
Mind-blowing Wonders
Within The Heyday of Historic Spiritualism

SPECTRAL EVIDENCE

VOLUME III



N. RILEY HEAGERTY

FOREWORD BY GARY LANGLEY

SPECTRAL EVIDENCE

VOLUME III

The Continuing Records of Wonders Within
the Heyday of Historic Spiritualism

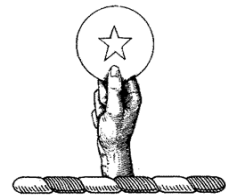
*Rare Documentation of
Trumpet & Independent Voice Mediumship,
Trance Teachings & Psychometry,
Spiritualist Camps, & Other Items of Infinity*

~ Illustrated ~

N. Riley Heagerty

“Dedicated To Preserving The Legacy Of The Great Mediums”

Foreword by Gary Langley



Circle of Light Research

Also by N. Riley Heagerty

CIRCLE OF LIGHT RESEARCH

TheRisenBooks.com

The Direct Voice: The Mediumship of Elizabeth Blake (2017)

*Spectral Evidence: Mind Blowing Wonders Within The Heyday of Historic
Spiritualism – Vol. I* (2017)

*Spectral Evidence: Mind Blowing Wonders Within The Heyday of Historic
Spiritualism - 1948–1958 – Vol. II* (2018)

The Brothers Davenport: World-Renowned Spiritual Mediums (2019)

The Hereafter: Firsthand Reports From The Frontiers of The Afterlife (2020)

The Phenomena of Spirit Materialization: The Transcendent Wonder of The Ages
(2021)

WHITE CROW BOOKS

Whitecrowbooks.com

Portraits from Beyond: The Mediumship of the Bangs Sisters (2016)

The French Revelation (1995 & 2015)

Spectral Evidence: Mind-Blowing Wonders Within the Heyday of Historic Spiritualism, Volume III © 2022 by N. Riley Heagerty and Circle of Light Research. The author has made every effort to locate sources and obtain permission to quote certain materials herein. Any omissions that are identified by the sources will be subsequently corrected in future revised editions.

Circle of Light Research © is an imprint of Tempestina Teapot Books™. All rights reserved.

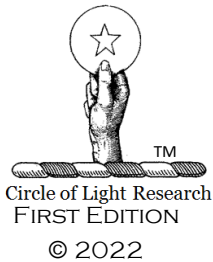
Circle of Light Research and the Circle of Light logo are trademarks of Circle of Light Research, LLC. ©

Tempestina Teapot Books and the Tempestina logo are trademarks of Tempestina Teapot Books, LLC. ©

Spelling and punctuation varied widely during the mid-19th century, including the spelling of proper names. The quotations from original sources used in this book transcribe the original spelling, punctuation, and grammar. In some passages the author has inserted clarifying information in brackets.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations. For information, write to nriley@hotmail.com.

Book and Cover Design © August Goforth
Tempestina Teapot Books
ISBN 978-1-387-61375-5
First Printing 2022



TO MY BELOVED
~ LITTLE BITTLE ~
2010 – 2022

It is heart-breaking and difficult to write these words now that he has passed from this world. Never has an animal — and there have been many — who has touched my heart and my life so deeply as this little soul did, and always will. My memories of him will never fade and I will miss him every single day until we meet again in the Land of Light where we will resume our conspiracy of “never growing up,” together.



~ Run with the wind, Little Bittle, I am just a little ways behind you. ~

[FOREWORD](#) by Gary Langley ~ 1

[INTRODUCTION](#) by N. Riley Heagerty ~ 3

[CHAPTER I](#) ~ 4

Einstein Is Asked About God

[CHAPTER II](#) ~ 7

Trumpet Mediumship
The Moore Sisters & Lancelet Brice

[CHAPTER III](#) ~ 44

The Voice Of Rudolph Valentino & Other
Excerpts from the Work of Lynn Russell with Leslie Flint

[CHAPTER IV](#) ~ 59

Emma Hardinge Britten, Champion of Spiritualism

[CHAPTER V](#) ~ 69

Mediums From The Archives
Jonathan Koons, William Eglinton, Mary Andrews, Hazel Ridley, Pearl Judd,
Mollie Fancher, Ada Besinnet, Evan Powell, Miss Catherine Wood,
Lizzie Doten, Hester Dowden, Cecil Husk, Mary Marshall, Lottie Fowler,
Miss Mary Showers, Mary J. Hollis, Robert James Lees

[CHAPTER VI](#) ~ 97

The Wonder of Psychometry, All Things Are Connected

[CHAPTER VII](#) ~ 106

Mrs. Marcia Swain, The Rescue Circles
& The Phenomena of Independent Voice

[CHAPTER VIII](#) ~ 150

Spiritualism Makes History
Abraham Lincoln The Spiritualist & The Amazing Nettie Colburn

[CHAPTER IX](#) ~ 156

Spiritualist Camp Meetings During The Heyday of Spiritualism

[THE AUTHORSHIP](#) ~ 172

“In the study of psychic research, the past is rich indeed. The neophyte is usually intoxicated by the wealth of research areas that stretch before him, bright with promise. He tends to believe he is in virgin territory and feels like a true pioneer on the very frontiers of science. If he were familiar enough with the past, however, he would realize he is repeating work that has already been done. Almost all current psychic experiments were carried out in the closing years of the nineteenth century and were documented at the time. These pieces of research form a body of work that is overwhelmingly convincing, and, if the same work had been done in any other field of research it would have been accepted long since. Unhappily, the nineteenth century was the stronghold of the materialist and the work of the original pioneers in the psychic field, whose reputations in other branches of science were impeccable, has all but been forgotten.”

~ *William Addams Welch* ~



“Not by me.”

~ *N. Riley Heagerty* ~



FOREWORD

Gary Langley

I first encountered the researcher and author N. Riley Heagerty during a presentation on Wendy Zammit's Global Gathering. Recognizing a man of high integrity and dedication determined to uncover the great mediums from the heyday of spiritualism (those of the late 19th and early 20th century) I soon invited him to speak to the Afterlife Book Club. I'm also quite grateful for the friendship which has developed.

Thinking I might stump the author, I had recently come across a little-known medium named William Eglinton. I had never encountered any information on this medium and could not find any reference in the author's previous publications, until I received the following reply from Riley, "Eglinton comprises a lengthy section of Spectral Evidence III. Thought you could fool me, huh?" Apparently not.

You hold in your hands a treasure trove of the great mediums, and, along with Eglinton, are many names most of us in the 21st century might never have encountered if not for the dedication and perseverance of N. Riley Heagerty. He has done the painstaking homework for us; now our challenge is to absorb the fruits of his labors. One may wonder how the world we live in today might be different had this material been more widely disseminated. Many scientists and highly respected persons of the day approached these mediums as skeptics, only to come away with a strong conviction that life does indeed continue on.

I invite the reader to approach all such material with a healthy dose of open-minded skepticism. Are there frauds? Certainly — this is just an aspect of human nature. Conversely, some of the most scientifically tested mediums of history grace these pages; independent voice medium Leslie Flint is a case in point. One of the most tested mediums in history, microphones were attached to his torso and throat; he was made to hold colored water in his mouth; and numerous other stressful tests — and still the voices came and spoke aloud in clear language. You will find a wonderful section on Flint in the pages ahead.

My hope is that everyone will have their own direct experience — it could be an out-of-body experience, an after-death communication, or any other undeniable spiritually transformative experience. It is proof that changes one's very existence. Today, we have this researcher and author to thank for archiving so many valuable accounts of an era gone by. Much of this material would have been lost to the sands of time if not for his diligence. Let the pieces of the puzzle of the life beyond this life fall into place. A deep debt of gratitude to the author for doing our homework for us.

Gary Langley

September 2022

Afterlife Book Club

Info: glangley@mcn.org



INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Spectral Evidence Volume III*.

As with the two previous volumes of this work, published in 2017 & 2018, this is another compilation of various wonders which manifested within the heyday of Historic Spiritualism. Many of my earlier works were specifically on certain mediums like Emily French, the Bangs Sisters, Elizabeth Blake, and the Davenports. It then occurred to me to also compile many unique and different instances of spirit power and mediumship all in one book. So, here we are again and, I don't mind saying it may not be the last installment of Spectral Evidence. I am always finding new information ... well, "new-old" information of the glorious past of Spiritualism. I am determined to document as much as I can in honor of the great efforts and sacrifices of those who witnessed and documented these marvels and especially the mediums, without whom none of this would have ever taken place.

I have always believed that our species could have progressed far sooner if the truths of immortality and the direct teachings of spirits—literally Historic Spiritualism, suppressed by science and the church for more than a century—could have been allowed to make it into the mainstream of humanity. But since it did not, and we as a species do not presently seem to be progressing, I still hope that my publishing these archives will help the world in any way possible. Trying to bury or deny the potentially world-changing truths of Historic Spiritualism would be like trying to bury the music of the Beatles—*it will never happen*. Their music, like the records of Spiritualism, will live on forever, and generation after generation will eventually discover it. As compared to the Fab Four, the truths of Spiritualism will always have an uphill climb, but its power to transform will never go away. Truth always finds its way. We will just have to Let it Be.

I would like to end this Foreword with words of deep appreciation for my friend, August Goforth. He has brilliantly edited, formatted, and designed my last seven books, starting in 2017. Anyone who has ever written and published a book will tell you how important this editorial, design element is, almost as important as writing the book itself. I have been lucky and blessed beyond words to have connected with August. He is the author of *The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief and Survival Beyond Death*, as well as *The Risen: A Companion to Grief*—two of the best books ever written on the difficult subject of grief.

N. R. Heagerty
Oswego, New York
October 2022

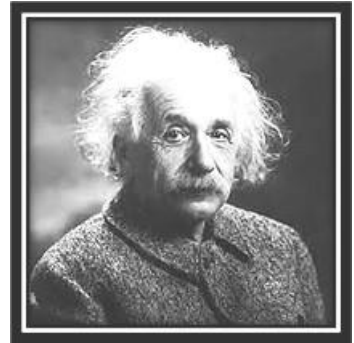


CHAPTER I

EINSTEIN IS ASKED ABOUT GOD

NRH: I could not resist including this wonderful section. It is a gift to free thinkers and a compliment to rational thought. Einstein gave numerous university lectures in the United States and one of the recurring questions put to him was “*Do you believe in God?*”

His answer in a letter responding to a telegram from Rabbi Herbert Goldstein in 1929:



“I believe in Spinoza’s god, who reveals Himself in the lawful harmony of the world, not in a god who concerns himself with the fate and the doings of mankind.”^{1 2}

Those who hadn’t read Spinoza didn’t understand. After explaining who Spinoza was, he resumed, “Here’s some of Spinoza’s wisdom about what God would have said:”

“Stop praying and punching yourself in the chest!”

“What I want you to do is go out into the world and enjoy your life. I want you to enjoy, sing, have fun and enjoy everything I’ve made for you.”

1. Benedict (or Baruch) de Spinoza (1632-1677); Dutch philosopher considered one of the three great rationalists of the 17th Century, along with René Descartes in France, and Gottfried Leibniz in Germany.

2. See also: Livio, Mario. “Einstein’s Famous ‘God Letter’ Is Up for Auction.” *Scientific American*, Oct. 2018. (NRH)

“Stop going to those dark, cold temples that you built yourself and say they are my house! My house is in the mountains, in the woods, rivers, lakes, beaches. That’s where I live and there I express my love for you.”

“Stop blaming me for your miserable life, I never told you there was anything wrong with you or that you were a sinner, or that your sexuality was a bad thing! Sex is a gift I have given you and with which you can express your love, your ecstasy, your joy. So don’t blame me for everything they made you believe.

“Stop reading alleged sacred scriptures that have nothing to do with me. If you can’t read me in a sunrise, in a landscape, in the look of your friends, in your son’s eyes, you will find me in no book! Trust me and stop asking me. Would you tell me how to do my job?

“Stop being so scared of me. I do not judge you or criticize you, nor get angry, or seek to punish you. I am pure love.

“Stop asking for forgiveness, there’s nothing to forgive. If I made you, I filled you with passions, limitations, pleasures, feelings, needs, inconsistencies, free-will. How can I blame you if you respond to something I put in you? How can I punish you for being the way you are, if I’m the one who made you? Do you think I could create a place to burn all my children who behave badly for the rest of eternity? What kind of God would do that?

“Forget any kind of commandments, any kind of laws, those are wiles to manipulate you, to control you, that only create guilt and fear in you.

“Respect your peers and don’t do what you don’t want for yourself. All I ask is that you pay attention in your life, that your consciousness and conscience is your guide.

“My beloved, this life is not a test, not a step, not a rehearsal, nor a prelude to paradise. This life is the only thing that exists here and now, and it is all you need.

“I have set you absolutely free, no prizes or punishments, no sins or virtues, no one carries a marker, no one keeps a record.

“You are absolutely free to create in your life heaven or hell. I could tell you if there’s anything after this life, but I won’t, but I can give you a tip. Live as if there is nothing after, as if this is your only chance to enjoy, to love, to exist.

“So, if there’s nothing, then you will have enjoyed the opportunity I gave you. And if there is, rest assured that I won’t ask if you behaved right or wrong; I’ll ask, Did you like it? Did you have fun? What did you enjoy the most? What did you learn? Stop believing in me, believing is assuming, guessing, imagining. I don’t want you to believe in me, I want you to feel me in you when you kiss your beloved, when you tuck in your little girl, when you caress your dog, when you bathe in the sea.

“Stop praising me, what kind of egomaniac God do you think I am?”

“I’m bored being praised, I’m tired of being thanked. Feeling grateful? Prove it by taking care of yourself, your health, your relationships, the world. Express your joy! that’s the way to praise me.”

“Stop complicating things and repeating as a parakeet what you’ve been taught about me.

“The only thing for sure is that you are here, that you are alive, and that this world is full of wonders.

“What do you need more miracles for? Why so many explanations? Look for me outside, you won’t find me. Find me inside ... there I am beating within you.”



Spinoza





CHAPTER II

TRUMPET MEDIUMSHIP

NRH: Even though I have now spent half of my life researching and archiving the records of Historic Spiritualism, I can never get enough of the phenomena of Trumpet Mediumship. I have always been astounded at the wonder of it, especially when I am able to locate rare documentation of mediums—as you will see—who were wonders of the world, yet their lives and work were buried in obscurity. The following reports which I have decided to include involve some of the rarest source material involving trumpet mediumship—unknown to everyone, I would venture to say, with the exception of the most dedicated researcher—of which, I have come to know, are as rare as the rarest books I have in my own library.

THE MISSES MOORE

This section presents records of the trumpet mediums, the Misses Moore of Glasgow, Scotland. I have never come across their first names and know nothing of their birth dates. Maurice Barbanell,³ when written to by the psychic researcher Raymond Bayless⁴ in 1972 about the Moore Sisters had claimed that he doubted that he would find much information about them, but he added that he believed they moved from London during World War II, and after that not much was heard from them. It was presumed they died during the war years. I am including, in edited form, all of the material I have on these sister mediums because it is so valuable to the historical records of the great mediums. This is what I have found—

3. Maurice Barbanell (1902-1981) British lecturer, author, long time editor and co-founder of *Psychic News* in 1932; world famous medium for Silver Birch and champion of Spiritualism. Wrote: *The Trumpet Shall Sound*, 1933; *Parish the Healer*, 1938; *This is Spiritualism*, 1959; *The Case of Helen Duncan*, 1945; *Harry Edwards and His Healing*, 1953.

4. Raymond Bayless (1920-2004) American writer and psychical investigator. See: *The Enigma of The Poltergeist*, (New York: Parker Publishing, 1967).

J. W. Herries,⁵ who knew the Moore Sisters, said that they impressed him by their frankness and honesty upon their first meeting; they were as much interested as anyone in the direct voice and its implications, and in ordinary company were always ready to talk about the subject. During the séances, they never paused for a moment to think about what they were going to say and would speak freely and unhesitatingly. There was never the slightest doubt of their sincerity. Herries goes on to say:

“The mediums have nothing in their appearance or demeanor to suggest anything abnormal. They are pleasant, intelligent ladies of what might be described as the average Glasgow type. Until 1917 neither of them had any interest in Spiritualism, but in that year they became associated with a family of Spiritualists, and later sat for automatic writing. Advice came through to them to sit for direct voice mediumship. They have also told me that from the platform at a Spiritualist meeting a trance medium informed them that they should develop themselves for the direct voice.

“The process of development was long and tedious. It was some three years before they got definite and promising results. Development has been steady and continuous since that time.

“Apparently this faculty of mediumship is hereditary. A brother has also mediumistic gifts and, if he would devote the same time to them, the results, it is believed, would be even more notable than in the case of the sisters. There are other living relatives who are clairvoyant, but who look askance on these gifts, and refuse resolutely to exercise them in any way. Similar powers seem to have been possessed by progenitors of the ladies, who may be traced to the Western Highlands, where seers and clairvoyants are traditionally numerous.

“They have informed me that phenomena in their own case are not confined to the darkness. Flowers on the table they have seen moved by unseen hands in the daylight. They have heard voices addressing them, generally those of their familiar spirits, in the way of advice and direction. They are rather reticent and greatly averse to new sitters being brought into touch with them. When unsympathetic or otherwise unsuitable sitters are present, they find that this entails a considerable strain upon them. In ordinary conditions, however, the sittings do not impair their health in any way. The effect of a successful sitting on those taking part in it is, on the contrary, exhilarating and pleasantly sedative. One is conscious of an uplift and a pleasant feeling of harmony.”

5. See: *Other-World People*, by J. W. Herries. (London: William Hodge & Co., Ltd., 1926; includes a foreword by Arthur Conan Doyle).

After the opening words by Sir Oliver Lodge is the report by V. G. Duncan, a clergyman of the Church of England who experienced many sittings with the Moore Sisters. It is precise and informative in the extreme. I have added just one of the many séances he experienced with these wonderful mediums.

Sir Oliver Lodge — 20th February 1933

“The author has been fortunate in his experiences with the Misses Moore, and has described the conditions of the early sittings remarkably well. If an inquirer reads only the first two chapters he will get an insight into the phenomena which will revolutionize his skeptical attitude and raise his perception in the reality of continued existence. They are facts that are being testified to, and arguments against them are of no avail. It needs some courage on the part of a minister of spiritual things to bear witness to the everyday reality of such things. He attracts to himself persecution, but the strength of his persuasion of the truth is sufficient to enable him to bear it.

“The existence and co-operation of a spiritual world is a reality which should be known to all, and those whose experience entitles them to bear testimony cannot be suppressed by any fear of what may happen to them. The time is ripe for a conflict with the forces of repression. The avenue to knowledge on this subject is open to all, and if care is taken to pursue the truth wisely and directly, the darkness of ignorance which has so long prevailed will gradually be lifted, and a great and illuminating truth be open to struggling humanity.”

REV. V. G. DUNCAN ⁶

“Numerous attempts have been made from time to time to prove the survival of the soul after death, that one naturally hesitates to add to the literature upon the subject. And yet, as an ordained priest of the Church of England, whose sad duty it is to meet and comfort those in bereavement, I know how profoundly acute human interest is in this supreme question. In the chamber of death a clergyman witnesses many moving scenes. There the little pretensions of daily life break down. Beside the loved form covered with its white sheet he comes face to face with brokenhearted men and women. What had been formerly little more than a vague and formless belief, now becomes a sharp and poignant demand. Father, mother, wife or child has vanished and with the departure of that personality has gone a part of themselves. And “those that remain” are urgent to know where they have gone and what they are doing, and whether all further contact or communication with them is at an

6. See: *Proof*, by V. G. Duncan, (London: Rider & Company, 1933).

end. To meet, and perforce give an answer to such imperative challenges as these, led me to the study of psychical phenomena. I am naturally of a critical turn of mind and had hitherto regarded what is known as Spiritualism with a somewhat prejudiced antipathy. As a young man I had pursued some investigations into its claims, and my experiences did not encourage me to proceed further with the study. I can definitely assure the reader that the experiences which I am about to relate are by no means due to a credulous "will to believe" anything in favor of Spiritualism. My return to the examination of psychical phenomena began in 1922 when I was living in Scotland. I felt the increasing pressure of finding something more concrete and personal than orthodoxy afforded, to say to those in sorrow, and I commenced re-reading the records of the Society of Psychical Research. This was followed by a careful study of well over a hundred works dealing with this subject.

"One day my bookseller, who had observed my predilection for this type of literature, mentioned that if I cared to follow up my reading with a practical investigation of psychic phenomena he could help me. He offered to introduce me to one of his customers, a Miss McCall, who was in touch with two Glasgow ladies, purporting to possess the extremely rare and strange gift of direct voice mediumship. I gladly availed myself of this offer, and subsequently an introduction with Miss McCall took place. This lady I found to be of good social position, refined and well educated, belonging to a well-known Border family.⁷ She had investigated this subject for some years in a critical and reverent frame of mind, and had become quite convinced of the possibility as well as the genuine reality of communication with the departed. She told me of many startling psychic experiences, among them being the stupendous claim to have spoken in the direct voice with her father, who had passed away some years before. She willingly agreed to provide an opportunity for me to test such an amazing assertion, and I left her with the promise that on a certain evening a week ahead, I would bring a friend and investigate its falsity or truth. During the days that intervened before the evening appointed for my test séance, I went over in my mind the various religious and scientific aspects involved. It was five and thirty years ago, I remembered, since Sir William Crookes passed his current of electricity through a vacuum tube and so initiated the present epoch in science. Out of that tube, on the practical side, had emerged the X-ray and the wireless, while on the theoretical side had come the splitting of the atom into protons and electrons, and the new philosophy of matter. Just as Kepler and Newton had created a new age by their comprehension of the infinitely great, so J. J. Thomson, Rutherford and Lodge were, I could see,

7. The Scottish Borders. one of 32 council areas of Scotland, borders the City of Edinburgh, Dumfries and Galloway, East Lothian, Midlothian, South Lanarkshire, West Lothian and, to the south-west, south and east, the English counties of Cumbria and Northumberland.

making another new age by their investigation of the infinitely small. And now Einstein has arrived with his perplexing theorems of Time-Space and Fourth Dimension—certainly, it behooved one to keep an open mind. So as a humble student of religious philosophy, I realized that my business was not chiefly concerned with these new discoveries so much as to note the effect they produced upon the mind of the scientific world. The biologists of the Nineteenth Century had been so sure of the laws of nature. To them they were absolute, rigid and eternally supreme. It was so with that erstwhile doughty champion of Naturalism—Ernest Haeckel. He was so certain of the natural, that he scoffed at the supernatural, even going as far as to discard the phenomena of mind, art, music, ethics and religion as mere chance by-products in a perpetual interplay of matter and energy undirected by Intelligence.

“The modern scientist, however, has now rejected the outlook of Haeckel’s famous “Riddle of the Universe.”⁸ This changed point of view in the scientific mind of today, I recognized, was greatly due to the fact that it is no longer sure of the natural. If there is one thing certain in modern science it is that there is nothing certain. Axioms are no longer regarded as bed-rock truths. It is now questionable whether light has no weight; that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, that a four-pound weight really weighs the same as four separate pounds; that force and matter are distinct things, that action at a distance is impossible and so on. The disintegrating nature of the new knowledge in science, I could well see had brought about a more open and receptive outlook. Could the same be said of theology? This new scientific knowledge does, after all, have a bearing upon the doctrines of the Church. We know now, for instance, that all matter is of the same stuff—protons and electrons, that the life within us deals incessantly with atoms, breaking up starch, converting the atoms into sugar for assimilation, and in so doing continually building new bodies for ourselves from the raw materials. Death puts an end to the process, and shows that it is the vitality and not the body that is responsible for its changes. There may be no atoms in space, but there are electrons.

“It is feasible that the released vitality which we call the spirit may similarly make use of protons and electrons to build itself, and even clothe a body in which to function after physical death. Also it may not be unreasonable to hold that such a building of the soul-body is unconsciously proceeding in this life. If that be the case, then the post-resurrection appearances of Jesus Christ become more credible. The present age is one of inquiry. In all directions men are asking the reason why, more than they ever did before. They are not content to

8. *The Riddle of the Universe*, (“Die Welträtsel”) a metaphysical and scientific treatise by Ernst Haeckel (1834–1919), German zoologist, naturalist, eugenicist, philosopher, physician, professor, marine biologist, and artist.

believe a thing simply because their fathers believed it before them. They want to know the why and wherefore of what they are asked to accept. And this attitude is surely right. Truth never fears the light of honest inquiry, only we should take care that it is honest. Therefore, when told of “angels who once talked with men,” of a resurrection and of a life beyond the grave, palpable proof is demanded for such tremendous claims. Men argue, and one cannot but admit the reasonableness of their point of view, that if these events occurred in the past under certain conditions, they should happen today under similar circumstances. If therefore the claims of psychical research can be established, they would render the Christian Church invincible.⁹ They would demonstrate that revelation is not opposed to nature, that miracles are not violations of, but occurrences in accordance and conformity with natural law, that life beyond the grave is not a wistful dream, but a real and tangible fact. No scientist would be able to raise objection to the evidence. It would be gathered by the same strict methods science herself has laid down for the pursuit of human knowledge. Facts are first found, and from them a reasonable and consistent theory is deduced. One thought of the radio-active solid, ever spending itself in a stream of electric energy, and becoming dissipated into forms of entity which can only be regarded as akin to imponderable ether. And as one began to envision the whole material universe merging, with incredible slowness, into the Divine Mind from which it issued, it does not seem a difficult thing to believe, that such creative Thought should prove capable of providing a world unseen and peopling it with ministering spirits, capable under certain circumstances of reestablishing sensible contact with those they have left behind. I realized that the new knowledge which modern biology, physics and psychology was pouring out, while not affording proofs of survival, yet distinctly favored its possibility. Most of us are aware that the supremely important result of a general education is the mental attitude acquired from it.

“A familiar instance of this is provided by Herbert Spencer: All his forecasts for society were based on his knowledge of the animal nature of man, and he never troubled to study theology or consider man’s spiritual side.¹⁰ Time therefore has already placed him among the false prophets in every prediction he ventured to make. His Synthetic Philosophy is now seen to be ridiculous. May not the same indictment be brought against those who study theology, but do not keep abreast of the new knowledge, whether it comes from modern

9. *Not invincible.* The psychic phenomenon in the Bible is certified by *Spiritualism’s proven phenomena*, but mortal men, chiefly priests, added their mythology of hatred, terror, bigotry, murder, rampant misogyny and fear to control the masses, who have been easily led—for centuries—and still are. (NRH)

10. Herbert Spencer (1820-1903) was an English philosopher, psychologist, biologist, anthropologist, and sociologist famous for his hypothesis of social Darwinism. Spencer coined the expression “survival of the fittest.”

science or by way of psychical research. For they not only frequently display preposterous ignorance but fail also to perceive the depth and richness and glory of those truths which they already possess. Did not the ecclesiastics who condemned Galileo miss much of the meaning of “Maker of heaven and earth?”¹¹ Did not the dignitaries who condemned Darwin do the same? Isn’t it our bounden duty—especially for the clergy—to search and sift each new discovery for any gleam it can shed upon our religious faith to God’s glory? May I emphasize that it was with this solemn thought in my mind that I entered the séance room.”

“Then followed one of the most moving moments of my life.”

~ Rev. V. G. Duncan

“The friend whom I asked to accompany me to my first voice séance or sitting as it is sometimes called, was an ex-army officer, who is now the head of a large export business in Scotland. We had previously conducted some mild psychical experiments together in our own homes with encouraging results. But neither of us had any illusions about the trustworthiness of unknown human beings, and we determined to use our intelligence to the utmost. For us, the issue at stake was considerable, and we felt that the establishment of the truth of the survival of the soul, even for ourselves, necessitated the most careful precautions, not only against fraud on the medium’s part but against any self-deception on our own. If our inquiry failed it must not be through any omissions on our side. The séance had been arranged to take place on a Thursday evening at a house in the suburbs of Edinburgh. The lady who had made my appointment had promised that my name, as well as any information she might know concerning me, should be withheld from the mediums. In any case my colleague in this experiment was a total stranger to them all as I had taken care that he should remain anonymous by simply stating that “a friend would accompany me.” The room where the séance was held was a small sparsely furnished apartment near the top of the house. It had one window and no other door except the one by which we entered.

“The only persons present were the lady who had arranged the sitting, the two mediums, my friend and myself. I had never before met a voice medium so that the two young women who were now introduced to me as the Misses Moore of Glasgow, greatly interested me as a type of person hitherto unfamiliar. Mentally I tried “to weigh them up.” They impressed me as being normal young Scotswomen, simple and reverent in tastes and mind, and with none of the peculiarities and pretensions of the pseudo-mystic. When they

11. “Happy is the one whose help is the God of Jacob, whose hope is in the Lord his God, the Maker of heaven and earth, the sea and everything in them.” (Psalm 146)

spoke each betrayed a definite accent which left no shadow of doubt as to their hometown. The only indication that a watchful observer might have noticed as distinguishing them from other people was a certain far-away look—that indescribable something which the Scots call “fey.” During the short conversation which preceded the sitting, I gathered that both sisters were enthusiastic about the spread of Spiritualism and its value to the human race. They had dedicated their lives in its service. In a few quiet words they explained that they were simply the instruments used by the spirit people to get into touch with their friends on earth. They did not go off into trance, and all that we were asked to do was to join in the opening prayer and psalm and wait simply patiently for the coming of the spirits. A gramophone, to be operated by the lady who arranged the séance, would play records to help in setting up the necessary vibrations. When a voice spoke and addressed us we were directed to answer at once, and talk as fluently and naturally as possible. For this, in some inexplicable way, aided the manifesting spirit to carry on a conversation. The séance would be in darkness as light tended, we were informed, to inhibit the phenomena. I locked the door and we placed our two chairs with their backs to it and facing the mediums. On our right stood the lady beside the gramophone which was on a table close to the wall. In the middle of the floor the mediums had placed a tube of aluminum about eighteen inches long, which they called a trumpet, explaining that it was used by some of the spirits to assist them in making their voices heard more clearly. This trumpet floated about the room and we were warned not to touch it or be alarmed if it moved over and touched us. I bent over and examined this tube and saw that it was merely a plain piece of metal some four inches in diameter at one end, and tapering upwards to about an inch and a half at the other end.

