned to her home. He and I went to New York city, where he signed a contract to play in the "Tempest," at the old Broadway Theater. He played a part called "Ariel." After we had gotten located in comfortable rooms I thought I would try the lessons once more, when I discovered that he was too tired after the long rehearsals and required a nap in the afternoon to rest. After they commenced to play the piece he was more tired than he was before, so I saw it was useless to make another attempt to teach

him for the present and thought I would defer it until the piece had its run.

When he had closed his engagement with the managers, Mr. William Burton engaged him for Philadelphia. He opened at the Arch Street Theater in a play called "The Sailor's Dream." The play was successful and ran for some time, drawing crowded houses.

Then I thought I would have him take up his lessons once more. He did so and made fast progress for about a month, when the headaches returned; they made him so tired that he commenced to show it in his acting. Mr. Burton called to see me and wanted to know what was the matter with the Little One, his acting was not as sprightly as it was at the beginning of the play, and his dancing and singing did not have the vim and fire to it that it had the first two weeks. I told Mr. Burton I was trying to educate him, as he was quite ignorant in the line of education. He said to me, "Please stop it, until the piece has had its run. I told him I would do so, I discovered the Little One was quite wirey but not strong, and required all the rest he could get in the afternoon. After he closed his engagement at the Arch Street Theater he was engaged for the Chestnut, where they produced "The Tempest." He played Ariel again, and after that the Page, in "The Old Man of the Mountain."

They would hand him his part and he would bring it to me. I would read it for him, as he could not read writing. After I had read it once he knew it and was letter perfect. I think he had the most wonderful memory of any person I ever met in my life. He would go to rehearsal next morning and recite his lines without the manuscript, to the astonishment of the company. I remember at one time they produced the "Star of the Rhine" at the old Bowery Theater—a play dramatized and translated from the German. One of the ladies of the company who was to play a responsible part was taken sick—I think her name was Miss Sally Sinclair. She was taken with convulsions after eating supper one evening. Mr. E. Eddy came to me one Sunday, saying, "Mr. Warren, do you think that Justin would be capable of getting up in a part for tomorrow night? The girl that was to play the part lies at her home very sick. Now, if you would do me the favor of assisting him to get up in the part I

shall always be your friend, and if the piece draws well, I shall make him a present." I told him I would endeavor to get him up in the part. I would go to where he was visiting and get him to return home with me, when I would acquaint him with the fact that you wanted him to become letter perfect in this part for tomorrow night. He left me, thanking me, and bidding me "Good afternoon."

I found my Little One and we returned to the hotel. I told him that Mr. Eddy wanted him to play a part tomorrow night in the "Star of the Rhine." He said, "Great Caesar's ghost! that's too short a time, papa, for me to get up in that part." I told him that Mr. Eddy said he would look upon it as a great favor, if he did. He said, "Well, I think a great deal of Mr. Eddy, and I'll try, papa, for Mr. Eddy was so good to me when I was poor—that time, papa, when I was so little." I laughed and said, "Pet, you are not very big now." He said, "Well, I was littler then, and Mr. Eddy used to buy me shoes and stockings, when my shoes were all worn out."

He says, "I'm going to tell you something, papa. That time when I was so poor and I was helping Mrs. Patterson and we had to pay the rent, I couldn't get any shoes and my feet were out on the ground, papa." I groaned, and said, "Good God! can it be possible that those little feet of yours were out on the ground, for the want of a good pair of shoes?" He said, "They were, papa, and it was cold weather, too, and the snow was on the ground: one morning at rehearsal Mr. Eddy saw how bad my shoes were. He took me up in his arms and carried me to a shoe store in the Bowery and bought me a nice pair of shoes. That's the last time, papa, my feet were out on the ground. While I was at the Bowery Theater then Mr. Eddy bought me five pairs of shoes and two dozen pairs of stockings. Now, I am going to try and learn the part."

He jumped up on to my lap, saying, "Go ahead, old man, and read it." I read the part over for him before dinner that evening. We went to dinner and after that we took a walk to get the fresh open air, returned to the hotel, went to our apartments, locked the door so that no one would interrupt us. He got up on to my lap and I commenced to read the part for him again. While I was reading the part several knocks came to the

door. We took no notice of them whatever but went on reading.

After I had read it all through I said, "Now, Puss, you stand on the floor and I will give you your cues. Then we will see how much you know of it." I gave him his cues, and to my astonishment, he read the lines—or I should say, recited them. I did not say anything to him or allow him to notice that I was surprised, for it was a long part for him to remember, but I thought, "How wonderful this is. What a memory my Little One has got." He said, "Now, papa, if you will play circus with me after we get through, I'm going to treat you. Then we will go to bed and get up rested."

When we had finished our circus performance he went into the other room, brought out a brandy bottle and a glass. He poured me out a drink of brandy, saying, "Now, papa, you must drink to the 'Star of the Rhine.' I did so, while he drank a little water. He never knew the taste of liquor until a number of years afterward. We retired for the night and slept well.

In the morning after breakfast I gave him his cues and had him recite his lines over again. When we reached the theater for rehearsal, we arrived there a little late, but Mr. Eddy was a happy man when he saw the Little One. I sat in a box while the company rehearsed. After rehearsal was over, Mr. Eddy took my Little One in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Puss, Puss, you've got brains." The Little One said, "Papa has got the brains and I recite the lines." That evening at the performance the Little One surprised the company—they knowing what a short time my Little One had to commit the lines to memory and understand the situations of the piece.

It was such a masterpiece of work that Mr. Eddy, after the first night's performance, wrote an article for the newspapers in which he told the public how my Little One got up the part in such a short time. So I discovered, Brother Hulburd, there was something back of it all, beyond my comprehension. At one time a Mr. Kennedy, a fine musician, offered his services free gratis to teach my Little One how to play the piano. The Little One commenced to practice, but after three weeks found he had to give it up as it took too much of his strength.

One day after the war was declared against the South and they were hurrying troops to the front, I felt it was my duty

as a man and a soldier to give my services to the country that I loved so well and which had educated me for that purpose—the land of freedom, where I first saw the light of day in that physical body—God bless her. She is the home for all people from all nations.

One day I called my Little One to me, saying, "Pet, you bring that foot-rest here and place it between my legs, then sit down on it, for I want to talk to you seriously." He said, "Won't that be lovely, for I love everything that's serious." He placed his foot-rest between my legs and sat down on it, and looking up at me with one of his roguish smiles, said, "Now, Mr. Teacher, I am ready to be sacrificed with that seriousness." I placed my arms around him, saying, "Little One, suppose I was to be taken away." He said, "I'd like to see somebody do it. 'Aint you big enough to defend yourself? If anyone was to try any such business as that, I'd cut them." I said, "Little sweetheart, you don't understand me. Suppose I was to go to the war and get shot down by a bullet, what would you do, my little sweetheart, when I went away to that beautiful spirit world that you talk so much about?" He said, "I wouldn't do a damn thing, but get mad," which made me laugh. I said, "Now, Pet, I am coming to the serious part of what I want to tell you. It is time that we reason with one another and talk over what might happen in the future." He says, "Golly, papa, it must be grand to talk like you do. You're just like an angel, but you wear pants, don't you? The angels don't wear anything; they haven't developed far enough yet." I could see that my Little One did not want to talk seriously; it was my duty and I told him he must listen to me. I said, "Suppose your papa was to get wounded and not die and you were fixed in such a condition that you could not get to me?" "Get to you," he said, "All hell could not stop me." "But, suppose you didn't know that I was wounded," He said, "But, I would know." I said, "How could you?" He said, "The voice would tell me; then I would go to you, and if they didn't treat you good, I'd annihilate the whole outfit," which made me laugh.

Just then we heard a voice that spoke very distinctly—a heavy, masculine voice. The voice said, "We have chosen the Little One to play a part between the two armies." I said to

the voice, "What part do you mean?" It said, "That of a spy." I said, "Good God, not that?" It said, "Yes, that." "But," I said, "I cannot give my Little One up for any such work as that." The voice laughed and said, "Are you the master of the situation or we?" "But," I said, "just think of it—that you demand such a sacrifice from this little fragile creature who is not strong enough to carry out such a work—it is wicked and cruel, and I cannot allow it." The voice laughed and said, "We shall see whether you will allow it or not. He just suits our purpose and was brought to this country for that work. Do you think that this war has only been created in the minds of the people for the last ten or fifteen years? If you do, you are not wise but a fool." I then said, "You are a damned mean, wicked class of spirits to demand any such sacrifice from this Little One that I love so much and would give my life for at any time. Is it not enough that I go into the field and give orders to men to shoot down their brothers of the human race? Damn you for a selfish set!" The voice laughed and said, "Look to it that you do not harm the cause that we have laid out for the Little One to walk through and carry out with all the satisfaction of our desire."

Just then the Little One seemed to become a changed person. He jumped into the center of the floor, gave one of his Highland yells, and said, "I am ready for the work. Oh, I am just wild to commence it tomorrow. I want to see men's blood run, then I'll be happy." He gave another yell and threw himself on the floor. He commenced to crawl and wriggle like a snake across the floor. He yelled out, "Papa Warren, just see how I can enter the enemies' lines." He crawled under a chair that I did not think that he could pass under. After he had done that he jumped to his feet, gave another yell, then embraced me passionately, kissing me with all the fire in his nature, after which he pushed me from him, saying, "You are only a man and a soldier after all, while I am a servant of the spirit world and no one can stay my course. If they attempt it I shall wade through blood and carry on my work to the end." Then he gave a laugh like a maniac and rushed from the room.

That was the last I saw of him for three months. I wept and cried like a child for I was brokenhearted. I then cursed



the spirits, for they had taken from me all that I loved in life and lived for.

I took my position in the army and after awhile entered upon the field to do my duty as a man and a soldier, which my brother officers could testify to. One day I was lying on the couch in my tent when a little lad came up all ragged, with his clothes covered with mud. He told the guard on duty that he wanted to see that ar Mr. Officer in there. The guard called me to the front of the tent. I came out, and there stood a little ragamuffin wiping his nose on the sleeve of an oldsoldier's coat. The old coat almost touched the ground and he had a vest on him big enough for a coat, an old pair of boots on his legs and feet. He had red hair and an old cap on his head. He said, "Are you the mister what's looking after them ar soljer men?" I told him I was the officer that had comand of that department. He took an old clay pipe out of his vest pocket, handing it toward me, said, "Can you fill that with tobaker for a chap?" When he said that the guard commenced to laugh. I said, "What do you want me to fill it with tobacco for?" He said, "I wants to smoke a hossifer's tobaker once," and before I could stop him he walked right into the tent. I heard the guard say, "Jesus, but that's a rum one; he's got more cheek than a mule." When he got into the center of the tent he said, "Can't you give a ieller a drink?" and threw himself on to my bed with all those dirty clothes on. I said, "Here, you get off there and get out of this tent or I'll kick you out."

Then the words came from that musical voice that I loved so well, "Papa Warren, don't you know me?" I grabbed him in my arms and kissed the dirty face, saying, "Puss, Puss, you have come back to me, but why are you in those filthy rags?" He said, "Papa, this is part of my stock in trade. I have some papers for you to look at, read them and tell me what to do, papa?" I said, "Oh, my Little One, give up this business and come and live with papa."

He said, "I can't, papa. Please look at the papers quick and tell me what to do." I looked over the papers and told him they must reach the President's hand's as quickly as possible. I told him I would see that a soldier conveyed them to the President as quickly as possible. He said, "No, you won't

papa; I will take them myself." I said, "Not in those dirty, filthy clothes." When I had said that he commenced to undress and take the old rags off, stepped out of the boots, and there stood in a pretty blue uniform, consisting of jacket, pants and nice shoes. "Now, you see, papa, all I have to do is to wash my face and comb my hair." He did so, and once more I gazed on that sweet little face with all the admiration of my nature, thinking of the many times it laid fast asleep on my breast and I was a happy man then; but oh, what a change had come into our lives.

He unbuttoned his jacket and took from the inside a pretty military cap. When he had placed it upon his head, he said, "Now, papa, don't you think I am fit to look at Old Abe?" I laughed and took him in my arms, saying, "But, you're a wee bit of a soldier. I will go with you to the President." We started for Washington on horseback and arrived there that night. We were admitted into the President's presence. I presented him the papers. While handing them to him, I saw the President wink at my Little One, which surprised me. I said, "Mr. President, have you met my Little One before in such a capacity as this?" He said, "Oh, yes, colonel; we have met before." "How many times?" I asked. He said, in a casual way, "Oh, I think about three times." I said, "Is there any one here in your household that knows what brings my Little One here?" He said, "No; not a soul." I then said, "Abraham Lincoln, will you give me your solemn oath that no one shall ever know what brings my boy here to the White House?" He caught hold of my hand, saying, "I swear it, Mr. Warren, that no one shall ever know our secret." I said, "That is satisfactory, Mr. Lincoln. I wish my boy would give this work up." The President said, "The Little One tells me he cannot give it up—he is commanded by a voice and must obey." I said, "Oh, damn the voice. I wish they'd let him alone and choose a man for their work." Mr. Lincoln said, "My friend Warren, they understand and you do not. Let them have their way, and it will come out all right." I said, "I suppose I'll have to." He said, "You and your boy must dine with me today. It is late but we will have a little lunch by ourselves for I have some work for the boy to do, and while we are dining I can give him an ex-

planation of it and how to carry it out." After we had finished the little repast I bade the President good bye. He said he would keep my boy for a little while and then let him out the back way. I left for the field once more hoping to see my Little One often.

They tell me I must stop now and take it up another time.

Saturday, October 4, 1902.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. Some time after General Grant was placed in a position where he became commanding general of the army my Little One was playing at the theater in Washington. There was a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Burton's and also of Mr. Callahan's, introduced to my Little One. After they had conversed awhile my Little One withdrew to his dressing room to prepare for the evening performance. While in his dressing room he heard Mr. Callahan speaking to that man in the adjoining room, where there was only a board partition between. He heard the man say, "Lee's got a fine snap fixed up for Grant. He is going to surround him and gobble up him and his staff. I have a copy of a diagram showing how he will surround Grant and his men. It was given to me by one of Lee's aid's. I am to take a prominent part in it. That diagram is at my quarters now."

The Little One one day rode up in front of my quarters dressed as a dashing young Southern belle. She had a blonde wig on and long blonde curls falling down her back. She was dressed in a blue gown of some material that I do not know the name of. She had on her head a large hat with a wreath of daisies around the crown. When she rode up in front of my quarters she requested my guard that was on duty—I heard her say, "Good Mr. Soldier, will you be so kind as to ask that officer in there to step out here. There is a lady that wants to speak with him." I went out to see what the lady wanted, and to my surprise there was my Little One sitting on a bay horse dressed just as I have described to you. I said in a low voice, "In the name of God, Puss, why are you dressed like this, riding in among an army of soldiers?" She said, "If you will assist me to dismount and invite me into your tent I will tell you all about it." I did so and had a soldier attend to her horse. When she en-

tered the tent she commenced to laugh in such a way I knew there was hell a-brewing. I said, "Now, Pet, what brings you here in this disguise?" She tickled me in the side, saying, "Papa, I'm on a lark. Now, don't look so grim, old man, or your Puss won't kiss you." I stooped down and she kissed me. After she had done that she said, "Ye Gods, I have a tale to unfold that would harrow up a rebel's soul and if he is not careful he'll soon lay in the mould." And then she laughed again. When she got through laughing, she said, "Thou severe and dismal judge I have just come from inside the rebel lines. I have been on the mash today, and am engaged to marry a Southern officer—a gentleman of quality, your lordship." I said, "Puss, Puss, what does this all mean?" She said, "It all means that I am to pass through inside of the rebel lines tonight dressed as a boy who will bring communications to my future husband from me—that is, if he behaves himself. If he don't papa, he will bite the dust." I said, "Good God, you wouldn't—" and before I had finished the sentence, she said, "Wouldn't I? I allow no one to stand in my way when I have work to carry out." Then she related to me what she had overheard in Washington. She said, "Papa Warren, I have fascinated that man, sat on his lap, kissed and hugged him. You may think it is wicked, but I think it's grand. I met that man today by appointment and have promised to marry him; tonight I carry a message to him. I will enter his camp and profess to be very tired asking permission to sleep in his tent all night, as I am the brother of the woman he is going to marry. Poor foolish dupe. I must get possession of that diagram and other papers if I can. I will return here tonight, if I possibly can, so papa be on the lookout for me. I stood there like a dumb mute. When I found my tongue I said, "Oh, Puss, quit this business and come and live with your papa. I think those damned spirits ought to release you now, you have served their purpose long enough, to my way of thinking. One of those times that you are passing through the lines between the two armies you will be shot down." She laughed again one of those hilarious laughs, more like a mad person than a sane individual. She grit her teeth and fastened her eyes on me, looking like a she devil. When she opened her mouth she hissed out the words: "All Heaven and hell could not prevent me

from entering the rebel camp tonight." She said, "Oh, Papa Warren, how I love the work," and it just seemed to me she grew a foot taller there.

I was about to say something else when General Sheridan drove up in front of my quarters. He dismounted, handing over his horse to his orderly to take care of. He entered my tent, saying, "Hello, Warren, old boy; how are you?" When he discovered there was a lady present he bowed to her very gracefully. She courtseyed as many of the Southern ladies do. She smiled upon him with all the coquetry of a flirt. I was about to introduce her when she stepped forward, placing her hand in his, saying, "I believe I have the pleasure of meeting General Kilpatrick." He said, "No, lady; my name is Sheridan."

She knew who he was all the time. She had met him several times before, but always dressed as a boy. She said, "Oh, how delightful this is that I should be so fortunate to meet General Sheridan in this grim old man's tent, who looks like he could freeze up all the milk in our sunny South. My name, General, is Isabelle Graham, of the Graham family of Richmond." He said, "How fortunate I am to meet you, Miss Graham." Then they ignored me, entirely occupying the only chairs in the tent. I went and lay on my bed, where I could watch them out of the corner of my eye. I noticed that he was becoming fascinated by her, she throwing out all the fascinating powers that were within her. She caught him in her net and he became her slave and admirer for a while. After she had played with him as she would with a kitten she arose and said, "Now, General, I must leave you." You are so entertaining, but I must break away or I will not reach home until it is dark, and as you know it does not look proper for a young lady to be gallivanting around the country after nightfall." He took her hand and said, "Oh, must you go now?" She said, "Yes; I must leave." He said, "So soon?"—holding her hand over his heart. I smiled inwardly and said to myself, "Another one to add to the list."

She said, "General, I must leave. I have delivered my message to this gentleman here," pointing to me. She said to me, "Good, honored sir, will you see that my horse is brought to the front of your tent?" Then she turned to General Sheridan, saying, "Since I have found you such a delightful gentleman I hope

many of the other Union officers are of the same stripe." He said, "Most assuredly, where a lady is concerned." I went out and gave orders for her horse to be brought in front of the tent. What they said during the time that I was out I cannot tell, but when I returned he had her in his arms kissing her passionately like a madman. When he saw me he released her. She said, "Oh, General, you are so gushing on so short an acquaintance, but I will ask one favor of you, since I have found you are such a gentleman, that is, you will assist me to mount." She turned around and bowed to me with all the graciousness of a grand dame, saying, "Ta-ta, old freezer," waving her hand, she said, "Come, General, assist me." She placed one foot in the stirrup, the other in his hand and vaulted into the saddle. She threw back a kiss and galloped off. The General returned into my tent and said, "God, but she is a fine piece of humanity." He slapped me on the back, saying, "Do you know, old man, I kissed her?" I said, I thought it looked that way.

He shook my hand, saying, "Warren, my boy, I had her little foot in my hand and I squeezed it, too. You old sour bachelor, did you see those eyes?" I said to him, "I think you did." He said, "Those are glorious eyes, Warren, my boy. God, how I'd like to visit her father's home. How comes it, old man, that you've soured on all the women?" I said, "General, I have not soured on all the women. I love a true, honorable woman—a woman that is a natural mother and an honor to the human race. Now, General Sheridan, if you will give me your solemn oath that you will not tell what I am going to reveal to you; it is a secret and must be kept so." He placed his hand on his heart and said, "On my soul, as a gentleman and a soldier, I will keep your secret." I said, "Now, listen to me. That person that you have become so infatuated with, her name is not Miss Graham; neither is she of Southern birth." He was about to speak. I motioned for him to keep quiet. I said, "Hear me through and after I have finished, then you can express yourself. That person that you held in your arms today is not as young as you think; she has passed her thirtieth year." I saw his lips twitch and knew what he was about to say. I said, "General, I met that person in 1848. She was then almost twenty years of age. I met her in the month of September. On

the twenty-second day of November she would reach her twentieth year. I have known her ever since—at least I thought so once, but I have lived to know I have made a mistake. I love that person, General.” He could hold in no longer, when he said, “Well, I’ll be damned.” I said, “Keep quiet and hear me to the end of my story. That person that was here today, General, is my Little One. The one that you always saw dressed in boy’s clothes and is called by you military men, ‘Little Warren.’ He is a Union spy—the private spy of Abraham Lincoln.” He jumped to his feet, saying, “Good God, Warren, is this true what you tell me—and you allow it?” I said, “I cannot help myself. I saw that you were smitten today. She is a born flirt and cannot help it. I call her ‘she’ because she is of both natures—the female predominating. In that disguise that you saw her she just came from inside of the rebel lines, where she has promised to marry a Southern officer.” He said, “I felt as if she owned me, body and soul.” “Aye,” I said, “and many others have felt the same way.” I continued, “General, I love that Little One with my whole heart and would lay my life down for her, did she but ask it. She obeys the command of a spirit voice that directs all her movements. Do you remember at Mr. Newel’s rooms in Washington, when you, General Meade, General Logan, General Landis, the Little One and myself were present. During our conversation that evening, Mr. Newel brought up the question of science and said that the relations of the planets to each other had a great deal to do with this war. Do you remember that after he had talked quite a while he said, ‘Gentlemen and scholars, now I want to hear your opinion on the question.’ When all of a sudden my Little One arose and spoke on the question, giving quite a scientific discourse. After he had finished they all looked rather solemn, when General Landis said, ‘So, this is the little chap that has no education? What a fish story you have been giving us, Warren.’ I spoke up and said, ‘If you remember, gentlemen, I have tried to educate him but have found it a failure.’ Mr. Newel said, ‘I understand, Mr. Warren; but the general masses of the world cannot seem to understand.’

“If you remember, when we were about to break up, my Little One jumped up on the top of the table and said, ‘Let us

pray.' We all stood up when he said, 'That will not do; you must all get down on your knees when I pray.' We did so, laughing at the same time. He prayed for about ten minutes and jumped off the table onto Logan's back, when we all laughed. Sheridan said, "I remember it well, Warren, and Meade and I have laughed about that several times. Meade always said your boy was a freak in nature." I said, "Now, I do not suppose that you believe anything in spirit return?" He said, "Oh, yes, I do; I had a number of sittings with a man who called himself Charles Foster, and he told me wonderful things about my family; also telling me that I would become one of the leading generals of the war, and perhaps, Warren, my boy, I am on the road." He continued, "How strange it all seems—we think we understand ourselves and others, too, but I am afraid it is a failure; that is why I want to believe in religion. I want to get on the right side of the question, if I can. Do you think your Little One will ever return to you again and be the same loving little creature that he had been before the war commenced?" I said I could not tell, but lived in hopes he would do so, for my heart yearned for his love. He said, "Well, this has been a day that I shall never forget. It shows a man can be a warrior and face the enemy, but in the power of a pretty face and under the spell of a fascinating flirt, what a weak tool he can become. Warren, see that you keep my secret, in which I played a foolish part under the spell of those eyes. Your secret will go to the grave with me. You have all my love and sympathy, for I am sorry for you. I wish that you could be released from all this." I told him, "That was impossible. I had only love for one, and that one fascinated you here today and you would have become a disgraced man, knowing what I do of your domestic life. We embraced each other as brothers, he leaving for his headquarters.

Next morning about four o'clock my Little One rode up to my tent on a bay horse, leading a beautiful cream-colored mare. He called me out of bed. I had not taken my clothes off that night. I had only laid down on top of the bed waiting for my Little One to come, if it was possible and hoping that he had not been shot. He took some papers out of his breast which were inside his shirt and jacket. He said, "Papa, examine those and if the copy of the diagram is there see that it is conveyed to



General Grant. Now, I am off for Washington." I said, "Puss, what are you doing with this other horse and saddle?" He said, "It's rider does not require it any longer; he was in the capacity of being tickled and I tickled him with a little piece of lead." I said, "Oh, God! where will this all end?" He said, "On the other side of Jordan, perhaps," and then rode off, leading the other horse. I examined the papers and found the copy of the diagram that General Lee had drawn up. I had it conveyed to General Grant.

My Little One told me that during the war he had to shoot down seven different men who he said got in his way, and he had to get them out of it. When I was wounded in front of Petersburg, the voice told him of what had occurred and he came direct to me. When he found me the surgeon was about to perform an operation by sawing off my arm. They called it amputation. The Little One said, "What are you going to do with my father?" The surgeon said, "We will have to amputate his arm to save his life." The Little One said, "Not, by a damn sight, you don't. I'll save his life by nursing him back to health. I will dress the wound myself and you and your assistants will furnish what is required." The surgeon said, "Stand aside, boy. This is no time for foolishness. We want no kids coming here telling us what we shall do." The surgeon told me afterwards that the Little One drew a big dagger out of his breast and said, "I will tell you what I will do; you will let him alone. The first man that touches him I will kill." He said he looked into those eyes and he knew they meant business. He thought it was best to let that operation go for a little while. He sent for General Sheridan to give him a pass to take me to Washington. I was unconscious for three days. The first thing that I recognized after I returned to consciousness was my Little One's face. He said, "Papa, you are going to live. Your Puss is going to nurse you back to health, so be a soldier now and don't feel bad. This man and myself are about to dress your wound." They dressed my wound, which was the cause of great pain.

My Little One remained with me, nursing me like a mother would her child. When my agony was great and I was feverish he would sing me a low, sweet lullaby, all the time treating my forehead with his hands. After a while the pain would become

less and I would pass into a sleep for a little while. He was up with me night and day. Although my pain sometimes was hard to bear. I was happy to think I had him with me again. He nursed me back to health, saving my arm and saving my life. I returned to the field again, taking up my duties and he going to his.

Before the war had closed—that is, before the death of Abraham Lincoln—he returned to me again and was with me all the next summer.

When most of the army was mustered out we returned to Philadelphia, where I was once more a happy man. We lived in each other's love until I passed from my body. The army life had done its work; it had placed the seeds of consumption in my lungs and I passed away, leaving the Little One alone to struggle through life. I left him over \$100,000, thinking that would provide for him the rest of his days while living in his physical body; but, alas! it passed away from him, and he had to struggle again. He went on a man's bond by the name of Charles C. Howard. That man failed and my Little One was swamped. I have met the spirit of this man Howard. He said he could not help himself, and my Little One had to go down with him. But he was always full of grit and courage. He struggled on, and today you see he is old and feeble. I am giving incidents which took place in his own life and through his own forces, for it is the only way the public will ever receive it.

At one time in my life I married a woman who bore me children and they called me "father." I never loved that woman; there was nothing congenial between us. I educated my children, for I thought that was all that was required of me, since I could not live with their mother.

I thank you for taking down my communication and bid you good day.

# Mrs. Patterson Sheldon

## · Chapter VII

Wednesday, October 15, 1902.

Good morning, sir. What a lovely day it is—I would call it one of Nature's perfect days. The sky is beautiful and throws a sheen of light upon the live oaks. One living here must feel that they live in an enchanted dell—this would be a place for the naiads to revel and hold their carnival of the Sun God. How grand it must be to be born and raised in these mountains. It seems to me almost an impossibility for anyone to be sick here.

When I lived in the physical body I bore the name of Clover Patterson. My father always said I looked like a clover blossom and they nicknamed me "Clover Patterson." I was christened Florence Patterson. I was born in the state of North Carolina.

Of course you understand, when I lived in the physical body I was a southern lady and loved all the ways of the south and the southern people. I stood up for southern rights and was what you northern people call a bitter rebel. When I lived in the body I looked upon you northern people as the worst kind of rebels.

You robbed us of our negroes, tried to force us to submit to your ideas of what was right and wrong. After the war commenced I hated the north and the Yankees with every breath I drew. My father was a southern gentleman and an officer in the southern army.

I come here today at the request of a band of spirits, and especially through the advice of one who says when he lived in a physical body he was an officer in the northern army and bore the name of Warren. It is his desire that I should relate to you a part of this Medium's life, in which I had a connection and also played a part. They say that they wish the public to understand something of this Medium's life—that is, the indivi-

dual through whom I now communicate. They say they do not wish that he should pass from his body and the world should be ignorant of his life, especially the part he played during what the northern people called "The Rebellion." I call it "Where the men of the nation were defending their laws and rights." I have not lived down my feeling toward the Yankees yet.

Now, I will relate to you wherein this Medium and I played a part during our war for southern rights. I frequently visited my father in the field, for I loved him very dearly and he loved me. I often wished if I only could have been a man that I might have fought against the north, for I hated them from the depths of my soul. During one of my visits to my father in the field, we were sitting in front of his tent. As we looked toward the east we saw some soldiers coming with a little girl. They brought her up in front of father's tent. One of the soldiers stepped forward and saluting father, said, "Colonel, here is a little girl and she can tell fortunes, and tells them pretty good, too." Father laughed, and said, "She looks very young to be a fortune teller." Father said to the little girl, "Come here little girl, and let me look at you." I will now describe her as she looked. She had on a pretty calico frock with a little shawl around her shoulders. Down her back hung a long braid of red hair. I noticed under her bonnet her red hair was frizzed and hung over her forehead. She had on an orange calico bonnet. Her shoes were quite broad and such as the negroes wore. Her hands were very small, her mouth pretty—so pretty that I wished mine had been like it. She had what I call "dancing eyes." On one of her arms hung a little basket in which was plug tobacco. My father said, "Little girl, what is your name?" She looked up at him with those roguish eyes, saying, "What you reckon?" which made father and a Captain Smith burst out laughing. I discovered then she had the Georgia dialect, such as the people use in the Highlands of Georgia. I said to her, "Won't you tell me your name?" She said, "I reckon." She said, "Maw called me Flossy, but paw and my brothers they all calls me 'Floss.'" I said, "Where is your home?" She said, "I reckon it's a quite smart distance from here, back in Georgia." I said, "Have you no other name but Flossy?" She said, "We 'uns always had other names." I said, "Then, what is your full name?" She said, "It's Flossy Carrington."

Father said, "Why, little girl, I was acquainted with Carrington's in Georgia. Which of the families do you come from?" She said, "We'se is all children of Pete Carrington." Father said, "Why, I knew Pete Carrington well. I stopped at his plantation in Georgia for over a month." She laughed a musical laugh, and said, "I reckon how you'se all would know him." Father then said, "What brings you here, little girl, all alone?" She said, "Brother Aleck went in the war and we'uns is all troubled about him, hit being so long since arey one of us heard from him. I started out to gin some information. I tell fortunes and sells to-baker and sometimes I sing and dances, too. Hit's just how they pays." I said, "Little girl, aren't you afraid to travel alone?" She said, "Oh, no, maam, the boys treat me good, because I belongs to the army and tells their fortunes. Sometimes, I gets money—most a-times I trusts. Does you want your fortune?" I laughed and said, "Here is Captain Smith, no doubt he'd like to have you tell his fortune." He laughed and said, "Miss Clover, you have yours told first, then I'll have mine told." Father said, "If she can sing, why let us have some singing first." During this conversation she remained standing.

Captain Smith entered father's tent, brought out a camp chair, saying, "Miss Flossy, won't you sit down?" When he had placed the chair on the ground, she tripped in some manner—I cannot tell you how, but fell into the captain's arms—she looked up into his eyes and I noticed he wasn't in a hurry to place her in the chair. He bent over and kissed her on the mouth, which was the cause of a big laugh. After he had kissed her he placed her in the chair, still holding one of her hands. Captain Smith and I were betrothed to each other. I did not become jealous then, because she was such a little girl and had such sweet ways. Captain Smith stepped back and leaned up against the pole of father's tent. She commenced to sing, and I wondered where that powerful voice came from. She sang a Scotch ballad, "I'm aye young, I'm aye young to marry yet." While she was singing, I noticed my father kept looking at her all the time, and when she had finished singing he heaved a deep and heavy sigh. I went immediately to his side and said, "Papa, are you ill?" He said, "Oh, no dear; I am happy and would like to hear some more singing." She sang another song, in which she

said, "I know that every fleeting hour is marked with songs I sing you; but oh, there'll come another day—the day when you'll forget me." She sang it with so much feeling that my father commenced to cry. I said to myself, "God, this little creature must be a witch. See how all the men look at her as if they were petrified and could not move." Captain Smith came to my side as I stood by my father. He said, "Do you not think, Clover dear, the little creature sings beautifully?"

I said, "How comes it when she sings she pronounces her words so plain, yet when she talks she uses the Georgia dialect? All you gentlemen act as if you were fascinated."

By this time a number of officers and soldiers had come direct to my father's tent and were standing there listening, as if under some hypnotic spell. I began to feel a little jealous to think that this common little ignorant Georgia girl should be the center of attraction. I thought I would break the spell by saying, "Now, we will test her abilities as a fortune teller." I said, "Come, tell papa's fortune first." She stepped forward, taking papa's big hand in her little one; then she looked into his eyes and he smiled a dreamy-like smile. I would call it. She said, "Your hand tells me the woman you married gave her love to another man—your brother." My father trembled in such a way that I thought he would fall forward on to the ground. I said, "Quick, Captain Smith, assist me to take him into the tent."

She said in as good English as I ever heard spoken, "No, let him remain where he is: he shall hear it to the end." My father then straightened up and seemed to be a changed man. He raised his arm and pushed me back—a thing he had never done in his life, and said, in a cold, hollow voice, "Clover, dear, I must hear it to the end." Then that little creature smiled a triumphant smile and said, "This young lady is not your child, but the child of your brother and your wife was her mother. She will not wed this Captain Smith, that is impossible; tomorrow will tell the tale." All of a sudden she broke out in a wild Scotch song, "My heart's in the Highlands; my heart's not here." She sang the song to the end. When she had finished she received big applause. Then she resumed the Georgia dialect, and bowing to us like a princess in peasant attire, she said, "You all must let me go now. I must look for brother Aleck." As she was about

to depart my father caught her in his arms, saying, "I cannot let you go, child. You must stay here a day or two, then go back home with Clover and become her companion." I looked at my father and said, "Papa, is this true what the creature has said?" He looked at me while his lips quivered. He said, "Clover, dear, it is true what she has just said. I am not your father. My brother Charles was your father. When I discovered the truth I killed him and your mother. Their skeletons lay at the bottom of the river with big weights attached to them. I had you educated and taught you I was your father."

Just then an old negro that father had cook for him came and fell on his knees in front of me, saying, "Oh, Miss Clover, he done make me do it." That is the last I knew for several days as I had fainted. That night my father was robbed of some valuable papers.

Captain Smith, to whom I was betrothed, was found dead in the woods with a bullet hole in his breast. He held in his hand a piece of calico belonging to that girl's dress. The men who found him said they could see there had been a struggle, as the bushes around where he lay some of them were broken off, everything of value had been taken from his pockets. His sword and belt were gone. When they lifted him from the ground they found under his body a hurriedly written note, written with a pencil on a piece of brown paper in which he declared his love for that miserable creature, Flossy Carrington. Three days afterward a battle took place in which my father received a mortal wound from which he died two days afterward. They carried me to where he lay dying. He took hold of my hand, placed it over his heart, saying, "Clover, darling, I am only your uncle—the brother of your father and the husband of your mother—but promise me one thing that you will hunt down that witch. She is an evil genius who reads the minds of men. On the night that she robbed me, after you had returned to your tent, she came into my tent, sat on my lap, kissed me and made love to me. She had promised to marry me and said she would always live with me. Next day we were to be married by the army chaplain. That night, while I held her in my arms and she was singing a low, sweet lullaby, she drugged me and I went into a deep sleep. She took out of her petticoat a flat flask of brandy;

she told me how much she loved me—the she devil. She asked me to drink to our happy future, and then she would drink after me. She said, ‘Now, Colonel, take a big drink, for this is fine liquor, and tell me how much you love me.’ Clover, dear, in five minutes I knew nothing more; then she robbed me and must have had Captain Smith accompany her. That is the only way I can account for it, dear. Oh, God! Clover, but she was pretty and I was thinking what kind of a beautiful ring I would place upon that little finger. I thought one time I would give her your mother’s diamond ring, then I thought, Oh, no; she is too innocent and pure for that, but think of it, Clover, dear. She was a she devil out of hell. Promise me that when you get strong you will hunt her down and kill her, for I feel that I am only one of her victims.” I promised him and he passed from his body holding my hand. Death had robbed me of my husband that was to be and had taken from me the only parent I ever knew and loved. I prayed night and day that God might give me strength and health in order that I might hunt down that wretched creature and kill her.

In time I gained both health and strength. I thought I would assume male disguise, enter the northern lines and search for my victim. One day as I was riding towards the northern lines a mulatto girl came out of the woods, crying. I asked her what was the matter. She said she had lost her way. I said, “Where do you belong?” She said, “I belong to Massa Ripley, what’s done killed in the war. I told her I was very well acquainted with the Ripley family. “How comes it that you are so far away from home?” She said she was trying to find Massa Henry’s place what married Miss Sarah Ripley; then she gave a loud laugh, saying, “Bless my soul, ain’t you Miss Clover, what belonged at the Patterson place?” I said I was Miss Patterson. She said, “What are you doing in dese yar kind of clothes coilutin around the kintry?” She said, “You jest git off that yar horse and rest yourself a spell. I’ll take yer horse to de branch and give it some water; den I’ll come back and show you de shortest way to de Yankees. Deys quite pert boys, dey is.” I said, “So, then, you have met some of the Yankees?” She said, “Oh, yes, indeed, Miss Clover.” She said, “You sit down dar under dis big tree and git your lunch out and when I come back wid de



horse you can give me what's left." She went off with the horse and that was the last I ever saw of the horse or her. So you can imagine what a predicament I was left in.

I remained there until it commenced to get dark, wondering what had become of her, and while I was thinking over the condition that I was left in I went to sleep. I woke up in the morning with the sun shining in my face. After I sat up and commenced to think on how I had been deceived, I stepped out on the road, walking along hoping to find some house near by. A carriage came along with an old lady and gentleman and a negro driving. I hailed them and asked for permission to ride on the same seat with the negro—thinking it would not look out of place, I being dressed as a boy. They invited me to enter their carriage and ride with them. During the conversation I made the discovery that the lady at one time had been a Miss Emily Placide. I told her my mother had been a Placide. She laughed and said, "Bless your heart, your mother was my cousin, Jennie Placide. They were on their way to make a visit to the brother of the old gentleman, whose name was William Partington, and hailed from the Partington family of Richmond, Va., but was now living at Fayetteville. I went to their home and gave the idea and condition of my errand that would bring me inside of the Yankee lines. They tried to prevail upon me not to do so, as I ran the risk of being arrested for a spy and naturally would be shot.

On the fifth day after I had reached the Partington home, news came by a soldier that a little boy, a sweet singer, had entered the camp of Colonel Frazier, and was giving them news about General Grant's headquarters, and how they could surround it and capture him. Colonel Frazier was so elated over the news that he went in person with the little boy to the General's headquarters. There the little boy described how a force could surround General Grant and capture him. The same evening that they received the news at the Partington home there was to be a wedding to take place at eight o'clock that evening. They prevailed upon me to throw off my disguise and dress as a young lady. I did so, Sally Partington lending me some of her wardrobe.

Just before Elwood Partington and Mabel Young were about

to be married, the General, Colonel Frazier and the boy arrived at the Partington home to be present at the wedding. After the ceremonies were over, dancing was the order of the evening, in which many of the young people took part. During the dancing the General, the Colonel, the boy and the Partington men were closeted in a room upstairs and the door was locked, to keep anyone from entering while the boy gave a description how they could capture General Grant.

Before the marriage ceremony took place many of the ladies and gentlemen conversed with the little boy, who was quite pretty and had blonde, curly hair. I noticed while in the drawing room the General had the boy stand alongside of him, while he—the General—had his arms around the boy's waist. I thought how much those eyes looked like that she devil's who came to my father's tent and told fortunes. Immediately after the couple were pronounced man and wife the men went right away to the room where they were closeted upstairs. The boy said his name was Joseph Perkins, and that he belonged to the Perkins family of Charleston, South Carolina.

It seems after the boy had given them all the information which they thought was true, the General took a paper out of his pocket. Mr. Partington said, "Open it and place it on a table." It was a plan drawn up whereby they were to set all the hotels in Washington on fire. When the fire was at its height and there was a great commotion in the city part of Lee's army was to enter Washington and capture it and burn down all the public buildings in the city if possible. Mr. Partington said the General told him how much he thought of the little boy and he was going to have him live with him. Mr. Partington said the General lifted the little boy up on to his lap, hugged and kissed him, saying, "Isn't that so, pet?" Mr. Partington said the boy acted more like a girl than a boy. He placed his hands inside the General's vest and nestled his head on his breast. The General said, "I'm happy now, Partington. I always wanted something to love; I have found it in this little boy." He said, "Get up, pet, put your arms around my neck and tell the gentlemen how much you think of me, for you know I am to be your father now." Mr. Partington said the boy hugged the General around the neck, kissed him several times on the mouth, when the General

said, "Gentlemen, those are sweet kisses." Then the General said, "Now, pet, kiss each of the gentlemen, and show them how sweet your kisses are." Then the gentlemen came down stairs and mingled with the visitors present.

They passed around currant wine and whiskey, of which the gentlemen drank freely. I noticed about two o'clock in the morning the General and the little boy were not among the company. I asked Mrs. Partington if she knew where the General and the little boy were? She said the General had been drinking quite freely and thought he'd go upstairs and lie down for a little while, taking the boy with him. She said when she passed the door the boy was singing a low, sweet lullaby to the General. "And, oh, Miss Patterson, he can sing so sweet and the General must love him very much. He was holding the boy in his arms while he sang, the boy was running his fingers through the General's beard and happiness was personified on the General's countenance. As you know, Miss Patterson, the General's wedded life was an unhappy one; but now I think his happiness is complete in the love for that boy. But, Oh, how strange it all seems in so short a time to think how the boy could find the General's heart."

Well, sir, the General went to sleep. The boy robbed him of all the papers he had on his person, besides taking many of Mr. Partington's valuable papers. He entered my room, dressed himself in my boy's clothes and escaped from the house in some way unnoticed, stole the General's horse, unloosened the Colonel's horse, also three other horses that were in the stable, mounted and rode off. Next morning the other horses were found about a mile from the home. We could not arouse the General until nine o'clock next evening for the boy had chloroformed him. The General was so smitten with the boy that he said if some one could capture him and bring him back he would forgive him for what he had done. He was a little hero and had done it for the love of his country. Nothing could ever cool the love he bore him, he had discovered his condition. He was more girl than boy and he would love that Little One while memory lasted. "I wish to God, the south had many such little heroes like that."

Possibly, sir, you remember when they tried to set fire to the hotels but were prevented from doing much harm. Those

papers had reached President Lincoln's hands. I was determined to hunt down that she devil that had ruined my father and shot down the dearest one I loved on earth to whom I was betrothed.

One month from the night of the wedding I reached the Yankee lines in boy's clothing, but it seemed to be my fate that I never was to reach that she devil. As I was riding along, intending to reach the home of Mr. Sheldon before morning, I was accosted by a freckle-faced girl with red hair, and she must have had as many as eighteen or twenty strings of beads around her neck. Some of them were large blue ones and others of amber color. She stepped out into the road in front of my horse and commenced to do a quiet kind of a dance. She whooped and hollered so my horse became frightened and threw me to the ground. She gave the horse a kick and he went off flying toward the Yankee lines—for I will not call them Union lines. She stooped down where I lay bleeding. She disarmed me, taking both my pistols from me. She placed my head on her lap, for I was very weak, saying, "Miss Patterson, I know who you are. You are seeking my life. I will let you remain here while I go and find some negroes to carry you to their cabin. When you are fully recovered return to your home, for if ever again you attempt to find me, when we meet I will fill you with lead and leave you in the woods for the vultures to pick the flesh from your bones. I am a servant of the spirit world and must assist in putting down this rebellion. It was not I who told your father whose child you were, but the influence whose commands I obey." She drew a flask out of her pocket, saying, "Drink some of this, it will allay your pain for awhile. I swallowed some of the contents and went to sleep, forgetting all about my pain. When I came back to consciousness I discovered I was in a negro cabin. They had bound up my arm for it was broken in the fall. I asked them if there was no doctor in the neighborhood. An old negress told me they had sent word to one and maybe he would get there that night. He came, set my arm by the firelight from the fireplace, that the negroes had made up for the purpose. He put splinters on my arm and bandaged it up, after which he asked me who I was and what I was doing there. I told him what I have told you. He said, "It seems impossible for the southern army to catch that little wretch: he assumes so many disguises and can

sing like a nightingale. He has a way of getting around our officers that I believe he is a witch of the most malignant type. They'll get him some day, and when they do they'll hang him up to dry in the air, like a Delaware shad," which made me laugh, at the same time I was suffering a great deal of pain. He had the negroes hitch up next day and take me to the Sheldon home. When I had got to resting comfortably and my pain had eased up some I told them my story. After I had finished, the old lady Sheldon said, "That crazy girl was here yesterday and she wanted to tell fortunes. We allowed her something to eat and prepared a lunch for her to take on the way. While here, she must have fascinated our Edward. We haven't seen him since, and both the saddle horses are gone with the saddles." Two days afterwards Edward came back a sorry looking young man. He told us how she had fascinated him, asked him if they had any saddle horses on the place. He said there were two. She told him to go and get them and they would take a ride for she had lots to tell him. They struck off the main road in through a piece of timber, where she told him many fascinating stories. She fascinated him so that he asked her to become his wife. She sang for him in the woods and lured him on so that night came on almost before he knew it.

When it was getting quite dark they came near to a stream of water. He said she took a flask out of her pocket and taking the cup off the bottom part she requested him to dismount and go and get her a drink of water. He said, "Mother, I tell you I would go through hell for her." He went to the stream to get her the drink of water. When he returned she and both the horses were gone. "You see, I have had to walk home," he said, at the same time placing the cup on the table. I groaned, and said, "Oh, God, another victim."

He said, "Mother, I have come to bid you all good bye and rest one night more under my grandfather's roof. Tomorrow I start for the Union lines. I will enlist in the Union army, for there I know I shall find my sweetheart somewhere. The poor old grandfather said, "God pity us: to think one of my descendants should become an enemy to his country and to his father's house." He said, "Boy, if you will go, my curse will go with you." Edward's eyes flashed and he said, "I care not for all the curses of Heaven or hell. I am going to my sweetheart."

He told me afterwards that he enlisted in a northern regiment. I think he said it was the Fourth New York. He was wounded near Lynchburg and taken to a hospital. After a little while, along came one of the doctors and a little boy who was singing. When they came to where Edward was lying he held out his arms and said, "Please stop and sing for me." They stopped; the boy sang the same song that she had sung for him in the woods, "When the shadows come and go." Edward said he cried out, "Oh, God in Heaven! Sweet one don't you know me? You are looking for me 'aint you? That's why you have boy's clothes on?" He said she laughed and told him he must be mad she had never seen him before in her life. She said to the doctor, "Come, let us go; you'll have to put that fellow in a straight jacket before long." Edward said his heart sank and he became delirious.

The nurse told him he'd been out of his head for several days. When his wound healed and he became stronger he came back to his father's home looking like a skeleton. We nursed him and he gained in flesh; but he never was the handsome Edward of old. He said he lost all faith in women; but I brought him out of that condition, by showing to him that all women were not alike. We were married. He entered the army of the south and when the war closed he wore on his shoulders on indication of a colonelship. Our first baby was a girl and he named her Lucy, after his first sweetheart that had wrecked his life for quite a time. That is the name he said she gave him.

Our individual and several other individuals that I described was this Medium that I now control. I hope they are satisfied with my communication. I leave no love for him or her, if you choose to call this creature so. She wrecked four lives of those dear to me—my foster father, the one to whom I was betrothed, the one I married and myself. May God have mercy on her soul. Edward, my husband, says she did it all for the love of her country, and I must learn to forgive her.

Our country was the conquered country. I suppose yours was right, while ours was the "Lost Cause." I hate that name, "Yankee."

Put me down as Mrs. Patterson Sheldon. Good day.

# Sada—The Lone One

## Chapter VIII

Sunday, December 7, 1902.

Good morning, friend. When I lived in the physical body they called me "Sada, the lone one." My other name I do not know. I never heard it spoken by anyone. I came here to Searchlight Bower in company with a beautiful spirit who bore the name of Julia Hawthorne when living in the physical body. Why they called me "Sada, the lone one," was I liked to go off and sit by myself alone. The children who lived in a vile den called me that name.

I was born in the Five Points, New York, and lived with my parents in an old house that was about to tumble down. My parents were low, degraded drunkards. My father was a villain of the lowest type and I remember twice where he murdered a man each time. I saw him choke a woman to death because she would not submit to his licentious designs. My mother became a low bestial woman, a drunkard and harlot of the worst type. No doubt in her girlhood days she was fair to look upon. As I remember at five years of age, I think, she had some of the traces or features of a faded beauty. She sank so low in crime and licentiousness that all shame had left her. Sometimes my father would beat her so in the face and take the money from her that she had earned through her degraded nature, her face would become swollen and bloated so that all semblance and recognition of a human being seemed to have fled and left her a mass of unrecognizable human flesh. They both were finally arrested, tried and convicted for the murder of a policeman. They were sent to state's prison for life, so I never looked upon them again either in the body or out of it.

An old Irishwoman who lived in a cellar in the Five Points took me to live with her. She said she would bring me up and

make me a smart girl. She had five other children living with her in the cellar who came into the earth world or physical planet much in the same way that I did.

When I became about six years old she had two of the eldest children teach me how to pick pockets and purloin other things that did not belong to me. She would stand in the middle of the cellar and we would practice on her. When any of the children became smart in the art they were sent into the streets to practice their trade among the different crowds of people. I never became smart in the art for I did not want to, therefore I never picked any pockets in the street. She sent me around to peddle apples, popcorn and toothpicks. I did the best trade in buildings where the rooms were rented out as offices. When I would return home at night I would pass the money over to her, then go and sit down by myself. That is why they called me "Sada, the lone one."

There was a boy, I should judge about twelve years of age. They designated him as the "booby." He never was smart at picking pockets; but I discovered he had a mind superior to any one in the cellar. While I would go the rounds selling the apples, popcorn and toothpicks, this boy, whose name was Joseph, would meet me and we would sit down on the steps somewheres and talk about our unfortunate life. One day he said, "I am going to look for work and become an honest boy. When I find work I'm going to take you away from that wretched place, Sada. I will try and find a home for you and me with some good widow woman. You can help her in the house while I go out to work and earn some money. When you have the time you can go around and sell some apples, popcorn and cookies for yourself." Oh, I thought how grand it all would be, and we would sit there and build castles in the air and talk of the future, then he'd go away and I'd go the rounds selling my apples.

When I was twelve years old, one day I returned from peddling. I found a man in the cellar talking to the old Irish hag. As I entered the cellar I heard her say to the man, "Here she comes now. She's a pretty piece and cheap at thirty." When I laid my basket down and handed the money to her I noticed she was very affectionate to me. She called me her dear girl. That was something she had never done before. She laughed, saying,



"Here's a gentleman that wants to become a friend to you." The man sat down on an old rocking chair, saying at the same time, "Come here, my dear, and sit on my lap. I want to tell you about the pretty things I am going to buy you." While he was talking to me I went away to the other side of the cellar. I had hardly done so when my friend Joe entered the cellar. The old hag ordered him out, cursing and swearing at him for a low thief of the worst kind. He said he would not go. She said she would show him whether he would or not. As she went to one corner of the cellar he slipped down behind two barrels that had a box on top of them. When she returned and saw he was not there she said, "Faith, and it's well for him that he left or I'd brained him, the dirty spalpane." She turned to me and said, "Now, my pretty girl, you go and sit on the gentleman's lap, or I'll know the reason why." I told her I would not do it. She said, "Then, begorry I'll make you, for I'm the law here." I told her my will was stronger than her law, I would not do it. She said, "Is it the likes of you that will be telling me that?" She caught me by the arm and dragged me towards the man, saying, "Sure and it's not meself that will be after losing thirty dollars for such a thing as ye are." I found she had sold my virtue for thirty dollars.

The man and she were carrying me to a bed. I screamed and kicked with all my might. Joe came from out behind the barrels, wrenched the axe from out of the old hag's hand, striking her on the back of the neck with the axe almost severing her head from her body. Then he struck the man right in the middle of the back and broke his spine. After that he went through all his pockets, took all his money and valuables, watch and chain, which were very fine—he being a high-toned gambler. He purchased apples from me many a time when I was not able to sell them. Joe went to an inside pocket that the old woman had fastened to a black petticoat that she always wore night and day. In that pocket he found over four hundred dollars.

After placing all the money in his inside coat pocket we fled from the place, crossed over to Jersey, bought two tickets for Washington, D. C., and from there we took, as it were, an old negro and a mule to convey us toward Lynchburg, Virginia. At first the old negro was not willing to go. Joe then threatened

him, saying, he would bring terrible vengeance on him if he did not convey us toward Lynchburg. The negro consented and Joe at the end of the journey paid him well for his trouble.

After that we entered Lynchburg on foot, remaining there twenty-four hours, after which we set out towards Cincinnati. After we arrived in Cincinnati we rented a cheap room. I remained there while Joe procured a position as a bell boy in the Walnut Street House. I attended the public school and in a few years became something of a scholar. Joe searched the back dates of the newspapers and discovered that it referred to the terrible tragedy that took place in a cellar in that horrible part of the city called the Five Points. When they found the man he was not dead yet. They removed him to New York Hospital. A minister of the gospel and a physician told him he was dying: then he revealed his true identity and his correct name. He told the minister that the boy who struck him with the axe was his son. He recognized the boy when he entered the cellar, and I thought while looking at the man how much his face looked like Joe's.

The gambler did not die, as they expected, but lived to be a cripple for life. After Joe had been a bell boy at the hotel. (But, allow me to say, before I go any further, the other children that lived in the cellar were taken to Randall's Island, so the paper said.) Joseph procured a better position which allowed him to go to night school in order to get some education. When he left the hotel we rented another room in the same house where I was stopping and he came home to live.

When Joe was the age of eighteen and I was sixteen a kind minister consented to marry us. I became the mother of eight children. Joseph let his beard and mustache grow and never was recognized. We lived a happy life. He finally opened a large billiard hall on Fourth street, Cincinnati. By a letter he took from his father's pockets he discovered whom his mother was. She was demanding more money from his father to support herself and child. She said she had placed the child in a boarding school in Morrisiana. The vile wretch had sold the child to the old Irish hag, who brought him up to pick pockets. His mother was Mademoiselle Stella of Barnum's Museum. His father's name I will not give as my children bear the same name. When

Joseph had made the discovery who his father was, he took the same name, as his father came from a highly respectable family in New York. I will give you his father's first name. It was Alexander and the first two letters of his last name R-i. Possibly some of the readers of this communication will recognize the family name by the first two letters of the last name.

My husband became a wealthy man and passed out of his body at the age of sixty-four. I passed away at the age of sixty-nine. My sons and daughters all married well and have happy homes. One of my daughters became a prominent literary woman. Her literary works were published under a nom de plume.

Now, I will relate to you that part of my communication that brought me here today. It is the desire of Julia Hawthorne that I should relate to you an occurrence that took place in the Five Points, New York—or, perhaps, I should say, a condition that was put into action and actually took place while I lived in the Five Points.

One Sunday morning a pretty little boy strolled into the Five Points, rather richly clad—more so than we were in the habit of seeing there, for most of the children in the Five Points were dirty and ragged. The little child stood on the corner of the street, saying to the people, as they passed by, "Come and listen to me, I want to talk to you." The low, degraded and bleareyed wretches commenced to jeer at him and make fun of him. A large number of the ragged children remained silent to hear what he had to say, Joe and I among the others. The little boy raised his pretty face up toward Heaven, or, properly speaking, the sky. He uttered a pretty little prayer, and oh, how beautiful I thought the words were as they came from his lips. He finished up by saying, "Oh, God bless them all, these thy children, for thou has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" Then he sang a beautiful song. We could not understand the words, as someone said it was in the Gaelic tongue. They applauded him when he had finished and then he sang in broken English, some of the people that stood near by said that song was sung in a broad Scotch accent. It was so pretty that I noticed a woman that stood near by crying all the time that he

sang. Then he spoke for us in that broad accent. He told us Hell was within us. It was in our souls and it was only through the moral lives we lived that we could dig it out. Many of the degraded people that stood around laughed and said, "The brat's a fool. Hell's down below and Heaven's up above." He said, "If you wish to come nearer to God you must purify your lives by helping each other to get out of this degradation that you have fallen into. Hell is only a place in your mind created by your soul's desire to live an abandoned life. Now, you must take that soul to task to live and command it to dig up that hell and throw it to the winds. You are good men, women and children if you only understood where the good quality is located. He said, "If you wish to come nearer to God you must purify your lives by helping each other to get out of this degradation that you have fallen into. Hell is only a place in your mind created by your soul's desire to live an abandoned life. Now, you must take that soul to task and command it to dig up that Hell and throw it to the winds. You are good men, women and children if you understand where the good quality is located." A lot of them commenced to laugh and mock him. He said, "That quality is also in your soul. Now I want you to repeat the Lord's Prayer with me." He commenced to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the only one that repeated it with him was the woman that cried so much. All of a sudden a low, degraded strumpet caught hold of his beautiful hair and tried to drag him into the gutter. As she did so Joe kicked her and knocked her down. He kept kicking her until she released his hair. He cried out with the pain, but went on preaching again. By this time a large crowd had collected around him. He told them God was no personal being, he was a universal principle and loved the **children of men**.

Just then an old minister came along who used to preach sometimes for the degraded wretches of the Five Points. His name was Clark. After he had listened a little while he cried out, "Sacrilege! Blasphemy against the true Christian God. The child is influenced by the devil. It's one of the devil's imps passing itself off as a pretty child. Call the police and take it away. It is a blasphemer of the worst kind; stop up your ears and don't listen to it. It's the devil come to earth trying to

ensnare you poor creatures here of the Five Points who have lost all sense and reason you ever had." He screamed out his words so loud that two policemen came up to see what was the matter. The minister told them that that child was a blasphemer against the Christian God, was a nuisance and a disturber of the peace, as "these people can bear me witness in what I say. I command you to arrest him—take him to the station-house and lock him up."

The policemen spoke to the little boy, saying, "You must come with us, you are making too big a racket here." He said to one of the policemen, "Will you carry me pigaback if I go with you?" That brought quite a laugh from the children and jeers from the adults—poor, miserable creatures. The policemen said, "All right, boy, get on." The little boy sprang on to the policeman's back, caught hold of his collar with his little hands, at the same time the policeman put back his hands and caught hold of the Little One's legs. They went off towards the station house, the little boy singing, "When You and I Were Young, Tom." The other policeman had to hold his sides from laughing so much. A big crowd followed, shouting and hollering, "The young blasphemer has collared the policeman." Before we arrived at the station house there was quite a long procession of people. Some of the boys took off their ragged jackets and caps and were waving them in the air, while the little girls were waving little shawls and anything else they could wave. I remember an unfortunate woman took off her red and green plaid shawl, stole a broom from in front of a grocery store and fastened her shawl upon the handle in some way. She raised it up and waved it as she went along the street, shouting out, "We've caught the devil's servant at last." The minister, following up behind her, begged her to take down her shawl and act respectable in the street. She stood still until he had passed her, then she gave him a kick in his back anatomy which landed him in the muddy gutter. Then the unfortunate wretches raised a shout, crying aloud, "Glory to God for Betty; she's downed the minister. Now let her down the devil if she can."

Finally we got to the station house but none were permitted to enter outside of the two policemen, the Little One and the minister, whose black clothes looked filthy, as he had been com-

pelled to lie in the dirty mud gutter for several minutes until some one had assisted him to stand on his feet. When he stood on his feet he cried out, "Dear Christ have mercy on the abominable wretches. The Five Points are getting nearer hell every day." After a little while I slipped into the station house unnoticed by the policemen. I went over to a bench and sat down by the little boy. I took one of his hands in mine and he looked at me and smiled with those glorious eyes of his. He put one of his hands on my head and smoothed down my hair, saying, "Little girl, there is a happy future for you, but blood must be shed before it comes to pass." The minister must have heard what he said, for he turned around and yelled out, "The imp of hell is a witch besides a blasphemer of the Christian God." Then the policeman ordered me out of the station house. In the doorway stood that woman that cried to much while he was singing and talking. She said to the policeman, "If you will only permit me to kiss those pure, innocent lips of that child I think I can become a good woman." The policeman picked up the little boy from the bench, carried him in his arms to the door, saying to the Little One, "Would you object to kissing this woman?" The Little One said, "Oh, no, I like to kiss good women." He threw his arms around her neck, then kissed her on the lips several times. After that he placed his little hand on her head, saying, "Good woman, you will become a great worker in the Vineyard of Souls." She said, "Thank God, never again shall I place a glass of liquor to my lips. I call upon God and you men here to witness what I say. Please let me stay here tonight in order that I may sober up properly." They did so.

The four policemen that were present in the station house each one kissed the Little One in turn. The Chief of Police said, "Hand him to me." He, too, kissed him, saying at the same time, "If you are in league with the devil, as this minister says, I think today you have saved a soul from hell." The minister cried out, "You're all blasphemers of the worst kind. The little bastard has bewitched you and I leave you to the devil, for he will own you at the last." He rushed out of the station house and as he was going down the steps Joe stabbed him in the leg with a big pin. He jumped and hollered, "Dear Jesus, have mercy on me. I feel the pitchfork of hell already," which sent

the big crowd off into a big laugh. The young ones hollered and shouted after him until he got out of sight.

After the crowd had all dispersed and sought their dirty hovels—those that had any to go to—I watched them until they were all gone then I went up to the station house door and asked the Chief of Police or the head man there, whom I thought must have been a Chief, “Would you please let me kiss the little joy? I liked him so much.” He called the little boy up to him and said, “Would you mind kissing this little girl?” The little boy said “No,” and then kissed me. Then he asked the man if I could stay with him in the station house. The man said, “All right, until his people come after him.” We went over and sat on a bench, holding each other’s hands, and oh, I was so happy then, for we laughed and talked together. I remained all that night with him in the station house. He, the woman and I slept in one bed that night. A man called for him in the morning, and oh, how he scolded that little boy. He scolded him so hard that I commenced to cry. The little boy took my hand and said, “Don’t cry, there will always be fools like him in the world.” The man took him away and that’s the last I ever saw of him in the body. That woman became Mrs. Spring, the great missionary of the Five Points.

I have discovered since I came here to spirit life that little boy is this individual through whose lips I give this communication in Searchlight Bower. They say the changes he has passed through since then have been wonderful.

We will take it up, sir, at another time, as it is getting late in the day.

Monday, December 15, 1902.

Good morning, friend. It is a beautiful, bright, clear morning. Surely such a morning as this would make all life happy.

I will now continue my communication. Why I delayed so long was on account of the feebleness of the medium. He was too weak and I was not permitted to use his organ of speech. They have granted me that permission this morning, so now I will continue.

There is a day towards the latter part of this month which you call Christmas, a day in which many are made happy by the gifts they receive from their friends, and also the great dinners

they partake of, which poisons their physical organization and in many cases shortens the life of the individual partaking thereof. They have made sewers of their stomachs. The stomach cannot digest that which has been forced into it through the canals of gluttony and the order and condition of that day's gluttony results in some disease in the human anatomy. If people would only stop to think and reason out their condition they would make the discovery they had been living on a basis of cannibalism, gorging their stomachs and systems with a flesh eating diet, not only causing degeneracy to them that partake of that flesh diet, but cruelty of the worst kind, destroying life that they did not give, all because that old liar, Jehovah, said it was good for them to eat all manner of animal food, he being an old licentious brute and a cruel tyrant of the worst kind, teaching people to murder, steal and lie; teaching the male condition of the human race to covet other men's wives and daughters. Out upon such a low, degraded writer, that would give such advice to the human race. He was a filthy beast of the lowest kind, who lived in the midst of degradation and licentiousness of the lowest kind or order that the human mind can have any conception of. Woe be to them that accept such slush as the "Word of God." When Reason has grown and developed to such an extent that it will clear up their befogged minds and the mantle of shame will blush their cheeks to think they had accepted such corruption as the word of God coming from an old demoniac brute of the lowest order, who wrote up misery tales and called them religious works of Jehovah. Enough of this. It is degrading to think of, that the human race has been plastered over with such filthy slime in the name of Religion.

The Christian world claims that on the 25th day of December a Saviour was born to them who laid in a manger, as there was no room for the mother and the child in the inn; that he came into the world—this Saviour—under miraculous conditions; that none of the laws of nature had anything to do with it. God granted the mother a special dispensation where the Holy Ghost came to her on that special occasion, whispered love tales in her ear and she fell a victim to the Holy Ghost's flirtation through that special dispensation. When the mother and Holy Ghost had summed it up—or in other words, when the



mother and the Holy Ghost had talked it over, and the overshadowing had passed away, it was found when the usual nine months was up she would become a mother and bear a child and its name would be Jesus, the Saviour of the human race—Joseph, her husband, only filled up the background, as he was a looker-on, who felt quite elated at the intrigue that had taken place between the Holy Ghost and his wife Mary.

People of intellect and intelligence today call that adultery, but there may have been a possibility that Joseph had lost his manhood, he being old and up in years. The Holy Ghost being a lying hypocrite, like all Holy Ghosts are of the Christian church, deceived the old man and led Mary astray. No doubt she was willing to be so lead, a rosy cheeked young damsel who was fond of the pleasures of life like others of her sex. Things were reversed that time. The Holy Ghost tempted a daughter of Eve. (Just then a loud rap came to let us know the spirits acquiesced in what the communicating spirit had said.) In general, as it is said by that worthy old libertine, Jehovah, Eve tempted Adam and he fell. I am so glad that the old brute has changed his ideas, allowing that male Holy Ghost, one of his Archangels, to tempt Mary, her husband being old and worthless, as his manhood had gone to sleep waiting for re-embodiment. This gives woman now a chance to brag some. She was elevated through the condition, knowing that she was no longer the temptress, but man is the tempter. A flood of reason (another rap) had reached the human brain whereby the children of nature commenced to think for themselves, and if it had not been for the curse of priestcraft holding them under a bond of religious superstition, their enlightenment would have been wonderful today.

This miraculous birth that the Christian world believes in was of Pagan origin. It was the birth of a Sun God. The Pagan sun-worshippers believed by their way of counting that every hundred years the great central Sun of Life threw off a new Sun, which they claimed was the birth of a young sun thrown off by the parent Sun which they claimed was both male and female. They realized as they thought that a manifestation of corruption had conceived or created through the generating process of the male Sun, whose seed was beyond all expression in life. He had presented through the womb of Nature a new Sun that must

take his position in space, draw close to a dark planet, that has also been created in the abode of darkness. This young Sun had to manifest and illuminate that dark planet so that life could exist upon it in time. Where that young dark planet was created was called the abode of Spazzemanca, that dark God they thought never saw the light. He was kept in that condition to create planets void of Life and Light. The ancient Pagans believed that when the great Central Sun manifested its power by ushering into space a young Sun it brought a wave of Life and Intelligence with it to the minds of the human race. The ancient Sun worshippers represented that this took place in the month that you call December. They believed it brought a Messiah to the world, which was a great flood of light to govern and direct the forces of the human intellect.

When Christianity was ushered in and introduced among the Pagan race it was a great force of intelligence that they had discovered through a higher growth of civilization called "Mind and Matter." There had come to them a Messiah or God of Light. They held what you call seances or circles. In that seance an independent voice spoke to them, telling them of a great wave of religion that would spread itself throughout their part of the world and it would be called Creasept, meaning the creatures of earth would accept it through a manifestation and higher conception of Intellect which they must call a divine condition and the adepts of the secret circle would receive the wisdom and knowledge of that religion. They warned them to beware of the Serpent that lived in the human heart or it would destroy the beauty of the divine Religion. In time they permitted the Pagan priests to enter their secret order and take the vows upon them as they would consecrate their life to the new wave of Intellect called Religion. Those Pagan priests gained power through hypocrisy and became the tyrants of the new Religion. They introduced into this new religion Pagan images. They set up one above all the others, called Hesiod, and called him the Christian God. A new conception entered their minds that he should have a miraculous birth. They located his birth with the new Sun God that was thrown into space.

When the people made the discovery that their great God Hesiod was, as they thought, a new Sun of Light that had come

in their midst they danced, sang and held a great festival. From hence comes your Christmas, or the miraculous birth of your Jesus, taken from the new Sun God thrown into space during the winter Solstices. So, you see, this miraculous birth outside of the laws of Nature that took place between Mary and the Holy Ghost, with Joseph for a background, is a fraud of the worst kind.

That which I have related to you was given to me by an advanced ancient spirit. He tells me that when a new planet is discovered through the great lens by the scientific observers, no matter how far distant it is from your earth, as long as they can discover its outlines it is the herald of a new Light that is going to be ushered in upon your earth planet. Friend, if you have been an observer that when a new planet has been discovered a great change has taken place in the human mind and its surroundings. If you look back and think you must remember how some new philosophy was started by an advanced mind. Those advanced minds are the new Messiahs bringing to the children of men a new Light and a new moral growth. They are the great civilizers of your earth planet. They have given you new food to live upon, great thoughts they have ushered in the new Age of Reason. At all times and in all times they have brought to you a great civilization through the power of growth and evolution. It has been manifested to the thinking mind as a wave of Light that has brought great nutrition to their brain forces. It is an utter impossibility that this wave motion could pass over your earth planet without some minds catching up this beautiful inspiration that works almost miracles in souls' growth. It comes from the great central Sun of Nature's Universe, unified in the souls of men and women, whereby we get a thorough understanding of re-embodiment, all souls that lived in spiritual bodies must constantly return into physical bodies to get a proper understanding of physical and spiritual growth. The soul understanding that condition, thoroughly hails with joy, and welcomes the entering of the spiritual into the physical embodiment.

The soul understands when the lesson is thoroughly learned by the spiritual or astrals, then it comprehends the power of evolution in all its ministrations and unfoldments for the growth

of the astral. When the spiritual becomes perfect and understands the perfect of perfectness it is deified in the soul and becomes one great light or Messiah for the lower conditions of the human race. That Soul's work then is the constant elevation of the human race. It glorifies in the perfect, beautiful of all things spiritual. It is the beacon light that commences with the children of Earth. It teaches them all earth religions are man made.

The only true religion that comes from the Central Sun of Light is Truth embellished in Sunlight. Truth is the great generator and creator of life. Nothing transpires or is formed and fashioned only through Truth. Truth is Nature's great God constantly watching over and through the Eon of all time, which means Eternity. No beginning, no end, beyond the comprehension of man's brain forces. We are all in the swim, let us make the best of it. Let us be thoughtful, sincere and honest and then we will be happy for all time to come, gaining knowledge with each revelation that will come through the new light to our earth planet.

I thank you for taking down my communication and will leave my love for your medium and will also say that "Sada, the Lone One" has gained knowledge by taking the humble position of a listener to advanced minds. I once more thank you and will say good day, friend.

Friday, December 19, 1902.

God is an ethereal expression in Life, deified in the great Central Sun outworked and expressed through a great unfoldment of all principles in Nature. The ethereal expression unifies itself in all life. Wisdom and Reason comes from the inner sense of that unification that gives Light and Life to souls occult deification through natural laws in the human intellect which means soul's growth, being one of the higher expressions in Nature's element unfolding and throwing off all essential parts that govern your physical embodiment.

# Ida

## Chapter IX

Thursday, January 1, 1903.

Good morning, sir and friend. I have been permitted to enter Searchlight Bower this beautiful morning. The first day of the new year—oh, but it is a beautiful day. Who would have ever thought that this old body of your medium would be still moving around on New Years Day, 1903. The last time I met him in the body—that is, when I also inhabited a physical body—he looked frail, age was commencing to place its mark on his physical body, but the soul, I could see, was young.

Why I come here today is to give to the reading public a communication in which I will describe an experience connected with my last physical body. I had what you call a beautiful and musical voice. It was undergoing a vocal training and I was preparing myself for the Grand Opera which position I never had the pleasure of attaining. My vocal teacher told me I had a remarkable voice and in time would have one of remarkable register, but I was cut off in my young maidenhood at the age of eighteen. I looked forward to great results in the musical profession. The last time I saw this medium, through whose life I now speak, was at the Academy of Music in New York. He was playing Mrs. Lollipop in "Quiet Life." I sang a solo from Norma. The papers, in speaking of the benefit on that occasion, complimented my voice highly, saying they expected great things from me in time. I must admit it made me very happy as I was somewhat of a vain nature and thought I was of a superior mould to the general class of people. Oh vanity, vanity, thou art the destruction of kingdoms, when taken at their height. Thou layest them low before the altar of Humility. Ambition and a wicked mother laid my physical body low through a poisonous drug that she gave me in a cup of coffee.

my unfortunate mother was a vain, fashionable woman, who sold her virtue to obtain money in order to procure fashionable attire. She was a frivolous woman, a disgrace and curse to my father. That is the way people would express themselves that live in a physical body. My father was a whole-souled, generous man, a man that any woman could be proud of and look up to with pride and respect for his manly qualities in life. Unfortunately he fell in love with a pretty face and paid the penalty, like many of his sex had done before. My mother, regardless of his love and protection, ruined his good name. She brought him down almost to poverty through her extravagance: finally disgraced his name, from which he never seemed to rally. He passed out of his body a broken hearted man. I held him in my arms, with my lips upon his, while his spirit took its flight. He was a son of one of the most respected families of Philadelphia. He loved me dearly, his only child, and to me he was my God, my everything in life. The last words he said to me before his spirit passed from his body were, "Ida, watch your mother. Do not permit her to come to your sleeping chamber at night under any pretext whatever, for she will do you violence. She hates you ever since her mother left you that property." I told him I would be guarded on all occasions and would pay particular attention to his advice, which I did. After my father's body had been laid away about a month my mother became more reckless than ever and I often had to blush for the indiscretions of her actions towards the male sex. She would paint and powder her face, attend all manner of dancing and balls in public places. She became a matinee fiend at the principal theatres. On one of her visitations at a public place of amusement she made the acquaintance of a Doctor Lewis, so he called himself. He claimed to be a graduate of Oxford, England. Mother had him come and board at our house. He professed to be a specialist in all cases of eye disease. Finding my mother was a vain and weak woman he fed her vanity by telling her she was beautiful and a queen among women. She gave birth to a child which he choked the life out of as soon as it was born into the world and I think it was a fortunate thing for the child. Imagine a child coming from such parents, then perhaps you will think as I did.

When my grandmother left me her property it consisted of three renting houses which brought me an income of three hundred dollars a month. If I should pass out of the body before my mother did the property would go to her, provided I was not married and had no heirs. I never thought of marriage, for my whole ambition was to become a noted singer.

My mother told this Doctor Lewis that if I should die without leaving any heirs the property would pass to her. He, being a scoundrel of the worst kind, prepared a sleeping draught for me, gave it to my mother, and she placed it in my coffee and I went to sleep. While under that sleep I passed from my physical body in the height of my maidenhood bloom, for I was fair to look upon, so my mirror told me.

Then Doctor Lewis got my mother to sell the property and turn it into cash. He said they would go to Australia where he would become a great sheep raiser and accumulate wealth that would go up into the millions. He would then take her to England and introduce her at the English court, as he had royal blood in his veins. He said he knew Queen Victoria would fall in love with her. Poor, weak woman, she believed all, for her vanity was great. She tells me in spirit world she just imagined herself sitting alongside of Queen Victoria in Windsor Castle, holding a *tete-a-tete* with the Queen, who would admire her beauty and her jewels—poor, deluded woman. He stole her money, abandoned her to her fate and went off with a woman, a low, coarse, degraded and immoral character who claimed to be the natural daughter of the great actress, Lola Montez.

My mother—unfortunate woman—sank deeper and deeper in sin. She fascinated a man while he was under the influence of liquor. He was a married man and had a wife and children, one of the prominent citizens of the city of Philadelphia, Pa. She allured him to her den of shame and there presented to him a glass of liquor with poison in it; after drinking it he died within an hour in terrible agony. She robbed him of his money and jewelry and fled the place, but was captured in Chicago by detectives, who put her under arrest. They were bringing her back to Philadelphia to stand trial. She was prepared for the condition. Out of her breast she took a little vial unnoticed by the detective, drank the contents, which was powerful poison.

she tells me, and was dead inside of a quarter of an hour. That was the fate of my unhappy mother; her body was handed over to her relations for burial. My grandfather on my father's side prevented them from placing her body alongside of my father. They buried her—that is, her body—in their own family lot.

That wretch who bore the name of Lewis abandoned that lewd woman and unfortunate character who said she was the daughter of Lola Montez. He went to Paris, married a French actress in the vaudeville profession, stole her jewels and money and abandoned her as he did the others. He now resides in New Zealand, and has another woman that he calls wife—one of the most notorious characters in that leading city of New Zealand. I hope he will be fortunate enough to read this communication. He will understand then who gave it to the reading public. He married seven women, besides others that he lived with, and changed his name in every place he lived in. At the present time he bears the name of Shelton, claiming while living in the United States he was a dramatic author and wrote many stories for the Sunday journals. I hope these lines will meet his eye, and if he has any conscience left, surely it will be the means of something of a reformation from his past life.

I was acquainted with your medium from the age of seven up to the time I passed from my physical body. I admired his character acting very much but found him cold and distant and very hard to approach on friendly terms. I have heard people in the profession say that his heart was as cold as marble. I can see now they did not understand him, neither did I. I wondered how it was while playing on the stage he was so full of mirth and fun. He kept the people screaming with his comedy acting. After leaving the stage and entering the wings he became cold and distant again. I said to Mr. E. L. Davenport, "What a strange creature that is. He seems to be boiling over with fun when on the stage; off it as he is now you would think, Mr. Davenport, he was void of all animation." Mr. Davenport said, "You are most all strangers here to the Little One. He hasn't played in New York for many years. You are all a new generation to him, for you must understand he is no longer a young person." Mr. O'Neil came up to where we were stand-



ing, by this time, listening to part of our conversation, and said, "I do not believe it's a male at all; look at that beautiful neck and those voluptuous breasts and then call it a male—why, it is ridiculous." Mr. Davenport said, "The Little One is of both sexes, the female nature predominating. Don't you think she sang that piece of music pretty—'Time and Tide Waits for No Man?'" I said, "That's what surprises me; she has got such a high soprano voice and yet she dresses in male attire and walks the streets looking like a boy, for she is not tall enough to look like a man; besides that, her hands and feet are too small, even for a good sized boy." Mr. Davenport said, "Look—she is going on in the last scene; here's where she makes the people scream. I have seen the Little One play this character several times; it always seems new to me; she is constantly introducing something new to make the people scream with laughter." At the finish of the scene she lifted one of the male characters by the seat of his pants and collar of his jacket and held him up for a few seconds, hollering out at the top of her voice, "Behold the champion of woman's rights," then threw him into the orchestra, while the curtain fell, leaving the audience screaming and applauding. When she came off the stage panting for breath, the people were calling for her to appear in front of the curtain. The stage manager asked Mr. Davenport to lead her on, as she was so weak from her great exertion in the comedy. I heard the stage manager say, "She must be fifty years old now, for I remember her when I was a little boy." I said to Mr. O'Neil, "Great heavens, can it be possible that person is fifty years old? Why, she sang and danced in that comedy just as if she was a young girl." Mr. O'Neil said, "Wonders will never cease and especially in stage life." When Mr. Davenport led her off the stage he held her in his arms, as she was so nervous it seemed to me I could hear the creature's heart beat; finally he led her to the green room. I followed to see what the result would be. He placed her in a seat, sitting alongside of her, holding her hands, while she laid back panting for breath. I said to myself, "Can this be the end of all old people on the stage? How hard they must work to please the people, then come off and pant like this for breath." I said to Mr. Davenport, "Why do you hold her hands so long—why don't you call one of the servants to

bring her something to drink?" He said, "Not now; by holding her hands I give her magnetism; that brings back some of her strength, then we will give her some of that lemonade with the strawberry juice in it."

After awhile she seemed to revive and become herself once more. Then Mr. Davenport requested one of the waiters to bring him some of the lemonade with a teaspoon. He fed her the lemonade, a teaspoonful at a time. She looked at me and smiled, saying, "Isn't it nice to play the baby and get fed by a knight of the old school?" I said to her, "Indeed, you are a born sou-brette." Mr. Davenport said, "The Little One could not be anything else." She said to me in her gentle way, "Young girl, it is like this I played yesterday, both afternoon and evening, at our own theatre called the Broadway—then playing this afternoon it is a little too much for my strength." Then Mr. Davenport said, "Yes, and at your age, too, Puss." She professed to blush, which she could do to perfection. I think she was the most perfect flirt I ever saw on the stage. She looked at Mr. Davenport with one of her winning smiles, saying at the same time, "Any one to hear you talk would think I came from an antique school." Then she burst out into one of her musical laughs for which she was noted. Taking my hand she placed me on the seat near her, saying, "My dear, it tires me to see you stand; would you believe it, my dear, in this profession we become slaves to amuse the people—for what? Just for the bread and butter we eat and the clothes we wear. We can take none of our money with us when we pass through the dark shadow into that bright light beyond: think of it—tonight I harness up again to make the people laugh at my edisantrisities."