“The light was switched off, and a moment after we were all repeating the Lord’s Prayer. This was followed by the singing of the 23rd Psalm. At the close of it I heard the scraping of a gramophone needle, the whirr of a record revolving and then the soft music of an old-time air. It is astonishing how darkness, cutting off as it does some of our faculties, nevertheless stimulates others. The sense of hearing takes on a new acuteness; the mind undistracted by visible objects is able to concentrate with redoubled potency.

. . . little gusts of icy air . . .

“Do you notice anything?” whispered my friend beside me. “Yes,” I answered, “there are little gusts of icy air blowing round me.” “I’m feeling the same,” he replied, “but listen.” He broke off abruptly as a faint foreign voice struggled to make itself heard above the music of the gramophone.

“Please stop the record,” requested the elder Miss Moore. “Someone is speaking.”¹² As the music ended the voice was heard distinctly. It was addressing us in broken English. The voice volunteered his name as Koha, that he was an Indian Guide whose duty it was to prepare the room by harmonizing the conditions, so that the spirits of our friends could the more easily come through to us. He appeared to know who we were as well as our object in coming, and promised that if we gave our sympathy to his efforts, the proof we were seeking would be forthcoming. The voice was that of a man, quaintly guttural and friendly, and the short staccato sentences seemed to proceed from someone who was, as it were, moving about a room intent upon some task.

“His work, whatever it may have been, having come to an end, Koha bade us farewell, but before he went he ventured the prediction that he would meet us again. Then, in a final word he asked that a little more music might be provided to raise the vibrations. The gramophone, having been re-started, it was not long before a second voice was heard with the utmost clarity, speaking high up near the ceiling. It was a deep, resonant, cheery voice with a homely Scottish accent. **“Guid evening, sisters,”** it cried, **“ye can stop tha music for a bit. Guid evening, Brither L ...; Guid evening, Brither M. . . .”** “You know us then, do you?” inquired my friend quickly.

“Oh, aye, I know ye both,” replied the voice with a chuckle. “But who are you?” I asked. **“I’m Adra Wallace o’ Dunfermline. I lived on tha’ earth afore your time,”** came the reply, and the voice went on to speak of early days in the old Scottish town; of his business there as a publican and of some regrets connected with that occupation. A note of wistfulness crept into his tone as he dwelt over those bygone days. The voice was charged with sadness. “Never mind, Andrew,” interrupted one of the sisters, “you’re making up for it now, bringing comfort and happiness to so many people who are in sorrow.” **“Aye, I’m doing ma best, sister,”** said Andrew more brightly, **“and I’ll mak’ some o’ ye happy tonight. There’s a lady waiting now to speak to Brither L. She hasna’ been over this side verra long. Sing a bit o’ something, sisters, to help her through.”** We all joined in singing the verse of a hymn. Very soon a thin, anxious whisper was heard battling to become articulate. It grew in strength as we sang a few more lines to increase the power. In soft, sweet tones the voice of a lady spoke to my friend. It called him by his Christian name, **“Jan! Jan!”** My friend made a sharp movement with his chair and in a voice thrilling with emotion, he cried out, “Mother! Oh, mother darling! Is it really you?” **“Yes Jan, it is really and truly me.”** Then followed one of the most moving moments of my life. In tender, eager tones, audible to all in the room, mother and son talked as though they were both in the flesh.

12. Note: When **People in Spirit** speak, their words are shown in **bold print** in all séance memoranda.

Talked of all those dear, trifling things which make up life for all of us; of the father who was left behind; of the son who needed special care, of the son's wife (addressed correctly by name); of the uncle who would soon be beside her in the heavenly places, and lastly of her present happiness.

"As I look back to that unforgettable evening and visualize once again the intense joy of that reunion, the spell of its beauty still lingers with me. Before she left, my friend asked one final question, not so much, he told me afterwards, in a spirit of doubt, but because he felt that every shred of evidence was of such tremendous value to him. "Can you remember, Mother," he asked, "the second name of B.?" Now my friend's father belonged to a North European race. But nobody in the room except himself knew that fact. The name asked for was a peculiar one and had reference to this origin.

"Why, Sewald, of course," came the answer, without scarcely a moment's hesitation. It was perfectly true. Shortly after, but not before she had whispered a tender farewell, she went away. The next voice that manifested was that of Andrew Wallace. **"That was yez mither,"** he said, addressing my friend. "Oh, I don't doubt that, Andrew," he answered. "There's no fear that I shouldn't know my mother's voice. It was splendid to talk to her once more." **"We want yez all to be happy,"** observed Andrew. **"Folks are awfu' silly to be feared o' death. It would be better for them if they were feared o' life. Death canna' harm them but life can. It's the way they live in yon material that counts on this side."** He paused and then added, speaking in front of me. **"There's someone wantin' to speak to ye, Brither. It's a tall man, very tall and well set up and he looks like a meenister. He's wearing a long black cloak."** I intimated that I should be very pleased to talk to him. The next moment I heard a man's voice speaking apparently a few inches in front of my face. **"I'm Moss,"** he said, **"Gerald Moss. You don't know me but you know of me. I was the former rector of your present church."** "Indeed," I answered, "I am very pleased to meet you. Can you remember the place where you died?" **"Yes,"** he replied. **"Millhaven."**

"That's perfectly correct and what did you die of?" **"Pneumonia."** "Of course you can recollect the name of my church?" **"Of OUR church,"** insisted the voice. **"It was St. J."** "Quite right. Now can I give a message to your wife?" **"I never had one and you know it,"** said the voice and there seemed a touch of annoyance in the tone. I begged his pardon and said that I felt sure he would understand why I had put that question. **"Casuistry,"** came the quick response followed by a short laugh.¹³ I then suggested that if he could give me some information which would prove his identity, it would be an enormous help to me. Preferably if he could tell me something which I did not know myself, and

13. *Casuistry*, defined as the use of clever but unsound reasoning, especially in relation to moral questions.

which I could verify later on. It would not be so easy in such circumstances for anyone to trot out that much-abused word “subconscious”! **“Wait a moment. . . I have it,”** answered the voice, and continued : **“You didn’t know I used to be a schoolmaster did you?”** “No,” I replied. “As a matter of fact I really know very little about you.” **“Well,”** went on the voice, speaking in a slightly lower tone, **“Before I was ordained I was a master at the M . . . T School in Edinburgh. You can verify this later on.”** “I will certainly make inquiries,” I promised. **“You have a tough job where you are,”** remarked my communicator rather sadly. “I’m afraid I have,” I agreed. **“And you’ll find it won’t grow any easier. But I’ll help you all I can.”** “Thank you.” **“Yes,”** continued the voice, **“I’ll be with you in the church and in the pulpit too, and you must tell the people of this great truth. I live as they also shall live. Death does not destroy the soul.”** I might remark here that some weeks after this conversation took place several people among my congregation came to me, at different times, and told me of a vision they had had of a tall, burly man in a long black cassock standing behind me in my pulpit. The details tallied with the earthly form of the late “Gerald Moss”, whom I had never met, but who had been—after this séance—described to me by people who had known him. One vision was seen by a choirboy of eight years old, who was completely nonplussed when he related the incident to me. After a hurried reassurance of his continuing presence with me the voice of “Gerald Moss” ceased. The gramophone was once again re-started and a little desultory conversation between the sitters ensued. It was broken by the voice of Andrew Wallace, whom I learnt subsequently was the chief guide of the sisters and was present at practically every séance. He announced that a lady had come into the circle and was anxious to speak to me. **“Her Christian name was ‘R,’”** and this was followed by a fair description. **“This lady was short and stout and her face was round in shape,”** he observed. **“She had a good complexion, grey eyes and hair that was carried back from her forehead. She had lived somewhere near the sea and had died rather suddenly after an operation.”** **“I get,”** said Andrew Wallace, **“that she’s some connection o’ yours, a relation maybe, and she’s very troubled to put right some misunderstanding that was ‘atween ye before she passed on.”** “I can follow you, Andrew,” I answered, “tell her that’s all finished with and that everything is all right now. She will know what I mean. It’s a little personal matter.” **“Oh, aye, it’s personal. Ye ken that, sisters”** (addressing the mediums). **“It’s personal and the meenister is glad to mak’ it right.”** “I’m very glad indeed,” I said, “and now do you think she is able to speak to me?” **“Oh, aye, she’ll try her best, Brither. Com’ along”** (encouragingly), **“an’ speak in tha trumpet.”** At this point the aluminum tube gently rested on my head and moved slowly down my face and right arm. It then moved away and a feminine voice seemed to be struggling to speak through the trumpet. The tone

was softly hurried, a trifle breathless as though eager to say a great deal in a very little time. **“It’s me, R,”** said the voice, **“I’m overjoyed that you’re here and that I can talk to you. I want to say how sorry I am about all that happened. You know what I mean. I’ve been worried about my part in it and about my attitude. I hope you’ll forgive me. It will be such a help.”** The voice sank to a whisper and died away. **“She’s awfu’ sad about somethin’, Brither,”** called the voice of Andrew Wallace from the other side of the room.

“I know,” I answered, “but is she still there?” **“Aye, she’s here, Brither.”** **“Will you tell her, Andrew, that all is well, and that if any forgiveness is needed I am sure she has it freely and completely.”** **“That mak’s her smile, Brither. Ye can tak’ it frae me that love and kind thoughts mak’ all tha deeference to those living in tha spirit-world. It helps them ye ken on this side as it does on your’s. God bless ye, Brither.”**

Rev. Duncan continues:

“I have included this intimate incident which relates to a sad episode in the earthly life of a relation, because I want these records to be as faithful and complete as possible. I also believe that it affords a practical example of an important spiritual truth, namely, the help and healing which our thoughts and prayers can even now give to those who have passed beyond the veil. Since that day I have had repeated confirmation of this truth.

“A few words in a whisper from a strange voice was then indistinctly heard in the room. “Who are you? Try and speak to us, friend,” urged my colleague. The voice became slightly more articulate and appeared to have a peculiarly plaintive note in it. **“Help me! Help me!”** it struggled, obviously finding the mode of communication difficult. “Oh, we’ll help you all we can,” cried my friend. “Tell us who you are? What is your name?” The voice was then heard giving a name which was not intelligible. It sounded like “Madelein” or “Katherine” and seemed to be addressing my friend. After one or two more unsuccessful attempts it trailed off into silence. “Who was that, Andrew?” inquired my friend. **“It was a body who kenn’d your wife,”** vouchsafed Andrew. **“She hasna’ been over so verra lang an’ hasna spoken afore in this way and finds it deeficult. Maybe she’ll come agen anither time.”** “I hope she will.” **“Oh, aye, she’ll do better the next time,”** said Andrew, **“but tha power’s goin’.** **Gude night and God bless yez. I’ll just ask a meenister on this side to close the meeting.”** There was a moment’s silence and then the cultured voice of a man broke the stillness of the little room with a few simple but well-chosen words of prayer. The séance, which had lasted about an hour and a quarter, then came to an end. On our way homewards my friend and I went over all we had heard. He was positive that the voice which had spoken to him was his mother’s voice.

“There was not the slightest doubt of anything else in his mind. I gathered that he had been unusually devoted to her, and her death had been a bitter blow to him. After all, in a matter such as this of the personal recognition of a loved one, it must be conceded that the man concerned is the best judge of the identity of the communicator. It should also be noted that my friend is a competent business man whose business takes him every day among all classes of people. He is obliged by the very nature of his calling to make swift and correct decisions as to the character of those with whom he trades. I have a great respect for his judgment. Is it likely that two young Scotswomen, who have never seen him before, would not only have discovered his name, the unusual second name of his relative, show an astonishing grasp of intimate home affairs and be able to simulate a woman’s voice so that her own son was deceived? Frankly, I find such an explanation incredible. There are, however, other items to be considered. Seven voices made themselves manifest, practically every one possessing distinct tone characteristics. They moved about the room. Three of them came and addressed me personally. One voice spoke quite close to my face out of the air. It was a man’s voice, and it told me something nobody in the room was aware of except myself. It told me something I did not even know myself, but which I verified later and found to be true. Its prediction of being present in my pulpit was strangely fulfilled by independent testimony weeks afterwards. Then, too, there was the feminine voice claiming to be that of a relative. The description given by the guide, Andrew Wallace, fitted the alleged communicator. This particular relative died after an eye operation. **“She passed out suddenly,”** said Andrew Wallace. That was true. There was the unfortunate episode in her earthly life. It preyed upon her mind at the end. Who knew of that in the room? I am certain that nobody except myself. Is there no limit to the long arm of coincidences? Have you, good reader, ever experienced such an hour and a quarter crowded with coincident such as those I have related? Do you know anyone who has? Then will you not agree with me when I say that mere guesswork on the part of the mediums or coincidence are both absurd suggestions to put forward as a solution in this case. It is sometimes urged that there is no mediumistic phenomenon on record which absolutely defies simulation. The conversations which I have related above seem to me an answer to that charge. Occasionally I have been told that I should have secured the mediums with surgical tapes and marked them, so that I could have been sure where they were during the darkness of the sitting. I have often been present and helped in controlling medium’s movements by this method but I may as well confess that I have not the slightest faith in such a mode of procedure. I am quite sure that with regard to voice sittings that any proof of the spirits of the departed communicating can come in only one way. That proof can only be found in the establishment of the individuality of the “spirits” as revealed by the contents of the messages

which profess to emanate from them. No amount of tying of the mediums would affect their validity.

“I have had many rich and variegated psychical experiences since the events recorded in this chapter took place. But none can dim the splendor of that first voice séance. Its quickening breath reinforced my faith in the survival of the soul, and in the communion of saints as no academic argument had power to do. The old truths of which I am an accredited teacher took on a new radiance. “Once I was blind, but now . . . now I see,” cried the healed man in the Gospel story, his eyes alight with the ecstasy of discovery. And something of the sheer joy he must have felt lit up my soul that night.”

H. DENNIS BRADLEY

NRH: This next small section I have decided to include since reports on the Misses Moore are so rare. It was written by H. Dennis Bradley in November, 1924.¹⁴

Dennis Bradley

“From a correspondent in Scotland I had heard that two Scottish mediums, the Misses Moore, were visiting London. He also told me that he considered them to be the best of the few voice mediums in North Britain.

“The arrangements for their sittings were made by Miss Estelle Stead,¹⁵ and through her I fixed an appointment for my wife and myself. At the last moment, however, my wife was unable to accompany me, and I took with me another lady whom I called “Miss M. B.”. The sittings were held at 5 Queens Square, Westminster. I am known personally to Miss Stead, but I introduced the lady to her under the pseudonym. There were no other sitters present but Miss M. B. and myself.

“The Misses Moore hold their sittings in complete darkness, in the manner of George Valiantine.

“We formed a circle of four, the trumpet being placed in the center, well away from any of us. Music was played on the musical-box. After a few minutes one of the mediums’ spirit guides came through and spoke for a short time. He was

14. Herbert Dennis Bradley (1878-1934) British author of two of Spiritualism’s most outstanding books: *Towards The Stars*, 1928; *The Wisdom of The Gods*, 1929, based on his many sittings with the American direct voice medium, George Valiantine (1874-1947) of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Bradley, a pompous intellectual, developed direct voice after the “spillover effect” from sitting with Valiantine enabled him to energetically do so. Bradley, sadly, eventually turned on Valiantine and accused him of fraud.

15. Estelle Stead, Spiritualist and writer, daughter of William T. Stead, (1849-1912). Editor, publicist, and fearless champion of Spiritualism. Founded the *Review of Reviews* in 1890. Stead drowned when the Titanic sank in 1912. Soon after, he communicated through the direct voice via the famous American medium, Etta Wriedt.

followed by another spirit guide, named Angus, who also addressed us. Then came a spirit who spoke to the lady who accompanied me, calling her by her Christian name. The spirit announced itself to be Diana, a cousin of the lady's, who had died some years back. The conversation, which was evidential, continued for two or three minutes, the voice being fairly clear and distinct. Complete recognition was established. Another spirit addressed my friend by her correct name. This time it was a masculine voice, which announced itself to be Cyril. Although Cyril while on earth was not in any way intimately associated with the lady, recognition took place, and identity was established.

“A spirit, speaking in a materialized voice, addressed me as Mr. Bradley.

H. D. B.: “Who are you?”

The Spirit: **“My name is Arthur. I spoke to you in America.”**

H. D. B.: “Were you living on earth when you last spoke to me?”

The Spirit: **“I spoke to you at a sitting there. Don't you remember I was talking about the estate.”**

H. D. B.: “Are you Arthur Brandise?”

The Spirit: **“Yes. I do not think the Estate is much good to Joe. He is very lonely there. Someone ought to tell him to get rid of it.”**

“After Arthur Brandise had gone the spirit of my friend's grandmother came through to her and spoke to her for some considerable time on personal matters.

“The sitting was short but successful, especially as there was no possibility of the mediums knowing the lady who accompanied me. This was the first séance my friend had ever attended. She was somewhat astonished at the results.

“The Misses Moore are unquestionably reliable mediums.”



**REPORT BY ERNEST HAYWARD
& CECILIA HAYWARD
LONDON, 1939**

NRH: The book that this report comes from is yet another which I found years ago, that is so rare it is also impossible to find now, so I am happy to include it in this book for the readers.¹⁶

Mr. Hayward was an Admiral in the British Navy and, with his wife, following the decease of their young son Brenton in WWI, and then their young daughter Cecily not long after, they devoted their lives to researching the phenomena of Spiritualism. They were able to travel the world and test mediums. Utilizing the fact of their siblings having passed to spirit life as their template, they were able to amass astonishing evidential information directly from them from so many varied, mediumistic sources. Before the report concerning the Misses Moore I will add a short section on the visit the Haywards made to a medium in March 1923 by the name of Mr. Phoenix for trance and direct voice. These are the notes of Ernest Hayward.

Sitting With Mr. Phoenix

“In March, 1923, we had an introduction to the voice medium, Mr. Phoenix, of Glasgow, and we visited him to have a sitting. Besides the medium, his wife and ourselves, there were present six other persons—strangers to us. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had had a sitting with him, and in one of his books had described very powerful spirit lights playing above the heads of the sitters.

“Mr. Phoenix, unlike Mrs. Wriedt¹⁷ went into trance and had three controls: “Tony,” an Italian who spoke broken English; “Luke,” who spoke in a very beautiful and dignified voice, which created a feeling a reverence; the third was “David Duguid,”¹⁸ who gave a lighter tone to the proceedings. Two trumpets were in use, one of a heavier metal and one of cardboard.

“After going into trance, the medium passed around the Circle, taking the hands of each sitter in turn, presumably to gather power. As he did so, a small luminous cross showed on his breast and another over his head. After this he too his seat and the séance proceeded.

16. *Psychic Experiences Throughout The World*, by Ernest A. S. Hayward. (London: Rider & Company, 1939).

17. Etta Wriedt (1859-1942), one of Spiritualism's most famous and powerful American direct voice mediums, born in my own birthplace city, Oswego, NY.

18. David Duguid (1832-1907) of Glasgow, non-professional, but well-known medium for his automatic writing, direct drawings and paintings. His automatic writing was produced in many languages such as Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German. Between 1870-1871, in 46 trance sittings, Duguid dictated the book *Hafed: Prince of Persia*, who also claimed to be his guide. See: Nandor Fodor's *Encyclopedia of Psychic Science*, (New Hyde Park, NY: University Books, 1966).

“The voices were not so powerful as those heard with Mrs. Wriedt, but the physical phenomena were more frequent and pronounced. Apart from the luminous crosses, brilliant lights were often visible moving about the room in all directions like fireflies. Flowers were removed from two vases and placed on the lap of each lady present, and the vases were deposited upon the floor, where they were found at the close of the sitting. A small clock on the mantelpiece was also lifted to the floor and the mechanism was stopped. The medium’s coat was removed and taken across the room, and was found near my wife’s feet. Although we listened carefully, we did not hear any movement which could normally account for these happenings.

“My wife had brought with her, unknown to me, a small doll, like an old-fashioned lady, which Cecily had made for her during her illness. She had placed it on her lap, after the lights were extinguished. Luke, one of the guides, referred to it, saying, **“Lady, when you came into the room tonight, you had a small doll with you that has brought a very spiritual influence. Your daughter Cecily has recognized it and it has given her much joy. She has removed it and is showing it to her friends.”**

“My wife sought for it, and found that it had disappeared. Luke bade her not to be concerned as it would be returned to me through the trumpet before the close of the sitting. This was subsequently done, I being asked to hold out my hands to receive it.

“Both our children spoke to us, and Brenton asked my wife if she had not felt Cecily’s influence the previous morning. My wife had had a vision of Cecily at that time. He also gave the date of Cecily’s birthday.

“During the sitting, a spirit, said to be that of a Hindu, passed round the Circle, and we felt something touch our faces lightly, just like gauze. This was said to be his spirit robes. After his passing, the psychic power showed in the room like vivid flashes of lightning.

“Most of the sitters, who had sat with Mr. Phoenix before, received messages, and Mr. Galloway, the late head of the Holland Street Spiritualist Church in Glasgow, spoke at considerable length. A lady sitter had a message from her son, who had been drowned at eight bells (midnight), when his ship foundered during the war, and the sound of eight bells was heard. This phenomena was followed by an icy wind.

“‘K,’ Brenton’s friend, came, much to our surprise, with his usual marching whistle and with the sound of a kettle drum. This was very evidential, as, at one of Mrs. Wriedt’s sittings, there had been a humorous incident, when we were told that ‘K’ and Brenton had been jokingly called ‘Kettle’ and ‘Drum’, respectively.

“At a later sitting, very remarkable and evidential phenomena occurred. We first heard the sound of a siren, so loud that it could certainly have been heard throughout the house; then came the sound of rushing waters, as if waves were breaking against the sides of a ship. A voice then spoke, and gave name and a message to one of the sitters, who explained that he has known this spirit, who had been the captain of a ship which had been sunk in the Mediterranean during the war.”

Sitting With The Misses Moore

Mr. Hayward, in his book, most likely as a result of the mediums' thick, Scottish accents, erroneously referred to the Misses Moore as the Misses Dunsmore of Glasgow. The Haywards had arrived in Scotland in 1922, and stayed in Edinburgh until their official residence at Rosyth Dockyard was being prepared.

Mr. Hayward

“In May, 1923, we were informed by a Mrs. Falconer ¹⁹ that a sitting was being held that afternoon by the Misses Moore, the younger of whom had, under the guidance of her elder sister, developed voice mediumship. She invited us, and as we had, after our experiences with Mrs. Wriedt and Mr. Phoenix, a preference for this form of mediumship, we attended.

“The main controls were an Indian named “Kohar,” who spoke only occasionally in very broken English, and a very homely spirit, Andrew Wallace of Dunfermline, a typical man of Fife, who spoke in very broad Scotch, so that at first it was very difficult for us to understand him.

“My wife had brought a number of tulips to the sitting, during the course of which they were taken from her lap and distributed to other members of the Circle.

“The first to communicate with us was a merchant captain, whom we had known in Malta, ²⁰ and who had come to us twice before. He spoke of his spiritual progress, and informed us that he had been able to impress his wife, who had been brought into Spiritualism by a lady friend.

“Much to our surprise, the next speaker declared himself to be Lord Northcliffe, ²¹ who said that he wished he had believed in Spiritualism when on

19. Mrs. Falconer was a trance medium of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose name was supplied to the Haywards by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

20. Malta is an archipelago in the central Mediterranean between Sicily and the North African coast.

21. Alfred Charles William Harnsworth, Lord Northcliffe (1865-1922). Legendary British newspaper and publishing magnate; owner of *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Mail*; illustrious Fleet Street personality. Manifested at the Hannen Swaffer (1879-1962) circle quite frequently with Estelle Roberts (1889-1970) one of the most famous contemporary English mediums. Swaffer was a renowned English journalist and drama critic who

earth, as it would have made his conditions on passing much less difficult. He asked for our prayers and helpful thoughts, so that he might progress out of the greyness in which he found himself. We promised to do so, but my wife referred to the Vale Owen scripts.²² He replied that it was only a journalistic stunt on his part. Brenton also spoke to us and said that his friend “K” had now progressed, as he had no earth attractions, his people being averse to Spiritualism. Brenton, however, staying behind to help us and others who had passed over. My wife said that she did not want to retard his spiritual progress through his desire to help us. He replied that far from hindering his development, this work would eventually further it, and that the room we had set aside for sittings and meditation in our official residence would be general headquarters for him and his sister. They would wait for us to pass over so that we all might go on together.

“We were so pleased with this sitting that we decided to avail ourselves of the psychic power of these mediums. So during our stay at Rosyth, we invited the sisters to come whenever they could spare the time to give us sittings in the room referred to. We usually had a private sitting in the afternoon, and we arranged another in the evening to which a limited number of friends were invited. During the next two years we had many long and intimate talks with Brenton, Cecily, and other friends, and our children became quite expert in this form of communication, and their voices grew stronger and more of their earthly timbre.

“I have selected from my records items of special interest. An uncle of my wife, on her father’s side, came through giving his complete name. He had passed over many years before, and my wife had never seen him. At this sitting Brenton sang alone very clearly, and joined with us in a favorite hymn, which he asked us to sing. He had informed us that he had brought a rose with him, and asked me to hold out my hand so that he could drop it in the form of liquid perfume. Immediately I felt drops on my hand and the room was filled with exquisite perfume.

“He called attention to my wearing his Woolwich jacket, which I had put on to see if he would recognize it. He continued: **“I was with you when you put it on, and I like you to wear it.”**

“In our séance room, we had collected a number of our children’s treasured ‘belongings.’ My wife asked Brenton if he knew what was in the silk bag on the

wrote mostly for the publications of Lord Northcliffe mentioned above. See: Swaffer, Hannen, *Northcliffe’s Return*. (London: Hutchinson & Co., 1925). Also: *Red Cloud Speaks*, 1938; *Forty Years a Medium*, 1959; *Fifty Years a Medium*, 1972, all by Mrs. Estelle Roberts.

22. George Vale Owen (1869–1931), a clergyman of the Church of England and a well-known spiritualist of the early 20th century. *Life Beyond the Veil* was first published as four separate books: *The Lowlands of Heaven* (1920), *The Highlands of Heaven* (1920), *The Ministry of Heaven* (1921), and *The Battalions of Heaven* (1921).

wall. **“Yes, they are my two flutes, but you are not depressed,”** was his reply.

“We usually placed our own trumpet in the Circle along with that of the medium’s. One afternoon, Brenton brought a young spirit child with him, and they carried on a conversation with the two trumpets, and a very charming little dialogue occurred whilst he was introducing her to us.

“Andrew Wallace informed us that the spirit of a young naval officer wished to communicate. When he did so, giving his name, we recognized him as a young lieutenant who had frequently visited us in Malta. He had been born in Russia, where his father had been British Consul, and he had been a fine linguist, acting as interpreter during the early stages of the war. To test him, I asked him to speak to us in French, which he did, and afterwards he spoke in a language I did not understand but recognized by the sound as Russian. We heard the sound of the rustling of wings and the twittering of a small bird, which passed around the Circle apparently at the height of the sitters’ knees.

“Since our arrival at Rosyth we had been sitting regularly for development, and my wife occasionally went under control. Cecily informed her that they were trying to develop “conscious control,” which was the highest form of mental mediumship, and that they did not want her to go into trance.

“About six months after his first appearance, Lord Northcliffe returned to say how happier he was, and thanked us for helping him to progress spiritually by our prayers.

“Some remarkable phenomena occurred one evening, when we went over to Glasgow to join in a sitting with some Scotch acquaintances. A gramophone was playing a lively tune, when we heard half a dozen whistles above us in different parts of the room at the same time. They were all clear and true, interpolating little elaborations, all in harmony with the tune played, just as if a number of instruments were filling in the parts. It was most wonderful, and had to be heard to be believed. Andrew, the control, informed us that a number of soldier boys, who were very fond of the tune, were doing this.

“The same evening, when some spirits wanted the gramophone to cease so that they could be heard more distinctly, it was stopped by them, although it had been fully wound up. When our host tried to move the record, he had to use considerable force to do so.

“A young girl, who had been a singer when on earth, joined in the singing of Schubert’s “Ave Maria” being played on the gramophone, keeping in perfect time and tune with the instrument, showing distinctly that she could hear the time and pitch of music on earth.

“My wife asked Brenton if he knew what she was planning to do. He replied that she was going across the sea to visit Mrs. Wriedt in the U.S.A. He said, **“She was a dear woman. And I would much like to speak again to my mother through her mediumship,”** and promised to be with her on the voyage. This was correct, as Mrs. Wriedt had recently written asking that after my wife had visited her mother, she should continue her trip and visit her in Detroit. This was entirely unknown to the mediums. He also asked his mother to take his photo, which was in a silver frame in our drawing-room, and put it along with his medals in our séance room.

“He referred to my work as President of the Dunfermline Spiritualist Church. A position which I had accepted, and said that it was “my nursery,” and that I should later do a great deal of work for the movement in other fields.

“An American aunt, who had been averse to the subject when on earth, communicated, saying that when she passed over she did not realize for some time that she was dead. She expressed her regret for her previous stubborn attitude.

“We had fitted some wires for our séance room to improve acoustic properties, and Andrew, the control, speaking from high up near the ceiling, said he was examining them, and we could hear the trumpet striking against them. He told my wife that she had been impressed to do this. Brenton, later in the sitting, said that he had been present, watching his mother fixing them.