Mr. Davenport smiled and said, "The Little One is always coining new words of his own to answer his purpose." Mr. Davenport looked very solemn then when he said, "Puss, I'm going to have a benefit—don't you want to volunteer for an old gent like me?" She placed her hand in his, saying, "Old sweetheart, I'm with you every time: what will it be on that occasion?" He said, "Mr. Hart has promised to play for me. I want you and him to play the farce as 'Old Lovers.'" She laughed again one of her musical laughs and said, "Davy old boy, you are bound to place me in the Museum of Antiquity."

Just then Mr. Bryant and Mrs. G. W. Jones came up. Mr. Davenport addressed them, saying, "Did you ever see Mr. Hart and Puss in the farce of the 'Old Lovers,' trying to be young?" Mrs. G. W. Jones said, "No, but I have heard of it, and want to see them in it. Mr. Bryant has just been telling me that you are going to have a benefit. Mr. Davenport, I want to present my services on that occasion, if they are acceptable." Mr. Davenport, taking her by the hand, said, "My good lady, they are by all means acceptable on that occasion. I will appear in one act myself as 'Sir Giles Overreach, in a New Way to Pay Old Debts.'"

Just then a gentleman stepped up, saying, "Puss, your carriage is waiting." The Little One bade us all good afternoon, and kissing Mrs. Jones and Mr. Davenport, took Mr. Bryant's arm and walked to the carriage. Mr. Davenport said, "I feel for the Little One that has to get into harness again tonight." That is the last time I ever saw your medium while I was in the physical body. Mr. Davenport did not live long enough to receive the receipts of his benefit. He soon passed out of his body.

I had then lived to discover, as young as I was, it was not all gold that glitters behind the scenes at the theatre; there was lots of hard work and much anxiety in a theatrical life.

I leave my love for little Justin. Thanking you, kind sir, for taking down my communication, hoping that the eyes of that villain, Doctor Lewis, may peruse its lines. Good day.

Put me down as Ida, as I have no desire to bring my father's family name into print, for it was a name that I loved and respected with reverence. I cannot, as a female spirit, be the means or cause of any reflection cast upon the name of my mother, who was an unfortunate creature. I forgive her, but there is no affinity between us in the spirit world. Ida.

# A Man's Conscience

## Chapter X

Oh, conscience where dost thou dwell,  
Do you live in the souls of men and women  
Or down in the depths of hell?  
Say, wily conscience, can you tell?

Conscience, hast thou a moment to spare  
Since you left that degraded girl so fair?  
Or dost thou only whirl in the air.  
Conscience, out of hell hast thou time to spare

To listen to reason that's fair?  
Conscience, are you on earth  
Or do you only live in the air,  
Since heartstrings you love to tear?

What cry is this I hear?  
Conscience, are you the pall of the bier,  
Or art thou a seer,  
Since conscience has no fear.

Down in the dens of sin,  
Conscience covers all with a film,  
Since a seething maelstrom is within,  
Oh, conscience, thou art black with sin.

Hast thou heard the aching cry?  
Conscience, have you no pity or a sigh  
For the cruelty of a human fly?  
Since to all misery you draw nigh.

Hast thou forgot the aching hearts on earth?  
Conscience, did you give this sin a birth  
To breaking hearts sitting at the hearth?  
Conscience, art thou the devil on earth?

Behold the blinking, blearing race.  
Conscience, have you a false face  
To look upon this deplorable race?  
Conscience, for crime you have made a place.

One little thought I would give.  
Conscience, permit Truth to live  
And only see error through a sieve.  
Conscience, Wisdom must live.

There are angel faces near,  
Conscience, they cry out, there is fear  
Since the power of Truth is near,  
Conscience to spirit adhere.

The Devil has left Hell,  
Conscience, to Truth thou art a sell,  
For men through conscience have fell:  
Conscience, wipe out thy errors in Hell.

# Dr. H. W. Gould

## Chapter XI

Saturday, February 22, 1902.

Good morning, Colonel. How goes everything? I made you several promises, also Doctor Meyer, that I would visit your home in the mountains. Now I come to make that visit. I find it a cloudy day, so it will give us a chance to have a little chat. I suppose you know who I am; I am old man Gould—old stingy Gould, as the Spiritualists called me, because I didn't divide my property with them. Suppose I had—it wouldn't have been any benefit to them. There's no harmony amongst the San Diego Spiritualists. As far as I could see they did nothing but slander one another. They couldn't unite, because they all thought they understood the laws of spiritualism and some claimed they got greater communications than others, because they were controlled by a higher class of spirits. I think the biggest farce I ever witnessed was when I had the pleasure of listening to some of the most egotistical spiritualists that I ever heard talk. They live right down there in San Diego. I don't want you to think that I am going to make any excuses for myself, for I think that I was one of the most pig-headed and egotistical spiritualists that ever lived in San Diego. Stubbornness and combativeness was my whole make-up and I thought those who did not think as I did were all wrong.

Now I am going to tell you of a little scene that took place between Justin and myself. One day he made me a visit at my office. I think it was in the month of September, 1887. I presume I was getting off one of my bombastic ideas, when all of a sudden he jumped up off his chair and stood right in front of me, saying, "Doctor Gould, do you know what I think of you?" I said, "No, but I'd like to know." "Well," he said, "I think you're a big, bellowing bull, and when you can't have things

your own way, you want to do up all the rest of the bulls on the ranch. I think of all the old egotistical brutes that I ever met, it's you. You put me in mind of lots of these old scribblers that write for spiritual newspapers. If all the rest of the world don't think just as they do, why they are going to clean up and do up all the minds that are in the spiritual field, because they don't think as they do. Now, old man, I feel better since I have told you what I thought of you." Just think of it, a little urchin like him telling Doctor Gould what he thought of him. I had to laugh right out and said, "You are not anything of a hypocrite, are you?" He said, "You just bet I ain't. I got tired of seeing you roaring around like an old bull trying to break down a fence and get at another one who defied you to come on his side of the fence and that's the way it is with lots of these old spiritualists, who think they know it all. Haven't you got brains enough to see that Spiritualism is progressing, like everything else in life? Do you suppose that you hold it all in this old shanty here?" Just imagine him calling my office an old shanty, where some of the most enlightened minds met to talk things over, and especially the spiritual philosophy. He said, "Now, if you don't behave yourself, I shall never come to see you again." Well, I didn't want that to occur, for I liked the little chap as he had given me some very fine tests, especially one wherein he informed me that I held in my possession a gold locket which contained two portraits, that of a man and a woman, which he said was my father and my mother. It was so. No one ever saw that gold locket, for I carried it in a pocket sewed in my undershirt, and I know no one could have told him of such a locket, for it was a sacred treasure to me and I never showed it to any one. He said, "The man of whom that picture is made is your father, and I think he is the most positive spirit that I ever saw in my life, and you are just like him, you old duffer." What a compliment that was for Doctor Gould to receive, but nevertheless it was a truthful one, for I was just like my father in everything.

After he had spent his fury I arose and took both his hands, saying, "Now Justin, I don't want you to become very angry with me. I always want you to come and see me when you get in from the mountains. I know, Justin, sometimes I become

very positive and talk rather rough, for I am always in the habit of having my own way with every one but you. It seems as if you were determined to break in through my ways and compel me to see things in another light." He said, "Well, don't you know that old dromedaries have to wake up sometime and travel through the sandy desert until they discover an oasis, a green spot in the desert, where they can sit under the cool shade of the palms, collect their thoughts and sharpen their wits for the rest of the journey, you old lunk head?" I then grabbed him in my arms and kissed and hugged him, saying, "Little One, you are a major, but you are ahead of time." He took me to task for believing what a certain woman claimed was truthful. Well, I might as well out with it, Colonel; I mean that materializing woman that I swore by and who got considerable of my money. Now I can see from the spirit side of life that she perpetrated some of the worst frauds upon me that she ever did upon any one; she worked up her faking business so artistically that I really thought it was all genuine materialization. With all my positive conceit she drew the wool over my eyes and I became her victim. I then told the Little One that if I should become rough and swear some to take no notice of it and let it pass. He promised to do so, but his visits became less and less and then finally he did not call to see me at all, which made me feel bad. You know, Colonel, I asked you several times why he did not come to see me. I had my mind fully made up that if we had remained friends I would leave him my library of books, but he ignored me entirely and I left them to another party, but I am sorry I did so for I do not think they appreciate them as he would have done.

I merely give you a little description of his opinion towards me. I saw he was no hypocrite and discovered he knew how to speak his mind. I made a visit to a circle in San Diego since I have passed to spirit life, hoping to find a medium through which I could speak to the friends. It was a failure—I could find no such medium, but I heard all they had to say. There was one present who took my character to task and spoke very bitterly against me, saying, "If I was as mean and stingy a spirit in spirit life as I had been in the body, they pitied the spirits that associated with me." I don't see why I should have given



my property to the Spiritualists'. It was mine and I had a right to do with it as I chose. If there had been more harmony amongst them I no doubt would have helped them. So they need not think I do not know their opinion of me, for I most assuredly do. Since I came to spirit life I have visited three circles in San Diego, one in Los Angeles and two in San Francisco, but I never controlled any medium until today; this is the first time. Their expressions about me were anything but flattering. They need not think that I do not understand now, knowing that I was an old fogey in Spiritualism. I can see it all clearly now. I was behind the times and not sufficiently advanced to understand Justin's sayings.

Now, Colonel, I want to tell you something about my spirit existence. I did not find the spirit world as mediums had represented it to me, but I found it a most natural world, more so than that world in which I lived in a physical body. As I see it in spirit life, all have to work out their own condition and I am at work at mine. I found all very natural and hard at work trying to become more spiritual and less physical.

Now I am going to give you an idea how we make the exchange, leaving the physical and entering the spiritual. Possibly you know, Colonel, that I suffered a good deal before I left my physical body. When my spirit passed from my physical body it seemed as if I fell into space and my spirit kept going down, down, when all of a sudden I received some kind of a shock, then my spirit seemed to arise again, my eyes opened and I looked upon my old physical body. For three days there was in my head a roaring and a babel of noises like the rumbling of machinery and the running of railway trains and every conceivable noise that could be made. Then I commenced to collect my thoughts and said to myself, that must be what they call death. I placed my spirit fingers upon the eyes in my head, that is, my physical face, and found they were cold, with no animation whatever. I walked around and looked at my body. While I was doing so I heard a voice calling my name. For some time I could not see the individual who was calling me, but as she came closer and closer my sight became more perfect, when finally I saw the individual who was calling me. I laughed for joy when I discovered she was an old schoolmate of mine and we had been

sweethearts while living in the body. I felt proud when a school-boy to fight her battles and carry her books home from school. As a spirit, Colonel, she was beautiful; her merry laugh lit up my soul. Then she said to me, "Old sweetheart, now young again, when you have worked out and lived down some things you should not have done, I will then come for you, as we are spirit mates. Do not forget I will always be near you to help you. When you have paid the penalty for your misdeeds then you can come and live with me. I have paid the penalty for my past errors and shall wait until you have done the same. Then we will become united in the spirit world and prepare our spirits for reincarnation," for you know, Colonel, I did not believe in that when living in the body, but she has taught me it is a truth and only through re-embodiment can we become perfect in spirituality. What I mean by being perfect in spirituality is this: when we have worked out our earth condition thoroughly and understand the meaning and principle of the work that has been laid out for us to pass through and accomplish by taking on different bodies, we are gaining in spirituality and in spiritual knowledge while we are doing all this. We are creating and materializing that beautiful expression and inner thought called the conscience. We are educating ourselves to love all the beauties in nature placed there by the conditions of others and ourselves for we are the electric motion of all life. We gain an ascendancy step by step through the law and power of evolution. When we were only the little mite of a cosmos in sense whose action was our daily guardian, we had an inkling or idea that lived in the midst of that coarse and gross surrounding which I call plastic arion. By that I mean the inability of our chaotic condition held a law that had a force and through that force in our life condition we have arrived at the Arion, leaving the plastic behind. Our self-assurance will teach us the building up of all the spiritual growth that is within us.

I find here in spirit existence the self same selfishness that impregnates the whole of God's children. I find that there are many who are wise and good while others are low, degraded and slothful. I have not seen, so far, any of those beautiful scenes that were described to me by earthly mediums, or, perhaps you had better call them earthly fakirs. My spirit mate

tells me when I have progressed far enough she will lead me by degrees into the presence of elevated spirits whose light now I could not, nor would not, understand. She says she will lead me as a child, as she had been led into the presence of the glories of life. It will come by slow, passive steps, and each step will be an arisen thought, called "perfection's love," which leadeth the whole spiritual creation into the presence of glory's nature, called the divinity or the God of the human race. Colonel, I have force of character enough to get there, but I must abide my time for every step must be worked out by perfection. That is the step that overcomes man's conceit and laudation. We must lay aside all egotism—all man's conceit must pass by and be buried in oblivion. It is only through the true light of Reason and the building up of our conscious condition that we can gain ability and become one with God. What I mean by "God" is the perfection of all nature which holds the trinity of intellectuality, conscious ability and spirituality that governs all life.

Now, Colonel, I could give you the names of many individuals who inhabit physical bodies posing as mediums who, at the same time, are some of the worst frauds I ever met, but I would not waste your valuable time, neither would I waste good paper on which you would have to pen their names, for I look upon them as being the scum of the earth. While at the same time I had the pleasure while living in the body of having many fine sittings with genuine mediums—God bless them. I hope the time is not far distant when Spiritualism will be weeded out of those infernal tares and frauds. It is the only true avenue through which you can learn of eternity. You might have all the bibles that the world ever produced, place all their religions into a revolving cylinder and not one of them can produce a genuine rap that comes from the spirit side of life—little thinking of the great force or manifestation through which we can communicate to our friends, called the entranced mediums, or a great force in nature which embellishes all Truth, Sunlight and Reason, that guides you to the portal of Eternity, whereby you can become a dweller in spirit life.

Now, I want you to give my regards to Mr. Meyer and Mr. High, and all other friends that would like to hear from me. I want you to take a big share for yourself, Colonel.

I leave my love and best wishes for Justin. Tell him there is coming a time when true mediums will be worth their weight in gold, as they are now, did the people understand it.

Now, I want to thank you for taking down my communication. Mrs. Bushyhead told me she did so well I thought I would try it.

Just put me down as Old Gould, the miser. Good day.

# Thomas Paine

## Chapter XII

Wednesday, April, 1902.

I greet you, friend, on this beautiful sunny day. You are a friend in the cause of liberty—that is, in the cause of thought, speech and progression. The power of evolution is constantly at work, and you are riding on its wave. Permit me to introduce myself in Searchlight Bower. I am he whom the Christians call “Old Tom Paine, the drunkard and infidel.” Possibly you have heard or read of my name, as it has been a toothpick to the ministers of the Christian religion, whereby they could pick out of their teeth the old diabolical lies they have been telling for so many years, and the hide-bound superstition that they force down into the Christians when they could not force it up the other way into their heads.

My name has been a tickler to the Christian palate in order that they might relish so much their brimstone soup in the good will of the devil that they love so much. My writings have been a scorcher that did them up brown on both sides so that the credulous minds of the Christian world could partake of the fatty substance of this Jesus of Nazareth dished up with gravy of prayers and catechism, so that they might shake and wag their weak heads that held within their mouths the tongue of derision. The principal part of their lives has been so very kind—constantly they have been inviting me to board at their fashionable hotel that bears the fashionable name of “Hotel de Glory”—in other words, “Hell, Damnation and Brimstone.” They say that is the only abode fit for a gentleman of my quality to reside in—I being a heretic and blasphemer of the worst kind. They will see that I am fed on the idiotic brains of the bigoted ministers; they will provide for me a salad made up out of the wise deluded.

credulous minds of their followers; many who dare not think for themselves, otherwise they are afraid they would wake up some morning in hell if they did. My temper and bearing with the surroundings of the Age of Reason would not harmonize, I am afraid, in their grand palace of the abode of the blessed called by gentle people, "Hell Inferno." I have no desire to pass my time among murderers, thieves, hypocrites and prostitutes of the worst kind that are the prominent boarders of that fashionable Christian resort. I am too humble to be exalted to the high position and the glorious condition through which such deluded hypocrites who are constantly under the condition of inebriation through too much psalm singing. My nature is such that I prefer quiet, gentle people who sit and think for themselves—their emotion is not constantly stirred up by a popinjay show of religion. Wise and thinking minds who have constantly seen the light of Truth before them have been persecuted in all ages by a class of people that stole a pagan God and called him Jehovah. He was first stolen by the Jews from the Syrians and then by the Christians from the Jews. That Pagan idol fastened himself so upon the Christians it is almost impossible for them to shake him off. You see, when they stole him he had three heads which looked in all directions, and it was only once in a while that one could escape from under the gaze of those bleared eyes of that idol called the Christian God. But human nature is waking up to advanced thought, and in time they will throw over him a veil with such a dark shadow attached to it that he will pass into oblivion forever. You cannot place upon the human mind an iron helmet with an iron mask attached to it; you cannot screw it so tight upon the human skull but Truth will come from the soul and mind of each individual in time.

Many of the ministers have proclaimed from their pulpits that hey knew my soul was in Hell enjoying the company of their old friend, God and the Devil, for he is both to the Christian heart. When the brethren of the blackcloth fail to get a good subject to preach on, they fall back on old Tom Paine, where they see him roasting in hell and they give him out as a great warning to the young minds in order that they may not investigate other religions, other creeds or philosophies. They tell them if they investigate and step to one side from the fold of

Christianity they are lost sheep and must pay the penalty of old Tom Paine. I know there are some suffering such penalty, and oh, how I wish there were more that could suffer like I do in having the pleasure of visiting mediums such as I now control today. It is a glorious penalty that I am always willing to pay. In 1882, in Kansas City, Missouri, I gave a continuation of lectures through this medium which relieved my soul very much, as I expressed my thoughts just as I wanted to do. I found his forces were easy to control and I laid bare before the people the thoughts of my mind. I gave full expression to my soul's desire. I know many felt highly edified in listening to the discourses whereby they said, "How comes this? They say this little individual is not well educated and yet he demonstrates to us that language can flow out of his mouth as water does from a fountain." Many not understanding the law that governs spirit control marveled at the sayings and expressions clothed in such beautiful language, as they called it, forgot to stop and think it was the spirit talking and not the medium. The spirit was playing upon the organization which gave forth vocal sounds clothed in what they called beautiful language. There were those in the audience who thought the lectures very radical and not Christian-like. I found the medium an easy subject to master, therefore I gave full force to my thoughts. I am one that always believed the naked truth was much better than a lie covered up with a spangled robe. Many of the people in Kansas City said at that time, "Why, that person is in advance of the age. Those that are left in the physical body talk among themselves when they meet at their homes and say, "Oh, how we could enjoy those lectures now."

Many of the people in Kansas City lived in dread of John Hammond controlling the medium on the public rostrum, his sayings were so radical to them. Now, it would be like listening to an angel—they say he gave them so much truth without any high coloring. They look upon his sayings now as a guide through life. We only understand the beauties of the condition and that which surrounds us when we have arrived at a ripe old age. Then it is the duty of every individual to impart the truths and sayings of a truthful guide to the younger generation that they may build a solid foundation for their future life to walk

upon. Wise men and women are stars gliding through the human family, permitting a spark to lodge here and there. When the common every day mind has discovered that spark radiation they find there is an angel light guiding them to the higher truths in nature. When I expressed myself through the law of common sense I discovered a spark from a star had dropped in front of me: the radiation illuminated my soul in such a manner that I caught hold of my pen and gave the "Age of Reason" to the world while in action the divinity that was within me was expressed through the point of my pen. No Christian creed could hold me down then. I was one with God and gave his thoughts to his children. Life said to me, "Thomas Paine, you must brush the scales away from human intellect in order that they may penetrate into the higher divinity that is within them, for that will become their master and guide them into the true walks of life. I was persecuted by the majority that I came in rapport with, when they thought they could not attack my character vile enough, then they called me a low, drunken beast—which was an infamous lie of the worst kind, as I was a temperate man on all occasions. The preachers only told that to people that had never seen me. Finally it got into print, and like many other lies made out of whole cloth, it was looked upon as a fixed fact by people that never came in contact with me. On my death bed they said my suffering was something terrible to behold, and that I repented at the last and accepted Jesus as my Saviour; while others said in print that I merely said, "I believed"—believed in what? In a miserable fraud fostered on the people by priestcraft and through bloodshed, burning human bodies at the stake to compel them to say, "I believe in Jesus Christ, a myth, a vampire worked up in the minds of fanatics." If they would give to the world the true sayings concerning this mythical character, Jesus, that the author first gave to the world they would hide their faces in shame. They were collected and buried away in the Vatican at Rome.

The people today have only the modernized version of this myth, Jesus, which gives them all the semblance of a beautiful and pure character. That is the way all religions will be modernized in order to cast out all the immorality, filth and debauchery of the past priesthood and their concubines. People today de-



mand moral literature and they are going to have it. The moral minds of the world will no longer dwell upon the fabrications and lies of debauchery such as that hell-bound God, Jehovah, gave them in the Old Testament. Now they demand a cleaner God—not one that is besmirched all over with the rotten vomitings of a cursed priesthood. They want a clear-cut God—one that can stand erect and is well formed and can tell the truth on all occasions. The world has no more use for Christian angels like David, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and that beautiful character, Lot, and his two daughters. No wonder it took the Christian world so long to progress out of the ditches of sloth and corruption and bastardy when they held up such whoremongers and polygamists as representations of religion in their Old Testament dealing constantly with Christian divine angels as David, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and Lot and his two daughters. They required seasoning for the human race to gulp their lives down, so they threw in the old woman as a pillar of salt to be sure that they were well seasoned. No wonder virtuous young men and women fell into the low grooves of lust and debauchery thinking they were lost forever and that hell was waiting for them. As there was no arm stretched forth from the body of Jesus to clasp them to his breast they went down, down until the human body became so gross a part of putrefaction the spirit had to withdraw and come to the spirit side of life in order to gain knowledge through which they made the discovery that all religion is man made and forced upon credulous minds through war and bloodshed.

The human mind in its early stage was built up of nothing but superstition and became the victim of priestcraft. Superstition has become the cause of rivers of blood flowing throughout the planet. All religions have Gods built up on their own design that have the look of both human and brute. A woman dressed up with a great headdress upon her head—that is the conception of God. A man who is fortunate and lucky with coifers filled with gold—that is his God. A weak, senseless brain who thinks he is the leader of fashion and wears costly garments—that is his God. As he has no true, manly ideas located in his brain it would be utterly impossible for him to understand the God of Reason. But there are minds that have been developed

through the law of Wisdom—they see God in all nature. They are the honest men and women of our daily walks. A religious bigot and fanatic understands no God but that of persecution of another's religion. Their mental thought is at such a low ebb Wisdom plays no part in their makeup. One who thinks his church and sect is the true one in the sight of God has a tendency toward a lunatic asylum some day; but the man and woman who proclaim there is no God higher than Truth revealed to them throughout all Nature—such individual's dealing will be just on all occasions. The God of fashionable society is only a bubble that can burst at any moment. Mine, with many others, is the God of Progression, that constantly looks at a true light ahead which reveals to them there is no end to knowledge.

We will continue at another time. I have held the medium long enough in his condition.

Thursday, April 17, 1902.

Well, brother, I am the causation of an entrance here today—that is, I brought the cause and effect of Thomas Paine into the Searchlight Bower, the controlling spirit of this occasion, who has entered here to greet you on Nature's glorious day—for it is a beautiful day, sweet, balmy and exhilarating. The man or woman that would find fault with such a day as this is void of all reason, and we should put them down as an imbecile floating on a wave of ether through space, awaiting a revolutionizing condition of brain action when they will realize that the love of all Nature is the spirit of knowledge, superior to all man made creeds or demented Holy Ghost appearances in weak-minded brains that must become developed through the power of Reason.

Now, brother, I wish to relate a condition that took place during my life. It was an instance such as I shall describe. I had a boy companion who bore the name of Frederick Whipple. We were very much attached to one another—so much so that our thoughts seemed to run through the same channel. We were both pupils under the same master and constantly in each other's society. When we had grown into young manhood his parents prevailed upon him to join the church. He did so to please them. After he had been a member of the church for about two years his actions became cold toward me—they no longer held that warm affection toward me that they had done previous to this

time. When we met on several occasions I approached him on friendship's footing, but his greeting was cold and distant. One day while we were walking side by side up the principal street of the village he addressed me, saying, "Tom, let's take a walk through the woods and we will go and sit on the river bank." As we were walking through the woods I thought his conversation became more animated and warm than usual. When we approached the bank of the river he looked at me, saying, "Tom, you don't love Jesus; I am going to drown you. You are a heretic and must die." He grabbed hold of me by the coat collar and dragged me toward the river. We both struggled hard—I trying to release myself from his grasp, while he was trying to push me down in the water. All of a sudden we both slipped and fell into the water together. Our struggle was a hard one while in the water and in consequence we both received a good bath. He became weak and letting loose his hold on my coat he would have drowned had I not dragged him to the river bank. I laid him upon the grass, when he swooned away into an unconscious condition. I could not assist him any more, as my strength had also become weak. There we both laid on the grass with our clothes soaking wet. I finally went to sleep from sheer exhaustion. When I awoke I discovered I had a raging fever. I sat up and looked on the friend of my boyhood, who was frothing at the mouth and seemed to be laboring under some kind of a fit. I took my shoe off and crawled down to the water, filled it with water and crawled up the bank again to my friend. Taking my handkerchief I dipped it in the water, bathed his face with it, pouring the remaining part of the water in his mouth. This did not seem to revive him. I crawled down to the bank twice more, filled my shoe with water, came back and bathed his face and hands, pouring a portion of the water into his mouth. The exertion was so great for me that I fell into a swoon—or I should properly say, passed into a swoon. I did not revive from that condition until some time in the night. When I opened my eyes I discovered the moon was shining right on our faces. As I tried to collect my senses I heard a low mumbling, like one talking in their sleep. I looked toward my companion. He laid there talking in a very low voice. I crawled over to his side and said, "Fred you are sick and so am I." He said, "Tom, I am

dying. God has punished me for the crime that I attempted to commit. They have preached so much to me about your condition and what a dreadful blasphemer you are. Our minister told me one day in private while we were conversing together it was the duty of someone to put you out of the way. I went home and prayed to God that he might find your heart and cause you to repent from your wicked ways, as I thought. You see, Tom, they have been preaching to me so much about you. My father and mother and many others told me you were the wickedest young man living. I kept praying to God to have mercy on you and find your heart so that your soul might be saved from hell. God did not seem to answer my prayers and I thought I was the one to put you out of the way. That is why, Tom, I got you to come here to the river bank that I might strangle you in the water and when your body was found the verdict would be a case of drowning. Now, dear Tom you can understand how they worked upon my sensitive nature with their damnable religion and would have cursed my soul by goading me on to murder you, my best and dearest friend that ever lived. Now, dear Tom, do you think that you can forgive me? I am dying and I know my soul will go to hell, for they have cursed it with their fanatical ideas. I know I did not destroy your physical body but I committed a murder in my soul, as my whole wish was to put you out of existence—that is the existence of this mortal plane. I have been a wicked sinner, Tom, and hell is waiting for me. The preacher, my father and mother and others have been the cause of the damnation of my soul."

I was about to speak when he said, "Wait, Tom, dear, and hear me through. Tom, take my hand and hold it in yours as we did many a time when we were little boys and happy in each other's society. Dear Tom, I have been obsessed by a devil that had taken possession of my soul—all through that cursed Christian religion. Now, dear Tom, tell me that I am not lost to your friendship, although I know that I am lost to God." I could not stand it any longer and broke in by saying, "Dear Fred, listen to me. You are not lost to God; none of his children are lost to him—that is, I mean the God of Nature. Nothing is lost to him that he has ever created. Your sensitive feelings have been worked upon by that devil in sheep's clothing. Now, Fred, dear,

let us use reason. You are not to blame for the cruel act you would have committed. This devil that told you I must be put out of the way, being such a terrible infidel, he was the real murderer at heart. You were only his tool and he worked upon your credulity in order to get you to commit the act. It is he who shall pay the penalty and not you, dear Fred. It is such minds as yours being worked upon by their superstition and bosh that become unbalanced and such as you fill the lunatic asylums where you become raving maniacs cursed by these fiends and their work. I forgive you, dear Fred, with my whole soul, as I see things in a different light from what you do. Now, look at me with your eyes and read what is in mine if you can. I forgive you with my whole soul, for you must know the eyes are the windows of the soul. Something tells me you are not going to die, but you are going to live and give the expression of Truth to the world." He did live and became Whipple, the great heretic, who was incarcerated in prison in England and died a martyr to Truth.

We lay there upon the bank of the river in our dreadful condition. The next day two boys came to fish in the river and found us lying there. I gave one of them a piece of money to go and hire a man to bring a cart and take us home. He did so. One of those boy's name was Henry Crane, the other one's name was William Fowler. When Whipple grew to manhood he was cast into prison for talking on the Unitarian belief. They accused him of being a thief, which was a lie of the worst kind. One of their good Christians placed into his pocket another man's watch while his coat hung up in a friend's room. He was arrested, accused and condemned to go to prison. The judge being a Christian bigot sent him to prison for twenty years where he died through ill health and being confined in prison. So you see, brother, what Christian bigots will do and what they have done to foster their religion on the human race. Whipple and I have been loving brothers in spirit life. We had and are now preparing our condition to take on re-embodiment. Whipple will be reincarnated in England while I will take on re-embodiment here in America. When we become boys at the age of ten the world will hear from us. We will make priestcraft tremble in its socket. As we grow into manhood our radical condition

will increase. We will place Truth before the world, showing up priestcraft in all its naked deformity. Our followers will be numbered by the hundreds of thousands who will enlist in the cause for the benefit of Truth. By our works we will root up superstition and destroy it. We will both live to be over a hundred years old. During that time we will pass through all lands, destroying superstition, breaking up the power of priestcraft, teaching intellectual minds the law of Reason, whereby they will understand the governing power of Evolution throughout the whole universe. In the first part of our work we will be persecuted much and they will try to destroy us; but as we shall come to earth with a mission it shall be carried out to the letter and our banner will be victorious at the last. We shall be aided and assisted by a strong spirit power. There is nothing on earth that shall stop the tidal wave when it once commences to flow in and drown out superstition and all man made religion. In fifty years from now the intellect of the human brain will be so great that pulpit parrots shall have little power over the masses. Churches will be sold and bought by classes of Spiritual Theosophy. The young mind that grows up through the development of our public school education will wonder how it was that their ancestors had such old fossilized minds to believe in such rubbish as was preached from pulpits and covered over by the spangled show of priestcraft. Little do the Christian masses think how that old pulpit clown, Talmage, set the people to thinking by slandering my character and tearing to pieces, as he thought, my writings and sentiments that I gave to the world. Since he attacked my name and character there have been more men and women read the "Age of Reason" than there ever were before. He was the means of converting thousands of people to freedom and progress by reading my works.

The Christians do not seem to understand when one of their pulpit parrots attacks and slanders an individual's character that many of his hearers who have had the pleasure of listening to that vile attack are going to investigate that individual's character, and of course, the result is it creates the thought of liberty in their minds when they have discovered the whole attack was a falsehood of the worst kind. My great desire is that the whole body of priestcraft will attack and slander my character

more especially my works, in order that the people will have the courage to read and investigate for themselves. We are constantly at work throwing our forces upon sensitive ministers. You can see by their written articles what they say and think. Oh, brother, the dough is working and in time will leaven the whole lump. I have given to Emma Rood Tuttle many of her thoughts whereby she has written on the Horse and Dog and given out her whole thoughts toward the human condition of the horse and dog. They are the faithful servants of man and should be protected on all occasions. Any man or woman that will cruelly treat such servants lives on a low plane of humanity and requires much spirituality to develop them out of that condition. Every cruel blow struck an animal by an individual that individual must pay the penalty of the crime—for it is a crime, a heinous one in the sight of justice and good judgment. Any man or woman that will wilfully beat an animal lives on a degraded plane below the brute animal, for they have not yet acquired the good judgment that that animal can display on many occasions. The Christian religion claims that their God has given them dominion over all beasts in the field and that they shall kill and eat thereof. Just think what a low brute their God is that he commands they shall wantonly kill and eat flesh of animals to gorge their human stomachs. I wonder if he ever stops to think the cruelty and pain that is caused by his command. If it were possible there should be a hell of fire and brimstone created for such a God and his followers. But I will relent and use the power of Reason, take back the words and cover them with a mantle of charity.

There are many mediums whom I influence with my thought but do not attach my name to those thoughts. Why? Because they would not like the world to know they came from Tom Paine. There are many of your spiritual lecturers, also those in the audience that have not removed the swaddling bands of Christianity from their surroundings and are not ready to receive Truth in all its purest light; it has a semi-condition of harshness to their superstitious minds that have been filled up by the blood of religious gore. Many of your spiritual papers want to be on the popular side in order to gain a large number of subscribers. I class such papers with merchants that are

hypocrites and sycophants of the worst kind, who patronize churches and pay money into their coffers whereby they may gain popularity by drawing to their establishment devotees in large numbers called members of Christian churches, so that they may become rich men and looked up to for their wealth and position in society. Such men have become barnacles attached to the ship of hypocrisy; but there comes a day when the soul is laid bare before the great generator of life. That day of judgment will be the cause and effect of retribution and every crime will receive its punishment; they cannot escape it, for their conscience will become a living hell and will be at war with their higher natures until their soul is purified of all such lust and crime brought on by the gain of wealth in order that they may be looked up to as a superior person to their fellow brother—all the time forgetting they are their brother's keeper. There is a wise record kept in a book called "Wisdom's Religion." When human individuals will listen to its pages read, Oh, how they will whine and cringe at the tale that record tells. When the bells of Truth are ringing, where will they be then? Begging, pleading and asking their lowly and humble brother to wet the tips of their fingers in the chalice of mercy and forgiveness and place the tips on their tongue that has lied and deceived, made them sycophants, murderers and hypocrites—all for gold! They murdered the innocent and pure by taking their life blood for work done not sufficiently paid for. Through the teachings of their religion and bogus creed they cling to their gold as they would to a raft in shipwreck. They pray to God and their humble brother to have a cooling hand laid on their brain that is on fire, to see if they cannot quench their misery and throw them into a stupid sleep of forgetfulness. You cannot forget the past—that is an impossibility—for your crimes stand out before you as there is a warning finger pointing at you proclaiming the wages of sin is death to the physical body and brings upon your soul a punishment until you have liquidated your past crimes by going in your spiritual condition and becoming the servant of those whom you have wronged, as in spirit life there is no such thing as an escape from your past crimes.

There are two mediums that I wish to name through whose brain forces I could give full play to my thoughts which justified



my soul's desire. One who bore the name of Mrs. Amelia Colby and this little medium that I now control. I felt honored through the lines of Truth that I could give to the hearers present at the different meetings my full conviction of things as they are. I know they were looked upon as harsh and radical, nevertheless they were facts that I had the power to describe through their organization. I was always in my glory when I could debate with some minister or other individual through Mrs. Colby's mediumship. I always endeavored to hit the nail on the head and I think I did it effectually.

When this medium whom I now control was a little child, people used to pray for him to pass out of the body, that the devil might take him to hell, for that's where he belonged. Oh, little did they think he had a great part to play in the Civil War of your nation. Those who sent up their prayers to their God are now in spirit life, understanding how useless those prayers were. He has lived old enough in the body whereby his hair has become white with age. He has been at death's door, as you call it, a number of times. The spirit was not ready to be released from the body, and so he had to toil on again. When the work is finished the spirit will leave the body, bidding it *au revoir*—will take on the new birth in order to prepare its condition for re-embodiment, as there is a large work in preparation for it in the future. I will now thank you, brother, for taking down my communication. I will leave my love for your little medium. Your reward will come for the work you have undertaken. I am sincerely yours always, Thomas Paine.

Friday, May 2, 1902.

Good morning, friend and brother. I make you a call on this beautiful morning to keep my promise. As I was leaving the control, or in other words, as I was withdrawing from the medium's forces, you asked me if I would not give you some of my experience in spirit life. I said, "At another time." Today I come to fulfil that promise.

When my spirit departed from the material body the first one that met me with true love and welcomed me to the spirit side of life was little Lucille Ware—a beautiful spirit that left her body at the age of twelve years and three months. When she lived in her material body she always addressed me as Uncle

Tom. She was a beautiful girl in her earth embodiment and more so as a lovely spirit. Her soul was pure and beautiful and as she welcomed me into spirit life I beheld an angel of beauty and when she uttered the words "Uncle Tom" a thrill went through my whole spiritual condition.

Now, let me relate an incident that took place in the physical body. To the readers of your book no doubt it will appear simple and childish, but it formed a bond of love and harmony between Lucille and myself. When she was living in her earth body, the physical being the shadow or astral of the real, I formed and fashioned for her a doll—it was her first doll. I cut it out of a piece of wood with my pocket knife. I fashioned and formed it in the resemblance of a baby, as near as my mechanical abilities would allow. The face of the little wooden image I painted. She says she had three other dolls given to her afterwards but loved none of them as much as the one that I fashioned out of a piece of wood. Why, I relate this condition to you is to show the strong attraction we had for each other. In the physical body I loved the child Lucille. She loved the man Thomas Paine. The wooden doll was my soul's gift, for in its formation was part of my life. On the spirit side of our existence Lucille and I are spirit affinities. That is why she was the first to receive me and hold toward me spirit greetings.

Now, brother and friend, I wish to make to you an explanation of the spirit side of life and the earth side of life. The spirit side of life is the real life. It is the reality of all manifestations. Everything is perfected on the spirit side of life before you receive it on earth. The earth side of life is only a representation of the perfect manifestation. This condition that is given to you on the earth side of life is only part of the duality of life. That is why you do not exist forever in a material body. The material body is a shadow of the real spiritual body, for you must understand the soul is clothed with a spiritual body. The soul is the dual while the spiritual body is the duality and that which the spiritual has thrown off forms and fashions your earth embodiment; that is why your earth embodiment is only part of the duality. The little wooden image that I formed and fashioned was just as much a part of the duality as my physical body, because in that piece of wood I had placed my love for the

child; it was conveyed to her through the attraction she had for this doll. She felt the power of my influence when she held the wooden doll in her arms. She kissed and loved it, as to her childish nature it went out in all its power and strength towards the doll I had fashioned for her. We had formed a link through that condition just as the spiritual and the physical form links of love for each other.

The child Lucile had grown into womanhood and came to greet me as I passed over the borderland into spirit existence. When I discovered that she had grown from the child into the woman, I beheld my soul's attraction. All the love of my soul went out to that beautiful angel of light. I placed my hand in hers and she led me into pleasant paths where I found some friends who welcomed me—Tom Paine, the infidel, so called by the Christian ministers. I was rejoiced to find that my spirit friends understood progression, the laws of evolution and the "Age of Reason." Many of them had beautiful homes built up by their works of generosity to God's children on earth. I was surprised to see the beautiful gardens and parks laid out by minds devoted to the law of Wisdom. I said to my friends this must be Heaven. They said it was the Heaven of their condition but there are Heavens more beautiful than this. I said it looks impossible there could be anything more beautiful than this. A beautiful spirit came toward me, taking my hand and said, "Friend Paine, when you understand the perfection of your own soul those beautiful flowers that you now behold will look like weeds; they suffice for your present condition." I asked them if they did not do any other work but attend to the gardens and parks. They said, "Oh, yes; we are constantly at work." I said, "In what way do you work?" Their answer was, "We furnish thought for the human brain and perfect that which you call on earth a wonderful discovery."

When we have created something here—for you know we have the power of creation, being one with God—we receive instruction from that great principle that the human mind calls God. How do we receive there instructions you would ask, no doubt. We, being part of this great principle, assist in creation through this power of creation and coming in perfect rapport with it, we receive our instructions. That great light that is con-

stantly filled with thought penetrates our brain, then our intellect is illuminated by that great force or power that you would call a generator which is in reality an aspirator, for it is through the power of aspiration we receive thought, as we are constantly fed by aspiration, things shape themselves—for you must know, thoughts are things. When this thing has shaped and demonstrated to us, then we know creation has taken place, for through the law of aspiration the great generating power spreads out at a great light and through that light we perfect here in spirit life—or, as you would call it in your earth condition, invention. We had invented something that we know would be beneficial to those living in physical bodies. We look around and discover a brain through which we can give the invention for the benefit of those on the earth side of life. "Thomas Paine," said a spirit that stepped toward me, "I was the monitor and power that gave through your brain my sentiments and expressions to the world. When I lived in a physical body I was of the Jewish belief and spoke the Hebrew tongue. My name was Caliph Solomon. Before I left my earth embodiment I understood the true sense of spirit return. After I came here I made the discovery that all the religions on earth emanated from the brains of man. Man naturally being a sensitive looked into the realms of superstition to find something to lean upon. In his imagination he created that something, called it God or Jehovah, gave it out to the credulous minds that surrounded him that he communicated with a God, which was a mythical idea that he had formed and fashioned in his brain. In order that this God idea should take a fast hold upon his listeners he claimed to have the power of receiving revelations from this mythical God. He did not lie entirely to those individuals.

"On this side of life you will understand, Thomas Paine, there is a class of spirits that are always ready to feed just such brains with mythical thoughts. Do you not see just through what condition the different Gods have been forced upon the people? When I made that discovery my whole desire was to find a sensitive through whose brain I could give my thoughts to the world. I am the author of those works, you were merely the instrument and led by me through your earth embodiment."

So you see, brother and friend, those thoughts did not

originate with me. My brain forces were acted upon by another individual; through that condition I gave to the world "The Age of Reason" and other writings. This individual said, "Come with us and we will show you how harmony is created and formed." I went with them to a beautiful temple and after we had been there I should think about an hour, by your time, all the spirits stood up holding instruments in their hands which I discovered were musical instruments—some were fashioned like harps and others quite artistic in their makeup. I noticed all had strings, none of them being wind instruments. Some of them had more strings attached to them than others. But first let me tell you before the spirits had taken those instruments into their hands the male and female spirits met in the center of the temple, kissing each other upon the forehead, then they would hold each other's hands for awhile. They did this, I should judge, for about fifteen minutes, when all glided to their places, and taking up their instruments they held them in front of them. After doing so I could hear something strike upon the strings of their instruments. After a while I could hear sounds like notes. In the center of the temple lay a large stringed instrument. After hearing those notes upon the different instruments they passed through space and became located on the strings of this large instrument, which after a little would give forth powerful musical notes. The spirits stood there holding their instruments for about six hours. During the time I could hear faint, light notes struck upon their strings which was conveyed instantly to the large instrument. After they had done this for about six hours their instruments were swayed to and fro as if the wind was playing upon them. The notes many of them were beautiful such as I am not capable of describing. They all placed their instruments upon the floor of the temple, taking each other's hands they surrounded the large instrument in the center of the temple. Their spiritual bodies commenced to sway to and fro as if played upon by the wind, when all of a sudden they became motionless. Immediately this large instrument gave forth the grandest music I ever heard. It was so grand the beauties of it and harmony that it produced is beyond my power to describe. Its notes were so deep, rich and musical it just appeared to me and at the same time struck my senses that all the elevation

and beauties of music laid in those rich notes; some of them were so sweet, so soothing and harmonious to my ear I felt as if I were floating away off into the regions where nothing but music dwelt; the cadence and rhythm of everything seemed to be perfect. All of a sudden, the instrument stopped playing and I was brought back to my spiritual condition, awaking to the realization that I was in the presence of God and creation. When I understood that I was Thomas Paine again, the instrument commenced to play more powerful than ever. The spirits sang the music as I had never heard singing before. When they had finished singing they all glided back to their places again, and taking up their instruments they commenced to move their fingers along the strings when, all of a sudden, a great musical harmony seemed to vibrate from the strings. The large instrument in the center of the temple gave forth powerful music of a deep, rich condition. Then the spirits commenced to sing and dance, playing on their instruments all the while—dancing in and out through each other in a circle around the temple. All of a sudden they stopped their dancing and playing and singing, and laying down their instruments on the floor they glided toward the large instrument in the center of the temple, and as each spirit passed it they permitted their fingers to glide down the strings, and Oh! such heavenly, perfect music I never heard before. The whole beauty of the condition lay in this part of it, which I will now describe: As each spirit stepped up to the instrument and permitted his fingers to glide along its strings each produced a rich, harmonious music that blended with the soul of everyone present, but each blending was entirely different to that which the other spirit produced. It seemed to me as if each spirit produced all the melody there could be in life and as the notes vibrated through space it seemed to me I was living in a dream of bliss.

All the wisdom of spirit life and the earth side of life was personified through each spirit's condition while bringing forth notes from that instrument. After they had all finished permitting their fingers to glide down the strings, the great instrument burst forth with a great melody of music in which all the notes the spirits had produced blended into one great note which it would be impossible to describe. From that great, heavenly

note radiated an emanation of music beyond the imagination of mortal ken. I stood and cried like a child when my angel, Lucille, came and took my hand, saying, "Thomas, dear, this is the way we get our harmony. We perfect it from out the atmosphere, as you see our temple has no roof, but space—which I had not discovered before until she had called my attention to it. I said, "What becomes of all this grand music?" A venerable spirit came forward and said, "Thomas Paine, each spark of music that you saw floating through space caused by the power and radiation of that instrument goes earthward floating in space until it glides and enters into some musical brain. The melody that you heard on earth produced by that musical brain living in an earth body was one of the notes radiating from this heavenly instrument which was multiplied into many earth notes produced through the faculty of that musical brain—that musical brain is born with time and musical scintillation, but all harmony originates here first with us, as you have seen." I said, "Friends, the harmony of God is wonderful." Just as we were about to depart from the temple this great instrument commenced to play. Oh, such a soothing piece of music, and as we went on our ways we felt that the great creator of life and music dwelt in our souls. I went with Lucille to a beautiful home where friends greeted us from every side, and I felt that the curses of the Christian pulpit parrots had no effect on my future life.

We will continue it brother at another time, as I have held the medium long enough, so the band says.

Saturday, May 3, 1902.

The joy of the morning brings me to your home. It is so bright and beautiful without. No wonder the birds love to sing in your woodland park—the air is so invigorating that all of Nature's creation must feel it. Just think of the millions of pounds of healing balm floating through space here in your mountain dell. Searchlight was wise when she named your home Searchlight Bower. Human beings could not ask for anything more beautiful than this home under the great live oaks. Just think of the millions and billions of wealth in those mountain recesses that are all around you in every direction. The band of the medium understood what they were doing when they selected this place in the mountains for your home. In the quietude lies

heaven. In its beauty lies wealth and health. In the distant prospect lies the admiration of the soul and our all is angelhood.

Now, we will take up my condition in spirit life. When we had reached the home that I was invited to tarry in while sitting and conversing with each other under the dome of intellect and true life, a large number of female spirits passed by, dressed in a plain gray garb. Some of their faces were beautiful, while others were pale and sad. I said to my spirit mate, "Why do those females wear such drapery as that?" She said, "Dear Thomas, those female spirits while living in an earth body were led astray by men and women of their own sex. They led a shameful life—living in dens of infamy and vice—many of them were deserted by wretched men that had brought on their condition. They did not seem to have the power to withstand the blight and shame that had been brought upon them. Their womanly courage was not equal to the task to bring them up out of that condition and so they sank lower and lower until some of their spirits passed from their bodies in houses of prostitution at the same time other spirits were passing away in hospitals and prisons from their diseased and degraded bodies. But, dear Thomas, there is another side to the question. Many of those women were abandoned by their parents and friends in the hour of their disgrace and trouble when those parents and friends should have thrown around them a mantle of charity and protected them from the insults of the vulgar outside world. They are on their way now to enter those houses of shame in order to impress many of the inmates to abandon their lives and become moral women. They also come in close touch with the grand women that are missionaries in such work. They assist them with all their spirit power in such work; as the work goes on and they are the means of redeeming many of their fallen sisters, their garments become whiter and brighter.

"Look there, dear Thomas, at those beautiful female spirits approaching. See what a beautiful halo of light surrounds them! Those female spirits, dear Thomas, have been redeemed by the generosity of their natures. They have given all the love of their souls to their fallen sisters. At one time they, too, wore the gray garb, but now you see they are angels of light. They have worked out their condition and become purified through their



love for others. They, too, are on their way to fill the soul's of their sisters with the holy love of God. Their sisters who live in earth bodies become beautiful women, wives and mothers by receiving into their souls the holy thoughts planted there by those beautiful female spirits—they give their whole life for the elevation of the human race." I said, "Dear Lucille, how perfect everything here seems to be." She said, "Ah, dear Thomas, there is much misery to behold in spirit life and I will lead you to where you can look upon them." I said, "Dear, lead me. I want to see and understand all that I am capable of comprehending." We started on our journey—for you must understand that time, as you look upon it in your earth bodies, is of very little consequence to us in spirit life.

We wandered through many beautiful gardens, when finally we entered a long stretch of woodland. It was the most perfect park of trees and shrubbery I ever saw. After we had gone a long ways she said, "Now, we will turn to the left, for on the left is where all evil dwells." We walked along a beautiful path, and after we had gone quite a ways, all of a sudden I beheld a peculiar looking atmosphere—it looked to me like a heavy mist or fog, I could not tell which just then—but as we drew closer to it I discovered it was a dense atmosphere in which it was hard for one to breathe. When we had reached the edge of a precipice it took my eyes some time to penetrate into that gloom of darkness when I beheld a writhing mass of human beings. That is, a multitude of spirits that once lived in human bodies. In the center of the multitude of people was a large body of male spirits that seemed to be corralled all together, as you would corral a lot of stock. The great concourse of people that surround them acted as if they were tormenting them through some mode of punishment. They seemed to vilify their names and spit at them. I said to my spirit mate, "What does all this mean? I fail to discover why they have all those men corralled in the center. What does it all mean?" She said, "Listen, dear Thomas, and I will give you an explanation of what you now behold. Those men in the center when they lived in physical bodies on earth posed before the human race as priests and ministers—claiming to be servants of God. Many of them were rascals of the worst kind, while others were sons and possibly what you

might call favorite sons of their mother's and it was their mother's desire that they should become priests and ministers—their mothers lacking that perfect wisdom and true knowledge to understand whether their sons were fit for such a position or not. It was their desire that their sons should become priests and ministers—so called vicegerent servants of this Jewish God, Jehovah. They were forced into this profession to become liars and criminals of the worst kind; while on the other hand, if they had been permitted to take their own path through life they might have become honorable men of high standing in society. Others were marked in their mother's womb—she being a religious fanatic and a church bigot of the worst kind, living under the excitement of religious revivals. She brought a curse upon her child, which I will explain to you presently. The majority of those men and women that you see trying to persecute those corralled servants of God were inmates of madhouses and insane asylums through the condition of religious revivals brought on by those religious fanatics that worked on the credulity of those poor weak-minded creatures, telling them that there was a lake of brimstone and hell of everlasting burning fire awaiting them if they did not come to Jesus, as they were all born sinners and could not escape the wrath of God. 'Now is the time and hour, repent and come to Jesus and ye shall be saved.' Many of the poor weak-minded dupes could not find Jesus, as he always seemed to be away off to them: thinking much on that condition they were afraid to go to sleep at night, living in dread of waking up in hell. That condition in time would excite their reasoning powers and that organ would become unbalanced—that is, if they were ever endowed with an intelligent reasoning power. If they did not have that organ on a square basis the result was they became inmates of a madhouse. When their spirits left their body and they reached this side of life their great desire became to find that villain that had upset what little reason they had by his lies and misrepresentations that led the physical body to its destruction through a misconceived idea of theirs—feeling it was their duty that they must tell the people the only way they could be saved and come to God was through that Jewish myth of theirs. That is why you see those individuals persecuting those misguided men, but the great power of life is ever for-

giving and will bring them out of that condition in time. You see they cannot go but just so far in their persecution toward those misguided men. This great intelligence that governs, rules and directs everything in life allows them to go so far and no further, for the great boon of life is the teacher and saviour of the human race, through re-embodiment they receive an education through intellectual and physical instruction which qualifies them in time to become whole-souled men and women understanding the law of Truth and Justice. In time they will live in beautiful homes like the home I led you to. They can only dwell in such an abode when their generous works have developed them fit to abide therein. This dark shadow that you now behold with your eyes have penetrated into the depth to see the misery therein will be lifted from off these spirits some time. That time will be when those men that you see corralled there will cry out for the God of Truth and Justice to enter their souls and forgive them for their misguided life—for Truth is the only real religion there is in the universe. When that Truth enters their soul and they become humble beings in the presence of the great Intelligence of Life and kneel on their bended knees, asking their persecutors to forgive them as now they understand the law of Reason, and wish to be forgiven, as they feel it is their duty to ask forgiveness as the real God of Love has entered their souls, they will be forgiven and they and their persecutors will rejoice in singing a song of praise to the great revelator of all time—for through this revelation the scales will fall from their eyes that hid the true sight of God from their souls while they were held under the power of superstition and priestcraft. Now looking at all things and understanding all things through the law of Reason their souls will be filled with joy. Then this veil of darkness will be lifted from off their condition. They will come forth into the true light, hand in hand, crying, 'Reason is our God and we are one with God through eternity.' The divinity that we find in that God and in ourselves is the forgiveness and love that laid dormant in our natures has shown the true light for all time. We are our brother's keeper, as this great power is our father and mother, and will keep us in the moral paths of virtue through all time."

Then she said to me, "Come, dear Thomas, and I will show

you another phase of spirit life." We walked along a beautiful path until we came to a precipice overlooking a low lying valley, and such a strange sight as I there discovered! I could not think it were possible for eyes to look upon. I placed my hand over my eyes and groaned out the words, "Oh, God! can it be possible that such things are?" When I withdrew my hand I beheld a terrible sight to look upon. There were spirits that once lived in human bodies walking around on their hands and feet shaped like animals with human faces. Oh, the agony and expression of those human faces was terrible to look upon—they were kicking, biting and beating each other. Some would howl and bark like dogs, all the time frothing from the mouth. It looked to me as if their life must be unendurable. Every once in a while some of them would straighten up and deal some other one a terrific blow with a stick or club of some kind, while others would lash unmercifully others with a whip—the growling and snarling being dreadful to listen to. I could see others that were fastened to chains and ropes lying there in a half-starved condition, snapping their jaws through a famished condition. They would beg some of the others passing by to bring them something to eat and drink; but all the satisfaction they received was a kick or a blow from a stick, then they would lie upon the ground, while their suffering was intense, crying to God for mercy. Others that I looked at were in the shape of horses with human faces—they would come up and kick each other on the belly and other parts of the body, then they would lash each other with whips and put on each other harness and horse collars that did not fit at all. I saw many of their necks raw and the hair all off the hide of the neck, while buckles and other parts of the harness would scrape their hides so until they would cry out with pain. Some would take others and fasten them to a heavy load, yelling at them all the while to pull that heavy load when it was impossible for them to do so; they would fall on the ground through sheer exhaustion, while others would then beat them unmercifully, cursing and swearing at them all the time for being lazy brutes of the worst kind. When they would try to rise upon their feet you could see that their limbs had become crippled in some way from the cruel treatment that they had received. Others would kick up their hind feet, trying to break

loose from the heavy load; they commenced to burst the harness for which they received a terrible beating; then their groans were terrible to listen to. I placed my hand over my eyes, trying to shut it all out, when my spirit mate pulled my hand away, saying, "Dear, you must see it to the last." When I looked again I found many of them had broken down—crippled old creatures—through the cruel treatment which they had received. She said, "Look yonder!" I looked in the direction where she pointed and beheld a large number of human individuals that looked like cats spitting and crying from pain. Some were lame with broken limbs, others looked like they had been scalded and the hair partly off their hide. Many of them had bruises and cuts upon their bodies, while others were bleeding from the nose where some cruel individual had struck them with a stone. They were all spitting, snarling and tearing each other—their cat cries rent the air and I almost felt like falling to the ground. They were suffering so much from cruel treatment that their tortures seemed to be more than they could bear. I begged Lucille to let us fly from the place. She said, "Not dear, until I have given you an explanation of all this: A punishment is inflicted upon those creatures that you now behold for cruel treatment given to the animal race while they lived in earth bodies. This is the punishment placed upon them by the great God of Reason for cruelly treating dumb animals—they will have to remain in that state, howling, beating and tearing each other, inflicting just such cruel blows on each other that they did on the brute race. They cruelly maltreated the poor cats that did their duty around the house and in the field. They shamefully abused, kicked and beat, starved and whipped man's greatest friend, the dog—the true friend of the human race when properly domesticated and treated with kindness. Those that look like horses with human faces are low brutes of the worst kind. When the poor animals did not understand what they wanted them to do they shamefully beat them and kicked them until the poor creatures cried out with pain when the poor animal would shake with fear and moan; then those brutes in human shape would beat the poor creatures again, showing the beastly part of their natures to man's great servant—the beautiful horse. That, dear, is the penalty those low brutes must pay until the God of Reason

is willing to release them. That is why you hear them crying out the names of the animals that they had cruelly treated that they might come to them in their distress in order that they might treat them kindly and ask their forgiveness. You see, dear, nothing goes unpunished. Those that commit crimes must pay the penalty. Look at the hell that is living in their conscience that can only be wiped out by the forgiveness of the faithful creatures that they so cruelly treated. Do you not think that they deserve that punishment?" I said I thought they did. She continued, "Now, let's cover them with a mantle of charity and pray to the great God of Reason to forgive them, whereby they may become civilized men and women understanding the rights of man and animals, until then, dear, they are lower than the animals they so cruelly treated. In time wise spirits will reach them with the olive branch of peace and forgiveness, and I shall hail the great day of joy when they can stand erect like beautiful spirits, with the shining light of Truth and Reason in their eyes, while their manly and womanly forms are beautiful through the law of evolution, understanding that all life in creation requires one another's kindness and protection." Then, I said, "Oh, this great power of Reason! Hasten the day; light up our souls with good judgment, strength and knowledge for all the fallen creatures of earth—raise them up to the true standard of perfection and reveal with thy loving kindness that we are our brother's keeper." She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, saying, "Dear Thomas, the law and the light has entered your soul; now let us work for its perfection among God's children. We will continue it at another time.

Wednesday, May 7, 1902.

Good morning, brother. I find the medium quite weak this morning; he is wandering home to the borderland, but I will endeavor to hold his forces if I possibly can. I wish to describe to you a sad, woeful dark scene of misery that I beheld in spirit existence. My spirit mate said, "Come, dear, and I will show you another scene." She led me to a large, open space, where I saw a great many men and a number of women standing on one side of the open space, trying to protect their eyes and faces with their arms and crying out, "Oh, don't! We have suffered enough already." On the other side of the open space stood

millions of men, women and children, with great piles of gold, silver, copper and brass coins. My spirit mate said, "Now, watch what they will do!" Just then I heard a sound like the sound of a bugle, when, all of a sudden, the men, women and children made a rush for the piles of coin heaped up in front of them; they fell to grabbing handfuls of coin, rushed over to the other men and women at the other side of the space, pelting them with the coin, just as hard as their physical nature would allow. Every time that those coins struck the bodies of those men and women they'd yell out with excruciating pain. It was dreadful to look at their agony. The coins seemed to leave great blemishes on their spiritual bodies, as if they burned holes there. The other parties would rush back, seize a lot more of the coin, come back and pelt those poor unfortunate spirits until their cries became too dreadful to listen to. They kept repeating that condition until all the coin had been thrown at those spirits whom they were persecuting. I heard the bugle call again when they went over and picked up all the coin, carrying it back, building it up in large piles on their side. I said to my spirit mate, "What does all this mean? Why do they make those spirits suffer so much pain by throwing that coin at them? What have they done that this punishment should be inflicted upon them in such a cruel way?" She said, "I will explain it to you, dear. Those men and women that you see on the left side of the space receiving such terrible punishment at the hands of those men, women and children, were liquor manufacturers when they lived in the body. The others on the right side—the men, women and children—were great sufferers through the liquor traffic; they became drunkards, beat and neglected their children in the worst manner possible. Now, they are seeking their revenge in that way by persecuting those men and women who sold and manufactured liquor. Their suffering was so great, also the suffering of their children; that is why you see the children helping their parents and friends to punish those manufacturers. They have manufactured the worst curse that ever came on the earth planet—also making fiends and brutes out of respectable men and women, cursing the rising generation by the sale of liquors. If the human race only understood when they invite their friends who call, to partake of some of their

liquor, at the same time placing it on their banquet tables, they too, are making drunkards and must pay the penalty."

Just then we heard the bugle blow again. She said, "Now watch! This phase of punishment is worse than the other." Just then the men, women and children rushed over, grabbed the men and women on the left side of the space, dragged them over to where the piles of coin lay. The adults held them down while the children crammed the coin down their throats; then the whole multitude laid to, beat them unmercifully with what coin was left. After they had done that they kicked them around just like so much garbage. I said to my spirit mate, "This is cruel and wicked. Is there no redemption for those poor creatures?" She said, "Yes; when they have paid the penalty of their crimes on earth, hoarding up their millions at the sacrifice of the human family. You see now what such earth luxuries bring upon them in spirit life. This punishment will be constantly repeated until they permit the law of Reason to enter their souls, while on bended knees they will make a solemn promise to those whom they wrecked in earth life; they will return to earth and take on a physical body, become lecturers in the interests of temperance, going into the worst dens of vice that the world knows of. When they have accomplished saving many human wrecks by their temperance work, leading unfortunate men and women back to their families where all may become united and happy, then they will understand the law of good judgment and wisdom, passing through this condition in their physical body laying down that earth embodiment they arrive at the stage of bright spirituality.

"Many of the bright spirits that you beheld in the 'Temple of Music' were such as those that you now look at. There are many other scenes, dear Thomas, that I could show you, but today is the Flower Festival. The flowers are at their height of perfection now and advanced spirits hold a Flower Festival. Come with me and you can remain on the outside and look at all that takes place, while I take part in the Festival." As we were walking along, approaching the beautiful park where the Flower Festival was to be held, I heard some soft, sweet music—it sounded like birds warbling. The nearer we approached the park the music gained in power. Oh, it was heavenly! I



felt a divine influence entering my soul, at the same time I noticed that all the birds on the trees sang with such power I thought their little throats would burst. My spirit mate said, "Now, you remain here with these other spirit friends and watch the 'Flower Dance.'" She glided away into the woods.

I addressed some of the spirit friends close by, saying, "Why do you not take part in the 'Flower Dance?'" They answered me by saying, "We have not prepared our condition yet. When we have worked off all that which held us under the ban of superstition and realize that our whole future life is to work for the elevation of the planet and all that is on it, then we can take part in the 'Flower Dance.' Those that you see in the 'Flower Dance' presently are willing to become martyrs for any condition of the human race—they are upbuilders of mentality, constantly weaving thoughts to bless the children of earth. They have outgrown all selfishness whatever. It holds no part in their nature. Watch the holy expression upon their countenances and the generous look that beams from their eyes—it tells you of humility glorified through their works in the sight of the God of Nature." While we were sitting, thinking over what each other had said, we heard low, sweet music, like the introduction to some great piece of music. Then we heard low, sweet voices singing as they came nearer and nearer; when, all of a sudden, their vocal powers burst into the grandest singing I ever heard in my life. Thousands of musicians came out of the woods playing on reed instruments—their bodies all covered with flowers. After them came the dancers, singing and beating their cymbals in time—their bodies also were covered with flowers. The tints and colors of the flowers were something grand; they seemed to be woven in with perfect harmony of color.

When the millions had reached the open space—I cannot describe them; it was something beyond my comprehension. It seemed so marvelous that it would take a great artist to give you a faint description of them. They were so glorious to look upon. That is the only expression I can give you. The instruments played while the others danced and sang; all their movements being the poetry of motion and grace. I said to myself, "Oh, God, hasten the time that I can be like one of

those!" As they formed into the several groups, each group represented a bed of flowers in full bloom. After they had formed these different beds the musicians all glided to the center of the space. The dancers formed circles around them. After they had played and sung quite a while the musicians became elevated into space. Then each circle commenced also to be elevated. When the last circle was elevated they all commenced to float away off, dropping the flowers from off their spiritual bodies as they were gliding and floating away; then we could only hear the music as if it were a great way off.

We commenced to look at one another, remarking how wonderful it was, saying, "Our father and mother God were beyond our comprehension." All of a sudden we heard a terrific wind blowing, and looking up we beheld those grand spirits right over us singing, playing and beating their cymbals. They remained in that condition, I should judge, for several hours, when we heard one grand flourish of the instruments and voices, then all became quiet. Oh! we were so happy as we saw them gliding toward us. When they came in our midst, our hearts were filled with joy. I said to my spirit mate, "This is Heaven, indeed." She said to me, "Dear Thomas, you have only had a little glimpse of the Heaven of Love, Generosity and Truth. Now we will return to our home while a soul like yours must prepare its condition to take on re-embodiment, for you must understand and realize that your earth work is not finished yet."

Brother and friend, those were some of the experiences I witnessed in spirit life. I will soon take on another body on your earth plane, and will become a more radical individual than I ever was before. My soul's desire is to make priestcraft tremble at its foundation. I will make a prediction: The Vatican at Rome and all it holds will go up in smoke some day, which will open the eyes of credulous religious dupes when they find their God, Jehovah, has no power to stay the flames. The priesthood will become wanderers on earth, despised by all progressive thinkers and highly educated individuals.

Your friend for Truth always—every man and woman is my sister and brother. This earth planet is the field in which I must become an explorer and a pathfinder through the Age of Reason, reaching Truth, the highest religion in the world.

• THOMAS PAINE

# Mary C. Morse to Her Husband, E. W. Morse

## Chapter XIII

Tuesday, June 5, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. What a beautiful morning it is. The sun is shining bright and the birds singing in the trees make it a glorious paradise on earth.

The band has given me permission to send a letter to my husband, for which I thank them very much. I also will thank you for taking it down, hoping you will please send it to my husband, for which the good angels will reward you.

My dear, dear husband.—They have permitted me to communicate with you this morning. I only wish you were here to enjoy some of the beautiful weather they are having in the mountains. I know it is a long journey for you to take, but perhaps later on you will be able to take it. If it is so decreed I can talk with you then, as I have more strength now to talk with you than I had when you were up here last year. I am with you as much as I possibly can be, for I told you before that I was studying the life line of the human race. Searchlight gives us much information on that line. It is wonderful, dear husband to study the intricate parts of the human anatomy and our spirit existence here. We received instructions connected with the lobe cells of the brain. Those are storage batteries for human intellect. The individual living in a physical body my dear, is affected by all thought in space emanating from the human brain. Some more, some less, according to their sensibilities and unfoldments of spirituality. Weak minds are held in a denuded condition or what you would call a naked existence on account of their weak condition, whereby they cannot grasp intellectual knowledge like a thorough healthy brain action. Causation is brought to bear on a weak mind, so in time it will develop a healthy action. Mentality will become the ruling power and the weak physical condition will have to stand back and permit the mental action to control the workings of the

human brain, the mental will force itself into such power that the brain is compelled to receive idealities into the lobe cells wherein they are developed, giving expression and radiation to the whole soul ability of the individual living in a weak body. The physical then is submissive on all occasions as the mind has generated a healthy condition and all the machinery of the human anatomy works smoothly and lives in accordance to spiritual growth, memory becomes deified in the soul development of all life living on the earth plane, as well as in our spirit existence. The shilly-shally condition is thrown one side, or, in other words, dematerialized to make room for conception, perception and vivisection of all thought when once the human brain becomes a model and receptacle of all that is high, grand and spiritual. The waves of time vibrate constantly on the shores of intellect—disease is unknown then to the human anatomy. Those spiritual waves that are constantly coming in rapport with the inner sense of the mind destroys and banishes all human disease.

There is a fountain in each human soul that has a spiritual growth; each sparkling jet is tinted with a different shade coming from the elixir of life, when all those shades are modified and the colors are subdued into pale lights coming from the fountain which in time will be purity itself. They will all be merged into white—the crowning light and shade of a pure soul living in a healthy spiritual body. The soul, dear, is life while the white, bright light is the monitor that guides our footsteps on to become one with God; then our creative power is the delight and love of our soul to see that we love one another. There is no crime in worshipping when it is judiciously before our mind, because a pure soul loves and worships all nature—it is only a weak intellect that has no love and adoration for the true father and mother God of all life which we behold displayed on every side, no matter in which way our eyes may wander, they are only wandering home, going nearer to father and mother God—where the soul shall live for all time. But, Oh, dear husband, there is much work aside to make our paths smooth in order that we may reach the gates of eternal life. The expression of our whole being will be the password to open the gates so that we may enter into that temple of peace

where all souls are unified in love, Truth being the religion of the past, present and future—no sleep or rest is required then, for the soul is fully awake to the blissful action of its true spiritual condition. Tarry a little, dear Ephriam. I am trying to clear away the brush so that our path will be a path of peace wrought out by deeds done to our sisters and brothers in human life. In time our whole planet will be that of Love—when all souls will have but a single thought and all hearts will beat as one.

I gave a communication for their book. If you can make it convenient to make them a visit this summer, I think Brother Hulburd will be kind enough to read it for you, as it is too long to copy—he having no time to spare for that occasion, as all his time, dear, is occupied taking down the communications, entering them in a book for publication. With his other duties he is constantly kept in harness, so now, dear, be of good cheer, as I shall wait for the bridegroom to come to me.

Give my love to all those that would like to hear from me. Speak of me to Sister and Brother Stewart. Their daughter is here with me today and sends much love to her parents. Her spirit name is Violet. She hopes they will think it is pretty. She tickled her father's nose the other day—that is why he had to scratch it so. She said it was she who made the hairpin drop out of her mother's hair. Tell Sister Shepherd that her sweetheart says he hopes the band will permit him before long to send her a letter. He says it will be beneficial to her health to come up here for a while into the mountains.

Oh, sweetheart, I only wish that you were here to see what a beautiful day this is. I think they are having the loveliest weather I ever beheld. Justin's health is about the same. The beautiful weather keeps him from having any more hemorrhages at present. I do hope his health will improve, in order that he may get stronger and go around more than he does. I hope he will soon be able to ride out once in a while. Now, I send you much love and many good thoughts—for thoughts are things, you know, dear, when developed. Your loving spirit mate, Mary C. Morse.

I thank Brother Hulburd for taking down this communication to send to you, so good day, for the present.

# Julia Hawthorne

## Chapter XIV

Tuesday, February 25, 1902.

I enter your home unannounced, and it is my desire to give you a friendly greeting. I hope you hold no unfriendly feeling toward me for making you this visit, as you see, without the day is dull and cloudy. This rain will be a blessing to the farmers. Now, I wish to tell you that I was prevailed upon to come here and give a communication for your book.

When I lived in a physical body I was known as "Julia, the blind singer." I was blind from birth. My father's name was Alexander Hawthorne: he was a New York business man, well known in the New York Exchange, which building was located on Wall street, New York. My mother's name was Margaret Hamilton before she accepted my father's name. She was from the Hamilton family of New York, whose home was upon the banks of the Hudson. I had a brother whose name was Henry Hawthorne. He was ten years older than I. I was christened Julia Hawthorne. The Reverend Henry Silas Hawthorne was my father's brother.

Now, I will relate to you and also describe somewhat of our family: My father was a successful man in financial affairs, or, as the world calls it, money matters. He was a vain, pompous man and liked to be looked up to in society. My mother was a weak fashionable woman who blighted and cursed the lives of her children. My father was proud of her beauty and placed her at the head of society. This was long ago, as you call it in the body. The time I speak of was in the days of the first building they called the Exchange on Wall street—not the great edifice that they built before I passed out of the body. We lived—that is, our dwelling was on Fourteenth street, west of Broad-

way. My mother, in order to keep her beautiful form, had her maid lace her up so tight that I often wondered how she could breathe with any freedom whatever.

When Madame Anna Bishop first came from England to New York and appeared in Grand Opera, all the fashionable people vied with each other to secure the most prominent boxes and also the most prominent seats to witness the opera of "Lucretia Borgia," produced for the first time in New York city. She was a great singer then. I heard her twenty years afterward, when she made New York another visit, bringing with her from England a large operatic company. It was looked upon as such those days. My mother and father had secured a prominent box on her first appearance in New York city—so I was told by my fashionable mother afterwards. She felt quite proud of the occasion and seemed to brag of it a great deal to her many fashionable friends. That night that she attended the opera she cursed me in her womb. She became violent and angry to think her maid could not lace her in tight enough in order that she might wear her wedding dress on that occasion. It was low necked, violet satin, with white Valenciennes lace trimming. They placed it on her old frail body when she was laid in the coffin for burial. Now, I will explain to you how she cursed me in the womb that night: She was so tightly laced that she fainted during the second act of the opera. They told me that she was removed to the back part of the box where father ripped open her waist with his pocket knife. They brought her back to her normal condition by administering some kind of a cordial. When she had thoroughly revived, her maid wrapped her opera cloak around her and she sat in the front of the box during the rest of the performance. When the curtain had fallen on the last act, she swooned again and a physician had to be summoned. They had to send for blankets. She was wrapped up in them and conveyed to her carriage. The physician went in the carriage with them to their home, where he was in attendance all night. Her symptoms showed that she had caught a severe cold by wearing a low necked dress and sitting in front of that prominent box, where she received the benefit of all draught from the stage. From the effect of her condition and the bad cold she had caught she became blind

and remained so for over three years. I came into the world blind, cursed by her condition and the fashionable life she lived. When I was born I was given over to a wet nurse to be taken care of. I do not think my mother ever kissed me in her life. She hated me because I was born blind. When I was about seven years old they discovered I had a singing voice, and an ear for music. I was sent to a blind institution to receive a blind education, and especially a musical education. I do not remember that my father or mother ever called to see me while I lived in that institution. I remained there until I was eighteen years old. One of my teachers told me that a deformed young man called frequently to ask after my health. One day I said to the principal of the institution I would like to talk to that young man—perhaps he could give me some information concerning my parents. The interview was granted. One day I was summoned to the reception room, where I found the young man awaiting my coming. When I entered the room he came forward, taking both my hands in his, which he held with a fervent grasp. When he did so I discovered through my senses that he was smaller than I was. He said, "Oh, sister Julia, we meet at last." I said, "Can you be my brother Henry, whom I never met before? I have only heard my father speak of you, but I never met you, that I remember, for you must know that I was only a child when they placed me in this institution." He said, "Dear Sister Julia, I am your brother, Henry, and I thank God you are blind and cannot see me." I said, "Oh, how cruel for you to speak like this; it seems to me I am shunned by everyone because I am blind." He said, "Oh! no, sister, dear; that is not the reason. Come and sit down on this sofa and I will tell you why I am glad you are blind and cannot see me. I am so deformed and misshapen I am hideous to look upon, and my face is like that of an ape—all drawn out of any semblance to a human being. I am horrible to look upon and the children are all afraid of me, because I look so much like a brute animal." I said, "Oh, God! Can it be possible?" He said, "I am glad you cannot see me, but, sister, we can love each other the same." I said, "Oh, yes; I am glad someone cares for me." I put out my hand and passed it over his face. After I had done so I shrunk back with horror, for in passing my hand over his face I found



it was contorted and drawn all out of shape. I discovered there were large teeth protruding from his mouth like the tusks of an animal. His eyes were large and bulged out like a cow's. His forehead receded toward the back of his head. He laughed a kind of fiendish laugh and said, "Now, sister, since you have had the courage to pass your hands over my face and head suppose you now pass them over the trunk of my body and see what a dandy I am. I am the twin brother of Apollo." I passed my hands over his body and discovered that his breast stuck out from the trunk of his body in such a peculiar formation that I cannot describe it. His bowels seemed to be of very small dimension, while on his back there seemed to be a large hump. He told me he walked on the side of his feet and that a little dog could run through his legs and not touch them. I shrank back from him and cried aloud, "Oh, God of horrors! Why have you cursed us both like this? My brother is a deformed malformation and a travesty on the human race, while I am blind and cannot see him. You have cursed us with thy vindictiveness, as you cursed Adam and Eve, and I hate and curse you from the depths of my soul!" My brother grasped my hands, saying, "Oh, sister, sister dear, do not charge this to God. I know our affliction is something terrible, but we must charge it to a fashionable mother who cursed us in the womb. She hated us and we became unwelcome visitors at our father's home. He had a desire for children, while she had none, and hoped we never would be born alive. She cursed us in her heart every time she found the maid could not lace her up just so. When my father first saw my little deformed body I was told that he hated it and cursed it, commanding the nurse to take it out of his sight. Sister, dear, I never knew or understood anything of a parent's love. I do not believe that any human being ever placed a kiss on my lips." Then I said, "I will, brother; we are unfortunate, since God has cursed us through our mother." I placed my arms around him and kissed him, but, Oh, God! it was like kissing a brute animal—his teeth protruded so out over his under lip. He said to me, "Sister, will you walk with me out in the open air. I wish to relate to you a vision I had." I said, I would go with him. Then he led me out of doors and along the gravel walks in the garden. We came to a rustic bench under a large elm

tree. We sat down on the bench, holding each other's hands, when he said, "Sister Julia, do you believe in spirits? I mean people who once lived in a body—that they can come back and communicate with us?" I said, "Why, brother, I never heard such talk as that before." He said, "Well, it is so, sister." I said, "How do you know?" He said, "They come to me." Then I felt a little uncanny and nervous, but said nothing, as I wished him to go on and tell about his vision. He said, "First, you must know, sister, that my father gave me away to an old fisherman on the New Jersey coast, whose name is Peter Ellis. My father gave him \$5000 to take care of me, as he did not wish to commit a murder by putting me out of the way. I lived with that fisherman and his family until I was six years old. His children would get up a show with an old goat and a dog they had, and myself. I being such a monstrosity to look at, they charged three cents admission. They made some money in that way. One day a fishing party landed on the beach near our home. I was sitting by myself playing with some shells, as I liked to be alone. When the men discovered me one of them said to the others, 'In the name of God, look at that creature! He must be a devilfish out of the sea. Barnum ought to have him with the show.' When they came up to where I was sitting, one of them, who had a kind face, stooped down and said, 'Little one, where do you live?' I pointed over in the direction of the home and said, 'Over there.' He took his purse out of his pocket and gave me a piece of money. After they went away I laid down on the beach and went to sleep. While I was sleeping a vision or dream came to me in which I saw you born blind. A voice then said to me, 'This is your sister, and some day she will become a beautiful singer, for she will be born with a beautiful voice.' Then I said to the voice, 'Are not these people my parents?' The voice said, 'No: they were paid to bring you up, but they will sell you to a show. In two days you will leave here. Do not feel sorry, for through this channel in time we will lead you to your blind sister. She will sing for you and for a time you will be happy, as you will be permitted to enjoy one of the sweets of life in listening to your sister singing.' The man whom I thought was my father and who bore the name of Peter Ellis, sold me to one of those men

for \$2000. He brought me to New York, sold me to P. T. Barnum for \$3000—I being such an ugly piece of monstrosity. I traveled with his show and was called “The Wild Boy of Borneo.” I was treated well and taken great care of—for you must know, sister, such a hideous-looking creature as me is worth something to a showman. There was a little fortune in such an object as I am. One night two years ago this month, sister, dear, I was lying in bed and could not go to sleep. There came such a nervous feeling on me when, all of a sudden, you appeared standing at the foot of the bed dressed just as you are now. The voice said, ‘Look, this is your sister. She has grown to a young lady and we will lead you to her. You are ten years older than she is. She is blind and cannot see you, so you need not be afraid that she will hate you. After you have seen her and become united in each other’s affections you will pass out of your body in order to prepare for reincarnation or re-embodiment.’ Sister Julia, I thank God I have looked upon your beautiful face—for it is beautiful to me—and I also thank God again that you cannot see mine. The voice told me that today I am to pass from the body. Now, sister, dear, let me take your hand, for I wish to place upon your finger four diamond rings that were given to me by Mr. Barnum. Tonight your father will come for you, as he thinks your mother is dying and wishes to look upon you once more. Sister, dear, you are beautiful to look upon. Your only affliction is blindness. Now, will you please sing for me once more.” I asked him what I should sing. He said, “Sing that song wherein it says, ‘When we met it was in a crowd and I really thought it shunned me; but when I turned around his eyes they were upon me?’” I sang the song for him, when he said, “Now, let me hold you in these deformed arms for the last time in this body.” He did so, and we held each other in close embrace. His body commenced to shiver all over; he relaxed his hold and fell dead at my feet. I screamed for help, for I was frightened. They bore his body back to that showman, Barnum, who laid it away in a grave.

That night my father came for me. I returned with him to his home. I was led to the room where my mother lay nigh unto death. When she saw me she said, “Julia Hawthorne, I have done lots for you. I have had you educated in the clas-

sics and in music. You owe a debt of gratitude for what I have done for you." Just then a feeling came over me and I laughed aloud a mocking laugh. It seemed to me I grew into a she tiger who was held at bay by dogs—for a time it seemed to me that I lost my reasoning powers. All of a sudden I screamed out and spit and hissed like a tigress. When I found my voice and could utter a sentence, I hissed out, "Thou society wanton! Thou fashionable painted woman of Babylon! Thou Jezebel! A curse to all moral society, void of all mother's love and nature! Thou harlot that wears the scarlet cloak of criminality—you that cursed my brother and myself in the womb. You made him a deformed monstrosity, for the love of fashionable lust had warped your soul. You gave birth to a living monster, your husband, my father, as you call him, sold him into captivity: finally he was placed on exhibition at a shilling a head, so that the public might look upon a fashionable woman's curse. I, whom you caused to be born blind, and never knew the love of a father and mother, tell you this. You sent me away from your presence as you could not bear to look upon me, since I was blind and would be in the way of a fashionable she devil. I hate and curse your name, for you are more loathsome to me than the monstrosity that you gave birth to, for he was the only one that ever placed on my lips the affectionate kiss of Love and kindness! He fell dead at my feet. Now, I come to tell you of the debt of gratitude I owe to you. Your soul is a curse and hell is waiting for you." I then fled from the room and fell down stairs and was picked up by the servants, placed on a sofa in the parlor in an insensible condition.