“We had installed a broadcasting set in our home, and I asked Brenton whether he thought it would be possible for spirits to communicate by those means. **“Yes,”** he replied, **“but it will be a considerable time before it is accomplished. There are distinguished scientists working with that end in view.²³ It would then be convincing proof to the world of the fact of spirit survival.”**

“The following incident is both interesting and evidential. A voice spoke, mentioning my wife’s maiden name, and asking if it could speak to her. The Misses Moore, being quite unaware of the name, said that there was nobody of that name present. My wife at once said, “It is alright, that was my maiden name,” and then to the spirit, “Yes, that was my name.” The voice continued, **“Is it really true that I am speaking to someone on the earth-plane? I did not think it possible.”** My wife assured her on both points, and asked how it

23. Concerning electronic spirit communication, this statement was made in 1923; Friedrich Jurgenson’s groundbreaking book, *Voices From Space*, about electronic voice, was published in 1964. Jurgenson collaborated with Konstantin Raudive (1909-1974) and Hans Bender (1907-1991) both pioneers in electronic voice. This suggests to me that the Haywards were ahead of their time and quite possibly the first to recognize the potential of this phenomena. (NRH)

was that she came to this Circle. The spirit said that Cecily had brought her so that she might be convinced. Even then she appeared rather doubtful and repeated her question. My wife again answered and said, “But to whom am I speaking? Will you give me your name?” The spirit then gave the name of a school friend of whom my wife had not heard for many years, and then departed saying, **“How wonderful, I would not have thought it possible.”**

“This incident is instructive, showing that it is not only people in this world who are unaware of the possibility of communication.

“We invited a friend, who was a church organist, to a sitting, and his spirit wife came and had a long talk with him, and before leaving she asked him to sing their favorite song. She had been a professional singer, and had passed over as a result of cancer of the throat.

“As he sang it she joined in very beautifully, and the effect was very touching. The spirit of a little girl friend also asked him to sing another song, and she joined with him, singing in a childish treble the words a trifle in advance to show that she knew them.

“In June, 1924, my wife went to Canada and the U.S.A., visiting her mother and Mrs. Wriedt. It was not until November, after her return, that the sittings were resumed.

“The guide Kohar warned us not to accept unreservedly everything that came through a medium, as there were at times impersonations and errors in transmission. So much depended upon the degree of spirituality and the state of psychic development of mediums. Although we were aware of this and used discrimination on every occasion, it had been our experience that so many spiritualists who had not carefully studied the subject were apt to accept unreservedly all mediumistic utterances as gospel truth.²⁴

“At quite an early date we realized the worth of these mediums, The Misses Moore, and thought that their gifts should be shared by a much larger public. We therefore wrote to Miss Estelle Stead, and arrangements were eventually made for the two sisters to visit London. They were so much appreciated that a second visit followed, and eventually they left Glasgow entirely.”

24. This fact has been one of the dark areas of mediumship, sitters, and séances—even now in modern times, 2022. I understand the nature of the practice, but I have always been skeptical of randomly picked, promiscuous audiences at sittings and séances. As in all aspects of life, “you are as strong as the weakest link in the chain” and this applies, in the vibrational sense, abundantly to séances. (NRH)

**LANCELET BRICE, TRUMPET MEDIUM
NEW ZEALAND**

NRH: I came upon this amazing medium years ago, around 1989, when I located a rare book by H. Montague Crane, called *Spirit Voices*. The printed version is now impossible to find so I am happy to share it with you the readers.²⁵

Lancelet Brice was a trumpet medium from Christchurch, New Zealand. Below is a copy of a letter from a member of Mr. Brice's circle, Mr. H. Anderson, to H. Dennis Bradley, London, describing the Medium and his guides, gives an outline of how a trumpet séance is conducted, and also makes some interesting observations.



Lancelet Brice's gravestone, Woodlawn Memorial Gardens, Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand

Christchurch, New Zealand, March, 1929.

“Dear Mr. Bradley,

“A copy of “Light,” dated November 3rd, 1928, has reached New Zealand, and contains an account written by Mr. Crane of a Spiritualist class or circle held in Christchurch by Mr. Lancelet Brice every Wednesday evening. Mr. Brice has read this announcement and wishes me to give you a fuller description of his work here. But what he has not asked me to do is to give you a description of himself. This I think will interest you: Mr. Brice is thirty-five years of age, tall and not by any means heavily built, and certainly he is of a rather reserved nature and full of charity for the faults of others. He began his mediumship at nine years of age, and about six years ago the “voices” came to him through the trumpet. A year ago they came to him in full light without the trumpet, or music, or any other help. The medium is a man of unblemished character and integrity.

“His life in every way has been clean and honest. You will understand how much this means to mediumship. To Mr. Brice and his circle Spiritualism is a religion. He holds his mediumship as a great gift from the Eternal God of Love to be used only to His honor and glory and for the happiness of all who seek eternal truth, knowing that all who seek the truth shall find it, and to those who

25. *Spirit Voices*, ©Alex Wildey LTD., Printers & Publishers, Christchurch, New Zealand, 1931. (see: AfterlifeLibrary.com for an accessible pdf of this book.)

knock the door will be opened. Materializations, writing on slates, apports, etc., mean very little to him. He knows that they occur; in fact do occur in his circle. How, he does not care. What means everything to him, and to most of his circle, is the teaching of his guide, George Jones, that God is Love beyond our conception, that life is eternal, and that advancement in knowledge and goodness is continuous. I can without hesitation confirm Mr. Crane's report but must say that, if anything, he has understated things. For example, he says: "As many as twenty-four sitters comprise the circle." I have often seen more, and on one occasion at least twenty-eight, excluding the medium, sat in the circle while I (making in all thirty) sat outside the room. It happened that evening that a friend from a distance wished to get a seat, but could not, because of lack of room. As he had never heard the voices, I gave him my seat, and at the request of George Jones I sat outside the door. At the close of the séance George Jones gave his reason for placing me in this position. He drew ectoplasm from me, brought it through the closed door, drew it over the hands and faces of the sitters and returned it again through the wood.

"Mr. Brice's séances are strictly private, and all the members are chosen by him and his guides, the result being harmony in the circle and greater success than is obtained at any other séance in Australia. At nearly every meeting there are a few who have not sat before, but who have been recommended by some member of the circle and accepted by the guides, but only if they already believe in spirit communion or are honest seekers who are not quite satisfied. You will be interested to know that when strangers approach Mr. Brice for permission to attend a sitting, they are always told to first read "Towards the Stars" and "The Wisdom of the Gods," and then come and tell him what they think of your books.²⁶ Probably a description of a sitting would interest you. We always sit in a circle, every person in his usual place, or as near to it as possible. We do not hold hands, but keep our hands on our knees, feet flat on the floor, and on no account cross our legs nor have our feet touching each other. The trumpets—five of them—are then passed round the circle, each person taking them one at a time in both hands till they go back to the medium, who then pours a little water through them and stands them on the floor.

"One must not touch them after Mr. Brice. After putting out the light, we sing a verse of "Lead Kindly Light",²⁷ then someone opens with a prayer, after which we sing the rest of Newman's fine hymn and then chant the Lord's

26. Bradley, Herbert Dennis, *Towards The Stars*, 1924; *The Wisdom of The Gods*, 1925 (London: T. Werner Laurie).

27. A hymn; text by St. John Henry Newman (1833); melody "Lux Benigna" by John Bacchus Dykes. Sung by soloist, Marion Wright, on the RMS Titanic during a hymn-singing gathering led by the Rev. Ernest C. Carter, shortly before the ocean liner struck an iceberg on April 14, 1912.

Prayer. By that time Unison, one of Mr. Brice's guides, has the trumpets up and moves round the circle, touching us on hands and faces. We welcome her as she comes to each of us, but continue the singing, as also does George Jones in a fine baritone voice. Unison, when on earth, was a little slave girl, born in North Africa, and when she first came to Mr. Brice she could speak only very broken English. She takes to herself the work of helping weak spirits to speak to their earth friends.

"A few weeks previously Mr. Brice held a special sitting for the benefit of a few visitors from a trumpet circle in Australia. When we began our opening hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," we were surprised to hear a most gloriously full-toned organ accompanying us. There was no instrument of any kind in the room, but the music was quite as loud as if one were sitting beside a large church organ. Unison informed us that it was an instrument played from the spirit side by a Dr. Pease, or a name sounding like that. One evening we took our seats at 8 o'clock and Unison opened in her usual way. After speaking for a few moments she seemed to leave us in the charge of George Jones, for she did not speak again for about twenty minutes. When she returned she said to me:

"Mr. Anderson, I have just come back from paying Mrs. Anderson a visit. I impressed her to write. I told her I thought the white roses on the mantle looked faded, and she said she would replace them with red roses if I waited. I waited, and Mrs. Anderson filled the bowl with red ones, leaving sprays (they were climbing roses) hanging down. They look very nice. Your son was lying on a kind of couch in a recess by a window, and a little boy—not your little boy—was sitting on the foot of it."

"When I came home Mrs. Anderson was waiting for me, and said: "I can't quite make things out. Someone was here tonight who claimed to be Unison. Now I can't believe Unison would be away from Mr. Brice on his circle night." She gave exactly the same story that Unison did, and when I went into the room the red roses were arranged as Unison had stated. What is more, at the time my wife was changing the roses, my eldest son, 16 years old, was lying exactly where Unison said, and a nephew of mine, who came after I left for the meeting, was sitting at his feet! One Thursday afternoon, about a year ago, I was at Mr. Brice's home when he gave me an exceptionally good demonstration of clairvoyance, and he told me that someone wished particularly to get into communication with me. We tried the table, but got nothing. With the intention of holding a séance a trumpet was laid on the table. We continued chatting for a few moments, when, to our surprise, the trumpet rolled over and came back to its original position. To test if it was done by spirit agency I rolled the trumpet over the same way, and let it go, but it took some time to come to rest. I tried again and again, but could not make it act as the spirits had done. Very soon after I left it alone we got a surprise on hearing

a voice call **“Harry, Harry—it is Vic here.”** My name is Harry and Vic is my brother. The voice sounded as if Vic were speaking on a telephone, but clear enough for Mr. Brice to hear distinctly at a distance of about six to eight feet. The same evening George Jones spoke without the aid of a trumpet just as distinctly as Vic had spoken. Probably we were chatting with our guides and friends for about two hours, mostly in daylight and later in strong electric light.

“Shortly afterwards we first heard the voices in the full light. Mr. and Mrs. Brice came to my home for the evening, but with no intention of holding any sort of séance. Evidently Unison had different views, for just about supper time she spoke to us without trumpet or music. To those who might say it was ventriloquism, I can assure them that part of the time Unison was speaking, Mr. Brice was eating cake. Since then most of our circle have heard the spirit voices in the full light. Every evening we sit, our personal friends come for a chat, but besides these we have often had, among others, Sir Wm. Crookes, Raymond Lodge, W. T. Stead, W. E. Gladstone, Northcliffe, Lenin, Seddon, Massey (the two latter spirits being former Premiers of New Zealand). One of our circle is a Jugo Slovakian, who holds long conversations with spirit friends in his native tongue. About six months ago we fastened two slates together, placed a small piece of pencil between them, and asked George Jones to write for us. Before we closed the meeting he told us he had not been able to do quite as much as he had wanted, but we would find something. On opening the slates we found written: **“Lo! these are parts of His ways, but how little a portion is heard of Him.”**²⁸

“If examined carefully one could see that the writing was not written in the ordinary way, but appeared as if the pencil had been powdered and laid on the slate. It was so neatly done that a casual observer would not notice the difference. On many occasions our spirit friends have brought with them a small bird which flutters round the room and on one occasion it left material proof of its presence. It is always taken away with them. Flowers have been brought to each of the sitters on a few occasions, but this kind of phenomena is accepted, but not encouraged. In Mr. Brice’s home the trumpets are occasionally moved from one place to another, and once a fairly heavy fire-screen was lifted up and carried to him. Many of the members of the circle, as well as their friends, have received healing treatment from Spirit Doctor Forbes Winslow.²⁹

“On one occasion, at least, the patient was unaware that he was being treated. He is a friend of mine and lives at Sumner, about six miles from Christchurch.

28. Job 26: 14 KJV.

29. Possibly Lyttelton S.F. Winslow MRCP (1844-1931) a British psychiatrist famous for his involvement in the Jack the Ripper and Georgina Weldon cases during the late Victorian era.

He was in a very bad way with hardening of the muscles of the heart, and at the time he had a severe attack of bronchitis. He was so ill that he could not walk, even across the room, without help of some kind. At our meeting on Wednesday I asked the doctor if he would see what he could do for my friend and he promised to go that night. On the following Sunday I went to Sumner and found my friend walking about outside. On being questioned he said: "I went to bed on Wednesday night, feeling so bad that I did not know what might happen before morning; but for the first time for two years I had a good night's rest. I slept so soundly that I did not waken till 6 o'clock on Thursday morning. I found my bronchitis completely cured, and had a sensation of having been massaged round the heart, also my mentality is much improved. In fact, I feel like a new man."

"At our meeting the following Wednesday, the doctor told me what he had done: **"I found your friend's heart very hard, and his lungs congested. I massaged the heart, and cleared his lungs, and I think you will find, that if he rests as much as possible, he will go on improving till he is eventually cured. On examining the brain I found a small clot forming in one of the vessels. This I completely removed. I think you will notice the difference in his health."** I certainly did, and though that is some time ago, my friend's health has continued to improve, and he still sleeps well. Mr. Crane has told you that he considers that Mr. Brice is one of the best—if not *the* best—trumpet mediums in the world. Well, that may be. I don't know. But I do know that I have sat in his circle for about three years and I have never once in that time known him to fail. We always get good results. I cannot give you exact figures, but I think we have had as many as thirty-eight spirit friends speaking at one sitting, and I don't think we ever hear less than probably twenty. Some of the spirits speak without the aid of the trumpets.

"Spiritualism is spreading very fast in New Zealand. I have spoken to hundreds about it and only a very few treat the subject lightly now. I really think that if one were to inquire at, say, one hundred houses in this city, at least forty of them would contain some who accepted the truth of spirit communication, to say nothing of those who are interested and believe "there may be something in it." I think I have said enough to give you some idea of the working of Mr. Brice's circle, and the results obtained. It would take a very large book to hold all of interest that I could tell. Our meetings are just happy family gatherings of some in the flesh and others in the spirit. I hope this letter will interest you, and any questions you would like to ask will be gladly answered by either Mr. Crane or myself. With kind thoughts for the work you are doing for the happiness of others and the spread of knowledge.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) W. H. H. ANDERSON."

NRH: The following report is by a member of the Grotrian Hall, London. I have chosen to include for it encompasses the true majesty of Lancelet Brice's mediumship and it is well-written.

H. Montague Crane

"The following communication has been received from a member of the Grotrian Hall, London, who recently spent three months in Christchurch. She withheld her name. (*It is assumed that she uses "Q" to represent herself ~ NRH*)

"Dear Mr. Brice: Since leaving Christchurch, I have had opportunities of hearing the direct voice again in Sydney and in Melbourne, and the result only confirms my view of the wonderful quality of your mediumship. In Melbourne, certainly the circle vibrations were very harmonious, and the voices indubitably genuine, but their tone and pitch (either too low or too loud, and difficult in either case to follow) left me marveling at the perfect naturalness achieved by those I heard with you. I have been showing the very full notes I took of my sittings with you to people competent to judge of such things, and they uniformly pronounced them "very impressive."

"It strikes me that you have no record of these notes, and I now send you some extracts from them, which may serve to illustrate the very satisfactory results obtained in private sittings of the kind you gave me. In America and England they are quite the rule. It has been found that the smaller the number of sitters present (provided they are all on the same vibration) the better the results where the length and interest of the communications are concerned. The best results are of course obtained when the two or three sitters present are not only on the same vibration, but share the same views and interests, and are all personally known to and attract the same communicators. In this latter item I was handicapped, knowing absolutely no one in New Zealand who knew anything of my life in Europe. The results, therefore, are all the more astounding.

"In the opinion of experts, who have read the notes (one being the editor of a very well-known psychic journal), the last sitting is the most remarkable. Although only three sitters were present (one, Mrs. P. Lightband, a newcomer to psychic manifestations), and amongst the communicators two at least were speaking for the very first time, both of them just recently passed over and the sitting was interrupted by noise outside the house, yet the quality of tone (equal to that of an excellent gramophone record), the peculiarities of each individual voice, which made it instantly recognizable — the absorbingly interesting contents of the conversations make of this sitting the most outstanding of all. I only wish I could send you a verbatim copy of the entire notes; but as at times they concerned matters of so private a character that their publication would be painful to survivors in England, I refrain from doing so, and must only give those strictly concerning myself.

“The communications at my private sittings fall into three categories—those addressed to the other sitters, of which I have no notes; those proceeding from entities unknown personally to any of the sitters present and whose talk could therefore contain no evidential proofs; and those given by people I had known intimately in the past. These latter are the subject of my notes. I find that in the first private sitting you gave me, on the 11th May, 1931, there were present five sitters, including myself and Mr. C. S. Bell, the secretary of your circle. It lasted over one-and-a-half hours, Unison, your control, explaining that the first hour had been lost, owing to our delay in beginning the sitting. “Mr. Jones, however, said: **“The conditions are better and stronger tonight.”**”

“This statement was immediately proved by my mother coming through, in a very clear, pleasantly pitched voice, the same tone of voice as she possessed in the flesh. This being the very first time she spoke in the direct voice, the absolute naturalness of it was all the more to be admired. I should perhaps explain that my mother, who passed over in January, 1931, at the age of 86, was the possessor of a beautifully cultivated voice, of a well-developed personality, and a brilliant mind. All this would naturally help her to achieve the best results. The fact remains, however, that she has never spoken at any other direct voice manifestation that I have attended. She and my father (the latter passed over in 1922) have each directly controlled mediums in Sydney as well as in Melbourne, but they are fastidious in their choice of vibrations.

“The conversation between my mother and myself developed along the lines chosen by her. This was a characteristic of her forceful personality on earth. She had a faculty for stimulating argument amongst her friends, and the fact that she did so with me, at the first instant of breaking through, is a very powerful test of evidence for her personal survival, and of her presence at your circle. The subject was so little in my mind, that for some days, on thinking it over, I actually reproached myself with having entered on this argument! It was only later, on showing the notes to others, that I saw the truth of the position—she had chosen it, and it was the natural result of contacting her personality, and a very precious proof of the same.

“This argument concerned her point of view, as differing from mine, on the way to bring out the best in people, and on our means of evolution. It was ethical and psychological in character, aspects very familiar to us both, and studied by, and written on by her for years. This communicator was followed by a voice speaking in German, which I instantly recognized as that of Professor Witte. He was a lecturer at the State school in Hanover, which I attended as a girl, and he passed over in 1902. His line and methods of teaching had exercised a great influence over my mind. This influence increased with the years, and I often mentioned him with gratitude to people who admired in me the methods he had used, and which I had adopted for my

own use. As will be seen from the following notes, it was this appreciation of him which caused him to contact me. I may here say that no one present knew any German except myself.

“Prof. Witte: **“Wie gehts, Fraulein N.!”** “Miss N.: Sind Sie es, Herr Professor Witte? Prof. W.: **“Ja Ja-werde ich nicht deutlich?”** “Q: Here, another voice butted in, and an inarticulate mixture was the result. Miss N.: Ich verstehe Sie nicht mehr. Professor Witte then suddenly spoke in English, clearly. Miss N.: Oh, you’re talking English now! Prof. W.: **“I have decided that it is better to speak English. I heard later that in this way he could prevent others “jamming” him.”**

“Miss N.: How did you find me, after all these years? Prof. W.: **“No difficulty in finding you. You are shining; a light is round you. I stand behind you when you are teaching, and you feel the contact spiritual. When you thought of me with thanks, that is what brought me to you. I sought always to give the grounding; it comes back to me, the way bright, and it shines. I guided them the best I did know.”** Miss N.: And now, is your work the same? Prof. W.: **“Yes, on a wider field. I show how to do—and I will tell you: some do, and some do not.”**

“The style here is characteristic of an educated German whose English has not been practiced recently. Miss N.: When I come over, will you meet me? We can have a real long talk then. Prof. W.: **“When you come over, Fraulein N.! Ha! Ha! that will not be yet.”**

“His laugh was exactly the same as he often used in the flesh, ironical and teasing. Miss N.: Never mind, in twenty years will you meet me? Prof. W. (still in teasing tone): **“Twenty? say rather thirty.”** Miss N.: Whenever it is, Professor, you meet me? Prof. W. (changing his tone to one of remonstrance) **“Yes, but there will be hundreds to meet you, Fraulein N.!”** “Miss N. : But you I desire to speak with; so promise. Prof. W. (suddenly serious) : **“Yes, I do promise.”** Q: Now, to all his former colleagues and pupils, although they will not hear the voice that spoke the above words, the style in which they were uttered, and the changing expression, dictated by the varying mood of the speaker behind each sentence, must carry conviction of his being the utterer of them. This is the intrinsic proof of the survival of his personality, found in the sentences I have given above.

“Q: The next communicator was Mr. C. S. Bell’s nephew, Colin Lightband. I never met him in the flesh; he died last February; C. S. Bell: Good evening, Colin. Miss N., sitting on my left, says she saw you with your wife. C. L.: **“Yes, that’s quite correct, uncle. Please tell my wife I’m still not far away. Give her my love.”** Miss N.: Give me something to tell her that only she will understand. Q: After a reflective silence, C. L. gave a message, which none of

us could understand. I wrote it down, and on giving it later to Mrs. Lightband, she understood it perfectly. The next communicator was a young lady, an English friend of mine who passed over eighteen months ago; her voice (heard for the very first time on the direct voice) was eager, quick, passionate; just as it used to be in moments of great excitement for her. She called me by the name she used exclusively for me, and said she had come as she had promised to do when I had my last sitting in London, at which sitting she said that she would manifest in the Antipodes, and would give a test for her mother. Miss N.: Now give me the test you promised in London. Voice (very decided and determined): **“It is the coat.”** Miss N.: Whose coat? Voice: **“Well, it was mine, now it is yours, my coat. It is hanging over the back of your chair. It is beautiful, a beautiful color; I can only see the form of it now, not the color. Time and conditions have changed over here.”** Miss N.: I thought you couldn’t see at all while speaking? Voice: **“I can see just a little. I know you asked for mother.”** Q: This is quite correct; the coat had been given to me after her passing, quite recently. Some further conversation ensued, and then I mentioned a password we had, in 1917, and added: Miss N.: Do you remember? Voice (delightedly): **“The lane where we rang the bicycle bells! Tell D. (her sister) that I often come to visit you all and to listen to you.”** Q: This is very evidential, of its kind. The “lane” recalls an incident in 1917, where both sisters and I were present. The immediate transition to the sister is thus easily to be understood, and is the most natural intrinsic proof of personal presence. The communicator proceeded to give several more test proofs of her identity. Unfortunately, they are of so sacred a character as to make it impossible to give them to anyone outside her own family.

“Q: My father then spoke. He had spoken in Sydney in the direct voice, but not in the least like his own voice. Here, however, it was not only distinct and finely pitched, but held his own refined, clearly enunciated, well balanced tones. He had been an orator of great ability, eagerly listened to and much appreciated. After a silence dating from 1922, I was once more listening to those well remembered accents, those musical cadences! Is there any proof equal to that? But it is a proof personal to each of us, not capable of conveyance to others. Of what he said, nothing of interest to others came through, being mostly answers (sometimes in an amused tone, very characteristic of his kindly, keen mind) to my questions concerning members of our family over there. At one moment, he exclaimed: **“It really is wonderful, you know, to be able to speak to you like this in the Antipodes, in a country where I never set foot in the flesh!”** He capped a quotation I began, out of Coleridge, and said he wished that more people realized that those “over there” were quite young—he himself was about equal to thirty now (he had passed over in his ninety-second year).

“Q: And now came a great surprise—a voice, very distinct, loud, and pleased, announced that he was Chikko. This is the chief control of a Sydney trance medium, Mr. Alfred Rayner, with whom I had had many sittings. I had been on friendly terms with Chikko and his friends, and hearing him now gave me intense pleasure. He was a Tibetan lama.

Chikko: **“I am from Sydney! Chikko! We have long talks, at different times. Me come to tell medium is well, is happy, is very busy studying the books. I told him I will try to find New Zealand! He tell me to come here.”** Miss N.: Chikko, I want you, now you are here, to take note of the people I know here, and when I have left here you can give me news of them. Chikko: **“Yes.”** [He then counted the sitters and took stock of the room.] **“Me can come sometimes for talks here.”** C. S. Bell: We shall be very pleased for you to come. Q: Chikko then mentioned his spirit friends who had also come to the circle from Sydney, and the sitting ended, with a very loud **“good-night”** and several kisses from the young lady who had mentioned the coat test.

“Q: During the ensuing days, this young lady returned almost daily, through various means, and testified to the great spiritual benefit she had received through contacting me at this circle and on the following days. This benefit was of such a nature that I was informed from the other side that my trip from England was worth all I had spent on it, even if this was the only result obtained from it. She had been existing in a mist of spiritual isolation and misconception. From this moment, she saw things in their true proportions, and her outlook widened, brightened and became all-embracing. Such wonderful results could never have been accomplished except through such a mediumship as Mr. Brice’s. I feel that nothing I can say will ever adequately convey the sense of gratitude I feel for having been privileged to come to Christchurch to be the means of helping in that work.

“To pass at once to the last private sitting with Mr. Brice, at which only three sitters were present, one being Mrs. P. Lightband, for whom the sitting had been arranged. The outstanding feature was the coming of her husband, C. Lightband, who had passed over in February, 1931. He reminded her of several incidents known only to themselves, and gave some messages he had at heart. He was succeeded by Professor Witte, again speaking in German at first, until again another spirit interposed. It was explained to me afterwards that this individual, who knew German also, was anxious to get on to the “foreign” vibration himself! This time I asked the Professor if he remembered writing in my schoolgirl’s album? I began to quote what he had written there, from Goethe’s Faust: “Das Mogliche soil der Entschluss,” when he interrupted and

finished the quotation: “**Beherzt sogleich beim Schopfe fassen.**”³⁰ I then asked him if he ever met Herr Gehrig, another teacher who had subsequently died. He said, “**Yes.**” I then gave him a message to give to Herr Gehrig, to remind him of the day I deliberately missed his lesson to go cycling in a forest, and on my way back I found Herr Gehrig standing at the back of a tram in front of me, laughing at me! The Professor laughed also, and said he should certainly tell him about it.

“Six weeks later, in Sydney, the sequel to this occurred. Chikko told me that Herr Gehrig was standing near me and desired to speak! As Chikko knew no German, and Herr Gehrig no English, our conversation was rather difficult. I spoke in German, of course, and Chikko repeated Gehrig’s answers the best way he could.

“Gehrig was very touched at my remembrance (he had a soft, kind heart always!) and laughed immoderately again at my playing truant on my cycle! Little did I dream, on that summer day in Hanover, where and how that episode would again be mentioned. Q: My mother then had the longest and most interesting talk with me that I remember. Unison was very pleased at having made it possible. She really worked hard to keep the ground clear for her. My mother was also very delighted, she showed it by saying: “**What a wonderful country New Zealand is! Why couldn’t we have come out here and settled here. What a difference it would have made, instead of London! Your father would have missed the nervousness during the war.**” This was an allusion to the air-raids, etc., and the fact of his being then eighty-five and blind, made it difficult to escape from bombs, etc. She also told me of some visitors being entertained at my London house at that moment. I had believed the house still empty. This was on the 28th May, 1931. The following 13th July, at Melbourne, I received letters from my housekeeper, telling me of these visitors! Now that is something no one could have read out of my subliminal consciousness. She then discussed various members of our family and their several problems, all quite in her natural manner, and she laughed her old well-remembered laugh over some people’s conduct on a recent occasion. This long conversation was so exactly like those I held with her while she was still on earth, that on reading the notes of it, it seems hard to believe she was no longer in the flesh when conducting it. The young lady of the “coat test” then came through, anxious to thank all for the help given her in that first memorable sitting, giving news of her sick father, and assurance that she was “much better and brighter and happier.” Q: Then Chikko came, for a short greeting. Then, after some others had spoken on general topics, I

30. “What is not done today is not done tomorrow, And you shouldn’t miss a day, *the decision should boldly grasp the possible immediately by the forelock ...*” — Goethe: *Faust — The Tragedy, 1st part.*

heard the voice of Dr. Peacock, who had been instrumental in restoring my health in a manner marvelled at by everybody who saw me daily gain in strength and spirits. Then a Cockney, Jack Gibbons, told us a comic story of how he had helped to convince two girls on their arrival over there that they were dead, they were convinced they were drunk! So he fetched their mothers to them, to prove that they were dead! His talk closed the sitting, with Unison's affectionate request that I should not forget her, when I went to England. I said: "No, of course not." Unison: "**I will come to you on the ship and give three taps to let you know I am there.**" Miss N.: That is very friendly of you! Unison: "**I am always friendly, or how could I do my work?**" Miss N.: That is extra friendly, to give taps for me.

"Q: I may add, that I heard her three taps on the very first evening after I left Christchurch. They were so loud that everyone else heard them, too, and turned round to see what it could be! Q: Besides these wonderful direct voice sittings, other forms of Mr. Brice's mediumship combined to render my stay at Christchurch a really wonderful psychic adventure. Q: Altogether, I am convinced that my experiences in connection with the various manifestations of Mr. Brice's mediumship are such as will not only always remain vividly alive in my memories of a really wonderful three months' sojourn in beautiful Christchurch, but will serve me well in the future in my work of spreading the knowledge of survival more generally. Everyone who has listened to my account of them in the lectures I gave on my return to Sydney, was extremely interested not only in the high standard of their technique, but in the abundant proofs of personal survival they afforded. For me, of course, these proofs were unnecessary; for me, the wonder of these manifestations remains the fresh, natural intonation, the clear and limpid accent, and even tones used by refined individuals; and also the length of time each entity spoke, and the entire absence of disturbing music or singing so often employed elsewhere to keep the vibrations going. Once Unison had begun her job, no more singing was used, at least during the private sittings of which I have here endeavored to give some idea. I only regret a "talkie" could not have been taken of them! It would have made a truly valuable record of a very true and valuable mediumship."

NRH: This next particular séance is noteworthy as it includes the return of Vice Admiral W. Osborne Moore from the world of spirit.

Séance Notes — H. M. Crane

"The medium's father, Mr. W. H. Brice, speaks a few days after his death. Says how difficult it is to speak for the first time. Admiral Osborne Moore tells the circle of some of his experiences in psychic investigation while on

earth— still carrying on his work in spirit life. George Jones gives a cure for the world's unrest. Speaks of the British Navy:

“If it had not been for your Navy during the last war there would be no British Empire today.”

August 7th, 1929

H. M. Crane

“The value of acquiring a knowledge of Spiritualistic philosophy during earth life is apparent by the rapidity with which the mind of the initiated clears after physical death, and how quickly those with such a knowledge can realize and take a grip of the conditions of the new life. One passing over with no certain knowledge of after life, or with one's mind warped by dogma and creed, finds it indeed difficult to accommodate one's self to the new conditions. Our medium's father (the late W. H. Brice) took a great deal of interest in psychic matters all his life, and at one time he took an active part in his son's work. After death he knew immediately where he was and lost no time in contacting earth to proclaim the glad tidings of spirit survival and spirit return. At this séance he was the first to speak.”

THE SÉANCE

“The phenomena are absolutely genuine, and from henceforth skeptics can only deny the facts by accusing us of fraud and charlatanism.”

~ Professor Botazzi, Director of the Physiological Institute
at the University of Naples ~

W. H. Brice :

“Good evening, everybody. It is **W. H. Brice**. I have not been strong enough to get through before.” To Mr. C. S. Bell: “**I will be with you at the next meeting of the Cathedral choristers.**” C. S. Bell: You remember who provided the refreshments? W.H.B.: “**It was Frank Hobbs. Friends, I was interested in Spiritualism for many years, and I want to tell you people that I am perfectly satisfied now. I was tied severely to earth conditions when I first came over, through various mental worries upon which I do not want to lay any stress just now. But those things are creeping away from me, and I certainly feel inclined now to take up the threads where I left off in what spiritual work that I did undertake as regards spiritual development in circles. I want you to give a message to Mr. Bowler. You tell Gus that I feel much better; that I have passed through my period of rest; that I have obtained a peace of mind which is most satisfactory, and tell him that I am often with him, and he is not to think that when he**

cannot hear me I am not there. Tell him that on many occasions when he pops across the road I am there too. Well, now, do not forget to tell him tomorrow. You know I have come here, friends, and I do not feel like going. It is great to be able to have the privilege of speaking from this side. It seems very hard to come along at first and speak—very hard. I do not know quite how to go about it, but nevertheless I have managed to reach the rate of vibration on which I am operating now, so you are getting the results. You know, friends, I wanted to take more interest in your spiritual work, but I was drawn the other way through material influences. I had a lot of material considerations which needed attention, and I could not combine both the spiritual and material together. I had my family to look after.”

W.H.B.: “Good evening, Mrs. Bowler, I remember you.” H. M. Crane: You remember me too, I think, Mr. Brice. W.H.B.: “Yes, yes. I say, Crane, you used to amuse me when you came up to the office and asked if Lance was in, and when I told you he wasn’t in, you used to run away again.”

H.M.C.: Yes, I was a little afraid of you. W.H.B. (speaking of his business while on earth—manufacture and sale of Brice’s Hair Restorer, the spirit visitor remarked): “There is no question about it that it will do all right. I know it will, because there is not another tonic in the world like it. I do not want to talk shop here, friends, but while I am on the subject, I want to tell you that my father spent a life-time at it, and I hope that my boy (the medium) will follow in the same way, because if it is going to save the hair, he will be doing some good. In fact, I know that you have our force and influence in every possible legitimate way. Now, before I go, friends, if there is anything you would like to ask me, ask it now.” Lancelet Brice: If you possibly can I would like you to come and give me help. W.H.B.: “I have been trying to assist you all the time and I will continue to do so.”

L.B.: Well, Dad, I think we have had quite a long talk tonight and I do not want you to take up the time of the other sitters. Q: Sitters reply that they are enjoying his talk and ask him to stay. W.H.B.: “I appreciate your sentiments, friends, but I have had a good innings tonight, and I will be pleased to come on some other occasion. Mr. Lionel Comerford sends his best regards and wishes to you all. Now, friends, do not forget that you had Bill Brice here and he is going to stand behind you, and as long as Lance has the privilege to be the medium, I will do all I possibly can to help you to carry this work onward, as it is worth seeking. Now friends, I bid you all good-night.”

Admiral Osborne Moore: “Good evening, friends. It is Osborne Moore. I am pleased to be with you, friends. I have had many experiences in this

work. Before coming into spirit life I had the pleasure of sitting with many mediums in America. I have spoken in New Zealand before, through Mrs. Harris—Susannah Harris. I met Mr. Jones before. He is an old worker. I have seen Mr. Trolove before.” P. Trolove: I feel that I have known you in spirit life on account of the book you issued many years ago. It introduced to me a new phase of Spiritualism, and I was greatly interested in it. I understand you took three trips to America to investigate Spiritualism. O.M.: “That is right; and not many people would take the trouble to go to another country today to do that—not across the water to develop and study the most wonderful subject that has ever been made known to mankind. Numbers of people think that the phenomenon here will not be difficulties in the way. I may be able to help break down the wall of misunderstanding that exists between the two worlds. Goodnight, friends.”

Star of Hope: “God bless all you students. God bless you all. God bring you to the higher understanding of truth and love. May God’s great spiritual and fatherly love prevail to guide you through trials and troubles to the peace and freedom which knows no understanding.”





CHAPTER III

THE VOICE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO & OTHERS

Excerpts From the Work of Lynn Russell with Leslie Flint

NRH: I have chosen material from this work by Lynn Russell because it fits perfectly with the theme I have tried to follow with this edition of *Spectral Evidence*. It is very rare, and involves one of the best mediums for independent voice, Leslie Flint³¹ the spirit of Rudolph Valentino³² and others.

Lynn Russell was born in 1911 in England. She saw Valentino in “The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse” in 1921. When he had taken ill in 1926, it seemed as if the entire world was confident of his recovery because of his stratospheric stardom which made people assume he was invincible. Mrs. Russell’s faith, as many others, was shaken to the core by his passing and, like many, her spiritual journey began with this monumental event.

The following are extracts from Lynn Russell’s work, *The Voice of Valentino*, (London: Regency Press, 1965). As with all of the material in this book, it is an honor to include it as it significantly adds to preserving the legacy of the great mediums.

Lynn Russell

“No one will deny that the material contained in this work is of the kind that invariably makes for controversy, and therefore the writing of it has

31. Leslie Flint (1991-1994). British medium, one of the most renowned of the 20th century and one of the last to produce the phenomena of Independent Voice to the level which he manifested. He wrote *Voices in The Dark*, Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1971. I personally own 60 tapes of his séances recorded by Betty Greene and George Woods, which began in 1953. The Leslie Flint Trust has approximately 40 of the Valentino séance recordings. (NRH)

32. Rudolph Valentino (1895-1926.) Short-lived but very famous Italian actor, based in the United States; starred in the silent films, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921) and *The Son of The Sheik* (1926).

presented many difficulties. I have been blessed or cursed with an analytical mind and an aptitude for practical application acquired during the years when I held an administrative position of great responsibility. My trained powers of observation have served me well in the investigation which came about unexpectedly through my contact with Leslie Flint, to whom I had gone originally for personal reasons.

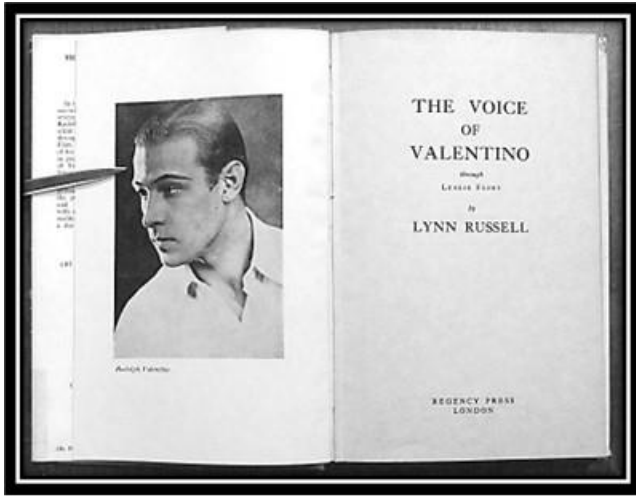
“At that time I did not know a great deal about the famous film star Rudolph Valentino, and it was only gradually through various channels of communication that the soul of the real man, as opposed to, the pseudo-personality of the silent screen, was revealed. Long before there was any suggestion from him of putting our findings into print, and during the last eight years, the four people of our circle have kept a record of events which now includes 500 closely typed pages and a collection of tapes measuring approximately fifteen miles of magnetic track on which are recorded the direct voices of Valentino and of many other people who came from all walks of life.

“My Aunt Emmeline was a great believer in the continuity of life, and I listened attentively as she explained that he would live on, but in much greater happiness. Until now we had always laughed at her convictions and my mother had not responded to her beliefs during her own time of sorrow. I was more impressed than she had been with my aunt’s knowledge, and I tried to accept the truth of her words, but I found it difficult because I had completely lost faith in my conception of God! Such is the heart of a child.

“Through Rudolph’s close friend and business manager S. G. Ullman, author of a book entitled “*Valentino As I Knew Him*,” I was able to purchase the small collection of poems called “*Daydreams*” written by Rudolph, but of which he never claimed authorship, as the contents were through his own gift of mediumship and inspired by the people whose initials appear under each title. I also read the book that was to make such a difference to my life in later years, “*Rudy, An Intimate Portrait*,”³³ written by his wife Natacha, in which she gave many wonderful messages received by her from him since his passing, through the great American medium George Wehner.³⁴

33. *Rudy: An Intimate Portrait of Rudolph Valentino by His Wife*. Natasha Valentino, (London: Hutchinson & Company, 1926).

34. George Wehner (1890-1970). Composer, actor, writer, painter, and spiritualist. As his early autobiography, *A Curious Life*, 1929 indicates, he led an extraordinarily varied, productive life.



The Voice of Valentino, by Lynn Russell. London: Regency Press, 1965.

“From this the seeds of Knowledge were sown—but in secret, for my mother was against any ‘dabbling into the psychic.’ So time passed and Rudy became a memory. When I left home to begin working, my mother had to find smaller accommodation and she disposed of my collection of photographs and books. I never enquired after them. I was almost seventeen now, and there were many other film stars, but not for me. There had been a finality about Valentino’s death for which not even the consolation in the messages received from him by his wife could compensate, and my interests were not particularly centered in the Arts, because I preferred an open-air life with activities such as swimming and other sports.

“My son Anthony, a surviving twin, born in the ‘blitz’ of 1940, was about four years old when events began to set the scene for the years to come. Fortunately he had just been evacuated to relatives when his step-father John and I lost our entire home in an air raid, and we moved temporarily to the town in East Anglia where John was posted and where, a few days later, the news reached us that my first husband was missing in a daylight air attack over France. Although our marriage had broken up it did not alter the fact that both John and I were very anxious about him. Being unable to obtain news from any quarter, I searched the town for a Spiritualist Church without success. Yet that same night my mother, who was living in North London, was impressed to the point of compulsion to attend a Spiritualist service, followed by clairvoyance, which was being held in a nearby hall.

“The medium was Joseph Benjamin, and his first message was given to my mother who was picked out to receive it from a full hall. The communicator established his identity in such a way as to leave no doubt that it was my father, who passed over in 1919. My mother was given the details of the target, the type of plane, the number of the crew and the subsequent fate of Anthony’s father, who had parachuted to comparative safety in occupied territory and was transferred to a prisoner-of-war camp. When he returned to England a year later, we learned that every fact given by my father through Mr. Benjamin was correct, including a graphic description of the run-in through a curtain of ‘flak’ and the impact of the anti-aircraft shell which crippled the plane after the load of supplies had been dropped to our ambushed troops.

“This message and the wonderful help that was given to her regarding other personal matters intrigued my mother’s enquiring mind, and by the time John and I had returned to London she had become an interested investigator of Spiritualism! Of course she and I joined in this together, and a few years later her search led her to a remarkable Direct Voice medium, Leslie Flint.



Leslie Flint

“On several occasions during the following two years, my mother helped him in his work at the Kingsway Hall and the Scala Theatre, where he gave public demonstrations of the Independent Direct Voice. I was seldom free to accompany her to these meetings and I went only once. One evening on returning from the Kingsway Hall she remarked, “You should have been there tonight.”

“Why tonight particularly?” I asked. She told me that one communicator had given a most inspired address. I knew from the way she spoke that she wanted me to question her as to the identity of the speaker.

“Well, who was it?” I asked unconcernedly, but I was not prepared for her reply!

“Rudolph Valentino!”

“In 1952 my mother passed over very suddenly, and in the same year we were obliged to leave the house in which we had been living and set up home in a tiny ground floor flat situated in almost rural surroundings. By a strange coincidence Jean, a friend with whom I had worked for several years, moved that same week into a top flat only five minutes’ walk from mine, though like many of us affected by post-war housing difficulties she had been waiting for accommodation for eleven years. Through conversations with my mother and me she had become interested in Spiritualism and had accompanied us to many services in the past, and now she and I attended a service almost every week.

Occasionally John would join us, but Jean's husband Stanley showed no interest in the subject.

"John and I had taken up the study of Microscopy³⁵ since our move to North London. We were members of a Club and became deeply engrossed in the exploring of this diminutive world, attending lectures and meetings regularly. John was surprised therefore one evening in May 1955, when I announced that I wanted to remain at home to hear a radio program, the title of which "Quest for Valentino" only served to increase his surprise. Among those taking part I had noticed the name of Leslie Flint, and it was with mixed feelings that I waited for the program to commence. As I heard mentioned all the old familiar places, contacts, and names, such as S. G. Ullman and Natacha — the years rolled back. Then Leslie spoke of Valentino's mediumistic powers and of the poems which he had written under the influence of his own spirit guides, Meselope and Black Feather, and I felt I was living in a dream. Actually I had awakened to Reality, because from that moment the Influence, that has become the controlling factor in our lives, made itself felt.

"After some deliberation I wrote to Leslie Flint and told him of my mother's passing, and expressed an appreciation of his contribution to the program. From this correspondence came an invitation to his home. Less than a week before the visit materialized I went to the Spiritualist Headquarters, now at 33 Belgrave Square, London, S.W. 1, to hear a lecture, and while I was waiting for it to begin, my attention was drawn to the heading of a newspaper called "Two Worlds."³⁶ It said, "Rudolph Valentino talks to 'Two Worlds' and the subtitle read: "Idol of silent screen shuns the limelight." I bought a copy immediately I left the lecture hall, and for the first time since 1927 I found myself reading a report of an actual message from Valentino, together with the story of Leslie Flint's first contact with him which developed after his interest had been aroused by Natacha's book.

"Leslie was only sixteen when he started his psychic development in a home circle, and it was not long before he became a trance medium under the control of a Spirit Group. But many years passed before he became the 'voice' medium whose integrity is without question, for the evidence, accumulated by hundreds of sitters over a period of thirty years, speaks for itself. From the article it was obvious that although he was Leslie Flint's chief spirit guide now, Rudy rarely came through to speak though he had been a frequent communicator in the past. He preferred to remain in the background but on occasions had spoken to some of his old friends, many of whom had established beyond doubt that

35. Microscopy is the technical field of using microscopes to view objects and areas of objects that cannot be seen with the naked eye.

36. Spiritualist monthly magazine, founded in 1887 as a weekly newspaper in Manchester, England, by Emma Hardinge Britten. See Chapter IV of this book.

the communicator was Valentino. Now he was anxious to bring proof of the continuity of life, and to repay in service the love and regard bestowed upon him during his life on Earth.

“My meeting with Leslie Flint was quite an experience. Several of his friends were already there when I arrived, and apparently they all shared an interest in old films, which were still to be seen at the National Film Theatre of which many were members. After tea Leslie produced a number of books and I withdrew from the guests who were engrossed in their discussions. Apart from expressing his sympathy over my mother’s passing, he never referred to the subject of Spiritualism. I have since learned that he never discusses his work, but at the time I could not help feeling a little bewildered since my tentative enquiries as to the article in “*Two Worlds*” were met with polite but reticent replies. However, our meeting was one of mutual regard and a further invitation was extended to include John if he wished to accept.

“On my second visit to Leslie’s he gave me a very tattered copy of the poems “Daydreams” that he had come across while browsing in old book shops, and as I turned over the discolored pages I said laughingly to John, “Somehow I think this is where I came in!” How true those casual words proved to be in the years that followed!”

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE

“I made my first appointment for a séance with Leslie Flint on December 8th 1955, three years almost to the day of my mother’s passing. Before relating the episodes of this sitting, I will explain as simply as possible what is meant by the Independent Direct Voice. Firstly, a medium is a person who has developed the sense of extended sight and hearing which enables that man or woman to tune in to a higher state of consciousness which lies beyond the range of perception of our normal earthly senses. A physical medium provides ectoplasm, which is a physical substance that can be manipulated by the controls and guides on the spirit side of life. It is a complicated process, and many scientists and doctors whose skill and knowledge on Earth fitted them for this kind of work assist in constructing a replica of the larynx, which acts as an “etheric microphone.” The voices are quite independent of the vocal organs of the medium and seem to come out of the air.

“Complete darkness is essential for the construction of the ectoplasmic microphone by the spirit operators, because the voice box is as sensitive to light as a photographic plate. I have been given to understand that the spirit communicators impinge their thoughts on to this sensitive field and these are transmitted to us as sound. The voices sound exactly as if they were speaking by telephone, and no trumpet or other mechanical device is used. On this memorable day, Leslie and I talked of trivialities for a few minutes in the

séance room, then he stubbed out his cigarette, turned out the light, and went on chatting! His conversation kept my mind relaxed but I was waiting for him to become quiet, which I thought necessary, when a perky little Cockney voice said, **“Hello, lady! You don’t know me, do you?”** “Oh, yes I do, Mickey, I have heard you once before.” His childish laughter filled the room and after a while he said, **“You’re not scared are you, love?”**

“No, not in the least. Only excited,” I told him.

“He informed me that there were many people who would like to speak to me, and then there was a pause. Now I heard a woman’s voice rich and clear speaking in broken English with a French accent. I learned later that she was known as Sister Teresa. Her personality seemed to enfold me with gentleness, but her stay was cut short by a man’s voice with a similar accent, whose first words were; **“You don’t know me, but I am interested in your son.”**

“For personal reasons I cannot put into print all that passed between us. My son had been a great worry to me because due to the circumstances of his birth he was physically backward. He had attended a children’s clinic for two years but did not seem to be improving. I had pondered over the question of different treatment but Dr. Marcel, as the communicator proved to be, was opposed to this. He discussed every detail with me, and answered, unasked, many of the questions for which I had requested help during my prayer sessions. His last words regarding Anthony were: **“One day you’ll have reason to be very proud of him.”** Before his final **“Au revoir”** he asked me to come again soon and bring my husband, which I promised I would.

“Another doctor followed who spoke in a cultured English voice to which it was a joy to listen, and gave the name of Dr. Charles Marshall. He confirmed and added to the advice already received, and was most insistent that we should both come again soon. In the pause, which was only momentary, I wondered at the urgency and the air of excitement that was transmitted by the very tone of their voices, then my thoughts were checked by a faint whisper. **“Eveline, Eveline, [full name.] this is Mother. Can you hear my voice? Oh dear! This is so difficult.”** Her ‘breathing’ became labored, but after a moment she went on. “You had such a shock, and so did I! When your father made his presence known I argued with him, thinking it was a dream,” and suddenly she laughed, her very own, particular, infectious laugh, that I knew could not belong to anyone else at all.

“The emotional tension having been broken we held a personal and intimate conversation. Her voice was faint but she seemed to be experiencing less difficulty. She said how wonderful it was to be with my father again, after thirty-three years’ separation, and she was looking forward to talking to John. Suddenly she changed the subject and mentioned something about being sorry regarding the books and photographs. I could not think to what she was

referring. I had sorted out boxes of family books and photographs after her passing, but I could not understand what was worrying her. She realized I was puzzled and added with a burst of strength, **“No, no, darling. Rudy’s photographs! Your photographs of Rudy and your books. I am so very sorry! I had no idea what they meant to you, and above all what they will mean to you yet. I will help you to replace them. You have had some already, haven’t you?”**

“I tried to hide my amazement and hastened to assure her she had acted for the best and must not concern herself. Just before she left she turned towards Leslie (there is a distinct alteration in the direction of sound when this happens) and said, **“Good afternoon, Mr. Flint. Do you remember me?”** How typical of my mother! It had always required years of friendship before she would call anyone by their first name. They chatted together and then she said goodbye to me as someone else was waiting to speak. A soft girlish voice came through almost immediately, trembling with excitement, **“Val, Val here. Can you hear me?”**

“Yes,” I replied, “I can hear you.” I had not the faintest idea who it was.

“Val, Valerie. Oh Mummy! Don’t you know me?” I was beyond words. My little daughter, Anthony’s twin, had died at three days old. I lost control for a moment, but she was so excited it soon helped me regain my composure. She went on to tell me that she was surprised at my reaction for she knew that I had read a great deal on the subject, and therefore I should have been aware that a soul continues to grow if it passes over in infancy, but I must understand that her progress was much faster than Anthony’s and that now I should think of her as a young woman.

“A soul if young when released from the body achieves maturity in a short period of time, and returns to maturity if the body is old at death. I knew all this, but it is one thing to read of it, and another to have the wonder of it revealed. She spoke of her father, and I made the point of stressing the fact that it was best that things had worked out as they had for the sake of all, but she interrupted me, **“Mummy, I am not condemning, nor criticizing, I am not in a position to judge, neither would I do so, but I want you to know how close I am to you and Daddy, and at the same time I want you to give my love to Uncle John and tell him I thank him for all he has been to you, and that I am glad you are so happy together. I will speak to him when he comes here. Oh, this is so wonderful! But I must go because the power is going. Come again soon, Mummy.”** Mickey closed the sitting with a few hurriedly spoken words and we sat for some seconds before Leslie put on the light.

“It is a strange thing,” he said as he opened the door into the lounge, “but when that first doctor spoke, I could have sworn it was Valentino. Until I

heard the French accent I was sure it was. I had rather hoped he would come today. "I was not yet fully composed, and felt stunned by all that had happened. As he spoke I looked up at the colored photograph hanging on the wall beside the door. I studied the strong face and clear-cut profile. It was rather presumptuous to expect him to come through to me, I thought. But I said: "If ever he knows the part he played in bringing me into this Truth, perhaps he will come and speak to me one day." How was I to know, at that stage, that he was near and perfectly aware of all that was taking place?

"Each time we had a *séance* it became obvious that my mother was not only urging us towards a more serious approach in developing our own latent psychic powers, but she was deliberately bringing Valentino to my mind again, not as the myth which publicity would have one believe existed, but as a very real, vital personality. So, with Leslie Flint's assistance I began to piece together the true aspects of the man. As we sifted through the mass of journalism—much of which I had never seen—I realized something of the legend which had surrounded him, of which seventy-five per cent was sheer nonsense. Naturally the most reliable source of information is found in the two books written by those nearest to him, his wife and his business manager, and from these alone emerges a very different conception of Valentino.

"Behind the synthetic personality lay a quiet and reserved man. He was very well educated, and spoke four languages. The natural grace which accompanied all his actions was perfected through his skill in dancing, fencing, boxing and wrestling. He was, of course, a magnificent horseman, being the son of an Italian cavalry officer and veterinary doctor, from whom he inherited his extraordinary love of animals.

"He took a keen interest in philosophy and read avidly anything that helped to broaden his outlook in this direction. All of which forms the foundation of the work which he is called upon to do at the present time through his medium, and from which we and thousands of other people have benefited.

"Lynn and few friend eventually went to Italy, to Rimini on the Adriatic Coast on the anniversary of Valentino's death. After returning, Lynn approached Leslie and asked him about continuing their sessions as she was determined to make contact with the late star. She stated:

"Since our return from Italy, I had wanted to ask Leslie if he could arrange for us to speak to Rudy, yet I was reluctant to do so, as Leslie had frequently stressed the point that all he could do was to act as the medium through whose power those in the spirit world could speak. He claimed no authority to ask for any particular person to communicate. In any case, it is customary to await the presence of the spirit people, and too much concentration on one person can

often put up a barrier. But the urge was so insistent that I eventually succumbed to it, and wrote for an appointment with this idea in mind.

“Leslie booked the red-letter day for John and me on September 30th, 1956, when we were to be his guests. He said he would invite one or two members of his own circle to sit with us, and he would have the tape recorder running, but of course he could not guarantee that Valentino would come through, and he advised us to avoid too much concentration or expectancy.

“The thought that this contact had even been considered seemed hardly believable, after the remoteness of the past thirty years, and in my records I wrote these words, which briefly sum up the whole enigmatical situation as I awaited the appointed day: ‘Beyond the feeling of pent-up excitement I am aware of a deep sense of humbleness. Rudy has the power to move me inwardly, all the time. The persistent thought demands attention, have we met in another life span?’

“I had always rejected the theory of reincarnation because it filled me with the fear of separation and I had deliberately avoided accepting this, or bringing my reason to bear upon it. I knew that Rudy believed in it and also the Law of Karma, yet his opinion of these matters in no way agreed with mine. ‘This contact, should it be realized, doubtlessly will lead to a further study of this debatable subject,’ my notes concluded.”

NRH: Since there is so much material in this body of work by Mrs. Russell, I am including excerpts that may be of interest to the readers. The following is what Valentino had to say about the controversial subject of Reincarnation. For me, after decades of deep research, the jury is still out as far as this subject.

Lynn Russell

THE RELUCTANT INCARNATE

“In view of my own feelings on this subject, and in spite of the fact that they have undergone a vast change as knowledge has replaced Ignorance, the writing of this chapter has presented the most difficult venture of the entire book, and I have to admit that on no fewer than three occasions I have asked Rudy outright if I could omit certain revelations which he had given me. To which he invariably replied, **“I do not like half-truths. If we are going to offer half-truths about this subject, why should we expect the reader to accept any other part of the book as the whole truth which we know it is?”** “That seemed a fair answer, so I set myself to write this account as impartially as possible.

“Until encouraged by him to do so I had not deliberately sought information about reincarnation, for I was content to have seen glimpses of past times in the various clairvoyant pictures during our development, together with dreams and visions, and I had no wish to enquire into things which I felt were irrelevant. It was not as though my experience of these flash-backs was unique, because only a short time ago Jean remembered a dream in which she had taken an active part, and when she related the details to Rudy at an earlier sitting he said that from her description it might well be a flash-back to another incarnation, though he himself did not know anything about it. I am not acquainted with the law which governs the right to read a personal Life record, but I have noticed that unless it crosses his own, Rudy does not seem to have the desire to search into the past lives of other members of the circle. The only time he has confirmed any previous existence regarding Jean, Stanley and John has been in reference to periods when he himself was incarnate and in some way linked with them.

“This topic, however, was furthest from our minds on the evening of May 5th, 1960. It was the eve of Rudy’s birthday and of the wedding of Princess Margaret. London was in festive mood and the weather was glorious, which all went to create excellent conditions for a séance. The sitting had gone on for some time when we asked Rudy if he had read a certain modern book which dealt with the evolution of Man from the times before Atlantis. (In the Spirit World there is a replica of every book ever written, which is logical because Thought is the reality from which comes the written word.) Rudy replied in the negative and then said, **“There are channels through which information can be poured, but one must always be careful that the subject is not being influenced by the mind of the instrument. You must be sure of the source or else you may well be receiving what is only a flight of fancy. Always analyze these things. But why do you ask this?”**

“Because it reveals patterns of incarnation reaching back as far as Atlantis and up to the present—” **“It’s interesting,”** Rudy exclaimed, **“but I don’t think something that happened so long ago can have much effect upon you today, it is so far removed . . . but . . . I’m more concerned with recent incarnations, let us say those within the last four thousand years! But when you go back ten or twelve thousand years long before your first incarnation, I feel it’s only of general and not personal interest.”**

“Well?” I said. “What about the nearer ones?”

“Ah!” He paused a moment and then added, **“What about the time of Cesare Borgia?”** (1478-1507.)

“Go on! “I sighed resignedly—of all periods he had to choose the Renaissance!

He began to speak rapidly: **“That was a very important incarnation. I was associated with Italy then, but I was not a Borgia myself—although I was linked with the family . . . and so were you,”** he added and as his voice recalled the strife and intrigue of province against province, house against house, I began to realize he was gently leading me to an understanding of my deep-rooted fears and aversions, bringing the truths to the surface in order to help me dispel them. **“Some families clung together,”** he said, **“but in others there was much animosity. On occasions they would get rid of certain people who stood in their way, even though it were a brother or a sister.”** Carefully he edged round the subject and then diplomatically associated himself with the situation by inferring there was a bond of sympathy linking us with this period. **“I, also, had some very unpleasant experiences with the Borgias. A strange thing is that I was so anxious to play the role of Cesare in a film! I realize now that it was a throwback to my previous incarnation when I was affected by the family. Our families were not exactly enemies but we were certainly not on friendly terms . . . oh! I have much ‘troubles’ with the Borgias!”**

“Was I a member of a friendly family?” I asked hopefully. **“No!”** he laughed softly. **“You were on the Borgia side—”** “Oh no!” I wailed. “What a crowd! Let me see, what was her name . . . Lucia.”