We will continue at another time, as I have to speak of the medium and where I met him.

Wednesday, February 26, 1902.

Good morning, sir. You have had an abundance of rain during the night. I was sorry to see the medium spit so much blood this morning. That weakens his physical condition, therefore his vitality is low. That is why he requires so much warmth to keep the heat in his blood. The circulation during such a storm is at a low temperature, it is slow and sluggish, therefore the room will have to be kept quite warm in order that his blood may circulate as much as possible. The amount of blood that he

expectorated during the night and this morning from his lungs is very weakening to his constitution, therefore he will require nourishing food—cracked wheat and oatmeal and mix it thoroughly. Then cook it for a long time slowly and keep it thoroughly covered, that the steam may not escape, for in the moist steam there is a good deal of nutrition. When it is served, sprinkle a little sugar on it and grate a little nutmeg. Let him have quite a good-sized bowl full of that mixture of grain, as it will help somewhat to make blood. He is weaker than you have any idea of and will require some care and a good deal of watching.

Now I will take up some of my life. After I had fallen down the stairs I did not seem to realize where I was or what were my surroundings for over three weeks they told me. After I had returned to my conscious condition and thoroughly realized what they were saying, they told me that my mother was dead and buried. It was no regret to me that I had lost her; therefore it brought no bad feeling to my condition. My father was a vain, pompous man and full of selfish conceit and yet withall he was a money making man. Six months after my mother died he made a visit to some relatives who lived in Trenton, New Jersey. While there he became acquainted with a beautiful young lady. Her family was only in ordinary circumstances, but they were honest, sensible and truthful, as I realized in later years. Their mother was a sensible woman. She had educated and brought up her daughters to understand housekeeping thoroughly. She also taught them home culture and how to entertain friends and guests. Their name was Murray, and my father fell in love with the second eldest daughter whose name was Rachael Murray. He did not acquaint me with the fact that he had married, nor was I aware of anything that had taken place outside of my room. When he brought his bride to his home he informed one of the female servants that he wished her to bring me to the parlor. When I entered the parlor I was aware there was another female present, as my sense of feeling, touch and influence had become very acute as I grew to womanhood. I judged the maid had left me standing in the middle of the room. My father addressed me. He spoke in a very cold manner and with a great deal of pomp, saying,

"Julia Hawthorne, this lidy is my bride and wife—your future stepmother." When he pronounced those words a cold shudder or shiver went through my whole body. I thought to myself, "Oh, God! Will I have to contend with another mother?" Just then I heard a light step and the rustling of a lady's garment. This female took both my hand in hers and said, "Julia, dear, you shall not call me mother; you shall call me sister Rachael, for I feel that we can become loving sisters." She took me in her arms and kissed me—and Oh, God! what a glow of life went through my body, it seemed to me as if the whole world had become bright in that moment. That warm, loving kiss seemed to change my whole life, for I never felt the affectionate kiss of a female before. The only kiss that I had ever received was that kiss my brother gave me when he fell dead at my feet. I said to my father's wife, "Oh, lady, I know that you are kind and gentle; something within my soul tells me so. I wish, dear lady, I could see your face." She led me to a sofa where we both sat down, then she put her arm around me, saying, "Julia, I want you to love me, for I know I shall love you." I said, "Kind lady, my soul tells me I love you now." She said, "You must call me Sister Rachael, and I will call you Sister Julia."

Then my father spoke and said, "My dear, the maid will show you to your room," speaking to the maid who stood near by. He said, "Fannie, this is your mistress and my wife. You will show the lady to her room." He came toward his wife, taking her in his arms he kissed her, saying, "My dear, now you are in your future home and you are the mistress of everything here. The servants will obey your every wish. I will now leave you and return at five o'clock this evening. That is our dinner hour. I must go down town and see how things have progressed while I have been absent for two weeks. You must try and make yourself at home until I return, then I will show you over the house." She put her arms around my waist and taking one of my hands in hers, said, "Dear husband, I shall always feel at home when I have Sister Julia with me, for I never can be lonely in her company. Dear husband, she and I will have much to say to each other," and then she kissed me. Oh, sir, if I could only express to you how happy I was then, as I never had been accustomed to such affection. I trembled and

laid my head upon her shoulder, then I burst into tears, sobbing very hard. I held her tight, for I was afraid I should lose her. Just then my father came up and kissed his wife, saying, "I will leave you now." She said, "You have forgotten to kiss Julia." He said, "That is so." Then he kissed me, while my head was lying upon her breast. It was the first kiss my father had ever placed upon my lips. He withdrew from the room and we were left alone, with the exception of the maid. Rachael addressed the maid, saying, "Now, Fannie, you will show me to my room. Come, Sister Julia, you will help me to unpack my trunk and we will have a sociable chat together." She led me upstairs, following the maid, who showed her where the room was. When we entered the room, she placed me in a rocking chair, saying to Fannie, "Now, let's see if you and I can't undo the strap of my trunk." When they had accomplished it she said, "Fannie, you will go and bring a tea set here to my room, consisting of three cups and saucers, a sugar bowl, cream pitcher and slop bowl, and you will bring a large pitcher of hot water and some cake if you have it, for we three women are going to have a sociable cup of tea." The girl laughed and said, "Yes, my lady." When Fannie had left the room in order to attend to her mistress's wants and was out of hearing, my father's wife turned and said to me, "Now, Sister Julia, you and I must have no secrets from each other. We must become sisters in every sense of the word. First, I am going to tell you that I believe in Spiritualism. Perhaps you do not understand what I mean by that." I said in reply, "Is it where the dead come back and talk to the living?" She said, "It is where the living come back and talk to the living. There is no such thing as death, Julia. I saw you through the clairvoyant power a year ago. You spoke and said to me 'Rachael, we will become sisters. It is in your destiny to marry my father.' So, you see it has come to pass. We are not only sisters in the body but we are sisters through soul attraction. Now, we shall spend many loveable hours together talking of the spirit and the spirit world."

Just then Fannie entered with the tea tray and placed it on the table. Mrs. Hawthorne then said, "Now, Fannie, shut the door and we three women will have a sociable chat." Fannie said, "Do you mean me, my lady, as the third party?" Mrs.

Hawthorne said, "To be sure, I do, and now we will draw the table up in front of Julia, and we will all sit around the table, while I brew each one a cup of tea," and when she had said so, loud raps came on the table, which startled Fannie and me. She said, "Oh, don't be afraid, girls, it is only my spirit friends, rapping to welcome me to my new home." Fannie said, "My lady, do spirits make those kind of raps?" She said, "Oh, yes; that is their method of communicating with us in the body." Just then I experienced a happy feeling. She looked at us—that is, I felt she did so—as she remained silent for a few minutes, when a loud rap came on the table, which caused Fannie to jump from her chair, and that was the means of us all having a hearty laugh. Fannie said, "Oh, pshaw, what a fool I am; I don't believe spirits would hurt us. Do you think they would, my lady?" Mrs. Hawthorne said, "No, Fannie; there is someone here that wishes to communicate. Now, we will have them spell their name by raps." Mrs. Hawthorne secured paper and pencil. They spelled out the name "Henry Hawthorne." I said, "Oh, Sister Rachael, that is my brother's name." She said, "Your brother's name? Why, I was not aware that you had a brother." I said, "Oh, yes; I told you of his vision and how he fell dead at my feet." She said, "That is strange, your father never told me he had a son." Then the raps spelled out, "Dear Sister Julia, now you are going to be happy and this lady will only be a bride of a year. Reverses in the world are going to come to father. He will keep losing his money by making bad investments, and finally he will become bankrupt and commit suicide. You then can bring your talent into use by singing in church and at concerts. This lady is too sensible to be shocked at any news that she might receive from the spirit side of life. She grew into womanhood in the midst of spiritual surroundings. She is what the people of the world must recognize in time as a spiritual medium, a go between the earth world and the spirit world. I mean by that the spirits will control her organization and lecture from the public platform."

It all came to pass. She became Rachel Hawthorne, the lecturer, and I became a public singer. Father inside of one year committed suicide. Then Rachel Hawthorne gave up the large house and purchased a smaller one. We moved into the small



house, taking Fanny, the maid, with us. In time she became Fanny Allen, the medium, and was looked upon as a wonderful test medium. The people in New York called her "Fanny the prophetess." I became a public singer. I sang in churches, in concerts and also at receptions in private homes. Cornelius Vanderbilt engaged me at five different times to sing at private receptions at his home. I sang at A. T. Stewart's home on seven different occasions. I could give the names of many families in New York at whose homes I sang on different occasions. I sang at I. N. Singer's, the sewing machine man, who had a beautiful home on Fifth Avenue. On one occasion he presented me with beautiful diamond earrings, of which I was very proud, as I never had owned a jewel of any kind until my brother had placed those diamond rings on my fingers. Those rings I sold for money to assist in our housekeeping after my father had lost his property and committed suicide.

Now I will relate where I first met your medium. It was at the Logan home in New York. They had engaged me to sing at a reception on a certain afternoon. They also secured the services of Fanny Allen as a test medium. There were many present that afternoon. I will endeavor to give you the names of the guests who were present. Mrs. Logan, Olive and Eliza Logan and a gentleman whose name I think was William Logan; the two Cary sisters were there, Alice and Phoebe Cary, and also a brother of theirs whose first name I do not seem to remember; Rachel Hawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Taylor, I. N. Singer, wife and daughter; a Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport, who was an actress, (Rachel told me she was one of the most beautiful women she ever saw), a Joseph Jefferson, whom Rachel said was also an actor; a Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who were celebrated theatrical people at that time. Mrs. Davenport invited Rachel Hawthorne, Fanny Allen and myself to attend the performance of the Merchant of Venice. Their voices that evening sounded grand, but I could not see them act. Sister Rachel said Mr. Davenport placed us in a private box, but all I could tell was that I sat on a chair and listened to the orchestra playing some very nice waltz music. After that I heard those beautiful, rich voices speaking. On the same afternoon there was present a poet or literary individual whose name was

James Russell Lowell, and another one whom they called Mr. Edgar Poe. Mr. Lowell and Mr. Emerson came over and sat by me and paid me some flattering compliments about my singing, which pleased me very much. After we had been there a little while a Mr. Warren and, they said, little Justin Warren, were announced. Those are the names I heard them speak. That little Justin is this medium. That lady they called Laura Keene gave a recitation from Romeo and Juliet, which sounded beautiful. I only wished I could have seen her face. After her I sang again, then little Justin recited the poem, "Beautiful Snow." After him came the lady they called Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport. She sat at the piano and played and sang beautifully. There were many selections given that afternoon. As it will take too much space I will not describe them all, but there is one I will describe. Little Justin sang a piece in which he said, "I'm only little chatterbox. Accustomed to lots of big knocks, For sometimes I run against big rocks and hurt my toes when I haven't got on my socks." Miss Alice Logan said to me, "Julia dear, I wish you could see the Little One act while he sings." I know it must have been good, for after he had finished there was lots of applause and much laughter. When they had all quieted down Miss Logan said, "Puss, come over here. I want to introduce you to my friend, Miss Julia Hawthorne." He grasped my hand with a very friendly grasp and as he looked up into my face he said, "Oh, lady, you are blind, ain't you?" I said, "I am, dear." He said, "Oh, that is too bad, for you have got such a pretty face and I think you sing beautifully. I did not know you were blind when you stood by the piano and sang. Oh, I am sorry, but just think how happy you must be to own such a magnificent voice. I wish you could see Papa Warren. He is such a handsome man and is so kind to ladies. Now, lady, you must come and see me play. Oh, I forgot—you can't see me, can you? But you can hear me talk and sing. We've got such beautiful singers in our company, and I know you would like to hear them." He called out, "Papa Warren, come over here. I want you to see this lady." Mr. Warren came towards us and he introduced us. I noticed Mr. Warren had a rich, manly voice. It was so different from the Little One's gentle soprano voice. He said, "Now Papa Warren, I want you to

write out a pass for this lady and all the other ladies she wants to bring. Mr. Warren said, "Perhaps she will fill the theatre with all her lady friends," which made us laugh. The Little One said, "Oh, I don't mean that; you know, papa, what I mean, make the pass out for this lady and three or four others; that's what I mean." Mr. Warren said, "My Little One means all right, but he has a way of his own in conveying his ideas to people." "Now you will come, won't you?" he said, when Mr. Warren had placed the pass in my hand. He said, "Now I am going to kiss you," and with that he jumped into my lap and kissed me. After he got off my lap he said, "Now, papa, will you, too?" I think I must have blushed, for my cheeks felt hot, when Mr. Warren said, "Perhaps the lady would not like to have me kiss her." He said, "Oh yes, she would, if she only saw how handsome you are," which brought a laugh from the people in the room. He said, "Now you kiss, or I'll kick you—you don't get a chance to kiss such a pretty face every day," which caused another laugh. So Mr. Warren had to kiss me in order to please the Little One. That was my first introduction to Little Justin. I met him a number of times afterwards at concerts. Mrs. Logan asked all the guests if they would not join in singing, "The Campbells are Coming," which was a favorite song of hers. The guests were served with a light repast, after which we bade one another good by. That was a happy afternoon to me as I had received so many flattering compliments, something I was not accustomed to in my younger days.

On the way home sister Rachel said, "Julia, your face has such a happy expression; do you feel happy this afternoon?" I said I did and that I should never forget that afternoon. She said, "I am glad to know that you are so happy." I said, "I am, but wasn't that a strange little creature that got up into my lap and kissed me? His mother must have loved his father very dearly, for I knew when his father kissed me it was the kiss of a noble man, God bless him. Rachel, I am in love with that man—it may be a crime, but I cannot help it. The blind have a right to love as well as those that can see. I read his soul—it was noble. My fate is sealed, Rachel. I tell you, me and my love belongs to that man, no matter what my end may be; the die is fixed and cast in the shadow of my life."

We will continue at another time, as they tell me I must not hold the medium any longer.

Thursday, February 26, 1902.

Friend, the sky is a little clearer today than it was yesterday. Now we will take up part of my life.

I loved Mr. Warren with my whole soul and had a desire to become his wife. Rachel, Fanny and myself attended the performance at the theatre where Little Justin was playing. Mr. Warren sat in the box with us during the performance. He sat next to me and I think I was one of the happiest women in the world that evening. He said he would see us home to our dwelling and then return for his Little One. When we passed out of the theatre on to the sidewalk he called a carriage and we were conveyed to our home, Mr. Warren acting as gallant. He bade us good night and returned in the carriage to the theatre. I became so infatuated with that man that I became bold enough to ask him to marry me, telling him that I would earn all the money that I possibly could with my voice. He said he could not marry me nor any other woman, as that was an impossibility. He was already wedded and it was his duty to take care of the Little One as long as he lived in the body. I judge that some women will be shocked by their false modesty when they read that I was so bold as to ask a man to marry me. I do not see why a woman should not ask a man to marry her, as he takes that liberty of asking a woman to marry him. We are all children of the same God in nature and should have the same privileges in life.

Now I am going to tell you something that perhaps would shock you as a man, but if you understand the law of reason and soul attraction it will be otherwise. Your sensibility will not feel degraded in listening to what I have to say. I bore Mr. Warren a son, not under the bonds of wedlock, as no priest had pronounced a benediction upon us. I was proud to be the mother of that son. Understand me, I do not advocate free lust or free license. I was just as pure and as moral as any woman that ever lived. I am now the soul mate of Mr. Warren in spirit life. Our souls were attracted to each other, which created a divinity in our natures and I gave birth to one of the finest men that

ever lived in a body. There were no marriage vows required in our condition, as we were soul mates. But marriage is the proper thing in the eyes of the law, as it protects the mother and the children in their rights. My child was christened in the old Methodist church on Allen street, New York City, by Mr. Taylor. I gave him the name of George C. Warren. When he grew to manhood he became the president of a fire insurance company. A nobler man and a more dutiful son never lived. He took care of me in my old age and granted me my every wish. He married a beautiful girl, whom I think had one of the happiest dispositions I ever met. I was proud of my son, proud of my daughter and proud of my grandchildren. I think I had some of the sweetest grandchildren that ever came to earth to live in a body. There were nine in all. My son was noted for his scholarship and he graduated with high honors. He was not only a gentleman scholar but he was a gentleman in every ligament of his body, just as his father was before him. My son had a highly developed brain and was what you would call a religious man.

Now I shall give you another expression; perhaps it will not shock you and many others, but it may possibly shock a class of namby pamby men that claim great morality, while at the same time they are hypocrites of the worst kind. I will give you to understand, friend, that not all men's children are born in wedlock—many a good husband and father who loves his wife and children and would sacrifice his life for them, at the same time have become fathers outside of their family circle, and such was the case with Mr. Warren, my spirit mate. Since he came to spirit life he has made a discovery. He is the father of twenty-five boys and seven girls. Don't you think, friend, that many that bear false modesty in the world will profess to be shocked at what I now tell you? I have been permitted, and received the commission from Mr. Warren, to tell you the truth. He says that at one time he was forced into a marriage while under the influence of liquor, to a woman whom he could never call wife. He says he loved the Little One. That is the medium. While he lived in the body he discovered he was selected by a spirit band to become the guardian of Justin, or Justine, as he was christened. He was the guardian of Justin while he

lived in the physical body. There was an element that laid in his make-up that was of great assistance to the Little One while carrying out his duties as private spy to President Lincoln.

I am going to give you a little history of the Warren family or Warren race. One of my father's grandmothers was a Warren. The name Warren originally was Wren, spelled W-r-e-n. As far back as I can trace them, their origin came from Norway. In the early days of Norway, people were called after animals and birds. In the early days of Scotland there was a Norway bark wrecked on the Scottish shore and a number of men were washed on to the beach. Two of them were brothers, and bore the name of Wren. They married native women and from them came the Warrens. In the early days of the wars between the Scottish tribes and the English tribes there were Wrens, but in the Gaelic language they pronounced their name Rangheen, that is the Gaelic, but in English, Wren. In Oliver Cromwell's war one of his officers was named Wren. After the war was over this man settled in a part of England now called Birmingham. He married a maid of England, settled down to house-keeping and called himself War Wren, meaning that he had been a soldier in the war, and all those that are on his side of the house bear the name of Warren. Now this man who lives here in your little valley in the mountains who bears the name of Meyer, one of his great ancestors on his mother's side was a Wren from Norway, so really you see the Warren or Wren blood is in his life line.

Now I am going to show to you or in other words explain something of the Hulburd blood. My mother's grandfather was a Hulburd and spelled his name Hulbird. You must understand that in the different families hundreds of years ago some of the sons had a desire to create a new name. They would change their name in such a way that in the spelling of it today it would almost be impossible to see any resemblance to the original name. During the reign of James the First one of his favorites was a Hulburd, but he changed the spelling of his name to please the king, and he spelled it Helbert. One of his sons did not like the way in which his father's name was spelled and he changed it to Hulbert, and from him comes the Hulberts of America. There was one man who lived in Manchester, Eng-

land, who spelled his name Hulburd. His second eldest son changed the spelling of his name to Hulbert, and the Hulberts of the early days of South Carolina were from this man. The eldest son of this Manchester gentleman spelled his name Hulburd, like his father, his baptismal name being Obed. From him came, or as you call it, descended, the family of the New York Hulburds. That gentleman in England who bore the name of Hulburd and settled down in Manchester, was Ephriam Obed Hulburd. He was the great great grandfather of Prof. Hulburd, the great scientist of New York, who at one time lived on Second Avenue near 13th street, New York City. His great great grandfather and your great great grandfather were brothers.

Now I will take up part of the little medium's life. One of his great great grandmothers was Wren, as you would pronounce it in English. His grandmother on his father's side was a Bruce. His mother's name was Mary Elizabeth Stuart. His father's name was Justin Hulburd, whose father's name was John Hulburd, and a brother of your grandfather; their mother's name was Warren, so you see all through the medium's life the Hulburds and the Warrens are connected down from the name of Wren. There runs in his veins the blood of the Wrens, the Bruces, the Stuarts and the Hulburds. So you see how people intermingle through the condition of marriage. By tracing one's lineage back there is a mingling of races and families. You see, I have also discovered there is Hulburd blood in my race, too. I can really claim relationship to you, but it is distant. You may think it strange why people come together and in the body you really cannot tell why this is so until you have traced up your lineage. The decree or law of heredity compels those conditions to take place and through constant re-embodiment it comes to pass when you have once been connected through the law of generation, for generating is the power of vitality in life in Wisdom's religion, which means Truth. There is no religion higher than Truth.

I wish now to acquaint you with the fact that my spirit mate and myself are little sunbeams in the train of Searchlight, who are in constant attendance, listening to the communications that she is constantly giving to spirits that they might convey them to the children of earth. It is only through re-embodiment that

we can become perfect and one with the God of Nature, the great ruling principle throughout all life.

And now, friend, I want to thank you for taking down my communication. Miss Frances Willard thinks that part of my life will be interesting to some of the readers of your book. I wish you to understand, friend, that I look upon the law of morality as one of the highest laws in nature and through re-embodiment God's children will all become moral and perfect. The divinity in our natures has a moral code and we can only reveal it through the unfoldment of our perfect lives.

I leave my love for Little Justin, whom Mr. Warren loved and thought he was the most perfect being, outside of his childish pranks, that he ever saw. He loved Little Justin with a father's love and says the years he lived with the Little One were the happiest in all his life during that embodiment. He said when he found the Little One and they took up their tent together he was the most innocent child for his age that he ever met, full of pranks and mischief. He said it looked to him as if it was impossible for his Little One to keep his hands and feet still only when he was asleep in bed; sometimes then he would kick him in his sleep. He said the great delight of the Little One was to play circus, so he would lie down on the floor and play circus with him, for you must know that Justin was a dwarf until he was forty years old, only measuring four feet. After he was forty he grew almost a foot in height. My spirit mate says he was one of the most mischievous little creatures that ever lived. He would spring on one's back and before they knew it he would be standing on their shoulders. He said that was happiness to him to have the Little One do so. He also says the Little One used to cry and laugh, it seemed to him, in the same breath. I have listened to a spirit who bore the name of Edwin Forrest and was a great actor when he lived in the body. I have heard him tell spirits that it broke his heart when the Little One was taken from him and given over to Mr. Warren by a spirit power which he did not understand at the time. He said he loved the Little One, with all his childish pranks, and if ever you saw a beautiful little creature it was when the Little One was angry. Oh, those eyes were beautiful when fire flashed from them, as it seemed to do. He would kick Mr. Forrest with



all his force, he said, and call him the worst actor that was ever on the stage. "You just wait till I am six feet tall, then, you old duffer, you will have to play supe to me." Then, Mr. Forrest said, he would grab the Little One in his arms and kiss and hug him so tight the Little One would cry out with pain. When he had released him he would stamp his little foot and say, "I know why you squeeze me so hard—you are jealous because I got so much applause last night." Oh, sir, it is amusing to hear the spirit of Edwin Forrest relate the little scenes that would take place between him and Little Justin. I thank you once more. Put me down as Julia, the blind singer, that is the name I was known by to the public. Good day, sir.

There is one point that I forgot that Miss Frances Willard wished me to say and that is, my sister Rachel Hawthorne, or in a worldly way of speaking, my stepmother, bore my father a beautiful boy, who was the pride of our family. He grew into manhood and was known as Charles Hawthorne. He wrote under the nom-de-plume of Joe Jenkins. He gave to the public many funny little tales. Since I have come to spirit life he tells me he was my deformed brother Henry reincarnated again through the womb of sister Rachel. He passed from his body to spirit life at the age of thirty-two. I lived in my body to the age of ninety-eight, which you would call an old lady, but I retained my faculties to the last and lived to see the sixth generation. Good day.

# Neil Bryant

## Chapter XV

Friday, May 9, 1902.

Well, how are you? I don't think I have met you before. I have met many of the Little One's friends, but your face is not familiar to me. I was persuaded by several of his friends to come here today. But first let me tell you I am Irish. Irish born in America. I was born a Catholic, baptized a Catholic, brought up a Catholic—don't believe a damn word in it, for the whole thing is man made and full of superstition. When I lived in the body all my friends believed me to be a good Catholic. I kept quiet and said nothing, as my business interests laid largely with the church people. I was a manager of a theatre and had to keep my mouth shut on the religious question. I was known to the public as Neil Bryant, a man who traveled considerably while living in a physical body and saw life in all its phases and judged accordingly.

Little Justin was one of the strangest creatures I ever met. When he was in his prime the papers used to speak of him as "Bewitching Justin, the Queen of Burlesque Comedy." I think he looks quite bewitching lying here on the lounge with his white hair and about as broad as he is long. I remember, one time during my earth existence I was talking to Mr. Nordhoff of the Evening Post, who had written a lengthy article about Little Justin and his bewitching ways. He said, "That Little One has fascinated me so entirely it is hard for me to keep away from the theatre. Neil, he must have a lovely disposition, he looks so gentle; no wonder he fascinates the gallery boys when dressed in female attire—that kick of hers would win any male heart over to her side." I said, "Nordhoff, that little creature who has fascinated you so, I think has the worst temper I ever saw in a human being; he would be good to send out to civilize the Hottentots—if he could not civilize them he would frighten them to death. If any one makes him angry he swears like a pirate. It's only this morning he lost his temper. He swore so that cold chills ran down my back. Sometimes when things don't go just right with me I use a few oaths, or perhaps you

would call them profane words, but that little creature would graduate with high honors and receive a diploma in any art school in that line. I thought he would fall into a fit, but nary a fit." Nordhoff said, "For heaven's sake, Neil, don't get off any of your funny gags—that's impossible that so sweet a little creature could swear so." I said, "You just ought to hear him once, then you would say, 'Neil, that's a bottle on me.'"

Now I am going to take you way back to the early days of the National Theatre on Chatham street, New York City. There is where I first saw him when I was a boy. He sang, danced and played. I thought he was the prettiest little creature I ever saw. He was quite small then, but I learned from some of my school associates that he was older than he looked. One day I was walking on Pearl street between Broadway and Chatham street. I saw two individuals coming along, when my companion, Will Miller, said, "There comes Joe Jefferson and Little Justin of the Chatham Street Theatre." Joe Jefferson was quite a lad then, while Little Justin was, I should judge, about three feet and a half tall, between that and four feet. Joe Jefferson was holding him by the hand as they walked along. That same Joe Jefferson became America's great comedian, the great Rip Van Winkle of the stage on both sides of the water. I noticed then he was a very handsome boy. He stopped and spoke to my friend Will Miller, who introduced me to Joe and the Little Justin. While Will and Joe were talking I was attracted to Little Justin. He looked up at me and smiled with a roguish wink in his eye, and I tell you those were eyes, too. He said, "Bub, those feet of yours look like they were able to cover a good deal of ground during the day," which made me laugh. At that age I was a gawky looking boy with good sized feet and it was very seldom a school boy ever could trip me up. I said, "Little One, would you mind if I kissed you?" He said, "Oh, no; if you'll only use half of those floppers of yours," meaning my lips. I put my arms around him and kissed him with a will. I discovered those were a girl's lips, and not a boy's. After we had bidden them good bye and went on our way I said, "Will, I am in love with that Little One." He said, Oh, don't make a fool of yourself like the rest of them, because he's got a pretty face people think he's something extra." "I shall find out where

he lives and call on him." He said, "Well, you are soft, Neil. I thought you had more brains than that." We said nothing further on the question then, but went our way, I feeling all the time I wanted to lick him.

I inquired and discovered where the Little One lived; made a call to present him with some oranges. An old lady with a broad Scotch accent answered my knock at the door. I inquired if Little Justin lived there. She said, "Aye, but he dee. What do you want with the bairn; he be layin' doon noo." She meant he was asleep. I asked her if I could walk in and wait until he had finished his afternoon nap. She said, "Nae, ye canna de that laddie, ye mun ca in about two hours. The bairn will be up then. I hae na time to waste wi' your speering about him." Which meant asking questions about him. I went away, returning in about three hours, was admitted to the rooms, when I found him sitting on her lap, she fixing his hair for the theatre. I was invited to take tea with them and discovered everything in the house was in perfect neatness. It seemed to me you could not find a speck of dust anywhere. I was a happy boy when the Little One said, "Snoozer, you can walk with me to the theatre." When we got on to the street he put his little hand in mine, then I felt that I could have fought all the boys in the Bowery, with the Chatham street kids thrown in. I did not think then that I would become one of the celebrated Bryant Brothers, of minstrel fame. I called at the Little One's house on several occasions, always bringing him a present of fruit. The old lady used to say to me sometimes, "Ah, but Neil, I wisht you'd take care of my bairn when I'm gone awa to the land o' the leal." By that she meant it was her desire for me to have him in my keeping when she passed to the spirit side of life, but it was otherwise decreed.

One time during my earth life a James Wilson and I took out a comedy company. In those early days they did not take out large companies traveling on the road. The Little One was our star. She was the finest Marjory in "Rough Diamond" I ever saw on the stage—the only trouble was, she made such a small woman then. She was in the keeping of a gentleman by the name of Warren. I remember one morning at rehearsal while the company was playing at Trenton, New Jersey, the

Little One got angry at something I said, grabbed a hatchet that belonged to the stage carpenter and threw it at me with all the strength and force of his little body, but fortunately it struck one of the wings and I escaped being mutilated. When he saw he did not strike me he cursed and swore at me like a pirate, roasting me in hell and other good places where he thought they would do me justice. I thought then that Nordhoff ought to see the sweet little creature. Mr. Warren rushed on the stage saying, "Puss, Puss, what does all this mean?" I said, "Mr. Warren, it simply means that he tried to do me up." When he got in one of those high keys no one could do anything with him but Mr. Warren. Sarah Melville fainted when she saw him throw the hatchet at me. They had to carry her to a dressing room and apply restoratives to bring her back. When everything went all right and no one interfered with him a more gentle little creature in a company I never saw. He would lend the people of the company anything that he had. I must say he was the most generous little creature I ever met. He never seemed to undrestand the value of money.

Then came on a rainy season and we struck two weeks of rainy weather. While we were playing in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Wilson and myself thought we would have to disband the company as we no longer could pay salaries. When the Little One heard of it he said, "No you won't, Papa Warren will furnish you some money to carry you over this rainy spell." He addressed Mr. Warren, saying, "Now, Papa Warren, you just let those duffers have some money until we strike good weather again." Mr. Warren, being a man of means, furnished us with money until we struck good weather again. We paid up back salaries first, then we paid him what he had lent us (\$2300) making him a nice present of a gold headed cane. Many toasts were given on the occasion by the members of the company, also the manager's health was drunk at the same. We went on our way rejoicing and played as far west as Chicago, returning by a different route from that by which we went. We disbanded in New York, as the weather was very hot. On the 28th of July we gave our last performance at Concert Hall on Broadway. The company and managers presented Little Justin with a gold watch and letter in which it was described. The

presentation was made on account of the love and friendship they bore towards him. I stood him up on a table in order that he might reply to the friends for the costly gift they had presented him with. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you very much for this watch, but God help you if it don't keep good time." Then he threw it up into space like a juggler would a ball and caught it in his hands when it came down. Then he held it to his ear and shook it, saying, "Boys and girls, it is all right. I can hear it tick. I want you to know I love every one of you, if I did kick some of you when I was mad. Those were only love taps. Now, do you all forgive me for being so mean? If you don't, I'll go down to Barnum's and engage myself as an Egyptian mummy," which set us all to laughing. Just then Barnum played a ruse on the American public with his Egyptian mummies, which turned out to be stuffed dummies.

The next time I met the Little One and Mr. Warren was while Justin was playing an engagement at the Howard Atheneum in Boston. Next time I met him he was playing in Washington, D. C. After that I met him one day on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in company with Mr. Warren, General Meade and Ainslie Scott. He said he was playing an engagement at the Seventh Street Theatre, near Arch street. I did not see him play then, as I left that afternoon for New York.

Next time I saw him play was with the Buckley Serenaders at their Sumner Street Theatre in Boston. He was playing Cinderella. The next time I saw him play was at the Seventh Street Theatre, Philadelphia. They were playing a burlesque of *Our American Cousin*. He played Flora Trenchard and in the burlesque she was constantly getting the American cousin into trouble amongst English ladies. It was a fine piece of comedy acting, but I noticed his singing voice was broken. He told me that he never sang since he had visited Havana and New Orleans. He had a spell of sickness through which he lost the quality of his singing voice. In burlesque comedy he had no equal.

The last time I met him he played for my company in the "Crushed Comedian." He and Francis Wilson did some fine comedy acting. He played the part of Fanny Chatterbox. Francis Wilson played the part of Tony, the lover. They gave

imitations of actors and actresses. The scene from "Lady of Lyons" was a fine piece of work. Also the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." His representation, or I would say impersonations, of Madam Janauscheck, the great German actress, as Lady Macbeth in the sleep walking scene was a fine piece of acting. It brought immense applause each night. I then paid him fifty dollars a week for his name. His singing and dancing days were past then, as he was old. Still, in comedy and farces he was fine. The only thing you could detect old age in was when his voice would crack but the lower modulations of his voice seemed to me as perfect as ever, and he skipped around like a young girl. His acting in "None Such" was wonderful where he jumped the skipping rope, or rather when he danced the skipping rope hornpipe. You would really think you were looking at a young woman about twenty-five years old. I could describe many other of his conditions while playing for me. He and Francis Wilson I looked upon as the two biggest cards in my company. Francis Wilson was a young man at that time. I always said then that sometime he would make his mark in the profession, and I did not miss it.

Now when I lived in the body I believed in no hereafter. I thought when the physical body died that was the last of us. I have discovered and also realized that I was living under a big mistake then. To prove that we always live is that which brings me here today. I could tell many things concerning Justin. I will leave the rest to a female spirit who will follow me.

Now, you give my love to Justin. Tell him I am just the same Neil Bryant that I always was when he knew me in the physical body. When the curtain drops in the last act of the Comedy of Life we will all be there to meet him. Joe will soon come over to our side, then he will be young Rip again. The old boys are filing in rank. Billy Rice sends his love and regards to the Little One. Dick Hooley smiles a smile with gratification in thinking it won't be long now.

I thank you for taking down my communication. This is a mighty work you are interested in and you must keep the harness on to the last. Put me down as Neil Bryant, well known to the public of New York years ago, but I am just as hale and hearty as ever. Good day.

# Charles Leicester

## Chapter XVI

Tuesday, May 10, 1901, 10 a.m.

Justin was controlled by a spirit who gave the following: I am Charles Leicester, alias Charles Colchester, the fraudulent medium. I was asked to come here today and give my communication for the book.

I was born in Lincolnshire, England. I was the natural son of Lord Leicester by the lodge keeper's wife, whose maiden name was Emily Cooper. I was educated at a village school for four years, then I was sent to an academy until I was fourteen years old. Then I was brought to America by a Mr. Cameron. When I arrived in New York he deposited two thousand pounds to my account and left me. Before he left he told me that he would like me to attend one of the academies in America and become educated. I went for awhile, but became tired of it. I finally took to a high way of living and made many friends which only lasted while my money lasted. Then after my money was all gone I sought for work and found it in a pawn shop in the Bowery, kept by a man named Simpson, who was very kind to me and showed me a great deal of fatherly affection. I betrayed that fatherly affection by stealing from him. I carried that stealing propensity for two years in his establishment. When he finally discovered it he became highly incensed that the trust he put in me was betrayed. I was arrested and sent to prison for ten years. Through my good behavior and proper conduct I was pardoned at the end of two years.

When Mr. Cameron heard of my condition he had an interview with Mr. Simpson and they with other friends drew up a petition and had it presented to the Governor, who inquired of the head authorities of the prison as to my behavior and conduct. They told the Governor I had become religious and they



thought I was a moral young man. The Governor then pardoned me. After I came out of prison I drifted here and there and most everywhere in New York. I was invited by a party that I had become acquainted with to attend a spiritual seance which was given at the Planters Hotel. There for the first time I met Charles Foster, the Spiritual medium.

After the seance was over Mr. Foster came to me and said, "Leicester, you are mediumistic." I told him I thought so. He made an engagement with me to come to his rooms next morning at ten o'clock, which I did. He was not up yet. He got out of bed and admitted me himself. While sitting there I heard raps all over the room. He rang the bell and ordered breakfast for two, which I enjoyed very much, as I was hungry. After we had dined he rang the bell for a servant to come and take away the dishes. When we were alone he looked over at me across the table and said, "Leicester, I believe you can develop into a medium." In reply I said I thought so. Then he prepared to give me a sitting. He produced some slips of paper and asked me to write names on them, which I did, and at his request rolled them into pellets, which he took in his hand and mixed them all up, then placed them on the table and selected one of them and held it to his forehead and gave me the name that was written on the slip of paper, which it proved to be after it was opened up. None of those names that I wrote on the paper were connected with me. Then I discovered there was mind reading in it. Then I said, "Foster, how much will you charge me to learn this business?" Then he said, "How much do I ask? In what way do you mean?" I said, "How much money does it take to teach me the graft of mind reading?" He laughed and said, "We shall see after awhile. Now," he said, "we will see to the genuine part of this spiritual work—what it has in store for you." He reached his hand across the table and took mine in his. Then we sat quiet for a little while, when he became entranced and gave me the grandest spiritual communication I ever had in my life, which lasted about one hour, I think. When he came from out of the trance he said, "Leicester, let us take a walk up Broadway. I must get some air." We parted in front of the New York Hotel. He said, "Come take dinner with me this evening."

We parted, he going to his rooms and I to Union Square to sit on one of the benches and think it over. I must have sat there as much as two hours. An impression came to me, "Go back to your room and lie down and take a nap," which I did. I woke up about four o'clock in the afternoon. I got up and dressed in a new suit and prepared myself for dinner. When I arrived at Mr. Foster's rooms there were two gentlemen leaving who had just had a sitting. He introduced me to them both. One of them was Peter Cooper. After they had left he looked me over and said, "God, Leicester, you are a handsome fellow." After that we became great friends and most every day I dined with him while he stayed in New York and during that time I learned some of the arts of his mediumship—that is, the farudulent parts, such as writing on his arm and the pellet test.

Let me tell you here that he was the grandest medium that I ever met, outside of these tricks. He was a genuine medium and I do not see why he resorted to trickery, as he was a powerful medium in manifestations of different kinds. I said to him one day, "Charley, why do you resort to this trickery when you are such a fine medium?" He said, "Leicester, my boy, the majority of the people want so much for their money. I first give them all that is genuine for them; that is, what the spirits have to tell them; after that I resort to trickery so as to make them think I am a wonderful being."

One day I was waiting in Mr. Foster's rooms. There came in a fine looking widow woman of about forty years and had a sitting with Mr. Foster. After the sitting was through she came from the private room into the public sitting room, attended by Mr. Foster. She looked at me and smiled and said, "I think you, too, could give me a sitting. Is it not so?" While she was speaking a thought struck me. Now, Leicester, here is your chance. I said, "Perhaps I could, madam." Foster said, "Go into the room, Leicester, and see what you can see or do for her." While Mr. Foster was giving her the sitting I was practicing the writing on my arm. I wrote the name Mary with the pencil, which was a red one, on my left arm. When we entered the room and took our seats opposite each other, a table being between us, I professed to go into a trance. I shoved some slips of paper towards her with a pencil, saying, "Write," which she

did. She wrote several names on the slips. While she was doing so I stood up and removed my coat and thrust back my shirt sleeve and showed her the name on my arm—Mary. She gave a scream and said, "My God—my sister's name. It is of her I came to inquire—to find out how she is in spirit life." I caught at those words like a drowning man to a raft in a shipwreck. I went on and elaborated on her condition in spirit life, which was all a fraud, but it did its work. I tell you this to show you how credulous some people are. Then when I made believe to come out from under the trance she grasped my hand with such a warm greeting and said, "You are a superior medium to Mr. Foster." She opened her purse and gave me a ten dollar gold piece, which I eagerly grasped, as I needed it badly at that time. She invited me to come and dine with her that evening and said her family dined at seven o'clock. I thanked her kindly for the invitation and said I would do so. I put on my coat and ushered her out of the private room into the public room and from thence into the hall and thence down stairs to the sidewalk and saw her in her carriage.

As I passed through the public sitting room I saw there two ladies and a gentleman waiting for Mr. Foster to give them a sitting. When I came back into the public sitting room I sat down and said to myself, "Leicester, old boy, it's not so hard to be a medium, after all." From that time forth my fraudulent life commenced, as I felt my good looks would help me through. But oh, God, it was a terrible step in life to trifle with people's feelings. After the people had left, Foster came over to me and said, "Leicester, old boy, I think you have made a mash." Said I, "Charley, you ain't in it. She says I am the greatest medium she ever met." He sat down on the sofa and laughed until his sides shook with laughter. Then all of a sudden he looked at me seriously. A voice said, "Don't carry this joke too far; if you do it will be your ruin," and he spoke the truth.

That evening I went to the lady's house on Lexington Avenue to dinner. I was prepared. I had my arms and breast covered with written names. Some red, some blue, written with pencils I had purchased on my way to my room, for I had no home, only that which I paid for week by week. When I arrived at the lady's home I was ushered into the drawing room.

I was introduced to the family and other friends who were awaiting my coming so they might sit down to dinner. I was introduced as the great medium, Mr. Leicester. I became quite an attractive friend to the family from that evening forth, and made many visits and dined with them often. I discovered I had a psychological power, which I put into use. I made that widow believe that she should take a trip to England for her health, which she consented to do. She wanted to take her oldest child with her, a girl twelve years of age, but I told her it would not be wise to do so. I told her we must be alone as I wanted to develop her into a powerful medium and that we must travel on the Continent by ourselves without any hindrance. When I told her she would make a great medium she became quite elated and said she would do as I bid her. She drew from the bank \$10,000, which she gave into my keeping. Then I went and procured the tickets and we sailed for Europe.

We traveled on the Continent about a year and a half when she became a mother and bore me a son. After awhile visionary ideas came to me and I thought that there were larger fields for me than living with her. I procured her a ticket and gave her one thousand dollars and told her the spirits said she must return to America and wait my coming and then we would do a great work together, but I had no idea of returning to her. I went to Paris and splurged around a great deal, conveying the idea to the people I was a great medium. I became acquainted with an English woman while in Paris and found out that she had considerable money. I got around her, professing to be a great friend of hers and impressed on her mind that she should take a trip through England into Scotland for her mediumship, which she did. While in Scotland she became pregnant. We returned to England and she gave birth to a son, which she adopted out. When we left Scotland she brought an old lady with her as nurse. After the child was born this old lady returned into Scotland, taking the baby with her. The mother of the child was a high-born lady and through her influence I was introduced to the Queen and professed to give her a sitting, claiming to be controlled by her husband, which she discovered next day was a fraud. Mr. Brown, a natural born medium, was

controlled by the Prince Consort Albert, and exposed my perfidy to the Queen and showed me up as an arrant fraud of the worst kind. She sent for me to come and see her the next day and I went away up into the fifteenth heaven, thinking she wanted another sitting, and that my name would go abroad as a great medium, but lo, and behold! my downfall had come. When I was ushered into her presence she gave me one of the most scornful looks I ever saw come from a human eye. She said to me, "You degraded villain of the worst kind, to think you dare trifle with people's feelings and claim to produce to them that which is the 'Holy of Holies,' and to bring back the memory of their loved ones. You treacherous coward of the worst kind, I give you one hour to leave London and three to leave Liverpool when you reach there. I will see that you are attended until you leave England's shore. Now leave my presence, you low, ill-bred cur, and never put your foot on England's shore again. If you do I shall have you arrested, tried and banished to prison for the rest of your life." She waved her hand and said, "Now go, you loathsome wretch."

I was conducted from her presence by two officers, who never left me until I was put on board a steamer for America. That was the downfall that spirit predicted. Before I left I was not even permitted to see my other victim. When I landed in America I secured rooms and blossomed out in the morning papers as the great medium and English seer, Colchester. I was besieged by many callers and made money.

I stayed awhile in New York and then went to Boston. I stayed there nine months and gave over thirteen hundred sittings in those nine months at five dollars apiece. You see, I made money and worked on the credulity of the people, as they were very credulous and looked upon me as a great medium.

I returned to New York for awhile and took in many shekels. Then I went to Philadelphia and gave sittings almost day and night for three weeks duping the people. I left with well filled pockets for New York. From there I went to Chicago and did a flourishing business for eight months.

While there the war broke out. I left Chicago for Pittsburg; from thence to Philadelphia for six months. Then went to Baltimore for two months; then went to Washington. While

there I became acquainted with several prominent men. By Mr. Conklin I was introduced to President Lincoln, who believed in Spiritualism and the returning of spirits. After a while I left Washington and returned to New York. I remained in New York about one year, and while there a death occurred at the White House. I returned to Washington and when I called on Mr. Conklin he refused to see me. Next day I received a letter from Mr. Conklin in which he said he believed me to be a fraud of the worst kind, and that if I did not leave the city immediately he would see that I did. After receiving the letter I called on the President and gave him a sitting and professed it was his loved one controlling. After we had finished the sitting the President presented me with some money and while in the act of giving me the money the name of this medium (Justin) was announced, and was admitted. When he entered the room and saw me there the fire flashed from his eyes. He came forward and said, "You here, you miserable fraud." He shook his fist in my face, which made the President smile. I looked down upon him with scorn and laughed, as I thought I had the President on my side. The medium became excited. He always was a nervous creature. He went up and grabbed the President's hand and in an excited condition he said, "I tell you, Abe Lincoln, that is the worst fraud that ever walked in shoes, and if he don't get out of here, I'll kick him out." The President put his arm around the little medium and said, "Puss, I think you are mistaken." The medium spoke up and said, "No, I can prove it to you that I am right." The President saw that the medium was excited and said, "Mr. Colchester, you had better leave and come another time." I bade the President good morning and withdrew from the apartment. When I got out into the open air I said to myself, "Leicester, old boy, I am afraid your goose is cooked here."

Some time during that day this medium went and saw a military officer by the name of Warren. They both went to the White House and were received by the President. While there Mr. Warren proved to the President that I was a fraud of the worst kind. Then he sent a party to have me arrested but I did not wait for that time to come, as I skipped out by the first train that was leaving Washington for Baltimore.

Then I went west to Cincinnati and from Cincinnati to St. Louis, and there I met that fraudulent medium and mountebank called Jesse Shepard, who claimed that he had no musical education and that he was controlled by the inspirational spirits and that they played through his fingers. While there I became acquainted with people who said he was an educated musician, but was a humbug of the worst kind. When he gave what he called his musical seances he had the room so dark you could not see anything. I sat close to him and discovered that he was a ventriloquist and that he forced his voice out amongst the people and they believed it to be independent spirit voices, which was all a lie. I discovered by attending several of his seances that he played the same pieces all the time, which he had committed to memory and could play in the dark.

During my stay in St. Louis I became acquainted with another so-professed medium. He was caught in his fraudulent acts, he and two confederates, while out in the room posing as spirit friends of the sitters. He was grabbed and the other two escaped, but finally they permitted him to go free if he would change the error of his ways and leave the city. He left the city, but did not change his ways.

The next time I saw him was in Chicago. He was posing there also as a materializing medium by the name of Williams, and taking in the dollars. The next time I met him was in Buffalo. He bore the name of Conklin there, and was posing as a great materializing medium and slate writer. As towards slate writing he told the truth, for he showed me how he wrote the communications on the slates.

The next time I met him was in Trenton, N. J. There he was taking spirit pictures, which were frauds. There he bore the same name, which no doubt was the truth. He said when he was born into the world he was covered with a veil. The spirits predicted at his birth he would become a great medium. If lying made a medium, I think he was one. I give you these few illustrations to show you how people are defrauded out of their money and humbugged through their credulous conditions.

Harry Gordon was the only genuine materializing medium I ever met and for physical manifestations I never saw his equal. He was a true born medium. I have seen the greatest physical

manifestations take place in his presence that I ever saw. He had four phases of mediumship. One of them was that you place a sheet of paper with a pencil into a box and lock it up and hold the key yourself. If you would put your ear to the box, in about five minutes you would hear the pencil writing on the paper. I did so and received a communication. It read thus, "My dear son, change your life and turn from the errors of your ways, as they are sinful in God's sight. If you do not, a wretched end awaits you. Your loving mother Emily." I was so steeped in crime it did not phase me a particle, but her prediction came true.

Harry Gordon had three other phases of mediumship. Materialization, Transformation and Impersonation. He was the most abused medium I ever met. Why was it thus? Because he was persecuted by frauds that could not produce the genuine spiritual manifestations that came through his organization. Thank God, in spirit life he is receiving his reward. He was one of the first that came to me and said, "Charley, let me lead you to the light of truth," which he did. Bless him. That is why I come here today to communicate. There were nine different women that I had psychologized and they bore me nine different children. So you see I was a degraded wretch in many ways. But God is great in his mercies and I hope to become a better man and work for the benefit of those I wronged on earth that still live in the body. Those who are in spirit life I will go to and on my bended knees ask them to forgive me that I may atone for my past sins in the sight of God and become a better man. Yours for truth and the grand and true philosophy of Spiritualism. It is only through its gates that you will find immortality and everlasting life. God bless you and those that stand up for the truth and this great philosophy that leads people into the new birth. Bless this little medium that is a worker in the vineyard for truth's sake. May he live many days yet to herald the true light to the world. I say this in sincere friendship. Your humble friend, Charles Leicester.

In about two hours Mr. Leicester returned and said, "Mr. Hulburd, do not think me too selfish for coming again to communicate. If you were pleading at the gate to unburden your conscience, I would help you, friend, with all my heart. I know



I was a wicked man and lived a wicked life, but yet there is one spark of generosity left in me and that is to work for those I have wronged and try and make right what I possibly can by atoning for my sins. When I ceased to control before I saw I was quite a task upon his strength, so I withdrew to give him and you a chance to rest. So now I will proceed with the rest of my confession.

While in Boston I became acquainted with a doctor well known to the people there. He was a highly and finely developed man with a fine benevolent organization, an honor to all fine society. During the time that my friendship lasted with this man I was exposed by Emma Hardinge Brittan, who was lecturing in Boston at that time. She exposed me to the public, for which she was persecuted by many of the Spiritualists. They believed me to be a great medium and that that person persecuted me through jealousy on account of my great mediumship, which was a lie, as Emma Hardinge Brittan was a highly developed moral woman and her character stood above reproach. She exposed me once before and was persecuted for it, but it made no difference to her. She worked for truth, being of a high, noble character.

The day after she exposed me I called on this doctor and gave him a pleading story that I was persecuted on account of my mediumship. He said that was a shame, and "I will see that you are vindicated before the people, as I will address the people in person myself, on your behalf." I found I had worked upon his feelings and asked him to please give me a check for one hundred dollars as a loan, and that I would return it to him in a couple of days. He went to his private secretary, took out his check book and filled out a check to me for one hundred dollars. I bade him good morning and thanked him kindly and said God would bless him for defending honest people. I immediately went to my room after leaving his house and raised the check to one thousand dollars. I presented it at the bank and received the money. I packed my trunk, called a hack and was taken to the depot and shook the Boston dust from my feet. I took the cars for New York. After that I took the cars on the New York Central to Buffalo and then went by way of the lakes to Chicago, for I knew it would not do for me to stay in Boston.

When the doctor found out the rascality that I had committed he privately offered one thousand dollars reward for my capture, which never came to pass, for on the day that I landed in Chicago I went to a married woman's home—to whom I had been making visits privately when her husband was away—when I was in Chicago before. I told this woman, "Now if you want me, here is your chance. I am on my way to California." She said, "I love you, and I will go with you." Then I said, "Collect all the money or valuables you can and meet me in an hour or two if you can." She asked me where and I named a certain restaurant. She met me and we took dinner together. After we had finished I told her to remain there and I would go to the livery stable and get a rig, which I did, and came back. We both got into it and I drove to Joliet. After we got there we went to a hotel to stop over night. I gave the rig into the hands of the landlord to put up in his stable. I had learned of an early train that came through there before daybreak. We got up and dressed, then we left the hotel quietly without paying our bill. We were not discovered by anyone. We went to the depot and took the train quietly that was passing through. We went to Council Bluffs, Iowa. We left there and went back to Keokuk, Iowa, thinking that I might make some money, but I was taken down with a loathsome sickness that was disgusting to moral people. I died a horrible death and that was the end of me in my mortal body.

My body was taken from the hotel and buried in the graveyard. The woman took what money was left and the valuables that she thought were worth carrying and went on her way to California. She was taken down with the loathsome disease which she had contracted from me and finally she was taken to the Sisters' Hospital, where she passed out of the body. She got one of the Sisters to promise that she would notify her husband of her death, and that was the final end of her earth body.

I make this confession, Mr. Hulburd, to show to the people how frauds can live in luxury while true born, genuine mediums live through poverty and persecution for the light and truth they are giving to the world. They will get their blessed reward while the judgment day is waiting for me and others of my stripe. I could tell you now of many that are posing as genuine mediums

when they are nothing but frauds of the worst kind and bear names puffed up by spiritual papers because they advertise largely in them. Thank you for taking down my communications and hope my confession will put people on their guard and try the spirit well and hold fast to that which is truthful, righteous and good. I bid you once more good day. Charles Leicester.

Oh, is confession an aching spell  
That comes deep down out of a heart like a well?  
As at a banquet in revelry he fell,  
His conscience now is an aching hell,  
And in his prime by lust he fell.  
These are the tales he has to tell,  
That woman through his psychological power fell  
Which is a greater crime than a sulphurous hell,  
Why did God not stay this dreadful spell?  
In his life line he has this tale to tell,  
It is like the bursting of a bomb shell.  
Is all nature then a perfect sell  
That they in the world other lives must sell  
By sending them down to a conscious hell?  
Oh, ye ministering angels, save us from such a spell  
And we will drag the waters from this polluted well,  
To see there are no sunbeams here to sell,  
Angels of grace watch us well  
While in such clutches we may the vampire fell.

# Matilda Herron

## Chapter XVII

Sunday, May 12, 1901, P.M.

I was known in the body as Matilda Herron, an actress of some fame, who introduced to New York the character of Camille, which I impersonated. I was known throughout the country in that character in which I was celebrated. I met this medium in Boston, and he is now controlled by me. I saw him play the character of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp."

The control was here interrupted by a spirit impersonating an Indian, who took the control from her. A more fiendish expression I never saw on the face of a human being. It was soon driven away by the medium's band and Miss Herron resumed.

Miss Davenport asked me to come here and give my evidence when I was attacked by that vicious spirit who represented himself to be an Indian, but is a low, degraded Catholic priest. While in the earth body they say he bore the name of Father Kelly—and tried to break up my communication. I never met him before, either in the body or in spirit. You will have to watch the medium very closely or they will kill him, as they do not wish the ancient spirits to communicate to the public. I saw this medium play in Boston; also in Chicago at matinees. I think he was a perfect representation of Aladdin and Cinderella. His Eaton Boy was also a wonderful performance, as he introduced so many features in it outside of others that played the part. He was a natural born comedy actor or actress you might say. His sex made him both. He was the greatest Aladdin I ever saw on the stage. I enjoyed the performance so much that I asked him to please step to the box, which he did. I took a diamond ring off my finger and placed it upon his thumb, as

his other fingers were too small to hold the ring, as my fingers were large and rather masculine. He did not thank me for the present as I saw he was rather confused. Bishop Buckley stepped forward and thanked me for him, then led the medium off the stage. The applause became deafening. Bishop Buckley led the medium on the stage again. He acknowledged the greeting and threw kisses to the audience, after which Bishop Buckley led him to the box where I sat with friends and he threw kisses to me and the friends from the prettiest shaped mouth I think I ever saw. All of a sudden he jumped on Mr. Buckley's back and hallooed, "Go long 2:40 on the track." He was a natural burlesque artist. You can imagine one dressed in beautiful lavender satin trimmed with garnet velvet and dressed perfectly beautiful, jumping on the comedian's back and hallooing, "We are off for the London Exposition." He was a natural comic actor or actress. That is why he is called the Queen of Burlesque Comedy. His like in that line I never saw in that day.

Here Miss Herron was again interrupted by that fiendish Catholic spirit who suddenly snatched pillows from the medium's head—the medium was lying on a couch—and throwing them. Doctor Meyer, who was present, immediately grasped the brute by the wrists and looking him steadily in the eye commanded him to leave, which he did after cursing us all terribly and swearing he would kill the medium if he allowed those communications to go to the public. What can a religion be that cannot bear the light of truth and can only exist through ignorance of the people?

Miss Herron again resumed. Gentlemen, I am sorry to think I have been interrupted in my communication by these low Catholic spirits that claim they will kill him if he is not stopped giving these communications to the public. You will have to watch him closely or they will harm him in some way—just in what way I cannot tell. I am glad to give this communication to the public and you two gentlemen can tell what a genuine medium has to pass through. While living in the body, he will have to be watched very closely in the future or they will kill him. They do not wish these ancient communications to go to the public. I thank you, friends, for listening to me. I was also

a medium when in the body, but not in this way. My mediumship was in the conception of character upon the stage. Clara Morris who came after me was also a wonderful mediumistic being which her conception of character portrayed to the public. I thank you, friend, for taking down my communication, and was sorry to be interrupted by that low blackguard who once held the position of Catholic priest. They are the worst enemies of Spiritualism that you can find today. An atheist or a materialist does not interfere with the communications while listening to them, as they do not believe in spirit return until it is fully demonstrated to them that spirits can return.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my feeble communication, and I also thank this other gentleman (Doctor Meyer) for taking hold of the medium and driving out that low lived spirit that I might continue with my communication. You have no idea how these low lived Catholic spirits who watch genuine mediums giving communications to the public try to break them up on every side when the medium's band is not there in full number to protect them. I thank you, gentlemen, for having patience to listen to my feeble effort to communicate to the public. I would not want to be a public medium for all I could gain by it. I thank you, gentlemen, for giving me strength to present my feeble communication to the public. Your friend in truth. Matilda Herron.

# Laura Keene

## Chapter XVIII

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

My name was Laura Keene. I was known to the public as an actress. There was a theatre in New York that bore my name, called Laura Keene's Theatre. I was known widely throughout the principal cities of the United States. I traveled with a play of which I was the owner, called The American Cousin. It had a long run at my treatre on Broadway. Joseph Jefferson, still in the body was one of the members of my company. He left my company and started on his first starring tour, in which he was successful. I was English born and came from London, England, to open at Wallack's Theatre on Broadway and Broome streets. I opened in Camille. Mr. Loveday, the English actor, sustained the part of Armand in the same play. Then afterwards there was a theatre built for me in my name of which I have spoken before. I afterwards changed its name to the Olympic.

What brought me here today was to tell you that in my time I knew the medium. He bore the name then of La Petite Blanche and he was rented out to the different theatres. Afterwards he became celebrated with the Buckley Serenaders who held forth at the Chinese Assembly Rooms on Broadway. He was a wonderful impersonator of character and a beautiful dancer. I think he made his first appearance at the old National Theatre on Chatham street. I believe that is what he told me. The last time I met him was at Oil City, Penn. Then I was almost blind and merely recognized him after he told me who he was. I thought I recognized his voice as one familiar to my ears, but just then I could not locate it until he told me who he was.

At that time I was growing old and feeble but the people did not want to give me up but finally they had to do so, as I became entirely blind. I was very much devoted and wedded to my profession, as I loved it with my whole soul and worked sometimes very hard during the evening to please and amuse the people, which I have never regretted.

I came here today to verify the prediction that I made concerning this medium, that is, that some day the world should hear from him outside of his stage life. I knew there was something peculiar about him which I did not understand at the time but afterwards when I became a believer in spiritualism, then I discovered wherein I was at fault in not understanding him, then I saw and understood he was a medium. I did not understand at first why I should make such a prediction concerning him. When I knew and understood that Spiritualism was a truth then I saw through the whole condition and realized why he seemed so peculiar to the people. Now I am glad to know my prediction will be realized. When these ancient communications go forth to the public they will learn reason and understand that civilization has been going on thousands of years. I should say for hundreds of thousands of years to bring the human race up to where it is at the present time. His organization is so sensitive it would take but very little to send the spirit out of the body. Mr. Forrest who preceded me says he knows and understands now why the Little One had such an affectionate disposition. He lived between two worlds, that is, the spirit side of life and the earth side of life. The people from both sides of life played upon his organization. That is why he was always so sensitive to the changes of atmospheric conditions, or you might say in other words, the climatic conditions. They could play upon his organs as they would a flute or a reed instrument.

He was very fond of music and when little, as I knew him, let any one give a discord upon an instrument it would jar upon his ears so that it would bring tears to his eyes, so you can see he was very sensitive. How little such an individual as he is—with all his sensitive nature—is understood by the community at large. Many a one with such a nature has committed suicide owing to the harsh treatment they have received from the world.



but thank God he has been spared for the development to give these communications and produce a spiritual work for the world that will teach them all religion is man made. I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and leave my love for the Little One that once I knew as La Petite Blanche, but in after days he became the "Queen of Burlesque."

I found a program in a dressing room where he had preceded me with a company of burlesque artists. The heading of the program said, "The performance will be led by the great peerless Queen of Comedy, Justin," but I should have said before that the program read, "A grand performance tonight." The bill read that they would give two great burlesques that evening. Frou Frou was one and the Florence Family, the other. I saw a name in both casts, Robert Meldrum, at one time a leading man, and a fine actor he was. He had great conception of character. I came today to give this communication to add my mite to the lustre of the book.

I thank you, sir, and I bid you good day. Give my love to the medium. One time, sir, he expressed himself thus: "Laura, I believe my life is a failure." Little did he think then what he would give to the public. With kindest wishes again, your friend, Laura Keene.

# Richard Bishop Buckley

## Chapter XIX

Monday, May 20, 1901.

My name was Richard Bishop Buckley. I had another brother named George Swain Buckley, another one named Frederick E. Buckley. We were the proprietors of a company called "The Buckley Serenaders," who played in many countries outside of America. Our home was in Quincy, outside of Boston. We were all married men finally before we passed out of the body. I was the oldest of the three brothers. I was light complexioned like my mother while the other two were dark complexioned like their father. My father was well known as a musician in London. He was the leader of the orchestra of the Drury Lane Theatre, I guess as many as fifteen years.

Our mother came of what they call in England the aristocracy. She was a lady of rank. I have heard her tell of how she fell in love with father. She said she thought our father was the handsomest man she ever saw and married against her people's wishes. George Swain and myself were born in England. Frederick E. was born in Boston and when he grew up to manhood he was called the great American violinist. When we were performing in London, England, the English papers called him the American Ole Bull.

Why I come here today is to speak of the relations of this medium's connection with our family. He played with us for over nine years, that is, off and on. He would leave sometimes and go with another company for awhile and then return again. We all loved him dearly and made it as pleasant for him as we possibly could. He was one of the brightest gems of our company. I should have said the brightest. He was admired by the whole company for his genial nature. He played many characters with us, but mother thinks his Cinderella was the gem of them all, while his Aladdin was a general favorite with the patrons of our house. Father used to say he was our little mascot. His delineation of character was something wonderful and his dancing was superb. His dancing and pirouetting on

his toes was the wonder of the people. The newspapers called him the comet of that time.

We always knew he was a medium but to allow his mediumship to progress we discovered it took his strength and he could not be as brilliant on the stage and a medium too. We thought with our idea of thinking he had better stick to his profession—there was more money in it for him, and us too. He was a favorite wherever we went, and especially at our Opera House in Boston. He was constantly receiving presents from one source or another, but it never seemed to make him vain, as he was wedded to his profession. For a person of his height I think he had the smallest hand and foot of any person I ever saw. His petite form was something beautiful to look upon. Mr. Russell, the composer, wrote a poem upon his form and looks. He said in the poem that Venus must have visited his mother in her sleep to leave such a perfect form at that. Why I speak of this was that his form was the admiration of the people. His form and his wonderful talent made him a great favorite.

One evening in one of our boxes at our opera house sat Edwin Booth and wife, Billy Florence and wife, and Madeline Hendrick. The ladies wished to make his acquaintance. Billy Florence wrote on the back of his card a request and sent it to my dressing room, asking me if I would not oblige them by bringing Little Justin to the box, as the ladies wished to speak with him. I did as requested. I took Little Justin by the hand and opened the door that led from the stage into the box. I presented him to the ladies and gentlemen in the box and after some conversation Edwin Booth asked permission to kiss him, which Justin granted. The rest of the company in the box said he must do likewise with them. After he kissed them all we bade them good night and withdrew from the box.

After the performance was over I received a card of invitation with a request that I come and bring Little Justin to supper, which I did. After dining and social conversation was going on Edwin Booth drew me one side and asked me, "Is that a made up form, or is it perfect?" I told him it was a natural form made by nature or God, if he wished to call it so. "Well," he said, "that is the most perfect form I ever saw in my life; it seems so superb and delicate that it should not be touched by

human hands." I told him we took great care of the Little One. He was the pet of all the company and any of them would go quite a distance out of their way to please him, but he never asked any of them to perform any duty that was out of the way. His whole nature was generosity itself. He was born with a very high temper but mother taught him how to subdue it and live it down. After he had lived with us three or four years there was a big change in that temper for he was always willing to learn and do anything that mother would ask him, as he had great confidence in her judgment.

Our mother was a remarkable woman, if her son does say it, and I don't think I ever met her equal in good judgment. Her advice to her sons was of the highest wisdom, which she was remarkable for. Her husband and her sons would lay down their lives for her any time, as she was deserving of it. She really was the manager of the company, and we followed her advice. That is what brought us our great success. She was above the common average of women in intellect and the expansion of her mind was great, as all her boys lived to learn and admire her great wisdom, which they saw she displayed in everything. Little Justin always seemed a child to her and never grew in age like other people as he was a good deal like a kitten—always full of play; like James Arnold used to say, those bright eyes can't keep still, they are so full of mischief.

In time he met a friend that he admired who bore the name of Warren and that Mr. Warren loved him with his whole life, which in days to come gave full proof of his fruition. I never saw such love between two individuals as there was between them. It seemed as if Justin dissolved into Mr. Warren's nature and was absorbed entirely by the older individual. It was a blending and melting of two lives into one. It was something to look at and be proud of to think that you were permitted to look at such harmony in human lives. It seemed as in everything they were one with God.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. All send their love to the "Little One"; although his hair is white with age he is still to us little "Puss," as we called him, and hope that he will live long enough so that many other spirits may communicate through his organism. Good day, sir.

# George Henry Clifford

## Chapter XX

Monday, May 20, 1901.

My name is George Henry Clifford; I was one of the sons of the Clifford family of Maryland. I spent most of my boyhood days between Baltimore and Washington. Old Sarah Clifford, as she was called, was a sister of my father's. She kept a young ladies' school in Washington. Mrs. Banks, a widow and a sister of Sarah Clifford, was housekeeper in the home and with her and Aunt Sarah I visited a great deal in Washington. I bore the same initials as my grandfather, and this pleased Aunt Sarah. She, being a maiden lady, thought there was no one like the Cliffords of Maryland—but what brought me here today is in connection with this medium.

But just let me tell you—I fell in love with the sweetest little girl I think I ever saw; that was while I was attending college. She was on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Major of Baltimore. Her name was Olive Gray, a daughter of James Gray of Washington. I was very anxious to have her become engaged to me, which she refused at that time. She said she had histrionic art in her nature and believed she was born for the stage, but that was looked upon in those days as a dreadful thing for a young girl to enter the theatrical profession. But she waived all my entreaties and people's ideas to one side. She entered the theatrical profession at the old Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore. I found out afterwards she was assisted by her aunt, Mrs. Major, who had been an actress in England before she came to America. Mr. Major had married her in London, England, while she was playing an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre. That was some twenty-five years before my Olive was born. I could not give my love up and I waived aside all my people's threats to disinherit me and shut my ears to all the

entreaties of my relations and friends not to marry her. She was engaged by Edwin Forrest to come to Philadelphia for four weeks to play in *Virginius*, the *Roman Father* and other tragedies. I followed her to Philadelphia against the wishes of my parents. I hung around the theatre until she came out from rehearsal. She came leaning on the arm of Edwin Forrest and my feelings then I cannot describe, but when she discovered me standing there, she rushed towards me and said, "Oh, are you here? I am so glad to see you." She turned around and said to Mr. Forrest, "Allow me to introduce you to one of my dear Baltimore friends." Mr. Forrest smiled and said, "I am glad you have some friends left. I will bid you good morning, as I now can leave you in good hands." He left and went towards his hotel. I spoke up and said, "Olive, do you love that man?" She laughed a merry laugh and said, "You stupid boy, we look upon him as a father, which he is—a father to the company." Then we walked along towards her home where she was rooming, which was on Filbert street, above Ninth. She invited me into the parlor and also to sit down and make myself at home for a few minutes while she would go to her room and remove her heavy wraps, which she did, and returned in about five minutes. During that time I made my mind up what I should do. As she entered the parlor I went forward to meet her and took her hands in mine. Then I said, "Olive, do you love me enough to become my wife?" She said, "I do, but only on one condition, and that is, that I can remain on the stage until I am tired of it." Then I said, "Let it be so. We will be married right now." She was always a girl who had a matter of fact way with her. She said, "The third door above here lives a minister. You go and get the license and I will go to my room and get my hat." When I returned with the license she was sitting in the parlor waiting for me. As I was mounting the steps she came out of the door and said, "I am ready." We went to the minister's house and were married inside of ten minutes. I remember he told me he was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, which we attended the next Sunday. As I remember it, the church was located on 10th Street, south of Market. I give you these facts to let you know how my wife and I came together.

Now the principal part of the communication that I came

here today to give you, is that a gentleman by the name of Warren and I became partners in a theatrical company. It was called the Broadway Burlesque Comedy Company, of which this medium was the star. We started from New York through New Jersey and Pennsylvania and most all of Ohio and as far as Chicago and through a good deal of Illinois, and then to St. Louis. Then down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans. Then back up the Mississippi as far as the Ohio river. We went to the city of Cincinnati and played four months, which was a long engagement for a traveling company. We went from Cincinnati to Washington, thence to Baltimore and on to Wilmington and Philadelphia, and closed our traveling tour in Trenton, New Jersey, disbanding the large company and selecting four of those that we thought were the best for our concert company.

We started out with a troupe of eight members, counting Mr. Warren and myself. We took in all the principal watering resorts which took nine weeks from the time we commenced. We did well, made money, finally disbanded in New York, all parties well pleased and happy to think we had made that trip. After we had paid off the company, Mr. Warren and I divided over \$30,000 between us, which, of course, made us feel happy. I had been in the field as a theatrical manager for over ten years, but the happiest trip we ever made and enjoyed our natures to the full extent of happiness, was the tour that we took when Mr. Warren and I were partners and the little medium was the star of the company. He was called the Queen of Burlesque Comedy.

I came here today to tell you that I was well acquainted with him and Mr. Warren when I lived in the body.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and will bid you good day.

# Richard M. Hooley

## Chapter XXI

Monday evening, May 20, 1901.

My name is Richard M. Hooley. I was known to the public as a theatrical manager and also a minstrel manager. I had two theatres in Chicago under my control and one in Brooklyn, N. Y. Most all the celebrated stars played for me both in my comedy theatre and minstrel company. I had many that I was very proud of in both conditions, but I made more money out of the minstrel business than I ever did out of the theatrical business.

What brings me here today is in reference to this medium. He played for me a number of years both in New York and Chicago in connection with John Hart, the celebrated comedian. He played in many farces and comedies during that engagement. I will mention two comedies—"That Husband of Mine," and "All for Love," in which he did a grand piece of high comedy acting—as fine as I ever saw on the American stage. They played another comedy called "Three P.M.," in which John Hart and the medium stood unrivaled. We gave on one Tuesday a special matinee in order that the performers from the other theatres might come and see them in this comedy.

I was well known as a theatrical manager throughout the United States and at one time took a large company to Europe. Our financial condition was one of success. I brought the company back to America again and disbanded them. I lived to be over eighty years old. I passed out of my body in Chicago. I underwent a surgical operation of having a tumor cut out of my liver. I lived but a very short time afterwards, as this operation or the tumor that collected on my liver was the cause of my death. I bear no ill will to the physicians, as they did the best they could, and as far as their method of practice would permit



them to go. If I were living in the body today I would employ a magnetic healer, one that could manipulate the body and scatter the disease. From that, no doubt, I would receive a great benefit.

My family and friends believed, or thought that I believed, in the Catholic religion. I believed in no religion nor in any hereafter. I went with my family sometimes to church merely for the formality of being seen there. Today I realize and understand I am a spirit living in a spiritual condition. That is why I am here communicating through Justin's organization.

When I lived in the body I was very much attracted to the medium because I thought he was so peculiar and liked to joke him to hear him laugh, little understanding the power that was behind the throne.

Old Dick Hooley, as the boys used to call me, is just as much alive today as ever. I hope that some of the ladies and gentlemen under my management will see this communication, then they will understand that Richard Hooley is alive today.

Thanking you, sir, for taking down my communication, I am your friend and the friend of all humanity. I bid you good day.

# Adah Isaacs Menken

## Chapter XXII

Friday, May 24, 1901.

Justin requested Mr. Hulburt to summon Doctor Meyer, as some one wished to communicate and he required more strength.

He was soon controlled by a spirit who said, My name is Adah Isaacs Menken. I was known to the theatrical profession as the great theatrical Mazeppa. I was born in New Orleans; my father was a physician. Both my father and mother were of French descent. I was what you call a creole, and in other words a French Jewess. My first husband's name was Isaacs. He was a violin player in the New Orleans theatre, the leader of the orchestra.

My second husband's name was Menken—of the celebrated Menken brothers of the south. He had two brothers in the dry goods business in Memphis, Tenn. I married the wealthiest one of the family in New Orleans. They were a Jewish family, also.

My third husband was John C. Heenan, the pugilist. I bore him one son, which passed to spirit life. My next husband was Mr. Newell, of the Sunday Mercury.

I played between Europe and America. I passed out of my body in Paris, France. They laid my body to rest in Pere la Chaise.

While in Europe I was visited by many of the crowned heads of Europe to see what I looked like in private life. I was looked upon while in the body as a beautiful woman. My face, form and whole expression people raved over, especially newspaper men. In the fashionable salons of Paris I was a leader of fashion. From the royalty of Europe I received many valuable presents, especially from Louis of France. I became a model for painters and sculptors. I was admired in private as well as in public, which made me vain and imperious and which finally became my ruin.

I wrote for the newspapers and was somewhat of a poet. I composed a poem on this medium in French, which was published in one of the Parisian magazines. His dancing and playing to me was something superb. He traveled in my company under the name of the Dashing Blanchard throughout the United States. I tried to prevail upon him to accompany me to Europe but which I did not accomplish. His acting in Olinsky would have been a novelty in Europe. He became acquainted with a Mr. Warren which prevented him from accompanying me to Europe. This Mr. Warren was an officer in the United States army. I felt very regretful to think he did not accompany me, as I had a wish to introduce him to the French public. I finally sailed for Europe and in less than a year I died in Paris.

What brings me here today is this. I knew he was a medium for he showed it in many ways. I also was a medium from childhood, which created between us a great friendship, but Mr. Warren came between us and caused a separation by having the medium go to live with him. You understand the medium is of both sexes, that is, male and female, the female predominating. That is what accounts for the beautiful form. He had the most beautiful form I ever saw on a human being. When he was in my company he was addressed as she, living in female attire. I think her head of hair was something beautiful to look at. It was the admiration of the public. When I used to see Mr. Warren wrap that hair around his neck I could have killed him. Her hair measured four feet three inches long. Being of short stature, when she would bend her head back her hair touched the floor. Her height was four and a half feet, but I see since I have entered spirit life she has grown some inches. Mr. Warren declared he could not live without her and brought his strong psychological power to bear and psychologized her so that she became his companion for the rest of his life. He and I have talked it all over in spirit life, and made the discovery that it was required for her development.

Now I shall address the medium as he, or I should say, speak of him as he. Through Mr. Warren's influence, which was brought to bear upon her, she dressed in male attire to suit his fancy; permitted her beautiful hair to be cut off so that Mr. Warren could take the boy wherever he went, into all kinds of com-

pany, which was a source of great happiness to him—Mr. Warren—for he could not bear the boy hardly out of his sight. To Mr. Warren he was a God and was idolized by him. After he adopted the boys' clothes he always called Mr. Warren "Papa." Mr. Warren spoke of him as his son or boy, so that the general public looked upon him as the legitimate son of Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren says now in spirit life he thoroughly understands why it came to pass that he should be selected for the protector of this Little One for over twenty years. He says there was only one fault that he could see in the medium and that was his high temper, and he, Warren, got to understand that condition through which he could control this temper. He says outside of this temper he had the most loving disposition of any being he ever knew in his life.

Now I must make a confession, since I have admitted that I knew the sex of the medium, which stands under the name of hermaphrodite. The female part predominated in everything, but by the drilling and exercise that Mr. Warren put the Little One through he became in time quite masculine, both in appearance and in his actions, and it made Mr. Warren very happy to look upon the improvement. Through it he said he gained a boy and a wife, known to the world as the Queen of Burlesque Comedy. My confession is this—I was desperately in love with Mr. Warren and had a desire to make him my husband. For that purpose I got a divorce from my husband, but alas, it was too late. He had fallen in love with the medium and said he could not live without him.

One evening in my dressing room in the theatre he said to me, "If the Little One refuses to become my wife I will kill myself, for she is a little treasure that I want to own and puts one in mind of a peach with the bloom on it." I could have killed him right there and then, for it went to my heart like a dagger of cold steel. I offered him jewels, money, everything that I thought would induce him to marry me. He took both my hands and said, "Adah, it cannot be. I must have her or I cannot live in this body." He left me then and that is the last I know. I had swooned away and was found lying on the floor with the blood running out of my mouth. The shock was too much for my sensitive nature. When I came to and opened my eyes she

was bending over me and had me in her arms smoothing my forehead and calling me dear names and telling she would give up everything in the world if I would only live and be happy. She said she would even give up this man, for she did not love him—but soon learned to love him afterwards—but it was too late. The shock had done its work. I returned to Europe and died in less than one year. My maid one day came into the room and as she thought I was lying on the bed asleep, which I usually did in the afternoon to rest for the evening performance, she withdrew from the apartment and came back in one hour. She came to my bedside to wake me to get a cup of tea which I usually took at four o'clock in the afternoon, but when she tried to arouse me she found my spirit had flown and my body was what the world calls dead.

I came today to give this communication for your book that the world may see that at one time there was a great friendship between us and which friendship has been renewed in spirit life between our conditions, one still in the body, the other in spirit existence. I now realize and understand it all had to be. It was in our life line which you must all realize some day, as Mr. Warren and I have realized in spirit life, that nothing goes unrewarded, for every act brings its own judgment and all days are judgment days, so our conscience tells us.

Yours for the truth of the great philosophy, Adah Isaacs Menken, once the pride of the people, now a spirit struggling to reach the high development of spirit power which the great father and mother God can only give to their children in life that they may learn to know the power of reason and wisdom and that all the ministrations from this God power are benedictions to her children. Amen.

I thank you, sir, for taking this communication and you will get your reward as I will get mine.

# David Wambold

## Chapter XXIII

Friday, May 24, 1901.

My name was David Wambold. I was born and brought up in Newark, N. J. I had something of a tenor voice which made me famous in the minstrel business. I sang for several of the prominent minstrel companies in my time and finally became one of the managers of the San Francisco Minstrels of New York. The company originated and organized in San Francisco, California. There were Billy Burch, Charley Backus, David Wambold and Mr. Bernard. One of the members of the company was Mr. Charles Shattuck, the old bass singer of San Francisco. He came with us to New York and was located on Broadway opposite Niblo's Garden, where once the famous Buckley Serenaders held forth; in fact, I believe the theatre was built for them before they took their troupe to England, traveling through the provincial towns and finishing up in London.

I was acquainted with most all the prominent stars of the minstrel profession. I went under Mr. McGuire's management to San Francisco in 1861 and played in San Francisco for a number of years. During those years Tom McGuire would get up a company and send us out through the state. One time we went as far as Salt Lake, Utah, which was a terrible rough journey, as that was before the days of railroads. We returned to San Francisco and I tell you I was glad to get back into some kind of civilization. I was a man that liked things pretty nice around me, especially the room that I slept in.

We found very good accommodations in Salt Lake, but on the road going there and returning to San Francisco the accommodations were something terrible, and at one time I thought I should lose my voice, as I had caught a bad cold which settled

on my lungs and took me pretty nearly three months to have removed by constant care and watching to keep out of draughts. San Francisco is one of the worst climates in the world in which to get cured of a cough. I was glad when we organized and was once more on board the steamer for New York City. I returned by way of the railroad in 1872 to San Francisco to play an engagement of two months for Mr. McGuire at the Bush Street Theatre. There is where I became pretty well acquainted with this medium. He sustained the leading female parts in the comedy that the company played. I became pretty well acquainted with him during the time as we frequently met in the dining room of the Grand Hotel, where we had table board. The medium had rooms—what you call sunny rooms in San Francisco—upon the hill. He had to live there on account of his health. You must understand sunny rooms are very desirable in San Francisco. They were in great demand and brought a high price in those days. During our engagement I tried to make a contract with him to come to New York and introduce his comedies there at our house. I also brought Mr. Joseph Norah, who had played with Justin in comedy and farces for the last three years, to intercede for me, but he informed us it could not be as he was under contract for the coming year. I had written to Mr. Backus and Mr. Burch that I thought it would be a good idea to introduce these comedies and farces in our company, as they were very attractive in San Francisco. The minstrel business was commencing to go down and did not draw the houses it had in the past, and this was quite a unique feature in the minstrel business, as it gave the public a variety of performances.

He was called at the time the Siddons of the minstrel stage, as he introduced burlesque, tragedy and comedy in these pieces, but I failed, as I said before, to secure him. When his engagement in San Francisco was up and he returned with the company to Philadelphia, I had a berth in the same palace car and we had many long conversations about the profession and things outside of the profession. We were in hopes to secure him after the engagement was up at the Arch Street Opera House, which lasted for over two years more, but instead of us securing him Mr. Haverly secured him to open in Chicago at the Randolph

Street Theatre. He also played an engagement with Mr. Haverly's company in San Francisco at the different theatres. When he returned to Chicago we understood he was going to rest for a few weeks. We had sent three telegrams to Vineland, N. J., to his summer home, and received no answer. Then we sent a man on to Chicago to engage him, but could not find him. In the meantime, Mr. Hooley, of Hooley's Comedy Theatre, had his company on the lookout for him and one day George Knight, the star, discovered him and Mr. F. D. C. Meyer, who is present at the giving of this communication, getting out of a street car. George Knight took them over to Hooley's Theatre. There they met Mr. Hooley, who was very glad to meet him, and right then and there engaged the medium to play for him and through that condition he took him that time. Our agent returned to New York and said he was too late, as Mr. Hooley had engaged him for the coming season. I did not see him again until the fall of 1878, when I asked him when he would give us a chance. He said in reply, "If I keep in good health I will open with you, Mr. Wambold, next season." We shook hands upon it and went to the hotel and had dinner together. We parted and he promised to go riding with me the coming Sunday, but he sent me a note by a musician that he was not strong enough and would have to remain in bed that day. I called upon him and found him ill and in bed and visited all the afternoon with him, talking about when I first saw him with the Buckley Serenaders years ago. I thought then he would pass out of the body long before I did, but I was mistaken. The malady had already attacked my lungs which finally took me out of the body. That afternoon was the last time I ever saw him while I lived in the body, as in a few weeks afterward he went to his home in New Jersey. I took a trip to Florida, but it did me no good; my lungs grew weaker and weaker all the time. I finally passed out of the body, little thinking I should ever come here to control his organization.

I think you live in a beautiful spot here in the mountains. I am glad to know that he has lived to such a good old age to fulfill this work that the spirits said was predicted through him years ago. The people in the profession used to call him the witch, but I used to laugh at that, not believing any predictions



nor in any hereafter. I believed in no religion and thought that immortality finished at the grave. I was like Bob Ingersoll—"one world at a time." I thought that if such a thing could be that there was a life hereafter I had just as good a chance as any of the rest of them.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication and now feel that I am as thoroughly alive as I ever was. Yours on deck, as the boys used to call me, David Wambold.

# Charles Foster

## Chapter XXIV

Sunday, May 19, 1901.

My name is Charles Foster. I was born and brought up in Salem, Mass. I was born a medium like the one I now control. I was called the greatest test medium living, but I think there were others equally as good as myself. I think mediums who make predictions of the future, and those predictions are realized like many that have come to pass that have been predicted through this medium and others, are really as great as I was—and in some cases I think, greater. I think the prediction of the Ashtabula destruction that was given two hours before the destruction took place and came out early in the newspapers in the morning was a great prediction, for it was impossible for him to know at his rooms in Chicago.

Another one also was great, or what the world would look upon as wonderful, and that was the burning up of the steamships and the steamship wharf on the Jersey side of the Hudson as predicted by his guide, the little Indian girl Rosa. Many other predictions have already been fulfilled and these have been realized by those who were present when the predictions were made.

Now as to myself I would say that I have traveled the United States pretty thoroughly and held forth in all the principal cities and many of the large towns of the United States. I made an abundance of money by giving sittings but spent it about as fast as I earned it. I squandered a great deal of money that I might have helped others with. A great deal of the spending of this money was unnecessary. I spent it to gratify Charles Foster's luxurious desires, when I might have benefited many others with the money. I spent wantonly; I was a person

who drank a great deal of liquor and treated others to liquor and cigars. When they begged to be excused I would force it upon them and not to offend me they would accept it. I was gross and licentious, which my friends knew and understood. They overlooked it all on account of my mediumship. I was a born and genuine medium. I gave genuine tests to thousands of people. Many of my genuine tests were noted down by people who received a benefit through them.

My weaker vanity educated me to perform tricks so that I might convey to the people that I was a wonderful person and mystified them thereby. All the names that were found written on my arm was a fraud. They were always written by some companion that traveled with me, who held in their possession different colored pencils that were used by that companion who assisted me. They were held by that individual in case any of the people should search through my trunk or valise, which was done several times by people in my absence, thinking they could discover the pencils by which the names were written. Not finding any pencils, they thought they were genuine spirit's names written on my arms. Many of the Spiritualists were so prejudiced that they wrote articles for the newspapers in which they described they saw the names come upon my arm, which of course was all false. But imagination will carry peoples' minds a great way into the land of mystery and superstition, which has been the case with many that have studied our beautiful philosophy. Let me remark here that spirit return is as true and genuine as the sun that shines or nature that gives vital breath to the human soul.

In my pellet test business I brought mind reading into play. As the individual wrote names on the slips of paper I read the names in his or her mind while they were writing them and by that means I would pick up a pellet and open it up, making believe that I had read the name on the paper, which in reality I had read in their minds. It was by that means that I gave my wonderful pellet test condition, as I called them. No one seemed to question my honesty or ask to see the slip of paper from which I had given the name. In most all cases I gave the names I saw in their minds, not the ones I saw written on the paper. They claimed it was a wonderful manifestation.

Others that sat with me and got manifestations said it was utterly impossible for me to read any such thing in their minds, as they were not thinking about any such condition at that time. Wherein they made their great mistake was that those conditions were in their minds at the time and also previous to that time, or I could not describe them. There is one great mistake Spiritualists have to rectify yet. That is that the lobe cells of the brain are like the negative plates of photography—all impressions are printed there. That is, things that occurred previous to their visit to me and also that they were thinking of during their visit in my presence. I was a wonderful mind reader and clairvoyant and when I put my power into action the brains of men and women were laid bare to my conditions. That part of it consisted of my genuine mediumship, while the pellet test part was a fraud—but I had to bring that into practice, as you might call it, so as to make the individuals believe that I got all from the names that were written on the slip of paper. I had such power that when men and women approached me in conversation I could tell just what they were thinking of at the time. When men and women lied to me and thought they were deceiving me, there is where they made one of the greatest mistakes of their lives.

I was feted by the high and low through the walks of life. I revelled in luxury by mystifying the people. I became an individual addicted to drinking largely, which in time made my life a wreck. I became an imbecile or what you would call a weak minded individual and lost all my manhood and morality and became a feeble minded wreck.

For \$300 I taught Mr. Colchester, the supposed medium, the writing of names on his arms and body and also the pellet test, of which he was largely deficient, as having no power to read the mind. I told him to study up ventriloquism and produce it upon the people and call it independent voices, such as that fraud, Jesse Shephard and others of his ilk, perpetrated upon the people. There are many today calling themselves mediums and that independent spirit voices take place in their presence, which are nothing but crude conditions of ventriloquism.

I think the most credulous people in the world are many of

the people investigating Spiritualism, as they have such visionary ideas that they will accept all kinds of bosh as coming from the spirits. Now understand me, these believers in our beautiful philosophy of spiritualism that have shrewd minds of high elevation and while investigating these conditions they bring all their shrewd natures into play so that they cannot be deceived by impostors. I must admit that I have been detected by the smart, shrewd and intellectual people wherein they found me committing fraud and begged me to give up my evil ways, knowing that I was also a genuine medium and that spirits could give through my organization fine spirit communications, but the trouble was, most of the people that came to interview me or the spirits that came through my organization, wanted so much for their money. They were not satisfied with that which was genuine. So I had to throw a glamour over their condition and produce my mystified tricks to make them believe the spirit world was largely interested in their condition, which seemed to be very satisfactory to them and they went off rejoicing, thinking that the spirits gave them the choicest things they had in their keeping for them only. You see and understand there are tricks in all trades and these were tricks in mine, for visionary, credulous people.

I give this communication that it may go forth to the public and teach them that Spiritualism is the only true, safe way to immortality or the life beyond the grave. There is no such thing as death—that word should be wiped out of the English language. It is only laying aside the old mantle and taking up the new mantle to clothe the spiritual birth. Life has no end, no beginning, all is reason located in the soul and through the power of wisdom and progression it brings to bear a light that illuminates the soul through all conditions. No weeping, no gnashing of teeth, but some day an everlasting laughing of mirth.

Yours for truth and the union of our great philosophy; that it may kiss the violet breath of Heaven and bring the angels that are not far and that they may drop intelligent bars and permit God's intellectual car that is freighted with men and women, for they say that they must live within and have an outgrowth that knows no sin. Charles Foster.

Given in presence of E. W. Hulburd and F. D. C. Meyer.

# Alice Cary

## Chapter XXV

Good morning, friend. I understand this is the office where we are to give our communication and leave it on deposit for publication.

My sister Phoebe and myself came in company with that beautiful spirit, Frances Willard, one of the most emphatic workers in the interest of humanity that I ever met. Her glorious spirit surroundings are the work and unfoldment of her deeds of charity while a sojourner in the physical body. The great power she lent in the aid of the temperance question and work tell here. Also the private dispensing of charity in her quiet way has wrought beautiful emblems that now spiritual eyes can feast upon here. I was in conversation with Mr. Warren when this beautiful spirit was attracted to our atmosphere. We were speaking of Little Justin, your medium. Mr. Warren was speaking to me in a friendly way, asking me if I would oblige him for old acquaintance sake to come here and give a communication in regard to Little Justin, when Miss Willard spoke and said, "With pleasure, Miss Alice, I will lead you to his home." I then said, "Let us summon sister Phoebe and we will follow you with pleasure, thanking you for your kindness in becoming our guide to lead us to the home of the Little One whom we all admired so much when living in a physical body and now we love through our spiritual attraction." So you see sir, I am here. We have entered your home without asking permission, for which I hope you will forgive us, on this occasion, at least. The spirit that preceded me today was one who was born in the south; lived his life in the physical body also in the south. Mr. Warren feels sorry that you did not listen to his story and take notes of it. Mr. Warren has a desire that this





JUSTIN HULBURD



spirit should tell his story in his own way. When living in a physical body and during the Civil War, or as you people call it, in our late rebellion, he was a captain in the southern army; his whole soul and make-up was for the south. He was a sensitive character, high strung, and lived on a rather gross plane. Morality and elevation were wanting in his make-up. He was the captain who captured Little Justin, took him to General Lee's headquarters and there declared him to be a northern spy of the most malignant type. When brought into the presence of the General the Little One's coquetry and fascinations commenced to play their part, of which you have communication that tells you of the result, and how it turned out with Little Justin and the General. Many of those present in person, officers in command of General Lee, or I should say under the command of General Lee, when they looked upon the pictures before them they commenced to think Little Justin had fascinated, or in other words bewitched, the General. Ah, little did they understand the power that was behind it all.

Now, in relation to this man's condition. He passed into spirit life with all that bitter hatred in his nature towards the north; he hated northern people and everything that came from the north. When he took the Little Medium into custody and forced him into the presence of General Lee, little did he understand that was just what the spirits wanted, to carry on their work. This man, or captain, as he was called, lived on a low, licentious plane and if it had been in his power he would have carried out conditions entirely different, which would have become a disgrace to Little Justin. You see we cannot always do in life as we would wish to have things done, but we must do the best we can under our condition and location that we are placed in. There are many times in life that we have a desire to foster on people and even force it at the risk of our life. The wheel of fortune reverses and throws us off our track and we become minus of the power through which we would produce a crime upon our fellow being. When this man came en rapport with you and the other gentleman today he had a desire to tell his tale in his own way. It was also the desire of Mr. Warren that he should do so. The other gentleman and you gave little attention to his communication. He felt that he was insulted

and in time he was released from the medium's forces, whereby you lose a valuable communication for your book. Mr. Warren plead with him that he might try it at some future time, but he said, "No, I will not; I have been insulted by low northern trash and it would become a degradation to my manhood, also my southern chivalry." So you see, friend, he has not progressed enough to live down that condition. Permit me, gracious sir, to give you a word of advice. When such spirits come into your home and control your medium, humor them all you possibly can. The ignorance through which they manifest must show to you the low condition through which they exist in spirit life. These bombastic individuals have an awakening sometime, out of which they must arise and learn to live under the law of reason.

So in future, friend, be guided by what little I have said. Cover such an individual with your mantle of charity and after you have noted down the desirable parts of their communication then try and teach them the law of morality and wisdom. Such spirits can be taught often by coming en rapport with mediums and circles. There are too many of the mediums in the spiritual field that have a great desire to be controlled only by elevated spirits, forgetting all the while that these elevated spirits are beyond any instruction that they could receive from mortals in a circle. It is the lowly and humble ones that they should try to reach, that they might come in communication with those spirits living on the lower planes of gravitation and spirituality. If they would give forth all the love and charity that is in their mediumistic natures they would help to build up the condition of those unfortunate spirits that live on a low plane in spirit life. Do not drive them away from your home and surroundings, but rather cultivate their society and there you may find a possibility to lead them to the paths of virtue and truth. Never drive away a weak brother or sister, but tell them everything you have is theirs, too; invite them in, saying, "This is the home of Harmony—come in and tarry with us for one day; we will all be one with God." Look at your beautiful sunshine; it is just as true to you as it is to me. Now we revel in luxury and blossom out into beautiful flowers; flowers that have all the tints and colors of spirituality. One day they will all be merged into

white, the emblem of the Father and Mother God whose soul right we will not always plead for, but we will command it to obey our condition.

My trusted friend, since I came to spirit life I found no Saviour waiting for me. This Jesus of Nazareth whom my parents and teachers taught me was the Son of God himself that had taken on a human form to redeem the world and its inhabitants, since he had damned it through a superstitious abortion called religion, this all-wise God they speak and preach of must have been an imbecile and got drunk on the levity of his own conceit. While in this drunken stupor he created a world and all that's in it. Through this condition he found it was an imposture and a failure of the worst kind. Then he cursed it and tried to cover it up with a flood so that he might drown out of sight this terrible abortion that he had committed. This angel that disobeyed his laws he cast out of heaven for being a superior person to his royal highness. This superior influence showed to this God what a degraded creature he was. He mapped out for him the crimes he had committed, and those principal crimes was three was one. This intelligence said, "Oh Lord God, mighty host of all, that terrible drunken debauch that you have just passed through has knocked all the multiplication table out of your heads. Three is not one, your highness; neither is one three." So his lordship said, "In hell you shall be, you imp of satan. You would destroy my laws and creeds, and I could not claim ten per cent. from those half-breeds for you know as well as I do, they have only part of my power and I shall damn you from this very hour." In time this angel disgraced ripped up the corset lace of Christian creeds, and crammed a little sense into the half-breeds. It lies within you my sisters and brothers kind, to throw off the shackles and scales that make you blind. There is a power lying dormant there that you can nourish up through soul care. There are rules in arithmetic by which you can play this God a trick. You can teach him the law of reason and common sense and flaunt your flag in his face. The power of evolution is now guiding the human race; the law that I can tell you of has a power through which you can scoff at this God. Deal with reason in a wise way and all your intellect will have its natural play.

Now, sir, we will deal with part of the medium's life. While sister Phoebe and I were visiting at the home of Doctor Taylor in Boston one afternoon, which was on the 22nd day of January, 1856, I think was the year, there were at the Taylor home a number of guests. Doctor Taylor called them his selected friends, and we were fortunate to be among the number. I will give you the names of those I remember: There was Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lloyd Garrison, a Miss Mary Butler, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller and a lady whose name I think was Dana, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bishop Buckley, Mary Scott, Harriet Beecher Stowe and a Mr. Charles Beecher, a Miss Sarah Tyler, Mr. Warren, and Little Justin, Ruth Culver, Eliza Hamershaw, Mr. Longfellow, Olive and Eliza Logan of New York, a young man who bore the name of Samuel Tilden, Edwin Booth, Junius Brutus Booth and a Miss Mary Cameron, a blind lady who bore the name of Mrs. Richards, whom I discovered was a very beautiful character: a minister by the name of Edward Everett Hale, a man who bore the name of Charles Welch and a gentleman whom they said was quite a singer—I think we were introduced to him by the name of Sher or Sherman Campbell. The host and hostess and daughter of the house were present, and Miss Phoebe and Alice Cary. This afternoon was given in honor of Edwin Booth, the rising actor. He gave a reading from one of Shakespeare's selections, or rather I should say, plays. I am not very well acquainted with theatres and their sayings, as I never attended a performance in my life. Good friends, you must bear with me, as that other spirit has left me some of his influence, which conflicts with my language. If I make grammatical mistakes I would thank you to correct me—you see I have made one just now. I should have said ungrammatical mistakes, of which I am afraid there will be many before this communication is finished.

Now I will relate to you something of which took place in the afternoon. I discovered that Little Justin was a nervous little creature—either his hands or his feet were in constant motion. I sat next to the gentleman who bore the name of Buckley; on his right side sat Mr. Welch. Mr. Parker called Justin to him and in order to reach him Justin had to pass by where we sat. Mr. Welch made the remark, "That is a little peculiar

piece of humanity, just look at his anatomy—it is all fibres and nerves in constant motion.” The Little One turned and looked upon him with the scorn of a demon out of hell. The look that came from those eyes was something terrible to behold and he hissed out, saying, “I am the amalgamation and fabrication of that which is beyond your reach, you low, grovelling senility of degradation. How dare you make remarks about me, you conclave of brutality,” and then he spit at the man with all the disgust that I ever saw displayed. The man was about to retort or say something in answer to what the Little One had just said, when Mr. Buckley caught him by the arm, saying, “Welch, for God’s sake don’t say anything more; he is up in one of his high keys today and is liable to curse and swear at you like a pirate.” By this time he had reached Mr. Parker, who had drawn him in between his legs and placed him sitting on one knee, saying, “Now, Little One, are you going to recite ‘Beautiful Snow’ for us today?” I wish you had been present to have witnessed that beautiful expression that came over his face. You would have thought that he was an angel permitted to come for that occasion only. Mr. Parker then addressed the company, saying, “Ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion our little guest will recite ‘Beautiful Snow.’” He got down from Mr. Parker’s knee and was walking towards the centre of the room. As he passed by Mr. Welch he gave him such a look of scorn it seemed to me it must have come from out the bowels of hell—such a look from a human being’s eyes I never witnessed. When he reached the centre of the room he smiled upon us all with one of the most fascinating smiles I think I ever saw. He looked at the gentlemen in the room in such a coquettish manner that I first thought that he was going to sing a love song, but he straightened up, placed his hands across his breast like a Madonna, then raised his face heavenward. Oh, you ought to have seen that angelic and heavenly expression that came over his face. Margaret Fuller clutched hold of my hand; she squeezed it so hard that it hurt me and I almost cried out with the pain. Then she released my hand, saying, “Alice Cary, what kind of a being is that that stands there in the centre of the room? A few minutes ago he had the look of hell in those eyes and then they simmered down to a fascinating look for men. Just look at the heavenly

expression that face bears." I found that she was perspiring, and I was too. Mr. Holmes, who sat on the other side of her, said, "Great God, but this is a treat."

The Little One commenced to speak the lines of "Beautiful Snow," and I wish I could give the expression to the words that he gave to them that afternoon; his emphasizing and punctuation were wonderful. He spoke the words something like this: "Snow, snow, beautiful snow, I once was as pure as the snow; But alas, like a snowflake I fell from heaven to hell." Oh, I just wish I could express it to you, the feeling and sentiment that he threw upon the people. When he had spoken the last lines of the poem I could see the tears coursing down the guests' cheeks, while my own were quite moist. All of a sudden he went from the sublime to the ridiculous. He broke out into a street song, saying, "My name is raggedy Jack. No money I lack," which sent us all off into laughing, but it seemed sacrilege after that beautiful recitation of the poem. Edwin Booth said, "He is a natural born burlesque artist." The Little One turned around and said to Mrs. Taylor, "Mamma Taylor, I'm hungry and I want something to eat. I want it right now, too." Mr. Warren said, "Wait, Pet, until we get home—then your wants will be supplied." He said, "No, I won't, papa; I want it now, and I want a glass of milk, too," and he got it, you better believe.

I saw the Taylor family understood him. When he had finished eating and had drunk his milk Mrs. Taylor said, "The Doctor would like to have you sing 'Coming Through the Rye.'" He gave his little foot a kick out, saying, "The Doctor shall have it, with the greatest of pleasure." Mrs. Taylor handed him the music book, while she sat down and played the accompaniment. His back was towards us and in the third verse while he was singing "If a body like a body, need a body tell," up went the book over his head and came direct to Mr. Welch, hitting him in the face, bruising him severely. Margaret Fuller, clutching me again said, "The creature is a witch; some unseen hand guided the book to that unfortunate man's face." When he had finished they applauded him. He smiled and threw kisses to the people. He actually had the audacity to throw three of them at the bruised man. I thought to myself, "This creature

has no feeling in his nature." He sat down and the conversation went around about the different conditions in life and the abilities of men and women.

After the conversation lagged somewhat Doctor Taylor arose and asked the guests to all join him in a hymn. We did as requested and sang that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages." How the Little One contrived to loosen his shoe I don't know, but while we were singing he gave a back kick with his foot, off went the shoe and struck that unfortunate man on the wind-pipe, which almost knocked the breath out of him and he would have fallen to the floor had not Mr. Buckley caught him in his arms. That broke up "Rock of Ages" for that day. Mr. Buckley said, "Welch, I told you to keep your remarks to yourself; that the Little One was living away up in a high key today. I could tell it the minute he came into the room; I am so accustomed to his ways." The hostess of the house invited us to the dining room to partake of light refreshments. We did so and many were the pleasant jokes that passed around. At the table Edwin Booth sat between my sister Phoebe and Mary Butler. My sister Phoebe addressed Mr. Booth, saying, "What a strange being that little boy is." Mr. Booth said, "That little body is small in stature but the spirit is old in age. Little Justin is a medium. Physical manifestations take place in his presence." He had no sooner uttered the words when something grabbed his fork and stuck it up in the centre of a chicken pie, which made us all laugh. Doctor Taylor laughed so that he could not eat. All of a sudden Little Justin gave a war-whoop like an Indian, sprang on to his chair and from there onto the centre of the table. He commenced to dance a war dance, whooped and hollered in such a manner it frightened Miss Scott, who was an old maid, so that she fainted and fell to the floor. As she was falling she grabbed hold of Mr. Holmes and they both went down together. The company laughed in such a hilarious manner that a number of them commenced to hold their sides. Edwin Booth held on to the table while he shook with laughter. When things were adjusted and all had become quiet and equilibrium seemed to reign once more and as they accomplished the task of separating Mr. Holmes from Miss Scott's grasp, which he was not overwilling to have done, as it looked, they

called upon Mr. Booth to make a speech. He informed the company present that any expression that he could make or any words that he could use would become inadequate to anything that he might say on this occasion and he could only play a gentleman citizen to the star of the afternoon, Little Justin. How Little Justin stepped and danced over that table without making any noise I could not tell then.

When all the party had adjourned to the parlor and sobered down, for laughing had ceased but their sides were aching from the frolic they had indulged in, Mr. Taylor led off singing the song "Home, Sweet Home," with all the party joining on that occasion. Just as the song had finished Little Justin sprang onto the back of Edwin Booth, yelling at the top of his voice, "I am the ghost, while underneath is the biggest ham the stage ever saw," which made the company scream and roar so with laughter that I felt some of them might go off into a fit, with the exception of Miss Scott, as she did not make her appearance on this occasion. When the Little One jumped from Mr. Booth's back on to the floor Mr. Booth seized him and kissed him profusely, saying, "There is only one Little Justin." Several others grabbed hold of him and thought they would like to suffer the same fate. Mr. Warren saw the army was growing strong and thought it was about time to attack the fort, release the prisoner and carry him off. He did so by saying, "Come, Little One, papa wants you to go home and take a nap before your night work commences." They bade us adieu and we waved them good bye with our handkerchiefs. I said to Mr. Parker, "That is a strange child." He said, "In that little body is a volcano of emotion, apt to burst forth at any moment. If you want to see a born scamp go and see him in the character of 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp.' If you wish to see a coquettish maid with all the flirtation that the female nature is subject to and has all the excuses that the world will allow, go and see her in 'Many Strings to Her Bow,' or 'Love in All Corners.' If you want to see a gentle, meek, submissive maid, one that arises to the dignity of a lady and a princess with all the flirtations of a pure heart, go and see her in 'Cinderella.'" I never had the pleasure of seeing her, as I never attended any theatre. Our people taught us it was the entrance to the pit of hell.



Thursday, October 17, 1901.

Good morning, friend. I have slipped into your dwelling without asking your permission. The day is warm and balmy, the air is sweet and pure. Oh, sir, your mountain home and live oak glade is the abode of spiritual fairies that come and go at will. I wish this little body had the perfect beauty of the sunshine that warms all nature in your mountain retreat, but alas, it cannot be so—the body has almost finished its task and one day the spirit will be free to enjoy the realms of spiritual sunlight, but it is held down by two natures, the cause of which is taking on re-embodiment. These natures control the physical for a time, the female predominating. It has been the desire of the spiritual oversoul to take on this condition. What I mean by the spiritual oversoul is the highest aspiration in spiritual affinity to the human race. It has been guided and conducted by a light of truth through which it is constantly unfolding this double nature to the physical world. I have made a discovery along the female line of life that there are many women living on earth today where the highest part of their nature is the male element. These women fall in love with the female sex and through their condition they attract other women to their element. When these women come en rapport with their whole nature along the line of the masculine women there is a combination formed which brings their natures in harmony with each other; through that condition they live as husband and wife.

On the male line of life I have discovered the wearing of a coat, vest and trousers to be the covering of a woman's nature; that located in their soul is the love for a man. During some time of their life they meet a man that their whole soul goes out to; they fall in love with each other and become man and wife. Their life becomes a heaven on earth. Why? Because their souls are blended and everything in life becomes genial to their nature. On one side it is a mother taking on the part of a male nature as far as she possibly can to prepare herself for the coming sons of the future generations. Ah, little does the medical fraternity understand those conditions in the human family—they are called by medical men and others, freaks in nature. **There is no such thing as a freak in Nature;** all is in accordance with spiritual development, which is the

mother star of the human race and bears the torchlight to progress and freedom. It is the cold, clammy web of ignorance that surrounds the medical fraternity and its education a lack of spiritual growth and the higher laws of spiritual reason that they do not seem to comprehend, that bars them out from the proper understanding of the human ken. That is the record of those that inhabit bodies and whose education is only a mockery knocking at the door of ignorance when their souls should be attuned to all that which lies in progress and the highest intellect of God. There is no such thing as a mistake in life. It is the want of proper knowledge. The law of wisdom will guide all human nature to the realm of truth if they will but accept it, but as long as they hold to the flesh pots of Egypt, indulging and gorging their stomachs with animal flesh, which clogs up all the higher senses in their nature that would lead them to spiritual growth, and as long as they eat that which has been the cause of destruction of life to satisfy the craving appetite of sensuality. It is utterly impossible for any one to eat flesh and not debase their manhood and womanhood by cannibalism which destroys the life which the God of nature gave to the creature. Such individuals as I describe never can reach the higher growth of spirituality and true affinity with God until they have purged and cleansed their bodies from all carnal desires of flesh eating and taking life. Nature has supplied them with all the ingredients to give them a force which will create strength and nutrition for the brain; a higher conception for that great glorious power that the human race calls God. You have cereals, nuts and fruit in abundance, which is sufficient to supply all the wants of the physical body, but as long as the human mind will gloat on the gore of animal blood, men and women will be held down to the lower plane of earth life. It would be well if your ministers and medical teachers had the higher sense of the divinity of nature in their make-up and knew whereof this low, beastly mode of living was retarding the growth of all that was spiritual in the human race. It will be left to woman to open the eyes and minds of those grovelling on the lower planes of life of sensuality and degradation that has held them in bondage so long. The credulity of life is so low and gross that all freedom has been kept back by a wall of

superstition built up by man's tyranny towards the woman he claims to love as wife and mother.

My generous male friend, do you think there is a blush located somewhere in the souls of men that would mantle their cheek with shame for the manner in which they have treated the mothers of the human race? Oh sir, it was a glorious day when those little, tiny raps knocked at the door of bondage, giving women the full understanding of freedom and equality. On the spirit side of life we women are building up a condition through which we will march and take possession of the highest seat in our glorious nation. Look, sir, at your late lamented President who was cut down in the vigor of his manhood by the assassin's bullet—the bullet of a low, ignorant cur whose mind was deluded by ignorance, disgrace and shame. He was fed by the flaunting thought of those beastly flesh eaters whose whole life is sloth and a curse to the human race; whose body has been built up by the flesh of swine, known as the lowest animal to the human race. What could you expect from a man of people constantly fed on hogs' brains, and yet many of our college bred individuals claim you cannot be strong without you eat and drink the flesh and blood of diseased animals. They are fit individuals to sing the hymn, "Washed in Jesus' Blood." The man who composed that hymn was a low specimen of human Christianity. And so it is, my friend, that such noble men as William McKinley should be cut down by the hand of an assassin who was a low swine eater. William McKinley had a soul who loved to see women grow and progress and mount to the highest part of civilization; he would protect their honor and virtue with his life; his was a spiritual soul, working for the benefit of his fellow men and women, but alas, he had to be cut off from this noble life in which he was an example to our nation.

Through the passing of his spirit out of that body into spiritual conditions in life he will now manifest a perfect manhood that will wake up your nation and teach them a lesson. Through their ignorance they had not the perfect thought. It will only be realized when man and women stand equal in all things, and through this equality they will give the coming strength to your sons and daughters of free America. But that freedom will be protected by the laws of morality and civilization. Your nation

will yet experience the power of woman's mind. She will unfold to man a higher intellect than he ever understood before. It will be a benediction of spiritual growth that the perfect angels have furnished for woman's mind. The time is coming when it will no longer be said, "I am the man and master of the house; my will is law here." Ah, but he will have to change his manner of speech for through that law called reason the festive board will be garnished with wisdom and woman will produce a fitting condition for man to wake up out of this dead lethargy and disease of conceit. She will map it out to the male muddled brain that growth eternal and the law of progression is a fixed star, that all will have to reach that destination some day and cry out aloud, "I have found God's star. It is the beacon light of freedom and perfection." She will knock off that carnal conceited cap that the male condition of life has been wearing so long and she will sweetly say, "Permit the truth of sunlight to permeate that cranium of positive conceit, more often filled up by sawdust liabilities than that of elected motion that moves all heavenly bodies at will."

When the human race has entered the school of contrition and docility and understands the condition of humble ability, then there will come a wave of spiritual intellect out of the home where power, divinity and love is created. It will bear down on the feeble mind of conceit; create in it a desire for growth. Then it will throw aside all this craving condition that says, "I understand it all." Poor, weak humanity, clothed in book learning, yet never understood the many phases of human life. Nature has given that great power to the human mind, that through embodiment there is no position or duty in life that they cannot perform, but can perform through will power when they have taken upon themselves the graces of God through which they can work all these conditions that I have just described. When you have a desire to take on a body you can represent the phases of both sexes by the amalgamation of that growth that spirit lends power to. When you have returned to spirit life after you have performed the duty in the physical body, you take up again the original sex in which this great generator of life first created you. Oh children, children of earth, could you only understand all the laws that God has at work through which you carry

out and fulfill your mission in each embodiment. Your life line is traced on the dial of perpetual motion and as you pass around its great circle and as you stop at each resting place, you give an account of your past work, then your soul becomes clearer, brighter and more exalted. You commence to understand there is a glorification in the outworking of each condition. Then you discover there is no perpetual rest, but all is perpetual growth and when you understand that you must become a perfect God and you have realized this condition satisfactory to the father and mother God of all life, all errors have been corrected by your work, then you stand equal as a male and female God, ready and willing to become a creator of planets called heavenly bodies.

The true science of all life lies in the perfection of the perfect soul which is blended into the true affinity of the male and female God, the perfection of all life. I shall be glad when the schools of reasoning powers are opened up to the human family so that they may understand the perfection of divinity arises out of ignorance by the spiritual side of life and the earth side of life blending into one great eon, the Elohim of perfection. I thank the powers that have opened my mind through which I have grasped a little light that has led me to the higher truths of nature. I thank you, generous friend, for taking down my communication and if it will be any benefit to you you are welcome to my feeble attempt in portraying a little of human life. I leave my love to the little wanderer Justin, whose fate and walks through life have been hard and many times cruel. He had the benefit of knowing how to drink the sour and the sweets from the cup of life. Oh, the body became rebellious sometimes, but the spirit conquered it by an antidote little understood by many of the human race. No priestcraft held power there. There was a plank laid for him to walk upon and he had to walk it straight, too. There was a power behind that did not permit him to swerve to the left or the right, but straight ahead is the empire of your onward march. You pledged your life for this work and the regeneration of your soul's growth, keep straight ahead or I will prod you with the spear of memory. Your conscience must be purified by the unfoldment of that which is within you. Aye, and he carried it out, too, which his work in

the late rebellion can testify. When they became soldiers in the army of progress it straightened out both men and women, you had better believe. If any prove laggards and abuse that which they have sworn to fulfill, they are thrust aside and others take their places in the march of progress. Those that are found too weak return to a school of education that fits them in time to undertake the battle again, so you see, good sir, that nothing goes to waste in spirit life. All shall become in time soldiers of Love and Charity.

When I look upon this little physical body, old and decrepit by wind and weather, I think of those beautiful lines—

“Oh spirit divine, thou art mine,

I hold you in this power for with light thou must rhyme,

Since nature and thou are divine.”

Thanking you once more, I bid you good day. Alice Cary.

# Phœbe Cary

## Chapter XXVI

Good morning, friend. The wind is blowing and the world is wagging. It is not quite as pleasant a day as when I accompanied Frances Willard and Sister Alice to your home. Although it blows outside I am going to have a real sociable talk with you in this room.

Do you know—well, perhaps you don't—that all my views are entirely changed since I have lived in spirit life? When I came to spirit life all my ideas were very orthodox. I believed in infant damnation, hell fire and all other repulsive ideas preached by ministers. I thought my Saviour would be there to meet me and when I arrived I met a big disappointment. I met no Saviour, no God, only men and women like myself.

Lucy Taylor came forward and said, "Friend Phoebe, you look disappointed, but never mind—you will soon recover from that. All the preaching and praying that you heard while in your physical body goes for nothing here. All religion is man made and the expectation of a Saviour to receive you is all bosh and nonsense of the worst kind. Now come with me, Phoebe dear, and I will bring you to a circle where intellectual people live." I said, "What has become of all my prayers that I offered up on my bended knees to this crucified Christ that I have shed many tears for his suffering?" She said, "Phoebe dear, they have all been distributed into space, like many millions of other prayers that were only empty, meaningless baubles. Come, dear, I will take you where your friends and my friends will teach you so that you may understand by the explanation they will give you. It has all been a hollow mockery and we were dupes of priestcraft. A class of men that are too lazy to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They become educated into

this diseased condition of imagination in order that dupes will support them." I went with her as she desired to a locality in spirit life where I found many old friends and new ones. I was surprised to see their bright faces and the beautiful expression of intellect that each face contained. I said, "You have all improved so wonderfully since you came here to spirit life. Do you think I can grow to look like you?" Many of them said, "Oh yes, Phoebe, when you have lived down and cast aside all the superstition that religion held you under. It is by spiritual intellect and a natural growth that brought us out of that condition called religion, sloth which is the scene of all ignorance and the degraded part of men and women's intellect. Here we are taught the law of reason and each one's conscience judges them according to their condition that God sitting on a throne that we had all been taught to believe in is a delusion and a mockery. Nature is our mother—she rules, directs and governs all principles in life. Here we know of no other God but nature and her laws; we find that there are individuals more exalted than others. Their souls have been drawn nearer to the divinity of life and we can all get there if we only place our mind in the proper channel that leads to wisdom and truth, the power of God, that is the God of nature is in each and every one of us. We develop and build up that God according to the principles of our nature. All realms exist in the freedom of nature. We become demons or Gods according to our desires. We chose to develop within us the law of wisdom and generosity. That is why you see such an expression upon our faces. Our souls have only one desire, and that is to live in the realm of Truth. As you see, our soul expresses its thought through our eyes, as they are the windows of the soul. Deception and hypocrisy have no abiding place with us. That is why you find no ministers here. We all live on a plane of equality, assisting each other to grow to the highest divinity that our souls are capable of reaching. When we have understood all the beautiful laws in nature and work in harmony with their conditions then we will become generators and creators understanding how it is to walk with nature's God."

I said, "Friends, permit me to lay my soul bare before you. Teach me how I may become washed and cleansed of all that



nightmare and delusion, mockery and superstition that my poor feeble brain has been filled with and crammed by what they call Christianity. You see, my religion built up a wall of superstition and imagination between me and nature God. Direct and teach me some of the principles that I may gain the law of reason that will teach me how to knock at wisdom's door. I am willing to become one of nature's little children again, so that I may bathe and take my bath in the elevation of nature's purity—not in the blood of Christ, that holds the stench of the Christian slaughter house. I bathed in that long enough while living in a physical body. I denied myself of many of the beautiful pleasures in life, such as attending the opera and theatre, and all the beautiful concerts that were given outside the church."

Now I can look back and see what weak mortals our religion made of us. It was looked upon as a heinous crime to attend any place of amusement or recreation whatever for the brain outside of the church. But it was no crime to read and believe in the persecutions of old Calvin that he forced upon the human family if they did not believe as he did. Now I can look back and see the early Puritans of New England were a cold, heartless class of people—their whole life seemed to be filled with persecution and superstition. They claimed they fled from persecution and came to this continent to worship God according to the dictates of their own heart, but they set up a law of tyranny here on this continent worse than the one they tried to escape from. They persecuted all who did not believe as they did. They put to death innocent men and women for what they called witchcraft. Poor, miserable creatures, who had souls no larger than a speck that you might find on the leaves of nature. They whipped men and women for being Quakers, who held in their natures the nobility of heart, while they, miserable curs, knew not what generosity meant, but I thank the God of nature I am out of all that condition. I am consantly growing in the love of those that surround me with their mantle of charity. I find many here on this side of life who seem to hold back from the higher law of intellect. They seem to be in a miserable condition and all that surrounds them is miserable, too. "Like attracts like" here. I find true kinship in our nature is through the soul's attraction. Earth relationship amounts to nothing if you

have not the true divinity within you and are willing to share it with those that are attracted to you, which forms in time a circle of unity and love where harmony reigns perpetual.

Now I will speak somewhat on the medium's life—that is, a little part of that which I knew and came en rapport with. Sister Alice gave you quite an explanation of the afternoon that we enjoyed at Doctor Taylor's home where Mr. Warren and Little Justin were among the guests. Miss Campbell also gave you a description of the enjoyable afternoon that was passed at the Logan home in New York City wherein Little Justin played quite a part—we being present on that occasion, that is, Sister Alice and myself. Now I am going to speak of where we met him, which was at Louisa Alcott's home and also at Mr. Emerson's home. Ralph Waldo Emerson, I should have said. While we were visiting at Concord, Mass. He was present one afternoon on the occasion of our visit to the Alcott home. He sang for us several beautiful pieces, which we were all delighted with. I discovered outside of his many talents he was only a mere child in growth and talked as other little children did. I could see he was a little clinging vine and required some manly form to cling to, which he found in the person of a Mr. Warren, who seemed to my eyes the handsomest and most manly form I ever saw. I could see he loved Justin very dearly, his eyes following the Little One wherever he went. I discovered that Little Justin had a violent temper. Some one inadvertently said something he did not like; he went off like a firecracker, and oh, how he could swear. I never listened to such oaths before in my life. They really made me shudder. I caught hold of Mr. Alcott's hand, who sat next to me, for I was really afraid that something might happen to the house. I expected every minute that God would strike it with lightning, when Louisa looked over at me and smiled, saying, "Don't be afraid, Phoebe; he will come out all right. Mr. Warren has got him now and he will quiet down." I told her I thought he was the worst sinner I ever met, which made Mr. Alcott laugh. Mr. Warren quieted him down and he went to sleep for a little while. Conversation went on in its general way.

After awhile he woke up from his sleep. Looking up at Mr. Warren he said, "Papa, I am awfully glad you've got brown

eyes." Mr. Warren said, "And I am glad yours are such a dark blue. They look like a mirror to see one's face in." Then the Little One commenced to tickle Mr. Warren under the chin and ran his little hands down inside of his collar, which got Mr. Warren to laughing, also the rest of the company. All of a sudden he said, "Papa, let's go out and play circus." I thought to myself, "For heaven's sake—is this the person that cursed and swore so a little while ago? Now he seems to be as gentle as a little lamb." Miss Louisa said, "Justin, won't you sing us something?" He said, "All right, Louie." I noticed that he always called her "Louie" when speaking to her. He said, "Louie, what shall I sing for you?" She said, "Sing 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair.'" One of the ladies present sat down to the piano and played the accompaniment. He commenced to sing and oh, how beautiful it was. I asked God to forgive me for the wrong thoughts I held towards him. When he had finished singing the hymn I thought that we had been listening to an angel. All of a sudden he turned around and looked at Mr. Warren, saying, "Papa, I'm damned if you don't come out and play circus, I'll raise hell." I became speechless for a time. When I had collected my thoughts I said low to Mr. Alcott, "In the name of all that's good and glorious, what kind of a person is that—will you tell me?" He said, "I think he is the sweetest little creature I ever knew." I said, "Mr. Alcott, how can you say that?" He said, "Oh, he lives on impulses and that is one of his impulses. He has many good ones that counteract that one." I had no sooner spoken the words when down came some books off a shelf. I jumped up and said, "In the name of all that's blessed, I hope my saviour will forgive me." I grabbed Sister Alice's hand, saying, "Let's get out of here as quick as possible." Just as we got to the door it was shut in our faces. I dropped on my knees and implored God to protect us for we were in the clutches of the devil. I had no sooner gotten the words out when that imp of satan, as I thought then, jumped on to my shoulders, hollered out at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for the American Eagle and E. Pluribus Unum." He jumped from my shoulders, turned a somersault, or whatever you call it, and landed on Mrs. Catherine Hobart's lap. She screamed, "Take the imp of satan away," and then fainted. There was a

little boy there, I judge about ten years old. He hollered out, "Gorry, but this is a regular Fourth of July." I swooned and didn't know anything for some time, for I really thought that we had got into the clutches of the devil. When I came back to consciousness, Mr. Emerson was standing over me, holding his sides with laughter, and the tears running down his face, while Sister Alice was bathing my head with cologne. I said, "If I ever get out of here alive I will take the first train for Boston, Sister Alice, and you must go with me where we will get protection from these evil spirits. I always heard that old Concord was haunted by evil spirits, and now I believe it." Louisa Alcott said, "Phoebe dear, your nerves are worked up to a high pitch and that is why you swooned. No harm will come to you here, dear." Just then I saw the little imp coming in through the window, and as he came towards me I screamed for the people to take him away. He pushed them aside and looked at me with the queerest leer in his eyes I ever saw. He said, "She needs soothing syrup," and with that he grabbed both my feet and twisted them this way and that way, and God knows how many other ways. I can't tell you, for it made me cry out with the pain. Then he slammed both my feet down, then seized hold of my hand, knelt down in front of me and offered up one of the most beautiful prayers I ever heard for my welfare and digestion. When he had finished he sprang to his feet, jumped into the middle of the room, turned a pirouette, then struck a position and commenced to sing, "I'm a dandy O, Between Baltimore and Buffalo." I said, "Alice Cary, if you don't take me out of here I shall die with fright." Mr. Emerson had me removed to his home, but I was nervous as long as I stayed on the place. When we got back to Boston I said to Sister Alice, "Let us go west to Ohio. I want to get away from all these evil spirits." We went west but we didn't get away from the spirits. I became controlled, much to the delight of Alice and our friends, but religion had such a hold on me that I tried to fight them off, and found that I could not drive them away.

They say my best poems were written after that but I never truly realized my position until I came to spirit life. For that superstitious religion had such a hold on me that I lived in such a dread of hell that sometimes I really was afraid to go to sleep.

They held so many revivals in our neighborhood and sister and I attended many of them, which kept me in constant fear. A neighbor family of ours that saw my condition talked to Sister Alice about me, so much so, that sister persuaded me to meet him. I did so, and we held a meeting one afternoon. The lady of the house gave us such a beautiful explanation of its workings and ways in the beautiful spirit world that I lost a great deal of my fear, but could not give up my saviour, as I wanted to be on the right side in case there was some mistake. When I passed out of my body and arrived on the spirit side of life no personal saviour was required, born of a supposed virgin. It was our own deeds and works that saved us and without works of love and charity our condition was rather a weak one on the spirit side of life. But oh, friend, how beautiful it is to know that each individual has an ideal saviour in the soul that leads them to truth and the glorious perfection of nature's God.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope it will be of some benefit to your valuable book. I leave much love for Little Justin and tell him his antics could not frighten me now, for I am in the keeping of my own soul, which I never understood before while sitting under the droppings of the Lord or I should say under the explosions of those gas bags called ministers of Christ who have led poor humanity for many years through a dream. When the power of reason has awakened you out of it you smile a smile of derision at the empty words of a pulpit parrot who cannot produce any evidence whatever of immortality. It is only through the servants of the spirit world called sensitive psychics that you can receive any proof whatever. It was a glorious day when the tiny raps knocked the bottom out of hell and laid the man made God on the shelf and draped truth in a garment of love which the spirit world is constantly holding out to mortals in physical bodies, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life. Through the divinity of your own manhood and womanhood you shall find salvation." The loving friend of all progress. Phoebe Cary.

# Frances E. Willard

## Chapter XXVII

Friday, September 6, 1901.

Good morning, friend. All humanity are friends because we are sisters and brothers, children of the perfect God. Oh, could we but understand the love that is showered upon us by that great infinite and divine love from our heavenly parents. Wisdom is ours if we would but grasp it. The benediction of the powers of life are beautiful when expressed in holy love. If only the dwellers of earth would understand that great light of intelligence that is constantly coming en rapport with them. In it they would find that all knowledge is embellished in sunlight. If the great outworkings of the power of peace that constantly surround us were only properly understood, in this peace they would find that all the law was in accord with human nature and that the children of God, by communion in their souls, would find that great light of peace from the hovel to the palace. It is distributed all free alike. It only waits for the asking to bring harmony into every household, so that they may know and understand that none of this great power is locked away from them. I, Frances E. Willard, found joy on every side where I sought for it. I saw the emblem of love and purity in many households where they consecrated their lives to the true God of reason. Oh, it is a power beyond expression. In the teachings of Christ it is fully verified. A great morality was the outgrowth of that beautiful mind. It reached out and grasped the law of truth and wisdom. The whole living embodiment was impregnated with the law of reason. It developed it within its innate power and then gave it to the human heart that was asking for the true way that leadeth to God.

When I came to spirit life after passing through the new

birth I did not find the man, Jesus, waiting for me, but I found the law of reason was distributed on every hand. I found a condition that was located in my soul. It spoke and said, "Frances, you must be your own Saviour." The law and the word was given by an intelligent mind that had much of the divinity of nature in it. Through its advanced teachings came the civilization of the world. In all lands and nations was heard the voice crying, "He that believeth in me shall have eternal life." Religion amounts to nothing if God dwelleth not in your heart. There are many religions and beliefs in the universe. They are all a mockery if you have not the love and friendship for your fellow beings. You must search and find the divinity that has been created in your soul, that is God, the torch bearer of the light and truth through all ages. Religion is a weak babe with its swaddling bands still upon it, if it has not the light of reason embodied in it. Man cannot save man. It is the outgrowth of your works and the unfoldment of all that is beautiful in your nature. When that is once properly understood, then you become your own saviour. See that you love one another, is the law and the power that should govern the whole human race. There is no religion higher than truth. When I came to the spirit side of life I was surprised to find credulous minds sitting moping and waiting, wringing their hands in agony and crying out for a man made God. Christ was not with them then. It had taken wings for a time until the law of reason could enter their souls and the power that laid dormant within them would awaken the true God in their natures, then they would find it was only the higher growth of Spiritualism that would manifest to them that the true Saviour laid in their own natures. They must throw to the wind the man made God that history had given the name of Jesus. They must find the true spirit of Christ within them that is constantly unfolding the higher growth of God in nature. All life is a panorama with moving shadows and figures in it and each one has a part to play. Some are star actors, while others were only supernumeraries. It is according to the development of God within them. This saying that is common in our nation, "I am a Catholic," "I am an Episcopalian," "I am a Presbyterian," "I am a Methodist," "I am a Congregationalist," "I am a Swedenborgian," "I belong to the Chris-

tian church," "I am in fellowship with the Dutch Reform," "I belong to the Lutheran Church," "Our family is Congregationalist," "We are Unitarians," "Universalism is our belief," "I am a Jew and believe in the orthodox church of Judaism"—all these and others are the outgrowth of the versatility that is located in the mind. They are all man made religions, with a variety of customs and ideas. If they have not the true spirit of Christ that abideth in all pure souls, then religion is an abhorrence in the sight of the true universal life and principle of God. It is like a piece of dead material that a decaying body is carrying around and the sooner they learn to understand the law of re-embodiment the sooner they will find a saviour through the power of evolution. The biological growth in nature is a culmination of all natural conditions; without these laws chaos would reign and everything would be swept into oblivion.

Now let the light of truth shine forth from every eye, that it may lead them in the true path to God. When I lived in the body, I mean an earth tenement, I loved to work in the Womans' Christian Temperance Union, and there were many other works that I was interested in, which kept my mind occupied and brought me happiness in spirit. Oh, sir, the revealment of the true life that laid before me was sometimes a little hard and there were rough parts in it, but above and beyond was the kindness of God that was teaching me to lead others over these rough spots and to teach them that in the great beyond was eternal life and happiness awaiting us all through the perfection of the spirit. We will defer the communication until another day.

September 9. Now, sir, as we are alone and hope nothing will disturb us I will continue my communication. It will not be a long one, but rather on the short order. First let me say, I think you have some of the most beautiful mornings I ever saw. Oh, how I could have wielded the pen in this mountain retreat, but my work was otherwise laid out. It was in the city where I could assist and help others. I loved all the work that I was connected with, especially the Womans' Christian Temperance Union—my whole soul went out to that. I think liquor that has been manufactured in any shape or form whatever is the great curse of the world; it brings out the brutality of both



men and women. Children inherit the love for liquor, which makes of them great criminals. It either leads them to the gallows or to state's prison for life. It has all the tendency to bring those that are afflicted with its curse down to death through shame and misery. Oh, that I had the power to wipe out that terrible curse from the human race. If men and women only knew the punishment that was awaiting them on this side of life for selling liquor to the human race. They are responsible for the curse they have brought upon the children of God. Oh, if God's children could only come into the world with perfect knowledge they could resist all such temptations, but the experience of the human race is an education that they must all pass through. Some are tempted and fall while they are attending a school and preparing themselves for a higher knowledge that will guard and protect them through the walks of life. The only perfection that I can see that awaits the human family is the great power of re-embodiment, through which they can work out the laws of God and come to a perfect understanding and the unfoldment of their higher nature, but woe be unto them that set snares for their fellow-beings. It will be a long while before they understand the kingdom of God is at hand. The conscience of the seducer and the slayer of morality is a terrible punishment that awaits the wrong-doer. Those that love God and the human race and try to upbuild the mind located in the souls of men and women, the blessing that awaits them is grand in spirit life. The master who holds the key to all life pronounces a benediction through which they receive the eternal baptism for all time to come. When people speak of God being in his holy temple it means that the spirit of Christ is in all homes and every heart is made happy that will receive the inspiration of this beautiful light to the human race.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication, and if it will be of any value to your valuable book, you are welcome to it.

I come here at the request of a beautiful spirit who bore the name of Lola Montez. She was a woman but seldom understood by the people of earth, but on our side she is a grand spirit and teacher. Her soul goes out to all the human race and love is her whole nature. Good day, sir. Frances E. Willard.

# Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain

## Chapter XXVIII

Friday, October 18, 1901.

Good morning, friend and brother Hulburd. I asked permission to come and speak a few words before the lamp burns out of this physical body. Others were asked to come and give a communication as a favor for your book, but I begged permission to do so. I have been humbled and brought down from my exalted position. My overbearing and positive will has been humbled and I have been brought to the feet of high spiritual souls. They have taught me the recognition of a submissive condition in Spirituality. Oh life, thou art the shifting sands of time and my life has been part of those shifting sands. When they sang to lull me to rest it was only a mockery filled with conceit. Oh that dream, that dream of grandeur that some day I should awake out of and find myself in rags and tatters. When I was young and vigorous I looked upon myself as a perfect vase, fashioned and formed to hold the increase of men's adoration, but alas, one day I woke up to find I was only an old cracked vessel and could not hold the lethean waters of common sense, wherein my own heart could bathe and find blissful repose that I might go to sleep and be carried on the waves of time. The castle that I had built up was shattered and I was left an old wreck upon its ruins, a cracked vase that was worthless. My indomitable will carried me through it all until my old body was laid away from the gaze of my friends and enemies—the latter, alas, were many. The world was cold to me and I was cold to the world, a floating wreck of humanity.

Over ninety years ago I was born in the village of Buffalo, now called the city of Buffalo. When about four years old the Indians attacked the village and burned and pillaged it. I was

carried off by an old chief of one of the tribes. He bore the name of Eagle Eye, chief of the Tonawanda tribe. My father had been a friend to him and he carried me off to save my life. After things had been settled by the military he brought me back to my father safe and sound, for which my father always felt grateful, but alas, I wished many times that I had perished with the rest. I seemed to be one of those beings that was ushered into the world for many trials, for my soul was grieved to its full extent. My mother died while I was a babe and left me to a father whom I never loved and to the mercies of a cruel step-mother who never loved me. It could not be otherwise, for I had a willful nature and expected my own way in everything. As I grew older I became even more tyrannical and demanded my rights in everything. I felt no one loved me or cared for me. At some times the world looked cold and drear to me. My father married me to a man while I was yet but a mere child. I grew in time to hate the man. He forced maternity upon me a number of times. I hated every child that I carried in my womb and would have destroyed them before they were born, but there were always watchers, and I was prevented from carrying out a crime. Those children grew into manhood to hate and despise their mother. There was no love lost, for I hated them also. When the oldest became a man he tried to rob me of all that was left me. He swore in court that I was a vile woman, not competent to care for my property, or put it to a judicious use. He did not gain his point and I banished him from my sight with a curse. The next became a maniac and died in the madhouse. I sat outside of his cell night after night, listening to his mad ravings. I cursed myself to think I had ever been his mother and cursed the parents that gave me life, as I thought then. Another one became a terrible hypocrite and almost swamped me for all I owned. He had no business qualities and fawned around me in his serpent like way so that I might provide him with money in order that he might try it all over again.

When the rebellion broke out between the North and the South—I was a woman then in age and I also thought in discretion—I had a cousin who was an Episcopalian minister. He professed that his heart loved me. I was glad to know after-

wards that it was not his soul, only his heart—hearts are easily numbed, you know. I had made up my mind to go down to the army and nurse the wounded soldiers. I thought at least I could do that much for my country, as they would not allow a woman to enlist and carry a gun like her brother soldiers. Before I departed for my duties I gave in to the keeping of this Episcopalian clergyman a large library of books which I told him he must return to me when the war was over, providing we did not marry each other.

I started on my journey and arrived in Washington. The second day I was there I was introduced to Miss Dorothy Dix, a noble hearted woman who gave me a position under her in the same hospital where I might display my skill in attending the wounded soldiers. After I had been there several months she came to me and said, "I think thee is well fitted to take charge of a hospital. Now I will send thee to Baltimore, where thee will have full charge of the hospital." I thanked her for her confidence in me and my ability. I went on my journey, arrived in the afternoon, took up my position in the Baltimore Hospital, which I found to be one of the most filthy dens that I ever looked upon. I gave the order for an abundance of hot water to be gotten ready as quickly as possible. Then a kind officer assisted me in my duties by detailing men to carry the sick from one room to another. Then I gave orders for the men to use hot water in abundance on the ceiling, wall and floor, to clean out the vermin and cockroaches that infested the different rooms. I had chloride of lime placed around the baseboard, burned sulphur in pans to fumigate the rooms. After I had the rooms all cleansed and aired properly I had the men brought back and made comfortable, as they were human beings, for which I received many thanks from the brave boys. I knew they had mothers, sisters, fathers and brothers, and devoted my spare time in writing letters home to their people. Oh, Mr. Hulburd, but that was a sunny spot in my life. Those were happy days for me when I felt I was serving my country as a nurse and sister to our brave boys, bless their hearts. I found many noble men among them. After about six months my health commenced to fail me in Baltimore, as the drain pipes of the hospital were very bad. They were old and rusty and leaked in

many places. I was accustomed to the clear, bracing atmosphere of Buffalo. We had some of the worst doctors in the army hospitals that I ever met. I made an exchange, going to Alexandria, Virginia, which was very beneficial to my health. While there I met Mr. Warren, the husband of Little Justin, who was supposed to be his father. I saw Little Justin on two different occasions, but never had the pleasure of speaking to him. That is, I saw him in boys' clothes, when he came from Washington to visit Mr. Warren.

One day when I was visiting Mr. Warren's quarters a mule came up with a little old gray-haired woman sitting on it chewing snuff, I thought. She looked at me and said, "Howdy, mam," with a strong southern accent. I said, "Where did you come from, my good woman?" She said, "Yout yonder," pointing with her hand, which might have meant any part of Virginia. "I'm an old lame critter come a right smart distance to see this yar hossifer about protectin' my gal Sal and two calves that's left yet." I said, "And don't you need protection, too?" She said, "I'se old baggage that hain't goin' to live long." By this time Mr. Warren stepped up and said, "My good lady, what can I do for you?" She said, "I reckon it hain't much, Mr. Hoffer, can't you help an old body down off this yar mule? I ain't had a good lookin' man touch me in some time. I'se all crippled up with the rheumatiz and I cotched the misery in the back comin' along that yar road beyont." Mr. Warren said, "I guess, Madam, I can assist you in getting down. Just imagine I am your son and lean with all your weight on me." I noticed as he took her down off the mule their lips met and I said, "God bless him, he has the feeling of a natural son." She was a little body and he carried her into his quarters. I turned around and said to Major Armstrong, while the tears were in my eyes, "That officer is a soldier and a gentleman. Did you see how carefully he carried that old woman and placed her in a camp chair? While he did so his eyes were lit up like that of a lover. I am so glad, Major Armstrong, that there are men in the world that have feeling for old women." I bade Mr. Warren good day while Mr. Armstrong bore me company to the hospital. While we were walking on the way I said, "Major, what a little old woman that was to come so far alone on that old mule. I hope Mr. Warren

will be able to do something for her, she seemed so little and frail as if the wind would blow her away." He said, "Mrs. Chamberlain, officer Warren has a kind heart and he will see to it. He is always assisting some one." I said, "Thank God," and bade him good bye at the hospital door. Little did I think then, brother Hulburd, that that was our Little Justin masquerading as the old woman.

That very night orders were given to prepare for a battle on the coming morning at daybreak. I received orders to have the nurses in readiness and everything in order to receive the wounded. Little did I think then that that little old woman was the bearer of dispatches through which the battle took place. I have only been informed of it by Mr. Warren since I came to the spirit side of life. Now I understand he was a Union spy and when the old woman's lips and Mr. Warren's met together it was a love kiss in reality; the big husband kissing his little wife. Oh, but he played it well. No wonder she had such conception of character on the stage. Do you know, Mr. Hulburd, I should have been an actress. I am just conceited enough to think I would have been a success, but you know what public opinion was those days toward a woman who entered that profession and as I look at it now, when I did not adopt the stage for a profession I should have entered the field for woman's suffrage, but oh, that false pride that held me back. I am glad that I have been humbled and some of the conceit taken out of me. As I now stand I find I am only a poor woman depending upon others for assistance that will lead me to the light of truth. I find I am disrobed of that garment of personality that held me back from spiritual growth. I am now a naked spirit grovelling in ignorance. I have only a borrowed mantle to cover my nakedness until my soul's growth will knock at the door of reason and ask to be permitted to drape myself in conscious wisdom. Oh, brother Hulburd, it is over here where shams are exposed and you stand only on your own merits. Deeds and works tell here. All flippant foppery and show pass away from you and you stand alone to answer for that which is wrong and that which is right.

When the war was over and I had returned home I was informed by a friend that my cousin had married another woman.

Then I demanded that he should send me back my library of books. He informed me he would not do so and said I had made him a present of them. I went and interviewed a lawyer concerning the matter. He informed me that my cousin had the books in his possession and that was nine points in law. He said that I could sue for the recovery of the books and bring the case into court; he would do what he possibly could for me, but he did not think I would recover them, as I would have to prove that I did not make him a present of the books. He said, "You know—if you don't you ought to know—that many of our ministers, so-called servants of God, are tricky individuals and would not hesitate at any time to swear to a lie." So you see I was a weak woman. I gave my books into this man's keeping and lost them, like many other things that have been given into a minister's keeping. Many of my friends called me cold and bitter towards the human race. How could it be otherwise, brother Hulburd, when I was robbed on every side and slandered by those who did not understand me? I was not only robbed by strangers, but my own children did the same. I find here in spirit life that kinship and other family ties amount to nothing, if we are not drawn to each other by soul love we become as strangers to each other. Spirits that I once looked upon as my children pass me coldly by, while strangers, as it seems to me, come towards me with their whole nature of love and charity. They cover my nakedness with their mantle of spiritual growth. Here is where the conscience of hell attacks us and we must work out our condition through our own responsibility. Truth and the helping hand of those beautiful spirits that approach me are ever ready to help me on to that higher divinity in life where I can clothe myself with the law of wisdom and become ever ready to help those that were like unto myself. Oh, it is a glorious thought to know that we can become like the rising sun and shine for all time to come. I often think about the happy circles that were held in your home, with yourself, Fred and Little Justin, and others in attendance and when that working spirit, Bridget Kelly, would bring those low, undeveloped spirits to control Justin's brain forces, tell their unhappy tale and receive assistance. Those were sunny spots in my life. I always felt happy when I returned home and thought how good the God

of nature was to give us all a chance to redeem ourselves by our work of love and charity to each other. I realize it all now in spirit life.

I am sorry to know that Little Justin has lost his home. He was too free putting his name to other people's paper. It was cruel in his old age to get him to sign that mortgage. If I had been in the body and close by I would have prevailed upon him not to have committed that error, but he has always been the child of circumstances and those that wronged him must pay the penalty; they cannot escape it. When in the body I was strongly attracted to Little Justin. We compared notes many a time. I was always happy and pleased when he would make me a visit and I had a chance to look upon his sunny face. Sometimes when I was downhearted and felt the world was cold and drear he would cheer me up by telling some funny anecdote which in time would get me to laughing. After he had left for his home I would think, at least there is some one in the world who has a kind thought for me, and when I would think it all over I would say to myself, "There are three friends that have kind thoughts for me. They are Fred, Wallace and Justin, and they are always pleased to see me. They always show it by the warm welcome they give me," and oh, how I always longed for the circle night to come around. I know now that many of the lectures that Justin gave were only understood by a few. He taught us that we could live our lives not only through re-embodiment, but through other individuals living in physical bodies, which I know to be a truth.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope I will be able to bless you all for the many kindnesses you showed to me while in the body. Give my love to any one that would like to hear from me. Now I leave my love to you all, a large share of it going to Little Justin, whose weary body is hard to carry around now. Your loving sister in the grand cause of spiritual philosophy, Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain, a much misunderstood woman who had to wear a cheerful mask before the people when her heart was breaking for that real tender love of an honorable husband and protector which was never gratified in the physical body, but all will be healed here in spirit life some day when I will be judged by the judge of my own



actions. I thank you again, Wallace Hulburd. I loved you and you did not understand it. My soul went out crying to you, but it only met a cold wave. You were selected for this work and will pass your while in harness. Kiss Little Justin for me with a kiss of a sister's love. One that comes from the higher growth of what soul action I command. Good day.

November 20, 1899.

Mrs. Cora Richmond the spiritual lecturer sublime,  
All her thoughts are emanations divine,  
As her aspirations go out to human kind,  
Such an outgrowth of spirit life you rarely find.

As the words of wisdom come from her lips,  
The people hold on to them with tight grips  
And many of them heaven's everlasting life sip  
While others of crude minds let them pass and flip.

As one Sunday in a front seat I had chanced  
To listen to inspiration that came from those lips entranced,  
Then my whole soul with pleasure danced,  
When I went home I became entranced.

Her whole nature seemed enthused with spiritual life,  
And Richmond might thank the spirits for such a wife  
For such now he can call her by right,  
Since their home must be a heaven of spiritual light.

This lady to her friends must be very dear,  
She lives in such a spiritual atmosphere,  
Her presence they must always wish to be near,  
She gives them such words of love from spirit sphere.

It is such a heavenly treat  
At some of her receptions to meet,  
And the kindly spirits greet,  
Some of their spirit names are sweet.

I wish we had many like her in our land,  
For God and the angels her heart doth understand.  
As her ministrations come from an educated band,  
They have converted many in Europe and in our land.

When her gentle form is laid away  
Many will remember her words when their hair is gray,  
And often feel to her spirit they would like to pray,  
As her teachings do express themselves every day.

We know she will have her reward for that will be right,  
Where she will become a heavenly angel bright.  
And come back to throw on some person her mantle of light,  
For I know she will feel for the work to go on right.

As I speak of this distinguished lady rare,  
Perhaps my words are too crude to express them fair,  
If they are uncultured I hope my blushes she will spare,  
As they come to my soul from inspiration in the air.

# General Robert E. Lee

## Chapter XXIX

Tuesday, November 11, 1902.

Good morning, friend and brother. I see your parched earth has been moistened and it must be a welcome sight to your eyes. I come here this morning not of my own free will, but as you know, the majority in all cases rules. I, being in the minority, had to submit to their condition.

I was accosted by a number of spirits calling themselves the spirit band of this medium; they addressed me, saying, "Mr. Lee, it is our desire that you should give a communication to the world; in that communication it is also our desire that you shall express yourself in a manner whereby you will be fully understood by the public at large. You shall give a communication speaking and relating to the condition of experience you had with our little medium during the rebellion in which you took part, going with your state and seceding from the Union." I told them I had no desire to do anything of the kind. They said, "You shall do it." I said, "By whose command shall I do this which you speak of?" They said, "By the command of the people in spirit life and we are the people." A man, who once lived in a physical body, and bore the name of U. S. Grant, said in a quiet way, "Robert, my boy, submit to the conditions or we will compel you to do so." I said, "Must I submit to you here in spirit life? I submitted to you in earth life; have we not settled that quarrel yet?" He said, "Oh yes, brother Robert, we are taking upon us now a higher degree in life, we are all compelled, brother, to submit to fate and the law of Evolution. You know as well as I do we cannot stop the wheel of Progression; it never revolves backward, but constantly forward. It is our desire that you accompany us to Searchlight Home, where you will find a little medium that you have met before; the guides will attach your forces to the medium's forces and there, bro-

ther Robert, you will make the discovery that you can communicate your thoughts through the organ and lips of that little medium." I also made the discovery right then and there that there was no way of escaping from the condition they had placed upon me. So you see, brother, here I am—compelled to give my mite towards the life and experience of this miserable little creature. Perhaps you do not think it is gentlemanly to express myself in such a way, but he was a miserable creature to me and to our lost cause. He was the most daring spy that I ever heard of or that the world has any history of. When he came to my quarters he looked like an innocent child that would not hurt an insect. He would place himself in the way of the soldiers in order to be brought to headquarters, and at other times he'd walk right into the headquarters of the leading officers in the location where he was at the time. He'd play such an innocent part he would beguile them by his fascinating eyes and after that he'd bring his singing and dancing into play, which would amuse the officers much.

Jefferson Davis in his communication gave you an expression of what I related to him at my headquarters in connection with this creature. Jefferson Davis was a visionary man and a dreamer. He dreamed of position, power and wealth and it all dissolved in a dream by the downfall of the confederacy, or the "Lost Cause," but brother, the wheel of fates was turning and there was no cause in nature to compel it to reverse its action: the black race had to become free and I warn the people of the south to desist from their persecution of the black race or woe betide them, they are becoming educated and will reach to a high civilization in life. There will be a child born: he will be of dark complexion, and yet white blood will course through his veins. His father will be a negro while his mother will be a white woman, the daughter of a southern family. She will teach that child, "Rachel has wept long for her children." He will become highly educated and a leader of the black race. He will teach them to turn and revenge themselves upon the white race. He will teach them how to sting the white man with the venom of a cobra. He will say to them, "To your tents, oh, Children of Israel, for God hath said, 'Vengeance is mine' and he hath placed it in our power to avenge ourselves upon the children of those

people who held our ancestors in bondage," for you know it is said, "The sins of the parents will be visited upon their children unto the third and the fourth generation." I, Robert E. Lee, say, let the white people of the South beware how they treat the children of black Rachel; their voices are crying to God to save them from the persecution of the white man and you know every day is a Judgment day and that judgment will fall upon the people of the south. Perhaps you think it is strange why I speak like this, I, who was the leading general of the southern army when living in a physical body, but you must remember, brother, I am a spirit and see things in their true light. You know and understand thoroughly where we drink to the seventh libation we drink to the freedom of thought in the sight of God and the angels.

After George Washington, whom the men and women of earth call the Father of his Country, had been some time in spirit life, a band of spirits approached him, saying, "Brother, you call America the land of freedom. You lied when you said so—**It will never be the land of Freedom while a human body is held in bondage.** Now you must assist us to make that America the 'Land of Freedom' that you boasted so much about while living in a physical body. We as a band have been making preparations for a change of ideas in that country.

"You speak of 'E. Pluribus Unum' and the 'Eagle of Freedom,' **but we deal with the law of consequence** and the only way or passage through which we can pass at the present time is the shedding of blood, human gore must fertilize your southern soil in order to break up the chains of slavery. You held the black race in bondage and now you must play a part through which you must become the voice of Freedom. No doubt you think our method and purpose is a cruel one, but when we deal with the law of cruelty we must punish it through its own method on this occasion and that is war between the north and the south and yours must be the guiding voice as it was one of the guiding voices when you lived in the physical body. Through your generalship in the physical body you drove your enemy from the shores of America and yet at the same time they were your relations and kinsmen. The same Saxon blood flowed through your veins that coursed through theirs. It is the same

relationship that you now have to deal with. You were called the 'first in war, the first in peace and the first in the hearts of your countrymen.' We reverse the quotation somewhat to suit our purpose and you must become the first in this case to suit our purpose also. We will furnish you with power and strength to reach the leading minds of the south by impressing upon them the only thing for them to do is to go to war with the north. We know and understand full well that many of the beautiful young men of the south must fertilize the soil with their blood to prepare it for the new coming generation of husbandmen who must till its soil in the time of peace. We see nothing now but the fate of war awaiting your kindred.

"We have selected a child who is Scotch born. When he reaches this part of the continent that you call North America we will prepare his condition to become the most daring spy the world has ever known. He will have all the playful graces of a nymph from the woodland. He will lure men to their ruin. It must be so in order to carry his work out and they will become so ashamed that in most all cases they will keep the secret to themselves. Now, George Washington, you must become the leading voice of this condition. We will provide one to lead this little individual out and in through the lines of both armies. You will give your commands to that spirit, who is Joan of Arc, as history calls her, and she will guide the little medium on all occasions." That, brother, is what I heard George Washington tell to many of the men on both sides of the strife in spirit life.

Now I will relate something concerning this creature's life: One day one of the leading generals of my army came to my quarters, accompanied by his staff. He said he had something for my private ear to hear, while those accompanying him would enjoy themselves by mingling with my officers for a time. He said to me when we were alone, "General Lee, I have something to communicate to you which is comical, and yet it has a serious side to it. Three days ago while I was sitting in my tent reading a northern paper that had been brought through the lines, a little boy with two soldiers presented themselves in front of my quarters. The soldiers told the guard that the little boy wanted to see me. I received him and the soldiers were dismissed to go to their quarters.

"Now, General, I will describe to you how he was dressed. He was a little chap with large, bright eyes. He wore a little pair of pants made of jeans, buttoned on to a waist of a different color, and wore a pair of old shoes—I think they must have been three sizes too large for his little feet—and oh, General, he had such pretty lips and a mouthful of white teeth. I know, General, those lips were pretty, for I tested their quality.

"It was like this, General: He came up and took my hand, saying, 'General, I'm awful glad to see you. I've been looking for you so long. I belong to the Bell family,' and while he was talking to me he took a top out of his pocket and a string: he wound the top, threw it on the floor of my tent—which, of course, was the ground, General, as I had left my comfortable quarters, as you know. While the top was spinning he laughed with all the glee of a child full of boyish fun. He said, 'Look, General, how gay Jeff Davis looks spinning around. He's just a walking over all the Yankees, ain't he?' which made me laugh at the boyish idea. When the top commenced to waver and finally lay quietly on the ground he picked up the top and the string and putting them into his pocket got up into my lap, laughed into my face and said to me, 'President Davis must have been out last night; that's why he got so weak and had to lie down.' I laughed and said, 'Who are you, boy, and what do you want here?' He said, 'I'm going to tell you all about it, General.' Then he took my large hands between his little hands, saying at the same time, 'Ain't you got big, strong hands? I bet you can make the Yankees run.'

"While his feet were in motion the old shoes came off, displaying to view two pretty little feet with a high instep. He said, 'My name is Willie Bell. I'm looking for papa. He went away with the soldiers. Now you're a big general, can't you tell me where he is?' I said, 'I'm afraid not; there are so many soldiers in the southern army and perhaps quite a number of them may bear the name of Bell.' 'Oh,' he says, 'my papa was an officer and had a big sword.' When he said that he slipped his little hand inside of my shirt. Then, General, I seemed to become happy. He looked up at me with those eyes of his, saying, 'General, I know some songs. Don't you know some, too?' I told him I knew a few, then I asked him if he could sing. He

said, 'A little bit.' Then I said, 'Now, Willie, if you will sing for me I will see that you get something to eat, for you must be hungry, walking so far.' He curled his little feet up under his body, laid his head on my breast and commenced to sing. Oh God, General, I wish you could have heard that voice. I wondered where it all came from. The little body was so fragile looking. He could not have weighed over seventy or eighty pounds at the most.

"He sang for me, 'Love Dreams,' and General, I became an enchanted man. I fell in love with the little boy and kissed and hugged him. He played with my beard, running his little fingers through it and calling me sweet names and finally he called me papa. General, it seemed to me as if a powerful battery of electricity was applied to my body. I threw my arms around him, tightly holding him to my breast, afraid that he might escape, for it seemed to me he would disappear if I did not hold him. I said to him, 'Boy, sing for me again.' Then he sang for me, 'When Evening Brings the 'Twilight O'er.' Then, General, I seemed to become a changed man and did not realize who I was. My whole nature went out to that boy. I ordered a basin of water and a towel to be brought to my tent. I then bathed his hands and face and dried them with the towel and afterwards bathed his feet in like manner, drying them with the towel. I placed him on my bed, lying down alongside of him, taking him in my arms. He sang me a lullaby and we both went to sleep.

"That, General, was about ten o'clock in the morning. We did not wake until about three in the afternoon. While I was sleeping I dreamed I owned that boy: that he turned into a girl and became my wife, as it seemed to me in my dream I was one of the happiest men living.

"When I awoke he was kissing me and playing with my beard. My first thought was that he must have shoes more fitting to his feet, for those feet seemed too dear to me to be encased in such horrible looking old shoes. That evening he and I dined alone. He said, 'Now, papa, I'm going to wait on you, for I'm your boy now, you know. I'm going to brush your clothes tomorrow and clean up your sword so it will look bright.' I was happy then, General, and did not want to find his father.

"When we retired for the night I gave him one of my shirts



to sleep in, as it was my desire that he should take off his clothes and rest his little body properly, for I felt he belonged to me then. When we laid ourselves down to rest he sang for me a Scotch song, 'There's nae room but for twa, Tom.' While he was singing I placed my hand inside of the shirt and made the discovery that his breasts were too large for a boy. After he had finished singing the song I asked him, 'How is it that you have such large breasts?' He said that he was of both natures, the female predominating. He said it in such a childish way, General, that I asked him to become my boy and to live with me always. I told him I had daughters and sons, but he would always be my little pet and go with me everywhere. We kissed one another good night, and as I supposed, he went to sleep in my arms, for he commenced to snore like a good fellow. After awhile I went to sleep, dreaming of the treasure I thought I possessed.

"Some time during the night he chloroformed me and stole my most valuable papers and escaped in the darkness. Now, General, what do you think of that? I believe that little individual bewitched me and brought me under some power of his that I cannot give you any explanation of."

I burst out laughing, when he said, "General Lee, what are you laughing at? It has been a serious affair to me. I lost my valuable watch and chain and a medallion that I prized very much. He even sucked the ring off my finger in some manner, for I never could get it off."

I said to him, "General, now listen to me. That same individual interviewed me at my quarters. He came through our lines with Reynolds, whom you know is a staunch friend of our cause. He bewitched him, fascinated me, escaped in the night, or I should say in the early part of the night, about 10 o'clock, taking with him many things that were of value to him. I just heard of him the other day, when he entered our lines dressed up as a little old woman, peddling tobacco among the soldiers. She had an interview with General Stuart, telling him how she would cure his bad cough. She'd go home and prepare a mixture and in some way she got mixed up and never returned to the General. It does beat all hell that we can't catch that little bastard. He or she, whichever it is, seems to bear a charmed

life. If I once get the damned imp of hell in my clutches he'll not escape me, for I'll have the miserable whelp hung up so high that he can be seen from the surrounding country. Then I'll have our boys fill his body with good confederate lead and send for Jeff Davis, that he may gloat upon the wretch who has been the cause of so much trouble to the Southern government." The General said, "No, General Lee, let me have him first and I'll have him chained to a nigger and parade him through the streets of Richmond." I said to the General, "No, by God, you'll do nothing of the kind. The curse would slip out of the chains and leave the nigger in the lurch. He's one of those kind of beings that that old bastard, Horace Greeley, said in his newspaper, 'You had him, but now you don't have him.' General, he's going to swing for the edification of old Abe Lincoln."

We will continue at another time. They say I must release him. I wish I could have released him in hell. You can put down what I say. Oh, I've no love for him.

Wednesday, November 12, 1902.

To action, comrade and brother. You understand why I call you comrade and brother—the medium does not.

No doubt yesterday you thought I spoke very slightly of the medium, but comrade, if you had been placed during the civil war in the position that I held, no doubt you would have been just as vexed as I am now as a spirit.

When I lived in the physical body my whole dignity bore an affront that I never lived down while in that physical body. Your little medium was a tempter and I fell under the wiles of his fascination. Now today I beg your pardon and take back the slighting remarks that I cast upon the instrument brought into use by those of the spirit world. **Today I call him a great hero,** and wish you to see that it is put in brackets in the publication. Yesterday I called him a miserable creature, as I felt I could not proceed with the communication until I had spoken my mind. I have been released from that condition. I came today to pay him the respect and honor due him. He loved the country of his adoption and in him the spirits found a subject void of fear, with his winning ways the influence brought all the coquetry to bear that you would find in the human anatomy. It was produced in such an innocent way that his victims looked

upon him as a child whose entire make-up was that of love and affection. The female being the predominant part of his nature he wove a web around men's hearts and in the meshes of that net they found the nature of Eve. This condition brings to life many a fatal step that men take. They leap before they think and land in disgrace and shame. They do not realize it until the fatal steps have been taken because there is so much Adam in their natures. When they reflect they curse the female sex and call them the Gods of ruin, false ones of the past, false ones of the future, angels and ministers of Death.

Now I am going to relate something to you that many of the reading public will laugh at and say it came from the brain of an imbecile; that is, I have made a discovery—reincarnation, or re-embodiment if you choose to call it that—is a fact in nature and one of the grandest facts realized by the children of God. Now I know that many in your physical philosophy do not believe in re-embodiment; that is, a spirit taking upon itself a physical condition wherein the spirit enters the womb of the mother during conception. This I know to be a fact and some day at a not far distant time the human race will realize what I say.

There are many having the clairvoyant power who have seen that condition take place—the spirit entering the womb of the mother—but when they have spoken of it to their friends they have been laughed at and in some instances insulted by those that they loved very dearly. Those living friends called the clairvoyant visionary, and said some day if they were not careful they would become inmates of a madhouse. Oh ignorance, ignorance, it takes a long time for Truth to break through your walls. Some day her light will be glorious.