“**Lucrezia,**” he corrected me. **“She was not so bad as she is painted. History has much maligned her. Her brother was much more dangerous. It’s strange that I wanted to play that character, and also that of Benvenuto Cellini. Most of my films have had incarnation throwbacks. In one incarnation I lived in India [the film ‘The Young Rajah,’] in another in the desert [two films] and in another in ancient Egypt.”**

“Oh!” I said, “I wish you’d played that part.” I was so clear in my own mind as to the role he meant that I forgot to say which part I was thinking of. **“You mean Rameses?”**

“Of course!” I answered. “You’d have looked wonderful in that costume.”

“I would have liked to play that part, very much . . . but it was not to be. I suppose most of the vividness in my films was due to these throwbacks to my past, although I did not realize it. But sometimes, when I was playing or rehearsing a scene, it was as if I were not . . . myself. I used to feel very strange, it’s difficult to explain.”

“Did I know you in the desert incarnation?” I asked. **“Yes, you did,”** he replied definitely.

“I understand I have had eighteen incarnations.” “Eighteen!” we chorused. **“Eighteen,”** he repeated.

“One day I will explain more fully about reincarnation and how it plays an important part in our lives, how we are blended together, why we are brought together and for what purpose, not only to do this work but for other reasons more complex perhaps. In the meantime I want to thank you very much for coming together on the eve of my earthly birthday. I appreciate all the kind thoughts you have for me, and I am glad that in some small measure I can repay you. I must go. I leave you with my love and my blessings. Carry on the good work, each one of you, and remember that I love you. Goodbye. Arrivederci.”

Valentino Speaks Again
The Pattern of Evolution

“My coming to you is not what it appears on the surface. We do not think of Life as merely a journey from the cradle to the grave. We think of Life as something flowing through many bodies, through many periods of history, when we are all caught up and bound together for a while. Sometimes we lose each other, only to come together again until such time as the work we have been set to do will be finished. Eventually material conditions disappear and we are free. This freedom of Spirit is something we cannot describe, it is a freedom that we feel, yet, free though we are, we are still bound one with another, but with the freedom of love that is eternal.”

The Chain of Life; The illusion of Time; Beads on a Necklace

“Each one is set a task which is part of the Whole Plan. As each one fulfills his allotted task so he goes a little further forward, and this enables him to help the others. There are many people whom you have yet to meet who are bound to us in the Chain of Life, which also is eternal. The Time element is of little consequence because the Spirit is only confined within it during its sojourn on Earth, and our brief earthly life is an infinitesimal period in Time Itself. Do not look upon one life as the beginning and the end, for it is one bead on the necklace which one day you will see in its full beauty, and reasons, which at the moment are obscure, will become clear and you will understand how the hand of Spirit moves. The words of the Spirit which are engraved on the hearts of those who understand, shall be the unwritten Law of Life, and we shall guide you spiritually beyond the confines of the Earth up to the Heights. But do not despair if the Plan does not go according to your conception of it.”

On Self Illumination

“One of the most important things (which I discovered very quickly when I came over to This Side of Life) was that I had to forget myself. I had to forget what I had been, and what I might have accomplished. I had to see things in their true perspective and place myself in the True Light to show up all my defects. For the first time I could see myself as I really was.

“Not as other people had seen me and not what I had assumed I was like. I had to find Truth, and the only way to do so is to place oneself in the Radiance that reveals the weaknesses which have to be eradicated before one can begin to reconstruct. I now see my life and its purpose so clearly. I see what I achieved and where I failed, but above all I see one thing that made me worthwhile, and that was the love of untold numbers of people who had never seen me in the flesh, and which made possible my redemption. It was this love that still gives me the incentive to return to help and inspire those of you who are seeking Truth, and who, by forgetting ‘self,’ desire to find their True Selves in service to God. It is not I who matter, it is what I may become through the love that is in the hearts of people like you, and through which I shall be helped.

“You may wonder why I come and give my time and my love to you all, but through you I hope to achieve great things for others, and in a strange way the love I give out comes back to me. Love is like that. By bestowing it, it comes back to you. Sometimes on Earth one does not understand love and often it is accepted as though it were one’s right! I understand so many things as I look back on my life, and I see many mistakes.” His voice trembled slightly and there was a note of sadness in the tone as he continued. “I do not say I was a vain man, but I now realize that physical attributes only matter when they spring from the Mind and from the Spirit, otherwise they are of little value. Perhaps anyone in the position I found myself, rocketed suddenly from obscurity to fame, would have found it very difficult not to have acted as I did.

“If I have left behind in your world something that gives people happiness, then I am grateful, but unless I can help them in a spiritual way, and make them want to seek God, and to understand His purpose for them, then I have not achieved very much. Here and there are people like yourselves who are anxious to find Truth, and your desire to become agents of God’s Will gives me the greatest happiness. If through our work together we achieve something that will enlighten others, then I have not failed to repay the affection that was given to me. I want you to know that everything I do is done in love and I am but the agent of Others more highly evolved than I am but who, through the medium

and me, come in love to serve Mankind. We are bound together by chains that cannot be broken, for each link is strong and secure, held together by love and faith. We are linked through Time and Space by this chain which encircles, not only your world, but ALL WORLDS. There are no limits imposed on the power of love.

“Now I know that in my last incarnation (which seems so unreal to me) I was being used by Other Forces to express a Universal Love that would in some way touch the hearts of the people, irrespective of nationality, outlook or upbringing. This love was given through the agency of films, and I was only the vehicle of its expression, the vehicle of the Universal Spirit of Love manifesting through strange agencies in a modern world. The purpose was served, and I know now I shall not return to Earth again in the flesh. When I was on Earth I expressed love in a humble way, now I express a more noble aspect of it, yet, it is not wholly my love, for it comes from countless souls in the Realms of Spirit who, through many eons of Time and many experiences of Life, have found through suffering and joy, Eternal Love.”

NRH: I have provided the reader with a glimpse of the work that Lynn Russell and her friends achieved with their spiritual research and sittings. Here are the final words from her book.

Lynn Russell

“If in the reading of the book you have felt something of the wonder of this comprehensive love, then we have truly laid the foundation of our Sanctuary, and at least you will know that your own loved ones, like ours and the Great Souls of the past, are “just a thought away” from you. But the real value of the book can be assessed only when compared with other avenues of inspiration, of which there are thousands, and the more comparisons there are, the more obvious it should be that it is not unique in content, although it may seem more vivid on account of the communicator being such a recent glamourized personality. The fact remains, however, that if the guidance and teachings had come from another Spirit person on the same level of experience as Rudy, to any other group of mortals, the message within this book would remain exactly as it is, apart from the difference in names and location of the people concerned, both in this day and age and in the past.”





CHAPTER IV

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN

Champion Of Spiritualism
British Queen Of Trance Address ³⁷

NRH: There are certain names that stand out to me when I think of the term “Giants of Spiritualism” — it can imply mediums or non-mediums just the same. In this case we have Emma Hardinge-Britten, one of the greatest propagandists of Spiritualism who ever lived. She was born in London, UK, in 1823 and passed to spirit in Manchester, UK, in 1899.



Emma Hardinge Britten

At an early age, Emma showed signs of musical prodigy as a pianist, singer and elocutionist and, take note, she was earning a living as a musical teacher at the age of eleven years. In 1856, under contract with a theatrical company she went to America where, through the mediumship of Miss Ada Hoyt, she became converted to Spiritualism, developed psychic gifts in her own person and subsequently sat publicly for the Society For The Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge of New York.³⁸ She was to furnish one of the best early attested cases for spirit return, when the mail steamer Pacific sank in the high seas. A member of the crew took possession of her body in trance and subsequently disclosed the facts of the tragedy. She was threatened with prosecution by the owners of the boat when it went public, but it was found to be true. Score one for the spirits and mediumship.

37. I would also like to add the name of Cora L. V. Richmond (1840-1923) and Nettie Colburn (1841-1892) to this renowned list. See my previously published book, *Spectral Evidence, Volume I*, Chapter IX, and Chapter VIII of this book, *Spectral Evidence III*. (NRH)

38. The first American Spiritualist organization, established in New York on June 10, 1854. It published the *Christian Spiritualist* and engaged mediums to give séances free. New York judge John Worth Edmonds and Governor N. P. Tallmadge were among its members.



Emma Hardinge Britten, in trance; spirit unidentified. Photographed by William Mumler (1832-1884).

Her mediumistic gifts embraced automatic writing, psychometry, prophecy and most famously, inspirational trance speaking.³⁹ Her trance addresses disclosed astonishing erudition and, in most cases were extempore, the subject being chosen in the auditorium beforehand by a committee from the audience with no time whatsoever for her to prepare. This is, without question, one of the most, if not the most difficult and challenging tests of true, genuine mediumship, hands down.

As an author, she was absolutely brilliant. Her two works, *Modern American Spiritualism*, 1870, and *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, 1884, both dealing with the history of Spiritualism in America and Europe, are classic, must-reads for enthusiasts of this subject. She also produced *The Faiths, Facts and Frauds of Religious History*, 1879, which

every Christian on this earth should be required to read. If one wants to know the true origins of Christianity, this is the book.

Emma was unequalled in her zeal and enthusiasm for the cause and truths of Spiritualism and its importance to the world. For years she travelled all over the United States, Canada, England, New Zealand and Australia. She was the founder (1887) and editor of *Two Worlds Magazine* of Manchester. Her Autobiography was written by her sister, Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson.⁴⁰

The following extracts are from some of the outstanding moments of Mrs. Britten's extemporaneous addresses, the first of which was one of Historic Spiritualism's greatest moments, The Funeral Oration for Abraham Lincoln given, as you will read, with literally one day's notice. She was 42 years-old at the time. Included are her opening Invocation and small sections from the beginning, middle and end. The other additional section of her trance addresses are from January, 1866, London.

39. Psychometry, also known as token-object reading, or psychoscopy, is a form of extrasensory perception characterized by the claimed ability to make relevant associations from an object of unknown history by making physical contact with that object. The term was coined by Joseph Rodes Buchanan in 1842. See Chapter VI of this book, The Wonder of Psychometry.

40. *The Autobiography of Emma Hardinge Britten*, by Margaret Wilkinson, (J. Heywood, 1900).

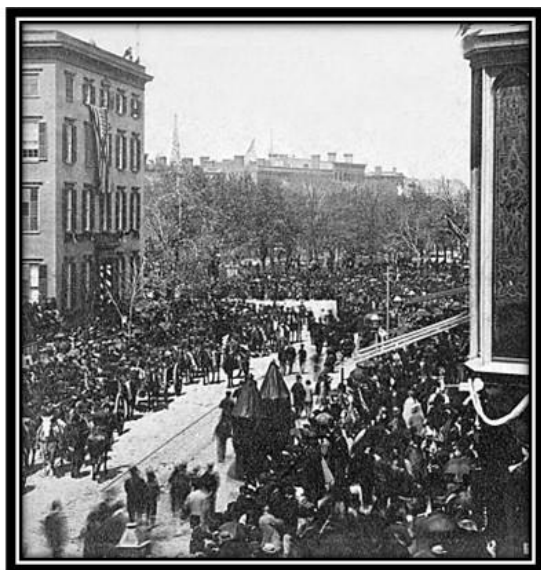
THE GREAT FUNERAL ORATION FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN
DELIVERED ON APRIL 16TH, 1865,
AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY



The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, Union Square, New York City, late 1800's

The American News Company Reported:

“The news of the death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was telegraphed to New York on Saturday morning, April 15. Toward the close of the day, Miss Emma Hardinge received an invitation from several influential citizens to deliver an oration upon the lamented Chief Magistrate of the nation. The invitation was accepted, and the time agreed upon for its delivery was the next day, Sunday, at three o’clock, P. M., at Cooper Institute. There was no time for preparing an address of so important a character, and the effort was entirely extemporaneous. The attention with which the speaker was listened to, the deep interest aroused, and the irrepressible applause with which an assembly of upward of three thousand persons interrupted her discourse, sufficiently testified not less to the earnestness and justice of the tribute paid to the illustrious martyr than to the eloquence that characterized this most valuable oration.”



President Lincoln's funeral procession, nearing Union Square, New York City, April 24, 1865

INVOCATION

“O Thou that hearest our prayer! Look upon us, Thy children, in this hour of deepest soul-affliction! Lord of the sunshine and the storm, God of the starry night and sunlit day, Thou who art our joy, our grief, our all! teach us to remember, in the darkness as the light, that ‘tis our Father’s hand that’s dealing with us, our Father’s footsteps leading us, through mystery and gloom, to pierce the ever-brightening path of His omniscient goodness. Eighteen hundred years ago Thy best beloved meekly stood to bear the roaring multitude reject him for Barabbas. Eighteen hundred years ago and the rocking earth sustained a dying Angel on the cross of shame, while a murderer went forth free. Once more we see Thy son beloved, Thy child of light, and faithful servant, struck down beneath the hand of guilt and crime, a sacrifice to the lost and darkened souls that choose a Barabbas and reject a Jesus! O Thou whose still small voice we wait to hear when the whirlwind of our grief sweeps by, and the tempest of our anguish is sobbed out! Teach us, as we mourn the day of Crucifixion, to turn with brightening memory to the hopes of Easter. Teach us to recollect that, if the best and purest that ever walked the earth must needs be lifted up on the cross of death, all earth might rejoice in a resurrecting Easter, so has the martyr whom we mourn this hour gone from our mortal eyes, a sign, to all mankind of

this day of Resurrection—a bright and strong assurance for us, who so dearly loved him, that as the Master so the servant rises, and, like the blessed Nazarene, His follower in life, His prototype in death, he has joined the sons of light, the hosts of victory crowned, and wears the palm of a glorious immortality, arisen, arisen! to his Father’s home, and ours.”

ORATION

“It seems to me as if I heard a tone, borne on the wings of time and sounding through the corridors of space, sweeping the earth like a breeze, from the shores of the remotest East to this land of the distant West—a voice that for eighteen hundred years has pleaded before the throne of Almighty Justice in the only strain that can solve the dire and dreadful problem of red murder saying, “Father, forgive them, *they know not what they do.*” Friends, this voice most surely speaks, both to you and me, in this hour of awful grief. There seems no other utterance fit to explain its meaning, or able to pronounce sentence on the terrible cause, of pain that afflicts us in this most unparalleled and sublime national woe. I recall the page of history in vain to find any precedent (save the one which laid the foundations of your religion) for this foul and monstrous act of guilt which forms the record of this solemn hour.

“When I remember the circumstances, time, and personages of this tragic history, all attempts at parallel grow pale and fail us utterly. Rome’s Caesar pleads to us with the dumb but most eloquent voices of “his bleeding wounds,” but before that piteous sacrifice stand the avenging forms of patriots. France points to a Louis Capet, and the execrating hiss of abashed posterity pronounces his doom was martyrdom, but even then his guiltless life was yielded up to time and preparation, a show of justice, and the sanction of a multitude. The wrongs of an oppressed people and the ruin of a nation were on the heads of both the Roman and French rulers.

“The shadow, if not the substance, of justice condemned them, and the contagious barbarism of the times exceeds in each case the atrocity of the murderous act. But where is the plea which we can hand down to a candid posterity in exculpation, wholly or partially, of the parricidal act which has robbed the American nation of a father, every American citizen of a friend, factious parties of their most generous judge, a relentless enemy of their best protector, and the whole world of an HONEST MAN? Where is the precedent in history for the insanity which destroys in a nation’s preserver a nation’s institutions, in a nation’s noblest man her brightest jewel, and in the hour of his noblest recorded acts inflicts on him the blow that recoils in an immortal stain upon a nation’s honor?

“There’s not a statesman of the age but might read a lesson in the firm and lofty dignity of tone in which the nation’s status was defined, aye, and maintained, too, in all his foreign messages and ministerial instructions. When dark, impending ruin shook the earth beneath his feet, where wilt you find the evidence of weakness in one single word to any foreign power? Where one jot of yielding of the nation’s undivided dignity? Where one base concession to the despot’s aim to force him to submission through the country’s real internal weakness? He took with the oath of office the nation’s weal or woe upon his shoulders, wore it as a mantle, girdled it about his towering form with his heart-strings, and wraps it now around the lifeless ruin of his still and pulseless heart as a winding-sheet of glory. To him you owe it that the name and dignity of the still united States towered like a monitor above the wreck and ruin, so high and grand and threatening, that in no hand but an armed American’s dare rise in presumptuous threat against the Stars and Stripes. One of the noblest State papers that the records of any nation can show is, to my thinking, to be found in Mr. Lincoln’s first inaugural address to this nation. There the entire question of the Protean Problem—Slavery—in connection with its legalized existence in the States as guaranteed by the Constitution, is fairly and fully laid out, the suicidal character of secession unveiled, and the magnificent proportions of a united American republicanism grandly depicted. A mind capable of analyzing with such irresistible and clear deductions the entangled meshes of treason in which the nation’s life was involved, never could fail in steering the ship of State through all the shoals and reefs in which she was subsequently to struggle for the port of safety. The prescient wisdom of the many great statesmen who had preceded him seemed to culminate in his simple yet lucid definition of the nation’s situation, in a speech made by him, as early as 1858, on the occasion of his nomination as candidate for senator in Illinois, when he says: “A house divided against itself cannot stand, I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.” These and many other such utterances of his public life conclusively prove not only his perfect understanding of the vexed questions that were agitating the land, but also give the key to that policy which his opponents have so often and so rashly denounced as “time-serving,” but which now looms up as the providential wisdom which not only foresees, but knows how to await the ripening of the proper time for action. And when that time came, was Mr. Lincoln slow, fearful, or disobedient to “the higher law” that ever ruled his life in availing himself of it? I allude to the enunciation of the immortal proclamation of emancipation, the deed which, beyond all others of his life, crowns him with eternal honor, and will hand his name down to an immortal glory through all posterity. Up to the end of the first three years

of the war Mr. Lincoln had robbed the rebellious foe of every shadow of plea against his administration by a guard over the very rights they had forfeited, as jealous as themselves could have exercised, retaining by his wise policy the strength of the vacillating western and border States still attached to the Union.

“Mourn for Abraham Lincoln with your hearts, but prove your love to him by taking up the burden he’s laid down and finishing the noble purposes of his great life so untimely quenched. For you, his country, and the holy cause of patriotism, he perished. He spoke no word, he made no sign, nor left a single charge on mortal man, but, oh, if ever silence was most eloquent, if speechless, dying martyrdom. pleads now, as in the days of “righteous Stephen,” with an angel light upon its blood-stained brow, obey that dumb behest, and do his work, and break the last blood-crueted link of those iron bonds that have well-nigh killed the earth’s last, best republic. We must have no treasonable words, no more disloyal murmurs, no more pretense of plain, blunt speech to stab the government, ruin the nation, and kill its best defenders. Crush out the serpent in the egg, the henbane in the seed, and we’ll have no more such bitter fruit as murder and rebellion.

“Trust to the man of the people, raised up, in this hour of sudden need and strange calamity, like a God-given answer to a prayer our lips have not had time to fashion. Question not his faults, but regard his sterling qualities. Follow his brave, strong footsteps in his great ascent of life, his noble words and pledges of good faith ere the nation’s need had come, and be sure that God has sent him to our rescue, and your part is to give him added strength in a nation’s united heart and faith,

“What matters it, then, that he we love and so bitterly deplore has gone before us? Sooner or later, for us all, his summons will be ours. God only give us grace to follow him to the land of light and never-setting sun, to clasp his immortal band again in eternal fellowship in our own Easter resurrecting day, and hear the glorious greeting that, with the arisen sun of his bright eternity, has welcomed him to the home he’s so justly earned: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”



QUESTION ANSWERED EXTEMPORE

BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE

AT THE WINTER SOIREES, HARLEY STREET, LONDON

JANUARY 8th, 1866

Question:

“Many of the phenomena and communications which we are accustomed to attribute to spirits of departed persons have been explained by some on the principles of mind reading, of mesmerism, of clairvoyance, etc. Will you give us your explanation of this, and to what extent, if any, such phenomena may be thus accounted for?”

Answer:

“Those who claim that all communications which impress their minds without a visible or material origin proceed from disembodied spirits alone, forget that themselves are spirits, and that whatever attributes “the spirits” possess, whatever powers they can exercise, are measurably possessed by themselves. They forget, moreover, that the ever-ascending spirit is constantly obeying an invisible magnetism, namely - the action of the grand magnet of creation which I call God. I BELIEVE IN GOD, I believe that the Great Spirit is related to me as a father to a child. Though I see Him not, I know that He is, and that He is a magnet ever calling us up to Him.

“Even in the deepest darkness of crime and ignorance He speaks in the voice of conscience to his erring children, and therefore I feel, though I cannot always interpret in human speech, His constant attraction upward and onward. I know, moreover, that I hold a relation and am kindred to all things in nature, whether in matter or form, below myself. I know that the earthly magnetism of the lower kingdoms are also attracting me downwards. Between the two magnetisms, the supreme good and the antagonistic, my spirit strives and fights life’s battle, in conquest or defeat. In this strife, and the daily external cares which belong to a material existence, in the difficulty of looking through the windows of the soul upon the world without, my spirit often seems wiser than I knew of. It has in part the gift of clairvoyance, sometimes the power of soul-reading, and it can often receive monitions and impressions though it knows not from whence. It is partly prophetic, and constantly sympathetic with distant things and persons, and it is in these mystic attributes of our own spirits that we do not always know how to disentangle the identity of our own soul’s aspirations, powers and possibilities from the action which suddenly breaks upon us in the revelation of modern Spiritualism. The presence of a spirit-world has become to the uninstructed a great solvent in which they suppose that all occult powers of the soul are resolved and overshadowed, and they determine that whatsoever they cannot comprehend, or seems occult and strange, must be the action of disembodied spirits. We are apt, therefore, to

attribute in some cases too much to a spiritual source, in others too little. The spirit world is as the soul of this world, and bears to it precisely the same relation, so there is a perpetual action and reaction going on between the two worlds which produce influences of whose source and action we are often unconscious. Suppose some man of crime is bent upon the commission of a deed of murder and waits for the cover of darkness to commit his act of blood. Ere the shadow of the night is fully fallen he lies down beneath some sheltering hedge to wait until the pall of darkness is thrown around his guilty way. As thus concealed, he crouches in obscurity, the sound of a young child's voice is heard singing a Sabbath hymn. Perhaps it is the strain of an old familiar prayer, which many years ago he learned at his mother's knee, ere guilt fell across his path like a gulf between the innocence of youth and the age of crime. Behold that gulf at this moment as he listens bridged over by that young child's voice. The memories evoked by those tones and words convert the man grown hoar with crime into a little child again. The past returns, and with a retrospect fraught with every deed he has done, and the many fearful steps he has trod, are all presented in panoramic view before him. With the fearful contrast of the happy past, and the miserable present, comes the deep resolve to arise and "go to his Father." The prodigal retraces then his steps and quits that spot a pilgrim on the road to Heaven. Earth never knows the cause of change, but angels do, and know that the child was the murderer's ministering angel, he who made the hymn, the very hand that set it in published form afloat, the mother who taught the little one to chant it, all these, and every circumstance of time that brought that child within the reach of the ear of guilt were footprints of ministering goodness. And yet these agencies of redemption were all unknown to the man of crime, and to human reason unpremeditated; and yet it is ever so, and as we pass along the city street, in all our walks of every day and night, an angel's wing sweeps by us, we hear it rustle in the air, we scent the perfume of its fragrant presence as of flowers from Paradise, perhaps we hear the music of its tread, we know not what it is that has filled us with good thoughts, we only realize that some inward monition has spoken and that we are better for its presence.

"Even so is the spirit-world related to the natural. It is a world of unceasing influence, of unseen ministering spirits. We cannot define how far the soul's own supernal powers exceed the laws of matter, nor yet tell you wherein, by phenomenal acts alone, the spirit-world is exercising influence upon you. Neither can I refer you to the Scriptural test rendered by the apostle charging you to try the spirits only through the accepted belief of the writer, a belief that involves no question of good or evil, and simply applies to the mind's acceptance of a sectarian dogma. But we would charge you to try the spirits by the teachings they enunciate, and see if they

agree with your highest sense of right, and echo the still small voice of God in your heart, speaking through the tones of conscience. Try the spirits through such teachings as Christ's, and if they be of God they will acknowledge that God speaks to man through every good and beautiful and holy word and thing that exists or has a being.

“Try them by reason, intelligence, and by the test facts of identity, try them by all those means which dictate to judgment in the daily affairs and common routine of life. You have your chemical tests, you have your standards of truth in morals, arts, and sciences. Even in astronomy itself, acting in apparently the largest, grandest, and most unattainable sphere in which the human intellect can range, you can find tests of truth so accurate the man has gauged the heavens and measured the depths of infinity, and even be gazing on the blank expanse of millions of miles from the last sphere of his observation, he can determine the existence of undiscovered planets. If in this infinite largeness science has grappled with the mightiest problems of matter, cannot you apply reason, judgment, and the ordinary tests of truth as known to men, to the simple and daily routine of intelligent communion between yourselves and the spirit? You desire to know if father, brother, sister, or mother speaks with you. Seek for their identity through proofs known to such spirits as those you ask for - weigh carefully corroborative testimony - bring to bear the judgment and reason that you suffer to guide and direct you in other events of life. If God grants you the glorious privilege of communion with a higher world than yours, it is not to make you subjects to that higher world, but to raise you to it by the exercise of your own highest faculties. “Know ye not that ye shall judge the angels?” Therefore, I repeat, your question admits of no distinct definition, but I throw it back upon your reason to answer for yourselves, and if in the search for truth the ordinary modes of practice must be pursued, and you should stumble and fall, and often mistake your aim, grope in the dark, and sometimes fail in ascending to the topmost round of the ladder, where you can behold as in a vista all problems laid out that you seek to comprehend--if in this effort you fail to succeed at last, what then? Why you have tested your strength, you have tried the muscles, and sinews of your soul and intellect; and in the strife gained more than you even sought. The grandest lessons that man has ever learned have ever been gained by his failures. And we must not hope to except this mode of teaching from the communion called Spiritualism, whose highest truths can only be discovered through patient effort, candid investigation, many failures, but ultimate success.”





CHAPTER V

MEDIUMS FROM THE ARCHIVES

HISTORIC SPIRITUALISM

NRH: I thought it proper to include an entire Section on these wonderful mediums, since information about them is so hard to find and enthusiasts of this grand subject in most cases do not know who these mediums were, or have the desire or means to hunt down archival information about them. Some of the following sections are lengthy but filled with wonders. The mediums listed below add yet another chapter in the glory days of Historic Spiritualism. I have added the birth/death dates of the mediums if they were available and archival-book information, although some of the sources are impossible to find now.

Jonathan Koons ⁴¹

An Early American medium, he was also a well-to-do farmer in Millfield Township, Athens County, a wild district of Ohio. He became interested in spiritualism in 1852 and was told at a séance that he was “the most powerful medium on earth” and that all his eight children, from the seven-months-old baby, upwards, had psychic gifts. He built a log-house, sixteen feet by twelve, a single room, for the use of the spirits and equipped it with every conceivable noisemaking apparatus. This log-house soon became famous and people flocked from great distances to see a great variety of curious phenomena. The eldest boy, Nahum, a youth of 18 and the head of the family, sat at the “spirit table,” the audience in benches beyond. When the lights were put out a



Jonathan Koons

41. See J. Everett, *A Book for Skeptics*, (Osgood & Blake, Printers, 1853) and Sharon Hatfield, *Enchanted Ground: The Spirit Room of Jonathan Koons*. (Swallow Press: 2018).

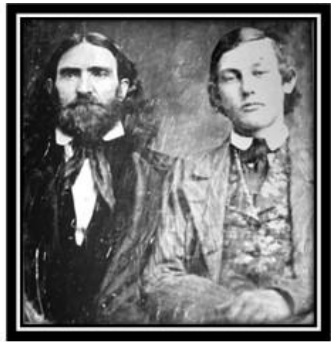
fearful din ensued which was sometimes heard a mile off. Surprising feats of strength were also manifested, yet none present was struck or injured by the flying objects or target shooting pistol bullets. The sitters were touched by materialized hands which, in the light of phosphorus-tinged paper, were seen carrying objects around. Spirit faces were also seen and through a trumpet, which sailed about in the air, voices called out the names of the guests even if they concealed their identity, deceased relatives and friends spoke to them and gave proof of survival.



Jonathan Koons & wife, Abigail

The circle was attended by a host of ministering spirits, said to number 165. They claimed to belong to a race of men known under the generic title Adam, antedating the theological Adam by thousands of years. They represented their leaders as the most ancient angels. One of these ancient angels, who instructed the circle, was called "Oress." Generally they signed themselves in the written communications as "King" No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, and sometimes "Servant and Scholar of God". Foremost among them was the "King" who claimed to be Henry Morgan the pirate.

Two or three miles distant, there was another lonely farmhouse belonging to John Tippie, and another spirit room, laid out on the same plan. The manifestations in the Tippie family were identical with those in the Koon log-house. Both had a spirit machine which consisted of a complex arrangement of zinc and copper for the alleged purpose of collecting and focalizing the magnetic aura used in the demonstrations. The Tippies had ten children, all mediums.



Jonathan Koons & son, Nahum

Dr. J. Everett of Athens County, Ohio, who investigated the Koons' phenomena, published the messages of the spirits under the title *Communications from Angels* and also printed a number of affidavits testifying to the occurrences in the spirit house and a chart of the spheres drawn by Nahum Koons in trance.

Charles Partridge wrote of his visit in the *American Spiritual Telegraph* of 1855: "The spirit rooms will hold from 20-30 persons each. After the circle is formed and the lights extinguished, a tremendous blow is struck by the drumstick, when immediately the bass and tenor drums are beaten with

preternatural power, like calling the roll on a muster field, making a thousand echoes. The rapid and tremendous blows on these drums are really frightful to many persons, it is continued for five minutes or more and when ended, “King” usually takes up the trumpet, salutes us with “**Good evening, friends**” and asks what particular manifestations are desired. After the introductory piece on the instruments, the spirits sang to us. They first requested us to remain perfectly silent, then we heard human voices singing, apparently in the distance, so as to be scarcely distinguishable, the sounds gradually increased, each part relatively, until it appeared as if a full choir of voices were singing in our room most exquisitely. I think I never heard such perfect harmony. Spirit hands and arms were formed in our presence several times, and by aid of a solution of phosphorus, prepared at their request by Mr. Koons, they were seen as distinctly as in a light room.”⁴²

At the hands of the neighbors the Koons family did not fare well. Their house was attacked by mobs, fire was set to their crops and barns, their children were beaten. Finally they left the countryside and began missionary wanderings, lasting for many years. Their mediumship was given free to the public and they did a great propaganda service to the cause of early American Spiritualism.