This instrument that I now control is a reincarnated spirit. That spirit is all intelligence while the physical body is the house wherein is placed the machinery that the great electric power of nature can work upon. Nature moves the great cog-wheels of animation. That animation draws forces out of nature which feeds the brain with thought or furnishes it with intellect that it finds in space. Space is filled with thought and intellect is developed out of thought. A great many individuals who look upon their condition as being that of elevation and education are

yet still ignorant of the forces in nature; they, having been endowed with sufficient brain to receive an education lacking the spirituality and the innersight of God's wisdom, have failed to understand the law governing spirituality. Re-embodiment, being one of those laws, can only be understood by the highly developed in life. Weak brains can never discover God's power in nature until they have been re-embodied a number of times; until they have gained strength and force of character through wisdom's law.

The medium through whose lips I give my expression was a female until the present reincarnation. It has been left for me to tell you or convey the information to your brains that this medium in one reincarnation was Helen McGregor of Scotland. I, who was known as Robert E. Lee in the physical form, in one reincarnation was Rob Roy McGregor of Scotland. English history calls me an outlaw, but I was only defending the rights of my tribe. The people of England and also those of the Lowlands of Scotland, persecuted the Highlanders when an opportunity availed them to do so. The brain action that I held then in my possession compelled me to feel it was my duty to do as I did. George Washington, known as and called the Father of His Country, was known in one reincarnation as Sir William Wallace, the hero of Scotland.

You must understand, brother and comrade, we do not become angels when we pass through nature's channel called Death and enter Spirit life. We still retain many of the faculties of our first condition. Sir William Wallace, through the physical body of George Washington, got even with the English and had the pleasure of driving them from our shores of Freedom. No doubt the readers of your book will think that was revengeful. Such natures are revengeful until thoroughly spiritualized. When they are thoroughly spiritualized they no longer have any use for a physical body. General Grant was Bruce of Scotland and the same blood that ran in his veins courses through the veins of your medium: one of the medium's grandmothers being a Bruce.

When we take upon us a physical body we also take the traits of character in manner of speech and stature and many of the traits of that family; we inherit these as we are willing to

comply with the conditions. You call it hereditary things in nature, but we never give up the true source of our nature; that is the leading point that we are bound to carry out.

Abraham Lincoln in one reincarnation was Frederick the Great. He was looked upon by the people as a great warrior. At the same time he was a man that desired peace. His mind had a great council of its own and applied his thoughts to action. It matters not what kind of a family or race of people we come through, we have one object in view, and our whole desire is to produce that object through the law of practice which governs our destiny. We are forced through law of practice to submit to all its conditions on all points. Your President, Abraham Lincoln, worked out that condition by becoming the Prince of Peace through which he liberated the black race. He settled that question. He brought peace to our great nation and to the hearts of his countrymen, for which I know they bless him in their prayers.

Bruce was a stubborn man as the canny Scotch can ever be on the side of right. He worked out his condition through the physical body of U. S. Grant. We are all friends now, understanding the rights of the human race. We are worked and acted upon as you see the wind bends the boughs of the trees, so we have to bend to the work that is laid out before us. Jefferson Davis was required to play his part in what you call the Southern Confederacy, just as much as General Grant was required to crush it out. Jefferson Davis, being a visionary individual, was played upon as you would play upon the strings of a harp. His sensitive nature was attuned to visionary dreams, while U. S. Grant had the Scotch stubborn nature of the Bruces. It was conquer or die.

There was nothing visionary in U. S. Grant's nature. It was practicality worked out through practical action. I will compare it to a stubborn bull looking at a fence that divides two fields. He says to himself, "I'm going to that other field if I have to leave part of my hide behind." Grant said to himself, "I will conquer and put down this rebellion or I will know the reason why." Your nation discovered the reason. That was made manifest to both the child and the adult.

We will take it up another time.

Friday, November 14, 1902.

Good morning, brother. I see the air is entirely different from what it was when I visited you before. It is a new expression working on the old condition. Every day brings a new expression upon the past. That is why the human mind is expanding so every day. It is grappling with theories ever old, yet new with the expression of growth and intellect. The mind grows and blossoms more fruitful with ideas every day. That is why our public schools are producing more intellectual men, and women of highly developed brains are so common now among the human race that you do not notice them as much as you did fifty years ago. There is a wave that is passing over the universe which we will designate as the wave of Intellect. The twentieth century will produce some wonderful men and women.

When I was a young man I made a visit to New York City in company with another young man whose name was Meade. As we were walking along on the outside of Washington Square in that city, we discovered a large crowd of people had collected in the park. Meade said to me, "Robert, let us enter by one of the gates and see what it means. Perhaps we can make the discovery why that crowd of people has assembled there." We walked into the park and looking over the heads of some of the people we discovered a little child standing on a bench—a wee little creature. He was talking with a broken Scotch accent, I would call it. He seemed to be preaching and spoke of the needs of the time. I was then a full fledged Christian and some of his words shocked me. Many of the women and men in the crowd said he was crazy and some devil had possession of the little creature. Finally a big, burly, Irish policeman came along, caught hold of the Little One and dragged him down from the bench. He dragged him in such a rough manner that I thought some of the little creature's bones must have been broken, but when he arose from the ground I saw he stood up all right. He smiled and threw kisses to the people. The burly Irish policeman said, "Ye little spalpeen, you're at it agin, are ye? This is the third time I've had to take ye in."

He went off, dragging the child in such a rough manner that Meade broke through the crowd, went up to the policeman

and said, "You stop dragging that child in that cruel way or I'll make it hot for you." The policeman said, "G'wan, now—it's none of your affair." Meade said, "I will make it my affair, for I will walk to the station house with you and enter a complaint against you for cruelty to children." The Irish policeman laughed and said, "You'll have all your walk for nothing, me bucky lad."

Meade and I followed the policeman while a crowd of children followed us all. I noticed the child's clothes were torn and inquired of some of the children if they knew how his clothes came to be torn in that manner. A boy, I should judge about twelve years of age, said, "Yes, sir, I know—the women tore his clothes dragging him off from the bench. He got up again onto the bench and commenced to talk, when one of the women struck him in the face with her parasol; that's what makes the blood on his face." He described in true boyish style, which I do not give you exactly here.

As we were walking towards the station house the policeman dragged the child in such a way that he became tired and could not walk any further. Some of the children hissed at the policeman and called him an old Irish galoot and why didn't he give the child a chance to walk right? Just then a very nice looking gentleman came along with some papers in his hand. He stepped up to where we were standing and looking at the child sitting on the ground panting for breath, he said, "Dennis Kelly, you pick that child up and carry it to the station house. I know who he is, I'm acquainted with his people." The policeman picked up the child and carried it. I entered into conversation with the young gentleman and made the discovery he was a lawyer. He said his name was Edwards. He said he would walk to the station house with us and speak in behalf of the child. This Mr. Edwards afterwards became the famous lawyer and Judge Edwards. When we reached the station house the policeman told his story, how he found the child again preaching in the park or square. Mr. Edwards spoke to the Chief of Police, saying, "There is something behind all this if we only understood it." The Chief of Police told him, "This is the third time that child has been brought before me for disturbing the peace." Then Mr. Meade entered a complaint against the policeman for cruelty to children. Nothing came of the complaint,

as the whole police force was Irish in those days. The Chief of Police was also a red-headed Irishman who looked more fit to be driving a mule team than the Chief of a police force. This same Mr. Meade that I speak of, in after life became your famous Northern general at the battle of Gettysburg.

The Chief looked down at the Little One and said, "Why do you disturb the peace so much by getting a crowd around you and talking to the people?" The Little One looked up at him, smiling all the time, when he said, "Mon, I canna help it. I hae to dee it or I'd burst."

The Chief ordered some water brought. He took a towel and wet it, saying to the Little One, "Now get up here on my knee," and washing the blood off his face he said to the policeman, "How did this come? Who cut the gash on his cheek?" The policeman said he did not know. I told the Chief that a boy said a woman had struck him in the face with her parasol. The Chief said, "I think women are more cruel to children than men, as a general thing." He looked into the Little One's face, saying, "Little boy, you have beautiful eyes." He turned him around on his knee, saying, "Gentlemen, just look at those eyes. It's too bad that such a loony child should have such beautiful eyes." Little did he or we think then that those eyes would play a part in the future in the great rebellion, as you call it.

The Chief then took and kissed the Little One, released him and handed him over to Mr. Edwards, saying, "Edwards, you see that he gets to his people." This happened long before the days of what they call the "Rochester knockings."

After we left the station house Meade picked the Little One up and carried him in his arms for quite a ways. When we reached Broadway Mr. Edwards said, "Now, Meade, I will take the child from you and convey him to his home." When we were walking down Broadway I said, "Meade, why did you take such an interest in that little brat?" He turned and looked at me with a pale face, as if my words had stung him. He said, "Lee, wasn't he pretty?" I said, "Yes, but there are thousands of young ones just as pretty." He said, "Possibly, but not with a beauty that child has." He caught hold of my arm and stopped me from going any further. He said, "Robert Lee, those eyes haunt me. I cannot obliterate them from my mind; I have



a strange feeling. You may laugh at it, Robert, but I feel that child will play a part in my life. I cannot tell you where or how, but it will be somewhere in my future life. I feel that it is in our destiny that we will come together again in the future," which was fully realized.

Twenty years afterwards, when the human mind had grown some, I heard a young girl lecture on the same theme, "The Needs of the 'Time,'" that I had heard the Little One speak on in Washington Square. The young girl that spoke on that subject bore the name of Cora Scott, now the great instrument for spirit power whose name is Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of the greatest mouthpieces for spiritual communication. She too, when a child, displayed her mediumship, but the condition I speak of in connection with your little medium took place before Cora Scott had taken on a physical body. His band in spirit life tells me they had to transform his work from outdoor speaking to that of the stage, where he could display his powers in the conception of character. The people in whose care he was did not take care of him at all, neither did they understand his nature or condition in that little physical body. He was abused and knocked around as if he was a wild weed that grew in their way and must be dispensed with. It must have been a relief to the little creature and a joy when he found his way into the theatre.

Little did I think then that he would also play a part in my future life. I was introduced to him at three different times in the green room at different theatres and on different occasions, never thinking it was the same Little One that I had met before, his disguises being so perfect. When we met during the war he looked no more like the Little One I had met in the green room than a bright sunny day does a cloudy night.

Now, brother, I am dissatisfied with my condition in spirit life and wish to return in a physical body. I feel there is a void in my life that I have not filled up and my great desire is now to become re-embodied in a physical body. I want to carry out a work that will become satisfactory to my spiritual desire. I want to become a teacher of Spiritual Theosophy, explaining and conveying to the human mind a full theorization of the philosophy of Theosophy, leading and developing the mind that re-

embodiment is the greatest expression that we have of future growth on this planet. Until I am thoroughly prepared to take on a physical body I will give the light from time to time through some mediumistic individual.

When I return in a physical body I will also become a writer wielding a pen, both scathing and burning my thoughts into the human brain, for fire is a purifier. I will burn up all the brush that clogs the human mind and through my pen and form of speech I will light up the desert wastes of human intellect, a burning light that never can be quenched again by priestcraft or superstition.

When I lived in a physical form I was what you would call a Christian, religious man, but alas, what did it amount to? I was groping through a mist of superstition. When I entered spirit life I was a disappointed spirit. I found no Saviour awaiting me that I had fully believed in, for Christianity was my faith, and as I thought, had it fully established on the "Rock of Ages." Either the dissolution that had taken place in my human body or the taking on of the new birth had clouded my brain, but as time passed along I made the discovery that I had been a deluded man like millions of others, trusting to faith alone and not to the true reality of the soul. I was a weakling before the shrine of ancient pagan religion, dressed up in a new form of priestcraft called Christianity. They could not stand the light of the Sun, that greatest God that our planet knows of. They clouded the human brain by introducing a man made God, called Jesus of Nazareth. The thoughts and works of ancient prophets they placed in the mouth of this puppet that they had created for weaklings to fall down and worship and I was one of those weaklings.

We are all strings attached to the harp of nature and played upon by will power for weal or for woe. It is a grand thing for men and women living in a physical body to have that power of oratory at their command and a sane brain whereby they can discourse before a large assembly on the light of truth and the power of Reason. I hope to be all this when I am re-embodied. I have a desire to get and become equal in a satisfactory way to the outworkings of my nature. It is my desire that I shall square up things performed by me in my past physical

body. I want to go into the depths of Solar Science and eradicate that which held me down to earth. It may unfold itself through a principle called Solar lore; at the same time it will be a history of past experience embellished and glorified through nature in me.

Life will be a beautiful thing to live and I will give that life to the human race by teaching how to live one, two, three and four hundred years in a physical body. It will not be alone performed by the sanitary conditions of your home and surroundings, but by the sanitary condition of your physical body. You will prepare that temple of worship wherein a pure spirit can dwell never becoming tired as your physical body does now. You will live and eat differently, doing away with all forms of meat diet that creates such a desire for something to drink. You will hold in check that desire by becoming a vegetarian. Meat creates a fire in the human system that brings on a desire and a wish for a variety of drinks; the ingredients of those drinks and the substance of the flesh that you partake of clogs up the channels of the human system. The result is disease and the death of the physical body. The spirit has to be released from that condition in order to prepare itself for re-embodiment whereby it gains knowledge through such a process in nature and becomes the teacher of the future race of men and women.

Intellectual and intelligent minds will not laugh at my sayings. Only pay attention to them in order, for it is the law of order that builds up a better condition through the higher intellect, but minds clogged up through Christian superstition will ridicule them. The reason is simple; they have not become elevated above the Jewish tales of a blood-thirsty God. There is no Peace in their souls and never can be until Harmony reigns with the laws of Nature in that undeveloped soul. Harmony produces Love. Love is God embellished with Truth. Truth is the great generator of life constantly re-incarnating through the law of creation.

When minds become blended and attuned to the power and law of Theosophy, then progression will go right on beautifying all spiritual souls until their purified natures will be one with God, no longer requiring the law of Force, one of the powers of Theosophical conditions such as men and women fall under

to give them the true light of Reason and Wisdom. Wisdom is a great power when brought into force and worked out through a spiritual elevation, for Wisdom is the talisman of God and the human race. When your medium will be reincarnated the next time in a physical body she will be of her proper sex, a woman, and between her orations from the rostrum and her pencillings of Immortality, heard and read by the reading public, she will awaken a new soul desire in the human intellect. It will be so forcible it will cause men to shake in their boots, and women to tremble in their skirts. The thoughts coming from her lips will teach the children of earth they have played long enough with God's wisdom. Priestcraft will hate her, for they will tremble before her with fear. She will enlighten the minds of God's children in such a way that they will cry shame upon the priesthood and burn down the Romish Church where popery has held its sway so long, to the disgrace of the human race, calling themselves Christians.

I, Robert E. Lee, who once lived in a physical body and was looked up to as the leading general of the **defunct Confederacy**, tell you this, now a spirit constantly gaining the rational light of a true sense that must be worked out through my condition in the future. I thank you for taking down my communication and will bid you good day.

# Harry Symmes

## Chapter XXX

Monday, March 30, 1903.

Good afternoon, sir. It is a dull, cloudy day, as dull and cloudy as my brain was when its spirit left the physical body. It was I that brought on that thirsty condition upon your little medium. I was blazing drunk when I left my physical body. When I came in contact with your medium's forces I wanted whiskey and lots of it. The medium's band asked me to come here and give a communication, I being well acquainted with your medium when I lived in a physical body. I asked them to grant me the request to commence it on the 30th day of March; that was the date of the month that he robbed me of my heart.

Before I go any further I will give you my name. It was Harry Symmes. I was born in Norfolk, Virginia. At the age of two years my parents went to live in Baltimore, where I was brought up. Your medium knew me when I lived under the name of George Perkins. Then I played in the same company with her—for he was supposed to be a she then—at the old Bowery Theatre. They were playing "Robin Hood." She and I were in the cast. Then she was known to the public as the "Dashing Blanchard." She sang, danced and played in "Robin Hood." An actor, whose name was George Thompson, played Robin Hood; I was playing the comedian part. I fell in love with the "Dashing Blanchard," and she led me a dashing dance. There was a military gentleman that accompanied her to the theatre in the evening and after the performance was over escorted her to her home. She called him Papa Warren, and I naturally thought he was her father. It cost me a large part of my salary to furnish him with the best quality of cigars. I thinking at the same time I was going to get his daughter for a wife,

not being aware that there was any male nature attached to the little individual. In the morning I always received a gracious smile from her ladyship. In the evening it was "Sweet George, how are you tonight?" She kissed me and I was one of the happiest men in New York. When her papa came for her I handed him a cigar with a wrapper bearing the best Cuban brand. I thought some day I must tell her my real name.

When the engagement was up, or in other words, when the piece was taken off the boards, I proposed marriage to her. She laughed and said, "You Southern gentlemen are such flirts. Wait until I play in Baltimore; then I will give you my answer." I never received it in Baltimore or anywhere else.

I went from the Bowery Theatre to the Chatham Street Theatre, playing in the same company with G. L. Fox of Humpty Dumpty fame. Four years afterward the war broke out between the North and the South and I became a Southern spy. Every once in a while I would play an engagement with a variety troupe, either in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York—all the time gaining information concerning the Northern army, either sending it or taking it through the Southern lines myself. I was very much interested at one time as a good Christian missionary among the officers and soldiers at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. I became very zealous in the work, especially on Sundays. On that day I held three meetings—in the forenoon, afternoon and evening. I prayed so fervently with those terrible Yankee sinners they never became suspicious that I was a southerner. One day during one of the week day afternoon meetings I noticed there were many women listening to me, as well as the soldiers and negroes. I noticed a little girl with a pink frock on and a calico bonnet. Sometimes she would take it off and hold it in her hand, at other times she would put it on and smile at me. I thought I'd made a mash, sure. There I was passing under the name of Blackwell, that was giving my time and money to help the sick and save their souls from Hell. During my leisure moments I was getting information concerning the Union army and its whereabouts.

At twilight one evening I was leaving the house where I boarded; coming towards me on the road I saw the little girl

with the pink dress and calico bonnet. She was swinging the bonnet by one of the strings in her hand. When she got in front of me she looked up into my face and laughed, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Symmes?" I was taken off my guard; when I looked into those eyes I said, "Who are you, that knows my real name?" She laughed and said, "I am Mabel Wilson; don't you know your cousin?" I said, "Why Mabel, darling, I have not seen you since you were four years old. What are you doing here in Norfolk?" She said, "I am here in the interest of our cause; so are you, Harry." I threw my arms around her, kissed and hugged her, saying, "You are a little heroine, Mabel."

Now I must tell you right here before I go any further, that I had an uncle by the name of Wilson that lived in Norfolk, Virginia, and he had four daughters and one of their names was Mabel, the youngest one. I was thrown so completely off my guard that I believed all she said. She said, "How long are you going to preach here?" I told her two days more, as I had pretty near gained all the information that I required at the present time. I said, "Where are you living, Mabel?" She said, "I am boarding at the house of an old lady whose name is Mrs. Pepper. She is a true friend to our cause. She passes me off as her niece from Richmond. I will attend your meeting tonight in company with an old negro, as Mrs. Pepper can't go out on account of rheumatism. After your meeting is over walk out the road about two miles and I will meet you there. Over at a house about three miles from there is a family by the name of Slocum, who gives a dance tonight and there will be several of the Yankee officers present. I have made arrangements to have them captured. Throw off your disguise and come and see the fun." I went that night and met her at the place designated. It was right at the edge of a piece of timber. After we had talked a few minutes she said, "Let us go in here and rest under the trees and in about two hours we will see our boys, who are going to capture the Yankee officers, go past."

We went in under the trees and sat down, I taking her in my arms while she sang for me. I made love to her and asked her if she would marry me when the war was over. She said she would. She sang me several pretty songs. During the time I commenced to feel drowsy, or sleepy would be the proper

word. She said, when she saw my head nodding, "We will lie down here. I won't go to sleep but you can. When the boys come past I will wake you up, then we can follow and see the fun." I now understand why I went to sleep. She had a strong magnetic current that she threw upon me. That is why I became sleepy.

While she was singing I held in my hand a New York Herald that I had received from an officer of the Union army. I had it in my pocket and had just taken it out and spread it on her lap, saying, "Mabel, you can read that tomorrow," when all of a sudden I heard a peculiar noise on the paper. It sounded to me like little grains of sand or kernels of wheat dropping on the paper. I said, "Cousin Mabel, I wonder what makes that strange noise on the paper." She said, "Oh, it's old splithoof after you. He wants to let you know he is working for our cause." Little did I think then what cause she meant. After that I became tired and went to sleep. During my sleep she drugged me—that is, she chloroformed me. I did not return to my normal condition until late in the night following. She had robbed me of all my notes, as I never had permitted them to leave my body. She took my watch and chain and a plain heavy gold band ring that I wore on my finger. She also took from around my neck a gold chain to which was attached a large gold medallion locket that contained a portrait of herself, painted on ivory, as she was when she played in Robin Hood. I got her photograph in New York, gave it to a lady artist, who copied it on ivory. I wore it around my neck, thinking some day we would meet again and she would become my wife. Little did I think at the time that I was holding in my arms the coveted prize, the "Dashing Blanchard." She had freckles on her face, a long braid of red hair hanging down her back and spoke in the southern dialect, as if she had been to the manor born. Her disguise was so perfect that I never thought I was talking to any other than my cousin Mabel. We never met again. After the war was over I went to New Orleans, following my profession sometimes and at other times speculating.

I passed out of my body three months ago in New Orleans in an intoxicated condition and here I am today using her organ of speech—or his if you choose to call it so.



That which I have just described took place out in the suburbs of Fortress Monroe, in the month of June on a Wednesday evening in 1864.

I thank you for taking down what I had to say and leave my love for one of the most daring spies I ever heard of. She does not look now, lying here, as the gay, young and alert "Dashing Blanchard," but is now an old, decrepit piece of humanity waiting for the spirit to take its flight and pass before the true tribunal of Justice which none of us can escape. I will say here that the war resulted just as it ought to have done. I was young then and thought the South was right. My father lost a fortune by the war.

I was with the stock company with John Wilkes Boothe, traveling through the south. When the medium's company came to play at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore they were the next company advertised to follow Wilkes Booth. I, being a member of the company, Wilkes Booth and myself dressed in the same room. While there I received a letter from my uncle addressed to me on the envelope as George Perkins. Inside of the letter my uncle addressed me as his dear nephew, Harry Symmes. In this letter he described his family and especially his youngest daughter Mabel, wishing that I might be able to come and make them a visit. The medium discovered the letter sticking out from behind the looking-glass and through that letter he learned my real name and also the names of my uncle's family. Good day. Harry Symmes.

# Helen Howard

## Chapter XXXI

Friday, April 24, 1903.

Good morning, friend. I did not come to talk of the dead, but of the living. We are all living entities in life on both sides of the question. You are spiritual and I am spiritual. You live in a physical body, from which I have been released. So you see we are brothers and sisters in the work which deals with the great race called the children of men.

A great many people speak of the power of life, which is a brilliant idea when properly understood. You in a physical body, as an investigator, while I in a spiritual body, are twin thoughts of the great creation which is called the Universe. Now, what is the Universe? It is something we do not understand. We can talk of millions of planets, constellations, satellites and orbs. We can give expression to the great thought of Life, but we cannot define the Universe. This great idea of Universe to our feeble minds is beyond our comprehension. The Universe is the "Soul of Things"; we are part of that soul. That soul is unified in all Life. The expression of the Soul is the breath of the Universe. Some of the learned savants in Life speak of soul measure and soul entities, soul degrees and soul vibrations. There are many in existence that have highly developed minds; they have gained a great deal of knowledge through re-embodiment on your mundane sphere, but they cannot measure the soul; that is an utter impossibility. They can divine that which comes from the soul, but through the lack of that great Wisdom that no one has yet attained, they are still—as it were—in a certain kind of servitude through which they are trying to gain knowledge. The aspiration that individual minds speak of is a detective searching out and trying to divine soul measure, but as they have failed in that principle they take up imperial psychological thoughts through which they hope to

gain the inner light of soul action. There is a line or course of study laid out for the human race, the divinity of which is self-culture. By cultivating the mind they draw unto themselves cultivated thoughts from out the depths of Wisdom. Wisdom is a great power in civilization; that power draws them nearer to the exalted divine condition that radiates from the soul.

When the human mind becomes governed through intellect on a high plane of Divinity all wars and strife will cease. The thought of "I am greater than thou" will be banished through the open door of Wisdom. The powers that are grasping the great manifestations of the human mind are the divining rods of sensibility. When those who live in the physical body and those who live on the spirit side of life will come to a satisfactory understanding of Harmony, infidelity will cease to exist; it will be utterly impossible for the materialistic condition in Life to have any foothold on a planet where Harmony would reign. Perhaps you would ask me how we can reach that perfect state of Harmony. Simply by letting that great light that exists in the Soul govern and direct all conditions on this planet. The innovator has a chance to gain that purity of mind as well as he who thinks he is Godlike. The true expression of Godlike is to become human and grow through that great luxurious growth of wealth, called the growth of the higher Intellect. All possibilities are ours when we understand that mental expression called the "True Life"; then Gods will learn to become wise and walk in Wisdom's ways. They will throw off that gross human condition that gave them confidence to speak to the multitude, "I am He that knows all and only through me can perfection come." Poor, ignorant, superstitious and deluded minds, puffed up with the vanity of the world's growth, forgetting at the same time that the world's growth is a constant growth of immortality that brings to all souls alike—did they but understand it—the light of Knowledge which in time will banish from the face of the earth the God idea.

The purity of the mind, through the embellishment of the Soul has gained an understanding of the Law of Reason. The Law of Reason will elevate the human mind in time to understand that the infinite part of the Soul is the great principle of all Life, unified throughout all time in that great Soul which is

the generator and creator of the Law of Evolution. Solar Biology in time will give to the higher Intellect a reminiscence of the past and a consolation of the future which means eternity in the higher growth of unification whereby mental thought will lay bare the past, the present and the future to the minds of those searching for the higher light. Wisdom's religion, which in time the lower Intellect will understand, is one with that great divine Soul, the creator of all planets. The true Messiah to the human race is Reason that constantly comes en rapport with perfect knowledge. The infinitude of Thought is an exhalation or outgrowth of the divine principle that comes from the higher soul to the children of men, as we live and understand that we are creatures placed here on this planet to gain that perfect knowledge. If we fail in the several embodiments we must constantly go on in the path of Life bearing that burden that re-creates through Wisdom's laws and brings forth the expression "Eureka" (I have found it.) That will show to the intellectual mind of the higher growth he has a weak knowledge of the life lines of Nature. Perspicuity must be understood and unravelled, out of which from its very depths must come a light which will verberate in the whole aspects of its surroundings.

It is only those that sit quiet, meditate and divine holy things that gain this light that is working through the whole human mind. When their reasoning power becomes illuminated then they commence to understand, "I am He that was; I am She that is and we will both be through all time, the Omniscient power of Love unified in the great eternal Soul creation which says to all planets, 'There are no other Gods but me.' I am the Light of the Sun and hold all electric power within my breath which I breathe upon the planets. I have permitted my breath to pass over your earth planet from which you have made the discovery of electric motion. It has electrified the mind in order that they may grasp it and utilize it, through which it will manifest through the command of man and display its power to the ignorant walking on the lower plane of Life." The great electric motion is the Soul speaking to the human race. The human mind is only in its babyhood of electrical discovery; as the reasoning power develops in man, so will the electric condition of all the embodiments of the Soul become plainer to that inner

sense located in manhood, which will give an outer expression of creation held by the great forces of the mind expressing and defining itself in the higher growth of Wisdom.

If one is wise he has the love at heart of the whole human race, and with that Soul power that is constantly furnishing him with knowledge, divines that great light that always has been and will forever be the torch bearer of Truth. The only God, or personal God that the human race will ever have is the God of Truth. Not the Jehovah of the Jews whose name is a disgrace to the higher intellect, that which is constantly being collected by the children of men.

You who live in physical bodies speak of Religion as if it were a wise and holy saying. There is no Religion that can give to you the manifestation of the soul's individuality. No priest, minister or teacher has that power—it is an inner growth developed only through consciousness that you are a part of that great Soul. When you have divined that, that great Light of Truth which lives within you will produce an aspiration to the mind **which is far superior to any so named religions.** That aspiration will produce you a guide saying, "Come up higher."

In the mansions of Truth are many schools and grades of education. When you have discovered the infinitude of a sunbeam, then you are commencing to realize what the divinity of the Soul is. It is an inward and outward expression taught to you by that teacher sunbeam.

Men and women constantly claim we live under the Holy Trinity and understand its workings. It is three in one, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, from whom comes all Life. Poor, deluded minds, falsely educated through the power of priestcraft. All Life comes from the great unified Soul, and we are entities, unified in that Soul, because we are the expression of that which comes from the great Soul, which is the womb of all Life. We are fortified, did we but understand it, through the law of life and the power of Evolution and Involution that knows no Trinity—three in one. The great Soul has only one expression, and we are the outgrowth of that expression. That is why we have such a variety of expressions in life coming from the great soul of expression. Expressions are constantly filling human embodiments and through that expression they gain earthly

knowledge. As we grasp a simple understanding of Infinitude, we are gaining in knowledge which re-creates expression.

There comes from knowledge a power of Intellect, a constant development of innate sense and through that innate sense we acknowledge ourselves to the world as individuals that have taken up the law of Morality and Love for the kingdom that sometime we will gain through our senses. The outpouring of that part of the Soul that dwells within us will give us an understanding that we are greater than any religion that is manufactured or prescribed through priestcraft, to undeveloped minds who have not yet gained the knowledge or power to define "True Life" through Wisdom's law. There is a chalice bearer that comes to the human heart: It is constantly filled with incense of natural Love. It may be crushed for a time through the brutality of a low, depraved nature, but it will rise again and assert its rights because it comes from the womb of great mother Nature and demands a place in the human heart of men and women.

Oh, think of it, friends. We are the Light and Life of the great Sun, for that Sun is an embellishment of Truth thrown off from the great Soul of Nature. Can we eradicate Death? Yes, by living the True Life and studying the laws of Wisdom, the great Law that has given to our planet perpetual life, can destroy Death through the purification of our part of the great Soul. When we have purified that part and are one in Life with the great Soul and can face the womb of nature purified throughout and all our aspects are those of Glory, then we have conquered Death. How have we conquered Death? Because there is no power in the law of Wisdom to compel us to pass through the dark shadow called Death. The Soul has become illuminated through all principles in Nature then and we are deified in all Life. The time will come when the human expression will conquer that shadow called Death. No thought of oblivion will be heard then, all has become the True Life, as it always was that True Life required a development by taking on a physical body, for when once it has gained the ascendancy over physical life it becomes one and united in the great Love of the over soul called Deity by the human mind. A creation is a thought out of space: space being the eternal Soul of Nature

knows no such thing as Death, when this physical body that you of earth live in becomes a burden to infinitude.

There is a causation produced by the infinite part that compels a dark shadow to overpower the physical part of your condition which sloughs off from the higher element of your nature, which is spiritual, the dark shadow you call the expression of Death, but there is no such thing as Death, it is only the separation of darkness from Light; Light being the highest power it annuls the dark shadow and that causes separation. Darkness or the physical element belongs to the mineral and earthly conditions of Nature. Light is the great power and element that lights up the mind or higher intellect and belongs to the universal soul, which knows no such shadow as Death. As this planet has passed from out its dark condition into Light it has become a culmination of Truth whereby it never can know darkness again. That part that you call Death is only the transition from the grosser to the spiritual.

There is a generosity in Nature that brightens up all conditions. When the spirit has parted from the shadow it discovers a greater Light than it ever understood before. When a spirit has a desire to take on re-embodiment it selects a condition that has more Truth and Life in it than the previous one that it had lived in before. That is why you find such exalted minds as Blavatsky, Leadbeater, Besant, Moses Hull, Cora Richmond and others. They in past human embodiments destroyed the shadow, understanding eternal affinity. The load they carry of the present human embodiment is much lighter than the one they had previous to this condition; that is why their minds have become illuminated with spirituality, understanding the astral plane, they bring those that they come en rapport with on to a higher plane of individuality. That individuality is a high expression of Soul growth, therefore they could not produce anything to the reading public only that which is moral and elevating to the intellect of those living in human embodiments. They can teach them soul growth but they have no understanding of soul measure, that is yet beyond their comprehension. Truth, being the torch bearer of Light, gives to them a soul expression which will abide with them for all time.

Now I will relate to you some of my earth experience in my last embodiment. I was the daughter of wealthy parents. I was sent away to a ladies' seminary to get polishing in order that I might make my debut into fashionable society. While at that polishing institution called a ladies' seminary I became infatuated with a male student belonging to the Hopkins University. He claimed that I was his ideal of womanhood and that he loved no one but me. He said that would be impossible, as I was a regular Juno and held all the qualities of womanhood for him. He tempted me by much flattery that he bestowed upon my vanity. I fell a victim to his wiles and became a mother, not inside of the pale of wedlock. He deserted me to my fate and I became an abandoned woman, losing all faith in God, man and the human race. One night in Washington, D.C., I was escorted to a theatre by a United States officer. When returning from the theatre we were confronted by a woman who claimed to be his wife. She upbraided him for his neglect to her. She struck me in the face and I fell into the doorway of a store. When I came to consciousness this medium was holding my head and bathing my face with cold water that he procured from a tin pail which a negress held in her hand. I looked at him and said, "Who are you, and why am I here in this condition?" He said, "As I was walking towards the hotel I saw you lying in this doorway and knew something was wrong. I raised your head but you could not speak. The black woman was passing by. I hailed her and told her if she would bring me some cold water I would pay her for her trouble. Now who are you, and what are you doing here with all this blood on your face?" Then it came back to me how I had been struck by that woman and knocked down. I told him all. He said, "Where is your home?" I told him I had no home now. I only lodged in a house with other vile characters like myself. He said, "You must not return to such a place as that. Perhaps this black woman will find you lodgings for a time until I can see what can be done for you. You have the making of a good woman in you, but I see it all before me very plain. You were ruined by a villain to whom you confided that which is dearest to a woman, but you must remember you are a child of God's and there is always redemption waiting for His children."



He said to the black woman, "What can you do for her?" She said she would take me to her own home until things changed for the better. With his assistance and the black woman's I reached her home where I remained until I discovered what a wretch I had become. He provided for me the necessary expenses required for my condition.

To cut a long story of woe short, I became a different woman. I found my child and we went to live in a private home where in time the master of the house became a widower. He made me his wife by marrying me. I bore him five children. I leave my love for the medium and thank you for taking down my communication. My maiden name was Helen Howard. I will bid you good day.

# Charles Reed

## Chapter XXXII

Friday, June 5, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. There may be such a thing that you do not remember me, but I remember you. My name when living in a physical body was Charles Reed. I met you in Chicago during the Knights Templar Conclave. If you remember there were several hot days during that time. I was introduced to you by a gentleman from McPherson, Kansas, at the Grand Pacific.

You are going to have a close, warm day on this present occasion. At one time this morning we thought we would wake you up at five o'clock while it was yet cool in order that I might give my communication. Rosa, the Indian girl, said, "No, brave, you can't do that. Brave Hubbum has to get plenty sleep." I do not give it to you just as she said it in her Indian way, but you have the substance of our conversation.

I come here today by request of a spirit: when living in the physical body he bore the name of William Denton, a geologist that had quite a reputation. He made the discovery that I was acquainted with Little Puss when living in a physical body. He accompanied me here to your home. I was acquainted with Little Puss in the early days of the California Theatre on Bush street above Kearney, San Francisco, California. At that time I was dresser for the tragedian, John McCulloch. Little Puss opened in a musical comedy—that is—it was a farce comedy. I think the name of the farce comedy was "Slasher and Crasher." At that time he was the greatest burlesque artist I had ever seen. His acting and dancing made him the feature of the company—that is, he was the drawing card. I remember how John McCulloch would stand in the wings and hold a white lace shawl that she wore in the piece. He would say to me, "Charley, that's the little comet of this age." After I became a comedian of

some fame, I played an engagement at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, in the comedy, "Who is the Man?" Little Puss played the soubrette part. I did not think then, while I was kissing and hugging her and holding her in a loving embrace that I was holding the private spy of Abraham Lincoln, that grand spirit of the age. I discovered that Little Puss was a high strung individual and had what the world would call a bad temper. I remember on a Friday morning while we were rehearsing a new farce comedy called the "Lover's Vow," Mr. Stevens, who wrote the piece, was directing the rehearsal. He said something to Little Puss which I did not hear; whatever it was that he said it did not please his little Highness. He broke forth in a torrent of oaths, and I thought if ever a theatrical company would have an invitation to enter the drawing room of hell, it was that morning. While the condition was going on some one went to the box office for Mr. Hooley. Mr. Hooley came down the main aisle, mounted the steps at the side of the orchestra, which brought him up on the stage. He said, "Good people, good people, what is the matter here?" Mr. Stevens stood near the footlights looking like a pale ghost. He trembled so he could not speak. He raised his hand, pointed to Little Puss, who threw his hat at him, saying, "Get out, you galoot." Miss Davis laughed so she had to sit down on a chair. I said, "Oh, Miss Davis, how can you laugh in that way?" She said, "Charley, I'm accustomed to hearing thas once in a while. I've played off and on for the last three years in the same company with Puss, and a better and more generous little creature never lived, but he will take none of those authors' airs, and as you see, Mr. Stevens has made that discovery this morning."

Mr. Hooley sat down on a chair that was placed for him near a table. He said, "Now come, Puss, tell me how this all happened." Puss pointed towards Mr. Stevens, saying, "That giraffe there had the audacity to tell me that I didn't understand stage business." Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "If you don't, I would like to know who does, for you have never known anything else but stage life, as far as I know." Addressing Mr. Stevens he said, "Hand me that manuscript." After Mr. Stevens had handed him the manuscript Mr. Hooley said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, take your positions and we will proceed with

rehearsal." In the comedy, or I should say, in that scene of the comedy, Puss plays a character called Mattie. She is a very wilful girl and will have her own way. She runs in through a garden gate, throws herself into my arms, and placing her hands around my neck, laughs hilariously; it is a kind of hysterical laugh. At night she'd get the audience to laughing. While I held her in my arms I got to laughing, too. It was catching and all the characters in that scene got to laughing. I thought to myself while I was holding him, "Good God, is this the person that cursed so fifteen minutes ago?" There is a village dance takes place in that scene, led off by Little Puss and myself. While we were dancing around Mr. Stevens stood with his back towards us, leaning with one hand on a table, at the same time talking to Mr. Hooley. As we danced around on that side and before I knew it Little Puss kicked Mr. Stevens on his back anatomy, landing him in Mr. Hooley's lap. The uproar of laughter became so great that the musicians in the orchestra could not play with any effect, so we had to stop until we could get our composure. Mr. Hooley laughed so I thought he'd go into a fit. Mr. Morrison, the leader of the orchestra, said, "Now, Puss, quit your funny business until we get through rehearsal."

When the company had quieted down Mr. Stevens pointed at Puss, saying, "That imp there is a devil out of hell, if there ever was one." Mr. Hooley said, "Mr. Stevens, you sit down on this chair here, where I think perhaps you will be safe, if you attend to your P's and Q's." Mr. Hooley then said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, try that dance over again." I noticed Mr. Hooley stood between the dancers and Mr. Stevens. He told me after rehearsal, "Little Puss is as quick as lightning with his feet. You see, Mr. Reed, I understand him and he is one of the easiest persons in the world to get along with if you do what's right, but he will stand no scollops from any of these writers of plays. He has played for me a number of years and all the comedians say that he is the best support they ever found in the soubrette line. It was only a week ago that John Hart told me he is worth his weight in gold." His comedy acting in "That Husband of Mine" was something grand to look at. As time went on I realized that Mr. Hooley had spoken the truth. I also discovered that Puss was a strange being. He could laugh and cry

almost in the same breath. Before I opened at Mr. Hooley's theatre in Chicago I met Charley Thorne on Broadway, New York. He said, "Reed, where is your next date?" I said, "At Hooley's, Chicago." He laughed and said, "You'll find a little daisy there to play with, but a tartar if you cross her. I always call it her because it's more woman than man. I think her neck and arms are something beautiful to look at. They come out of a perfect mould. Her face from the front has the look of a Greek goddess to me. I played with her once for old Jackson's benefit at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and I think of all the tomboy girls that I ever saw impersonated on the stage, she played one to perfection. Reed, I was fascinated. I do not believe it is a male. I think she likes to live in male attire in the day time. Those eyes, hands and feet were never intended for a male. Possibly you know there has been all kinds of rumors and stories about the sex. While she was playing in England they had to get the police to guard the stage door, there were so many men in waiting to see her come out of the stage entrance". In the sleeping car between Jersey City and Chicago I made the acquaintance of George Knight, who went as far as Pittsburg. He told me that he was the next star at Hooley's. He said, "I long to play again with Little Puss. He was the best Lena I ever had in my German farce. Give him my love and tell him to be in good trim when I get there. I have a fine part for him in my new comedy." He opened his satchel, and taking out a nice photograph of himself he wrote on the back with an indelible pencil, "To my loving little friend Puss, from his loving and well-wisher always, George Knight. I have saved this picture for you, as I know you like to look on George's face once in a while; place this in the rack of photographs that you have received from your other friends."

There is a great deal that I could tell concerning his life. He was looked upon as a peculiar creature by the profession. He was one that lived in a sphere of emotion, controlled by spirit power. I am glad that he has lived so long in the physical body. When the work goes before the reading public they will be surprised to know how much a natural born medium passes through during their physical embodiment. There are a number of spirits with me here today and they leave their love for

Little Puss. It would take up a large space in printed matter to give their names. Agnes Ethel says she knew all the time Little Justin was a medium. When I saw the Little One last his body had not spread out as it is today. The dropsy is a dreadful disease as it spreads over the whole anatomy of a human frame. This is a quiet place for him to live in, in order to give this work to the public.

I leave my love for Little Justin. Tell him he is "Wandering Home." Just think of it, here he is in his 75th year. When I saw him last I did not think he would live five years. It is through the power of the spirit that I feel he has been kept in the body for a work. I passed from my physical body in Boston, Mass. I was known to the theatrical profession as Charley Reed. I thank you for taking down my communication.

The next spirit that will follow me will be Billy Emerson of minstrel fame. He and I were great friends while living in the physical body. I thank you again and bid you good day.

November 7, 1889.

Oh, papa, and mamma, I have something to say,  
Now don't think I am going to lecture or pray,  
Perhaps you will be surprised at what I am going to say.  
Grandma Judson says she is tired of play  
And is going to work for she feels that way,  
For now is the hour and the very day.

Grandpa Judson says it is woman's talk,  
She says it won't be like lots of men, to melt like chalk.  
I have got the power and now I am going to talk,  
So those that don't like it can just walk.  
You will find in womans' suffrage I am no gawk  
For I can give it to them without any squawk.

Grandpa Chappel says go it old lady,  
To help you out in this I am ready.  
Keep up a brave heart, then you will be steady,  
I know Otis will join you when you are ready,  
For he, himself, is rather steady.  
So let us stump it like John Reddy.

Then Grandma Chappel says, I like that,  
For some men have only looked on woman as a bat.  
Now as to intellect we will show them we do not lack,  
It would do them good if a few got a whack.  
I think as to progression some of their skulls are cracked,  
Their egotism before this should have been sacked.

Then Grandpa laughed enough almost to kill,  
And says, my dear, you are just after my will,  
So let our thoughts some day a newspaper fill.  
Charley says to help you I have got the will,  
When Grandma says then we will give them their fill.  
Grandpa Judson says, that will suit our will.

I tell you we held a regular conference for awhile,  
When Charley burst out in a broad smile  
And says, we can beat Gladstone and Carlisle.  
Grandma Judson says, we are going to make some of them rile,  
And perhaps some of them will also bile,  
For I feel just now like a sharp file.

Then we all clapped our hands with joy  
And said, Grandma, you should have led the siege of Troy,  
When she said, I will make some of them coy  
And walk into their ranks like a female Rob Roy.  
They will find we are no Christmas toy,  
As none of our souls they can destroy.

Oh, how I wish you all could have been there.  
I tell you didn't Grandpa Judson stare  
And cry out, old lady, hold on there, don't swear,  
Then with her words she rent the air,  
But in all she was a perfect lady, I declare  
It made all the people around look and stare.

Then Grandma Chappel says, we once were human kind,  
Now we are spirits and can give something sublime,  
Not merely talk to be carried away with the wind,

For in all she says you will find she is gentle and kind  
 And not treat people as if they were deaf, dumb and blind,  
 Like lots of men do that are left on earth behind.

Then Grandpa Chappel had his say,  
 I tell you this is progression and no child's play  
 And we must get in our licks every day,  
 For men on earth too long have had their way.  
 So it is time for woman to have her say  
 And not let the men have all the sway.

Then Dan arose and said, I like all this  
 I feel on earth it will bring perfect bliss.  
 Then the parents will give the child a mutual kiss  
 And teach them of a world like this.  
 To work for them must be our only wish,  
 As woman's suffrage must become like this.

Then Charley, with his complacent smile,  
 Says, Grandma Judson is a heroine all the while,  
 So let us into the ranks file.  
 Come Grandpa Judson, let's have another smile,  
 For this is no woman's wile.

I suppose my son it is all for the best  
 As woman has always been counted with the blest.  
 This comes of my wife taking such a long rest.  
 Now it looks as if she was going to work with a zest,  
 I suppose I will have to give her a loving caress  
 If I expect to get any more natural rest.

Then we all gave three rousing cheers  
 As the work has commenced without fears.  
 Then I told them I would the helm steer,  
 As we through Justin could give it from our sphere.  
 Then we all tried to shed a big tear;  
 It would not come there was so much joy here.

From your loving

Ella or Pearlgate.



# William Emerson

## Chapter XXXIII

Tuesday, July 7, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I was not acquainted with you in the body. I was with your brother Franklin. I met him in Cincinnati. After that I met him in Columbus, Ohio, and later in Chicago and Morris, Illinois. My name is William Emerson, known to the minstrel and theatrical profession as Billy Emerson; managers advertised me as the great Billy Emerson, Prince of Minstrel Comedians.

Now I am going to give this communication in my own way and in my own language, which is United States. I will describe to you the different incidents that took place in the Little One's life, or perhaps I should say that which occurred in his life, to my knowledge. I will give you some of his quaint sayings.

When I first met the Little One it was at the old Vine Street Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio. He came there as a star with a ballet company. Ballets in those days were all the rage. He was one of the Premier Danseuses and a little mite of a creature at that. They finished up the performance with a play called "Little Jack Shepherd, the Baby Housebreaker." Why they designated it by that name was on account of Little Justin's height; he was only four feet tall. I was a boy working around the theatre and running errands for actors and actresses. Now I will describe him as he looked as "Little Jack Shepherd." When he opened the door and walked out of his dressing room going towards the stage he was followed by a large military looking man. I think he was the finest specimen of manhood I ever saw; when he addressed anyone he spoke with a rich, heavy, bass voice. His voice fascinated me so that I tried to keep as

close to him as I possibly could in order to hear him speak. Now I will describe the Little One as he was dressed for the character. He wore a red, close cropped wig, a loose linen white shirt, a vest striped in red and green, a little pair of corduroy knee breeches, blue woolen stockings and flat low shoes. He mounted a ladder and stepped on to a board over a doorway and the ladder was taken away. When the curtain went up he was discovered in the act of cutting a name over the doorway, at the same time singing a rollicking song,

"I'm the dandy of Piccadilly,  
And those that don't believe so  
Must be awful silly."

At the end of each verse he would dance a few steps upon that board, at the same time holding the mallet and chisel in his hands. He looked for all the world, standing up there on that board, like a monkey dressed up; then he made believe to become very tired, sat down on the board, laid his mallet and chisel alongside of him, took an old clay pipe out of his pocket, filled it with tobacco, scratched a match on the sole of his shoe, lit his pipe and commenced to smoke. Between puffs he commenced to sing, "I'm the pet of the ladies, as you can see," then commenced a perfect uproar of laughter and stamping of feet by the gallery gods. While he was smoking I think he looked more like a monkey than ever. A number of men and women pass along in that scene, with several kids following them. When the kids got in front of where he was sitting they holler, "Hello, Jack, ain't you going in swimming today?" He said, "As I'm a blooming gent hi's goin'." He jumps off the plank, which is quite high. Quite a number of ladies in the audience screamed, they were afraid he would break his neck—but instead of that he lit on his feet like a cat. A kid said to him, "Jack, can't you sing us a song before we go swimming?" He said, "In course I can, if you'll histe your voices in the chorus." He sang a song wherein he said, "I cram my heel and stub my toe, that's 'ow I jump just so." In looking at him singing that song and dancing it gave me the idea of getting up a song and dance through which I became so famous in after years in the minstrel profession.

I will also describe to you another funny scene in the play.

It is the interior of a low den in London where low, brutish men and lewd women congregate to dance and sing, drink whiskey and gin and tell vulgar stories. He enters the den dressed up as a little English dude of that period. On his legs are white silk stockings. On his feet are low patent leather shoes with large silver buckles. He wears a blue satin vest, embroidered all over with silk flowers, a scarlet silk velvet coat trimmed with gold lace, white lace ruffles hanging out of his vest, the same around the cuffs of his coat, a white powdered wig, fashioned in a queue at the back, a black cocked hat trimmed with white swansdown. He looked for all the world like a monkey dressed up for an exhibition. He takes a silver snuff box out of his pocket, taps the lid and takes a snuff. After that he says, "Ladies and gents, I'se hawful glad to see you." He jumps onto a large deal table, calls all the ladies up to him, kisses each one in turn and says, "Some 'ow you looks like daisies tonight. What is the matter with them ere blokes over there; they grins as if they was goin' to their funeral?" There was a tall slender girl in the piece who stood six feet in her stockings. She was engaged expressly to play that part called Bonnie Bess. Jack makes believe to fall in love with her and kisses and hugs her quite frequently. One of the toughs in the play says he won't stand it—that she belongs to him, and challenges Jack to fight a duel with pistols. Jack accepts the challenge and they are both handed pistols. Jack mounts and sits on this tall woman's shoulders, fires off his pistol and kills his antagonist before the word is given to fire; that closes the scene.

There is another scene in the play which is a courtroom scene. There is a trial and Jack is condemned to be hung for murdering that man. Jack's girl is permitted to see him in his cell. She smuggles in some whiskey. Jack drinks it and gets drunk. When the officers bring him to the courtroom to stand trial he comes in drunk, singing, "She's my darling and I'm her sugar plum." The judge gets so angry he stands up and hollers out, "I want quietness to reign in this courtroom while I preside here as judge." Jack hollers out, "Go chase yourself, you old bloke." The judge looks all around to see who spoke those words, with a face on him as red as a lobster, hollering out, "Who dares to insult me in his majesty's courtroom?" Jack

hollers out, "Hi do, you duffer." The judge yells out, "Where does that voice come from?" The two policemen pick Jack up and hold him out at arms length that the judge may see him. When the judge looks on the culprit he staggers back and falls into his chair saying, "The Lord have mercy on us; what is it?"

Now I want to describe Jack to you as he appears in court. He wears a little pair of boots with an old pair of torn knee breeches; a torn vest, a loose linen shirt hanging on him in rags, two black eyes, a bloody nose and a red wig on his head. While the policemen were holding him up for the judge to look at, his Honor said, "Officers, where did you find that God-forsaken looking thing?" One of the officers said, "Your Honor, we found him and his sweetheart painting the town red," which brought a big laugh from the audience. Mr. Hulburd, I wish you could have seen him as he was made up for that scene. Of all the wretched looking creatures, he was that one. He looked like they had picked him out of the gutter after a dog had got through chawing him all over. I never saw such a make-up in all my life. He is condemned to be hung and after they have pronounced sentence on him the judge asked him what he has to say for himself. He gives a hiccough and says, "Hi feels as 'ow I must kiss Bonnie Bess, since they're goin' to make a hangel out o' me." That great, strapping woman picks him up; he hugs and kisses her, saying, "Bess, lass, see 'e keeps my grave green," which brings a big laugh from the people. They call him before the curtain. He is led on by Mr. Warren, when the gallery gods holler, "Let's have 'Oh, ain't we got a nerve.'" He goes up to the leader of the orchestra and says, "McGuffin, fiddle." The orchestra plays; he sings and dances and of all the wretched looking little creatures that you ever saw in your life it's he singing and dancing "Oh, ain't I got a nerve." He was called out three times and they wanted him to come out the fourth time. Mr. Warren stepped on the stage, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is utterly impossible for him to sing and dance any more for you at present; he must rest now and get ready for the last act."

In the last act is the gallows scene. He is brought on, walking between two great, big officers six feet tall, chained to their legs. The three mount the scaffold where stands a hangman

and a clergyman. The clergyman steps forward, loosens the chains, lets them drop to the platform. The clergyman says to Jack, "I think we had better pray now, before your soul passes into eternity." Jack looks up at him with an awful dreary expression on his face. You'd think he had been on a drunk for a month. He says to the clergyman, "I ain't got time now; the old man and the hangels are waiting for me and I don't want to be late for the brimstone soup." Just then he kicks both the policemen on the shins. They fall to the platform. He grabs the rope they're going to hang him with, swings himself to the roof of an old fashioned house standing near by. The curtain goes down while the orchestra is playing that Scotch ballad, "I'm o'er young to marry yet." The policemen are clubbing each other with their clubs. The clergyman and the hangman sit down on each corner of the platform, drinking whiskey out of a bottle. I give you a little description of the funniest Jack Shepard I ever saw played. It is impossible for me to recite all the funny lines here that were spoken in the piece.

I became very much attached to Justin and felt very proud when he could ask me to perform any duty for him. It rained very hard that night before the performers got ready to go home to their hotel and I asked Mr. Warren to grant me the permission to carry Little Justin on my back to the hotel. First he did not seem inclined to grant me that permission, but the Little One said, "Oh papa, do let him carry me on his back; it will be just grand." Mr. Warren said, "Well, wait; I have just sent for an umbrella and I will hold it over you while he carries you to the hotel." Wasn't I a proud boy then? I'd have given a hundred dollars if only some of the boys had been around to see me carry the little star on my back. When we arrived at the hotel Little Justin said, "Papa Warren, I'm going to invite Billy to take lunch with us tonight." Mr. Warren said, "All right, Pet; we'll go right up now and get through with it." I could see he wanted to get rid of me. I noticed he indulged Little Justin in all his wishes.

We went up stairs, Justin holding my hand all the time. When we arrived at their apartments a man servant ushered us in. There was quite a spread on a table waiting the coming of Mr. Warren and his Little One. A roast chicken, some lobster

salad, bread and butter, chow chow, strawberries and a bottle of wine. That was the best meal and the happiest one that I ever sat down to partake of up till that time. The man servant waited on us and I saw that he understood his business. After we had finished the repast, the man servant removed the dishes from the room, returning he placed a handsome table cloth on the table, a beautiful smoking set, a bottle of wine and a glass. I noticed Little Justin only sipped a little bit of the wine out of his papa's glass. While the man was arranging those things on the table Mr. Warren stepped into the next room, returning in about five minutes with a dressing gown on and a newspaper in his hand. He said to the servant, "Henry, wheel that sofa up under the gas light; I'm going to read the newspaper while Pet and his friend amuse themselves." He said, "Have you placed a fresh pitcher of drinking water in the sleeping room? You know when Puss wakes up he always wants a big drink of water." The man said, "I have done so, Mr. Warren. I think everything is in its place for tonight." Mr. Warren said, "Very well, Henry, you may retire now. See that our breakfast is served at 9 o'clock, as usual." After the man left the room and shut the door, Mr. Warren lay down on the sofa to read his newspaper. Little Justin coaxed me to play horse with him. I got down on my hands and knees, while he got on my back, then I went around the room, making believe I was a horse. I could see Mr. Warren would look at us once in a while and smile. I was glad that I did something to please him. In about an hour he said to me, "Billy, you had better go home now—the hour is late." Little Justin spoke up and said, "Papa, he ain't a going tonight." Mr. Warren said, "but Pet, we have no bed for him and besides that his mother will want to see him." The Little One said, "He ain't a going home, anyhow. He's my boy now and he's going to sleep on that sofa where you're lying." Mr. Warren laughed and said, "Well, I suppose you will have your own way. What are we going to do for bed-clothes?" Little Justin said, "I will give him my pillow and your overcoat, that settles it now, papa." He said, "I suppose so." Little Justin said to me, "Billy, you can sleep that way, can't you?" I said, "Why, of course I can." I would have slept on the floor if he had asked me to, in order to be near him.

Mr. Warren said, "Well, get up here on to my lap and let me unbutton your shoes and get you ready for bed." Mr. Warren prepared him for bed and then carried him into the adjoining room. That night I dreamed I had become a star and was playing in a company with the Little One, which came to pass forty years afterwards, when Little Justin and I played with Mc Guire's and Haverley's great combination.

We will continue at another time, as they say we have done enough today.

Thursday, July 9, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hullburd, but perhaps I should say, "How are you at noon today, as it is so near the noon hour?" I was not permitted to come yesterday. Miss Lees said that Justin's physical strength would not permit of him being controlled every day. She says his physical condition is too weak for that purpose now, but I might take control today for a couple of hours. The Indian girl, Rosa, said, "Don't spread it out too much, or we will have to choke you off." She said it in her Indian way, but I give it to you in my way of speaking.

We will now proceed with the Little One's condition and life as I remember it. I will give it to you as near correct as I am capable of doing.

On the following morning, after the Sunday before Justin's company was to leave for Pittsburg, I was in the reading room with Justin and several of the company. While we were sitting there talking, Mr. Warren and the landlord stood near the door conversing with each other when three carriages drove up in front of the hotel. The driver of the first carriage got down and opened the door when out stepped Miss Charlotte Cushman and her maid. When Little Justin discovered who it was he yelled out, "There's old Charlotte." As he made a rush for the door he pushed me; I fell up against a gentleman and we both fell to the floor. As he was rushing towards the door Mr. Warren stepped in front of him, thinking he would stop him from running into the street, but quicker than I can tell it he dodged between Mr. Warren's legs. The landlord thought he'd stop him. Quicker than lightning, or nearly as quick, anyhow, he kicked the landlord in the belly. The landlord dropped to the floor. He opened the door, rushed out on the sidewalk hol-

lering, "Charlotte, old, old Charlotte." In about three minutes he was clasped in her arms. He raised such a confusion in the reading room you would have thought a cyclone had struck the hotel. While Mr. Warren stood up against the door laughing an old gentleman sat down on one of the chairs that Puss had pushed up against a chair out of his way, holding his side. When I came to my senses the old man said, "Damn that kid anyhow; he is quicker than all hell. Who does the brat belong to?" I said, "That gentleman standing in the door laughing is his father." He says, "What—that big man there?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "He's big enough to teach that little brat better manners. Who is the youngster, anyhow? I've noticed a good many of the guests in the hotel speaking to him. I said, 'Don't you know who he is?'" He said, "No, who is he?" I said, "He's the little star around at the theatre, that closed his engagement last night." He said, "Is that the Little One that played 'Little Jack Shephard' last night at the theatre? His folks must be proud of him. He don't look any older than ten years. How they crammed all that stuff into him I don't know." I told him he was over twenty years old. He looked at me and said, "Boy, don't lie to me." I told him that was a fact and he could ask his father. When I looked around I saw Miss Cushman leaning on Mr. Warren's arm, who was escorting her towards the ladies' entrance. Little Puss said, "No, Charlotte, don't you go that way. Come right through this way, where all the men are and show them you don't give a damn for them." That made the landlord laugh. He said, "Puss, did you know you kicked me and knocked me over?" The Little One looked up and laughed, saying, "I guess if we didn't pay our board you'd kick us out," which was the cause of a big laugh from the people present in the reading room.

The landlord said, "Miss Cushman, your rooms are in order, waiting for you." The Little One said, "They'd better be, or we'll know the reason why. She's Queen of the Stage and don't take any lip from any man, do you, old Charlotte?" which was the cause of another big laugh. She bowed to all the gentlemen present like a queen. I mean I shall never forget that bow, and I only wish, Mr. Hulburt, you could have seen those gentlemen bow in return. I felt as if we were standing on sa-



cred ground. The Little One had her heavy shawl thrown over his shoulder and was tugging away at a valise that he had taken out of her maid's hand. He looked at me and said, "Billy, take a hold of this valise, damn you, and earn your grub. I tell you, old Charlotte will paralyze them tomorrow night." Miss Cushman was to open on Monday night in her great character, Meg Merrilies and Guy Mannering. I wish you could have seen that picture, Mr. Hulburd, the Queen of Tragedy escorted by Mr. Warren and the landlord to the main stairway of the hotel, Little Puss carrying her big shawl and I carrying her valise. Her maid followed us laughing, while a number of the company were following after her. The guests of the hotel applauded and laughed. When the Little One had mounted on the third step he turned around and threw them kisses. After that he kicked out his foot behind, which hit me. I fell off the three steps on to the floor, falling at the same time on to old Charlotte's valise, which busted. When the things commenced to come out the maid screamed and made a grab for the valise.

The porter told me afterwards when he was an old man it was a tableau he never witnessed nor saw the like of before, nor since that time. He said there I was sprawling on the floor, while the maid was screaming and trying to get the things together. Half way up the stairs stood Little Justin with his finger in his mouth and the big shawl lying at his feet. He said, "Of all the innocent expressions I ever saw that Little One had on his face; it was pictured there in such a manner that he was wondering what it all meant." On the landing at the head of the stairs stood Miss Cushman, Mr. Warren and the landlord. Miss Cushman, he said, stood there bowing with the most gracious of smiles, thinking all the time that she was the cause of so much applause, when it was the little curse, he said, that stood half way down the stairs looking as innocent as if he couldn't say peaches. Then he rubbed his nose on his jacket sleeve and made believe to cry, saying, "I always heard you Cincinnati people were queer folks, anyhow." There went up a shout that was deafening. He threw kisses to them, saying, "Ta ta, old Charlotte and I will meet you at hash time."

The porter said when he was an old man, "Billy, if I was a rich man and could have that picture painted as I saw it that

Sunday afternoon." I told him if he could describe it then as he saw it, that is, thoroughly, in all the minuté details, I would furnish twenty thousand dollars to have it painted. There were three pictures painted by Herbert Meyer, the German artist, that cost five thousand dollars each, but none of them were satisfactory to old O'Connell, so we gave it up. I furnished the artist with photographs of the different individuals. Old O'Connell said that the artist never got the perfect innocent expression on Little Justin's face. It was one of the most peculiar expressions that I ever saw on any one's face on the stage. It was such an innocent expression that it conveyed the idea to the people that he was about to burst out a crying. Then he would change it from that to such a simpering look that the people would scream with laughter. I never knew an artist that was capable of catching that expression while he was on the stage. Mr. Hooley had engaged four artists to my knowledge to catch that expression, but they all failed. I was so anxious to get it that I hired Mr. Rogers of San Francisco, a fine English artist, to prepare his studio for a little reception to my friends. There were present James Russell, Dave Wambold, Louis James, Charley Reed, Barton Hill, Fayette Welsh, Sophy Watson, Mrs. Nellie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau, Mr. Hooley, Tom McGuire and Lydia Forbush and another lady whose name I do not call to memory. They sang, told jokes and provided other amusements for the occasion. During the reception the look came once upon the Little One's face. The artist failed to catch it and lost his fee. It was a peculiar expression of innocence, Mr. Hulburd, that I cannot describe to you. If the artist had caught it and painted a picture I intended he should reproduced it on another canvas in order that I might send it to old O'Connell to make the last of his days happy. There was something peculiar about the first part of the expression that had a madonna look to it; from that it changed to a simpering condition where he was about to cry. I cannot give the description of it justice. If any artist was fortunate enough to catch that expression I never had the pleasure of looking on the picture. My wife used to say it was the most peculiar expression of innocence that she ever saw on any one's face. When she looked at him while he had that expression she felt like cry-

ing. Mr. Hulburd, he was a strange being, and never was understood by the profession. A number of them claimed they understood him, but I doubt it.

One of the five thousand dollar pictures that was painted in Cincinnati I presented to the Art Gallery. One I gave to the old man and the other I raffled off at a fair.

When I became a star in my line of business I was playing in Chicago. While playing that engagement Charlotte Cushman was advertised to play at McVicker's in the production of *Macbeth*. They had been making great preparations for her coming, as she was to play *Lady Macbeth* on that occasion. I saw in the morning papers in the hotel list of guests that she had arrived. I called at the hotel in the afternoon to see if she would not grant me the pleasure to occupy one of the boxes at our theatre. I told her that I would have extra chairs put in the box that she might bring a number of her friends. She consented to do me that honor.

Next day was Sunday; by the calendar it was called St. Valentine's day. That Sunday morning, just as I was seating myself at the table in the breakfast room a perfumed note was handed me by the head waiter. The note was left by a messenger boy, who had just handed it to him in the hall. The boy was on the way to my room, asking the head waiter if I was not in at breakfast. The head waiter said that I was, and handed me the note. It was an invitation from Charlotte Cushman, asking me to do her the honor of becoming one of her guests that afternoon at four o'clock. I accepted the invitation and went. I think in all there were about fifteen or sixteen guests present. After all the guests that she had invited were present she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, no doubt you think it is peculiar that I invite you here to my rooms on a Sunday afternoon. Perhaps most of you know that this is St. Valentine's day. You no doubt cannot have the pleasure of receiving your valentines until tomorrow, but I always carry my valentine with me. It is the only valentine that I ever received in my life—to me it is more precious than gold or rich jewels. I could not bear the love towards the most valuable diamond that ever came out of a mine that I do to my sweet little valentine. She went to a large trunk, lifting the lid brought forth a white satin box,

on the lid of the box was painted the portrait of a beautiful child with long curly hair. He was dressed in a little plaid blouse, with a little white ruffle around his neck. I remember it well, for the picture never left my memory afterwards. It was the last thing I thought of when my spirit was passing from my body.

She carried the box around the room to see if any one recognized the face. When she came to Charley Thorne he seized hold of the box by the corner, trembling; he said, "Good God, it's the face of Little Puss," and commenced to cry. He said, "Charlotte, that man Warren robbed me of the Little One's love and I hate him for it." He cried so that I thought his heart would break. She went around the room with the box; after she had done so she sat down on a sofa, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now read to you the sweetest and most loving valentine that ever was written." She opened the box, taking therefrom an old valentine. It was a very showy one, with lots of gold and other high colors on it. She said, "I will now read to you, friends, the only true love letter that I ever received in my life, one that came from the soul of a true little friend. I have received during my life valuable jewels from the crowned heads of Europe and many of my friends, but I never received a jewel that was as valuable to me as this little old valentine." Mr. Thorne said, "Charlotte, will you permit me to kiss that valentine?" She said, "No, Charles, no lips have ever kissed it but mine, and none ever shall if I know it. When they lay Charlotte's old body in the coffin I want this little old valentine placed there with me, as it is the only true love letter I ever received in my life. It is written by the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport, the writing is placed here on this paper at the dictation of Little Puss, or 'La Petite Blanche,' as he was called then. Now, friends, I will read my love letter to you as I am in the habit of doing to some friends on every St. Valentine's day since I received it." Then she read:

"My dear, sweet old Charlotte—I send you this valentine because I bought it cheap. The old duffer (meaning Edward Forrest, the king of actors, which brought a big laugh) I told him I was going to give you and Lizzie a valentine, and he'd have to shell out. He gave me a dollar and I got them pretty

cheap. You see yours is pretty rich looking, only the corner is tore off, and I got it for sixty cents. Lizzie fixed it up and pasted that rose on where the corner is torn off. I got hers for thirty cents. It's a pretty good one but old Charlotte, it ain't as handsome as yours. On the picture you can see a man and you sitting down on a rock. The man is making love to you and there ain't nobody listening but that bird up on the tree. If he says anything to you that ain't high flown, you holler rats. Now, old Charlotte, I hope you'll get my valentine first, because I came up stairs and shoved it under the door. I got Lizzie to write on the outside of it with red and violet ink so as to look rich and expensive. You needn't tell anybody that it cost only sixty cents, and maybe they'll think it cost a dollar. If any old blokes should send you some valentines don't kiss theirs before you do mine, for I knowed you first. I had ten cents left over and I bought some fine peanuts. I gave twelve to Lizzie; for Charlotte, you know she's a good girl. I saved some for you and I'll bring them to your dressing room tonight. Charlotte, say to the old duffers you think my valentine is the best whether you do or not, and I'll buy you a better one the next time. You know I'll be bigger then, and be getting more salary.

"You know that ten dollars that Mr. Marsh made me a present of, because he thought I played that part so good. Well, I gave it to the old woman and she bought two tons of coal for the winter and a quarter dollar chicken for next Sunday. Charlotte, we are going to have chicken stew, rice pudding, bread and butter and coffee for dinner. Won't that be great? I'm going to come for you and bring you to dinner. Saturday night I'm going to make the old duffer give me a quarter more besides my salary to buy soda water for the dinner on Sunday; if he don't give it to me I'll curse him good. You know when I curse him big he always gives me a quarter to shut up. Now, dear old Charlotte, if you know some bigger oaths than I do, I wish you'd tell them to me when I bring the peanuts to your dressing room. If they're bully big ones maybe he will give me fifty cents to shut up. Then we will have candy and peanuts at the dinner. I think peanut taffy is the best, don't you, Charlotte? Lizzy says you'll be delighted when you get my

letter. She says you don't often get such highly composed letters as this one. I want you to think so, anyhow. This is from your loving sweetheart, Little Puss. Oh, I forgot to tell you, Charlotte, about the squirrel that's down in the corner eating nuts. He can't hear what you have to say because he wants to fill up. If you hit the fellow in the jaw and knock him down, the squirrel will never tell it to anybody. Lizzie and I kissed the valentine three times where you see the crosses made with red ink. Lizzie hurried up and put it in the envelope before anybody could see it. Before she did that I got her to say, 'From your true love, Puss' I hope you'll like it."

When she had read all that Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport had written for Little Puss, she kissed it and placed it back in the white satin box, saying at the same time, "You see, friends, I have one true sweetheart in the world." She lifted the lid of her trunk, wrapped the white satin box in an Indian silk scarf, placed it in the tray, shut down the lid of her trunk and locked it; turning to her guests she said, "There is no jewel that ever was set in an Emperor's crown that ever had the value of untold wealth like that little old fashioned valentine and its quaint sayings has for me; that was from the heart of a little child that loved me truly." Then she broke down and commenced to cry, saying, "Oh God, that all souls were as pure as that." She told her maid to ring the bell and order the refreshments for her guests. In a few minutes we were served with refreshments. Before we sat at table she requested that we might sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." After we had dined she said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I do this same that you have seen here today on every St. Valentine's day."

As the guests were leaving and wishing her long life and prosperity I asked her to grant me the permission to kiss her on the forehead; she did so. Then I told her she had made me a happy man that day for I had never passed such a pleasant afternoon as I had on that occasion. As I held her hand when I was bidding her farewell she said, "Mr. Emerson, the next time you see Little Justin kiss him for old Charlotte and tell him she still keeps his wish sacred, that she has never seen any other valentine that she thinks compares with his." She said, "She hoped the little squirrel down in the corner of the valen-

time had kept her secret too, for she never had told a man in her life that she ever loved him."

That was the last time that I ever saw the "Queen of Tragedy" while living in her physical body. As we were parting and she held my hands in a friendly grasp she had honored me with the greatest boon that a man could ask—to shake hands with the "Queen of the Stage," not only a great, moral woman in her character, but a pure, moral woman in her private life. We will continue at another time.

Tuesday, July 14, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. Now I will relate some of my experiences with mediums wherein I found some of them to be genuine mediums and others to be the worst kind of frauds. During one of my engagements in Chicago, with other friends I visited a seance given on Sunday evening by a medium named Maude Lord. I received a wonderful test through her mediumship. She described a little girl that was very dear to me. That little girl was about fourteen years old when she passed to spirit life. Maude Lord described her and her peculiarities. One of them was she would always snip the end of my nose with her fingers in my ears, then catch hold of my hair and shake my head. She had many peculiarities, all of which Maude Lord described perfectly. That made me believe in Spiritualism. I was a Roman Catholic and a priest told me I must not believe in that modern humbug called Spiritualism, but William Emerson had a head of his own and it was his pleasure to think about things as he chose. When I received proof of anything no religion in the world could make me believe it wasn't so. Now, a more fanatical and superstitious class of people never lived than Catholic priests. Their whole religion is built up on superstition and what superstition can't do to bring the imagination into play, whiskey and brandy does. I never met a Catholic priest in my life who would not get fully under the influence of liquor at certain times. I never met a Catholic priest who would refuse a drink of brandy when offered to him.

While playing in Philadelphia I visited a medium whose name was Mrs. Paul. She gave me a grand sitting. I must call it so; through her mediumship I talked with many of my friends.

She gave me a peculiar test. While she and I were carrying on conversation she picked up two lead pencils, commenced to write with both hands on a sheet of paper, at the same time carrying on a conversation with me about California, and asking many questions, as she had never visited that state. When the communication was finished, that is, there were two of them, three loud raps came on the table; one of the raps had so much power with it that it made the table tremble. She handed me the large sheet of paper that she had written upon. There I found two communications, one from my mother speaking of things that only she and I knew. The other one was from Mr. Warren; he said, "My Little One must go west; there is work for him there, Billy. You and he will play in the same company in Chicago. It's no use for him to fight the spirits. There is a work lying before him in the west and he must carry it out even if it should take him out of the body. You tell him so when you see him."

When I was in Boston, Mass., in the year 1875, I had a sitting with a Doctor Spear which was very satisfactory. When I was about to depart he held my hand, saying, "Mr. Emerson. I see a little short person standing alongside of you." In the description I recognized Little Justin. "He says he is not out of the body—that is, his body is not dead; it is merely lying asleep while his spirit comes here to make a prediction about you. He says your spirit will pass from your body here in Boston. Before that comes to pass you will have traveled the world pretty much over." I do not know whether you are acquainted with the fact or not, but my spirit did pass from its body in Boston.

I said to the Doctor, "Can you give me an explanation how the spirit can leave the body and come here to Boston in order that you may see it?" He said, "The explanation is simple. When the body is lying resting on a bed or a couch of some kind, even when the body is resting on a sleeping car the spirit can leave the body and come here to Boston that I may see it. There is a magnetic current between the body and the spirit that is never separated only through what you call death. Now, this little individual that I have described to you here today must be a medium, and a powerful medium, too, for he tells me



he can leave his body at any time that he wills it so. There is a connection in your lives that brings you so close together. At one time I see in the future where you are about to become companions and occupy the same bed. That military looking man that I described to you says, "That desire of your heart can never be fulfilled. We have other work for the Little One which he must accomplish before he passes out of the body." Then he said, "Listen and you will hear the Little One laugh." Mr. Hulburd, I heard him laugh as plain then as I ever heard him laugh in his physical body on the stage. I said, "Doctor, this is wonderful." The Doctor looked at me and smiled, saying, "The spirits, through that Little One, will teach spiritual theosophy, or reincarnation through physical embodiments." Mr. Hulburd, I have made the discovery that when I met the Little One again he was teaching reincarnation, but I do not think he was aware of it; sometimes he would get a far away look in his eyes, then he would speak in a peculiar way to some of the members of the company. They looked upon him as a strange creature and some went so far as to say they thought he would end his days in a lunatic asylum.

While in New York I had a sitting with Henry Slade which turned out very successful. When I had paid him my fee and was about to depart one of his slates jumped up from the table and rested itself in his arms. Mr. Slade laughed, saying, "Mr. Emerson, the spirits are not through with you yet." He said, "Sit down in the chair," placing the slate in my lap, then putting on it a little piece of slate pencil. While we were waiting for the spirits to communicate we heard a voice say, "Billy, you are weak, but old Charlotte and I are going to strengthen your faith." Then I heard that same laugh that I heard in Doctor Spear's office in Boston. The slate pencil commenced to write. Mr. Hulburd, this took place in broad daylight. When the little piece of slate pencil was all used up some spirit seized hold of the slate, threw it under the table onto the carpet, which was the cause of Mr. Slade and myself laughing. He said, "That spirit was very positive and had great power while living in the physical." Then we heard that laugh again and a voice said, "You song and dance man, pick up that slate." I picked up the slate, placed it on the table, when Doctor Slade said, "Will wonders

never cease?" I looked upon the slate and there was a communication from Charlotte Cushman. Right over the communication was the impression of a hand. I recognized it right away as that of the little hand of Justin. Right through the hand we could read the writing. I said to Doctor Slade, "Will you allow me to take that slate and have it photographed?" The Doctor presented me with the slate and said I might keep it. I made the engagement for another sitting on the next day and left the Doctor's rooms.

While on the way to have it photographed I met a man by the name of John Ganze. He said, "Hello, Billy, where are you going?" I told him I was going to have a slate photographed. He laughed and said, "A slate photographed?" I told him yes, it was covered with writing; that I had had a sitting with Doctor Slade and received a communication from Charlotte Cushman. He said, "I would like to see that, Billy. I have heard of those things, but never saw one." We were pretty close then to Parmelee's saloon on Broadway, when he said, "Let us step in here and get a glass of wine, then you can carefully undo the wrapping and show it to me." We went in and sat down at a table; he ordered some wine, while I unwrapped the newspaper from around the slate. As soon as he looked upon the slate he laughed and said, "There is the imprint of Little Puss' hand. I could tell it among a thousand. I had not heard that he had gone to spirit land yet." I said as far as I knew he had not. When the waiter brought the wine, the fool placed the glasses on the slate. When I lifted up my glass to drink it I upset Ganze's glass in some way and his wine went all over the slate. The impression of the hand and the writing disappeared. I broke down and commenced to cry. I picked up my slate and wrapped it up again in the two papers, after which we left the saloon. I bade him good morning and returned to Doctor Slade's rooms.

This man Ganze was a member of the Buckley Serenaders, I think for as many as ten or twelve years. During that time he became well acquainted with the shape of Little Justin's hands and recognized the formation on the slate right away. When I entered Doctor Slade's reception room he was holding his sides and laughing. I said, "Doctor, what is the cause of all this

hilarity; can't you tell me, that I may laugh too?" He said, "Tell you—if you ain't had the proof I'd like to know who has. Don't you think the photograph will be a good one?" I said, "Doctor, do you know what has happened?" He said, "Of course I do. Do you expect to carry things sacred into a gin shop and expect good results therefrom? You have been punished for your wickedness. Now I will give you a sitting free of charge and see what the spirits have to say to you."

We sat down and received a communication from Charlotte Cushman. She commenced like this, saying, "My dear friend Emerson, did you suppose for one moment that I would permit my writing to remain on that slate to be gazed at by barroom loafers? It was I who caused you to knock over the glass and spill the wine on the slate; through that condition it vanished from your sight. The chemical property that was in the wine I utilized and banished the writing from the slate. I hope it will be a lesson that will remain with you and last for the rest of your days, teaching you that you cannot fool or play with things sacred, especially if they come from your friend, Charlotte Cushman." I felt so bad that I cried out, "Can't you produce the impression of the Little One's hand once more for me on the slate?" The voice said out loud, "No, we will punish you in this way." I had that slate photographed for many years. I finally gave it to a friend of mine, who carried it with him to Australia. His name was Charles Webb, a great believer in spiritual manifestations.

I had a sitting with a man in Washington, whose name was Colchester. The sitting was a failure and I believe the man was a fraud, and I told him so. The next medium that I sat with bore the name of Nettie Maynard; she was a genuine medium. I received two communications through her mediumship. One was from E. P. Christy and the other from George Christy, of minstrel fame. I made arrangements to have another sitting the next afternoon. During that sitting I received a communication from Byron Christy and William Christy, two sons of E. P. Christy; also a communication from Abraham Lincoln, your martyred president. I made arrangements for another sitting at ten o'clock the next morning. I received a communication from Mr. Warren and also one from Mr. Hol-

brook, a particular friend of Mr. Warren's and also a friend of mine. I received one from Charlotte Cushman; one from G. W. Jones, an old Bowery actor; one from Kathleen O'Neal, a singer; one from my little lady friend that Maude Lord has described so perfectly in her circle, and one from General Lee, whom I had become acquainted with before the rebellion, while playing in Richmond, Va. A little darkey communicated with me from Cincinnati, to whom I had given a dime many a time to get something to eat. He had a low, drunken mother and when she was in a bad humor she'd beat him and thrust him into the street at night; he'd come and wait for me at the stage door, asking me for a dime to get something to eat. I had him placed where he would be taken care of by respectable colored people, but the little body was too much wasted from hunger and ill treatment. After he had lived with these people six weeks, his spirit passed from his body and I was glad to hear it. He suffered so much and when he was getting ready to pass from his body he said to the people, "Tell Billy Emerson I'll wait for him in Heaven." He gave me a beautiful communication in his childish way.

The next medium whom I visited was Mr. Conklin. He was a genuine medium and gave me a grand communication from one whom I admired very much, while he lived in the body, and that was Richard Bishop Buckley. While I was in Chicago, I visited a seance called a "Trumpet seance." I discovered the medium was a fraud of the worst kind. He was a ventriloquist and threw his voice into the trumpet. I discovered the medium was a fraud, as I understood that art myself and often put it into practice for the amusement of the boys in the company. I visited three other mediums and made the discovery they were all frauds. I would not have you soil the paper by taking down their names, they were worthless curs of the worst kind. I visited a woman by the name of Mrs. Brooks, who was recommended to me very highly by a friend. She was what you call a pellet test medium. I exposed her in the fraud that she had committed and left the house.

The next medium that I visited was a little girl and she was really wonderful. I received wonderful tests through her mediumship. She was not a public medium. I was introduced

into her family by a lady friend and found the whole family very mediumistic. Their name was Devine.

At one time I had a sitting with Charles Foster, which turned out to be a failure of the worst kind. I knew people who claimed to have received genuine tests through his mediumship.

I also was invited to attend a musical circle given by a fellow who went by the name of Jesse Shephard. All the music that was produced in that circle was produced by Jesse Shephard. No spirits produced any music on that occasion, only what was produced by the spirit of Jesse Shephard. I made the discovery those tunes that he played in the dark were such as he had committed to memory. I being an invited guest and my friend paying the admittance fee I said nothing while we were in the room. As we walked along the sidewalk I told my friend the whole thing was a fraud—the spirits had nothing to do with it. Those tunes that that fellow Shephard played in the dark he had committed to memory. I was also sorry to see how credulous some spiritualists were and how easily they could be gulled. It just seemed to me you could make some spiritualists believe anything that had the label spiritualism attached to it.

The next medium whom I visited was a black man in St. Louis and he gave me wonderful manifestatoinis in Spiritualism. We sat in a room that was only shaded by blinds. The hour was eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He asked me if I would have any objections to his praying before the seance commenced. I said, "None whatever." He knelt and prayed and it was a beautiful prayer, too. I felt I was in the presence of one who had the spirit of Christ with him. Then he asked me to sing a hymn with him. We sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." While we were singing the last verse a light commenced to float around the room; as it came toward me I saw a face in the light. When it got right in front of me the light expanded and there was my mother's face in the light. She smiled upon me and I became very happy. We sang another hymn, "In the Sweet By and By." Another light commenced to float around the room. As it got in front of me it remained stationary for about three minutes, I should think. There I saw the face of

my little sweetheart, who is now my spirit mate. Another light came, and as it floated toward me it grew quite large; in that light I saw the little black boy who said he would meet me in heaven. Another light came into space and floated around. As it came toward me it expanded and in it were three faces, the face of Charles Thorne, Charlotte Cushman and a face that I did not recognize just then. After the light had disappeared, the dark skinned man was controlled and a voice said to me, "Billy, you did not recognize me, did you?" I said, "Is this the voice of that face that I did not recognize?" It said, "Yes, I am John McCulloch." I said, "John, you were so changed that I could not tell you." He said, "Go to Harry Gordon's seance in Philadelphia. There I will materialize in full form and talk with you."

When I reached Philadelphia Mr. Gordon had removed to Vineland, in southern New Jersey. I went to Vineland and got permission from Mrs. Suydam, in whose home the circles were held, to attend their circle.

The second circle that I attended Mr. McCullough walked out of the cabinet leading my little black friend by the hand. When the spirit of Mr. McCullough had reached the centre of the parlor floor a lady jumped up and said, "Oh, there's Uncle Henry." A gentleman who sat in front of her said, "Madam, you are mistaken; that is John McCullough, the actor. I knew him when he lived in the body." The lady said, "Oh, you are mistaken, sir. That is Uncle Henry." The gentleman said, "I think not, Madam, as I am related to him." Then the spirit spoke and said, "William Emerson, will you walk here? I have come to keep my promise and brought a little friend who loves you." I walked forward and shook hands with the spirit of John McCullough, lifted up the little spirit in my arms and said, "Are you happy now, since you passed to spirit life?" He said in a low, sweet voice, "Oh, I'm so happy, Billy," put his arms around my neck, hugged and kissed me. Then he dissolved right in my arms. Where he went I could not tell. John McCullough said, "William Emerson, I'm going to show you what a genuine spirit can do. If it is not a genuine spirit that you are looking at, he cannot do just what I am going to show you." He held both my hands while he dematerialized through the

floor. I bent my body and held on to his hands until they dissolved in mine. That was a manifestation, Mr. Hulburd, that I would not have missed for all the money that I ever earned, and I earned a considerable sum of it.

After the circle was over I was introduced to a gentleman whose name I think was Coonley. He told me he came to those seances in the interest of the "Banner of Light," expecting to find them bogus manifestations and that the medium was a fraud of the worst kind. "I've heard him slandered by so many other mediums as being a terrible fraud; here I have witnessed (just here came a loud rap) the grandest demonstrations I ever saw in spiritualism; this is the only genuine materialization I have ever seen. There may be others, but I have never been fortunate enough to witness them."

Now, Mr. Hulburd, there is one point that I wish to show you. When I introduced myself to Mrs. Suydam I told her my name was Joseph Wilson. There was no one in the circle who knew me or who I was. The spirit of John McCullough called me by the name of Wm. Emerson, asked me to come forward and shake hands with him. The spirit of the little boy called me Billy, hugged and kissed me and then dissolved in my arms. Do you see where the point comes in? My friends, the spirits recognized me, the people living in their physical bodies, who formed the circle, did not.

When I returned west again I went to that black man in St. Louis—the medium, I mean. I presented him with one hundred dollars, telling him that through his mediumship I had become a happy man, something that money could not purchase. Now I knew life was eternal; I had spoken face to face with the spirit of John McCullough; held in my arms the spirit of the little black boy who loved me so much for what little I had done to try and keep life in his little body. Now I know it to be a fact and the whole world could not change my ideas from that fact, even if they burned me at the stake. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, July 23, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I will now continue my communication. I wish to relate a circumstance that occurred in Little Justin's life and also in my own.

We were both engaged to play with McGuire and Haverley's big combination. While en route to San Francisco one day in our grand and beautiful palace car I noticed the Little One had a far away look in his eyes. I said, "Justin, you see something. What is it?" For as much as ten minutes he kept perfectly silent. I said, "Justin, can't you tell me what you see?" He said, "Yes Billy, I can. I see you surrounded by a dark cloud. You seem to sit right in the midst of it. There's trouble ahead for you and I think it will commence before we reach San Francisco."

On our way to the coast we played four days at Salt Lake City, Utah. On the second day I said, "Justin, don't you want to look around the city and its suburbs?" He said, "I don't mind." I told him then to go to his room and get his light overcoat. I would go and hire a carriage and a driver. It was in the month of May and the air was balmy and pleasant. He caught cold so easily, that it why I requested that he get his light overcoat. It was so pleasant that I required none. While we were riding out toward the Springs he said to me, "Billy, I see you in that dark cloud again; some one tells me there will be trouble in your family affairs. You will receive a letter to-day from a friend who lives in San Francisco. They will break the news to you gently." Then he remained silent for some time. When he did speak he said, "Billy, your engagement for this company will be of short duration after we reach San Francisco." It was. I only remained with the company three weeks. The manager broke faith with me. I had trouble in my domestic affairs, after which I placed my business condition in the keeping of a friend. Then I left for the east, going direct to New York. My friend kept me posted from time to time wherein there was any difficulty with my family affairs. He was my true friend and is now here in spirit life with me.

When Justin returned from San Francisco ahead of the company, I met him one day in the street in Chicago. I was walking along Clark street and saw him get out of a horse-car at the corner of Randolph and Clark. I hailed him and we went to the parlor of the Sherman House. After we had sat there for, perhaps, half an hour talking, he said, "Billy, I see you in that black cloud again. This time it will be more serious for



you in your family affairs. Keep up a brave heart and you will come out all right. You know the old saying, Billy, 'Faint heart never won a fair lady.' I mean by that, Billy, you will be in the market again." I said, "Will it turn out as serious as that?" He said, "Yes, more serious than you think for." And he told the truth.

The last time I met him was in Memphis, Tenn., at the Peabody Hotel. I was there with my own company. He said to me, "Billy, you must turn around and take your company back north. The yellow fever is going to break out. It will pay you to lose what posters they have put up in Charleston. Rosa has given Fred and me orders to leave before the fifteenth of the month and we are going to do so."

I turned around and went back by way of Kentucky. One morning at the hotel in Louisville, Ky., I saw two men enter the breakfast room, very excited. I was acquainted with one of them, whose name was George Melburn. He happened to look toward the table where I was sitting and when he discovered me it seemed as if he became more excited and hollered out in a loud voice, "Good God, Emerson, the yellow fever has broken out in Memphis and my family is there. I telegraphed to them to lock up the house and leave everything, come here to me and we would all go east." I laughed to think how true Justin's prediction had come to pass. I told him to keep quiet and remain calm and there might be a possibility of his family reaching him here. While we were sitting in the breakfast room dining a boy came in and handed him a telegram. He read it aloud, for those were exciting times. The telegram read like this: "Papa, we have abandoned everything. Grandpa, grandma, mamma and all the children are seated in the car. I send you this telegram from the depot. In ten minutes we will be on our way to you and Louisville, Ky." He became so excited he jumped up from his chair and commenced to dance. He said to the messenger boy, "Here's five dollars for you. God bless you, you have brought me happy news."

When the train arrived in Louisville, I went with him to the depot to receive his family. That was a reunion that I shall never forget. They all cried, he clasped each one in his arms, taking up his little boy the last one he said, "Loved ones, fol-

low me." We went outside the depot, entered two carriages and were conveyed to the hotel.

He and his family left by the first train next morning for the east. He wrote me from Philadelphia saying, "We are going down to Atlantic City, New Jersey. I have engaged rooms for all summer. Billy, take a vacation—come down and see us." I went and passed a month with them. It was one of the pleasantest visits I ever made in my life. I think there must have been over three thousand southern people there who had left the south to get away from the fever.

You asked me the other day if I would give you some of my spiritual experiences. I will so so now. When I passed from my body the first ones whom I met were my mother and my spirit mate. They came to welcome me into spirit life, as you call it. I was not at all surprised at my condition. I found it much as I expected to. I saw no golden streets or pearly gates. No great white throne with a God sitting on it. I found it all natural and with natural beings living in it, just as the spirit John McCullough had described it to me. I met many professional sisters and brothers whom I had known while living in a physical body. My mother and my true sweetheart lived in a pretty little home.

While we were sitting in that home conversing with each other I said, "Mother, where is father? Why does he not come to see me?" Mother said, "William, your father does not live here. He belongs to another group. After awhile we will lead you toward that group. Then you can make your father a visit." I said, "You and father are not harmonious here in spirit life?" She said, "No, we did not live a true, harmonious life while living in the physical body, William. There comes a time when all shall be harmony and all souls shall be united in that harmony. You must understand, William, that your father's life and mine are out of tune just now. It is like this, William, a violin played out of tune by an individual who has not a perfect ear is constantly making discords. So it is with male and female individuals who are out of tune. They live in an element that produces discord. When their souls can become attuned to that perfect note of harmony, then they are one with God for all time. Your father and I never were capable of

striking that perfect note, so you see we have to live apart until we can become united through soul's love. William, my son, you will learn much now since you have come here to spirit life. When we are all thoroughly united, we become sisters and brothers living in the one thought and that thought is that we are children, and belong to the family of the great creator of Life. You will learn to understand that we have spirit mates here. That is, a male and a female live together, and they can only do so through the unification of Love." I said, "Then I suppose you have a spirit mate." She said, "Oh yes, my spirit mate is a little boy who carried me across a brook on his back when I was a little school girl. When we had reached the other side of the brook and he had placed me safely on the grass, there we confided our childish love for each other. That boy is now my spirit mate. He will be here presently and I will introduce him to you."

"You see I have taken charge of your spirit mate and had her live here with me in my home," for which I thanked my mother. I held them both to my breast in a loving embrace and kissed them with a true kiss of Love.

I visited my father at his spirit home and found he was living with his spirit mate. Each day I traveled over that portion of the spirit world connected with our surroundings. I found happy and unhappy spirits, just as their past lives had created a condition for them to live in. I discovered where they were thoroughly harmonized they lived in the realm of music; their lives were that of a constant song.

Mr. Hulburd, I have made the discovery there is much suffering here in spirit life. No doubt you would like to know why this is so. I will tell you. The coarse, crude, selfish natures of some people would not advance when the opportunity was presented to them. While living in the physical body, they would rather live for all that was lustful, their avaricious natures went out to that part of life where they could only give something by their selfish condition that would bring them much pleasure or wealth. They had no charity for their poor, down-trodden sisters and brothers, while living in the physical body. They grafted onto every condition that they touched or came in rapport with. Their low, licentious natures became the pre-

dominant part of their lives. In connection with that their whole natures seemed to be filled up with the idea of grasping wealth. When it came to things spiritual, then they became misers of the worst kind. No part of their nature being moral, they could not be spiritual. Their luxurious, riotous conditions in life made them vampires upon the human race. They had no spiritual feeling for those who were spiritually inclined. Their whole natures were riotous to that which was moral, chaste and perfect in life. The idea of true love never had entered their minds, all parts of their nature was that of sloth and degradation. Those individuals suffer much in spirit life. While living in a physical body, they contaminated and polluted everything they touched.

There are other individuals living here in spirit life whose whole existence seems to be that of a perfect love; through living a pure life, they have made the discovery they are divine and divinity is the expression of their soul. It is a grand sight to behold them if you have any true love in your nature for things spiritual. I have watched and seen that true spirituality is the true God of the human race.

There is a class of people also in spirit world that I have come in touch with, such as the progressive mind living in the physical body calls Christian bigots (loud raps) their whole natures are so impregnated with the orthodox idea of a man Saviour, who went by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, they have shut themselves up within a wall of Christian principles, as they call it. Some are waiting for the Virgin Mary to plead with her son for their redemption. They want to become purified in order that they may look respectable, before they enter the kingdom of Heaven. They dread the eyes of that terrible God, for they feel that he would look them all over before deciding what he shall do with them.

There are others who are still waiting for the man Jesus, their Saviour, to come to their rescue and release them from the condition that they have found themselves in, in spirit life. They were promised so much by the lying tongues of preachers, that they still remain waiting, waiting, praying and singing for the Messiah to come to lead them into the presence of his father God.

I was surprised at the information I had received concerning those beings, for they are not thoroughly advanced enough to be classified as divine spirits. Many of them have been waiting in that condition for hundreds of years. It is distressing to one's nature to see the hold that bigotry and superstition have held those creatures in that condition.

I have also made the discovery that there are great multitudes of minds here that hold to the same beliefs they had while living in the physical body. The variety of minds and natures here are much the same as those that still live in physical bodies on your earth plane.

No doubt it will surprise you that we have here in spirit life operas, dramatic plays and other performances much the same as we had while living in a physical body. There are low grades of music and high grades of music that the spirits call the perfect note of celibacy. There is no giving in marriage here. It is the desire of all progressive minds, to reach that "Perfect note of celibacy" where music reigns supreme. You, who live on the earth plane, think you have great singing choirs in your churches, great choruses in your philharmonic societies. Mr. Hulburd, I wish you could hear some of the divine music that I have heard, choruses wherein a perfect note has been struck in such perfect tune by over three hundred thousand voices. It just seemed to me there could be nothing more divine than that. They tell me beyond, it is grander still. When we reach—they say—the condition of the perfect perfectness all is music; it is utterly impossible—they tell me—for a note to be produced out of tune, as all is Harmony. I long to reach that condition, as my whole make-up is that of Music.

They tell me I must become a missionary, enter the camp of religious bigots, sing for them; at the same time I must sing the compositions of my own soul. Through that condition I can wake up the powers of Reason that are located in their minds. I will be able to bring them out into the true light of progression, whereby they will discover it is only through their own salvation, that they can be saved from that orthodox sleep of a religious man made God. I am willing to do anything to expiate for my past crimes. I was taught in the Catholic church if I would only repent at the last, receive absolution, believe in

the Catholic church, why, I was saved and would go right to God. I was like millions of poor, deluded minds, held in bondage of priestcraft and superstition.

It was a happy day for me when I made the discovery that spiritualism was a Truth and that the communication with our loved ones could take place between the spirit life and those living in physical bodies. I felt that I had been resurrected from the sleep of death called the Catholic church. It is a dead sleep where you are lead by the nose by drunken priests, cursed by papal laws that are brought into action and introduced into the Catholic church by the orders of a vampire called the Pope of Rome. When I once had received that beautiful scientific knowledge of spirit return to me the Pope and all his emissaries were walking devils in sheep's clothing. The Catholic church has been the greatest curse to civilization that the world ever had thrust upon it. From its first days of organization the poor, weak minds of the ignorant masses have become its bond slaves; From the Pope down to his most humble servant they have been filled with the lying corruption of paganism. I thank the good spirits and the great God—if there is such an intelligence, which I think there must be—that I have been released from the bonds of popery and drank in the true wine of spiritual knowledge, not that which has been fermented from the grape vine, but that wine that gave me the true light and imbued my whole nature with the truth of spiritual freedom.

I thank you for taking down my communication and when it is read by my professional sisters and brothers it will open their minds to a light that will give them confidence in immortality. The beacon light of all time in which they will find the spiritual philosophy is the guide-post to Truth.

I leave my love to Little Justin and I am glad to see that this work will be given to the reading public through his mediumship. It will open the eyes of many who have been the slaves of creed, and as they say in the craft, "It is finished." Good day, friend.

# Jane Davenport Landers

## Chapter XXXIV

Thursday, December 10, 1903.

Good morning, sir. I must beg your pardon for intruding on your privacy this morning, but it has been my desire for over three months to contribute a few lines to Little Justin's life and also for your publication. He is very weak this morning and I know it is selfish of me to use his organism. You must understand, dear friend, it takes some time for one to lay aside his selfish nature. I hope I will do him no wrong on harm to his physical body. It is a great desire with the spirit to control when it has anything upon its mind that it wishes to convey to the friends of an individual and also to the public.

Before I proceed any further I will give you my name. Mrs. Jane Davenport Landers. I was known to the public as a Shakespearean actress. The character that I loved to play the best was the unhappy Mary Stuart, the Queen of Scotland, whose blood runs through the veins of this little medium.

When I first saw "La Petite Blanche" he was a little wee tot and oh, such pretty red cheeks. I was a young girl then and with other friends I attended a performance at the old Chambers street theatre, New York.

Charlotte Cushman was the star. That was in the days before she became the "Queen of Tragedy." During the performance of the second act, a little wee mite of a creature came on the stage and sang a song. What a pretty voice it had, and powerful, too, for its size. I noticed during the singing it pronounced its words with a broken accent. For an encore it came out and danced the "Highland Fling." How quick his feet moved in time to the music. When they called the little midget out again it walked down to the footlights and said to the peo-

ple, "I canna dee any mair an if ye dinna like it I dinna care," which made the people laugh. He threw kisses to the people and then ran off the stage.

An old lady sitting back of me leaned forward and said to me, "I wonder whose little baby that can be? It's such a little creature and ought to be home in bed. I wonder that its mother would allow it to go on to the stage." That was the first time that I had the pleasure of seeing your medium.

Some time had passed before I saw him again. Just how many years I do not recollect. The next time I saw him he was the Page in "Lucretia Borgia" and sang the drinking song at the banquet table.

During one of my long visits in New York City, I made the acquaintance of the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport. The people of the house where I was stopping and myself were invited by Lizzie to witness one of Edwin Forrest's great performances in the character of William Tell. During the performance, "La Petite Blanche" sang a Swiss aria to a waltz measure and danced while he was singing. He was the admiration of the audience present on that occasion.

After the theatre we joined Lizzie, Edwin Forrest and another gentleman whose name I do not remember, to partake of a late supper. While the conversation was passing around the table, Mr. Forrest addressed me, saying, "Miss Davenport, what did you think of my little baby who sang and danced tonight?" I said I thought he was beautiful in everything he did, but oh, how young to have such confidence in himself. Mr. Forrest said, "He is not as young as he looks. The old Scotch woman whom he lives with, says he is fourteen years of age." I uttered an exclamation, "Can it be possible? Why, then he is a dwarf." He said, "Did you notice that kick he gave with his little foot? It brings the gallery every time." Lizzie laughed and said, "He is the sweetest little mortal you ever knew outside of his temper." I said, "Is it possible that that little midget has a temper?" Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "I wish you could hear him when he is angry. He is an adept in the art of swearing. When he gets angry at me because I scold him sometimes, he calls me an old duffer and the worst actor in the world. If I was playing with old Charlotte I'd be only a supe. He will say



to me, 'Me and Charlotte know how things ought to be played.' Perhaps in a quarter of an hour afterward he will be sitting on my knee telling me what a good man I am and he will be my boy if I'll behave myself and give him some pennies to buy peanuts with," which brought quite a laugh from the friends present. Lizzie said, "You can't help but love him after all, but I am afraid, dear Jane, he will never know the value of money. The company calls him the 'Little Witch,' " which made us all laugh. The other morning he said to Mr. Forrest, "Look out for your money, or you're going to lose it. I saw a man take your purse out of your pocket." Mr. Forrest laughed and said he'd look out for the man.

That same morning, after rehearsal, while Mr. Forrest was walking toward the Astor House, a woman fainted and fell on the sidewalk, a crowd of people being drawn to the spot to see what was the matter. As Mr. Forrest mingled with the crowd, he felt a hand enter his pocket; he grabbed it in time, just as the hand was drawing out his purse. In those days ladies and gentlemen carried silk purses with a ring in the centre that made a division of the purse; at one end they'd have gold, at the other silver. He had the man, who turned out to be an old pickpocket and burglar whom the authorities were looking for, arrested. That instance took place long before the days of spirit rapping through the Fox sisters.

I made a request that Lizzie would bring the little creature some day to dinner. Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "Miss Davenport, you will have to be careful how you talk to his Highness." I said to Mr. Forrest, "We will be pleased and feel it an honor to have you accompany Miss Lizzie and the 'Little One' to our home on that occasion." Three days afterward we had the honor of receiving our guests. I myself received them at the door and ushered them into the parlor.

I will now describe the way the "Little One" was dressed. He had on a pair of pants that were too large by three sizes for his little legs. A little jacket, made of blue cloth, and a woman's lace collar around his neck, a pair of blue yarn stockings on his legs and little low shoes on his feet, tied with a black silk ribbon, a straw hat, with a blue ribbon around it, on his head. He asked me to hang up his hat in the hall for him,

and told me to be very careful of it, for it cost fifteen cents, in the Bowery, then he caught hold of my hand, saying, "Are you the mother of everybody in this house?" I said, "No my dear, I'm not married yet." "It's too bad," he said, "there's lots of men walking on Broadway and you might get one if you tried hard." I said, "Perhaps some day I'll take your advice and when I'm married I'll have you come and make me a visit." He said, "Won't that be bully," then he looked up and laughed in my face, saying at the same time, "Pick out a good looking one; they're the best kind." I stooped down and kissed him, saying I would take his advice.

This conversation took place in the hall. Miss Lizzie came to the parlor door and said, "What are you folks talking about?" I told her I was receiving some good advice on the question of marriage. She laughed and said, "He has had wonderful experience and of course, is capable of giving you good advice on that question. After we had been in the parlor some time Mr. Forrest said, "Come here, Pet, and sit on my knee and sing one of your pretty Scotch songs for the friends." He sat upon Mr. Forrest's knee and sang the pretty Scotch song, "It's Within a Mile of Edinboro Toon." They laughed and applauded him; then he sang, "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet."

Then Mr. Forrest said, "Now Pet, sing for them, 'The Campbells are Coming.'" He got down from Mr. Forrest's knee and commenced to sing, marching up and down the parlor. I can see that quaint little figure now, marching up and down the parlor with those large pants on, and his beautiful long curly hair hanging down his back. When he had finished singing, Mrs. Pebble, the lady of the house, clasped him to her bosom and hugged and kissed him, saying, "Little darling, I wish you belonged to me." He said, "I belong to Scotland; there's where my grandfather lived and he's the biggest man you ever saw. He could kill twenty Englishmen at one time and don't take any shenanigan from anybody," which made us all laugh. After that we were invited to the dining room. As the friends were leaving the parlor, he ran up and caught hold of Lizzie's hand, saying, "Lizzie, I like you best of them all." So, you see, he was no hypocrite.

When we were all seated at the table Miss Davenport said,

"Would you like to hear him sing grace?" They said they would. He sang it in the Gaelic tongue, which sounded so odd and quaint we all commenced to laugh. While we were laughing a newspaper came from some part of the room, rolled up, and hit Mr. Forrest on top of the head. Then the laughing became more boisterous than ever. Then the chandelier commenced to shake. Mr. Pebble said, "Just look at that. What does it mean?" He had no sooner uttered the words, when my napkin was seized by some force, thrown at him and hit him in the face. Mrs. Pebble turned pale and said, "In the name of our Lord, what does this all mean?" Lizzie said, "Mrs. Pebble, do not be frightened, it will come out all right." Right after that a cold breeze seemed to pass through the dining room. Just then the Little One's eyes had a peculiar look in them and a voice spoke through his lips, saying, "Joe Pebble, if you don't watch that new man you have taken into the store he will set it on fire. He is in the habit of getting drunk." Mr. Forrest said, "Who is this that is speaking?" The voice said, "Will Hutchinson." Mrs. Pebble screamed and trembled so that her husband had to hold her in his arms. The spirit was that of her brother. He said, "Sister dear, don't be frightened; it is your brother Will who is talking to you now." Mr. Pebble said, "Will, if this is your spirit, where is your body, and when did you leave it?" The spirit said, "My body has been devoured by the fishes of the sea. On the 27th day of May the barque Ellen went down with all on board, off Cape Hatteras, and I went down with them." Mrs. Pebble then fainted. Mr. Pebble became angry and looked very pale. He said in a loud voice, "Take that imp of the devil out of this house. I am afraid he has been the means of killing my wife." The Little One jumped up on to the chair and cried out with all his might, "You and your damned old house can go to hell, damn you, that's what I get for associating with common people." It sounded so comical that Mr. Forrest laughed. He took the Little One up in his arms and carried him out of the house, laughing as he went, the Little One looking over his shoulder at us and swearing like a pirate. A Miss Ida Lewiston, who was known afterward to the public, got down on her knees and prayed that the Lord God Almighty and his son, Jesus Christ, would come and protect

them and their house from getting on fire, as one of the imps of satan had been there today in the disguise of a beautiful child and fascinated them with his beautiful singing. Mr. Pebble said, "Oh Lord God, have mercy on us. I feel the hot breath of hell on my face now." After working two hours over Mrs. Pebble she came back to consciousness. When she could speak she said, "I have been in the spirit world and saw my brother. It is true, friends, he went down with the barque *Ellen* off Cape Hatteras." From that time forth Mrs. Pebble became a medium and had wonderful clairvoyant powers, which were brought into use by her describing spirits to her friends.

That was my second introduction to Little Puss. After Mr. Pebble passed to spirit life Mrs. Pebble became Mrs. Winthrop, well known to the New York public as a clairvoyant. We will continue at another time.

Friday, December 11, 1903.

Good morning, friend. You will have to allow me the honor of being pardoned once more. I see it is somewhat cloudy. I hope my controlling his organ of speech will do no harm to the medium. It is really a wonder, to look upon him now entering his 76th year, and to recall him as when I first saw him. He has grown some since then. For a long while he remained a little creature. A strong affection took place that brought us close together and created a lasting friendship. As I look back, what a fragile little individual he was—full of vim and fire.

I visited his home several times—that is, after we became fast friends. During one of my visits to New York, I attended a performance at the old Broadway Theatre. The name of the play was "The Shipwrecked Sailor." He sustained the part of the captain's child. In the representation of the character I think he was the prettiest little creature I saw, dressed in sailor pants and a little shirt on, a sailor hat upon his head.

The captain comes on deck with Little Puss sitting on his shoulder. When the sailors see him they all cheer, saying, "Captain, can't the little shipmate sing us a song?" His father, the captain, says, "How is that, my son? Do you want to sing?" He says, "In course I do, my hearty," then he sings that old English ballad, "Ship Ahoy," with all the crew joining in the chorus. The actor who played the captain was one of the hand-

some actors of that day: his name was E. Eddy and with the Little One sitting on his shoulder, ye Gods, it was a pose for a great artist to place on canvas—such a pose as that I never saw before nor since.

The captain stood in the centre of the stage with the Little One on his shoulder. While he was singing he grabbed his long curls and threw them over his father's head. Part of them remained on his father's head while the others fell on his father's breast. It was one of the most beautiful pictures that human or spiritual eyes could look upon.

After he had finished singing the applause was great. His father kissed him and placed him on the stage. The orchestra played a sailor's hornpipe and the Little One danced to the music. I can remember in one part of the dance where the Little One came down the stage on his heels, at the same time waving his hat in the air; the applause was great.

When he had finished the dance and made a sailor's bow to the audience the people screamed, yelled and applauded. The sailors all make a rush for him, when the father rushes in front of them, lifts up his boy and placing him on his shoulder commences to sing "Ship Ahoy," while the whole crew joins in. The curtain goes down while they are singing. That was the finish of the third act.

The next time that I met "Little Puss" was at a banquet given at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Broadway. There were many professional people present on that occasion. He came in with an actor who bore the name of Dolly Davenport. The beautiful Lucille sang on that occasion.

The next time I saw him was at the Herron home in New York, on Broome street, near Broadway. There he came with Mr. Forrest, who was playing an engagement at the Broadway Theatre. I remember that one of the ladies of the family presented him with a beautiful book full of illustrations copied from paintings. I remember he brought the book into the dining room, placed it on a chair, then sat down on it, which made Mr. Forrest and the guests laugh. Mr. Forrest said, "Pet, why did you bring your book in here?" He said, "Because I know where it is now."

During the two hours following, while the guests remained

at the table, there were several little speeches made by the gentlemen present. Naturally Mr. Forrest was asked to favor them first. When Mr. Forrest stood up to oblige the friends, the "Little One" said to him, "Old man, don't get off any of your fish stories now. Tell them about Jim and the balking mule." That sent all the guests off into a big laugh. I never can forget it through all eternity. When we were about to adjourn to the parlor a young miss about fourteen, who was a niece of the family, said to the hostess, "Auntie, why don't you ask the little boy to say something?" She asked Little Puss if he wouldn't address the company with some of his beautiful thoughts. Mr. Forrest said, "Stand up, Pet, and say something nice to the friends present." He stood up, holding his book, and was about to speak when a maiden lady said, "Dear, I think you had better lay your book down while you speak. You can use your arms better then." He looked at her and said, "You old curmudgeon, is the book yours?" Just then the book was seized out of his arms—for it was quite a large book—and it was thrown into the lap of a Mr. Hulburd: in after days that gentleman was called Professor Hulburd (rap.) They were rapping then for me to tell you where he lived. The last I heard of him I was informed that he lived somewhere on Second Avenue. That Mr. Hulburd was a second cousin to the medium. It startled the guests present to see the book pass through space and drop into Mr. Hulburd's lap. A Doctor Jennings present said, "That is a physical demonstration that has taken place through spirit power."

They all looked at him in wonder. Mr. Herron said, "Doctor, you don't mean to tell us there are spirits here?" Before the Doctor got a chance to answer, "Little Puss" said, "If it hadn't been for that old curmudgeon over there I was going to tell about Jim and the bucking mule," which brought a laugh. The maiden lady was Doctor Jennings' sister.

Mrs. Herron said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will adjourn to the parlor and have some music." Puss said he wanted his book. Mr. Hulburd handed him the book and while he did so some invisible hand slapped him on the cheek. He said he could feel it just as plain as any physical hand that ever touched his face in his life. When in the parlor a beautiful young lady

named Miss Glover said to "Little Puss," "My dear, may I kiss you?" The Little One said, "All right." She took him in her arms, kissed and hugged him. She cried out, "How strange—that was a man's lip with a mustache kissed me then." She turned pale, her face became white almost as if all the blood had left it. Mr. Forrest said, "Don't be frightened, Miss Glover. He is a strange little creature and strange things happen where he is." Just then she jumped to her feet and screamed, "Oh God, look there. See those two armies fighting. Look there at the Little One riding a cream colored horse alongside of a large military man. I could tell that man if I ever saw him again." (A rap) then she fainted. They laid her on a red velvet sofa. Doctor Jennings magnetized her and brought her back to consciousness. After that I was told she saw many visions on different occasions.

One day afterward, just how many years I cannot tell you now, as I fail to remember, Miss Glover and I were sitting in a window on Broadway, looking at the military passing by. At the head rode a large man on a black charger. As I remember it was one of the most beautiful horses I ever looked upon. When the horse and his rider came right opposite to where we were sitting Miss Glover said, "There, Jane, is the man I saw in my vision. I wonder who it can be?" A man who stood back of us said, "That is General Winfield Scott." Then she said, "I wonder in what way 'Little Puss' can be connected with him?"

After the parade had passed and we had reached our home—for you must understand that an actress' home is wherever her apartments are—while we were sitting in my drawing room and gossiping over a cup of tea, she let the cup and saucer fall to the floor and screamed out, "Oh God, Jane, there are those two armies again, meeting in battle. I can tell the color of their clothing now. One is blue and the other is gray. I see 'Little Puss' again, sitting on a horse alongside of a good sized man (a rap—another rap) but not that big man that I saw in the other vision. I wonder what it can all mean and why our 'Little Puss' is there? Look," she said, "Can't you see, Jane? There is our 'Little Puss' on a black horse, this time dressed as a little old woman, but I know his face. What can it mean? Just see,

the scene is changed. I see him as a boy enter an officer's tent, gets up on the officer's knee and sings for him. Now the officer is kissing him. He opens his coat and puts one of the Little One's hands inside of his breast; the Little One laughs and tickles the officer under the chin with his other hand. Oh, those eyes, those eyes, they are fascinating that officer. I see the officer kissing him again and I hear the words, Jane. 'Sweet one, you are mine.'" She burst out crying and cried as if her heart would break. I said, "Oh, Nellie, don't cry so. I wish you did not see such visions. I am afraid some of them will affect your reason—but on second thought, perhaps you are seeing some scenes of a new play that will be produced at one of the theatres." She said, "Oh no, dear Jane (rap) I feel those are scenes in real life, but what our Little Puss will have to do with it I cannot tell. Oh Jane, dear, I wish he did not have those eyes. I am afraid, dear, when he grows taller those eyes will be the ruin of some man. You know as well as I do those are the eyes of a female and not of a male. Haven't you noticed, whenever we have met him in society, he attracts the men? Those eyes are a magnet, dear Jane, and that is why so many of the men want him to sit on their laps. Did you notice at the Astor reception how Mr. Houdon of England hovered around him just as if he held him in a net? Look at the time when Mr. Forrest gave that supper on his benefit night—how he flitted around the room with a roguish smile, and looked from those eyes that fascinated the men. Do you remember how Mayor Wood insisted upon the Little One sitting by him a great deal of the time? (Rap.) I heard afterward that Mr. Wood presented him with a gold watch and long chain to go around his neck. Who was that military officer who paid so much attention to him, Jane dear?" (Rap.) I told her I thought he was a military captain. "Well, Jane dear, I am going to tell you something. That was the man who sat on the horse that I saw in the vision a little while ago. Mark what I say, that vision means something in our Little Puss' life."

The next time that I saw Puss was in Boston. He was playing "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." One afternoon the Sewall family gave an afternoon coffee in honor of Mr. Forrest, who was playing at the Washington Street Theatre. Little Puss



came with a military gentleman. As they entered the parlor, Miss Glover grasped my arm so tight that it hurt me. She said in my ear, "God, Jane, there's the man I saw in my vision with Little Puss. Who can he be?" I said, "When his name was announced it sounded like Warren." She said, "That man will play a part in Puss' life. Oh, I wish our Little Puss didn't have those eyes. They haunt me so, Jane. I am afraid they will bring him into trouble."

They sang a duet that afternoon and oh, how their voices sent a wave of music through the room. They sang the duet from *Norma*, and as the Little One looked up at the tall man and told him of her love and the ruin that he had wrought upon her, the tall man looked down, drinking every word and gloating over the ruin he had made. Miss Glover said, "Jane, I must leave the room. I cannot stand it. I, too, will be drawn into that man's life. God help me." Afterward she became a mother of twin boys, and that man Warren was their father.

The next time I met Little Puss I was playing an engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York City. I met him at a banquet given at the New York Hotel where he and Mr. Warren were boarding. During the musical programme they sang the same duet. I commenced to cry when I thought of the fate of the beautiful Miss Glover. I saw that that man Warren fascinated women and they fell under his fascinating spell. I saw his love was great for Little Puss. Outside of that he was a man of the world, to which many a woman could testify. I left the banquet room and went to the parlor of the hotel. While sitting there trying to calm my feelings, Edwin Booth, who was playing at the Winter Garden, entered the parlor and came and sat on a chair alongside of me. He said, "They hold a grand banquet here tonight. The dining hall looks dazzling with the beauty of the ladies and the manly forms of the gentlemen. I notice, Miss Davenport, that you left the banquet hall after that gentleman and his boy sang that duet from *Norma*." I said, "Mr. Booth, I was tired and thought I would come here for a little while and rest." Just then two beautiful young ladies entered the parlor. One said to the other, "Isn't he charming?" the other one said, "Who do you mean?" The first speaker said, "Why, Mr. Warren, of course." I groaned inwardly and said

to myself, "Another victim." I will not give the young lady's name. Afterward she became a mother and he was the father of the child. Six months after the child was born she commenced taking dramatic lessons and prepared for the stage. Two years afterward she became a member of my company.

After those young ladies had retired from the parlor—or I should say withdrawn from the parlor—President Buchanan entered, holding Little Puss by the hand, who was full of glee. Mr. Booth arose, introduced me to the President. During our conversation and after all were seated Mr. Booth said, "Come, Puss, sit on my knee and tell us what you have been doing of late." Oh," he said, "the last thing that I did was to sit on the General's knee and make love to him. You know he's such a little bit of a baby and I have to tell him pretty things to keep him in good humor." We laughed at that. That banquet was given in honor of General Winfield Scott. At that banquet I first saw the man that I married, but I was not introduced to him then.

Mr. Buchanan said to me, "Miss Davenport, there are going to be a number of friends who will meet two weeks from the coming Friday at the White House in Washington. Will you do me the honor to be present on that occasion as one of the honored guests?" Before I had a chance to answer him, Little Puss said, "Of course she will, and I'm going to pick her out a good looking fellow, too." I laughed and said, "I hope that will suffice for an answer." The President said, "Most assuredly it will, and I will look for you (rap) on that occasion." We laughed and said, "Little Puss will grow up to be a match-maker yet." I attended the reception and Little Puss introduced me to the gentleman who became my husband. So you see, he became a matchmaker, after all. We will continue at another time.

Saturday, December 12, 1903.

Good morning, friend and brother. Why I call you brother, I have made the discovery that you and my husband were brothers, and that you are fully substantiated in all the honor imaginable. With pride and glory you can wear the same emblem; that condition brings me in close sisterhood to you and all that belongs to your order.

Now, I am not going to ask your pardon this morning or consent to continue my communication. I am going to thank you in a kindly manner for the patience you have had with the feeble attempt (rap) that I have had in producing this simple and plain communication. The gracious manner in which you have treated me requires many thanks from me, especially since I had a strong desire to add my mite to your publication. I was informed by Mr. Warren that the spirits were giving the Life of Little Puss through his own organism and mediumship.

After making the discovery of what was taking place in your home—Searchlight Bower—it was my desire to make you a visit (rap). I brought my will power to bear and entered your home unannounced. I have been coming and entering your home for over three months, finally I was permitted and forthwith I introduced myself to your friendship. I understood this philosophy for over forty years before I left my physical body.

It was through the mediumship of Little Justin that I became a believer and discovered it was a solid fact that spirits could return and communicate with the loved ones. There was no blotting it out; the flag of progress and spirit development was to float for all time. I know, friend and brother, there are many fraudulent individuals posing as mediums for the spirit world. It is through these frauds that you can make the discovery of the genuine material when you meet it. During my earth life in my physical body I met many frauds and the glorious part of it was, through those frauds I understood where to draw the line between the genuine and the imitation. I witnessed wonderful manifestations through the mediumship of Nettie Maynard and D. D. Home, Slade, Foster and Mrs. Paul of Philadelphia.

In spiritualism, my friend, you will always find the genuine and the counterfeit. If you keep a sane mind and a level brain you can detect the fraud every time. I saw genuine materialization through the mediumship of an old lady while in company with Emma Hardinge Britten, (rap), Doctor Coonley, Doctor Newton, (rap), and Mrs. Floyd Garrison. It was on a Sunday afternoon and there was quite a bright light in the room. It was the most wonderful expression and phase of spirit power that I ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The lady said it

did not come to her until she was fifty-three years of age. She was just getting over a severe attack of the typhoid fever, when the spirits would materialize to her (rap) at twilight. The first that came was her husband, with their two children; after that other spirits came. A spirit came that claimed to be Thomas Paine. We held a pleasant and intellectual conversation with him. While we were conversing he said, "There is a little medium playing here at your theatre in Washington. Some day I will control his organ of speech and address a public audience through his mediumship." Whether that came to pass or not, I do not know.

(The addresses above spoken of were delivered in 1883 in Kansas City, Mo. I was present and heard the series of lectures.—E. W. Hulburd.)

The next time I met Little Puss was when he was dancing in the opera of the "Magic Flute" at the Academy of Music in New York City. Some friends, my husband and myself, occupied a box. The next day I wrote him a note, asking him as a favor to call at our rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and bring any friends that he felt would be pleased to spend a social afternoon. He answered my note and sent it by the bearer—that is, he had some one write it, for I knew he could not do so. He said he would call with some friends on the following Sunday afternoon. He came, accompanied by James G. Blaine, who was a particular friend of my husband's a Mr. Lorillard, who claimed to be a tobacco manufacturer, and Mr. Warren. We had a very pleasant afternoon and the conversation became quite animated and full of fun; so much so that I laughed so loud I had to beg the gentlemen's pardon for being so rude. I expected a lady guest, but she failed to come.

While we were enjoying ourselves and laughing a great deal a sudden jar or knock came upon the wall. Then we became quite sober and the laughter moderated for awhile. Little Puss commenced to look quite serious, arose from his seat, walked over to Mr. Blaine, ran his fingers through his hair, saying, "Jimmie, my boy, there is going to come a great disappointment to you in life; it will make you feel so bad that it will prey upon your mind; you will be robbed of that which you are fully entitled to, but Jimmie, there will be a cause for

it all. (Rap.) Remember, now, what I have said." He walked back and took his seat. While he was sitting at the end of the sofa he made a peculiar face. Mr. Blaine said, "That looks like the face of my grandfather." Puss' face looked so strange that I could not remain quiet, and laughed right out.

After that I rang the bell and ordered tea to be brought to our sitting room. While sitting and sipping our tea the bell boy knocked at the door and handed in an envelope to my husband, which contained tickets given me to attend a concert to be given at the "Academy of Music." After we had talked a little while Matilda Herron called, and while there in conversation said, "Mrs. Landers, I have three tickets given to me to attend a concert to be given at the 'Academy of Music' this evening. I laughed and said, "Dear Matilda, we have just received tickets for the same; possibly some of these gentlemen will accept your offer with gracious condescension on their part." Matilda laughed; at the same time placing the tickets on the centre of the table she said, "Gentlemen, you can all go. I do not require a ticket, neither does Puss. I think our faces are good enough for admittance to the concert." Then it was decided we should all go.

About an hour before the time to go to the Academy Puss said, "Papa, we can't go; we must go to Philadelphia tonight." I said, "Why must you go tonight, Puss?" He said, "I can't tell, but the voice said we must go."

They took the late train for Philadelphia, arrived at their home about half past two in the morning. When they stepped out of the carriage and were walking toward the entrance of the home, Puss said, "See, Papa, one half of the door is partly open." Then Mr. Warren thought there must be something wrong, that part of the door should be open at that time of the night. He blew a whistle that he carried. After awhile two policemen came. Before the first policeman got there a man came rushing out of the house and tried to push Mr. Warren one side. Mr. Warren was too quick for him, struck him a blow in the face which knocked him senseless and he fell in the doorway. After both policemen arrived they dragged the man into the hall, placed the handcuffs on him, locked and bolted the door on the inside, took the key out of the lock. Little Puss sat there

and watched him in case he returned to consciousness while they searched the house for other burglars.

They lit the gas in the hall and in the parlor, to their great amazement and I should say to their wonderful astonishment, there lay the piano cover filled with silverware on the parlor floor, tied up and ready to carry out. On the sofa was a sheet filled with Puss' dresses and other valuables taken from their rooms, which made a large bundle, ready to carry out. Mr. Warren woke up some of the inmates of the house. They and the policemen, with Mr. Warren, made a thorough search of the house. They lit the gas all through. When they had reached the top floor (rap) some shooting commenced. The policemen and Prof. Cox, a Mr. Maple and Mr. Warren returned the fire. They wounded three men, who went back into a room. While they were trying to barricade the door the policemen broke it in, knocked the men down and they were held there while their feet were tied together with a rope, produced by one of the servant maids. They were a class of old burglars. One of them was an escaped convict from the State's Prison. There was a description of it in the newspapers at the time. Mr. Warren wrote a letter to my husband, giving a more thorough description of the affair as it happened.

I did not meet Little Puss again for some years. The next time was at my home in Washington. I gave a reception in which my friends participated. Little Puss was one of the guests present. I did not recognize him. He came with General Garfield, who happened to be in Washington at the time. When their names were announced they were given as General Garfield and lady. I wondered who the lady could be, as I did not recognize her. I thought perhaps it might be a daughter or a niece. About one o'clock the little lady came toward me, dressed in a magnificent gown, white moire antique, black lace and white swan's down. She placed her hands in mine and looked up into my face, laughing, saying, "Oh Jane, don't you know me?" Then I recognized those rognish eyes. I said, "It's Puss." I hugged and kissed her, for she was a she then. I said, "Puss, your disguise was so perfect I never would have known you if I had not looked into those eyes." I said, "What a beautiful blonde wig you have—it looks so natural no one

could tell but it was your own hair. How comes it that you came with General Garfield?" Papa is down at 'Alexandria," she said. "General Garfield dined at our hotel today. I asked him out of all the goodness and kindness that was in his nature would he not become my escort to your reception. He laughed and said, 'Yes, if you will wear that beautiful blonde wig that you wore in "Morning Call." I consented and so you find me here. I am chaperoning him in the character of his great grandmother, grandmother, mother, wife and daughter. Don't you think, Jane, I have a big job on my hands?" I said, "Puss, you're a daisy; I was wondering all the evening why you did not come. Now be careful that you do not permit those eyes of yours to wander around the room too much, especially where the male sex are." She looked up into my face with those roguish eyes, at the same time laughing, saying, "Dear Jane, I'm on my good behavior tonight. I am here with the Rev. Garfield, that is why you see I am so quiet and well behaved, just like a church mouse. Don't you think he is a rather handsome looking fellow?" Just then a Mr. Noble came up to say something to me. I introduced him to Puss as Miss Dewdrop, saying, "Miss Dewdrop, this is Mr. Noble, a particular friend of my husband." Then those eyes commenced and for the next hour he had no eyes for anyone but her. I smiled to myself and said, "She'll make him dance around like a performing dog."

In about an hour and a half he came to me and said, "She's a bewitching little creature, and yet she's so quiet. What relation is she to General Garfield?" I said, "No kin whatever; only a lady friend." He said, "I have invited her next Tuesday evening to go and see the 'Dashing Blanchard' in the 'Rival Lovers.' I have received her consent. Would you not like to accompany us? It would be a delight to me to have you do so if you possibly can." I told him I could not, as friends were coming here on that evening. "She's rather a peculiar young lady," he said to me, "and does not approve of theatres. She thinks girls on the stage become rather bold acting so much before the public. She said she wouldn't be an actress for the whole world. She couldn't get up courage enough to speak before the public. She knew she'd make a failure of it." It was all I could do to keep from laughing in his face. What

would he think if he became acquainted with the fact that he was talking to the "Dashing Blanchard" then. The principal musician said, "Select your partners for a waltz." He went direct to her and asked her to do him the honor of waltzing with him. Friend, I wish you could have seen the glow that was on that man's face. How she hung on his arm and looked up at his eyes. I said to my husband, "Puss has another victim." He said to me, "Tell her after the waltz is over I want her to become my partner in the Lancers." She promised me she would do so. She said, "Dear Jane, how can I ever leave this dear boy that has no chaperone, when you know it's my duty to protect him from the female butterflies?" I laughed and said, "Remember I have your promise that you are to dance with my husband." She looked up with those roguish eyes and said, "I will do as you wish, but oh, you're so cruel to a poor orphan." She danced with my husband and after the dance was over she and General Garfield disappeared.

I heard afterward that gentleman told my husband he called at the number she had given him to take her to the theatre. They told him at the residence there was no Miss Dewdrop, it was a private home, and they did not keep boarders.

The next time I met Puss was in Baltimore, at the Barnum Hotel. She was playing, or I should say "he" now, for he was in male attire, and was representing a scamp by the name of Aladdin, who had a wonderful lamp. While stopping there Puss, a Mrs. Davis and myself became guests at a dinner given by two wealthy old bachelors, who gave a description, and in that description they described quite accurately some of the amusing pranks that Puss used to carry out. Mrs. Davis laughed so much that I thought she would go into hysterics. She was a lady from Philadelphia and said that she knew Puss to do a great many funny things, but those just described were new to her. While we were enjoying the twilight some friends called to see the bachelors. One of their number bore the name of Horace Girard. During the conversation he said, "Bye the bye, Flo," to one of the old bachelors, "I attended the theatre last night with sister Rachel and Mary. The 'Dashing Blanchard' is playing 'Aladdin' there. Some say it is a boy and some say it's a girl. It doesn't make any difference what it is, the way in



which he wriggles his body while singing and dancing is something funny to behold; and how he can kiss those pretty chorus girls is something wonderful to look at. I know there were hundreds of young fellows in the theatre who envied him the part he was playing. I know I, for one, did. But Flo, would you believe it, I would rather kiss Aladdin than any of the chorus girls, for I believe it's a girl. He has breasts just like a girl and his neck is perfect. As he came over toward our box singing, 'Walking on a Spar, Smoking a Cigar,' he winked at me. (Rap.) I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that is no boy, but a girl (rap): those were a girl's eyes that winked at me and the voice is a high soprano voice. If it isn't a real girl it's the next door to it, and I'd like to be her husband just the same."

That was the cause of a big laugh. Puss looked up with one of his quiet, innocent looks and said, "Oh, what a bold person that must be to wink at the people from the stage. That's beyond all decency. I don't see how managers can engage such brazen people. If I was the manager of a theatre I wouldn't have such characters on my stage." The young man said, "He was pretty all the same, and I believe it's a girl. There's eight young men of us going tomorrow night to see him in 'Aladdin.' I have secured the same box that I sat in the other evening. It's the one on the right of the stage." Puss looked up with a sad face and a melancholy look in his eyes, saying, "How can young men go to ruin that way?"

The young gentleman said, "I am willing any time to pay a few dollars to see such a face and form; by the way, your face has a little resemblance to his." Puss said, "May God forgive you this day; to think you would say (rap) my face resembled his." I thought the old bachelor named Flo would fall off the chair from laughing so much. The other bachelor, the taller of the two, kept shaking his hand at the Little One to keep quiet, but I saw it was impossible for him to do so. The tall one said, "Suppose we have some music now, friends."

Mrs. Davis was invited to go to the piano. She did so and played a beautiful selection from Beethoven. While she was playing Puss sat there with such a sad face on, looking at that young man. It was all I could do to hold in from screaming with laughter. After she had finished playing she said, "Come

here, Puss, and let us sing one of our duets for the friends." Puss got up and walked toward the piano like he had spavined knees and dragged one of his feet as if he were a cripple. I thought that the old bachelor they called Flo would have to lie down on the floor, he laughed so much.

When Puss had reached the piano Mrs. Davis said, "Let's sing 'The Lilies that Float Down the River.'" Puss leaned so on Mrs. Davis' shoulder that it would give one the idea that he was suffering great pain. They commenced to sing, Mrs. Davis with her rich contralto voice and Puss with his high soprano. Oh, how grand it was. The young man rose immediately, held on to the back of his chair, looked at them like a frightened deer; when they had finished he said, "Good God! that's the same voice—that's Aladdin's voice." He took quick steps toward Puss, caught him in his arms, kissed him, saying, "You are Aladdin, and I know it." I wish you could have been there, friend, and heard the applause that followed the laughter.

The Sunday evening following, we all assembled at the same house. Nettie Maynard was present and gave one of her musical seances. After the seance was over light refreshments were served. All went home feeling happy to think they were present on that occasion.

The last time I saw Puss while living in the physical body was at the President's mansion in Washington. I am glad to see that he has lived to see his seventy-fifth birthday and hope he will live longer yet as a servant of the spirit world. Give him my love.

I thank you from the depths of my soul for taking down my communication and hope it will be of some value to your book. Good day, friend. Many thanks.

# Major H. J. Gleason

## Chapter XXXV

Wednesday, January 13, 1904.

Good morning, friend Hulburd. I've made a mistake to commence with, I should have said Brother Hulburd. Now let me tell you why I am here this morning. Brother Knowles and Brother Warren and many others tell me that there is a book about to be published called the "Life of Little Justin Hulburd." It became my great desire to have something to say in that book, and I'm going to say it in my own way. I was known to you, Mr. Meyer and Justin, as Major Gleason, an unfortunate being, one that was a coward. If I had not been a coward and a moral wreck I would not have committed suicide.

Your spirit friends granted me the wish to communicate with you. My desire had been so great it just seemed as if I could not wait. For quite awhile they told me I must be patient and prepare myself for the condition, that is, to control Justin's forces. I hope that he told you I showed myself to him and held some conversation with him. I was so anxious to come here and, when I made the discovery that I could show myself to him, I got my will power to work and accomplished it.

Dear brother, I hope you and all the friends will forgive me for what I did. I became the slave of the wine and whiskey bottle. I was a low coward to desert my beautiful wife and children. Oh God, brother, if you only knew all—all that beautiful soul had to contend with. She had the patience of an angel; she was an angel to me. She loved me dearly and I loved her, when whiskey had not destroyed my mental senses. When a man or woman is under the influence of that cursed drink all their intellectual faculties become befogged. I would do anything for my wife and children while in my normal condition. God bless her. The patience she had with me was wonderful.

Some people might think I did not love my wife and children because I went on those periodical sprees. When I was a sober man I loved them with all the love of my soul. I had been flattered and feted by many people and Major Gleason thought he had will power strong enough to resist the temptation of wine and women, but I fell a victim to the punch bowl.

When my loved ones come over to this side of life I will do all that is in my power to pay the debt I owe them—that is, the debt of love and gratitude I owe to my angel wife.

I know, brother, it was a cowardly act to commit suicide, but that hellish demon had me in his fangs and I felt I was a degraded being in the sight of my family and other human beings. No doubt you heard to what a low condition I fell.

At one time here in San Diego, when I received that position in the railroad office, I thought I was once more a man, and for a time I was, and we all lived so happily, but Dudley Warner and his party came to San Diego and brought ruin upon me and my family again. While I was showing him and his party around he tempted me to partake of wine. At first I refused it, then he said, "Only take a little to be sociable. I have recommended you to the company as a very sociable man, and that your jokes were many."

I was weak to flattery like many other human beings on this planet. I partook of the wine, fell a victim to sociability and that curse that has led many a man and woman to become cowards and slaves to the king of all evil, whose name is whiskey. I went on a spree, lost my position in the railroad and once more became a wreck, of which I need not tell you, as you were acquainted with the facts.

In time I got to hate myself and loathed the idea that I had become a walking nuisance. Think of that angel wife of mine, how she bore with me through it all, and cheered me on to better things. If I had only had the strong will power of a sensible man with her love I could have become, as it were, a new being. I loved flattery and adulation which was my ruin, in time, with the assistance of the whiskey bottle. Oh, that fatal curse that is held inside of that bottle. As long as the nation receives a big revenue from the same it will be manufactured, to the ruin of millions of weak minded people.

I wish I had the power to destroy all liquor that is manufactured. I would go on destroying it as quick as I had made the discovery that it was in course of preparation to be launched out into the world for sale. Its victims become the degraded scum of society and also create through their seed libertines, immoral cowards, thieves, burglars and murderers, filling the prisons and lunatic asylums. Alas, the nation receives a big revenue and the human race must fall before the curse of whiskey. Intemperance seems to flourish everywhere throughout the land.

I want to thank Mr. Meyer, yourself and Justin for the kindness shown to my family and myself while under your hospitable roof. All my boys loved to come here. My daughter Rose said she felt at home as soon as she stepped inside of your house. She said she loved to sing up here, the air was so clear and beautiful. When she inflated her lungs with the air, it gave power to her voice. She told me all the food she ate up here tasted so good and it just seemed like heaven to ramble under your great live oaks here in your mountain dell. As you know, she had a sweet voice and I loved to hear her sing. When everything at home was in perfect harmony and my pet Rose would sing for us it was heaven on earth: then my wife—God bless her—and I were happy beings.

The first time that I accompanied Mr. Meyer to the mountains, after we had left the main road and entered, under the great live oaks, on the road leading to your home, I said to the Doctor, "You gentlemen have an Eden here."

How happy it made my boys when their mother gave them permission to make you a visit in your mountain dell, for which, once more, I wish to thank you for all the kindness shown to my family. When my wife made you that visit last summer, I accompanied her as a spirit. I thank Major Hess for the kindness shown by him to my wife and the other lady. It was generous in him, a stranger, to get a conveyance and bring my wife to your home for the first time. It was her great desire to see the place, so often spoken of by her husband and children. It is one of the bright spots in her memory and shall always remain so, until she comes to me on this side of life. Then we will both visit your home together and look at the surround-

ing country, which is so beautiful to the eye. She said to herself, while on her visit, "Now I will see that strange little creature in his native element, in his own home," meaning Justin.

My great desire in coming here is to give you an explanation of something that took place during the civil war. I did not understand it then, but I do now, since coming here to spirit life. While down in the field, a brother officer and myself visited another regiment; (rap) while nearing the location of that regiment we discovered a dashing young lady mounted on a beautiful horse coming toward us, a Captain Knowles walking by the side of the horse, holding a conversation with its rider. I said to my companion, "Will, there is one of your southern beauties. I presume she is on her way to see the General, to get him to grant her some favor; perhaps to have a guard put around her father's house."

When the horse and rider came up to where we stood we took off our hats, came to attention and bowed politely; she reigned in her horse, saying, when she had brought him to a stop, "Good morning, gentlemen, I had no idea there were so many fine looking officers in the northern army. You must forgive me, gentlemen, for making such an expression. I am a young southern girl with very little mind of my own, as you can see. Captain Knowles here, another one of your dashing officers, like a knight of old, is leading me to headquarters." Then she laughed a musical laugh, showing a mouth full of beautiful white teeth. She gave her head a saucy toss and said she was afraid she'd lose her heart and some Yankee officer would have the keeping of it yet. Will put his foot on to my favorite corn, saying, "Jesus, ain't Knowles a lucky dog?" He said it in a stage whisper, but I felt like knocking him down. That corn hurt me for a week afterward.

The next time I saw Captain Knowles I asked if I might, with his permission, inquire who that young lady was on the horse that he was escorting to headquarters? He said, "Why, Major, I introduced her to you and your brother officer, as Miss Cummings. Her name is Miss Lucy Cummings and she has promised to marry me and make me happy for the rest of my life." I said, "Oh, ho! That's the way the wind blows, is it?" He said, "That's the way it blows at the present time." Two

weeks afterward I met Captain Knowles walking with a boy who had a pair of Nankeen pants on, buttoned on to a waist, and a slouchy looking cap on his head. I noticed the Captain kissed the boy when he bid him good bye. I said to the Captain, "Who is that queer looking kid that you were bidding good bye as I came up? What's he doing here among the boys?"

He said, "Major, he brings me news from my sweetheart. That is my sweetheart's brother." I said, "Great suffering Moses, he will never be killed for his beauty. He's got freckles enough on his face and hands to be on exhibition in a side show. You don't mean to tell me that freckle faced kid is a brother of that beautiful Miss Cummings with the long blonde hair hanging down her back. If I was her I'd want to disown such a looking brother as that. He put me in mind of a toad, Captain." The Captain laughed and said, "Major, the sister is sweet, so I don't mind what the brother looks like." I said, "She's a daisy, Captain."

In about a month afterward, as two others and myself were walking over a piece of rising ground, we discovered a horse with a little woman on its back coming toward our lines as if the wind carried the horse and rider. At the same time in the distance we saw two men on horses riding after her and shooting—it seemed to us—as quick as they could empty their pistols. When the horse and its rider came to where we were standing, we made the discovery it was a little old woman who was sitting on the horse. We said, "Good woman, what is the matter? Why are those men pursuing you and shooting at you?" She spoke with a strong southern dialect and said, "Them ere fellers want to kiss me and I wouldn't have it." We all burst out laughing to think that men would want to kiss such an old looking hag like that. She had an old clay pipe in her mouth and some of her teeth were as black as charcoal and the way she laughed and grinned at us was a caution. She said, "All you'uns is pretty fair looking chaps, but I must be goin' on." We asked her where she was bound for. She said, "Eont yonder a little ways." We watched her and made the discovery she entered a Colonel's tent.

Now, brother Hulburd, since I have come to spirit life I

have made a discovery and will give you the explanation. Those three different persons, as I thought, were one and the same individual, and that individual was this Little Justin whom I now control. Also I have made the acquaintance of seventeen different male spirits, whom, while living in their physical bodies, she had promised to marry and make happy.

While sojourning here in spirit life I have made the acquaintance of an old Chicago friend; a Mr. Gallup, who tells me his wife is related to you and Justin; her maiden name was Hulburd. I have also met Richard Hooley, of Hooley's Theatre in Chicago. He says at one time Little Justin was under his management for over twelve years. I have also met a Mr. Latshaw who says he was well acquainted with Fred Meyer and Justin while living in Chicago as they, at one time, were members of his household. I have met Joseph Wilson, a druggist, who was well acquainted with Justin; a Mrs. Northcote and many others. It would take up too much space to mention their names, and my time is up. I leave my love to you all and to the friends who would like to hear from me. Put me down as Major Gleason, the weak fool. Good day.

October 16, 1889.

The immolation of my poor bruised heart  
Doth pierce my soul like an arrow dart;  
Because I have waited and watched so long  
And sung to my heart's content immolation's song.  
You see I have sacrificed every pleasure on earth  
To give vent to his passion in an idiot's birth.  
Oh, when shall my body be laid to rest  
And my spirit have fled to the land of the blest?  
Ah, there comes another cry of shame  
Why did I let it pass my lips the same?  
Because upon my soul he thrusts so bane  
The thought of bringing another idiot to the world again.  
Is there no help for my poor aching heart?  
If none, drag me under the wheels of a cart  
That my poor body may be lacerated and torn apart,



Then perhaps it will still my aching heart.  
I have nothing left God only knows  
But my poor idiot and old clothes.  
Everything for whiskey and tobacco have been sold  
And me and the little idiot can go out in the cold.  
Where are the just laws of this Christian land  
When I have his abuse and licentious thoughts to stand?  
And now, O God, open a way for me on any hand  
Or I must burst the strings of this life band.  
Let the living thoughts of my heart  
Through some fount of love play a part  
For I am so weary and quickly tire.  
All is gone, not even a spark of fire.  
My poor brain seems to whirl and reel,  
Those drunken fumes and cries I feel.  
Oh let me break this band of vice,  
It is only prostitution in a married life.  
Thou good angels give me a spark of hope  
That my soul for once in Heaven may float.  
To see if there is another woman there like me  
That has suffered so long. Please let me see,  
For I must from this drunken licentious brute be free.  
Oh, thou good angels please do for me,  
Whereby in immolation I have stood it so long  
To leave this brothel house, serpent, I do not it wrong.  
If there is one divine spark of love,  
Woman, shall I find it in our home above  
Or shall I live to see it here  
Down in the depths of this earth sphere?  
When I see a woman's smiling face  
I think she must have a husband that knows God's grace.  
Where is all my culture and learning gone  
To be submissive and grace a drunkard's home,  
For all, all is lost and I am left alone.  
Even my poor idiot to another land has gone.  
I closed his eyes in shame and disgrace,  
Now God help me to flee this place  
Or I will become raving mad.  
In that condition then I will be happy and glad.

When I am a woman, a maniac mad.  
Then all the tongues of the world at me can wag.  
But oh God, save me, save me, I am but a human rag,  
Then he no longer through this world of crime, me can drag,  
But in that world of perpetual bliss  
I can again and again my idiot kiss,  
For he will be sane like other children there,  
Then I will thank God I have left this world of care.

# Charles R. Thorne, Jr.

## Chapter XXXVI

February 23, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. I once more enter your home without knocking or asking permission. I understand thoroughly that your doors are always kept open to all who wish to enter.

It pleases me to greet you on such a beautiful morning. This would compare with a June morning in the eastern states. You have a glorious climate here for those who live in the physical body. Oh, how I could impress thousands to come to your beautiful state, but they will come in time, you can rely on that. In fifty years from now the population of California will be a large one. I always loved the state; in it I could see a great future brought to bear by the people of the east; it is only in its childhood yet. Wait until it grows to full manhood and then see the results that it will bring forth.

Now I will give you a little description of my life when living in a physical body. I was a man without any religion whatever. I neither believed in a God or a devil, a future state was all chance work to me. When anyone would speak to me of immortality I thought they were theorizing with a visionary condition, that had lain in their mind dormant for awhile and had just woke up, throwing a glamour over the natural senses. I used to smile, inwardly, when any one spoke to me of their religious ideas. I had no desire to insult them, but often felt like it. I was a man who did not hold woman's virtue at a high estimation. I had a strong animal nature and felt, while living in a physical body, that women were only made for me to admire. As I did not believe in any hereafter, I always selected the pretty ones to amuse me. I loved my profession—the stage—and, as an actor, I was the admiration of the female sex.

Nature had given me a fine, manly form to look upon but she did not give me those fine, beautiful qualities that constitute a virtuous, moral nature. I know, during my professional career, that many of the men on the stage envied my manly form. I was, what you call vulgarly, a masher. I was both conceited and egotistical and reveled in the idea that I was the beau ideal of women, poor vain man that I was; (rap) I make you this confession to show you, and the readers at large, that I did not understand that I was only a poor weak vessel preparing for a new birth. In some grooves of nature I was generous, while in others I was selfish to the extreme; I only thought of Charles Thorne, Jr.; all else, I thought, must dance to my fiddling. I admired life and wished to make the most of it in my way of living. Vain fool that I was. I loved to look upon the beauty of the female sex and have them lavish upon me their smiles. Then I was living in a garden of roses (two raps) fed by the nutrition of man's vanity and woman's weak nature. I remember on one occasion I attended a ball, given at the Academy of Music on East 14th street. While I was admiring the beautiful women and the toilettes they wore, on that occasion, I noticed a little girl with beautiful flaxen hair dancing with a military officer. I said to myself, "I must become acquainted with her if such a thing can be possible." It came around at last. I saw her speaking to Mr. Palmer, the theatrical manager. I passed by where they were standing. Mr. Palmer called me to him saying, "Mr. Thorne, allow me to introduce you to my little friend, Mademoiselle Leotine. The little individual with the flaxen hair bowed, with great profusion, as she accepted the introduction. She spoke with a French accent. I asked her if she would permit me to have the honor of waltzing with her. She did so and we entered the mazy dance. I commenced to make love to her while we were dancing and she would look at me with those large dark blue eyes full of fire. I said to myself, "God, what a beautiful creature this is. Thorne, you must win her for your own if it costs a whole year's salary." After the music had finished, I led her toward a box in which sat Kate Newton and some other professional friends. We took seats at the back part of the box and I became her slave for awhile. I should judge it must have

been half an hour, when she arose and said, "I must go now, my husband will be looking for me." I said, "Are you married?" She said, "Yes, my husband is a military gentleman." She spoke the last sentence in good English. I looked at her in amazement and said, "Then you are not French?" She said, "No, but Scotch." I said, "Then who are you, that you can speak with such a French accent?" She laughed and said, "Charlie Thorne, do you not know me? I am Little Puss who sat on your lap many a time and played with your mustache when you were so proud of it." I seized her hand and said, "Oh Puss, Puss, what will you be next?" She said, "Not one of your victims, anyhow." She said, "Charlie Thorne, do you not think there will come a punishment for the life you are leading? There is a penalty for that which is wrong. You made a mistake this time, in the discovery that I am too old a chicken to become one of your victims. It would take more than a year's salary to make me the victim that you had in your mind."

Then I thought Kate Newton and the friends would have a fit from laughing at my expense. I ground my teeth and said to myself, "Damn you, anyhow. I will get even with you."

I followed her as she went to the box door. She threw out her foot behind, gave me a kick which made me cry out with the pain and hurt me for two weeks afterward. She opened the door and disappeared in the crowd.

I went back and sat down on the chair, for my leg pained me. Kate Newton said, "That Little Puss is a strange creature. She has the greatest conception of character of any person I ever knew. With that flaxen hair and her French accent I never could have told who it was." "If I didn't know her, my leg did. She gave me such a vicious kick. That military man she calls her husband must have been the one I saw her dancing with." Kate Newton said, "Charles, how did you make her acquaintance?" "I saw her speaking to Mr. Palmer; he called me over and introduced me to her. I'll get even with him yet." Kate laughed and said, "Charles, once in awhile I judge you meet your match, don't you?" I said, "By God, I did tonight; to think of it, Kate, the little creature that I used to dance up and down on my knee, a few years ago, should fool me so tonight; by God, I will follow her and kiss her if I'm arrested for

it. I have a right to a kiss, for old acquaintance sake. She used to kiss me often enough then, when she lived in boys' clothes. I suppose womens' clothes tonight makes her a little prudish." I went and mingled with the crowd, limping somewhat, when I met Mr. Holmes. While I was talking to him up came a smart, trim-looking little boy with red curly hair; he said to Mr. Holmes, "Is your name Mr. Thorne, sir?" Mr. Holmes said, "No sir. Did you want to see me, boy?" He said, "I want to find Mr. Charles Thorne, the man that acts on the stage and rants so he frightens the women. I have a note for him." Holmes was laughing so that he held the front of his coat together. He said, "Boy, you have struck the man." He handed me the perfumed note and as I was about to read it, he said, "Mister, don't you think you ought to pay me something for bringing that note?" I put my hand in my pocket and gave the boy a piece of money. After I had done so he looked up at me and smiled, saying, "Mister, you're pretty good looking; I don't see why the women should be afraid of you." I said, "Go on." Holmes was laughing and said, "Charles, do you know that you gave that boy a five dollar gold piece?" I said, 'Hell, no; did I? Well, Holmes, I'm all upset tonight.'

I read my note; it was addressed to me in beautiful language, asking me to please call at the first box on the left hand side of the stage. There I would find a lady who had been admiring my manly beauty for the last six months. Her parents had gone to supper and perhaps she'd be all alone for an hour. "If you feel so disposed to come, enter the box without knocking." I told Mr. Holmes I thought I would go. He said, "By all means, Charlie; there may be another diamond ring forthcoming." I went, opened the door of the box without knocking and, to my surprise, who do you think I found? A big, fat nigger wench. She said, "How dare you come in here, man, without knocking? If you don't leave, I'll scream." I said, "For God's sake, don't scream; I'll leave." I went back and found Holmes. He said, "What luck, Charles?" I said, "The best in the world. She's as black as old Abraham." Then he yelled so that the people commenced to look at us. I said, "For Heaven's sake, keep quiet. I believe that's some of that damned Puss' work."

In about fifteen minutes afterward I saw Puss dressed as a beautiful page, leaning on General Grant's arm, followed by three other military men. I think one of them was General Meade. One of them, I know, was General Garfield. The other one's face was not familiar to me. As they passed by where I stood Puss threw his head into the air and said, "How glorious everything is, General, and think how things are getting mixed up." I then understood who that boy was with the red curly hair and the gray suit of clothes, with freckles on his face. I said to Holmes, "Do you see that page there, leaning on General Grant's arm? That is the red headed boy who brought me the note. That is Puss' art in making up. He beats the devil for make-ups." Holmes said, "That page there is a beautiful, voluptuous girl, dressed in that page suit." I told him it was the same individual. I said, "Now let us approach General Grant and I will introduce you. I have met him before and no doubt he will remember me." We walked forward to where General Grant and the rest of the party stood. I addressed him, saying, "General, I hope you are enjoying yourself tonight?" He looked at me and said, "Oh, this is Mr. Thorne, the actor how do you do, sir?" I then introduced Mr. Holmes. The General said, "Allow me to introduce my little friend. He is in the same profession as yourself." The little friend looked up at me in a very innocent way, saying, "How do you do Mr. Thorne, and also Mr. Holmes? I am pleased to meet both of you gentlemen." I then said, "How my leg hurts." The General said, "What happened to it that it hurts so?" I told him I had received a vicious kick on it tonight from a young lady friend who used to sit on my lap, pull my mustache and kiss me." Little Puss looked up and said, "Oh, how cruel she must have been to kick such a handsome man as you." Just then General Garfield stepped forward and said, "Little One, your father is beckoning for you to come to him; he stands over there with a group of ladies; I guess he wants to introduce you."

The Little One withdrew his arm from that of the General's saying, "Gentlemen, pardon me; I must go to my father." After the Little One left, the General said, "Mr. Thorne, I was surprised that you did not know Little Justin. I thought that most of the profession knew him." Mr. Holmes said, "General, why

do you call it a him, it looks more like a girl?" The General said, "It is both." I then addressed the General, saying, "I have danced that little creature up and down on my knee many a time." I addressed the other gentlemen, saying, "Would you like to hear of a little romance that took place tonight in real life in this Academy of Music?" The gentlemen all consented. I said, "Then, gentlemen, let us go to a place where we can get wine and cigars."

As we were walking off General Meade said, "Why, Mr. Thorne, you are lame." I said, "Yes, that belongs to the romance." We found a room and I ordered wine and cigars. After they had been furnished I closed the door and said, "Now, gentlemen, for the little romance in real life."

I told them the whole story just as I have told it to you. I discovered, when I had finished, that General Meade was laughing so he had to hold his sides. I said, "General Meade, why do you laugh so much? Have you ever met this creature before in your life?" He said, "Have I? I should say so. To me, Mr. Thorne, he is one of the dearest little creatures on the face of this earth. I would do much in life to serve Little Puss. I think, if he was taken away from Brother Warren, he'd commit suicide. That little creature, as you call him, is the apple of Warren's eye, for you can see, when they are apart from each other a few days, he is one of the most miserable men living. He is always saying, 'If my little baby was only here with me now I would be a happy man.' I think he gets but very little sleep when they are apart." Mr. Holmes said, "I should think such an individual as that would make a good spy during a war." I noticed General Meade turned pale. He arose from the chair and said, "Gentlemen, let us return to the ball. There is some one there that I want to talk to before they leave for their home."

We re-entered the ballroom and mingled among the people. After a little while I missed General Meade from the party. I did not see him, Mr. Warren or the Little One again that night. We will continue at another time. They say I have held him long enough for today.

Wednesday, February 24, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. I do not come alone



this beautiful morning. I bring an old friend of Puss. One who has had a great desire to look upon Puss' old physical body. As you would express it—that is, you who live in a physical body. The old friend is Edwin Booth, well known to the American public. As we approached your resting spot, or what the spirits call Searchlight Bower, Edwin expressed himself thus: "This is beautiful. I know it must please Puss for he was always so fond of the woods. If there was only a stream of running water here it would be an ideal spot on earth. I remember one time when Little Puss and Mr. Warren made me a visit at Newport. We made a two days' trip back into the country. The Little One was delighted and saw a thousand things on the road that we did not notice. He kept saying, 'Oh, Papa, just look there; isn't that perfectly beautiful?' Perhaps it would be some wild flower or a peculiar looking bush or some odd-looking tree. A quaint looking rock, covered with moss, or perhaps a little cottage, with vines running over it. I have seen him go into ecstasies over a cur dog because it had beautiful eyes and a bushy tail. At Mr. Graham's farmhouse, where we stopped over night, they had a female dog that had seven pups. He sat down in the midst of them and had all the pups around him, feeding them with cake, while the mother dog was licking his face. He hollered out, 'Old Booth, did you ever see anything more beautiful than these pups? Just look at the different colors they've got on their bodies. I tell you, Old Booth, mother nature is the greatest artist I ever knew. I don't care what anybody says about her; she's boss in that line.' Presently some of the children came out from their supper. Puss said, when he saw them, 'Say, kids, don't you want to play tag?' They consented; they were all off on a race among the trees. It did me good to hear them laugh and holler to one another. Just then Mr. Warren approached with the farmer. They were both enjoying a smoke. Mr. Warren said, 'Edwin, where is my Little One?' I said, 'Out there in the orchard playing tag with the children.' He laughed and said, 'Little Puss will never grow old like other folks.' The farmer said, 'Why, give him time.' Mr. Warren said to the farmer, 'How old do you think he is?' The farmer said, 'I should think between fourteen and fifteen, somewhere there.' That made me laugh. Mr. Warren said, 'He is in his thirty-ninth

year.' The farmer said, 'Oh, what are you talking about, Mr. Warren? I know, I live in the country, but I ain't a fool.' Mr. Warren then said, 'I will leave it to Mr. Booth; ask him how long he has known my Little One.' I told the farmer I had known him for over thirty years. He then said, 'Good God; is it possible?' Mr. Warren said, 'He will be thirty-nine next November.'

As we were returning home, we stopped at a farmhouse to get lunch. The family bore the name of Dumont. While we were sitting in the parlor, waiting for the lady of the house to prepare lunch, Mr. Dumont's hat was pushed over several times on to his face. He had just come from the outside and did not take off his hat, as he intended to go out again. Mr. Dumont looked around to see who had pushed his hat over his face, but there was no one there. It was pushed over his face three different times. He said, 'Which of you three is the medium? I know that is done by spirit power.' I said, 'Are you spiritualists?' He said, 'Yes, my oldest daughter is quite a medium.' She was called into the room and, as she came forward to be introduced, the hair pins were taken out of her hair by some spirit hand that we could not see. Her beautiful long brown hair fell down her back. The hair pins were placed on top of my head. When we were called to lunch the daughter and Puss were walking out of the room holding each other's hands when, all of a sudden, they gave a yell, whirled into the center of the room and commenced to dance an Indian war dance; they sang all the time they were dancing.

Warren said to me, 'Won't I be glad when we get away from here.' I laughed and thought to myself, 'The old man is getting a little soft in the upper story.' That is the tale he told me. He laughs while I tell it to you and says, "I am glad that there are so many large trees here for Puss to walk under."

Now I will relate to you something that occurred—or I should say came to pass—at Saratoga, in the state of New York, while I was making a visit with a friend whose name was Joseph Rhodes. This Mr. Rhodes was the grandson of an old Scotch family who lived on Broadway, above 13th street. They knew Puss when he was a little bit of a creature, learning to speak plain English. While visiting at Saratoga I saw by the

morning paper that the "Dashing Blanchard" would open next Monday night at the theatre in a comedy called "Flirtation." I saw, in the list of names, several people that I was acquainted with. I went to the depot to meet them and, as the train was coming into the station, I saw a fine carriage drive up, with a negro coachman sitting up in front. When the train stopped and the passengers commenced to alight from the train, the first one that I discovered, belonging to the company, was my old friend, Mr. Larkins, of San Francisco. The next one that I recognized was Mrs. Baker, the old lady of the company. They were a little surprised to see me there and we had a hearty laugh. While I was about to offer my arm to Mrs. Baker to escort her to the hotel three dashing young bloods came up. One of them I recognized as young Monroe, of New Jersey. Larkins said to me, "Charlie, do you see those three young fellows there? They have followed us to several towns—that Monroe thinks he is smitten on the Dashing Blanchard. They are three 'angels' for the boys. They furnish the wine and cigars and pay for the billiards. Charlie, my boy, we are in clover while that lasts." Mrs. Baker said, "Oh, Charles, I believe that Puss would flirt with the Saviour if he was here. My, I wish I had the money that those three fools have paid for flowers to present to that strange creature. She has no more feeling in her than a marble statue. Charles, you must come tonight and watch her when she comes to the third act. She's a blaze of diamonds as she enters the ball room. How strange it is that men become infatuated with such a queer creature as that Puss is." Mr. Larkins said, "There she goes now on the arm of Mr. Drexel. See, they enter that carriage. Here comes Mr. Warren." He also entered the carriage and they drove off. Mr. Larkins said, "Drexel came to Albany to meet the company and has been with us ever since."

As we walked toward the hotel I said, "Puss lives in women's clothes this trip?" Mrs. Baker said, "Oh yes; she is one of the sweetest creatures I ever knew, but she has queer ways with her. She doesn't understand the value of money. God help her if Mr. Warren is taken away from her. He has to watch her all the time or some one of the company will borrow money from her. We are out on the road for three months.

Just look at those fools," she said, "down the street there standing with their hats off until the carriage passes. Talk about women being weak. They don't compare with men that haven't brains." At that we had to laugh. Larkins said, "The ghost walks every Monday morning." That means that salaries were paid regularly. "We are doing a big business and Warren is laying away the shekels for a rainy day."

I was about to bid them good by, at the hotel, when Mr. Warren approached, saying, "Thorne, my boy, I am glad to see you. Come, Larkins, join us in a glass of wine." After we had drunk our wine he said, "Thorne, I have a number of duties to attend to. Come this evening and see the company. Bring your friends. A box will be at your service." I went that evening with my friends. We enjoyed the comedy and also the farce, "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing," in which character Puss had no rival. As we were leaving the box Mr. Warren called me one side and said, "When you have accompanied your friends to their home, return and take supper with us. We are stopping at the Drexel cottage." I returned to the Drexel cottage and was received graciously by Mr. Drexel and Mr. Warren. When we entered the dining room I saw a large assembly present. The guests consisted of ladies and gentlemen.