William Eglinton (1857-1933) ⁴³

This famous English medium was born at Islington, July 10th, 1857. He showed no psychic power in his boyhood, and first heard of Spiritualism in February, 1874, at a debate in the Hall of Science, London, between Dr. Sexton and Mr. Foote. Moved by curiosity his father formed a home circle. For seven or eight evenings there were no manifestations and William expressed his feelings by fixing upon the door of the séance room large cards with the inscription: “There are lunatics confined here, they will be shortly let loose, highly dangerous,” etc. His father was offended and told him either to join the circle or leave the house during the investigation. He elected the former and sat



William Eglinton

42 See: “The International Association for the Preservation of Spiritualist and Occult Periodicals” at iapsop.com.

43. See: John S. Farmer, *Twixt Two Worlds: a Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglinton*. (London: The Psychological Press, 1886).

down at the table saying: "that if anything happened I would put a stop to it. Something did happen, but I was powerless to prevent it." The table became animated, answered intelligently to questions. The next evening William passed into trance and in a few months' time very strong phenomena developed under the guidance of a spirit calling himself "Joey Sandy." Eighteen months later another guide, "Ernest," appeared and very good materializations were obtained in moonlight.

The news of his powers soon spread, he was besieged with so many requests for séances that he gave up his job in a printing firm and became a professional medium. The earliest record of his séances was published in *The Medium*⁴⁴ for September, 1875. At the end of the year several séances were given to the Dalston Association of Spiritualists which society elected him later an honorary member. Many eminent men of the day attended his later sittings at the Brixton Psychological Society and at the British National Association of Spiritualists at 38, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. These were the so-called Blackburn séances, three series of twelve sittings each, Eglinton being one of the first mediums engaged. They were made possible by the generosity of Charles Blackburn, of Manchester, and represented the beginnings of organized psychical research. The sittings were mostly held in light which fact in itself was a strong demonstration of Eglinton's powers. Another feature emphatically in favor of Eglinton was that from the time he turned professional until 1883 he never gave a séance in his own rooms and complied with all conditions of control, his hands being mostly sewn to his knees or behind his back to his coat. His first levitation was described by Archdeacon Colley in *The Spiritualist*, June 2, 1876: "The medium was next entranced and carried by invisible power over the table several times, the heels of his boots being made to touch the head of our medical friend (Dr. Malcolm). Then he was taken to the further end of the dining room, and finally, after being tilted about as a thing of no weight whatever, was deposited quietly in his chair." The general impression created by his power was well rendered in the *Western Morning News* of July 28, 1876: "If Mr. Eglinton is a conjurer he is undoubtedly one of the cleverest who ever lived. Maskelyne and Cook are not a patch upon Mr. Eglinton. The Egyptian Hall exposure of Spiritualism is mere child's play compared with what we witnessed." The *Daily Telegraph* reported on October 10, 1876, that the Scientific Research Committee of the B.S.A. had obtained direct spirit writing under absolute test conditions through the mediumship of Mr. W. Eglinton.

44. *The Medium and Daybreak*, London Spiritualist journal, started in 1869 by James Burns. Dedicated to the history, phenomena, philosophy, and teachings of Spiritualism.

Marvels of Materialization

Among the many remarkable séances for materializations he gave at this time, the most surprising results were obtained during his stay at Malvern as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols. “All our séances are held under test conditions,” wrote Dr. Nichols. “They are held in a small upper room in my own house, with its one door locked, and its one window, thirty feet from the ground, fastened. The number of persons present never exceeds six, all of whom I know intimately. I know pretty accurately what can be done by sleight-of-hand, ventriloquism, palmistry or otherwise.” He sums up his experiences: “Four times I have seen a white-robed form standing by Willie Eglinton. I have seen ‘Joey’ make yards of muslin. I have seen him standing beside his medium, and I have heard him speak in a brilliantly-lighted room, when Mr. Eglinton was with us and no more entranced than the rest of us. I have seen hands and arms and the face only, and I have seen full forms appear and disappear. I have seen a tall man appear and after many minutes with us, and in good light, I have seen him gradually sink down and become invisible, all but a few inches of form, and then that seemed to snap out. I have seen a full form dissolve and leave the drapery suspended as if held up by a hand; and I have seen the form shrink away to nothing visible and leave the garments lying about the floor. These not long after disappeared.”

Dr. Nichols’ descriptions of Eglinton’s open-air materializations in his garden belong to the strangest accounts of the history of Spiritualism. Epes Sargent writes in *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*⁴⁵ in a summary: “Mr. Eglinton lay on a garden bench in plain sight. We saw the bodies of four visitors form themselves from a cloud of white vapor and then walk about, robed all in purest white, upon the lawn where no deception was possible. One of them walked quite around us, as we sat in our chairs on the grass, talking as familiarly as any friend, took my hat from my head, put it on his own, and walked off with it where the medium was lying, then he came and put it on my head again, then walked across the lawn and up a gravel walk to the foot of the balcony and talked with Mrs. Nichols. After a brief conversation he returned to the medium and gradually faded from sight.”

It should be added that, according to the narrative, the medium was constantly in sight, no confederate could have come over the wall without being seen or heard and that the maximum distance of the materialized spirit from the medium was 66 feet in the direct line while altogether about 400 feet were covered by the spirit from the time he first left the medium to his final return.

45. *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, Epes Sargent, (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1891).

The accounts published from time to time in the Spiritualistic papers were little less marvelous than the experiences of Dr. Nichols. Eglinton's one-armed control, Abd-u-lah, when materialized, was adorned with amazingly rich jewels which he allowed to be examined. He was bedecked with precious stones, rings, crosses and clusters of rubies that were worth a fortune. A description of a materialization séance by John S. Farmer, Eglinton's biographer, so much agrees with the modern observations of ectoplasmic flow that it creates a strong presumption for Eglinton's genuine psychic powers: "All this time his breathing became increasingly labored and deep. Then, standing in full view, by a quick movement of his fingers, he gently drew forth, apparently from under his morning coat, a dingy white-looking substance. He drew it from him at right angles and allowed it to fall down his left side. As it reached the ground it increased in volume and covered his left leg from the knee downwards. The mass of white material on the ground increased in bulk and commenced to pulsate, move up and down and sway from side to side. Its height increased and shortly afterwards it quickly grew into a form of full stature, completely enveloped in the white material. The upper part of this the medium then drew back and displayed the bearded face of a full-length materialized spirit, considerably taller than himself. All this time a link of white material was maintained between it and the medium, but this was now severed or became invisible and the spirit walked round the circle and shook hands with the various sitters. The enveloping white material was now seen to be a flowing robe, fastened round the waist with a girdle. After a few minutes the medium, still in trance, drew forth more of the white material and stretched it out to the spirit which eagerly grasped it. Finally the medium became weak, staggered and was supported by the nearest sitter (Dawson Rogers), whereupon the spirit approached and dragged him into the cabinet."

There is a strange contrast between these testimonies and the exposure by Archdeacon Colley. During a séance in Mr. Owen Harris' house he cut a piece of the robe and a piece of the beard of the materialized figure. The pieces fitted to perfection the muslin and beard which he found in the medium's portmanteau. The story of the exposure was published in the *Journal of the S.P.R.* Eglinton was in South Africa when the revelation was made public and denied the charge on his return. The Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists ordered an investigation which, at the end, dismissed the charge on the basis that no direct evidence could be obtained from the accusers.

The most extraordinary phenomenon Eglinton produced was his own transportation, on March 16, 1878, at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's house, through the ceiling into the room above. The account of the occurrence was published in *The Spiritualist* of March 22, 1878.

On July 5, 1878, on the invitation of Dr. Hutchinson, Eglinton left for Capetown. He spent nine months with his host, giving many séances of which copious notes were made, studied dentistry in his leisure time and was, as a result, enrolled in 1879 in England as a duly qualified practitioner. On Dr. Hutchinson's recommendation he was also initiated in the Good Hope Lodge of Masons. In May, 1879, he returned to England and had some extraordinary experiences as the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Lean (Florence Marryat) at Bruges in a haunted house, the ghost of which he finally laid. Shortly after this he received an invitation to visit Sweden. He gave nineteen séances in Stockholm, which were attended by many scientific and literary men. Professors Torneboom and Edland, both of them sceptical previously, published a favorable report on his mediumship in the *Aftonblad* of October 30 1879. He also gave sittings at the Upsala University and then left for Denmark, Germany and Bohemia. In Munich he was the guest of Gabriel Max, the eminent painter, and furnished the inspiration for his impressive painting *Geistesgruss*. After his return he gave striking séances at Cambridge University under the auspices of the Psychological Society, during which he was handcuffed to one person and held by another. It was in this month that Mrs. Corner was exposed by Sir George Sitwell and Mr. Carl von Buch. The atmosphere was decidedly hostile and in March, 1880, Eglinton again left for the Continent. He was engaged in Leipzig by Baron von Hoffman to give séances to Professor Zöllner and others connected with the University.⁴⁶ Professor Zöllner was very satisfied with the result of his twenty-five sittings and intended to publish another book on his experiences, but death intervened. In Vienna he gave over thirty séances to Baron von Hellenbach, which was a remarkable achievement in itself, as Henry Slade paid a visit shortly before him and the police objected to his presence. The result of the séances is mostly discussed in Baron Hellenbach's *'Prejudices of Mankind'*.⁴⁷

To carry out an engagement for twelve séances Eglinton left for Munich for the second time. Here a disastrous experience was in store for him. After the end of the eleventh sitting a mechanical frog was discovered in the room and lampblack, with which the musical instruments had been daubed, was found on his face and hands. Three months later Herr Levey, director of the Royal Opera House, confessed that the mechanical frog was brought by him into the room to see if anything would be done with it. As regards the lampblack, Dr. Crawford's experiments have proved that particles of paint may attach themselves to the flowing mass of ectoplasm and settle on the medium's body. The excuse, however, cannot be considered perfect as when, for the

46. Johann Karl Friedrich Zöllner (1834–1882) was a German astrophysicist who studied optical illusions. He was also an early psychical investigator.

47. Lazar, Baron Hellenbach von Paczolay (1827–1887): *"Die Vorurtheile der Menschheit"*. (Vienna: L. Rosner, 1879).

purpose of a test, Dr. Nichols asked the materialized figure of “Joey” to dip his fingers in purple ink—the medium’s fingers were found clean. It is true, nevertheless, that very little research has been done to elucidate the complexities of this problem. On his return to England Eglinton gave no more professional sésances that year. The spiritualistic press, however, was kept posted by Dr. Nichols of the many experiments in direct writing and drawing that were conducted in his home. The conditions of these experiments appear to defy normal explanation. In February, 1881, Eglinton sailed for New York and remained in America until the middle of May.

Miracles in India — and a Disaster

In October, 1881, following an invitation from Mr. J. G. Meugens, a wealthy Indian merchant, Eglinton left for Calcutta. He was apparently very successful in his Indian sésances, some of which were held at the residence of the Maharajah Sir Jotendro Johun Tagore and reported in the daily *Indian Mirror*, but it is worthwhile to note that with the distance from London there is a proportionate increase in the marvels. The “spirit postmastership” which he established between London and Calcutta is almost unprecedented in the annals of Spiritualism. According to the narrative of Mr. Meugens, privately marked sheets of paper were whisked by the spirits to London and returned shortly after to Calcutta with the handwriting of a close friend, describing how his room had been suddenly filled with light and how “Ernest” stood by and waited for the letter to carry it back. This happened on several occasions. Indeed, once Mr. Meugens asked that the ring of Mrs. Fletcher, who was then in Tothill Fields Prison, in Mr. Meugens’ belief unjustly convicted, be brought to him. The spirits complied. The ring could not be identified but the spirits brought a few days later a letter in Mrs. Fletcher’s own handwriting telling him that she sent the ring on and answered, to his inquiry, that she thought he had received it months before. The accounts of Eglinton’s phenomena were so eagerly received that for the period of his stay a fortnightly journal, similar to *Light*, was started to meet the demand. The venture is said to have met with considerable success. At the time of Eglinton’s visit to Calcutta Harry Kellar, the famous conjurer, was there giving stage exposures of Spiritualism. He issued a challenge to Eglinton in the *Indian Daily News* for January 13, 1882, and promised an unbiased opinion as to the natural explanations of the phenomena. An invitation was duly extended. Harry Kellar was courageous enough to publicly confess: “I went as a sceptic, but I must own that I came away utterly unable to explain, by any natural means, the phenomena that I witnessed on Tuesday evening.” He held the medium’s left hand and was half levitated with Eglinton. He had no doubt that this phenomenon was genuine and reiterated this conviction in print many years later. But he wavered on independent slate writing in which he also obtained a convincing demonstration.

After Meugens left India Eglinton went to Howran as the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Gordon and remained with them for the rest of his stay. He converted Lord William Beresford to Spiritualism, and left for England in April, 1882.

During his return journey the demonstration of another miracle ended, in view of later revelations, with disaster. The *S.P.R. Proceedings* (Vol. III, p. 254) accuse him of co-operation with Mme. Blavatsky in manufacturing a theosophic marvel. Eglinton later denied that he met Mme. Blavatsky in India at all, but it appears to be a fact that he took many letters of introduction to her and to Col. Olcott, and that he met Mme. Blavatsky in Calcutta. Eglinton was at first openly sceptical as to the existence of the Mahatmas.⁴⁸ Before his departure, however, his spirit controls declared their conversion and said that “they had been appointed to work in concert with the Brothers thence-forth.” Eglinton sailed on the S.S. Vega. He claimed that during the voyage he was visited by Mahatma K.H. He described this in a letter which was mysteriously transported from the open seas to Bombay and fell in the center of a room where Mme. Blavatsky held company. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Gordon in Calcutta. Mme. Blavatsky wrote some notes on visiting cards, wrapped them up with the letter which was then transported by the same mysterious agency, to Calcutta and dropped from the ceiling in the company of Col. Olcott, Colonel and Mrs. Gordon.

As it was later established that the Mahatma letters were written by Mme. Blavatsky, it appears that Eglinton was in concert with her and left a letter, identical to the one written on the ship, with Mme. Blavatsky who made careful arrangements for its mysterious appearance at the appropriate moment. There is an indirect proof of this supposition in the fact that Mr. J. E. O’Conor, a theosophist on board ship, unexpectedly asked Eglinton to enclose, as an additional test, a letter from himself to Mme. Blavatsky. Eglinton undertook the task. Mme. Blavatsky, however, at the time of the alleged delivery of Eglinton’s letter made no communication of O’Conor’s note. In excuse she said that O’Conor’s letter was private and she did not know whether he wished that his name should be brought before the public. In further explanation she added that anyhow, for some unaccountable reason, O’Conor’s letter arrived an hour after the one from Eglinton was received. Considering that the evidence as to the manufacture of the K.H. letters by Mme. Blavatsky appears to be irrefutable and that the message from K.H. was superimposed in blue ink on Eglinton’s epistle the grossness of the perpetrated fraud is obvious.

48. Mahatma: Mahatma is an honorific used in India for a person regarded with reverence or loving respect; a holy person or sage, such as Mahatma Ghandi.

It should also be added that this highly damaging incident is hardly touched upon in John Farmer's biography. He contents himself with putting on record the maturer conclusions of Mr. Eglinton with regard to the 'appearance' on board the Vega. He now believes the apparition to have been a spontaneous materialization, of a somewhat unusual order, of someone who called himself 'Koot Hoomi.'

After his return from India Eglinton attempted to retire from professional mediumship by entering into partnership with a gentleman in a publishing firm, trading under the name of the Ross Publishing Company. In August, 1883, however, he severed his connection and fell back again on mediumship as a means of living.

The Great Slate-Writing Problem

From 1884 onwards he concentrated on slate writing which he believed to be a far easier means of bringing conviction than materializations. According to John S. Farmer he sat almost daily for this phenomenon for upward of three years before he obtained any results at all. His slate writing séances were most striking as he subjected himself to every test condition and, in contrast to Slade, remained passive and quiet throughout the performance. As a result of some very successful sittings Mr. W. P. Adshead, of Belper, offered a challenge of £500 to anyone, not a medium, who would produce the same results under the same conditions. On October 29, 1884, W. E. Gladstone had a séance with Eglinton. He obtained answers to his questions which were privately written on the hostess's own slates, both when held under the table and when laid upon the table in full view of all present and also within locked slates. Some of the questions were put in Spanish, French and Greek and answered in the same language. Gladstone was so much impressed that soon after he joined the S.P.R. On two occasions in 1884 Eglinton gave public performances from the stage at a meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance and at a lecture of his own in St. James's Hall. Both séances were eminently successful.

In 1885 Eglinton left again for the Continent. In Paris he made the acquaintance of J. Tissot, the celebrated French genre painter and in a materialization séance on May 20, completely convinced him of spirit return. Tissot's mezzotint *Apparition Medianimique*, which hangs now at the offices of the London Spiritualist Alliance is an idealized conception of



Apparition Medianimique or "The Apparition", mezzotint by James Tissot, ca. 1885. (The Elisha Whittelsey Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC).

his experience. During his stay in Paris Professor Richet had some sittings with him. He obtained further verification of Eglinton's powers on a subsequent visit to London in company with Dr. Myers, brother of F. W. H. Myers. He nevertheless did not attribute much importance to his slate writing experiences and wrote in his *Thirty Years of Psychological Research*: "I drew a design on the slate so that Eglinton could not see the drawing. The slate was reversed and a small piece of chalk placed on it. I took the slate in my hand and without letting it go, held it under the table. Eglinton holding the other end of the slate. After two or three minutes a curious facsimile of my sketch was reproduced, but I think that a skillful illusionist could have done as much."

Yet Prof. Richet admits, in the same book, that "Eglinton was a very powerful medium and though he has been suspected of fraud, he was able, finally, to prove that the allegations of his enemies were calumnies."

Alfred Russel Wallace was convinced of the genuineness of his materializations. He has seen his phantom Abdullah, in a private house while Eglinton was also visible, sitting in evening dress in an armchair. A careful search was made but no paraphernalia were discovered. From Paris Eglinton left for Vienna where he met Baron du Prel, who published some of his experiences under the title *A Problem for Conjurers*. He concluded: "Through Eglinton I have received the proof that Zöllner, who was the first in Germany to have courage to speak of these slate writings, discovered a grand truth and that all his opponents who have neither read nor seen anything in this domain are in the wrong."

In 1886 a bitter fight was waged over slate writing between the S.P.R. and Spiritualists in general. Owing to the S. J. Davey sensation Mrs. Sidgwick, in the *Journal of the S.P.R.*, had "no hesitation in attributing the performances of Eglinton to clever conjuring." Davey was an associate of the S.P.R. He was most impressed by Eglinton's performances, but soon became suspicious, studied the subject from the point of view of conjuring and placing himself in the hands of the S.P.R. came out, with Dr. Hodgson as manager, under an assumed name, as a medium. In his account which was published in the *Proceedings*, Vol. IV, p. 460, he tells the story of about twenty sittings in which he rivaled the feats of professional slate writers. He produced messages on the sitters' own slates, in screwed, sealed and locked double slates, wrote them in colors, answered questions in various languages, performed successful reading tests, produced written numbers on mental request, made a tumbler walk across the table in strong gas light, floated musical boxes and produced materialized figures in the dark séance room. His explanation of his slate writing feats was that he either substituted prepared slates with a message already written, or wrote the message himself noiselessly under the table by means of a fragment of pencil fixed in a thimble which he slipped on his finger. For many of his phenomena, however, he failed to furnish satisfactory

explanation. Spiritualists took this as a confirmation of their belief that Davey was a renegade medium. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace himself wrote in the *Journal of the S.P.R.*, 1891: “Unless all can be so explained, many of us will be confirmed in our belief that Mr. Davey was really a medium as well as a conjurer, and that in imputing all his performances to trick he was deceiving the society and the public.”⁴⁹

In the same volume of the Proceedings in which the Davey report was published Prof. Carvill Lewis, F.G.S., reported that by purposely turning his head away and pretending to divert his attention he heard Eglinton write on the slate and occasionally saw the movements of the tendons of the wrist in the act of writing. Again, “Prof. Hoffmann” (Angelo J. Lewis) whom the S.P.R. requested to report in his professional capacity on Eglinton’s performances reported, after twelve sittings and studying the reports furnished by others, that many circumstances suggest occasional trickery, “on the other hand, I do not believe the cleverest conjurer could, under the same conditions, use trickery in the wholesale way necessary to produce all these phenomena without exposing himself to constant risk of detection. If conjuring were the only explanation of the slate-writing phenomena, I should certainly have expected that their secret would long since have become public property.” (*Journal S.P.R.*, August, 1886).

As a result of the bitter controversy which arose over the accusations of the S.P.R. many Spiritualists resigned their membership. Eglinton invited testimonies from his sitters. They came forth in abundance. If one considers that, according to the table published in Farmer’s biography, Eglinton gave nearly 3,500 sittings up to this period and definite proofs of fraud were only claimed twice against him, one cannot fail to be impressed that the conclusions of Mrs. Sidgwick were too hastily drawn. This appears to have been the view of the then Assistant Secretary to the S.P.R., Mr. Edward T. Bennett, who, in his *Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism* says: “What I may call the Eglinton problem was, at least so it seems to me, left not only in an incomplete, but in an unsatisfactory state after the death of Mr. S. J. Davey.”

In 1887 Eglinton visited Russia. He gave a séance to the Emperor Alexander III. Aksakof had opportunities for repeated experiments, and he also maintained that Eglinton possessed great and genuine psychic powers.

49. In the late 1880s, psychical researcher Richard Hodgson and magician S. J. Davey held fake séances for unsuspecting participants, and then asked participants to recall the séance. Many people incorrectly recalled what had happened and thought that they had experienced genuine paranormal phenomena. See: *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, “The Possibilities of Mal-observation and Lapse of Memory from a Practical Point of View,” intro. by Richard Hodgson, *Proceedings*, iv. 381; and “Experimental Investigation,” by S. J. Davey, *Proceedings*, iv. 405; “Mr Davey’s Imitations by Conjuring of Phenomena Sometimes Attributed to Spirit Agency,” by Richard Hodgson, *Proceedings*, viii. 253.

The story of Eglinton's life up to the period of the visit to Russia, is told in John S. Farmer's book *Twixt Two Worlds*, (London, 1886).

Mrs. Mary Andrews (1841-1901)

Of Moravia, near Auburn, U.S.A., Mrs. Anderson was one of the earliest mediums for materialization.⁵⁰ She was a plain, uneducated peasant woman. Her séances were held in the house of a farmer named Keeler. The manifestations commenced with a dark circle. Questions were answered by spirit lights, physical phenomena were displayed in abundance, the piano was sounded, water was sprinkled into the face of the sitters, they were touched by phantom hands and spirit voices were heard. In the light séances, the second part of the exhibition, the medium sat in a cabinet, busts, arms and hands materialized, the lips of phantom faces were seen in motion and, despite the dim light, many departed relatives were recognized. These sittings began in 1871 and Mrs. Andrews sat nearly every day, without going into a trance. The room was often pervaded by delicious perfume of no known origin. T. R. Hazard's *Eleven Days in Moravia*, Epes Sargent's *Proof Palpable of Immortality*⁵¹ and Dr. Eugene Crowell's *The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*,⁵² contain many interesting records of these séances. An adverse sketch is to be found in John W. Truesdell's *The Bottom Facts*, New York, 1884.

Mrs. Hazel Ridley (circa.1900)⁵³

A contemporary American direct voice medium, her psychic development began around 1918 at the age of 18. Grey Wolf, an Indian control, manifested in trance and declared that the medium would develop voices. She did. The voices were of a curious, whispering quality, coming from her larynx alone with no function of her mouth, lips and tongue. Dr. Wilson G. Bailey, a physician of Camden, New Jersey, writes in his book: *No, Not Dead; they Live* (1923): "filled her



Hazel Ridley

50. I have been to Moravia, New York, to do research, and I found the Keeler farmhouse, still very much intact and lived in, where the séances took place, and also the little headstone of Mary Andrews in the Indian Mound Cemetery, same village. (NRH)

51. *The Proof Palpable of Immortality*, by Epes Sargent, (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1875).

52. Comwell's book *The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism* published by G. W. Carlton, 1874.

53. See: *Death Unveiled* by D. U. Fletcher, 1900's.

mouth with water and then with salt, and still the voice came through without interruption or impediment and I also punctured her arm when in trance, and though I drew blood she did not feel any pain.” Miss Ridley has toured the American continent and has paid three visits to England, the first in 1926, the second in 1931, and the third in 1932. In Dennis Bradley's *'And After'* she is accused of fraud. Against this stands the testimony of Will Goldston, one of the greatest professional magicians in Europe, of her genuine powers. In *Death Unveiled*, Mrs. D. U. Fletcher, who is the wife of a Senator of Florida, describes how through Miss Ridley's mediumship a violin was restored to its owner after 37 years.

Pearl Judd

Of Dunedin, New Zealand, direct voice medium, holding séances in a well-lighted room, or in daylight, with remarkable manifestations, as described in Clive Chapman's *The Blue Room*, 1927.⁵⁴ In *Psychic Research*, November, 1930, Harry Price quotes the testimony of Dr. W. P. Gowland, Professor of Anatomy and neurologist at the Medical School, Dunedin, given personally on the occasion of the professor's visit to London. He witnessed the levitation of heavy tables, the playing of a specified tune on an ordinary piano when three people were sitting on the closed and locked lid, heard invisible instruments and many voices. An entity named "Sahnaei", who first manifested in 1923 and says he lived hundreds of years ago and is an Arab, appears to be in charge of the band of communicators: Captain Trevor, Ronald, George Thurston, Charlie, Grace, Olive, Jack, Vilma, etc. Miss Judd was born in 1908; her uncle, Chapman, was also a medium. For the best results it was necessary that he should be present.

Mollie Fancher

A Brooklyn girl who, owing to two serious accidents became blind and bed-ridden in 1866 when 17 years of age and lived another 44 years, exhibiting remarkable phenomena of clairvoyance and multiple personality. She took no food for nine years, lay on her right side in a paralyzed state with twisted limbs, all the natural functions of her body ceased, at times no pulse was felt and except for the region of the heart her body became



Mollie Fancher, the "Brooklyn Enigma"

54. See: *The Blue Room*, by Clive Chapman, *Psychic Book Club*, London, 1950.

entirely cold. In this state she was possessed by a different personality who executed delicate fancy work with her crippled hands, wrote beautifully, clairvoyantly read books under her pillow, saw colors in the dark, discovered lost articles and exhibited astounding travelling clairvoyance. Henry M. Parkhurst, the eminent American astronomer testified to her reading a torn-up letter which was fished out from a wastepaper basket and enclosed in a sealed envelope. The original personality returned after nine years, the bodily rigidity relaxed and she became the prey to frightful fits of convulsions. Between such fits Mollie Fancher was possessed by new invading personalities, called Sunbeam, Idol, Rosebud, Ruby, and Pearl. Her personality changed five times in one night, the invaders keeping up a constant quarrel and fight amongst themselves and she hardly slept at all. The story of her strange life is narrated by judge Abram H. Dailey in *Mollie Fancher*, published in Brooklyn in 1894. In *Bulletin XI* of the Boston S.P.R. the case is reviewed by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince.

Mrs. Ada Besinnet⁵⁵

Mrs. William Wallace Roche by marriage, American physical medium, produces psychic lights, direct voices, which sometimes give an amazing singing and whistling performance, and materializations. After a formal investigation during 1909-10 in seventy test sittings, Prof. Hyslop concluded (Proc. A.S.P.R., Vol. V, 1911) that the medium did the phenomena herself, but while in a hysterical state of secondary personality and without the slightest degree of moral responsibility in her own person for the fraud.⁵⁶ A different conclusion was arrived at, after a six months engagement at the British College for Psychic Science in London in 1921. According to J. Hewat McKenzie's report in *Psychic Science*, April, 1922, those actions of the medium which Prof. Hyslop attributed to hysteria may be fully accounted for as due to the action of controlling spirits.



Ada Besinnet

Dr. Hereward Carrington says in *The Story of Psychic Science*: "My own sittings with this medium left me entirely unconvinced of their genuineness." Nevertheless, he admits that he observed very curious lights at a séance in 1922

55. Reported in *Psychic Science*, July 1925 Also, see: *Glimpses of The Next State*, by W. Usborne Moore, London, 1911.

56. Once again, within the records of Spiritualism, James Hyslop and Hereward Carrington reared their pompous heads, disregarding the legitimate reports of others, as if they always had the last word, which they certainly did not.

which, on request, hovered for a few moments over exposed photographic plates and that the plates, when developed, showed unusual markings which he failed to obtain by artificial means. Ada Besinnet has two principal controls, both Indians: Pansy, a little girl, and Black Cloud. As a rule she sits in the dark, unbound, but during the séance, as a feat of her stock performance, she is often tied by invisible hands to her chair, hands and feet. The sitters usually do not join hands, but place them on the table. Her materializations are incomplete. The faces which are seen have a corpse-like appearance and often bear a resemblance to her own face. It is said that she several times disappeared from the séance room altogether and was found transported in a deep coma in another room. In *Glimpses of the Next State*, Admiral Moore describes several séances with the medium. He finds the phenomena supernormal and entirely convincing.