While we were dining, we heard music in an adjoining room which was quite soothing to the nerves. After the repast was finished and we had withdrawn to the large drawing room, there was music, consisting of singing and instrumental playing. While the enjoyment was at its height, we heard some terrible screams in the garden. Several of us rushed out to see what was the matter and there, coming toward us, was a girl with blood on her hair, on her clothes, face and arms. She was screaming that a bull dog had attacked her after she had come through the gate into the grounds. Some of the gentlemen helped her up while another one brought a glass of wine. After she had drunk the glass of wine she said to the men, "Dear, good gentlemen, let me lie in there on one of those rugs, my body hurts me so." I think she was the most horribly mutilated creature I ever looked on. They helped her in and she dropped onto one of the rugs. Some of the ladies screamed and rushed from the room, while others went toward her out of pity for her

condition. One of the ladies asked her, "What did you want here, my poor child, in the garden?" She said, "I go around singing for money to support my people. My father has no arms and only one leg. My mother has lost one of her eyes and she has only one arm and one leg. They were in a smash-up on the railroad."

She cried so while she was telling it that the ladies present and some of the men, cried also. She told her story so pitifully that I couldn't hold back the tears. She said that she heard there was to be a party here tonight and she thought she would come and sing for the ladies and gentlemen and perhaps they would give her some money. She said that, just as soon as she got inside of the gate, the dog tackled her. Mr. Drexel said, "God pity you, my poor child." Taking out his pocket book he handed her some money. Others in the room did the same. He rang the bell for a servant to come—that is, he touched the button and the black servant made his appearance. He said, "Go and bring two of the female servants, that they may take this unfortunate girl and bathe her and put clean clothes upon her." In about five minutes two female servants entered the room. They went to the miserable looking creature, saying, "Poor girl, let us help you; come with us and we will bathe you; then we will see what can be done for you." As they were about to raise her up she said, "Villains, unhand me," and jumped into the middle of the floor and commenced to dance the "Highland Fling." Then went up a yell from the guests present. I knew it was that rogue, Puss.

While she was dancing off went one of her dirty old shoes into a lady's lap, who was dressed superbly for the occasion. She screamed and would have fainted had it not been for the timely service of a glass of wine.

Puss bolted from the room as if he had wings on. No one tried to prevent him—or her, I should say—as she was all covered with blood. Puss at that time wore women's clothes.

After she had left the room such shouting and laughing was enough to bring a dead man back to life, if such a thing could be possible, as I thought then. We made the discovery that Puss had hired one of the black servants that afternoon to go, in the evening, to the slaughter house and buy a pail of

blood and keep it out at the carriage house until she should want to use it. She got the negro boy to smear her all over with blood. Mr. Drexel said, "Ladies, that beats anything I ever saw in my life. She was born for the stage."

That evening—or I should say that morning, rather—I had the pleasure of dancing with Puss, who wore a beautiful white silk dress covered with tulle and peacock feathers. I asked her if she remembered when I used to dance her on my knee. She said, "Yes, I do, Charles," and gave me one of the sweetest kisses that, I think, I ever received from her. I was a happy man and felt that she was entitled to the name (rap) "The Queen of Comedy."

There were many other things that took place during her stay in Saratoga, which we will give at another time. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, February 25, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. Once more I come upon the stage of action to continue my communication.

The last evening of the performance of "Flirtation" and "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing." Little Puss was presented by Mr. Drexel with a cluster diamond ring. A Mr. Hepworth invited the company to lunch at his home. The invitation extended to me also. We had what you call in the physical body, a grand time. About twelve o'clock a lady, one of the guests present, came forward to where Puss was standing talking to some of the guests and presented her with a beautiful Spanish veil. I believe in Spain they call it a mantilla. The old lady said she had purchased it in Madrid, while there on a visit with her husband. She placed it around Puss; it was a magnificent piece of workmanship, done by Spanish women.

Afterward while sitting and conversing in the conservatory near some palms, a gentleman said to me, "Well, Mr. Thorne, I am glad to have met you. I wish you were going with me to England next week; England is my home, you know." I told him I judged so from his manner of speech. Puss, who was near by, overheard our conversation, turned around and said, "Mr. Paine, do not leave on that steamer that you are booked for, wait and take the next steamer. Your passage will be stormy, but you will get to England all right." Mr. Payne said

"Why should I not take that steamer that I am booked for?" Puss said, "The voice tells me to tell you that something is going to happen to her when she is out on the ocean." He laughed and said, "Oh, I don't believe in any such warnings as that. That is what I call superstition. You just imagined that. You are as bad as those people they call spiritualists. They believe in all kinds of warnings, you know." Puss looked at him with a fierce look and a peculiar expression to his eyes. He said, "I'm Scotch, you know, and Sir Robert Paine tells me you should not go on that steamer." Mr. Paine said, "Why, that was my father's name when he lived in the body. What other proof can you give me? Puss raised his right hand and moved his index finger as if he was writing numbers in space. I saw Mr. Paine then turn pale. Puss read the figures 4603 with a fraction. Mr. Paine jumped from the chair, clasped his hand over his heart and fell forward on the floor. The servants were summoned to carry him to a room upstairs and a doctor was sent for. He examined him and said, "This man has received a terrible shock in some way. I think I can bring him around, all right." They worked over him and at five o'clock in the morning he showed signs of returning life.

I saw the company away in the morning, bidding them good bye at the depot. I told Mr. Warren I would make him a visit at his cottage in Atlantic City, as requested.

At the hour of eleven I went to see how the patient was. I was admitted to the room. He could talk then. I sat down on a chair in front of the bed. He looked at me for some time and then said, "Where is that witch: the Bible says they should not be permitted to live. She gives up the secrets of the dead and should be stoned to death. I hate her and if it were not for the law I'd have her put out of the way. I believe they call you Thorne," he said to me. "Do you remember the number she gave?" I told him I did. She gave them so decided that I kept them in mind. I told him Puss was a strange little creature and no one seemed to understand him. He said, "Why do you say him, when it's a female?" I told him the creature was of both sexes, the female predominating. He said, "Who is this man Warren, who travels with her?" I told him he was guardian, father and husband; he discovered the little creature in

1848 and they have lived together ever since, and I judge will do so until death separates them, for I believed that when you died, that was the last of you. He put his hand out and grasped mine, saying, "Charles Thorne, I want you to give me your solemn oath as a gentleman and scholar, that you will never reveal those numbers to any living person." I gave him my solemn promise. He took a ring off his finger. It was an emerald surrounded with diamonds. He placed it on my finger, saying, "This seals the oath and we are friends for the rest of our lives. Charles, I wish you could go to England with me." I told him I could not then, as I had signed a contract for the coming season.

He waited for the next steamer. I went to New York with him and saw him comfortably fixed in his stateroom. The steamer that he was booked for caught fire while out on the ocean. They worked their pumps and finally put the fire out. Some of the passengers became so frightened they lost their reasoning power and threw themselves into the sea.

In a week I joined Mr. Warren and friends at his cottage by the sea. One day I asked Puss if he remembered the numbers that he thought he saw in space. He said, "No, Charlie, I do not; when anything like that comes it passes away and that is the last of it."

Three weeks after Mr. Paine arrived in England I received a letter in which he said, "Charles, come to England and make me a long visit. My house and my servants are at your service." Nine months after that he passed away. It was discovered that he had wronged his sisters and brothers. Those figures that Puss told him, were a forgery that he had committed and, through that forgery he got possession of property that did not belong to him. His oldest sister, Rachel, wrote me that the family had lost all respect for his memory. I kept my oath and communication between me and the family ceased then and there.

Now I wish to give you an explanation as to how I found it when passing through the dark shadow called death. I had a strong will power and was only unconscious for a little while. My physical struggles with death were strong for some time. At last the physical succumbed to the spiritual, in which I did



not believe. When I awoke to my reasoning faculties, I discovered—or I should say—I beheld several of my professional sisters and brothers smiling at me. I said, "What does this mean? Why am I here? This must be a dream. You are all dead." They laughed and said, "No more than you are, Charles Thorne. This is what they call the new birth. We are more alive than we ever were. This is what they call the 'Spirit's awakening.' You have awoke into real life—the eternal life." Mr. Fox said, "I know, Charles, you do not believe in this. You thought when you passed from your physical body that was the last of you. While living in your physical body you had great will power. Now permit it to get to work and come with us." I said, "Where are you going?" They said in accord, "To the social condition in which we live." I said, "Then I'm a spirit, am I?" They said, "You certainly are." "Well," I said, "do you live in homes here?" They said, "To be sure; come with us and we will show you." I said, "What's to become of the woman that I loved on earth?" Up spoke Mr. Christy and said, "Charles, you will live in her memory—that is all that's required. Look back at your physical body there, and bid it good bye."

I found I could stand on my feet and look at that physical body that women had admired so much while it had health and vigor on its side. I said to it, "You poor, emaciated thing, I had to shed you like a snake does his old skin." I turned and said to the friends, "Lead me; I am ready to go with you. I do not want to look back on that empty shell any longer. This is Charles Thorne who is talking to you now. So that dark shadow that came upon me is what you call death. Then there is no Hell or Heaven?" They all spoke as it seemed to me, with one voice, "Oh, yes there is, Charles, there is a Hell of Conscience and you cannot escape paying the penalty for crimes committed in the physical body. There is a heaven for exalted souls and you only reach it by paying the penalty for your misdeeds and cruel actions toward those living in physical bodies. When you have found the real Charles Thorne and understand him, you will make the discovery that he is the 'I' belonging to all spiritual existence. There is one great life in nature called the spiritual God, and when you understand you are part of that spirit,

you are the real 'I' in the great union of love going out toward your fellow beings. Then you will realize that Life is eternal and you are part of that great Life, just as much as the different Suns that warm planets. When you become thoroughly spiritualized, then the radiation that emanates from your spiritual condition will become a blessing to those that you approach, living in physical bodies. Charles, there is no waste of time here. All is action and the closer you come en rapport with that great spiritual condition called 'Nature elements' then you will begin to understand why you lived in a physical body." Mr. Davenport said, "Come, Charles," taking me by the hand, "and we will show you where we live." I walked along with the friends and looked upon many homes: some were beautiful and others were just building (rap.) I said, "How beautiful everything is here." Davenport drew my arm through his and said, "Charles, my boy, you can live here when you have earned it, and not before. You will rest awhile with us and then depart back to earth, where you will come en rapport with those you have wronged. When you see and understand the true spiritual light I know, with your will power, you will go to work like a man and make restitution to those whom you have wronged. You will bring comfort to sad hearts: there is good material in you, Charles, awaiting (rap) a thorough spiritual awakening."

When I reached the abode where they lived, they all commenced to sing beautiful spiritual music. Oh, it was grand, brother, and I wish I could convey to you the real musical melody of the music they sang. After they had finished singing, three boys and two girls came forward, approached me with flowers in their hands and they said, as they offered them to me, "Father, these are for you." I was astonished and looked at them. They smiled and said, "We came through your seed while you lived in a physical body. There are four others still living in physical bodies. One will reach here in a few days, the child of Mary Cummings, whom you wronged by the flattery you gave her and the costly presents you bestowed on her." A cold feeling came over my condition, for I knew they spoke the truth. I had seduced her through the promise of playing her upon the stage. So you see, brother, I was anything but a moral man. She, to whom I gave best of my love, if love you could

call it, she thought me moral and true. Oh, how flattery and a good appearance can cover a multitude of sins. The awakening, brother, the awakening is a terrible experience, but I must face it like a man and pay the penalty for my past crimes. I pray to the great spiritual existence that has awoke in my soul the power of Reason that they will help me to beautify the lives that I had tainted through my manly beauty, and that many in my profession and those outside of it, in other walks of life, will read your book, wherein they will find my communication, and I hope it will be a warning to other men of my ilk. I feel glad to think I have been able to give this communication through Little Justin's organism.

Put me down as Charles Thorne, Jr., an actor well known to the American public, especially in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

I thank you for taking down my communication and my holiest of regards and spiritual friendship for Little Justin, who often told me I would have to pay the penalty sometime (rap) for the life I had lived and the luxuries I had indulged in with the female sex (if such it could be called.) "You may laugh now," he would say, "but when remorse comes on the other side of death it is worse than a brimstone hell. You are a handsome man to look at, but oh, Charlie, that beauty has to fade; heed the warning while you are yet young." I laughed and said, "A short life and a merry one, and get all the enjoyment I can out of it." I thank you again, brother, and hope my communication will be a warning, not only to my professional brethren, but to others who knew me outside.

# Mary Gannon (Estelle)

## Chapter XXXVII

Thursday, May 26, 1904.

Good morning, friend, brother and scholar. I have been requested to come here to Searchlight Bower by Mr. Warren and some of the friends in order to give you an explanation of some of the facts that took place in your medium's life. Leah Fox accompanies me here this morning.

When I lived in the physical body I became well acquainted with your medium. Permit me to give you my name before I proceed any further. I was christened Mary Gannon; I am English born; my birth took place in Birmingham, England. I came through the condition of poverty, as you call it. My father was a poor weaver and, as the common saying is, by the ignorant class, "a poor stick at that. Possibly, if he had received a good education, he could have trod a different walk in life from that which he was walking. His nature was made up of love, and he was what the world would call rather refined for a poor man. He loved flowers and art. As a little girl, I have seen him stand for an hour at a time and look upon the great change in shadows in the sky. He passed away from his body. It was buried by the town, in a poor man's grave. His name was Benjamin Gannon. My mother came from a better class of people, as society calls it. She loved my father, married him and shared his poverty. Her name was Ellen Douglas. Her ancestors were Scotch, while those of my father were Irish. Both of my parents were English born. I came to this country at the age of seven years. I lived with an aunt and uncle whose names were Mr. and Mrs. Pendergrass. We lived on Hudson street, New York City. As I grew into womanhood I was known to the reading public as "Estelle."

When I first met your medium, it was sixty years ago. I

was on board a boat sailing down the bay from New York as far as the Narrows. It was what you call an excursion on the water. On board of that boat were a great variety of people, not only in their minds but in their physical anatomy.

I became tired standing and thought I would sit down on a long bench on the deck; while sitting there and looking at the great perspective view in the distance, two tall gentlemen approached the bench, holding a little girl by the hand. They sat down on the bench, the little girl sitting between them. I noticed the gentleman lifted the little girl up in his arms. He said to the little girl, "Now, baby, see all that's to be seen." Oh, she had such a pretty face and her eyes attracted me so that I addressed the strange gentleman, saying, "I think your little daughter is so pretty." He said, "She is not my daughter. She is my love and I am her guardian." Just then the captain of the boat approached the gentleman, saying, "Warren, will you let your Little One sing for us now? It is nice and calm here." The Little One laughed and said, "How I'd like to sing in a storm on the water." Her guardian said, "She will sing for you here in the calm, and perhaps later she will have a chance to sing in a storm." I expected to hear a baby voice; instead of that I heard a powerful soprano. The people on board the boat approached closer to where we sat. They stood there as if glued to the deck. She sang, "I Love the Merry Sunshine; It Makes My Heart Feel Gay." When she had finished singing the people applauded. Her second song was, "There's Nae Room But for Twa, Tom." When she had finished the captain lifted her up and kissed her, saying, "You're my royal guest for the day." Her gave her back to the gentleman who said she was his love.

When we reached Sandy Hook storm clouds came up; peals of thunder were heard in the distance; in half an hour we were in the midst of a terrific storm.

The little girl's wish was fulfilled. She commenced to sing a weird melody in some foreign tongue that I did not understand. As the storm increased her music increased in power; some of the people said, "The little creature is a witch; see how she revels in the thunder and lightning." It was almost impossible for her guardian to keep her in the cabin. The rain commenced to pour in torrents. While her guardian turned to con-

verse with an elderly lady present, the Little One escaped from his grasp and rushed out onto the deck. She threw her bonnet into the wind, tore down her hair, which the breeze caught and blew around her. She stood there like some little phantom in the storm, laughing with all the power that was in her nature. Her guardian rushed out of the cabin, picked her up and brought her back to safety. He said, "Oh darling, darling, why did you do that? Do you want to break my heart?" She looked up into his face and laughed, saying, "I love the storm and wish the wind had carried me away to the home of the spirits. I live in dread of my future. You have called me back and now I must finish my earth work." She put her little hands inside of his vest and went to sleep. The other gentleman placed a white silk handkerchief over her face to keep the people from gazing at it. Her hair hung down all around her. It was longer than she was tall.

Some of the people near by said, "What a strange little being that is. Did you notice how she laughed with an unearthly laugh during the storm? I wonder who she can be."

The captain came to see how it fared with the Little One. He said, from the pilot house, he saw her out on the deck in the storm. A lady touched him on the arm and said, "Captain, who is that child that dare brave such a storm and laugh as she did? She seemed to be possessed by some storm demon." He looked at the lady, laughed, and said, "This child, madam, is a little actor. She impersonates both male and female characters in Barnum's Museum." That made the people laugh. Then the captain said, "This is the little 'Dashing Blanchard.'" Then he addressed the gentleman, saying, "Warren, bring her in and lay her on my bed and remove her outside clothing, for I see it is wet. Let me have her; you are tired after the excitement." He placed her in the captain's arms, and as he carried her toward his stateroom many of the people felt of her long dark brown hair that fell from her head. We did not see her again until the boat arrived at the dock in New York City. A carriage was called, the two gentlemen, the Little One and the captain entered the carriage, which drove off.

About eight years afterward I received an invitation to attend a reception given at Doctor Kellogg's residence. It was what

you call an afternoon reception. When I had reached the Doctor's residence on Franklin street, near Broadway, I discovered many guests had preceded me. My name was announced; I entered the parlor, taking a seat near the window. Looking around I discovered that gentleman present who claimed to be the guardian of the little girl who sang on the boat. While looking at him very intently he smiled; leaving his chair he approached me, saying, "Lady, did I not meet you on board of a boat some eight years ago while sailing down the bay?" I laughed and said, "You are the guardian of that little girl who sang so powerful. I do not see her here." He laughed and said, "I have had her transformed into a boy now. He will be here after awhile. He is in some other part of the house talking to some of the family." After awhile, I should think in about half an hour, I saw a large, portly, military looking man enter the parlor, dressed in a general's uniform, holding by the hand a little boy, who was dressed in a black silk velvet garment that looked like an artist's blouse, belted in at the waist, with a ruffle of lace around the neck, black velvet knee pants, black silk stockings, low shoes with a strap across the instep, a rosette and buckle on the lower part of the shoe.

I was introduced to the large, portly looking gentleman as Misse Estelle. Mr. Warren introduced him as General Winfield Scott of the army.

The General took a seat on the sofa; the little boy climbed up into his lap, saying, "Uncle Scott, did you bring me some figs? Papa Warren told me you was going to be here today." Mr. Scott said, "No, Pet, I did not, but will purchase you some as we return to the hotel." I said to Mr. Warren, "It was too bad to have all that beautiful hair cut off." He said, "It is not cut off. It is down inside of his blouse. His hair is one of his great features on the stage. I want him dressed in boys' clothes. I can take him anywhere with me now; that I could not do while dressed as a girl." I noticed, while we were talking, the little boy took the General's purse out of his pocket and was counting the money. He said to the General, "Uncle Scott, you are rich today. Where did you make the raise?" The General laughed and said, "I knew I would meet you, so therefore I filled my purse. You know Uncle Scott has to buy lots of things

for his Little Pet before he returns to West Point." Mr. Warren then said, "Come over here, Puss; I want to introduce you to a lady whom we met on an excursion over eight years ago, while sailing down the bay, when Brother Meade was with us." That individual, as I learned afterwards, was the great general of Gettysburg. While we were talking Doctor Kellogg came to where we were sitting, saying to the Little One, "Now, sweetheart, we would like to have you and your papa sing for us." Mr. Warren took the little boy by the hand, walked to where the piano stood: a gentleman sitting at the piano asked them what they would sing. Mr. Warren said, "We will sing, 'The Tie That Binds Us.'" Mrs. Kellogg handed the pianist the music, and oh, what a beautiful piece of music it was. I shall never forget that high, clear soprano voice backed up by that deep, rich bass voice. After the applause subsided, the Little One sang the "Star Spangled Banner," all the guests present joining in the chorus. As they were walking toward their seats a gentleman said, "Little dear, won't you sing us 'Coming Through the Rye?'" The Little One said, "Oh yes, if you'll give me one of those little puppies that you've got home." The gentleman said, "You shall have one." I learned his name was Bayard Taylor. After he sang "Coming Through the Rye" Mr. Taylor said, "Come here and tell me what you've been doing for the last two weeks. You know I haven't seen you for two weeks, as you were in Boston with your papa." The little boy said, "Oh, I've been eating lots of good things and drinking lots of lemonade. When I grow to be a big man and have a big stomach like Uncle Scott I'm going to be a soldier." That brought a laugh from the guests. He became a soldier in the field of Truth, minus the big man and the big stomach.

Several of the ladies and gentlemen sang that afternoon. One of the Cary sisters, whose name was Phoebe, recited one of Alice's poems. After that she recited one of Longfellow's. Then the Doctor said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will pull down the blinds and we will live in a subdued light." After he had taken a seat in the centre of the room he said, "Now, Pet, come and sit on my knee. Look around and see what is present here for the guests." The little boy went and sat on Doctor Kellogg's knee. After he had remained quiet a little while he said, "I want



to sit on Uncle Scott's lap." The Doctor said, "General, I guess you will have to come here and take my place today." The General went to the centre of the room, taking the chair vacated by the Doctor, lifted the Little One to his lap.

After they had sat there, I should think, about ten minutes, loud raps came on the wall and on the piano. The keys commenced to make a sound and move as if some one's fingers were gliding over them. Then all became quiet. I noticed the Little One's eyes had a peculiar expression in them. He addressed Doctor Kellogg, saying, "You're going away from here. You are going to cross the ocean. You are going back to England, where you came from. Now I'm in a house that's all covered with ivy on the outside. In the room where I am there's a great big coffin with a big man lying in it. He's got red hair and on his hands he has fingers, but no thumbs." Mrs. Kellogg screamed and said, "That is the body of my father lying in that coffin. Oh, you're a witch. I hate you. You brood evil in people's homes." Then she swooned into her husband's arms. She was taken from the rooms to another apartment across the hall, where restoratives were administered to her. After awhile he gave some tests to the other guests present. There seemed to be a melancholy influence pervade the whole apartment in which we sat.

The guests were invited to enter the dining room and partake of a lunch provided for them. I heard Mr. Warren say, "I shall not allow him, in the future, to sit and tell what he sees for any one. I wish that those damned spirits would keep away from him." General Scott said, "Oh, Brother Warren, don't feel so bad; that is something that will never come to pass. He is an instrument for the spirits and they will always use him. Mark what I say, I think it was an insult for that woman to tell him that she hated him, and that he always brooded evil in people's homes. They must always expect the truth when they ask him to go into the clairvoyant state and tell what he sees."

I heard afterward that Mrs. Kellogg received a letter informing her of her father's death; six months afterward they sailed for England, as her father had left an estate that had to be divided among the heirs. I think they remained in England, as I never learned that they returned to America.

One day I made a visit to the Fox sisters, who were noted for producing spiritual raps. I met there an English lady whose name was Emma Hardinge. While conversing with each other, I asked her the question, "Do you really believe that spirits return and produce those raps?" She said, "Most assuredly I do. Spiritualism to me is not a belief. It is a fact demonstrated by those alphabetical raps." Just then the raps came on the table. They spelled out the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Danforth Kellogg. "I wish the lady present to do me a favor. Go to the little 'Dashing Blanchard.' Tell him I return through this channel to beg his pardon for what I said in our house on Franklin street. I do not hate him now, but love him with my whole soul. He brought to our home a new light that I did not understand through my church prejudice. I thought he was a fiend, incarnated in a child's body. When we returned to England, we investigated spiritualism, found it to be superior to all creeds. I love him now and wish I could recall those words, 'I hate you.' A friend that loves Truth."

I called at the New York Hotel and was received kindly by Mr. Warren and Little Justin. I delivered my message and after I had done so Mr. Warren said, "Oh God, I wish they would not follow him so. I am afraid those spirits will weaken his mind. If I thought that they would unbalance his mind, I would kill him and myself now." I said, "Do not feel so bad about it, Mr. Warren. I think there is a higher guide in it all than we understand."

Just then I saw that far-away look come into Justin's eyes. He placed his hand in mine, saying, "Lady, your father's brother has passed away in Australia, that far off land, and has left you heir to his property." I said, "That is a mistake. He died twenty years ago in Australia, a poor man." Justin laughed and said, "He tells me an individual passed over to spirit life from the poor house in Melbourne. They attached my initials to his, his last name being the same as mine. At that time I was very ignorant and could not read a newspaper. My spirit has been attracted to you and this is the first opportunity that I have had to reach you. Now through this instrument I communicate my wish. I want you to write to Melbourne and you will find what I have said is true.'" I wrote to the address he gave me, re-

ceiving an answer which informed me I was left the heir to some property in Melbourne.

Before I sailed for Australia, I met Mr. Warren quite frequently. I gave to him all the love that a woman can give to the man she adores. It was my soul's love, that is why I speak of it here. I became a mother after I reached Australia. No man performed the rites of marriage over us. I know many of the female prudes will pretend to blush when they read my confession, but the paint and powder that has become so fashionable now will assist them to hide that hypocritical blush. I never was a slave to fashion or gilded society. I was a woman who loved Truth, yet I can hear the hypocrites in life say, "She was not a moral woman." I say, I was a moral woman, for I never gave that love to another soul living in a physical body. I have a purer spirit today than she that married for wealth or position in society. My conscience does not have to lash me for bringing criminals into the world. I was not and am not a hypocrite—one who pledges to love and adore her male partner through life while her heart belongs to another man. Mr. Warren told me he could not marry me. No one could fill the place of Little Justin, while he lived. Perhaps if Little Justin passed away, then he would give me his name. It was decreed otherwise. He passed away before Justin. I lived true to his memory and pure to my soul that went out in love to him. In spirit life his spirit mate is Julia Hawthorne—when living in the physical body she was known as the "Blind Singer."

I gave birth to my child in Australia. I settled up my business matters and came back to the United States a rich woman. A number of years afterward, my son and I traveled through many lands and learned to speak their languages.

I abhor and detest immorality. The curse that hung over spiritualism so many years called "Free Love," when its real name was free lust." When I heard spiritualists talk about their affinities, it became disgusting to me, as their practices were low and debasing. Thank God and the angels, spiritualism has risen above all such. Now it stands on a pure platform with the spirit of Christ for a background. Before I passed from my physical body some of the most beautiful, devout and moral women and men became my companions. They were all true spiritualists.

They believed in God, Christ and communicating spirits.

The next time I met Justin was in New Orleans. He and Mr. Warren were there with a company called the Broadway Company. They made money while there. Before leaving the city Justin was presented with a diamond ring from his many friends in New Orleans. I was there as a teacher, for a little while, in the interest of the black race.

The next time I met him, I was a guest at Col. Case's home. During my visit at the Case home in Philadelphia, Justin and a Mrs. Suydam and her son William, called one afternoon. They had only been there about ten minutes, when the door bell rang. Mr. and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan were announced. Doctor Brittan came in laughing, saying, "Emma and I are western Hoosiers now. We have been away out in Nebraska. If I should act in any way wild, lay it to my cowboy ability," which was the cause of quite a laugh. Brother, we had a grand spiritual feast that afternoon. Our enjoyment was checked for a few minutes by the ringing of the door bell. Mr. Case opened the hall door, when in walked Harry Gordon and another gentleman whose name I cannot recall now, but I think it was Richards. He read to the guests present a beautiful poem that one of his guides had given him. That guide claimed to be the father of Madam Anna Bishop, the opera singer, an English lady who sang in America on several occasions and was a great friend of Little Justin.

The next time I saw Little Justin he was one of several guests visiting me at my home in Atlantic City, New Jersey. I wanted him to come to my home and take a rest. He did so, and remained with me a month. While he was there I gave a big reception and invited many of my friends from New York and Philadelphia. We had a grand spiritual feast.

The next time I met him was at the White Mountains. There also we had a happy time. Wherever he went he gave evidence of spirit return.

I was in Washington when he was shot at on the stage. Mr. Nagle, the actor, walked down to the footlights, saying, "You fool, do you not know this individual bears a charmed life? The spirit world has work for him to do and it must be finished before his spirit can pass from that physical body. The motive

that you had in shooting at this individual must have been caused by jealousy. I know in those eyes lies a fascination and men become their victim. Why, I cannot tell you, and I am one of the victims." Then the play went on.

A Mrs. Sarah Mettler tells me, in spirit life, she mixed poison in a glass of lemonade. She gave it to Justin to drink, thinking his time would be short in the physical body. She was in love with Mr. Warren and did not understand that there were guides connected with Justin that brought a condition to bear, whereby he vomited and threw up the poison with the contents of his stomach.

Ann Eliza Grovesnor tells me, in spirit life, she poisoned candy, and made it a present to Justin. When she presented it to him it fell from his hands. A dog that was in the room ate some of the candy; he died that night in convulsions. Fortunately for Justin, he never was fond of candy and had not partaken of any of it. After the dog died in convulsions, Mr. Warren threw the box of candy into the grate and it was burned. She professed to be worked up over the dog. She took it upon her lap, poured oil down its throat, rubbing it as she said, professing to bring it back to health. Mr. Warren asked her, when he saw she felt so badly, where she had purchased the candy. She said, "While on the cars a young man came through selling the candy. I thought the boxes looked so pretty I bought one for Puss." So she failed in that attempt to poison him. She tells me afterward she invited Justin to come to her room in the hotel. Three other ladies and President Buchanan were present on that occasion. She had her maid prepare some chocolate. After the chocolate was poured in the cups by the maid she requested the maid to go to her room and get her fan. Then she dropped a powder into a cup that she intended to hand to Justin. The maid returned and carried the tray into the reception room and placed it on a table; she picked up that cup and saucer while the maid was passing the others around on china plates. As she was about to hand the cup and saucer to Justin, her arm was struck a blow by some invisible person. The cup fell to the floor and broke in pieces, while the chocolate was spattered over the carpet. She said she knew her face must have burned, but there was a devil in her heart and she was go-

ing to have Mr. Warren for a husband if she went to the gallows for it. If Justin had drunk the chocolate and died from the effects she intended to lay all the blame upon the maid and declare to the guests that the maid had that cup prepared for her, that she had lived in dread of her and did not dare to send her away, as she was afraid that she would take some means to put her out of the way. "She holds a spell over me and I cannot release myself from it."

The next attempt she made she poisoned flowers and was about to send them to Justin's dressing room when her husband entered the room. Seeing the beautiful flowers, he went to smell of them. She stepped forward, trying to prevent him from smelling the flowers. She was too late—he had smelled of the flowers, inhaled the poison through the nostrils, became dizzy and fell to the floor. She summoned her maid to go for a doctor, who lived two miles away, (she said his name was Doctor Livingston.) She packed all her wardrobe into two trunks as fast as she could, then dragged the body of her husband into the toilet room. After that she rang the bell; it was answered by the bell boy of the hotel. She told him to get her a carriage quick as possible and to send the porter to carry her trunks down, as she had to take the next train for New York. When she arrived at the depot she purchased a ticket for Chicago by the Baltimore & Ohio route. She was killed in an accident, when the train was derailed at Harper's Ferry. That is the tale she tells me in spirit life. She says, after she was in spirit life and her conscience became a living hell, the spirit of her husband approached her with forgiveness in his soul. She said she had to pay the penalty just the same. It was not only the crime of his passing out of his body, but it was the crime that she had placed the poison there, with her own hands, for another victim, should he have been so unfortunate as to have received the flowers. He really lived a charmed life. I will now withdraw and we will continue at another time.

Friday, May 27, 1904.

While stopping at Long Branch, New Jersey, I made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Fannie Moore, a widow lady, and her invalid sister, a Miss Ringgold. I noticed Mrs. Moore's devotion toward her invalid sister was something beautiful to behold. She

did it in such a quiet, gentle way that it appealed to me and, sometimes, I would relieve her and allow her to go and rest. The invalid sister was such a spiritual girl that I fell in love with her. One day she said to me, "Estelle, dear, do you believe in God?" I said, "Most assuredly I do." She said, "I cannot believe he is a personality. When I am sitting by the window and look out by the wild waves of the ocean I see, as it were, a being floating toward me. It looks just like our mother. It comes in at the window and hovers around me. Then I get such a peaceful sleep. Oh, I love to see it coming. I tell sister Fannie of it. She says she cannot see it." I told her that was the spirit of her mother, who came to comfort her and give her that peaceful rest she required by putting her into a deep sleep. She said, "Do you think God and Jesus are one?" I said, "No, I do not. God is beyond our comprehension. Jesus was a spirit that lived in a physical body, a great moral character born of a divine mother." She clapped her hands and said, "Oh, you have made me so happy. Kiss me, Estelle dear, and let me lay my hand on your breast. You have given me so much comfort. My mind was always in a quandary about God and Jesus." All of a sudden she sat straight up, pointing toward the ocean and said, "Do you not see it coming?" I looked and beheld a beautiful spirit approaching the window. It entered the room, smiled, went to the bed, smoothed out the clothes, then pantomimed for me to assist her child to the bed. I did so, laid her down carefully, all the time watching the spirit. It floated to the other side of the bed. Then it motioned for me to hold one of her child's hands while she held the other one and, with the hand that was disengaged, she made passes over her child's body. Agnes went into a deep sleep, breathing very hard; so much so that it frightened me. The spirit, seeing my condition, laughed and spoke for the first time. She said, "When she comes out of this sleep, you will find her much stronger. She will have a desire to go down to the beach. I hope you and Fannie will take her. She is on the mend now. Three weeks from today Fannie can return with Agnes to her St. Louis home." She floated over to where I sat, placed her arms around me and kissed me, saying, "The angels will bless you," then floated out of the window.

In about an hour and a half after what had taken place Mrs.

Moore entered, saying, "I've had such a good sleep, a good bath and now I feel so refreshed." She looked at the bed and said, "Dear sister is sleeping. Thank God, it will rest her weary body. Estelle, dear, do you think I will ever be able to take her back to St. Louis?" I said, "Yes indeed, Fannie; your mother has been here." She said, "My mother?" I said, "Yes indeed, and she has given a treatment. Three weeks from today, she told me, you can take her back to St. Louis." She clapped her hands with joy and said, "Estelle dear, if it only can be true." I said, "It will be true; a beautiful spirit like that would not lie." "Then you have seen her?" she said. I said, "Yes." "Oh, if I could only see her," she said, "I think it would make me a happy woman." Just then it seemed as if a strong breeze came into the room through the window. In a few minutes, how long I could not tell, there stood the spirits of her mother and her father. She placed her hand on top of her head, crying out aloud, "Glory to God, I see them," and with one wild scream she said, "Father and mother you live, you live," then fell at their feet on the floor.

The spirits glided to the bed, each one held a hand of their child and smiled at me; in about ten minutes they glided from the room out through the window. Mrs. Moore arose from the floor and looked at me with joy in her eyes, saying, "Sister Estelle, I am a happy woman now and the whole world could not take that knowledge from me. I have seen my father and mother and now I will devote my life to the spiritual philosophy."

In three weeks they returned to St. Louis, begging me to accompany them; finally their wishes prevailed and I did so. While at their home in St. Louis I saw in the morning newspaper that the Broadway Company was coming to St. Louis to play a two weeks' engagement, managed by Mr. Warren. I jumped up, clapped my hands and laughed aloud. Agnes came from the adjoining room, saying, "Estelle dear, what is the matter?" I threw my arms around her, hugged and kissed her, telling her I was going to see dear Little Puss again. "Oh Agnes, if you only knew how my heart goes out to that Little One." She said, "Who is Puss?" I told her he was the star of the Broadway Company that was coming to St. Louis for two weeks.



"He is called the 'Dashing Blanchard,' Agnes dear. He is a freak in nature and most of the people in Europe and America that have beheld his acting declare it is a girl. He sings in a high soprano voice and has a beautiful female form. Oh, you will think he is pretty when you see him—and such eyes. Men fall in love with them. Dear, he is of both natures; the female holds the prominent part of his anatomy. We must have him here in this house so that you and Fannie can talk with him."

The company came as advertised. On the first night Mrs. Moore, Miss Ringgold and myself occupied a box on the left of the stage. The play was Cinderella. Little Puss played Cinderella, Fannie Davenport played the Prince, a Frenchman by the name of Bascom, who was a great baritone singer, played the Baron. Mrs. Charles and a Miss Sarah Devlin played the old maid sisters. In the ballroom scene I presented Little Justin with a basket of flowers. As she stood in front of the box I leaned over, presenting the basket of flowers. She looked at me, gave a scream and said, "Oh, it is Estelle." In the basket of flowers I placed a note inviting the principal members of the company to attend a reception at Mrs. Moore's residence on Washington Avenue. In the note I said, "Warren Chase and Charles Foster will be there."

After the performance they came in three carriages, and you can imagine how Little Justin and I hugged each other. I gave to Mr. Warren and the other members of the company a cordial greeting. After we had all dined we adjourned to the parlor. Little Puss sat on a sofa and before I had time to sit alongside of him Charles Foster sat on one side and Warren Chase on the other. There was some fine singing by the company and several little speeches made. Mr. Warren, as usual, was the most brilliant speaker of the occasion. Fannie Davenport said, "Look there at those three people on the sofa—they have gone to sleep." All of a sudden we heard a coarse, rough voice speak as if it came from the ceiling of the room right over the chandelier; it said, "I am Peter Alsakoff, a Russian who was drowned in the Mississippi. I was pushed overboard by a man who fell in love with my wife. You will find that same wife in a brothel house in Memphis, Tenn. She goes by the name of Lucy Larkum." After the voice had ceased speaking a laugh rang out

through the parlor, just such a laugh as Justin gives when he is transformed—or I should say she is transformed—from a drudge in the kitchen to a princess ready to go to the ball. It was a marvelous demonstration of spirit power. Fannie Davenport laughed and said, "Old Nick is after Puss. I expect he owns those others already," meaning Foster and Chase, which made us all laugh. Just then another voice was heard. It said, "I am he that was; I am he that is. I am he that always shall be and my cognomen is Old Lucifer, at your service." Fannie Davenport said, "Didn't I tell you old Nick was after them?" which caused another laugh. While those voices spoke independently the three individuals sitting on the sofa seemed to be in a deep trance. Agnes Ringgold said, "If we all sing a hymn I think they will all come out of that condition." We sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I noticed while we were singing they commenced to breathe hard and seemed to be laboring under some difficulty to get their breath. (Rap.) A voice said to me in a quiet way, "Estelle, go and pass your hands over them—lay your hand on each one's head and they will come out of that condition." I did so and finally they came back to consciousness, or more properly speaking, to their normal condition. Little Puss said, "Oh, I had such a funny dream: a great, big, coarse, rough looking man, with the water dropping from his clothes (rap) said to me, 'If you don't laugh and laugh loud, I'll choke the life out of you.' I became afraid of him and tried to laugh." Fanny Davenport said, "I think you accomplished it, the way it sounded to us. Puss, I always thought you were in league with the old man down below; now I believe it. Look out, brother Warren, or some night there will come a brimstone flame and carry Puss off," which caused another big laugh. Then we had some more singing. After that a duet by Mr. Warren and Little Puss. The company bade us good night and returned to the hotel.

I kept Little Puss with me, as I had so many questions to ask. Their engagement turned out a successful one, which pleased Mr. Warren. As I bade him good bye at the depot, as they were about to take the cars for Cincinnati, he said, "Estelle, I leave St. Louis with a fat pocket book. My Little One has made so many friends here I was afraid I would lose

him." Little Puss laughed and said, "Oh no, papa, I love no one in the world like you. You have made me so happy. Oh, Estelle dear, before papa Warren found me I suffered so much from bad treatment and when I was a wee little thing I used to go to bed hungry." Mr. Warren stooped down and kissed him, saying at the same time, "Little Puss, you belong to papa Warren now, and I would like to see the man or woman who would dare speak to you unkindly or look at you cross." We parted, they taking the cars for Cincinnati and I returning to Mrs. Moore's home with a heavy heart. I loved that man so, but could not win him. I would not do it in any other way only through my love for him.

Mrs. Moore, or I should say sister Fannie, sister Agnes and myself engaged passage on a boat for Memphis, Tenn. I had a letter of introduction to Bishop Watson of the Methodist Church. In that letter Doctor Van Ame said, "Brother Watson, be kind to sister Estelle; she is one of the dear friends of our family." We found Mr. Watson a genial man and his family received us with gracious courtesy. On two occasions at Mr. Watson's home we witnessed some wonderful demonstrations of spirit power. While in Memphis we heard Doctor Peebles lecture. He spoke of his travels. I looked upon him as a grand man in the spiritual philosophy. I heard him lecture seven different times in England, which would make nine times in all. The more I heard him the grander he seemed to appear to me. In Memphis I met Mr. Meyer. He did not speak good English then (rap.) I mean the Mr. Meyer who lives in this beautiful little valley. The people call him now Doctor Meyer, with two letters attached to his name—M. D.

The next time I met Little Justin was in Philadelphia. Mr. Muller, the artist, gave a reception to his spiritual friends at his beautiful rooms on Broad street. There was present Thomas Scott, of railroad fame; a medium by the name of Miss Bullene, Doctor Van Ame, a Mrs. Paul, whom I discovered to be a wonderful medium; she was so spiritual that I felt all that she had to do was to close her eyes and pass from the physical body into the realms where pure and beautiful angels lived. I never can forget that beautiful spirit living in a physical body. Charles Foster, who was then giving sittings at the Continental

Hotel, was there; a Prof. Cox and wife, Doctor. Child, Doctor Pierce and a lady whose name I think was Mrs. Mifflin, a Miss Cora Patterson and two young ladies by the name of Jerome from Princeton, New Jersey; a divine, as you call him in the physical body, who bore the name, as I understood afterwards, of Joseph Taylor; a Mr. and Mrs. Nagle, professional people; Charles Thorne, also a professional man; Mrs. John Drew, Little Justin and myself. We had a glorious time that afternoon. I shall never forget it. It remains with me as a sweet memory of those rooms and the people present on that occasion. After they had finished singing a selection from Beethoven Doctor Van Ame said, "Friends, I believe if Justin would sit on top of that round table and we all hold each other's hands, Justin and the table will be elevated into space." Justin got up onto the table, crossed his legs like a Turk, then bowed to us all in Oriental fashion. We sang a hymn, the table commenced to rise from the floor; it was held in space for as much as ten minutes, four feet above the floor.

That manifestation took place in a bright light on that afternoon. It was a demonstration that none of them ever can forget. There was a great power brought to bear there by the spirits living in physical bodies. A Mrs. Banks, whose name I forgot to mention, went to the piano to entertain the guests present with her beautiful execution on the piano. She was a grand performer and her whole soul was imbued with music. As she was about to take her seat on the stool and was turning it to the height required, her music was lifted from a chair by unseen hands and placed at the piano in front of her. Her playing was wonderful and the marvel of all present. When it came time to bid the host good day and thank him for that great privilege that he had granted us on that occasion, Mr. Scott told him his kindness would be rewarded, as the great feast of Spiritualism which took place there on that afternoon would be recorded in Heaven. Mr. Muller said, "Sisters and brothers, let us sing 'Nearer My God, to Thee,' as a parting on this occasion with our spirit friends only for awhile." We all joined in singing and friend and brother, I wish you could have heard the raps produced on that occasion while we were singing. Mrs. Paul said after we had finished singing, "The spirits wanted to

bid us a joyful adieu. They manifested that joyful feeling through the raps."

The last time that I ever met Little Justin while living in a physical body was in Omaha, Neb. I was there waiting to take the train for San Francisco. A train came from Ogden; on board of that train were a number of professional people and as they alighted from their palace car I made the discovery that one of them was Little Justin. I walked toward him quickly, calling his name. He looked in the direction where the voice came from and with a glad cry he said, "Oh, it is Estelle." We were clasped in each other's arms and neither could speak for several minutes, as we were crying with joy. He was the first to speak. He said, "Estelle, what are you doing out here in Omaha, Nebraska?" I told him I was on my way to San Francisco and would leave on the next train and from there I would take a steamer to Australia, returning back to the United States by the way of England. My spirit passed from its physical body on board the ship as I had taken passage for England. I returned to America—the country I love—as a spirit and showed myself to Justin while he was living in the home of Mrs. Davis on 12th street, near Arch, Philadelphia.

As I held his hand he said, "Estelle, I am returning from an engagement that I have just closed five days ago at the California Theatre on Bush street San Francisco." I saw the tears come in his eyes when he said, "Oh, Estelle dear, I feel this is our last meeting while we live in these cumbersome fleshy bodies. Some day we will meet in that beautiful land where we will know and understand each other as God intends that all his creatures shall do." I took from off my finger (rap) one of my diamond rings and placed it upon his thumb, as his fingers were too small to fit the ring. I said, "Keep that in memory of me and Mr. Warren, the man who owned me soul and body. When you look at it think of the happy times that you and I have had together when we communed with the spirits. I remember and shall never forget the happy times we had at Atlantic City. Do you remember, Justin, when you fell from the boat into the ocean and came up on the other side of the boat laughing, and said, 'I believe I am part of the finny tribe—I love the water so.' I reached out and pulled you into the boat. Mr.

Warren was talking to some gentlemen off at a distance on the beach. He ran down toward the boat, waded in with his clothes on and said, 'What is the matter with my Little One?' What has happened?' He looked so pale and his eyes had a look in them as if he would annihilate us all in the boat. He took you in his arms and walked back through the water to the beach. I was glad the boat was so near the beach. Oh Justin, if he would have done that for me I would have made him a rich man." Just then the conductor said, "All aboard." We hugged each other, kissed and cried. He mounted the steps of the palace car. He rushed to a window and waved his handkerchief until the cars crossed the bridge and disappeared from sight. I fainted and must have fallen to the platform. When I returned to consciousness I was in the waiting room of the depot and they were bathing my face. When the train that was to bear me to Ogden was ready an elderly lady and the conductor assisted me into the sleeping car, for I was weak from the excitement and felt that we would never meet again in the body. But here I am today controlling his organ of speech and I make many visits to Searchlight Bower in the company of other spirits. We will continue at another time. They say I have held him long enough.

Saturday, May 28, 1904.

Good morning, friend and brother. I am a happy spirit this morning to think that I was capable of being understood. I am proud on this occasion, knowing through whom I speak. One that I have loved for many years, whose friendship shall never cease to exist. Oh, think of it, brother; I have used Justin's organ of speech through which I have conveyed my expression to the reading public, relating facts that came to pass in both our lives. How wonderful, how wonderful it is, yet it is the old story told over again. The power of God is great when expressed through spirit intelligence. The spiritual intellect is the monitor of life.

And now I must thank you for taking down my communication. No doubt it has been a feeble attempt on that line, but you know and your intellect is capable of understanding there is a first in everything and that first has been attempted by me

here in Searchlight Bower. If you think it will be any benefit to your book you are welcome to it. I relinquish all rights to it now with a gracious condescension on my part. It is my wish that I shall speak a few words concerning the spiritual temple in San Diego, California. How glad I am to know they have accomplished building a home of their own. There are many spirits that join me in this happy expression. It is glorious to know that the Spiritualists of San Diego do not have to go begging for admission to dark, dismal rooms such as the one that I heard Doctor Peebles lecture in. I think the name of it is Lafayette Hall, but you know, brother, we must all creep before we can walk or stand erect, and now the Spiritualists of San Diego are full fledged ministers of Truth and can dispense it to all comers in their beautiful hall or Temple. There was a large band of spirits present on the day that the ladies and gentlemen brought their power to bear on the dedication of this Temple. Many of us were proud to see Dr. Peebles there, the pilgrim that has passed through many lands gathering up thought that has now become rich and mellow with time. His expressions are filled with the elixir of eternal life.

On that grand occasion as he stood there dedicating the Temple to God and ministering angels, Leah Fox said to me, "Sister, Brother Peebles puts me in mind of a great towering oak in the forest, whose strength and power has withstood the storms of many ages, and now I look upon him as our giant in the Spiritual philosophy (rap.) When Christians that hold debased minds in their make-up think they can send an avalanche of ridicule and scorn against that great Truth of spirit power it has no phase on him whatever. He stands there as solid as the rock of Gibraltar, old yet young. Old in time as the world goes, but young and modern in profound thought. There is no slur cast upon our philosophy by creed crusted minds that can harm it whatever. It is the soul of Truth. You may try to crush Truth but you cannot harm it. It still arises again for it always existed and it ever shall be there to defend itself through such prophets as Brother Peebles and others. It recalls to my mind a verse spoken through the lips of Justin to a lady in Searchlight Bower. "In a brook a pebble lived. For to own it you had to wade. While you held it in your hand, it

spoke of Eternity and man." Brother Peebles' body is the spiritual brook through which courses the fluids of nature. His soul is the pebble that speaks of Immortality. His life is the man that holds the springs of nature. There is a great innate sense through it all that can only be conveyed to the mind through the law of Reason. His moral nature has always lived in the lap of Wisdom. When he left the hills of Vermont there was a mantle of exhilaration thrown around him that clothed his physical anatomy, and as he walked through life that mantle developed and spread out through mother earth. Under the shelter of that mantle a great volume of Love for the human race was developed there, the shades and colors of the children of God harmonized and blended in his soul like the shimmering shades of the rainbow. His voice was ever ready to proclaim Justice in defense of any of those colors. Like the oracle of old that defense had in it an aroma that will perfume the depths of misery in all ages. It will brighten and beautify wasted matter that must in time come under spirit power. Brother Peebles is a florist that walks through a garden of cultivated souls, developing and unfolding their inner knowledge to the children of men, those souls unite in saying he is a monitor of elevation in our spiritual philosophy. His books are teachers providing food for hungry souls searching after Truth. His words carry with them a liquid flame of fire that must in time wake up deluded and superstitious minds that have been hibernating under priestcraft. No power on earth can stay that running brook that courses through his mind; the lobe cells have been constantly catching thought out of space, reserving them to become modified through the action and process of his wonderful constitution. Now he is giving them through his books like dew-drops on a violet that laughs with joy in the sunlight. As the beams and rays of that great power come toward earth, then he buckles on his armor again to defend the rights of our great spiritual philosophy. No doubt to sleeping minds, who cannot as it were, think for themselves, this may have a harsh tenor through which the tone is produced, but back of it all there is a soft velvet touch of Love, discovered constantly by thinking minds. When they have made that discovery then comes a revelry of literature and profound thought therein described on



the pages; it becomes a lasting spiritual power to the memory, which it never can forget through all the ages of time.

I am pleased to see in your library many spiritual works and especially a large number of books on all progressive thought. When I enter the home of a spiritualist the first thing I do is to look for their books. If I do not find spiritual works there, I say to myself, "They are only Spiritualists in name." There is no excuse at the present day for Spiritualists to have no spiritual works in their library. There are the works of Brother Peebles, Andrew Jackson Davis, Cora Richmond, Hudson Tuttle, Emmett Coleman and many others that I could name. The other day while Leah Fox and myself were conversing with the spirit of Samuel B. Brittan, he said, "There lies in the power of Brother Peebles a great host for Spiritualism." Leah Fox said, "I hope Brother Peebles will live for many years yet. His moralizing process is like the commands of an angel who says, 'You must become as a little child to look upon the works of God and as you grow you will see there is a divine record kept. All those that have the spirit of Christ found in their souls, with that great love for one another are recorded there. The voice of Truth proclaims it to the spirit circles. When you have attained the perfection of perfectness you are one of the disciples of Truth and can minister to the children of God.'"

Now I leave my love for Justin and thank you with all my soul for the kindness you have favored me with in taking down my communication. Your reward is in the love and great wish that you have to assist spirits to communicate through Little Justin to the loved ones in physical bodies.

At another time I will give you some of my spiritual experiences. As I have held that organ as long as the guides will permit me, they have made me a promise that I may return in the future and fulfill my desire. Good day.

Friday, July 22, 1904.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. I call you brother, as I give to you a sister's love. Anyone that loves Puss, I love too. They have permitted me to keep my promise, as I am pleased to do it on my son's birthday; I mean the one that came here and communicated, telling you that he, his wife and two children were partially burned on that ill-fated steamer Slocum, with

a whole group of church people that were baptized near Hell Gate on the East River. If they did not all believe in immersion they had to accept it on that occasion. Such catastrophes bring sorrow to the hearts of many. I gave the name to my son of George Warren. He was adopted into a family that bore the name of Sherwood. His name became George Warren Sherwood. Today, the 22nd of July, is the anniversary of his birthday in a physical body. We are all here today (raps) as they have a desire to hear me tell my spiritual experience in spirit life. The raps were made by my son, his wife and children. Now my expression shall be plain and to the point.

When I was passing through the dark passage called Death of the physical body, and stepped into consciousness on the spirit side of life, I was surprised—aye, even more than surprised, I was happy—to find so many spirit friends awaiting my coming to their side of life. My whole soul was enthused with joy at the beauties I beheld with my spiritual eyes. Many of the dear friends that I had known in the physical form surrounded me with a spiritual glow of happiness. It would take up too much space for you to enter their names in the communication, but I will mention one before I further proceed, and that was William Cullen Bryant. He clasped my hand in both of his with such a friendly grasp, saying, "Estelle, I am glad to meet you. You will come to our home and rest with us. You look tired; that storm you have passed through on board of ship weakened your physical nerves and that, to a certain extent, has had an effect on your spiritual condition." I said to the friends, "How sweet and good you all look. Your scenes here are the expression of beauty to one's soul that has just come among you."

As I was walking with the friends toward their home I felt a spirit pulling at my dress or spiritual garment. I turned around to see who it was and there stood Puss, or Justin, as you call him in the physical body. I was so surprised, and it seemed to me I had lost my speech, when Puss said, "Estelle, do you not know me?" I found my speech and said, "Yes. What are you doing here; have you preceded me to spirit life?" Puss laughed and said, "Do you not know that I live in both spheres? My physical body is resting now at my home. You see, I am here to welcome you to the real world in life. My earthly body

has not the power to hold me always there." I said, "Come with me; I have many things to ask and many questions to put to you for which I expect an answer in return to each one of my questions."

When we arrived at Mr. Bryant's home and had taken seats in the beautiful hall located in the center of a pretty park, I said, "Puss, do you remember appearing in a room located in a cottage in Melbourne, Australia? You appeared there to others and myself; the individuals present were Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Tiffany, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Goldsmith, Mr. Goldsmith, Mr. Welch, Mr. Scott, Mr. Tiffany, a Mr. Taylor and myself." Puss said, "Yes, I do remember it. I also appeared to you on board of ship. You only saw me, as it were, through a haze." I said, "Puss, why did you not speak to us in Melbourne?" Puss said, "As I was about to speak to you Mr. Tiffany acted so about the room being so close I lost my speech and had to withdraw from the room. I am glad you recognized me then."

When we had finished talking on that matter I discovered a band of spirits approaching the grounds. Emma Hardinge Brittan arose and said, "We will go out and meet them; they belong to a Masonic order that held its meetings in a temple in Egypt over 200,000 years ago." As we approached them I noticed their garments had an Egyptian look to them; they were white and fell in graceful folds to their ankles; the men and women were all dressed alike; they wore scarlet belts around their waists, embroidered with gold. A long surplice hung over their white garment, that was also scarlet, embroidered with gold. Around their necks were gold chains to which were fastened Maltese crosses, and crescent moons with stars entering the moon. Those were ancient emblems of the Masonic order in Egypt over 200,000 years ago. I noticed that the hair and beards of the males was long; many of the females had hair hanging down below their knees. All the males had scrolls wound upon golden sticks and I could see that the scrolls or manuscripts were formed and fashioned from some delicate fibre. One of the male priests unwound his scroll and I could see very peculiar looking characters written upon it in red and green. It was not fashioned or formed from papyrus or parchment, it was some delicate substance and when held up to the light was

transparent; such a material as that I never beheld before. The females held in their hands a golden key and a compass. As we smiled upon them they returned it with such a gracious smile, it had an expression to it that no earthly face or eyes in a material form had the power to express. The leading priest—whose name was Oae-ys-phit—commenced to speak in a deep, rich bass voice, welcoming me to spirit life. I wondered what I had done in my physical body to deserve such an honor as this. Puss laughed; he laughed so loud and long it frightened me. I wondered if it were possible for spirits to lose their reason in spirit life. He dematerialized out of sight.

The High Priest—or the High Personage, if you choose to call him so—said, "Sa-ua-ran-da has gone back to the physical body and must carry on the physical work." I said, "Why do you call Puss, 'Sa-ua-ran-da?'" He said, "Are you not aware that she is one of our order and has taken on a male body to carry out a certain work; have you never heard how she gives Masonic signs? Is it possible that you have known her so long and that your acquaintance has only held such a frail part of friendship? Wait and you will see; she will come to you again in spirit life while her body will rest in some home on earth." I then said to that venerable looking old man, "You really believe in reincarnation—that is, the spirit takes on physical embodiment?" He said, "To us it is more than a belief, it is reality, a fixed law in nature's growth; all spiritual action is but the leaves that grow on the tree of knowledge. Wisdom is a power that controls the innate sense of the brain faculties; that is why those of modern thought call our power and philosophy the Wisdom Religion." I said to him, "Why did you come here to welcome me to the spirit world?" Just then they all commenced to sing a beautiful piece of music and I too, commenced to sing with them; when the singing had finished I commenced to feel a peculiar condition stealing over me, as it were, to my surprise. I cried aloud, "I am Hou-ra-e-may." After I had pronounced the name my whole spiritual being seemed to change; the venerable old man held me to his bosom; he then cried aloud, "She remembers now that she was one of us." When he had finished the spirits commenced to sing and I remembered then that I was Hou-ra-e-may, a sister of their order. I had

taken upon me a physical body to perform a certain work for the benefit of the human race.

I beheld among the people many poets and literary people, especially one that I seemed to be drawn to very close, Walt Whitman, as he was called in the physical body; in the order Hly-y-ell-mare-yn; that is his name in the order. He took me by the hand, saying, "You understand why we are attracted to each other—it is called 'Holy Love,' and now we are spirit mates." It seemed to me just then he became the most perfect spirit I ever beheld. He said to me, "Your trials and mine in physical embodiments were many; we conquered the physical and now can revel in the spiritual. Our life for the future will be a spiritual eon through all time." I said, "Then you, too, belong to this order?" He said, "Most assuredly; each one takes their turn in entering a physical body and performing a work for the benefit of the human race." He clasped me in his arms and held me there until a great shadow had been lifted from off my head. I said, "Soul mate, I see it and understand it all now. When creating and generating took place we were a little eon thrown off from that great eon in life. Now we have met again to fulfill that great law of Reason constantly working out our power in soul called 'Holy Love.' It is all so beautiful to me now that I went earthward as a spirit messenger from the realms of Truth. In physical embodiments the people call this power Modern Theosophy. Now I understand why the guides of Little Puss call it Spiritual Philosophy. I have heard them say it will become one of the great religions of the human race, and perhaps the greatest that the world shall ever know." Just then I heard music; it came upon my ear and soul as a great orchestra; then I beheld so many spirits that had worked in the spiritual ranks on earth clothed in the same garments that I now beheld myself clothed in; we took up the march and sang to the great God of Nature.

We will take it up at another time; they say I have held him long enough. I can only give it in sections.

Wednesday, July 27, 1904.

Good morning, brother. I will now continue my communication. Laura Keene, Jane Siddon, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sarah Denin, Alice and Phoebe Cary,

Olive and Eliza Logan, James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Peak, Longfellow, Van Ame, Mrs. Drew and myself visited the home of Helen Petrovia Blavatsky, known as Madame Blavatsky while living in the physical body. She entertained us in a high, elevated manner, which was both grand and gracious. In her great hall were many students in Spiritual Theosophy. She said, "Theosophy without Spiritualism is a dry husk." She sees now on the spirit side of life that no philosophy can stand on a true foundation that ignores spiritualism, for spiritualism is the true foundation of Theosophy. Karma is the Light running through your life while in a physical embodiment. The great power of spirit manifesting itself through the light of Karma is studying the great lesson that leads to spiritual consciousness imbued and worked out through Nature's God. She called her school to order and many of the advanced Chelas—or students—expressed themselves on the words that she presented to them for a full expression of Spiritual Theosophy. It was grand to listen to the elevated and highly cultured expression given by those students. They divined with God in Nature.

After the exercises had closed and they sang a beautiful piece of music composed by the spirit of Wagner, I said to her, "There are a number of Theosophists living in physical bodies who claim that you are reincarnated into the physical body of a boy in Egypt." She laughed aloud, and many of the students joined in the laugh. She said, "While living in a physical form I found in the philosophy of Theosophy weak minds, as I did in other philosophies while living in the physical body. I shall never be reincarnated until I am thoroughly prepared to hold a leading office at the head of the American nation. Such am I preparing my condition for now; when I take on a physical body again it will be when women stand equal with men and they shall have their say in all the governing principles and laws of the great American nation. My work here in spirit life requires my presence. The magnetic currents passing between my students and myself are creating a condition for elevated educators. Many of those students that you have looked upon will return to earth and become reincarnated into physical bodies whereby they will grow up into men and women and become the teachers of that grand philosophy—Spiritual Theosophy.

"There is a great dissention in the spiritual ranks. The highly cultured and more elevated class of spiritualists will accept spiritual Theosophy as a religion, as nature shows us when this planet took its position in space all that is on it at the present time was on it then—nothing has been added to it. Through the law of Evolution all things have become developed. The human mind is entering upon a highly developed condition of spiritual growth. It has passed through the Purgatory of Superstition, Priestcraft, and its fiendish power is waning; all the imps and devils of sectarianism are becoming subdued; their power of speech is changing and they cannot help themselves. The alphabet of Reason holds a halo of light around the letters. Where it once said, the "Devil was there," Love and Truth have spread their wings and now an intellectual mind says, 'we have God with us for the purity of our growing nature has divined it for us.' I am afraid, lady, that many of the combative and conceited Theosophists will try to create a creed for their undeveloped minds. The power of Spiritual Theosophy will root it up and distribute it to the winds. It is only six weeks ago that I attended a Theosophical meeting. The speaker claimed to be clairvoyant and said, while in the clairvoyant state, I had told her I should become reincarnated into a physical body in Russia. I had to laugh while listening to such bosh. In the Theosophical ranks there is much that is given to the people it were better if never spoken. They have the same conditions in the Spiritual ranks. When it is all summed up it turns out to be a diabolical lie. It will be a glorious day when the Spiritual and Theosophical ranks are washed of all such bosh and corruption. You tell me, lady, you are giving your spiritual experience through a medium. Acquaint your friends with the fact that I am still a teacher in spirit life; permit them on all occasions to understand that I never had any desire to take on a physical body yet. I am not only instructing my students, but receiving instruction myself for a future earth career. It will be over fifty years before I take on a physical embodiment." This is what Helen Blavatsky told me in her great Hall of Learning. There were many ancient spirits present whose countenances were beautiful to behold; they were all illuminated with a heavenly light; their whole personality was that of divinity or a

divine expression pervaded them throughout, their whole atmosphere was impregnated with holy love; all that visited there felt when coming away they had been in the presence of a Divinity beyond their comprehension. As we were leaving, one of the ancient spirits said, "I will send the messenger of Peace to your homes; your soul will be filled with holy love; let your tribute of praise be to the God of Nature for we are, as you see, symbols of that higher Divinity whose outworkings are for the benefit of the human race; in time we will draw them toward our condition when they will understand there is no personality in the God of the Universe. All is a harmonious Love, unified through the laws of Nature."

That afternoon in our homes we felt and understood the law of Peace had entered our souls, our natures were attuned to Harmony and we sang with joy.

The medium, Justin, as you call him, wonders why it is in his normal state he cannot find words to give expression to his thoughts. It is very simple. He is minus the education that is required of educated individuals to form and fashion the words to give high expression to his thoughts while living in a physical body. We as spirits feed his organ of speech to give expression to our communications. You have to feed a printing press with type, paper and ink to receive a newspaper therefrom; the compositor or typesetter has the brain work to read the copy and set it up in type. The medium has the press, we are the compositors that furnish that press with thoughts and through his organ of speech we give communications to the reading public. We will continue at another time.

Friday, July 29, 1904.

Good morning, brother. I will now continue my communication. I had a question to ask Brother Bryant; while preparing myself to ask that question a peculiar feeling came over me and it seemed as if I was going into a sleepy state, when all of a sudden there stood before me the spirit of Puss. He smiled and said, "Present Brother Bryant with your question." I said to Brother Bryant, "I would like to know how you knew I was coming to spirit life—that is, you and the other friends who were there to receive me?" He said, "Estelle, there is a magnetic current of love that holds its power in readiness to serve the



purpose of notifying loving friends of each other's actions. Through that current we are notified when any of our friends are about to pass from their physical body to take a spiritual step on to this side of life. You may call it the wireless telegraph if you choose; it is a telegraph of Love that never ceases to exist between two loving friends. When the message is sent and received by us in spirit life we are in waiting for you to come to our side of life; that is why you saw so many friends on your arrival." Puss said, "Dear Brother Bryant, you forget to tell her that I played the part of Cupid between you both. I carried the loving messages that drew you together. She loved a man dearly while living in the physical body. She gave to him all that which woman holds dear, but the soul's love was reserved for you. Now you understand, Estelle dear, why he was waiting to receive you. My task now is finished with you and others. I will return to my physical body to take up an entirely different line of labor." After Puss had dematerialized and returned to his physical body my soul mate said, "Let us get our will power to work, then we can pass on to the Valley of Flowers." When we arrived there I made the discovery, it was a beautiful valley and thousands of happy children were there: such bright faces it seems to me I never saw on earth: the love expressed by those children toward their teachers was something marvelous, aye, holy. We sat down on a green, grassy bank with many other spirits to watch the children in their happy sports; they were all called to order by their teachers, who commanded them to form in line. Just then we heard a beautiful orchestra playing a march: the children commenced to march, led by their teachers; while marching they all sang. At a given signal they formed into groups around their teachers. When they had all formed into groups it left a large hollow square in the center of the valley. All of a sudden we heard some beautiful music away off, as it seemed, accompanied by beautiful singing voices. It kept drawing nearer all the while until those beautiful spirits hovered over the square. They were too beautiful for me to describe. I would fail if I made the attempt. They showered the whole square with beautiful flowers of every hue and color; they kept descending and ascending while singing and dropping their flowers upon the square. Then the

music changed to beautiful, soft, mellow tones; the children danced and sang, all the time beckoning for the flowers to come to them. The flowers would arise into space and float to each group of children hovering over their heads. Then the children folded their arms across their breasts and sang of the beautiful spirit home. The flowers formed and fashioned letters, spelling out the spirit names of each child. Then the music burst forth into a grand piece of music which was sung by the children and teachers. All the while they were showered with flowers by the spirits that seemed to be highly celestial in nature, then they, the teachers and children sang a great hosanna to the God of Nature. When they had finished we could not see the children or teachers; the flowers were in such great profusion they hid them from our sight. I cried aloud with joy, proclaiming that was the grandest sight I had seen in the spirit world yet. My joy knew no bounds, neither could I hold it in check. I said, "If the children of earth could only have seen what I have witnessed here today, but then, alas, many of them would hasten the time to get here if they possibly could." My soul was so filled with joy that I sang all the way back to my home.

After we had partaken of a spiritual repast my spirit mate said, "Estelle, dear—for I shall always call you by that name, as it was the first that I ever knew you by—look around, dear, and you will see there are no drones here. I would like to have you accompany me back to earth; we will enter the homes of the low and degraded, comfort their last hours by bringing to bear a soothing influence over their suffering bodies before they pass from earth. Think, dear, of the poor little children that suffer from poverty, starvation and pain in those dreadful hovels. 'By our works shall we be known,' and as it is the desire of elevated spirits to reach the glorification in spiritual life, we can only accomplish it by assisting others and making them happy. You saw today what teachers have accomplished in spirit life. Now let us prepare our condition with others to carry on a work in earth sphere whereby we can carry thoughts of Love to the afflicted." I became resigned to go forth with others as a helper in the work. Just then many spirit friends assembled at our home. I placed myself in readiness to entertain the guests. After all were seated they commenced to sing and I joined in with

the rest. After the singing was finished many voices said, "Let us enter the Temple, Ur-rau-man-na lectures tonight." We walked from our home on a beautiful path, where trees met above and formed a long archway. As we approached the temple I noticed there were thousands of people entering by the different doors. No one sits down while listening to a lecture. After the great Temple was well filled we heard beautiful music; it sounded as if it came from different horns; there were no stringed instruments perceptible, possibly there might have been pipes and clarionets—it seemed to me that it was music that proceeded from horns of some kind.

After they had finished playing Ur-rau-man-na entered from a door in the back part of the Temple. He wore a pale blue robe covered with stars and hieroglyphics that I did not understand. One of the spirits present standing on the rostrum said that Ur-rau-man-na would lecture on reincarnation as he understood it over 600,000 years ago in India. I looked upon his lecturing as a masterpiece of work in that line. I remember one of his sentences in which he said, "The feeble minds of the Christian religion are loth to grasp that which they do not understand. They attack the condition and the level of which the people of India have come to, they forget that all nations rise and fall. The people of India will arise again through an elevated condition of Modern Theosophy called Spiritual Theosophy and the whole world will bow to them in honor of the great Truth they had given to the world; that is a law the human race cannot escape; re-embodiment is a fixed condition in the natural consequence of life, just as much as the sun shines by day and moon at night. All satellites have a greater power on the human intellect than you can imagine in your earthly condition." There is much more to tell of what I have seen in spirit life but they say I must defer it for the present and take it up some other time.

Thanking you, brother, for your patience and time in taking down my communication, I leave my love for Puss. Tell him to encourage patience. Good day.

Pardon me, his old friend William Somerton of Philadelphia came to spirit life last week. The one that made him a present of a cottage at Atlantic City, when Mr. Warren was liv-

ing in the physical body. He sends his love to Puss and says, "Tell Puss to be of good cheer." He is the one who took us out on the yacht when I was making a visit at Atlantic City. He lived to be 99 years, 8 months and 14 days old. Again good day.

November twenty-second is Justin's birthday.  
The demons of Hell will have their say,  
Reason and Power must have its way,  
Priestcraft falls when the band begins to play.

In Hell he is a regular swell,  
The Temple of Science rings its bell.  
This is one of the days that Adam fell  
Through the corridors he moves like a swell.

Tom Paine says it is very plain  
That crucifixion must have been lame,  
Priestcraft hides its face in shame,  
And does nothing but howl and complain.

Bob says he will take a hand in Hell,  
And make things a regular moving swell.  
In the cauldron Christian tales he will tell,  
And boil them down to a regular sell.

This is the demon's gay holiday,  
Since Christians they caught at their play.  
Now Theodore Parker can have his way,  
Martin Luther can no more the world betray.

The pipes of priestcraft are very lame,  
Out of them come the notes of shame.  
It squacks like the cry of an old crane,  
Wisdom has shown up superstition so plain.

Science has caught christianity in its snare,  
For a scholar in the Bible was very rare.  
The world swam in ether 6000 years they declare.  
Science says millions and eons would be fair.

I love to dwell in the blue flame,  
Since Hell hides the blushes of shame  
That priestcraft tries hard to explain,  
But all their teachings are on the wane.

They've been trying to read the Pope's bull,  
But in Hell it has only shown a religious fool  
Coming in contact with our liberal school,  
Since we unravel the threads of our winding spool.

I heard an echo from some sound,  
That did the "Age of Reason" compound.  
To humanity it shows Christianity a begging hound,  
The "Age of Reason" their religions confound.

A swell is bursting in Justin's heart,  
Since Virgil takes a speaking part.  
Townsend will show a part of his art,  
The skylark of the air displays her art.

Oh, those lovely notes from a singing bird  
Coinheres with its every word.  
Out of life they've been caught by the bird  
And lays on man's brain like a swird.

I heard an echo far down the glen,  
Says life is eternal to women and men.  
The bible creation is a dismal blank then,  
Prayers are uttered in Rome by a croaking hen.

The maids in Hell are out on a lark,  
They declare Jesus Christ they are going to spark:  
While Jesus cries this is maidenly art,  
I'll go and take a ride in David's cart.

Margaret Fuller says, "This is grand,"  
Wisdom today has a solid stand,  
Science has things at its command,  
You see education on every hand.

Margaret's rhythm is consoling and plain,  
The flowers of nature depend on the rain.  
The Gods of the past are on the wane,  
Humanity's reasoning powers are becoming sane.

Kepler's science is read near and far.  
He makes the Christians creed a peddling car,  
Astronomy has come to earth a leading star,  
Waiting the decision from near and far.

Voltaire's powers are felt by the world today,  
They are acute and ever on the play,  
Giving showers of German thought on its way;  
Behold, his mind is a talisman today.

De Alembert in his psychical search  
Gave to the world a beautiful birth,  
Which displayed an occult power on earth.  
Every one can reason it out by their fire hearth.

Rosseau's philosophical turn of mind  
Opened the eyes of the credulous blind.  
He laughed at the lie the Christians signed,  
And threw all Hell and bosh to the wind.

Condorcet showed to the thinking world  
That he got all the Greek Gods in a swirl.  
Boys at school had to take through the ferrule,  
If he didn't his mind wasn't a precious pearl.

Thus it was in years of yore,  
Believe or you are rotten at the core.  
It caused many poor minds lying sick and sore,  
Waiting to cross to the other shore.

Awake, ye sons and daughters, to reason,  
Overthrow all priestcraft and treason.  
Let the mind be well balanced in season,  
They would steal your birthright reason.

Justin, this is your token today,  
Through your organ we had our say.  
Ye stood the scoffs just that way,  
Please keep right on this track we pray.

Let your light beam from a beacon high,  
That you may draw messages from the spiritual sky  
You see your predictions have been no lie,  
The secret lay between God, you and I.  
Your loving friend,  
Spirit John Hammond.

I looked at a pebble lying in a brook,  
It revealed pages of a heavenly book.  
Stars on its face would silently look,  
Because God had written in this book.

I took the pebble in my wavering hand,  
It spoke to me of deserts in a distant land  
Where it lay in the singing sand,  
And now I find it in Nature's hand.

And as I threw it in the brook,  
A heavenly choir at me did look,  
And notes came out from a watery nook,  
Played on a beautiful pebbly flute.

Those sprites that danced and flirted on the wave,  
Came out from a pebbly palace cave.  
The music lured me in the brook to bathe,  
That their libations I might drink and lave.

They spoke to me of deserts far and wide,  
This pebble will be my talisman guide,  
No thirst would come to lay me down beside,  
The Arab in his dark and thirsty grave betide.

# Emma Hardinge Brittan

## Chapter XXXVIII

I am pleased, sir, to come into your presence. I was attracted here to see these ancients control. I have been permitted to control, to give you an explanation. I heard in England that the ancient spirits had found a medium through which they could communicate. That was the attraction that brought me here. I was known in the lecture field as Emma Hardinge Brittan. I wish to explain to you the condition of a dark seance, which I hope you will never permit yourself to sit in. They attract low, evil and undeveloped spirits. Most all the individuals that claim to be mediums in these dark circles are fraudulent individuals. They are frauds of the worst kind, such as Jesse Shephard and others. I exposed that man whenever I had the chance. He claimed that spirits played through him in those dark circles, which was a lie. He was a ventriloquist and used that power, in the dark, to testify to you. I made the acquaintance of his father and when I told him that his son posed as a spiritual medium a great surprise came over his face. He said in answer to me, "My son is an educated musician, and travels giving musicales." I told him that his son represented to play under spirit power. He said that spirit power cost money. He turned and walked away, so I had no chance to converse with him further. So you see that this man Shephard was a traveling mountebank.

Today there are hundreds of those fraudulent mediums living as vampires upon the people, and claiming to have communication with spirits of the departed, which is a crime and should be punished to the full extent of the law. I feel sorry to think that genuine mediums have to suffer the stigma of these mountebanks. The majority of the people class them all alike. They do not study the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism or the truth of its manifestations. There are mediums living in the body today that obey the highest laws of truth and morality. I thank God that the light is breaking through the great clouds of mysticism to show to the people that this is the only proof



of immortality. Many ministers in the pulpit know and realize it to be a truth. They have investigated and found God is love. That great power with all the soul of charity has permitted spirits to return to their loved ones. I have travelled a great deal over the world and found many beautiful characters that were genuine mediums and on the other side of the condition I found twenty frauds to one genuine medium.

Now I will speak of this medium. I met him over forty years ago in the company of a gentleman from West Point, who bore the name of Warren. It was at Doctor Newton's home. They were invited there, as well as others, to hear a paper read on Evolution. I was one of the individuals that was present. After the reading of the paper, while most of them were engaged in conversation, Doctor Newton stepped to my side and said, "Emma, watch that boy. Do you not think he is a medium?" Mr. Warren noticed Doctor Newton and I looking toward them. He withdrew and took the boy with him. I did not say anything as toward his mediumistic powers, but I said, "Doctor Newton, that individual has the prettiest hand and foot I ever saw on a human being." You see I was in a worldly mood then. His hand and foot attracted me so I could not refrain from looking at them. The Doctor smiled and said, "Emma, you admire physical beauty."

The next time I saw this medium was in Boston at the rooms of Doctor Thomas in Haywood Place off Washington street. There were present Charles Foster, the test medium; Doctor Taylor and wife; Doctor Pierce and wife; a Mr. Arnold that was singing with the Caroline Richings Opera Company at the Boston Theatre; Mr. Bishop Buckley of the "Buckley Sere-naders"; Lizzie Doten, the lecturer and poet; Mr. and Mrs. Spear; a landlord of a hotel, whose name I have forgotten, and myself. We went there to meet a medium who claimed to produce flowers in the circle, but she failed to do so. The bell rang and Mr. Samuel Britton and a Mr. Coonley asked to be admitted. Doctor Thomas did so, and found them chairs in the room. We were requested to sing a hymn to bring harmony again and form the circle. While we were singing a large center table walked over and tipped its contents into the lap of this medium, which I think made him more or less timid. Mr. Buckley said,

"Get up, Puss, and walk around the room and you will throw it off, perhaps." He got up and immediately the large table followed him from one parlor to the other. Mr. Britton said, "What a wonderful demonstration." The medium went to Mr. Buckley and said, "I want to go home." Mr. Arnold said, "Don't be frightened, Puss, it is all right." Mr. Britton reached out and took the medium's hand and said, "Sit here and don't be frightened." The chair on which they sat rocked to and fro sideways. Mr. Coonley spoke and said, "I would not have missed this demonstration for all I have learned in Spiritualism." There was a hand materialized and took hold of their hair and pulled it so severely that the boy cried out. This was all in gas light with four burners beaming and every one in the room saw the hand except Mr. Britton and the medium, who felt their hair being pulled. Mr. Buckley said, "See to it that you do not have this advertised in any of the papers. If you do I shall never attend any of your circles again, as it will hurt our business." He was one of the Buckley brothers, of the "Buckley Serenaders." He went to the center table and wrote out passes for all to come and see the performance Monday night. We went next night and saw the medium play the part of Cinderella in the burlesque opera. He sang, danced and played beautifully and we could see that the members of this company were quite proud of him. I afterwards became acquainted with the mother of the Buckley boys and in conversation she said, "Puss is our little mascot and we love him very dearly. Did you know the Little One was a medium?" I said, "Yes, I saw a physical demonstration take place in his presence." She said, "He receives many beautiful presents from the public. In nature he is only a child and always will be so. Manly and womanly ideas he does not seem to comprehend." I said, "How old is he?" She replied, "He is thirty years of age." "Why," I said, "He doesn't look over eighteen." She said, "He will always be a child," and then shook her head and said, "Poor Little Puss, he had a hard life of it before we got him."

I did not see him for a number of years after I left Boston until I went one afternoon to Barnum's Museum with a number of friends from England. I discovered by the program that he was playing the part of a Moorish boy in a spectacular play

called "The Magic Ring." He came upon the stage with a light blonde curly wig upon his head and did not look a day over sixteen. He played his part and danced beautifully on his toes which was really wonderful. He bounded on in one scene, stood on one toe with his other foot in the air, which was to me marvellous. I discovered that in his profession he was looked upon as a freak of nature. Some dreaded his society, while others courted it very highly. I became acquainted with the stage manager, whose name was Mr. Mitchell. He said, "The Little One receives many letters from the box office, in the morning, which he allows me to read after rehearsal for the amusement of the company. Many of them are protestations of love, which he laughs at as much as any of us. Mr. Clifton, the manager, told me that he lived very frugally and plain. After returning from his night's work his supper would consist of cold chicken and bread, or bread and cheese, or a glass of beer. I believe the way he lives is the secret of his youthful appearance." I understood it otherwise. It was spirit protection.

The last time I saw him perform was at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago. He was playing with a comedian whose name was Hart. They played in two comedies that evening. One was called "Three O'clock in the Morning," and the other "Quiet Life." They did as fine a piece of comedy acting as I ever saw on the stage. He was much stouter than when I saw him before, but all the vim and fire was there in the portrayal of the character. When the curtain fell the people called for them. The comedian came before the curtain leading the medium. I said to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who accompanied me, "That Little One is a great medium and some day the Spiritualists will hear through his organization from the other side of life." Today, I am glad to say, I was not mistaken and the prediction came true. I thank you kindly, sir, for listening to me and I bid you adieu. Emma Hardinge Brittan.

Miss Lees then came and expressed her gratification that Mrs. Brittan came and gave her knowledge of the medium, she having come in contact with him several times, gave an emphatic endorsement of his mediumship. But one thing she did not know, that Mr. Warren would not allow his mediumship to become public.

# Olivia C. E. Stephens

## Chapter XXXIX

Saturday, June 25, 1905.