Evan Powell⁵⁷

On a level with Miss Besinnet, (mentioned above) is Mr. Evan Powell, with the same variety but not always the same type of powers. Powell's luminous phenomena are equally good. His voice production is better. The author has heard the Spirit Voices as loud as those of ordinary human talk, and recalls one occasion when three of them were talking simultaneously, one to Lady Cowan, one to Sir James Marchant, and one to Sir Robert McAlpine. Movements of objects are common in the Powell séances, and on one occasion a stand weighing 60 lb. was suspended for some time over the author's head. Evan Powell always insists upon being very securely tied during his séances, which is done, he claims, for his own protection, since he cannot be responsible for his own movements when he is in a trance. This throws an interesting sidelight upon the possible nature of some exposures. There is a good deal of evidence, not only that the Medium may unconsciously, or under the influence of suggestion from the audience, put himself into a false position, but that evil forces which are either mischievous or are actively opposed to the good work done by Spiritualism, may obsess the entranced body and cause it to do suspicious things so as to discredit the Medium. Some sensible remarks upon this subject, founded upon personal experience, have been made by Professor Haraldur Nielsson, of Iceland, when commenting upon a case where one of the Circle



Evan Powell

57. Reported in *Psychic Science*, 1925.

committed a perfectly senseless fraud, and a Spirit afterwards admitted that it was done by its agency and instigation.⁵⁸ On the whole, Evan Powell may be said to have the widest endowment of spiritual gifts of any Medium at present in England. He preaches the doctrines of Spiritualism both in his own person and while under control, and he can in himself exhibit nearly the whole range of phenomena. It is a pity that his business as a coal merchant in Devonshire prevents his constant presence in London.

Miss Catherine E. Wood

Miss Wood was an English materialization medium. In 1873, at the age of 18 she was employed, with Miss Fairlamb, as the official medium by the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society. Miss Fairlamb was a year younger. Both mediums showed strong telekinetic power. Miss Wood showed the first signs of psychic power a year before at a meeting of the society where she was taken by her father, a mechanic. She stayed with the society for three years. In 1874 partial materializations were obtained and this was followed by full-sized phantoms under conditions of which T. B. Barkas, a prominent Newcastle investigator, wrote



Catherine Elizabeth Wood

in the *Medium and Daybreak* on May 4, 1877: “I have seen, through the mediumship of Miss Wood, in a private house, living forms walk from the curtained recess, which it was utterly impossible for her to simulate. I have seen children, women and men of various ages, walk forth under her mediumship. I have seen a materialized form and the medium at the same time. I have had through her mediumship a child-like form standing beside me for about half an hour together, the child has placed its arms around my neck and permitted me at the same time to place my arm around her neck, and has laid its cheek against mine, breathed upon my face, and, in fact, caressed me precisely as a child would do its parent or guardian.

58. I myself have witnessed this activity with a British physical medium whom we invited to our home for three months in 2008. He was seen, after having been securely cable-tied, walking in the séance room, holding a spirit light. The first timers were all convinced it was blatant fraud, which is precisely what it looked like, but I am sure he was controlled by other trouble-making astral entities. No one, I reasoned, could be that foolish to demonstrate fraud on that level with me sitting there. (NRH)

“This was not in darkness but in light, and in the presence of professors and fellows of one of the leading universities in the kingdom. I have, under these conditions, and after having handled the psychic form, seen it gradually vanish or dematerialize and become invisible in the middle of the room.”

Barkas also remarks that “she is subject to strange controls, which there is some difficulty in banishing.” When in the same year at Blackburn, the materialized form was seized and found to be the medium, Miss Wood protested “that she was an unconscious instrument temporarily in the hands of an evil power.” The protest deserves consideration in view of the series of sittings reported in Smedley’s *Some Reminiscences*.⁵⁹ They took place a short time before the exposure. While the medium was enclosed in a wire cage her phantom “Bennie,” left excellent paraffin molds of his foot behind. He dipped his foot before the sitters into the hot dish of paraffin and cold water, then put his left leg across his right knee, tapped the mold, dematerialized his leg and when the mold was free handed it to Mr. Adshead. In the same séance another left leg mold was obtained from “Maggie,” the deceased sister of Miss Wood. On measurement it was found to be one inch less in length and one-and-three-quarter inches less in breadth than Miss Wood’s foot.

In 1878 Prof. Sidgwick engaged her for séances at Cambridge University and at the house of Mr. Arthur Balfour. Myers and Edmund Gurney were among the investigators. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes in *My Life* that Myers showed him several books full of notes of these séances and described the test which they applied.⁶⁰ They tied the wrists of the medium securely with tape, leaving two long ends which they tacked down to the floor and then covered with sealing wax and sealed. The medium was lying on a mattress on the bare floor. The light was sufficient to see phantom figures of children and adults issuing from the cabinet. The tapes, knots and seals were found afterwards un-tampered with. On the chance objection that the medium might provide herself with tape, tacks, wax and seal, they varied the color of the sealing wax and the pattern of the seal and also employed a hammock which was put, by means of pulleys, on a weighing machine. Nevertheless, the phenomena went on as before. Myers has never published these experiences. — (*Of course he did not, it was too real for his superior mind to admit publicly*—NRH)

Morell Theobald, in his *Spirit Workers in the Home Circle*,⁶¹ reported that Pocka, a “vivacious colored little sprite about three feet high” not only came

59. See: *Some Reminiscences: an Account of Startling Spiritual Manifestations*, by Alfred Smedley, published by Office of The Light, London, 1900.

60. *My Life*, by Alfred Russel Wallace, Dodd-Mead & Company, 1905.

61. Theobald, Morell. *Spirit Workers in the Home Circle: An Autobiographic Narrative of Psychic Phenomena in Family Daily Life Extending Over a Period of Twenty Years*. (London: T. Fer Unwin, 1887).

out of the cabinet, but “went to my wife who was sitting 4 or 5 feet from the cabinet, took her hand, and as my wife leaned downwards she put her tiny arms round her neck and kissed her. Crossing over the room she took my hands, then my daughter’s and afterwards my daughter-in-law’s hands, fondled them a bit, and retired to the cabinet.”

Miss Lizzie Doten (1828-1908) ⁶²

American inspirational speaker, accredited as the greatest and best *improvisatrice* ⁶³ of the 19th century in *Noted American Women*. Of her inspirational poems two volumes had been published: *Poems from the Inner Life* (1873) and *Poems of Progress* (1871). She recited them impromptu from the platform, speaking on one occasion under the direct influence of Edgar Allan Poe and delivering a remarkable poem, entitled *Resurrexi*. It is a wonderful reproduction of the singular music and alliteration of Poe’s style and manifests the same intensity of feeling. During the last 28 years of her life Miss Doten withdrew from the lecture field and mediumistic work by reason of the fact that she had become unable to determine the point at which her personality ceased to act and the agency of spirit influence began.



Lizzie Doten

Hester Dowden (1868-1949) ⁶⁴

Mrs. Travers-Smith by former marriage, Hester was one of the best contemporary automatists, daughter of the late Prof. Edward Dowden. A highly cultured, professional medium, her psychic development was marked by the successive appearance of five interesting personalities: Peter, Eyen, Astor, Shamar and Johannes.

Her first circle was formed during the winter of 1914. At the second or third sitting an entity calling himself Peter Rooney made his appearance. He said he was an American Irishman who spent most of his life in jail and had thrown himself ten days before under a tram-car in Boston and had been killed. Sir William Barrett made careful inquiries and found that the tale was in

62. See: *Poems from The Inner Life*, by Lizzie Doten, 1865.

63. From *improvisatori* or *improvisatore*, meaning someone who can improvise on a subject, usually extemporaneously, on the spot, with no previous preparation.

64. See: *Voices from The Void*, Hester Travers Smith, William Rider Pub., 1919.

a way true but the personal application false. Being reproved, Peter admitted that he lied as he had no desire to communicate his real name. He had been interested in psychical research in his lifetime and wished to assist investigations now. He introduced many new features, initiated blindfold sittings at the ouija board and tried many interesting telepathic experiments. If the sitters were not adaptable to blindfold work, i.e., if he could not draw from some unknown quality from them to see without eyes he was not interested and did not come through.

Eyen said that he was an Egyptian priest in the temple of Isis in the reign of Rameses II. He was attracted to the medium by a piece of cere-cloth in which his mummy was wrapped. He was a selfish and sentimental control who would not allow others to communicate for weeks at a time so that he often had to be driven away by giving the medium hypnotic suggestion that Eyen was not to speak. He wrote poetry in which he reproached and cursed Mr. X. who had driven him from the board. He was not good at experiments and was found to be a fraud and liar in many ways.



Hester Dowden
(w/planchette)

Astor, the third control, professed to be the guide of Miss Cummins with whom Mrs. Dowden often sat. She was chiefly interested in Miss Cummins' doings and was very good at clairvoyance and prophecies.

Shamar, the fourth control was a Hindoo. She claimed to be the medium's spirit guide, Eyen being merely "the guide of her astral." She was very fond of sending genuine communications from living persons who were asleep and drowsy. She was a simple and truthful spirit and conducted many of the later sittings.

Johannes was the latest acquisition and is her present guide. He said that he lived 200 years before Christ and studied in the Alexandrian Library. He gave philosophic teachings which disclosed a remarkable identity with the teachings of Plotinus. Many people made his acquaintance through the medium. The reality of his personality was definitely proved to Dennis Bradley when he came through in a direct voice sitting with Valiantine in February, 1924, which Mrs. Dowden did not attend. Johannes referred to the discourses they had together through the mediumship of Mrs. Dowden. Bradley had many sittings with her and himself developed automatic writing. He could not keep pace with the terrific speed with which the communications from Johannes came through, though he wrote in shorthand. Leaving his hand quite limp he discovered that he could write at an infinitely quicker pace and without any exhaustion.

Of the existence of the four first mentioned controls, Sir William Barrett, in his introduction to Mrs. Travers Smith's *Voices from the Void*, says: "I am strongly disposed to consider many of them as distinct psychic entities and not in all cases mere phases of the personality of the automatist."⁶⁵

Mr. Lennox Robinson, the author, and the Rev. Savell Hicks were sitting with Mrs. Dowden when this message came through: "**Pray for Hugh Lane.**" Then, on being asked who was speaking "**I am Hugh Lane, all is dark**" came through. Shortly after it was continued: "**It is Sir Hugh Lane, drowned. Was on board the Lusitania.**" At that moment boys were selling the evening papers in the street. Mr. Robinson ran out.

When he came back he pointed to the name of Sir Hugh Lane in the story of the disaster, reported for the first time. Sir Hugh Lane described the scene on the Lusitania Panic: "**Boats lowered. Women went first. Lost in an overcrowded boat, fell over. Lost all memory until I saw a light at the sitting.**"

The medium knew Sir Hugh Lane personally and had heard that he had gone to America a fortnight before the sinking of the Lusitania. On her way home that day she saw posters: "Lusitania reported sinking" but had no personal interest in the news as she knew no one on board. Sir Hugh Lane continued to come afterwards and he was anxious that several wishes of his should be communicated to his executors.

In a similarly striking instance the following message was spelt out rapidly: "**Ship sinking, all hands lost. William East overboard. Women and children weeping and wailing-sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.**" The stop press was heard being called out in the street. The medium ran down to buy a paper. It contained the news that the Titanic had gone down. She believes that the name William East was incorrect and that it must have been William Stead.

Mrs. Dowden has received many romantic scripts descriptions of King Arthur's Round Table and of the missionary journeys of St. Philip the Evangelist. When she sat with Mr. Bligh Bond a group of Glastonbury monks came through and recited details of the burial of Abbey relies in 1080. Miss Cummins' writing mediumship developed in her sittings. The communications often referred to the future. Coming events in her life were sometimes foretold four years ahead. Her first book, *Voices from the Void*, 1919, is an excellent account of her own experiences. The second: *Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde*, 1923, created a sensation. *The Daily News*, on July 27, 1923, devoted a leading article to the subject. It admitted that whether genuine or not, the phrasing of the messages was clever.

65. Smith, Hester Travers, Mrs. *Voices from the Void; Six Years' Experience in Automatic Communications*. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, c. 1919).

Wilde's signature was an exact replica, the handwriting disclosed his peculiarities, events from his childhood were mentioned and the literary style was very characteristic. He gave brilliant criticisms of many writers. Of G. B. Shaw he wrote: **"I had a kindly feeling for poor Shaw. He had such a keen desire to be original that it moved my pity. He was without any sense of beauty or even a sense of the dramatic side of life. And yet there was the passionate yearning to be a personage, to force his person on the world, to press in, in spite of the better taste of those who went before him. I have a very great respect for his work. After all, he is my fellow countryman. We share the same misfortune in that matter. I think Shaw may be called the true type of pleb. He is so anxious to prove himself honest and outspoken that he utters a great deal more than he is able to think. He is ever ready to call upon his audience to admire his work, and his audience admires it from sheer sympathy with his delight."** A third book of which Mrs. Dowden is the amanuensis was published under the title, *The Life Eternal*, by W. T. Stead in 1933.

Cecil Husk (1847-1920) ⁶⁶

An English professional singer, member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who, owing to failing eyesight, abandoned his vocation and, having been strongly psychic from early childhood, changed it for professional mediumship. His materialization séances began about 1875 and were well known for the strength and varied nature of the phenomena. John King was claimed as his chief control with five subordinates: Uncle, Christopher, Ebenezer, Tom Hall and Joey (the same who manifested through Eglinton). Their voices, according to Florence Marryat, were heard as soon as the medium entered the cabinet. They prepared the manifestations for John King.⁶⁷ One of his favorite phenomena was the demonstration of the passage of matter through matter. The threading of chairs or iron rings on the medium's arms while the sitters held his hands was a frequently observed manifestation. An often-mentioned experiment was done by Dr. George Wyld, of Edinburgh. In his book, *Theosophy, or Spiritual Dynamics and the Divine and Miraculous Man*, 1894, he describes in detail how he carried about himself a specially made iron ring of 5

66. See: *Glimpses of The Next State*, by W. Osborne Moore, London, 1911.

67. John King, unarguably the most notoriously famous spirit guide in all of Historic Spiritualism; claimed to be Henry Morgan, the rowdy buccaneer pirate; knighted by Charles II; appointed Governor of Jamaica. In the early days of English Spiritualism, many mediums aspired to secure his influence. He attended Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Guppy, Miss Georgina Houghton, Mrs. Firman, William Eglinton, and Cecil Husk. In America, aside from the Davenports, with whom he stayed for their entire career, he took charge of Jonathan Koon's circle in their log house in rural Ohio. He attended to Gladys Osborne Leonard's physical phenomena, communicating through her guide "Fedra," to H. Dennis Bradley at his own circle. King spoke in the direct-voice, through the trumpet most of the time, which was his own invention.

to 6 inches in diameter for four years in the hope that eventually it would be placed on his arm or on the medium's while he held his hand. The iron ring was of oval shape. Its size did not allow its passage over the hand. Dr. Wyld's wish was satisfied by Cecil Husk in 1884. While Dr. Wyld held the left hand of the medium the ring was taken from his right, the medium cried out in pain and when the light was turned on it was found on Husk's left wrist. An hour later it fell on the floor. Emboldened by the success, Dr. Wyld had a still smaller ring made. This was also put on Husk's wrist whilst his hand was held by a friend. The ring was identified by microscopic markings. The S.P.R. examined the ring and undertook to force it off if the medium permitted himself to be chloroformed. When he refused they brought the verdict: "We cannot infer that it is impossible that the ring should have come into the position in which we found it by known natural means." This verdict was based on experiments carried on with the hands of three other men, by etherizing them and compressing their hands with metallic tape. The ring could not be passed over. Still the investigators concluded that they might have been successful in the case of Husk. He, by the way, wore the ring to his dying day.

In 1890, through Cecil Husk's mediumship, Stanley de Brath made his first acquaintance with psychic phenomena. In the following year at a public séance with about twenty sitters, Cecil Husk was exposed. In the light of an electric tie-pin he was seen leaning over the table and illuminating his face with a phosphorized slate. The spirit drapery which enveloped his head did not disappear. The apology of spiritualists that a case of transfiguration was taking place and that the drapery was apported instead of being materialized is provoking to common sense. "When he was waked up from his trance in that sudden way," writes Florence Marryat, "he was paralyzed with terror, and ran about like a mad creature." He was very ill for some time afterwards and was unable to sit for months except with friends.

In an article in the July, 1906, issue of the *Annals of Psychic Science*, Henry A. Fotherby describes an interesting materialization séance in which the phantasms appeared to develop from a sort of phosphorescent vapor in the air, dotted all over with countless numbers of minute points of bright light, like little glow lamps. They were rendered visible by luminous slates which rose by themselves from the table and cast a weird bluish light onto the phantom faces. Gambier Bolton published some unusual experiences with Cecil Husk in *Psychic Force*. In his own house, in the presence of fourteen investigators, the medium, while tightly held, was levitated in his chair on the top of the table. Important experiences are described by Admiral Moore in *Glimpses of the Next State*. He was introduced to the subject by Cecil Husk. In his first séance in 1904 a zither rose from the table and soared above the circle. Its movements could be watched by the phosphorescent spots on its underside. After two or three swirls it dashed on to the floor and apparently went through, for faint music

could be heard from underneath. In the light of illuminated cards Admiral Moore witnessed the materialization of about fifteen spirits. The faces were about two-thirds of life size. John King always spoke in a stentorian voice. This was not exceptional. When a sitter asked the control Uncle: "Are you using the medium's throat?" Close to him, in a bellowing voice, came the answer "**Do you think that this is the medium's throat? If so, he must have a long neck.**" The voices spoke in many languages. The singing, tenor, bass and all the shades between, went on in astonishing volume just the same when Husk had a cold. Admiral Moore sat over forty times with Husk and had only once suspected fraud. On that occasion conditions were bad and he is by no means sure that his doubts were reasonable.

(Salt Lake Tribune, 1913.)

[LONDON, Dec 14. --- At the invitation of Major General President Alfred Turner, the well-known author and spiritual authority, a member of the staff of the International News Service's London bureau, tonight attended a séance of the "Occult Circle," of which Sir Oliver Lodge is a leading member. Sir Oliver was unable to be present, but General Turner conducted the séance, and among those who sat in the "Circle" were Lady Duff-Gordon, Lady Muir Mackenzie and Miss Diana Mallory, the authoress.

The séance was held in a tiny Victorian dining room in a house at Peckham Rye, Kent, a suburb of London. Cecil Husk, the 70-year old medium, who Sir Alfred Turner has declared to be the most perfect medium in the world, was the medium.]

The Salt Lake Tribune.

SPIRITS APPEAR AT
SEANCE IN LONDON

Shade of William T. Stead
Startles Lady Duff-Gordon,
Who Is Unable to Reply.

RECALLS THE TITANIC

Brings News of John Jacob
Astor, Who Is Not Yet Able
to Materialize.

By International News Service.
LONDON, Dec. 14.—At the invitation of Major General President Alfred Turner, the well-known author and spiritual authority, a member of the staff of the International News Service's London bureau, tonight attended a séance of the "Occult Circle," of which Sir Oliver Lodge is a leading member. Sir Oliver was unable to be present, but General Turner conducted the séance, and among those who sat in the "Circle" were Lady Duff-Gordon, Lady Muir Mackenzie and Miss Diana Mallory, the authoress.

The séance was held in a tiny Victorian dining room in a house at Peckham Rye, Kent, a suburb of London. Cecil Husk, the 70-year-old medium, who Sir Alfred Turner has declared to be the most perfect medium in the world, was the medium.

Stead's Spirit Appears.

The reporter's account of what occurred at the séance is as follows:
"Unquestionably there were a number of closely defined visions and lights

Mrs. Mary Marshall (1842-1884)⁶⁸

The first English professional medium, through whom Sir William Crookes and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace obtained their introduction to the phenomena of Spiritualism. Her manifestations consisted of raps, movements and levitations of the table, knotting handkerchiefs under the table-leaf and writing on glass. This appears to have been a rudimentary form of slate-writing with which, in the later-known form, she also confronted her sitters some time after. The first account of this demonstration was published by Thomas P. Barkas in *Outlines of Ten Years' Investigations into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism*, London, 1862. On a small scale Mrs. Marshall exhibited most of the phenomena of later mediums. From 1867 she held sittings for direct voice in which John King manifested. In her first séances she was assisted by her niece and occasionally by her young son. Her husband developed drawing mediumship.



Mary Marshall exuding ectoplasm with emerging face, including that of Arthur Conan Doyle near the top.



Lottie Fowler

Lottie Fowler (1836-1899)⁶⁹

This medium's birth name is Charlotte Connolly—American clairvoyante, medical diagnose, the medium who introduced Stainton Moses to Spiritualism in April, 1872, on her visit to England. Fritz's *Where are the Dead*, London, 1873, Hellenbach's *Eine Philosophie des Gesunden Menschenverstandes* and Forence Marryat's two books *There is no Death*, London, 1892, and *The Spirit World*, London, 1894, contain interesting narratives of her powers.

According to Florence Marryat she was largely consulted by physicians about the Court at the time of the Prince of Wales' dangerous illness and from

68. See: *Outlines of Ten Years' Investigations into The Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism*, London, 1862 by Thomas Barkas.

69. See Florence Marryat's *There is No Death*, London, 1892; *The Spirit World*, London, 1894.

the commencement predicted his recovery. It was through her mediumship that the body of the late Lord Lindsay, of Balcarres, which was stolen from the family vault, was eventually recovered. She possessed considerable prophetic gifts, predicted a London riot and the Tay Bridge disaster. Florence Marryat often acted as amanuensis for Lottie Fowler in taking down trance answers to letters as dictated by “Annie,” a German guide.

Miss Mary Rosina Showers (1857 —?)

Miss Showers was a materialization medium, daughter of General Showers of the Bombay Army. As a child she conversed with invisible people, sat for the first time in the circle of her family in the Spring of 1872, produced raps, movements without contact, obtained poltergeist manifestations in daylight, independent writing and saw spirit forms among which John King and Peter rose into prominence. In 1874 Miss Showers and her mother came from Teignmouth to London to give séances to representative spiritualists. The test conditions in these early séances were taken charge of by the spirits. At the beginning of the séance coils of rope or tape would be placed in the cabinet. At a signal the curtain of the cabinet was drawn aside and the medium was discovered tightly bound. The usual materialized spirit form was a girl, Florence, who was eight inches taller than the medium, could vary her height and was often seen by Mrs. Ross Church (Florence Marryat) together with the medium. The story of the authoress’ experiences is told in *There is No Death*.

Florence Marryat found herself so much in rapport with Miss Showers that she wrote: “We could not sit next each other at an ordinary tea or supper table when we had no thought of, or desire to hold a séance, without manifestations occurring in the full light. A hand that did not belong to either of us would make itself apparent under the tablecloth between us—a hand with power to grasp ours—or our feet would be squeezed or kicked beneath the table, or fingers would suddenly appear and whisk the food off our plates.”

An attempt at her exposure was made on April 2, 1894, at the house of Sargent Cox. When Florence appeared between the curtains of the cabinet Sargent Cox’s daughter, Mrs. Edwards, opened the curtains wider. The spirit resisted, in the struggle the headdress fell off and revealed Miss Showers. Sargent Cox was satisfied that the medium was entranced and had unconsciously impersonated the spirit.



Mrs. Mary J. Hollis (Later Mrs. Hollis-Billing)

American direct voice medium, spirit guides “James Nolan” and “Ski”, an Indian, visited England in 1874 and 1880, one of the earliest slate writers, the script frequently being produced by a materialized hand in full view. During the years of 1871-73 Dr. N. B. Wolfe of Chicago made exhaustive investigations into her phenomena. The account is incorporated in his *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*.⁷⁰ According to it Mrs. Hollis’ direct voice mediumship was well developed. As many as thirty to forty spirits were known to have come in one single sitting. They only spoke in the dark. They could sing with the sitters. Sometimes the sitters were given the masonic challenge.⁷¹



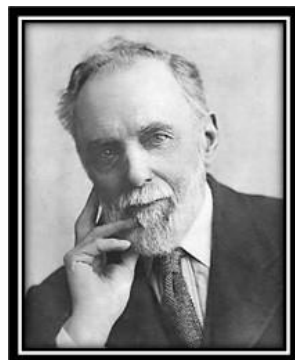
Mary J. Hollis

Movements of objects were very frequent. Sometimes the medium was levitated to the ceiling and left a pencil mark there. One of her manifesting spirits was fond of making dolls and rosettes from the material provided for this purpose. The process of sewing was done to a nicety in the dark.

She produced materialized forms from a cabinet without going into trance. The appearance of phantom hands was very quick. As a test the medium’s right hand was blackened with cork. The spirit hand was clean. The faces were often flat. The sitters looked at them through opera glasses. On one occasion six heads materialized simultaneously. Famous people were claimed to have paid a visit to her séances, among them Napoleon and Empress Josephine wearing a jeweled crown and strings of pearls.

Robert James Lees (1849-1931)

English clairvoyant, a pensioner of the Privy Purse, who was often received at Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria and whose supernatural powers, as revealed by the *Daily Express* on March 9, 1931, shortly after the seer’s death-in the Jack-The-Ripper case, rendered the greatest service to the English Police.⁷² Robert James Lees, according to the



Robert James Lees

70. *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*, by N. B. Wolfe, 1883.

71. A coin traditionally were given to prove Masonic membership when challenged.

72. As a mark of gratitude and respect, tradition records that he received a life pension from the Privy Purse, which is the British Sovereign's private income.

revelation, had unaccountable premonitions of the crime which the Ripper was going to commit. In a vision he saw the victim and the place. When his descriptions, communicated to the Police, agreed with later findings and the visions kept on recurring, the Police asked him to track down the murderer. Much in the same way as a bloodhound pursues a criminal, Lees, followed by an inspector and detectives, set out, in a state of trance, to find the trail and at four o'clock in the morning halted at the gates of a West End mansion where a prominent physician was living. Pointing to an upper chamber where a faint light gleamed, he declared: "**There is the murderer.**" He said the truth. The physician confessed that he was liable to fits of obsession in which he committed acts of fiendish cruelty. Evidence, connecting him with victims of the Ripper, was found in his rooms and on the findings of a medical committee, he was shut up in an insane asylum. Lees' controls often diagnosed disease and also effected remarkable instantaneous cures.

Lees was the author of *Through the Mists*, 1898, *The Heretic*, 1901, *The Life Elysian*, 1905; *The Car of Phoebus*, *An Astral Bridegroom*, 1909, and *The Gate of Heaven* which is the autobiography of a soul in paradise.





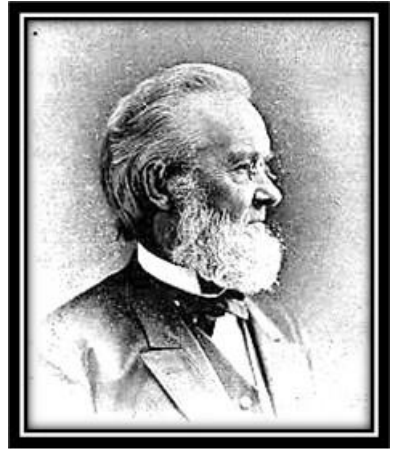
CHAPTER VI

THE WONDER OF PSYCHOMETRY

The Spiritual Unity of All Humanity

Nandor Fodor — Psychometry & Spirit Psychometry

“Soul measuring, ‘a psychic power possessed by certain individuals which enables them to divine the history of, or events connected with, a material object with which they come in close contact’ (Mrs. Hester Dowden, see previous chapter). The exercise of this power is coupled with a community of sensation of varying intensity. The psychometric effect of medicines in the experiments of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the pioneer of this research, was similar to their ordinary action.⁷³ When an emetic was handed to the subject he could only escape vomiting by a suspension of the experiment. Dr. Bourru and Dr. Burot, by their study of the action of chemical substances in well-stopped flasks, confirmed Buchanan’s findings. A hermetically sealed tube of laudanum produced strong physiological reactions. But their subject was hypnotized. For this reason, Prof. Richet threw doubt on their experiments.



Joseph Rodes Buchanan

“The psychological effect of the experimental objects is very strong. When Mrs. Cridge, Prof. Denton’s subject, examined a piece of lava from the Kilauea volcano she was seized with terror and the feeling did not pass off for more

73. Joseph Rodes Buchanan (1814-1899) was an American physician and professor of physiology at the Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio. Buchanan coined the term *psychometry*.

than an hour.⁷⁴ On examining the fragment of a mastodon tooth, Mrs. Denton said: "My impression is that it is a part of some monstrous animal, probably part of a tooth. I feel like a perfect monster, with heavy legs, unwieldy head, and very large body. I go down to a shallow stream to drink. I can hardly speak, my jaws are so heavy. I feel like getting down on all fours. What a noise comes through the wood. I have an impulse to answer it. My ears are very large and leathery, and I can almost fancy they flap my face as I move my head. There are some older ones than I. It seems, too, so out of keeping to be talking with these heavy jaws. They are dark brown, as if they had been completely tanned. There is one old fellow, with large tusks, that looks very tough. I see several young ones; in fact, there is a whole herd."

"From a fragment of meteorite she derived these impressions: "It carries my eyes right up. I see an appearance of misty light. I seem to go miles and miles very quickly, up and up. Streams of light come from the right, a great way off ... light shining at a vast distance."

"Some influences prostrate the psychic and make her very ill. Some are too antagonistic to be interfered with and the medium will refuse to handle the object. Some psychometrists are so sensitive that if an object belonging to a departed man is handed to them they will take on the personal appearance and mannerism of the owner and may suffer from his ailments.

"Eugene Crowell, in *The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism*, 1874, writes of a sentry box in Paris in which the sentry on duty committed suicide by hanging. Another soldier being assigned to the same duty, within three weeks thereafter took his life by similar means. Still another succeeded to the post, being the third, and he in a short time met a similar fate. These events being reported to the Emperor Louis Napoleon, he ordered the box to be removed and destroyed.

"There are many instances on record in which the bodies of dead men have been traced through psychometric influence. Attempts have been made to employ it in criminology with varying results.