Good morning, Brother Hulburd. No doubt you wonder why I did not return and keep my appointment. I gave way that others might communicate, as they had closed the columns of the *Progressive Thinker* on the question and discussion of Obsession. I came today to keep that appointment and will discuss somewhat on the medium's life. My communication will be among many in your book. In spirit life, I met the individuals who claimed to have been the medium's physical mother and father. Herein, I take the liberty of giving you and the reading public, facts that I have discovered through conversing with his parents. I will speak of his mother first and deal with her in a truthful manner. I have read both their characters through the power of spiritual conditions that I have found therein related to their physical and spiritual make-up. The mother, having an impulsive nature, lived a great deal in the realm of emotion; she was an individual whose desire it was to gratify all her wishes, it was immaterial at whose cost they were gratified. She came of proud, imperious blood and felt that she was superior to many in life, never stopping to think to what degradation she had fallen. Her whole desire in life was to rule and gratify every passion in her nature. Her name, while living in a physical body, was Mary Elizabeth Stuart, grand niece to Prince Charles Stuart, in history called "Bonnie Charley." She had much in her nature it were better had it been left out and she had been permitted to earn her living through daily labor in plain life. He—the medium—inherited much of her wild, passionate nature.

Now I will describe his father. He was a tall man and

heavily built. His height was six feet three inches, in his earthly form. He was bold, daring and sensitive withal. His reckless nature made him the victim of religious superstition. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Bruce, a descendant of the Bruce family of Scotland. A woman with a daring nature and one who commanded that all should obey her will. She was a bigoted Catholic of the worst kind, and persuaded her son, Justin Hulburd, father of the medium, to enter a religious order. Her whole desire was that one of her sons should become a Jesuit priest. The medium's father was selected as the victim. He received the vows of the order to please his mother, a worldly woman and an ambitious character. He thought he loved the mother of Little Justin. It was only a love through which many men and women go down to their graves through the idea it is soul talking to soul, when it is only a licentious love talking through a power of amorous ambition.

On a certain morning in June, when the birds were singing and the God of Truth revealed to his soul the glories of Nature in the bright sunshine, remorse commenced to knock at the door of his conscience; with her walked in the law of Reason. Then he made the discovery that he was a liar, a hypocrite and a villain to remain in such a religious order. His heart yearned for she whom he thought loved him. In his heart he cursed his mother for playing the worldly part she did. A desire came into his nature through which his will power became aroused. He must find the woman he thought he loved, carry her off to another land where he might revel in the luxury of owning her, soul and body, as he thought. They made three attempts to escape in each other's company. The third time, he made arrangements to embark on a sailing vessel for England, and from there sail to America. They had reached the little city of Perth, when the mother was taken violently sick—the labor pains had set in and he had her conveyed to the lodge of a graveyard; there she gave birth to a wee mite of a creature, whom she tried to destroy in the womb, but failed. The child was taken away and adopted by her cousin. Then the father and mother tried to reach Dundee, where they could meet the open sea. The Jesuit hounds were on their track. They seized him as he was about to embark for England. He was brought back, where they adminis-

tered poison in his food and he died a horrible death. Such is the tale they gave to me. Before death came he murdered three of the inmates of the monastery. His nature was made up of reckless daring. He was more fit for a pirate than a priest. There are two classes of pirates—a murderer and a red-handed villain is a sea pirate; a Jesuit priest, a hypocrite, liar and thief of the poor people's wealth, is a land pirate.

Little Justin inherits his violent temper from such natures. His spirit guides have taught him to live it down to a great extent. He is calm now in disposition to what he was when I first made his acquaintance.

He had more nicknames than any individual I ever knew. The Quakers called him the "Dreamer," or the individual with two natures. Prof. Bartlett called him the "Gleaner of Thought." Mrs. Jennie Johnson said he was the boy who lived between two worlds. James G. Blaine called him "Spitfire." His foster father said, "He went the way of the winds, hither and thither." Doctor Campbell called him "The Servant of the Spirit World." Mrs. John Drew said, "He was born for the stage." Prof. Blake said, "He was the echo of invisible voices." Edwin Forrest, the actor, called him "Little Toots." Joseph Jefferson named him "Puss," and I called him "My shock-haired boy." He became the hero of one of my stories. Maria Lydia Child called him "The second sight individual." Lucretia Mott spoke of him as the "Bearer of messages from the spirit side of life."

To me his whole nature seemed to be that of sensitive emotion. When he became angry a spray of oaths would come from his organ of speech that would make me tremble. I discovered in his nature lay a great love for animals. He could not bear to see one animal abuse another. He'd always defend the smaller and fight for it. I remember on one occasion, while visiting at his home, many guests sat on the veranda looking down toward the ocean. On the lawn was an old dog resting under a large tree and looking up at us guests. After awhile a vicious dog came up the carriage drive from the Avenue, walked across the lawn to where this old dog was lying under the tree; he growled and snapped at the old dog, and finally bit his ear. That was more than Justin could stand. He grabbed Mr. Blaine's hat, jumped over his foster father and commenced to

yell like an Indian; he rushed at the strange dog and beat him with Mr. Blaine's hat, driving him from the lawn and down the carriage drive, then he came back, sat down and took the old dog's head in his lap, wrapped his handkerchief around his bleeding ear and commenced to cry, saying, "Poor old Bob, who is so kind and good." All of a sudden he looked up at us on the veranda, crying out, "Damn some of you, if you don't get me some warm water to wash this dog's ear I'll raise hell, and right now, too." You can warrant water was brought him, and pretty quick. He washed the dog's ear and the blood from off his face. After he had done so he picked up Mr. Blaine's hat: it was torn in pieces: he threw it toward Mr. Blaine, saying, "James, there's what's left of it." I wish you could have heard the shouting and laughing of the guests present. He did everything on the impulse of the moment. A Doctor Tuller spoke up and said, "I have two friends here who lived in the hopes of having an interview with Little Justin. I did not expect we should witness a dog fight." Justin laid down with the old dog in his arms and went to sleep. His foster father said, "Friends, he will wake up pretty soon: his affection and regard for that old dog is wonderful; the mangy old cur followed him home one day from town and has remained here ever since. If Justin lived home the largest part of the year we'd have a dog farm."

Three days after the dog affair there were sitting on the front veranda, Justin's foster father, Dr. Pierce and wife, the Rev. Dr. Wells, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, Prof. Blake, Mr. Chase, Mr. Blaine and a banker from New York, whose name I have forgotten—I think it was Powell; Dr. Tuller and myself. While we were sitting there and conversing about spiritual affairs, Wm. Henry Downing, with Mr. Dana of New York, a newspaper man, came walking up the lawn to where we were sitting. Mr. Dana said, "Justin, I have a friend of mine from Australia. He tells me that your astral appeared at a seance in Melbourne, Australia." Justin received the introduction, then introduced the friends to the guests present on that occasion. I noticed Doctor Tuller looked at the strange gentleman from Australia and said, "Haven't I met you before?" The gentleman laughed and said, "Yes, Doctor, I think you have. I was under your tuition for two years in Oberlin, Ohio." That pleased Doctor

Tuller to meet one of his old pupils. They were shown to seats on the veranda. Justin sat on the steps, held his head in his hands and said, "Darn that other self, it is always going around and entering other people's homes where it ain't wanted." Just then he jumped up and held his arms above his head, looking away off, as it were, when he said, "Poor fellow, he's obsessed." He turned around to the guests and said, "He's coming here; see that you treat him kindly; his mind is obsessed and racked to the utmost by that evil spirit." He walked across the gravel walk and threw himself down on the grass, saying, "I will wait his coming here." All of a sudden a peculiar feeling passed over me and I said, "Friends, let us sing; there is a peculiar feeling to me in the atmosphere." We sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then Justin went under a beautiful influence. Oh, it was so beautiful, I cried for joy. The influence said, "Friends of earth, I come to plead for my brother, who is obsessed by an evil spirit. I know you will help me, as I find here in your midst a loving spirit of Truth. You all believe in the God of Nature and the great manifestations that God has shown to you, in the beautiful flowers and trees, birds of the air and beasts of the field. Above all, the intellect of his children, has been a manifestation to your souls. My unhappy brother is on his way now and they will guide him to this home. Sing for me." We commenced to sing. The influence left Justin. About five minutes afterward he was controlled by an Indian spirit who performed a war dance, then he threw himself on the ground and crawled around on the grass like a snake, hissing all the time. He jumped to his feet, struck his breast several violent blows. "Me Hissing Snake; me come to help white brother; me make him good." Then he left Justin. Justin went over and laid down under the tree, passing into a quiet sleep. I said, "Friends, there is work coming and we must lend our assistance. Let us give it with the love of our souls. Let us sing." While we were singing Justin jumped to his feet, screaming out, "He is coming." In a few minutes we discovered an individual coming through the orchard. He seemed to be skulking in a peculiar manner. When he got where he could see us he drew his hat down over his face, then walked on his hands and feet. In front of the barn he made a peculiar noise. Justin walked up to where



he stood, took him by the hand, led him up in front of the dwelling and said in a commanding voice, "See that you bring me a chair for the honored guest." One of the guests stepped in through the French window, coming back with a chair, placing it on the gravel walk in front of the house. Justin told the man to be seated, in a commanding voice. As he took his seat I discovered his garments were those of a clergyman, his coat was buttoned up to the throat, showing only a white collar. Then Justin asked us to sing. While we were singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye" the strange man attempted to bite Justin's hands. Several of the gentlemen present ran down the steps, caught hold of the man, and held him down on the chair. He cursed and swore in a dreadful manner and said he would kill us all if we did not let him go. That beautiful influence, that controlled Justin before, spoke again, saying, "Friends, dear friends, help my brother and drive that wicked influence away. If it is not broken he will become an inmate of a mad house; let us, dear friends, centre on him our soul thoughts." Then she delivered a beautiful prayer, such as I never heard before. She prayed to the angels of mercy to come and assist her brother and drive forth that demon that had possession of his mental faculties.

The gentleman from Australia stood up and prayed for that great spirit power to come and aid them in this case of affliction and drive forth that wicked spirit. We all assisted him in silent prayer. Justin was controlled by "Hissing Snake," who worked over the man. In time the influence commenced to grow less and less in power over his victim. After "Hissing Snake" had worked over him for about two hours the obsessing spirit gave way and the man was released and came back to freedom. He said he was the Rev. Dr. Miller. On several occasions in his library he saw the wicked spirit before he got possession of his mentality. He remained at Justin's home two days. On the evening of the second day we held a circle for his benefit. He was controlled by the beautiful spirit of his sister, who thanked us for all our kindness, shown to her brother. "It will not go unrewarded, the Spirit of Love will enter into each of your homes. May the blessings of the angels rest with you in peace forever."

Tuesday, June 27, 1905.

Good morning, brother. Now we will take up Justin's life. During one of my visits to Philadelphia I received an invitation from Doctor Van Ame to attend a materializing seance at his home on the following afternoon. He lived on Cherry street between Ninth and Tenth. I will endeavor to give you the names as I remember them. There were a Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, a Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, Prof. Coonley and wife, Prof. Blake and wife, a Dr. Chalmers, a Miss Bullene, a Dr. Child, a Dr. Simpson, a Dr. Hassenplug, Justin, your medium, a Mrs. Carlton, Mrs. Case and myself. This Mrs. Carlton was an English woman and said she was a powerful materializing medium, so she informed Dr. Van Ame. The circle was given on a Sunday afternoon in the month of March, 1875. The date of the month I do not remember, but it was about the middle of the month. Doctor Van Ame had hung a black curtain across one end of the back parlor. While sitting in the front parlor I noticed that woman kept looking at Justin more than ordinary. I thought. Finally she crossed the room and asked me to change seats with her, as she wished to sit next to Justin. I thought she acted quite friendly on such short acquaintance. She held conversation more with Justin and Prof. Coonley than any of the other guests present. Dr. Van Ame said, "Now we will form the circle," and asked the woman to set the people to suit herself. She did so. She placed Justin right next to the curtain, Prof. Coonley and his wife next to Justin and the other guests as she thought it was best for her to do so. The circle was formed in the shape of a horseshoe, Dr. Van Ame being at the other end of the circle. She sat down on a chair outside of the curtain and requested us to sing. We did so. After we had finished singing she stood up and gave us quite a history of her materializing, telling us she was an English woman and held circles at Buckingham Palace for Queen Victoria and her family and many other noted houses in England. She said that Ewart Gladstone thought she was the most perfect medium he had ever met. I thought she was sounding her own praises too much to suit me. She had Dr. Van Ame draw the folding doors together and darken the windows in order that no ray of light should enter the room. There was a lighted lamp on a small

table in the corner of the room. She placed a shade over that lamp, which made the light quite dim.

There was one guest's name that I forgot to mention—Jonathan Roberts, the publisher of "Mind and Matter." I do not think at this time he had commenced to publish the paper. He sat next to me in the circle. After she had finished expatiating on her great powers and describing the wonderful materializations that had been produced through her mediumship, Mr. Roberts whispered to me, "I do not like the look on Puss' face to-day. I think there is some ill brewing. I cannot tell you the reason why, I only feel it." As she was about to go behind the curtain she asked us to sing. We did so. I noticed as she stood there how broad she looked across the hips. In about five minutes after she had passed behind the curtain Dr. Van Ame set the music box going—which was a very fine one. It sat on top of the piano in the back parlor. Others as well as myself noticed that the music box would rise from the piano as much, perhaps, as eight or ten inches and remain in space for several seconds. All of a sudden we heard a deep, masculine voice—as we thought—come from behind the curtain. It said, "Friends, keep perfectly quiet; a spirit will now move in your midst." An old, humpbacked woman walked out and looked at the circle. She said nothing to anyone present, but coughed quite hard, then passed behind the curtain. In about ten minutes the same masculine voice said, "Now friends, keep perfectly quiet; Mary, Queen of Scotland, will come in your midst; do not touch her dress or she will dematerialize instantly, and will injure the medium. Wind up the music box again and set it going." Dr. Van Ame did so. While the music box was going we heard the rustling of a dress or something inside the curtain. "Turn down the lamp a little lower and she will appear before you in her royal robes." As she was about to come out Justin in some way got his hand behind the curtain, caught hold of the Queen's dress and as she was about to come out she had to do some tugging. We heard her say, "Damn it, what's the matter?" I judge she gave one tug to free herself and fell against the curtain. Down came the curtain and her royal highness onto the floor. Dr. Van Ame turned up the light, and such a picture! It was comical enough for a pantomime. There sat Justin on the floor,

holding onto the queen's train and a grin on his face that would have served the purpose of any circus clown to make the children laugh. The Queen had got mixed up in the curtain and was swearing at Justin, calling him a damn brat of an idiot. "If you had let me alone I'd have shown some powerful materializations here today." Prof. Coonley dragged down a shawl from a back window and let in some daylight. The Queen got up and stood on her feet, in an old dirty pink floss skirt, of very light weight, a royal shoulder train of thin scarlet satin, without any lining, and a red wig on her head. On the floor, in front of her, was a gilt paper crown with some imitation jewels fastened on it. Here and there was illuminated paint. In the corner laid her skeleton bustle that she used for a wardrobe trunk. As she stood there, she was not quite so broad across the hips as she was previous to going behind the curtain. All the Scotch blood had come to Mary's eyes and she was furious; she laid us out for a low lot of mean Yankees. Dr. Van Ame commanded her to leave the house, as a villain of the worst kind. She said, "There is no such thing as a genuine materialization. All those who pose as materializing mediums are frauds and spiritualism is only a humbug, anyhow." I said, "Madam, you are mistaken; I have seen the spirit materialize and dematerialize." She said it was a lie; there was no such thing as materialization, and all spiritualists were half idiots. Just then some of the women caught hold of her, tore the Queen's robes off her and there she stood, with nothing but a petticoat and a light waist on. Dr. Van Ame ordered her to put on her street dress and leave the house. "Before doing so, you will return the money to my friends that you have received for admission fee." She did so, then they hustled her into the street, leaving behind her the queenly robes, bustle and crown. After the guests had quieted down and the street door was locked, Miss Bullene was controlled by an influence who said, "That woman who has just left the house is obsessed. She is in the power of a strolling actress who lived in England. That strolling actress' name, when living in the physical body, was Jane Hathaway, who became a notorious drunkard before she left the physical body. Now, friends, if you will form a circle, remove the lamp from the table, place the table in the centre of the circle, darken the rooms and sing I think you will

get some physical demonstrations. All those in the circle are mediumistic. Now, let us sing." Prof. Coonley said, "Before we sing, friends, allow me to offer up an invocation to the angel world, hoping they will surround us with harmony." He gave us a beautiful invocation, after which the circle sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." After we had finished singing Mr. Roberts said, "I have received a strong impression that if Puss will sit on top of that table we will get a demonstration of some kind. Come here, Puss, and let me place you on the table." Just then Puss made a spring and landed on top of the table, which was the cause of great laughter. The music box was wound up again, placed on top of the piano and set going. Justin commenced to give an invocation and of all the ridiculous stuff that I ever listened to was given through his organ of speech on that occasion. The music box floated through space over the heads of the sitters and rested on Justin's lap. It kept playing all the time. A voice said, through Miss Bullene, "There is a strong spiritual power here this afternoon. Keep perfectly quiet, friends, and remain in the passive state. You will behold something that will open your eyes with wonder on this occasion." In about ten minutes, possibly more, the table with Justin and the music box commenced to rise from the floor. I should think as much as five feet. It was held there in space for several minutes, then it floated over the heads of the sitters, came down and rested in the corner where it stood when the lamp was on it. We all proclaimed in one voice, as it seemed, "That is the most wonderful physical demonstration I ever saw in my life." The raps came all over the piano. The voice through Miss Bullene said, "There is so much spirit power here this afternoon we could almost do anything in the way of physical demonstrations." A guitar that hung on the wall came down and was laid in Mrs. Coonley's lap. On the way from the wall the strings were fingered by some invisible hand that we did not see. The voice said, "We have taxed your strength sufficiently for this afternoon, hoping the same circle will meet again."

You see, dear readers, we sat in a grand circle after all and the manifestations were beautiful. When the friends were parting Mr. Roberts said, "I would like to have you all meet in my home next Thursday night. I will pay all railroad expenses and

take care of you while at my home." A number of us went—not all—Justin told Mr. Roberts he could not go, as his profession demanded his presence in the evening. The demonstrations were only fair on that occasion.

In the month of August, Mrs. Case and myself made a visit to Justin's home. She remained only one night and part of a day. I remained five days. His foster father told me that Justin was the most peculiar child he ever met. He informed me that, on several occasions, while living in Scotland, the people thought he was, truly, an imp of the devil and as wild as a deer on the mountain. He had two companions—a large dog, part Mastiff and part St. Bernard; the other was a pet deer. He and his two companions would go off to the hills and remain there for two and three days at a time. His old grandmother used to pray to the Lord that he'd never return, as he was a source of trouble to her. When he was at home, his foster father says, there never was a day that passed that he didn't play a trick upon her: just as sure as the sun arose in the morning, he and his grandmother got into some kind of a squabble. She told him he was fit to live with the devil and the gypsies. At one time he went off with a band of gypsies; three weeks afterward, his grandfather received information that he was seen with those strolling gypsies and where they were located. His grandfather went after him and brought him home. At another time, his foster father says, he went off with a circus. After his foster father brought him to America, he took to preaching in the streets as soon as he had learned some English. He tells me that one day he entered a church while the congregation was assembling. He climbed up to the pulpit and commenced to preach to the people. He said, "There is no personal God, neither is there a personal devil, but you're all chuck full of hell." Just then the Rev. Dr. Pease caught hold of him and walked him out of the church. In front of the church he commenced to dance the Highland Fling and yell like a fiend or a demon. Some one went out and got a policeman; he was arrested and taken to the station house; there he prayed for the policeman and the brass buttons on his coat. The Chief of Police said he was either crazy or possessed of a devil. His foster father was sent for. He was so angry he whipped him in the station house.

After he had whipped him, Little Justin sprang onto his back, he said, and hollered three cheers for the Fourth of July, George Washington and the nice looking policemen, especially that big fat duffer sitting up there, meaning the Chief of Police. Mr. Puller became so angry he dragged him by the hair of the head to the carriage, closed the door and told the coachman to drive off. "When we got home," his father said, "I tied him to the bed post and lashed him with the carriage whip. It was no use," the old man said, crying, "we could not do anything with him. Reforming was out of the question. I went in about an hour afterward to the room; he was gone; the rope laid on the window sill; he had slid down the water pipe to the ground. We did not see him for six days afterward. The next time I found him in a cellar praying to the negroes and calling down the blessings of the angels on them. When he had finished his prayer, I made a grab for him; he eluded my grasp, bolted through a back cellar window, climbed the fence and was gone, I knew not where. The housekeeper told me he came home one afternoon all in rags, nothing on his head. She said, 'Where have you been all this time?' He told her he'd been on a dandy picnic. 'Don't you think I look sweet?' She marched him to the bath room and gave him a good bath, put clean clothes on him in order that he might be presentable when I came home from business. When the family assembled in the dining room he walked in and stood by his chair. I said, 'Well, where have you been?' He said, 'With the angels.' That set the children to laughing, while his poor foster mother was crying. After dinner his foster mother had the family assembled in the parlor; then she prayed over him. While their heads were all bowed in prayer, he pinned his foster mother's dress to her eldest daughter's dress. When the mother had finished praying he said, 'Oh Lord, have mercy on the sinners of this house; they don't know when it's time to go fishing,' jumped to his feet, sprang out of the window and," the old man said, "we didn't see him for several days. I found whipping was no good—it had no effect upon him. As my wife and eldest daughter arose to their feet, they discovered they could not reach their chairs. On examination they found he had pinned their dresses together. The housekeeper said, 'Poor child, he belongs to the devil; his great-aunt was burned

for being a witch. May the dear Saviour protect this house from getting on fire.'” The old man then said, “When he became ten years of age, some one discovered he had talent and placed him on the stage. I think that was the best thing they could have done; those influences took possession of his little body when he was only three years of age. Coming to America during a terrible storm, he climbed up the rigging as high as he could go. It was a dreadful storm; there he sat and laughed in glee and when the lightning flashed, he screamed like a demon. My captain and officers trembled for his safety. It was my own ship, good lady, that we came over in.” Then the old man caught hold of my hand and held it in his, saying, “Dear lady, it would take months to tell you of his wild life. He never was sane like other people. Why managers pay him such a large salary, I cannot tell. I never attended any theatre where he played, as I was always afraid he'd do something out of the common. He never seemed to do anything right to suit me—possibly I am prejudiced against him—that is the way it has always looked. How Mr. Warren could stand his antics for so many years I cannot tell. He left the Little One well provided for. All the money and property has passed from him. In his profession, some people are afraid of him; they think he can bring an affliction upon them: as to that, lady, I cannot tell—he has always lived under an influence of some kind. Men in high positions in life seemed to become fascinated with his ways; they entertain him to receive, as they call it, ‘communications from the other side of life.’” Dear brother Hulburd, that is what the old man told me. I thank you for taking down my communication and hope it will hold a place in your book. What Mr. Puller, Justin’s foster father, told me as above, occurred long before the time of the Fox sisters. Justin went upon the stage ten years before the rappings at Hydesville. Good day. Olivia C. E. Stephens.



# Mary C. Morse

## Chapter XL

Saturday, May 7, 1904.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. I think the mornings are so lovely now it invites one to go forth and ramble through the woods. I was here yesterday but Rosa said the medium was too weak for his organ of speech to be controlled. To look at him, who would ever think that his physical body suffered so much. He has such a happy, genial nature no one would detect that he was suffering. It is only when his eyes glisten that you know he is suffering.

I came on an important errand and that errand is to congratulate the Spiritualists of San Diego in being so fortunate as to erect a Spiritual Temple. How happy they must all feel when they enter the building, saying to themselves, "This is ours. Here we can listen (rap) to the ministering spirits that come en rapport with our mediums." How glad I was to know that so many joyful souls were to take part in the dedication of the Temple. Mrs. Bushyhead hugged me with all her power, saying, "Sister Morse, my wish has been granted at last. I am a happy spirit today." It pleased me much to know that it made her so happy. When living in the physical body she was a great worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Her door was always open to the friends of that philosophy. Her purse quite frequently became empty, as she gave to the needy. She was a woman that had nothing stingy in her nature. It was impossible, as she was always giving to others.

How beautiful it was to witness the happiness of the sisters and brothers on the dedication day. How grandly and nobly the sisters worked to prepare everything for that occasion. The angels will bless them for it. I was proud to see the manly faces

and hearts of the brothers softened by love to the human race.

I will mention one, as he deserves it. The "Pilgrim" who has worked long and fought for the glorious cause of Spiritualism, both with pen and tongue. His name shall go down through the ages and the coming races will speak his name with reverence. Brother Peebles was a precious jewel on that occasion. The lustre of the gem found the hearts of all who were there to listen.

The gentle and loving sisters expressed themselves beautifully on that occasion, for they knew they were working in a holy cause. The brothers, in all the vigor of their manhood, spake words of wisdom that harmonized with the sentiments of their sisters. All is recorded on the spirit side of life, everything that is said and done for the cause of Truth is entered in a book of record that can never fade throughout all time.

I hope in the Lyceum that the children will be taught the beauties that lie in the life of Jesus. I think it will become a perfect guide to them throughout life. My husband and I loved the Unitarian church so much, because in the Sunday School they taught the life and works of Jesus. They never can blot out his life and sayings; they will go down through all time. Ministering angels can testify to his existence in a physical body. His whole nature was Christlike and that is why people worshipped him as a God. They did not understand that his whole existence was one of morality and truth. The pure spiritual mother who gave him birth impregnated his whole system with divine love for the human race.

I wish it could have been so that Justin's presence might have been seen at the dedication of the Temple. I think it would have been fine if his organ of speech could have been controlled by Mr. Clifton, also by Margaret Fuller, who gave through his mediumship their spirit names in rhyme. I think it is a beautiful phase of his mediumship.

I remember well when he used to speak in Mrs. Bushyhead's parlor over twenty years ago, how pleasant and elevating it was to listen to his guides, and those that received tests were pleased to think they had made his acquaintance.

On one occasion when lawyer Silliman received his spirit name he said to the controlling spirit. "I have passed through

all those conditions that you describe in rhyme. Bless God the Truth shall be spoken through the organ of speech of our loved medium." Mrs. Silliman also received a fine test, so she said; it was where the guide described a sheaf of wheat that belonged to her family crest in England, held over her head.

At another time while Justin's guides were speaking to the friends in the Garwood home, Mr. Hammond addressed them with so much force and vigor that they were surprised to hear such a deep, rich, bass voice coming from Justin's lips. It was wonderful, as you know his natural voice is soft and low. On that occasion Mr. Wheeler, the civil engineer, said, "Why can't the public have more of this? Can't we arrange to keep Justin down here awhile, that many of the inhabitants of San Diego may hear his guides speak?" It was otherwise decreed; his physical body could not stand the cold, chilly fog of the coast. So he had to return to his mountain home, as the spirits had work for him there. They had selected the location where "Searchlight Bower" was to be built and christened by Madam Blavatsky. I think she gave it a beautiful name. Mr. Wheeler said, "I think those spirit names are something grand. My whole nature seemed to become spiritualized when Bobbie Burns gave to Mrs. Wilson her spirit name in the Scotch dialect. I know it would enlighten many minds if they could only have heard what we have heard here tonight. It seems like a miracle to hear that Indian girl, Rosa, talk and laugh—her laugh is so clear and musical. I never heard anything like it in Spiritualism. Her witty sayings would make the most sorrowful mind smile."

Others and I, myself, saw and heard so much through his mediumship while living in the physical body, that we knew and understood there was a great power behind it.

I have had a desire several times to send my dear husband another letter, but his guides say they must husband and reserve his strength for a work that they are doing—that some day the public may have the pleasure of reading.

Others would like to come and express their thoughts about the Spiritual Temple. They say they cannot permit it—it takes too much of his spiritual strength. I was sorry to see him have that hemorrhage the other morning. Rosa tells me he spits

blood quite frequently now. So I thank you, brother Hulburd, for taking down the communications and hope you will send a copy of them to the society and also to brother Peebles. Oblige the friends and myself, brother Hulburd, by sending the other part of Kate Fox's communication to brother Peebles. Mrs. Bushyhead tells me that I spoke of brother Peebles as Mr. in one sentence. She says she wants brother put there in place of Mr. It sounds so cold and formal and she does not want to hear a loving soul like his called Mr. So I hope you will correct it.

Now I will close, leaving my love to Dr. Meyer, John High, yourself and Little Justin. I am Mrs. Morse, the wife of my dear husband, Ephriam Weed Morse, one of the grandest souls that ever lived in a physical body, now residing in San Diego. Your loving sister in the cause of Truth. Mary C. Morse.

# William Denton

## Chapter XLI

Thursday, April 21, 1904.

I was sitting in company with my cousin, Justin Hulburd—a born medium—reading to him a newspaper article relative to the order of the Russian commander against wireless telegraphy and the position likely to be taken by the other governments, when suddenly Justin signalled me to stop reading. I did so, when he said, "A voice says, 'There will be a greater invention than that, which, with air-ships, will break up war. They will hover over armies and drop explosives down upon them, thereby slaughtering great numbers. It will cost the lives of millions, just as it cost so many lives to break up slavery, but it has got to be done and will break up war, as nations will not dare to risk the great slaughter. Benjamin Franklin is at the head of the movement. The spirits are bound to break up war between nations. The improvement will be on the same line as the wireless telegraph, but greater. They will build flying ships so perfect that they can fly through the air at a rapid speed. They will drop an explosive that, when it reaches the lower density of the atmosphere, it will spread out in all directions. They will keep throwing them out so fast it will kill thousands of men in an hour. We have taken this process that we are perfecting in spirit life to break up war between the different nations. There will yet be one great war and the progressive spirits will find individuals in the physical body that will carry out their conditions.'" Over fifty years ago Benjamin Franklin made the prediction through this medium how they would perfect flying ships. They would break up war. Then I laughingly said that turnips liked to keep their skins on if they possibly could—I meant by that, that the time is not far

distant when men will not stand up to be shot at by their fellow men.

It is a barbarous state of life to carry on war and to create any condition to bring men into the field to be slaughtered on account of kings, emperors or any other man that holds office. It shows an intellectual and cultured mind that the human race is still barbarous.

Your boasted civilization is a half-breed of barbarism. It is like our orthodox farmer praying for rain and the God he believes in sets his house on fire by striking it with lightning.

The feeble minded today living in physical bodies, require a strong demonstration, so their God sends them cyclones and tornadoes to wake them up out of their hibernating sleep of old orthodox creeds. In time, they will get to understand the laws of Nature are running those things and not old Jehovah of the Bible that has held them so many years in a deep sleep of lethargy, where it was almost impossible for the law of Reason to break through and laugh at their credulity. Your friend as always, William Denton.

# Miscellany

## Chapter XLII

Friday, July 18, 1902.

Mr. J. W. Wolfe of San Diego called upon Justin Hulburd at his home. He had been there but a short time when the little Indian spirit, "Rosa," who is Justin's guardian spirit, controlled and said she would now give Brave Wolf his spirit name. The control was then taken by a strange spirit who gave a beautiful address, ending by giving Mr. Wolf the name, "Crescent Star."

The spirit then said that, when living in the physical body four hundred years ago, his name was Solomon Noness; that he was a slave in Rome and experienced very brutal treatment, he being a Hebrew. He came here with Joseph Noness, who, when living in the physical body, was a banker in New York City and knew this medium when he was a young lad.

Spirit Solomon Noness then described a banker representing a man being decorated by a woman with a pearl necklace, the necklace being a charm of "Crescent Star." He predicted the overthrow of Turkey and the re-occupation of the Holy Land by the children of Israel and that Palestine would once more become a flourishing, prosperous country. He made another prediction which will be of great interest to the world, which was that the Hebrew race would become very numerous and progressive in the United States of America, but they would never forget nor forgive the brutal treatment they had received in Russia and, when they felt sufficiently strong in numbers and wealth, they would cause an uprising in Russia and, with the assistance of America, would chastise the Russians and bring about the emancipation of the Hebrews, then living in the Russian dominions. The spirit also predicted that Mr. Wolf would become a writer of great prominence. There were present besides Justin, the medium, J. W. Wolf, Doctor F. D. C. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd.

November 18, 1889.

I once lived in a family of a dear, dear friend  
And many jolly times we had unto the end.  
The spirits sent me to California, then I had to leave my friend,  
With the delicious fruits and fragrant flowers my life to blend.

Before I left Rosa predicted they would come here,  
In balmy California their life to cheer.  
Now I see there was a work for them here,  
As William, the father, is inspired from spirit sphere.

Now this little Rosa in everything was true  
In all the predictions she made to you.  
Many is the hard head in Christianity you will have to hew,  
And lots of friends you will make, not a few.

Now your radical work to the world can go forth,  
And Virginia, the mother, with her thoughts can boil the broth,  
For lots of Christians must have a sup to keep down the froth.  
When the change comes, their son Charley can paint it on cloth.

He is now in Europe, across the pond,  
Where the old masters' pictures he can look upon,  
And climb ancient stairs made of stone,  
And perhaps take a look at an emperor's throne.

When he comes back he will paint pictures of fame  
That will win for him an artist's name.  
All the touches of his brush will burn and flame  
On his canvass—Charley Judson is his name.

There is May, a young lady by this time,  
In everything she generally speaks her mind,  
And to be a little conservative she is inclined.  
She will get over all that in the usual time.

Next comes Otis, a domestic and kindly lad,  
And all the pets and animals to see him are glad.  
His mind can never be turned by any new fad.  
He has a head that is wise and long, has our Otis lad.



Just look at our brown eyed Miss Kate,  
 She will always be on time and never too late.  
 She has got a sparkling eye at any rate.  
 And some of the boys have an eye on our winsome Kate.

But little Ella, the rosebud of them all,  
 At the age of five from heaven had an early call  
 That she might come back to them this fall  
 And enchant them with her brightest thoughts of all.

I hope my friends will not take it amiss  
 Since I dare to the wide world give this  
 In their home I have passed many hours of bliss  
 I send this with my love and an old friend's kiss.

And I hope the angels will always call,  
 And bring with them their best love of all,  
 For I see many changes in life this fall.  
 So now, William, keep up the rolling of the ball.

And when you are tired and require a rest,  
 I mean when with too many thoughts you are pressed,  
 Then go it again with an old time zest.  
 I want to see your name enrolled with those of the blest.

To my dear, kind friend Virginia, I would say,  
 Your darling Ella makes me a few visits on her way,  
 And says her mother's hair is turning gray,  
 But you know in this world that is always the way.

She says her mother is so gentle and sweet,  
 And some day she will welcome her to her spirit retreat.  
 There she says you will find joy and friends to greet.  
 She has a rose growing by the name of Virginia sweet.

December 5, 1889.

Oh, papa and mamma, what do you think—  
Dan stands on the wedding brink.  
Now I know both of you at this will wink.  
I can't myself keep from giving a blink.

The bride's name is Crystal Light,  
And her bridal dress shone so bright,  
As on her head she wore a crescent light.  
Now Dan claims her for his wedded wife.

Charley says perhaps he will do so some day,  
For I know he is commencing to look that way.  
I saw he to a beautiful spirit had lots to say,  
Then I thought I had better go off and play.

Next day we commenced to prepare the bridal feast,  
When Dan says, lets attend to the seats,  
So that none sitting down will come to grief,  
That all from their souls can have relief.

We all brought flowers that were rich and rare,  
To decorate the bridal chairs.  
Charley says you are all putting on airs,  
When Grandma says for you we will likewise prepare.

The bride's face was all a glow of cheer  
When Dan, her lover, did appear.  
He clasped her to his arms fervent and sincere,  
Then I tried to blush, but I had to give a cheer.

They were married through the outgrowth of the soul.  
Now all emanations from their life they can unfold.  
That is the way they marry here, I am told.  
It is beautiful and must raise a living fountain in the soul.

Then we all went down to the musical lake,  
And the rippling waters were their bridal cake.  
As we stepped into the gondola to sail on the lake,  
All the water and surroundings shook with a quake.

When we all commenced to sing  
I saw him slip on her finger a jeweled ring,  
Then I knew he was her spiritual king,  
For he did nothing but love ditties in her ear sing.

I played on my guitar as hard as I could  
And hoped it would do some good.  
They wanted to keep to themselves I understood,  
So you must know my playing done some good.

Their home is a perfect flowery glade,  
And we sang them a pretty bridal serenade.  
Then for our home we all made a raid,  
When Charley says let me go and lie in the shade.

Now at this wedding I was a little bridesmaid,  
And oh, how pretty my dress did shine in the shade.  
My light hair with flowers made a perfect charade  
As I started off with the wedding cavalcade.

Now papa and mamma you can see  
From all foolish pride we are free  
And by will power we can flee  
And live out doors like the waters and tree.

I present you this as Dan's wedding card.  
Now I don't set myself up for a poetical bard,  
But I stood at this wedding on guard,  
And must have made quite a pleasant placard.  
Your loving daughter,  
Ella or Pearl Gate.

On one occasion when visiting in San Diego, California, Justin, by invitation, called on a Mrs. Wilson, a wealthy lady and an ardent Spiritualist, who was a fine medium, and was residing with her daughter, Mrs. Hale.

While there he was controlled by Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. She asked the spirit how she would pass out of the body. He replied she would die suddenly when alone; would

slip out of her chair and be found lying on the floor. About three years afterward her grand-daughter, who had been with her, left the room for a short time. When she returned Mrs. Wilson was lying on the floor; the spirit had fled. Presumably she had slipped from her chair as predicted by spirit Burns.

In 1873 Justin was boarding with Mrs. Davis on North 12th street Philadelphia. One morning Mrs. Davis went to his door and called him for breakfast. He said to her, "I don't feel like getting up." She said, "Then you had better lie there; I guess you are going to see something." In a short time, probably about five minutes, the room seemed filled with smoke and the theatre came up in the middle; then he saw a fire break out in the northeast corner.

When he went to breakfast he told Mrs. Davis what he had seen and she advised him to go at once and tell Mr. Simmons or Mr. Slocum. "If you don't, I will. You know the building was burned in March, 1872." When he went to rehearsal that day he told Mr. Slocum what he had seen and advised him to watch the building or there might be another fire. That evening when he came to dress for the performance, when going up to his dressing room, he found John Rice carrying water in a coal scuttle. John Stout and others were carrying water. Justin asked Rice, "What is the matter?" He replied, "You old witch, your prediction has come true; a fire has broken out in Billy Sweatman's room." Justin went immediately to his room to pack his own and Wm. H. Rice's wardrobe to be removed, but Billy Welch called at his room and announced the fire was out. He afterward learned that the property man who lit the gas was under the influence of liquor and pushed the jet too close to Mr. Sweatman's wardrobe, which took fire.

In 1883 Justin and Mr. W. W. Judson were at the Union Depot in Kansas City, Mo., when they met Mr. John A. Dunn. Justin saw clairvoyantly a Scotch terrier dog licking his hand and fawning around him. Upon describing the dog Mr. Dunn exclaimed, "Can you see such things?" He said that was a dog he owned twenty years before in New York City. The dog had some very peculiar marks, one of which was a black ring around one of his eyes.

One day Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Mrs. Love and Miss

Wyant, a niece of Mrs. Love, called at Justin's home in Kansas City. While in conversation Justin saw a spirit enter the room and approach Mrs. Chamberlain. He stood by her, shaking his head from one side to the other. Justin described him to her. All the spirit would say was "D. P.," and kept repeating those letters for some time. Finally she burst into tears, saying, "That is my son. He died in a mad house. When we discovered he was becoming insane we always spoke of him as "D. P.," so that we would not know that we referred to him."

While Justin was lecturing in Kansas City, Mrs. Rush, wife of Dr. Rush, one Sunday saw in the morning paper a notice of a Spiritualist meeting to be held in the afternoon at the Grand Avenue hall, where Justin was to lecture. Never having been to a Spiritualist meeting she said to her daughter, "Let us go just for fun and see what it's like." They went and got seats about the middle of the hall. While Justin was lecturing he stopped and pointing to Mrs. Rush, said, "Madam, there is a young man standing by you with a rather peculiar expression to his eye. Right under the eye is a dark blotch which looks as if inflicted by a bullet. He says, 'Mother, I am not in Hell, as the priest told you, but with you and sister most of the time.'" The lady burst into tears and said, "That is my son. The priest told me he saw his soul in Hell because he would not receive the rites of the Catholic church. Thank God, my son is safe and can come to his mother. No more cursed Catholic religion for me."

While in Kansas City a private circle was held twice a week at Justin's home, the sitters being Justin, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph Fleming and E. W. Hulburt. At one of these circles Justin was controlled by a spirit said to have been known while in the body as Sir Thomas Clifton, who predicted that within a hundred years the earth would have another moon and then farmers could work at night.

Soon after Justin moved to California, not long subsequent to which the papers announced that at the Lick observatory the powerful telescope had observed the outline of a second moon.

One day in June, 1884, Justin called at the office of Dr. H. W. Gould, on Fifth street in San Diego, California. While there Justin saw a man and woman standing by Dr. Gould. He re-

marked, "The man looks like the most positive man I ever saw and he looks like you, Doctor." He then described both spirits and Dr. Gould said they were his father and mother and he thought his father was the most positive man that ever lived. "There," he said, "is where I get my stubbornness."

Then the mother said, "He has a locket in his pants pocket with both our pictures in it." The Doctor said, "Yes, I have such a locket, but mother is mistaken; it is in my vest, hanging up; I will show it to you." He got up and went to where the vest was hanging and felt in the pockets—then exclaimed, "By George! it isn't here." He then felt in the pockets of the vest he was wearing and failed to find it. He then said, "I changed my vest this morning and thought I left it in the other vest, as that is the one I generally wear." He then examined the pants pockets and found the locket, which was large oval shaped. He said, "I always carry it with me and must have put it in my pants while changing the vests and have forgotten about it." The Doctor then said, "Of all the mediums I have been to, this is the greatest clairvoyant test I ever had."

Sitting one day in Dr. Gould's office, Mr. Johnson, an architect and builder came in. During the time he was there Justin described a young man standing by him. The spirit told him that Mr. Johnson taught him to work by a certain rule and said that he passed out in Florida and gave his name. Mr. Johnson said, "Yes, I had such a young man as you describe in my employ and taught him to work by that rule. He went to Florida but I haven't heard of his death." He said, "I have heard of you describing people still living in the body. Don't you think possibly he is still in the body?" Justin said, "No, the spirit says he is out of the body. Next Monday you will understand." With next Monday's mail came a letter telling of this young man's death. Mr. Johnson then told his friends in San Diego that was one of the best tests he had ever had in Spiritualism.

In 1887 one evening at Justin's Mountain View home near Descanso, California, there were present Justin, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd, Jose D. Lopez and a young man employed on the ranch, known as "Windy Bill." While sitting there, there came a small sized Spanish lady, draped in a beautiful Spanish scarf, worked with gold and silver and silk thread.

The pattern was so prominent that Justin described pond lilies worked on the lace scarf. Mr. Lopez said, "The description is of my mother, but I never knew her to own such a scarf as you describe, and never knew one like it to be in the family." A few days after Mr. Lopez made a visit to his eldest sister in San Diego. He spoke of Justin's description of his mother and inquired if such a scarf had ever been known in the family. The eldest sister said, "Yes, there is such a scarf in the family and I gave it to sister here for safe keeping, as you know she takes the best care of such things. It was brought to Mexico from Spain by our great grandfather, Count Jose Lopez, and presented to your mother by our father on her bridal day. Your mother wore it only once, which was on the occasion of her marriage, and she handed it to me for safe keeping and I turned it over to sister, and she has cared for it ever since." They went to an old trunk and brought it from the bottom and there he saw it for the first time, he being the only child of his father's second wife.

In February or March, 1881—exact date forgotten—Justin was giving a sitting to a lady at his home, 1416 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. There were present Mrs. Lee, wife of Harry Lee, son of Bishop Lee of Davenport, Iowa. The control suddenly turned and addressing Mrs. Lee, said, "In two hours there will be a big fire in the bottoms." Just then Mr. Olmstead, a lumber dealer who owned considerable property in that part of the city, came in. The control, turning to him, said, "Go right down." He didn't stop, but instantly went out, took a car and arrived in time to save some of his property. Mrs. Lee drove to her husband's office to take him home. When he was about seating himself in his vehicle the alarm sounded and Mrs. Lee exclaimed, "There is the fire, just as Justin predicted two hours ago." Up to that time it was the largest fire Kansas City had experienced. The writer, with his son-in-law, went to the bluff at Tenth Street, which overlooked the bottoms, and witnessed the fire.

One Sunday evening in Kansas City Dr. Joshua Thorne and wife called at Justin's home to see him before going to the hall to lecture and found him under the control of a negro boy. There were present Dr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. W. W.

Judson, Julia Meyer, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. Love and Mrs. Chamberlain. When Dr. Thorne entered the room the negro addressed him by name. The Doctor replied, "Hello, you here, Jack?" They had quite a long conversation; finally the Doctor said, "Jack, you must leave now so that we can take the medium to the hall to lecture." Jack said, "Doctor, I've got in and can't get out." The Doctor then requested the friends to sing and he would bring his will power to bear to help get him out. Finally the negro left.

Justin went to the hall and gave the lecture, after which Dr. Thorne and wife and a few of the friends returned to the sitting room to see how the medium got along. While in conversation Dr. Thorne said, "I wish when Jack was here I had thought to ask him if he couldn't get on the track of Smith's murderer."

In a few minutes the negro controlled again and said, "Yes, Doctor, I am going to try and help you. You were good to me and my family and I will do what I can for you. Come back here on Tuesday and maybe I will have some word for you." The Doctor returned Tuesday. The negro came and reported that having procured the help of others, they had located the murderer in Texas. Dr. Thorne then went to the authorities and told them what he had learned. They laughed at him but, saying they had known him so many years as an honorable and truthful man, they would investigate.

They accordingly sent detectives to Texas, who found the murderer as the negro stated, and brought him back to Kansas City for trial. The matter was published in the newspapers far and near and Justin was so overrun with callers that he was compelled to shut himself in his room and refuse everyone. Letters were received from all parts by the bushel. By the publication of the above the consummation of the spirit plans to bring the writer and Justin together was effected and the work for which they had been selected was soon begun.

In September, 1882, in Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Dr. Rush called on Justin. While sitting in conversation she, noticing his inattention, said, "Justin, you are not interested in my conversation. You are seeing something. What is it?" He then told her, "I see the main building of the Fair Grounds on fire. My



God! I hope they won't burn down." She said, "I hope not." The next day Mrs. Rush and daughter and some friends went to the fair. About four o'clock p.m., as they were passing through the main building, someone shouted, "Fire!" She looked and saw the part of the building she had left a few minutes before was on fire. She said to her daughter, "There is the fire Justin predicted yesterday." When they reached the other exit the crowd was so great that many were badly injured.

They went directly to Justin's, his being the first place where they were acquainted. They rushed in breathless—Mrs. Rush was handed a chair, when she said, "Well, I saw your prediction fulfilled. We left the main building in flames and hurried here to get away from the crowd." She then said, "I must have my daughter write an article for publication." Justin said, "Please don't—if you do we will have the house besieged again."

In the summer of 1883, Justin's house having been destroyed by a cyclone, he was staying with the family of W. W. Judson on Independence Avenue, in Kansas City. A gentleman and his wife from Cincinnati, Ohio, came with friends to call. They intended taking the morning train from Kansas City. During the evening Justin was controlled by an Indian girl, "Rosa," who, taking the gentleman by the hand, advised him not to take the morning train as he intended. "Plenty big water come in the night and screecher (as she called the locomotive) run off track and good many be hurt, some killed." That night there came one of the heaviest rains Kansas City had ever known. The rivers rose to a great height and flooded low parts of Kansas City. The gentleman said to his wife, "I shall heed that Indian girl's warning. We will not take that train." Mrs. Judson remarked, "I guess Rosa has missed it this time. This is such a beautiful night." When Mr. and Mrs. Judson were bidding the friends good bye the sky was clear and showed no signs of a storm, but at 11:30 the rain was coming down in torrents. During the forenoon a telegram announced that that train had been wrecked and many people hurt, a full report of which was published in the Evening Star.

While staying with the family of Mr. Judson, in the summer of 1883, they were one evening holding a circle. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, Miss May Judson, their daughter, Mr. and Mrs.

Clark, neighbors, and Justin Hulburd, medium, being present. After they had been sitting about half an hour Rosa, the Indian girl, the control, told them to break up the circle and go down stairs, as there was going to be a dreadful storm. They went down and looking out, saw no signs of a storm. Mr. Judson said, "It don't look like a storm, but Rosa's predictions hardly ever fail." Mr. Clark said to his wife, "I guess we had better go home," as they placed great confidence in what Rosa says. Rosa then said to Mr. Judson, "Light the lantern and put it by the cellar door, then go through the house and bolt the shutters and fasten down the windows." The family then went into the sitting room, where they were joined by the servant, Maggie, with her baby.

After sitting there about ten minutes they heard a roaring in the distance which sounded like the booming of cannon. It came nearer and nearer, until in a few minutes the trees were lashing each other. The household rushed for the cellar and looking out from the windows saw some of the big trees bending nearly to the ground by the force of the wind. They remained in the cellar until after three o'clock in the morning, which opened bright and beautiful.

While at breakfast between nine and ten o'clock, Rosa controlled Justin and said, "Heap big storm today." Mr. Judson said, "For Heaven's sake Rosa, do give us a rest between times." Rosa replied, "She um come big soon." About eleven o'clock clouds appeared and Mr. Judson's little daughter Ella came rushing into the house, greatly excited, screaming, "It's coming—it's coming! Let's get the lamp and go to the cellar." His eldest son, an artist, was sitting by a window at work on a picture. The medium, who was standing behind him looking at the picture while he was painting, happened to look out of the window and called the attention of the artist, saying, "Charley, look there. Isn't that strange looking?"

When he looked out he saw the wind and rain coming from north and south, meeting. Charley said, "That is going to be a big storm," and caught up his little sister Ella and rushed into the cellar, shouting to the others, "Come on—come on: there is a big storm coming." They had barely time to lock the doors and get to the cellar when one of the worst storms of the season

burst upon them. It was thunder, lightning, rain and wind, causing great destruction of property.

It would take a large volume to record all the predictions of the little Indian girl, Rosa, through the mediumship of Justin.

One day Harry Lee, president of the Transfer Company and son of Bishop Lee of the Episcopal church, came with a friend to call on Justin. When ushered into the house he said, "Justin, I have a railroad friend here to whom I would like to have you give a reading." Justin exclaimed, "A railroad friend; why, I located him on a steamboat." The gentleman laughed and said, "For a number of years I was on a steamboat on the Mississippi." Justin then described a spirit standing beside him and gave his name, which was a very peculiar one. "He says he was captain of the steamboat this gentleman was connected with."

Justin, sometimes in public as well as in private, gave poetical readings. It was for one of these that Mr. Lee brought this gentleman. Justin went to the gentleman and placed his hand on his head—which was his customary way when giving readings. He said, "There is something here I cannot understand." Mr. Lee said, "What is it, Justin? Tell us." Justin then said, "I see my friend President Garfield vomiting blood. I don't know what that means. I presume he is sick with that Washington climate." The scene then disappeared. Justin then went on with the reading but, in about five minutes, the vision came again. Mr. Lee then said, "Justin, I am positive that means something." After that the reading went on without interruption. The next morning when Justin was called for breakfast, he told them his head troubled him, and he could not get up. He said, "I have seen Mr. Garfield again, and he was in a peculiar condition." After some time Justin got up, went to his sitting room, sat down, and commenced crying.

Mrs. Schroeder, who was living in the house at the time, came in and said, "Why, Justin, why are you crying?" He said he thought there was something the matter with Mr. Garfield. Soon after Mr. Lee came in and said, "I have just received a telegram—President Garfield has been assassinated. That is the reason for what you saw yesterday."

One evening at his home in Chicago while in the parlor en-

tertaining some friends who were making a social call—among them a Mr. and Mrs. Judson, a merchant of the city—a spirit lady came and stood by Mrs. Judson. Justin described the spirit, who then lifted the skirt of her dress, and showed an embroidered petticoat, which he also described. Mrs. Judson recognized the pattern, and said she embroidered that petticoat, and also recognized the spirit as her sister, but declared she was still in the body, and living in Rochester, New York, as she had just received a letter from her. She remarked that Justin must see spirits in the body. While sitting at breakfast next morning the bell rang, and a messenger handed Mr. Judson a telegram, announcing the death of his wife's sister, which occurred a short time before Justin described her. Mr. Judson was so excited that, not stopping to take off his dressing gown or slippers, he put on his hat, took the message to the office of F. D. C. Meyer, who was present the evening before, and laid it before him, saying, "Look at that—now don't you think we have got a witch in the neighborhood?"

On another occasion in Chicago there was a seance being held at Justin's home. Mr. F. D. C. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. Robinson, who kept a boarding house, were present. Justin sprang up, tore his hair and screamed, "The cars are going through the bridge—Oh my God, how horrible! The people are being killed and the cars are burning." Being asked where, he said, "Ashtabula." The next morning the papers announced the terrible accident at the Ashtabula bridge. Mr. Morse called before Justin was up, with a morning paper, and said to Mr. Meyer, who was present, "My God! Here it is." Mr. Meyer said, "Don't let Justin know—he has been so nervous. He didn't go to sleep until five o'clock this morning."

In one of her lectures in Chicago, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond said of Justin, "He is a natural born medium."

At a seance in the winter of 1876 at Justin's home in Chicago, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. Collier, F. D. C. Meyer, and a sister of Mrs. Morse, whose name I have forgotten. A spirit controlled Justin who claimed to be a brother of Mrs. Morse, who when in the body was a fine musician. He said twelve spirits, including himself, were inventing an instrument that would be called a "telephone," by which people

in Joliet could hear a band play in Chicago. The circle was incredulous, but he told them that the telephone would be perfected in spirit life by the aid of music. When the next day Mr. Meyer told some friends of the prediction they laughed at him and said, "The spirits this time are clear off their base, and are making a fool of him."

At a lecture in Kansas City, Mo., in 1882, one of Justin's controls known in earth life as Sir Thomas Clifton, a barrister of London, England, predicted that the time was coming when telegraphing would be done without wires. It seemed so incredible that the Secretary of the Society refused to make a record of the prediction. The spirit said it would be brought to such perfection that people on the rostrum at one hall could telegraph messages to those on the rostrums of other halls.

In 1881 at the same place, Justin's control, Mr. Clifton, predicted that flying ships, on which spirits were at work, would in time be brought to perfection, and the North Pole would be first reached by a flying ship. He also stated that the geography of the globe was imperfectly known; that the world had knowledge of only about two-thirds of it—that beyond the pole was a large continent with a warm climate, which in time would be discovered, but the spirit world would not assist explorers to reach it at this time, the climate being such that we could not live there, but would die almost immediately. He said, however, there was a gradual change taking place, and in time our people could live there; that it was a very populous country with immense mineral resources, and many large towns and cities, and much fine timber, the capital city being shaded by trees three hundred feet high. Many of the principal buildings are built of stone which is nearly transparent. The first to reach there will be by a flying ship, and the people there will be so frightened that many will rush into the sea and be drowned.

During the voyage to this continent the flying ship discovers the fact that the North Pole has a different effect upon the magnetic needle than people had any idea of. After this discovery there will be found an open route to the pole. The inhabitants of this continent are highly civilized, are of light complexion, and very swift of foot, and eat no meat.

In the winter of 1876 and 1877 Justin was residing on Indi-

ana Avenue in Chicago. At that time Henry Slade was in trouble in England. Justin and Mr. F. D. C. Meyer had just returned from listening to a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Justin was reading a newspaper, which stated that Mr. Slade had been imprisoned in London. He threw down the paper, saying, "That is a lie. He never was incarcerated." This was the first time Mr. Meyer had seen Justin under spirit control. "You want proof of spirit control? You will get enough of it. You will see by the morning papers that two men went his bail, and he never was imprisoned. He is now on his way to France."

That same winter the spirits advised Mr. Meyer and Justin to go to Kansas City, but they refused. They said to Mr. Meyer that he must go, or they would ruin him. He still refused. They did as they threatened. In March, 1877, he and Justin went to Vineland, N. J. In May, 1878, Mr. Meyer went from Vineland, N. J., to Memphis, Tenn. In March, 1879, Justin was very sick. Mr. Meyer returned to Vineland, but Justin's condition was such that they concluded to make a change, and Mr. Meyer and Justin went to Memphis. While in Memphis Justin was controlled and the spirits told Mr. Meyer to go to Kansas City; that they must leave Memphis by the tenth of May, as the yellow fever would break out again. They also told Mr. John Meyer, a cousin of F. D. C. Meyer, that he must leave Memphis. He refused. The spirit said, "If you don't, you will be the first to die." He said Memphis was good enough for him to die in. Justin and F. D. C. Meyer went to Kansas City as directed. They had been there but two or three days when the spirit control said, "Now don't you think if you had come here when we told you to, you would have been better off?" They had been in Kansas City about two weeks when Mr. Meyer received a telegram from Memphis saying his cousin John Meyer was very sick—to come immediately. About two hours later, before Mr. Meyer could get a train, he received another telegram, announcing the death of his cousin. As the spirits predicted, Mr. John Meyer was the first yellow fever victim of that epidemic.

When in Vineland, N. J., in 1877, there were present in Justin's parlor besides himself, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. Julia Schroeder, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, and her

daughter, Lulu Johnson. Justin was entranced, in which state he remained about an hour. When he came out of the trance he described a place in Germany which Mr. Meyer and his sister, Mrs. Schroeder, recognized as the home of their childhood. Justin then described a library building which had very peculiar windows and doors. He then entered the building and described the arrangement of the rooms and books which they recognized and said the description was perfect.

In 1874 Justin was walking up North Tenth street in Philadelphia, when he met Madame Blavatsky walking down the street. He described an Arab who was walking with her. She said, "My dear little friend, I am in constant communication with that Arab, but he still lives in the body." Two weeks afterward he called upon her at her rooms. She said she had just had a communication from the Arab in which he asked if she felt his presence on a certain day, which was the day Justin saw him walking with her. Justin frequently sees spirits of those still in the body.

While Justin resided in Vineland, N. J., they were in the practice of holding meetings in his parlor Sunday afternoon. One Sunday quite a number were assembled. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, their son Wm. Johnson, and daughter Miss Lulu Johnson, Miss Fannie Shimer, F. D. C. Meyer, Mrs. Julia Schroeder, and her son Freddie, Miss Dolly Dix, and others whose names cannot be recalled. When they assembled they found Justin lying, sick, on an old sofa brought from Scotland, and fully one hundred and fifty years old. He said to Mrs. Pierce he thought they had better not hold any meeting that day, as he did not feel well. Dr. Jennings came forward and said, "Yes, Justin, we will hold the meeting. I feel that we will get something good today." Almost immediately Justin was entranced, and fourteen spirits came who were recognized by their friends. Each one referred to some incident which occurred in their days of childhood, which were remembered by those interested. One of the spirits which Justin described was a brother of Mr. Johnson, who went to the gold diggings of California. Before Justin was half done describing him Mr. Johnson said, "That is my brother," but Justin went on and

completed the description. Mr. Johnson said, "That is better than I could describe him, and he is my own brother." The spirit then gave his name in full, when Mrs. Johnson said, "You must be mistaken—that is not your middle name, because I christened my son after you, and gave him the name my husband said was your full name, and it did not have that middle name in it." The spirit said, "I guess, sister Jennie, I know my own name." Mr. Johnson spoke up and said, "By George, brother is right; that is his middle name—I made a mistake when I had the boy christened."

The last spirit who controlled was a sister of Dr. Pierce named Nancy Pierce. She said, "Milo Pierce, do you remember when you wanted to step aboard the horse cars on Tremont street, Boston? I told you to keep your nickles and dimes—you would need them when you were an old man." Dr. Pierce said, "Yes, sister Nancy; if I had heeded your warning I would have been better off today." The spirit said, "Nancy L. Pierce knew a thing or two." The Doctor said, "Why, sister, I never knew you had a middle name." She said, "You go and rummage through the old books and get Grandfather Pierce's bible, and you will find I was christened Nancy Lily Pierce. I never signed my middle name nor used it." Mr. Pierce wrote to relatives in Maine, requesting them to look through the old books of the grandfather and get the record. They wrote in reply that they found the record in the old bible, and she had been christened Nancy Lily Pierce. Dr. Pierce was an old man at this time, and this sister Nancy was an elder sister. At the next meeting Dr. Pierce stated Justin could not have got that from his mind, as he never knew his sister had a middle name, and he had never heard it mentioned in the family. Dr. Pierce was well known in Boston, where he had resided many years before coming to Vineland.

Justin was one day at the home of Dr. Pierce, there being Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, their sons Dana and Peter Pierce, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, and their son Phyllis Jennings, Lydia Snow, Wm. Peckham, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Pierce had just served them with coffee and cake in the parlor, when Dr. Pierce said, "One month from today I get \$10,000 on my policy; then I am going to give you all a dinner. I will give it up at Justin's



mansion, where they have such a large dining room." Almost immediately his spirit daughter controlled Justin and said, "No, papa, you won't get it; they are going to cheat you out of it." The Doctor said, "How is that, daughter? They cannot do it—I have paid all my installments." She said, "The company is laboring under difficulties, and you had better go to New York tomorrow or the next day at the farthest and see about it."

She then said, "When you go to the office, go right through to a desk where you will find a large fleshy man with a bald head, sitting; his under lip droops a little; he will give you more satisfaction than anyone else in the place." Dr. Pierce took the morning train to New York, went directly to the office, and found the man she had described. He asked the man if the company was in trouble. He replied "It was laboring under a difficulty, but it will get through all right." Dr. Pierce then said, "In about a month my policy is due, and I expect my money." The man said, "Don't worry about that; you will get it, all right."

About one week after Dr. Pierce's visit the company failed, and he got nothing. The Doctor had expected this money to support himself and family in his old age, he being at this time past seventy years, and its loss undoubtedly hastened his death. The Sunday following the failure of the company Prof. Van Ame in a lecture delivered in Philadelphia, spoke of this great test.

Sunday, June 10, 1900, at the home of E. W. Hulburd near Descanso, Cal., there were present Justin, the medium, J. E. High, F. D. C. Meyer, H. R. Hulburd, Mrs. S. R. Pennoyer, and E. W. Hulburd. Justin was controlled by spirit Thomas Paine, who gave a lecture on "The Ideality of Life." During the lecture he predicted that within fifteen years a woman would invent a watch that would run so accurately that it would never vary a hair's breadth. The lecture was grand, and for nearly an hour chained the attention of his hearers. After the lecture he gave a short beautiful poem, which he said was dictated by Miss Reeves, one of the band.

Justin was one day going home from the postoffice in Vine-land, N. J., when he met Mrs. Phoebe Cowles and a lady friend,

a Mrs. Everett Johnson, whom she introduced to Justin as a particular friend. While conversing, a spirit lady showed herself to Justin and said, "Sister Jennie, my arm does not hurt me in spirit life as it did when in the body." Mrs. Johnson said that was her spirit sister who passed away three years ago. She said one day in New York, while she and her sister were coming out of Taylor's store on Greenwich street, she slipped on a banana skin and fell, breaking her arm. After returning home Mrs. Johnson wrote Justin saying that that test had led her to investigate Spiritualism, and she had found it to be a truth. She was then attending the lectures of Nellie Brigham at the Spiritualist Church.

In April, 1882, at the house of Mr. Harry Lee in Kansas City, Mo., Mr. Lee and Justin were having a social chat, when Justin was controlled by a spirit claiming to be President Abraham Lincoln. He said that Gen. Meade, Gen. Warren, and Col. Campbell, who when in the body were intimate friends of Justin, sent regards, and wished to be remembered to him. He then had quite a lengthy conversation with Mr. Lee, foretelling wars that were coming, in which this nation would become involved.

It is well to state here that Mr. Lincoln and Justin were very intimate friends—as will appear later on in this record of his life work.

Justin and his foster father, Mr. John Puller of Vineland, N. J., were visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, in Millville, N. J. While they were at dinner Mr. Douglas said, "You must come down next week and see my daughter Lafina. She is coming from San Francisco to make mother and I a visit. Do you remember that when she was about fourteen, I was educating her for the stage, but when she was seventeen a man thought he needed her more than the stage, and I let him have her—now she is Mrs. Ashton." Justin said, "She stands right here now, and says she will be down on the evening train," upon which Mr. Douglas trembled so that he let fall a glass which he was holding, and it was broken into many pieces, and exclaimed, "My God—is my Phene in spirit life?" Mrs. Douglas then said, "Father, I had a dream that I saw her in the cars, but was afraid to tell you for fear it might upset you." I will

here state that Mr. Douglas was a very nervous man. Justin then said, "She must be taking a nap in her berth in the sleeping car and her spirit came here." Mrs. Douglas asked Justin to remain with them over night, as she feared that Mr. Douglas might have one of his bad turns, and he consented.

They went to the seven o'clock train that evening and their daughter arrived, which so affected Mr. Douglas that he did have a bad turn, falling on the car steps. They got him into a carriage, with his wife beside him, and Mrs. Ashton and Justin in the back seat: the floor covered with packages of purchases she had made in Philadelphia for her parents. She said, "Mamma, didn't you get the telegram?" Mrs. Douglas said they had not received any. She then said, "I was so busy with my purchases that I must have forgotten it. I really thought I had sent one." Mrs. Douglas said, "Daughter, why is it you are here now, as you said in your letter you were coming next week?" She replied, "Mr. Ashton got a pass for me from Oakland to Omaha, and I came immediately, and thought how I would surprise you when I got here." Mrs. Douglas then said, "There was something peculiar happened at our home today that I don't understand, daughter. Justin described you, and told us that you would be here this evening, and here you are." Mrs. Ashton exclaimed, "Why Justin, you must be a medium." He said, "So they say." She said she was taking a nap in the middle of the day, and dreamed she was there, and saw them at dinner. She saw her father's hand shaking, and saw the glass fall. Mrs. Douglas said, "Your father's hand did shake and tremble, and the glass fell and broke upon the floor. It is the one that had your initials on, which he has drunk from since you went from home." Mr. Douglas rallied and said to Justin, "It is well you were not born one hundred and fifty years ago, as you would have been burned for a witch." This led the family to investigate Spiritualism, and they became staunch believers.

In 1882, at a meeting of the Spiritual Society on Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., Justin spoke: there were present Mr. Black, and his sister, Mrs. Ashton, from Chicago. During the lecture Justin stopped, pointed to them and said, "There is a lady standing by your side—she says she is your wife. 'They

call me Josie, but my name is Josephine.'” She then showed one foot with a shoe on, and the other without any shoe. Mr. Black said that was his wife, but he could not understand why she showed one foot with a shoe on and one without. His sister, Mrs. Ashton, then said she understood its meaning. She had one shoe in her trunk, and her sister Elizabeth in Florida had the other.

At another meeting of the same society, when Justin was the speaker, there was present Rev. Dr. Bowker, of the Baptist church. After the close of the lecture Rosa, Justin’s Indian guide, was talking to the audience, when Mr. Bowker interrupted her, and asked why he did not get something. She said, “Well, preach brave, I can’t bring you Jesus Christ, but there is a little squaw papoose sitting on your lap—I can tell you all about her.” She then described the spirit child, and he recognized it as his little daughter. She then told him that if he and his family would sit at home this little girl would come to them and communicate. They did so, and Mr. Bowker became a convert to the Spiritual philosophy, left the church, and became a prominent physician of Kansas City.

In the winter or spring of 1883, Prof. Haus of Topeka, Kansas, came to Kansas City on business, and called on his friend, Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, who had for a time been a member of his family in Topeka. He at first declined an invitation to lunch for want of time, as he wished to see Justin Hulburd, who lived on Grand Avenue. Mrs. Chamberlain surprised him by saying Justin was her dearest friend, and it would be well to wait until later in the day to make the call, and she would go with him. He then concluded to take a later train home.

After a five o’clock dinner they went to Justin’s home. After a time of social converse Justin was controlled and after a prayer, called for a subject. Soon a spirit began and gave a poem delineating the life of Prof. Haus from youth to that time, then the spirit said, “Professor, do you know who I am?” He said he did not. The spirit then said, “I am your old friend, Edgar A. Poe.” Prof. Haus said he thought the poem was in Poe’s style, and he could then understand how the spirit could so accurately delineate his past life. The Professor returned home by the late train, and soon after wrote Mrs. Chamberlain

and Justin a long letter expressive of his pleasure and great satisfaction.

In May, 1883, Mrs. Henderson, widow of Rev. Henderson, whose home was somewhere in eastern Kansas, called on Justin at his home, 1416 Grand Avenue, Kansas City. She said she saw a notice of him in a Kansas City paper, and called to see him. When she entered the room where Justin was conversing with a friend, he without waiting for an introduction, rose and said, "Madam, there is a spirit with you who says his name is Doctor Morton." She trembled so that Mr. Meyer, who was present, placed a chair for her, into which she fell, and burst into tears, and held her hands clasped in such apparent distress that Justin went and took her hand and inquired as to the cause of her distress. She said, "Oh dear, dear, that was the best friend we had in the world. My husband and he were college companions. Somehow I offended him eight years ago, and he has never come to me since. He used to guide and direct us in all our affairs. Thank God! he has come back." She then offered a prayer of thankfulness to God. She said she hoped he would stay with her.

Mrs. Henderson was a medium, and Doctor Morton was her guide, but when she offended him as stated, he had apparently abandoned her. She then stated to Justin that her daughter was in trouble, and asked if he was willing she should bring her next day.

The next morning at eight o'clock she came with her daughter. The daughter immediately began talking, but Justin promptly checked her, saying if she expected to get anything, she must keep quiet. Mrs. Henderson then told the daughter to hand him that letter, which she did. Justin told her he had no faith in the letter business, but there was a possibility they might show him something clairvoyantly. He then took the letter and after holding it a few minutes he seemed to be in the Rocky Mountains. He described a man to her, when she exclaimed, "That is my husband." Justin said, "I see him surrounded by Indians, and they are dragging him away." She exclaimed, "Oh, my God! I hope they are not going to kill him." Her mother told her to keep quiet, or she would break the conditions. It was some time before they could show him any-

thing more. After a time Justin saw the man escape from the Indians by rushing down a steep glen. The next he saw, the man was on the cars on his way home, and a voice said, "He will be home in about two days." She swooned into her mother's arms. Mrs. Henderson said, "Tell all you see. We will see it through. Then we will get her water." The voice said, "We have sent her four letters, and have received no answer." Mrs. Henderson said, "She has never received them." The evening of the second day the husband walked into his home, a forlorn looking man. The next morning, having expressed a wish to see Justin, they conducted him to his home. He confirmed all that Justin had told his wife, and said his letters must have been intercepted. He investigated the matter and found they had been.

In November, 1883, Mr. E. W. Hulburd, having business at Topeka, Kansas, invited Justin to accompany him. Court was in session, and Mr. J. G. Bunker, a venerable Spiritualist, and friend of Mr. Hulburd being bailiff, by his invitation they attended a trial then in progress for horse stealing. While in court, Mr. Bunker came and asked Justin if he saw anything around the prisoner. He said, "Yes, I see his spirit wife; she says he is innocent, and is having his life sworn away by perjured witnesses, and wishes Mr. Bunker to try and help him." That evening Mr. Bunker called on the judge and told him what he had learned. The judge was so impressed that next day he ordered the witnesses recalled, and closely cross-examined them. One of the witnesses broke down and confessed that he and another witness stole the horse. The prisoner was released, and the thieves punished. Thus the providential visit of Justin saved an innocent man from a life-long degradation.

In the year 1869 Justin, being connected with the Duprez Minstrel and Comedy Company, was on his way to San Francisco. When the train stopped at Green River, Wyoming, he saw a number of Indians, among them a small boy about ten years of age, to whom he gave a ham sandwich. The boy opened the sandwich and threw away the meat, but ate the bread and a cookie that Justin also gave him.

In January, 1876, Justin was playing at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago, Ill. One Sunday he was controlled by a young

Indian, who told Mr. F. D. C. Meyer who was present, that his name was Juana, and that Justin gave him a sandwich and a cookie at Green River; from that time on he was constantly in his thoughts. He said that when he went to spirit life his thoughts were of Justin, as he was attracted to him from the first, therefore he came directly to him. He told Mr. Meyer that the soldiers stationed at the post at Green River gave him tobacco, which he chewed, and also gave him liquor to drink, both of which made him sick. Once they gave him enough to make him drunk, when a bad spirit got control of him, and he found some matches and set fire to some hay, which communicated with the barracks and burned them. Mr. Meyer looked over a file of papers and found an account of the burning of the barracks, as the spirit had stated.

Juana remained with Justin about two years. He was a very mischievous spirit, in fact was the very impersonation of mischief, causing Justin much annoyance. One day Justin went into the "Bee Hive" store to purchase some gloves. While making the selection, boxes would be thrown down from the shelves; when the saleswoman would replace them he would pull others from the shelves. This continued until the people in the store began staring at Justin as though they thought he was something uncanny, and he left the store to avoid trouble. Mr. Meyer was with him at the time, and told him what had taken place, he being partially entranced, and only partially aware of the trouble.

At a circle one night Mr. Morse, who was present, asked Juana if he would come to his house and move things as he did at Justin's. He said, "Yes, me come." The next afternoon while Justin was sleeping, a surprising occurrence took place at the home of Mr. Morse. A beautiful bead hanging basket which had been a birthday present to Mrs. Morse fell to the floor. About the same time they heard the cry of a cat, and investigating, they traced it to the stove, and upon opening the door of the oven they found a favorite cat nearly dead; at the same time they heard a laugh which sounded at a great distance. That afternoon between four and five o'clock he controlled Justin and told Nancy, the housekeeper, all that had occurred at the Morse home. He said, "Me go brave Morse wigwam, and

me make hell. Me take em down—make em on the ground." By ground he meant the floor. Nancy, who was well acquainted at the Morse home said, "Juana, did you throw down the beautiful bead basket?" He said, "Ugh! Me make em on the ground. Me hate dam cat. Me put cat in the box." When Mr. and Mrs. Morse came to a circle at Justin's that evening they confirmed all that Juana had said he had done. Juana said to Mr. and Mrs. Morse, "How you like em? Me make em on the ground."

Justin one day called on a costumer on State street. While sitting in the front parlor talking with the costumer one of the working women cried out, "Oh, look here—what does this mean?" The costumes which were strung on a line were being thrown down, and as fast as they were put up at one end of the line they were thrown down from the other end. They were so frightened that they cried out in dismay to the costumer to come. Justin thought it time to leave, which he did, and the trouble immediately ceased. The costumer did not wish Justin to call again. It is well to state here that the costumer had frequently expressed the belief that all spirits that manifested were bad, which undoubtedly caused the little Indian spirit to annoy him.

Many instances of a like nature occurred during the two years Juana remained with Justin, causing him much annoyance, and it was a great relief when the lovely spirit Rosa came and Juana left, but before dismissing Juana I will relate one more instance which came near causing Justin much trouble.

He was at one time about to enter a street car, but was still on the pavement, and a lady preceded him. Suddenly her hat was snatched from her head. She turned and charged him with the offense, but the conductor and a gentleman who was about to enter the car testified to Justin's innocence, as they saw the whole thing, and he did not touch her hat. Juana said to Justin, "Me want no damn squaw to go before you."

On another occasion Little Justin and F. D. C. Meyer were on their way to the home of a Mr. Thompson to make a social call. Mr. Meyer asked Juana to go to Mr. Thompson's and see how many were there. They had gone about one block when he returned and reported seven people and named them all except one lady, who had a German name difficult to pronounce.



He said he called her "Chain squaw." On arrival they found he had reported correctly. Juana would often control Little Justin in the street, and sing songs and dance a war dance, much to the amusement of the people, but much to the mortification of Justin. He was very profane, much to Justin's annoyance, as he never used profane language.

In November, 1878, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce were spending a few days at the home of Justin at Vineland, N. J. Mrs. Johnson and another lady whose name is forgotten, called to spend the evening. Justin was controlled by a spirit who claimed to be the husband of a cousin of Mrs. Pierce, who resided in Biddeford, Maine. It said, "Won't Amanda be surprised when I tell her I have been here." Dr. Pierce said, "How is that? Are you a spirit? I received a letter from you only two days ago, containing a check for \$40." It said, "No, I am no spirit." Dr. Pierce then asked about the family and told his wife to make a note of this interview. The spirit then told of the cat at home having seven kittens. The company laughed and he reiterated the statement. He also said his horse backed off the bridge and broke one of its legs and had to be shot. Mrs. Pierce wrote to a neighbor of this man for information, and received a reply affirming his statement, adding when the horse fell from the bridge he was thrown, his head striking a rock and killing him. Two weeks afterward Mrs. Snyder gave a reception. This spirit came and controlled her to write. It said now he knew he was a spirit; that when he was thrown from his horse his mind was on Dr. Pierce, wondering if he had received that check.

During the summer of 1885 Edwin H. Davis, a young man whose home was in Williamsburgh, N. Y., was living with Justin on his ranch in the mountains near Descanso, about forty-two miles from San Diego, California. He had come to California in search of health, and finding the mountain climate all that he desired, he decided to remain with Justin an indefinite time. One day while they were in the house Mr. Davis was writing a letter. Justin apparently went to sleep, but in fact went into a trance. When he awoke he described a house located on a private street in some city, also the shade trees and surroundings. He went into the basement, looked into the dining room, then went up through the house to the front parlor,

described the furniture, then went into the back parlor and described a large picture hanging on the wall, and a bed. Mr. Davis said he recognized the place as his home in Williamsburgh, N. Y., and the picture as that of his sister, which he said Justin described as accurately as he could have done, but there was never a bed in the back parlor—that was wrong. He immediately wrote to his mother, who replied that they had some visitors and they had put a bed in the back parlor for his aunt. An influence came a day or two afterward and gave a poem for his mother.

Little Justin was a natural musician, with a remarkably fine voice. One day a lady connected with the National Theatre of New York City happened to hear him sing, and arranged to have him call upon her the next day. She took him to the manager, who was charmed with his singing, and immediately engaged him. As his age was not quite eleven years, his pay was to be at the rate of six dollars per week. His whole soul was in the profession into which he was so unexpectedly thrown. His next engagement was at the Old Bowery.

After a few years he became connected with the Buckley Serenaders, and for nine years travelled with them throughout Europe, South America, and the West Indies. While in London he accompanied Mrs. Buckley to Buckingham Palace to visit Queen Victoria, and while there sat on her lap and sang "Kathleen Mavourneen."

After leaving the Buckley Serenaders he was with Madame Anna Bishop in the character of the Page in "Lucretia Borgia," singing the "Drinking Song."

Next he supported Barry Sullivan at the Winter Garden in New York, where he lost his singing voice.

He was with R. M. Hooley off and on for twelve years, and with J. H. Haverly two years.

He was from then on connected with nearly all the first-class theatres of that time. Justin's petite form disqualified him from taking the usual male characters on the stage, and he therefore became an impersonator of female characters, except when the play required a youth or a boy, for which reason he generally lived in female attire, and was known as the "Dashing Fanny Blanchard."

He allowed his hair to grow to a great length, four and one-half feet, and as his height was only five feet, it was looked upon as something remarkable. When the great spectacular play, "The Black Crook," was produced at Niblo's Garden in New York, he was billed as "Mazareah" from Naples, a premier danseuse. Many people are yet living who will never forget the magnificent scene where he appeared as the Water Nymph under the waterfall.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 he resumed his proper clothing, in which he ever afterward lived, except on the stage when playing a female character.

In 1848 Col. George Warren became his legal guardian, and he called him "Papa Warren." During the war he would often visit the Colonel at his regiment, when at the front, carrying him many delicacies not to be had from his commissary. On such visits he frequently met General Grant.

During nearly four years of the war Justin carried secret dispatches to President Lincoln, who was his warm personal friend, having free entrance to the White House at all times. The dispatches were on fine tissue paper, and were rolled into a small ball, to be swallowed if necessary to prevent capture; such necessity, however, occurred but once.

He was also a warm personal friend of General Meade.

When visiting Col. Warren at the front he would frequently sing for the troops, and was known to them as "Little Warren." It was supposed that he was a son of the Colonel, and he became very popular with them. When Col. Warren was breveted Brigadier General, and placed in command at Raleigh, N. C., the theatrical company with which Justin was connected was engaged, and played there for several months.

He was for four years with Simmons & Slocum at the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

His last appearance on the stage was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, under the management of Neil Bryant. His health giving way, he was unable to complete his engagement, and retired from the stage in December, 1877.

## Contents of Volume III

The contents of Volume III of the Life of Little Justin  
Hulburd are as follows:—

Josephine Drake	Poem
Lucy Carlton	Captain Matt Clary
General Longstreet	Communications from Forty- four Ancient Spirits
William Denton	Poem
Charlotte Cushman (2)	Miscellany
Edgar A. Poe—with Poems	Animal Passions and Appe- tites After Death
Kate Fox	Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?
Margaret Fox	Mary C. Morse to Her Hus- band
H. M. Higgins	Aztecs
Helen Bushyhead	R. M. Hooley and Others
Bishop Lee (2)	Spiritual Cures
Rev. Joseph Taylor	Spirit Manifestations
Poem	Evidence of Spirit Control
Joseph Jefferson (2)	Spirit Journeys
William Florence	Where is Tom Paine's Soul?
John Mitchell	Fitch Adams
Henry Mitchell	F. K. Hulburd
Robert Melrdum	Poem
Helen Hulburd Placide	Warnings
Poem	Lewis Justin Hulburd
Thomas Gale Forster	John Grover
Ella Judson	Memorial Address
Aunt Rachel Noones	
F. K. Hulburd	
George Knight	
Rose Conklin	

Which will soon follow Volume Two.















UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 001 404 274 1