"Prof. Richet quotes the experience of Dr. Dufay with a non-professional somnambulist called 'Marie'. He handed her something in several folds of paper. She said that the paper contained something that had killed a man. A

74. William Denton (1823-1883) born in Darlington, Yorkshire. See: Denton, William & Denton, Elizabeth M.F., *The Soul of Things or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries*. (Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 1866). According to Colin Wilson, who republished the book in 1988: "In my opinion, this is one of the most important books in the history of psychical research, and its neglect for more than a century is nothing less than a tragedy. It is also, as its new readers will discover, one of the most exciting books ever written." The work of Dr. J. R. Buchanan is what inspired him to look into the application of psychometry, specifically in the field of geometry.

rope? No. A necktie—she then continued. This was a prisoner who had hanged himself because he had committed a murder. He killed his victim with a *gouet* (a woodman's hatchet). Marie indicated the spot where the *gouet* was thrown on the ground. All was as she said. The *gouet* was searched for and found in the place indicated.

“Most of the psychometrists give their readings in normal state. A few are hypnotized. Senore Maria Reyes de Z. of Mexico with whom Dr. Pagenstecher (Proc. A.S.P.R. Vol. XVI.) and Dr. Walter Franklin Prince (Proc. A.S.P.R. Vol. XVIII.) conducted a series of successful experiments, belongs to the latter class. From a shell picked up on the beach of Vera Cruz she gave the following reading:

“I am under water and feel a great weight pressing upon my body. I am surrounded by fishes of all kinds, colors, shapes and sizes. I see white and pink coral. I also see different kinds of plants, some of them with large leaves. The water has a dark green, transparent color. I am among the creatures but they do not seem to notice my presence, as they are not afraid of me in spite of touching me as they pass by.”

“Many psychometrists assert that they are simply instruments and spirits do the reading. Positive proof to this effect is claimed in Spirit Psychometry. Trance mediums often ask for objects belonging to the dead to establish contact. It was a habit with Mrs. Piper. But other psychics, like Pascal Forthuny, repudiate spirit intervention and consider psychometry a personal gift, a sensitivity to the influence of which objects are possessed. This influence, or emanation, is likened by Dr. Waldemar Wasielawski to the *rhabdic force* which bends the dowser's rod.⁷⁵ Apparently very slight contact will suffice to impart such personal influence. William Stead cut pieces of blank paper from the bottom pages of letters of eminent people, just below the signature of each, and sent them to Miss Ross marked No. 1. Lady, No. 2. Gentleman. The readings were very successful (*Borderland*, Oct. 1895).

“The psychometric vision sometimes comes in quick flashes of images and requires an effort of will to be slowed down. According to D'Aute-Hooper “it would be impossible to follow up and write the impressions as they pass through my consciousness. It is far too rapid. They are like cinematographic pictures. I seem to fly, and at other times I seem to be the piece of stone, without thinking power but seeing things and happenings around me.”

“The size of the visions may be small or encompass the whole room. There is no definite order in their emergence. The picture is kaleidoscopic,

75. *Rhabdic*: name given to the force which causes muscular contortions in the hands of sensitives while dowsing. Sometimes called *telluric force*.

there is an oscillation in periods but the image of more important events seems to have better sway. The methods are individual. The percipient is passive. The exercise of the faculty requires a lax, receptive mind. The clue handed over, some psychometrists feel immediately on the spot, others travel there first. Some may tear off a piece of paper from the envelope brought and put it into their mouth. Others are satisfied to handle an object, or hold it wrapped up in their hands.

“As a rule, a clue, containing an “influence,” is indispensable for psychometric readings. But experiments with exceptional psychics led Dr. Buchanan to the conclusion that the clue may be supplanted by an index, for instance, by a name written on a piece of paper. Such cases appear to be very exceptional.

“It is usually said that by psychometry a medium cannot get a reading for herself. The incident told some years ago in *Light* is therefore very interesting.⁷⁶ Mrs. E. A. Cannock was handed, without her knowing the origin, a broad elastic which was her own. She not only gave a character reading of herself, but also made a prediction which proved to be correct.

“It is said that the image of engravings is retained by the glass and that by some processes, as the employment of mercury vapor, this image can be developed. There is a suggestion of some similar effect in the following:

“Mrs. Denton entered a car from which the passengers had gone to dinner. She was surprised to see all the seats occupied. “Many of them,” she writes, “were sitting perfectly composed, as if, for them, little interest was attached to this station, while others were already in motion (a kind of compressed motion), as if preparing to leave. I thought this was somewhat strange, and was about turning to find a vacant seat in another car, when a second glance around showed me that the passengers who had appeared so indifferent were really losing their identity, and, in a moment more, were invisible to me. I had had sufficient time to note the personal appearance of several, and taking a seat, I awaited the return of the passengers, thinking it more than probable I might find them the prototypes of the faces and forms I had a moment before so singularly beheld. Nor was I disappointed. A number of those who returned to the cars I recognized as being, in every particular, the counterparts of their late, but transient representatives.”

76. *Light*, The oldest English Spiritualistic weekly started in 1881 by Dawson Rogers and Stainton Moses. *A Journal Devoted to the Highest Interests of Humanity both Here and Hereafter / A Journal of Spiritual Progress & Psychical Research / A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research*. Successive editors were E. W. Wallace, and David Gow.

“Psychometric impressions may come so spontaneously as to seriously worry the sensitive in his ordinary course of life. Bessie Williams complained of this trouble.⁷⁷ Frau Lotte Plaat could not go into the British Museum for the objects were literally shouting their history. By a strong effort of will, however, these impressions can be dispelled.

“Dr. Buchanan made a suggestion to test direct spirit writing by submitting it to psychometric reading. He thought that if the writing was purely the product of the medium, the reading would give the medium’s character, if not the character of the spirit author would be described. But he forgot to think of ectoplasmic complications. If the writing is done by a materialized hand, built out of the bodily substance of the medium, it may bear as little impress of the spirit as a dictated text bears of the dictator.

“Haunting is another psychic mystery to the elucidation of which psychometry is called in. “That the victim of some century old villainy,” writes Conan Doyle in *The Edge of the Unknown*, 1930, “should still in her ancient garments frequent in person the scene of her former martyrdom, is indeed, hard to believe. It is more credible, little as we understand the details, that some thought-form is shed and remains visible at the spot where great mental agony has been endured.”

The Spiritual Unity of All Humanity

“But he was not unmindful of the difficulties of such speculation” and added: “Why such a thought-form should only come at certain hours, I am compelled to answer that I do not know.” For the psychometric impression should always be there and should always be perceived. But the ghost apparently is not. Its ways are odd. Searching for Explanations.

“Were the psychometric speculation partially true it would explain nothing. Psychometry is just a word and not an explanation. Its essential nature, its exercise is a mystery. Says Ossoviecki, perhaps the foremost contemporary psychometrist: “I begin by stopping all reasoning, and I throw all my inner power into perception of spiritual sensation. I affirm that this condition is brought about by my unshakable faith in the spiritual unity of all humanity. I then find myself in a new and special state in which I see and hear outside time and space. Whether I am reading a sealed letter, or finding a lost object, or psychometrically reading an object, the sensations are nearly the same. I seem to lose some energy, my temperature becomes febrile, and the heartbeats unequal. I am confirmed in this supposition because, as soon as I cease from

77. See: *The Clairvoyance of Bessie Williams*, London: Bliss, Sands & Foster, 1893, edited by Florence Marryat. One of the best books on clairvoyance.

reasoning, something like electricity flows through my extremities for a few seconds. This lasts a moment only, and then lucidity takes possession of me, pictures arise, usually of the past. I see the man who wrote the letter, and I know what he wrote. I see the object at the moment of its loss, with the details of the event; or again, I perceive or feel the history of the thing I am holding in my hands. The vision is misty and needs great tension. Considerable effort is required to perceive some details and conditions of the scenes presented. The lucid state sometimes arises in a few minutes, and sometimes it takes hours of waiting. This largely depends on the surroundings, skepticism, incredulity, or even attention too much concentrated on my person, paralyses quick success in reading or sensation.”⁷⁸

“Illuminating as this Subjective account is, it conveys little about the specific nature of psychometric influence. Dr. Pagenstecher⁷⁹ conjectured as follows :

“The associated object which practically witnessed certain events of the past, acting in the way of a tuning fork, automatically starts in our brain the specific vibrations corresponding to the said events, furthermore, the vibrations of our brain once being set in tune with certain parts of the Cosmic Brain already stricken by the same events, call forth sympathetic vibrations between the human brain and the Cosmic Brain, giving birth to thought pictures which reproduce the events in question.”

“Conan Doyle, in plainer language, compared psychometric impressions to shadows on the screen. The screen is the ether, *“the whole material universe being embedded in and interpenetrated by this subtle material which would not necessarily change its position since it is too fine for wind or any coarser material to influence it.”* He himself, though by no means psychic, would always be conscious of a curious effect, almost a darkening of the landscape with a marked sense of heaviness, when he was on an old battlefield. A more familiar example of the same faculty may be suspected in the gloom which gathers over the mind of even an average person upon entering certain houses. Such sensitivity may find expression in more subtle and varied forms. “Is not the emotion felt on looking at an old master a kind of thought transference from the departed?” asks Sir Oliver Lodge. “The query cannot be answered as the labels attached to psychic phenomena are purely arbitrary. There may be an inclusive explanation, higher than that which Ossowiecki suggests.”

78. Stefan Ossowiecki (Poland: 1877–1944). One of the most rigorously tested of clairvoyants, known for his unusual ability to discern archaeological artifacts, rather than the usual people and personal incidents.

79. Reports of researches into psychometry were published by Gustav Pagenstecher (1855-1942) a German physician in Mexico.

Psychometric Premonitions

“Another class of phenomena could be labeled as psychometric foreshadowings of the future. The Report on the “Census of Hallucinations” (Proceedings S.P.R. Vol. X., p. 332) in speaking of a solitary excursion to a lake, states: “My attention was quite taken up with the extreme beauty of the scene before me. There was not a sound or movement, except the soft ripple of the water on the sand at my feet. Presently I felt a cold chill creep through me, and a curious stiffness of my limbs, as if I could not move, though wishing to do so. I felt frightened, yet chained to the spot, and as if impelled to stare at the water straight in front of me. Gradually a black cloud seemed to rise, and in the midst of it I saw a tall man, in a suit of tweed, jump into the water and sink. In a moment the darkness was gone, and I again became sensible of the heat and sunshine, but I was awed and felt eerie. A week afterwards Mr. Espie, a bank clerk (unknown to me) committed suicide by drowning in that very spot. He left a letter for his wife, indicating that he had for some time contemplated death.” Princess Karadja quotes in the *Zeitschrift für Metapsychische Forschung*, March 15, 1931, a story of a personal experience of the late Count Buerger Moerner containing this incident: “Passing through the little garden and glancing in at the window as he approached the house (looking for public refreshment) the Count was horrified to see the body of an old woman hanging from a ceiling beam. He burst into the room with a cry of horror, but once across the threshold was stunned with amazement to find the old woman rising startled from her chair, demanding the reason of his surprising intrusion. No hanging body was to be seen and the old lady herself was not only very much alive, but indignant as well. Some days later, being again in that locality, he decided to visit the hut once more, curious to see if by some peculiarity of the windowpane he might not have been observing an optical illusion. Nearing the hut through the garden as before, the same terrible sight met his eye. This time, however, the Count stood for some minutes studying the picture, then after some hesitation knocked at the door. No answer, even to repeated knocks, until at length Count Moerner opened the door and entered to find what he saw this time was no vision. The old woman’s body was indeed hanging from the beam. She had committed suicide.”



NRH: This final section is one of the most outstanding examples of the work of William Denton and his wife, Elizabeth, who acted as psychometrist for this experiment. I will let the report of Prof. Denton speak for itself. This is just one of dozens of the experiments they carried out and recorded.

William Denton

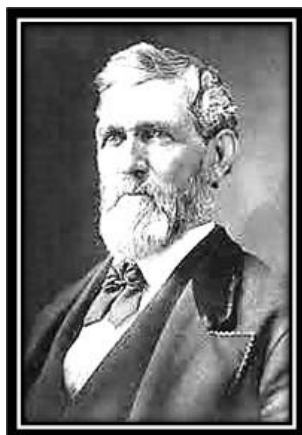
“From a gentleman in Quebec I obtained a small mummied crocodile, taken by him from a crocodile pit at Iaabdeh, Egypt. Some time afterward I took a small portion of the cloth in which it was wrapped, and pulled it into fine tow, then wrapped it in three thicknesses of writing paper, and presented it to Mrs. Denton, who did not see it, and had no idea of its nature.”

Mrs. Denton

“I see a great mound or hill, with a place cut into it on one side. I am looking over the heads of a great many people, who are busily engaged in doing something, I cannot yet see what. I see a long, deep place, that goes away under the hill. I do not know what to call it. Near it is an extensive wall, but it does not seem to be connected with any building.

“The people here, are, I think, Egyptians, they look like it. There is an honesty about them that I like. They are destitute of that hypocrisy which I have so frequently noticed, when examining psychometrically. They seem to carry their religion into almost everything they do. In all their work they seem to give expression to their religious ideas. The universality of this expression is truly wonderful. It does not seem to be confined to any particular place.

“They seem to regard everything as a partial embodiment of the Divinity, or an embodiment of some part of the Divinity. They are exceedingly religious in their way, the religious people of this day cannot compare with them in the habitual exercise of devotion. “I see shadowy appearances of very large forms, some of which resemble human beings, but they are stationary. All the buildings have a solid and substantial appearance. The architecture is all heavy. There seems to be a dark passage to that place, that I said looked like an excavation. It seems closed up. The entrance looks very singular, I know not how to describe it. Light and ethereal forms are moving in the air in that entrance, some human, some animal. I could fancy them to be the spirits of those that are buried in there, for I think it must be a burial place. They seem as much more refined than common psychometric objects, as these are more refined than ordinary objects. One seems like a turtle, another looks like a rabbit, but the ears are not as large.



William Denton

“There is a great deal about this that I cannot give, for I am unable to describe it. I see great numbers of crocodiles, some large and others small. I see hills, all of dust, that look as if they might be changed from one place to another; or, as if the wind might blow them away. I seem to oscillate between the far past and a more recent period, which makes an accurate description difficult. I think those hills must be sand, they have too bright a look for dust. (There comes up occasionally a being of the human form, having a wild appearance, very different from the people I have been seeing.) These people do a great deal of work in stone, cutting it into many different forms. (I feel the influence occasionally of high rocks.) They are as industrious as ants in building, excavating and cutting. They work together. They have many projects, but are by no means idle dreamers, for they execute, too. I see objects that tower up in the air to points, they are distinct from the buildings, and seem three-sided, they must be obelisks. Now I see a live crocodile, a large one that seems to be in the street.

“That the ancient Egyptians were a very religious people, there can be no doubt. “The Egyptians,” says Herodotus, “are very religious, surpassing all men in the honors they pay to the gods.” A similar testimony is borne by others. “The Egyptian priests,” says Porphyry, “profiting by their diligent study of philosophy, and their intimate acquaintance with the nature of the gods, have learnt that the Divinity permeates other beings as well as man, that he is not the only creature on earth possessed of a soul, and that nearly the same spiritual essence pervades all the tribes of living creatures. On this account, in fashioning images of the gods, they have adopted the forms of all animals, sometimes joining the human figure with those of beasts; at others, combining the shapes of men and of birds.”

“How exceedingly refined must that influence be, which, passing from a small piece of linen tow, permeates three thicknesses of writing paper, and then gives to the psychometer the sensations recorded!”

~ William Denton ~





CHAPTER VII

THE PHENOMENA OF INDEPENDENT VOICE

Medium, Marcia Swain

Buffalo, New York, 1890

NRH: I am at long last able to add this wonderful medium, Marcia Swain (1819-1900) to my published work. There is a curiously wonderful similarity to her story and that of the medium, Emily S. French (1830-1912), the subject of my first published book.⁸⁰ Both held their séances in Buffalo, New York; both were independent voice mediums⁸¹ and both had their séances documented and published by intelligent witnesses—all of this I might add, within the same period of time⁸². It is not surprising to me that both of these remarkable mediums were in Buffalo, for this city was a mega storehouse for tremendous psychic energy, and of course geographically situated in the Great Lakes region, which has produced many of the most powerful American physical mediums in all of Historic Spiritualism. I have listed many of these mediums in the Appendix (The Spirit Zone of The Northeast) of my previous book, *Portraits From Beyond* (White Crow Books, 2016).

Moving on with this amazing story, there are more ‘coincidental’ elements to be found. The well-known investigator and author, Vice Admiral W. Osborne Moore, who penned two of Spiritualism’s greatest works, *Glimpses of The Next State*, 1911, and *The Voices*, 1913, was introduced to Leander Fisher, the organizer of Mrs. Swain’s séances, by none other than Edward C. Randall. Randall was the very man who helped develop and document Emily S. French and who also wrote *The Dead Have Never Died*, 1916, and *Frontiers of The Afterlife*, 1922, to name two of his outstanding works.

80. *The French Revelation*, by N. Riley Heagerty (White Crow Books, 2015, 1995.)

81. In this researcher’s opinion, the phenomena of Independent Voice is the highest form of evidential mediumship, for it is an isolated voice speaking apart from the medium, able to carry on conversations with the sitters, thus proving that the spirit can hear besides speak.

82. See: *Thoughts From The Inner Life*, by D. E. Bailey, (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1886).

I am including a section from the published work by D. E. Bailey, of an independent voice séance—not of the rescue type—where the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Eva, spoke about spirit life. He first explains in the introduction to his book how he became acquainted with Mrs. Swain.

D. E. Bailey

“In order to give the reader a full understanding of the manner in which the following communications were obtained, it seems necessary to give a brief outline of my personal experience. About eight years ago I met an old friend, Robert Mills, who inquired if I had any engagement for the evening of that day. I answered: “No.” “Then,” said he, “I want you to accompany me to see Mrs. Swain. You have seen her before, but we are now getting something new. We are hearing independent voices. The spirits come and speak for themselves.” I went. There were, I think, eight of us present, besides



D. E. Bailey

the medium. We sat in a line, and she in a chair placed in front of and very near to us. The room was made perfectly dark. We soon had very strong physical manifestations, such as floating a heavy music-box around the room, hands touching, and the like. These kind of manifestations I had witnessed before, and while I was forced to acknowledge some unseen power or force, also intelligence, I did not see (beyond satisfying curiosity) any benefit to be derived from it. At last a voice was heard — not like the medium’s — and, I must confess, I listened to it with a great deal of suspicion. In fact, I thought it possible for the medium to do this, however, I determined to say nothing, but to follow it up until I should know positively of its truth or falsity. I joined the circle, and we sat regularly once or twice a week. Little by little my doubts were cleared away, and my belief in its truth established. After becoming thoroughly convinced of the truth of spirit communion, I invited Mrs. Swain to arrange for regular sittings once or twice a week at my house. This we have done without intermission — except on account of unavoidable absence or sickness — every year, month, and week, each sitting becoming more interesting and instructive. The following lessons are only a very few of the many good things which we have received. I offer them to the public, hoping that some poor, suffering, sorrowing soul may find hope and consolation.

“In our sittings the medium does not become unconscious, but we sit and chat on different subjects until our spirit friends begin. Then we talk with them the same as with mortals. Sometimes as many as twenty-five different ones coming to us in one evening. Our communications having been given in the dark, and as in ordinary conversation, it did not, for a long time, occur to us

that we could preserve them, and we used often to regret our inability to do so, until at last the idea occurred to us to ask our spirit friends to assist us by speaking in short sentences, which they did, and which I transcribed at first with some difficulty. These notes were not intended for publication, but, after having them copied, we decided to place them before the public.

“This blessed privilege of communing with our dear and only daughter is beyond our power to express. Our realization of her presence is just as palpable to us as though she were in the form, and we consult her on all subjects the same as though she were visible to our mortal eyes. She is not lost to us, but ‘only waiting,’ and our hopes of meeting our dear child, and other friends, have become knowledge. Many old friends, long since passed away, and who, in some cases, have been long out of mind, came with a glad greeting. One point has been of great interest to us: the growth of children in knowledge, and the growth and improvement of those who first came with but little earth education.

“I might, were it expedient, fill a book with descriptions of our wonderful experiences, but that is not the object in view. My only wish is to place these communications before the reader with as little comment as it is possible to give them a thorough understanding.”

CIRCLE I

Written by D. E. Bailey

[Note. - Our usual circle consisted of Mrs. M. A. Swain, as medium, Mrs. Fisher, her son Leander Fisher, my wife, and myself. Others have been present at times, but the above-named constituted our regular members. The following communication is from our daughter Eva, who passed away at the age of nineteen years. The larger part of the contents of this work have been given by her.]

THE SPIRIT WORLD

“When one who has no conception of spirit-life awakes from the sleep of death, and opens his eyes to the wonders of soul-land, strange and marvelous sensations pass over him. But, while he thus stands on the confines of the two worlds, there come to him, drawn by affectionate love or duty, spirits who take charge of this new-born soul, soothing and magnetizing it, until the shock of separation from the loved ones of earth has somewhat subsided, then they point to objects of interest around them, and, telling the newcomer what is before him, show the way. He remains with these friends until his affections attract or direct him to others. He is instructed and encouraged, never forced, but always left to the true manifestations of his nature.

You, who are here tonight, will not have to pass through that surprised condition, because you have truer conceptions of spirit life. When the last pulse is fluttering, when the heartbeats are almost over, when struggling, gasping, with the pain of expiring mortality, you will catch glimpses of faces smiling pleasant welcome. It will be no surprise, but happy greeting and hearty hand-shaking, with those who have gone before. Spirits live in the spirit-world, but their interests and labor are as much for mortals and the world as with spirits and spirit-land.

“When one who has lived a good and pure life, and has gained some knowledge of the spirit-world, is dying, or the spirit is passing out of the body, he sees the outlines of that land into which he is about to enter, and he also sees forms of dazzling beauty whose magnetic power soothes, and takes away all dread and fear of dying. It is a misfortune for children to die young.

“Of course they escape all the physical suffering of earth life, but the keenest and sweetest enjoyment comes by contrast. They are placed in a kind of intermediate condition between the upper and lower spheres. They are given in charge of pure and holy spirits. They are always brought back to their parents, not because of their wisdom, but of their purity, and, too, because they can more readily take up and act upon the forces surrounding the parents. They are continually hovering around their earth homes, and if they find pure and harmonious conditions, these children progress very fast, but they do not increase in size any faster than they would have done had they remained in earth life. They are often sent on errands of great importance by higher spirits. They are strongly attached to parents and to those to whom they have to go to gather earth knowledge, and, oftentimes, when the parents are wrapped in slumber, these little ones are allowed to come, fondle and caress them, until that part of their nature, which never found expression in earth life, has been gratified.

“Those who die in infancy and childhood, after they have been in spirit life long enough to attain the stature of manhood and womanhood, have the power to reduce themselves to their former size, and so appear the same as when on earth, and, by this means, parents and friends, when they enter the spirit-world, recognize them at once.”

SPHERES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD

Spirit Daughter, Eva:

“Everything belonging to the spirit-world corresponds with your world. There are oceans, seas, rivers, rocks, and mountains, trees, flowers, and birds, with landscapes of gorgeous beauty, all of which are lighted by the clearest, brightest, and purest atmosphere.”

In answer to an inquiry concerning the spheres, the following descriptions were given:

“There are many spheres, circles, or orbits. The second sphere embraces this earth, and many other worlds. “Purity and love are most manifest in the seventh sphere, and spirits have to pass through circles of worlds to reach that point. You cannot do anything for one another through motives of kindness and love but that it benefits yourself, and, besides this, the benefit reaches from earth to the spheres.

“Spirits in affinity with you will become inspired by the feeling of charity and love, and, in response, will circulate it through the spheres.

“One with a strong purpose in life, with a strong desire to excel in any one thing, will not lose that desire by putting off the body, but rather will be attracted to those who will teach and instruct him in all he may seek to know until his brain is capable of mighty conceptions.

“Mortals have but a very imperfect idea of the spheres. The statements made in regard to them are only in part truth. When the spirit leaves the form, it is conducted to a locality suitable to its condition, capacity, knowledge, and understanding, and where the society is such as to aid in its advancement.

“The first sphere is a belt, or zone, extending around the earth. This is called the transition sphere, or condition. Every spirit, upon leaving the body, must pass through this sphere to divest itself of the impure conditions of earth life. The seventh, or celestial, sphere is the home of the angels and archangels. In this sphere they communicate with those in the sixth, and they with the fifth, and so on down until the first are reached, and these communicate with earth. We always get our instructions from those above us, and they from those above them, and so on.

“The seventh sphere is far, far away, beyond the comprehension of spirits as well as of mortals. This is not strange when you consider how little you know of the earth upon which you live. You cannot conceive the vast extent of the ocean by seeing its waves lash the shore.

“That there is a soul-land beyond the seventh sphere, where all that can be known of God is revealed, we have every reason to believe. The inhabitants of the sixth sphere are not entirely divested of matter, but they are developed into that pure condition of unselfish love which is not known in the spheres below them. They have a higher and fuller appreciation of that great Central Life which you call ‘God.’ The fifth is the sphere of music. Here are grand and beautiful instruments, which it would be impossible for spirits to describe to the comprehension of mortals. In the past ages the prophets and seers, while in the trance, or superior state, caught strains of music from this sweet land of song, and through them came the idea to mortals that heaven was a place where the angels were continually occupied in singing praises to God. The fourth sphere is where the home affections are understood, appreciated, and enjoyed. Here families and friends are reunited, having outgrown all of the in-harmonies of earth life. The third is where the arts and sciences are perfected. The second sphere is the land of schools, of education, and instruction. The

principles of truth, love, and goodness implanted in the mind while in earth life are here broadened and developed. The impressions of wrong and error are corrected and uprooted. This sphere is similar, in all respects, to your world, and yet there is an almost incomprehensible difference between them. Here many souls first become conscious of their divine origin, and are stimulated to greater activity, for, when the understanding becomes open to the reception of truth, they feel the mighty grandeur of the soul's birthright, and an innate yearning for the higher and brighter spheres beyond, and thus progress has begun. On and on, from sphere to sphere, all the while retaining intact the affections and connections formed in earth life.

“Love is the key-note of the soul. The affections are the life, the all, of spirit existence. Death, time, or distance cannot change or alter the deep, pure love and affection formed in earth life; but, as they journey through the spheres, they become more highly developed.

“The first sphere is so strangely mixed that it will be almost impossible to describe it to you in all of its different phases. Here all who pass through the gateway of death must enter. With some the journey through to the second sphere is very soon accomplished, while others are for years wandering through the boundaries near your earth dissatisfied, finding no happiness. They are weighed down by their own density. They have lived lives of dissipation and wickedness, and have no conception of the duties and labors belonging to them. But, as soon as they are awakened to the powers within, a desire to learn is kindled in their souls, and progress has begun. To those whose lives have been good and pure on earth, death will, at once, reveal many of the realities of spirit life. Each day will unfold some new attribute of the soul.

“There are spirits here whose time is wholly occupied in visiting and social intercourse. They never thought or studied on earth, and they seek the same employment and enjoyment here.

“There are others who delight in tormenting those around them, and these seem almost incapable of instruction or progress. Their love of mischief is so great that many times when noble, truth-loving spirits are endeavoring to communicate through some receptive organism, or medium, they interfere, and, if possible, break up the conditions, and give their own garbled, untrue messages, all the while representing themselves as someone else, and making many earnest, truth-seeking souls almost sick with doubt and disappointment.

“But all of these claim kin with the Almighty Father, the power for good is boundless; they must ascend. The time will come when the fog of error will be lifted, and they will catch glimpses of the beautiful valleys and landscapes beyond. They will then yearn to inhale the sweet aroma of flowers immortal, wafted to them on the breezes from the better land, and, through labor, they will wash out their sins. In this sphere there are many, oh, many, who are still looking for the God in whom they were taught to believe while on earth. They find nothing in spirit-land to correspond with their expectations, no God sitting on a great, white throne, before whom angels veil their faces, no Savior but

themselves. They find simply a world similar, in all respects, to the one which they have left. Their surprise and disappointment are very great. Sometimes they cling to old ideas, and hold meetings the same as when on earth, looking forward to be ushered soon into 'His awful presence.' Kind spirits come to them and endeavor to make them understand that 'God is love,' that he does not demand or require any such homage, that here all action is true to nature, and they must conform to the principles of God's nature, that labor is the first thing demanded in spirit life, and only through their own individual 'labor of love' can they attain that heavenly bliss which they desire. These thoughts are suggested and impressed, and they are then left to their own judgment.

"The vicious - such as murderers, and cruel, vindictive spirits - in this sphere have a place apart from other spirits, where they quarrel, wrangle, and torment each other until they become weary, and a reaction, as it were, takes place, and they are brought to feel and question: 'Must it always be like this?' Immediately a bright one stands before them, beckoning and saying: "A life of beauty, of usefulness, and of happiness is before you." This is repeated over and over again. To you it would seem an age before they can gather sufficient strength to break away from these lifelong habits and associations, but when their entire attention is once gained there is no more retro-gradation, and, when they begin to ascend, they look back and see how much they have lost, and an agony so great takes possession of the soul that it gives birth to a newness of life almost divine.

"Another class are the noble-hearted philanthropists of earth, who devoted their lives, and did what they could, for the race, but, through the force of circumstances, were unable to give full action to the great, munificent love which thrilled and surged through their inmost souls. These think not of self; they meet together, and counsel how to counteract the evil, and advance the good.

"The great men of earth who have been served by, and who have received the homage of, their subjects are sometimes years and years becoming sufficiently humbled to recognize the law of equality. When they see those who were once their humble slaves rejoicing in a newness of life, faces radiant with the happiness which they cannot feel, drinking in the beauties which they cannot see, they become angry and feel that an injustice is done them. 'They lift up their eyes, being in torment;' and from this came the story of Lazarus and the rich man. While the rich man was groaning under the weight of his disappointment, Lazarus, freed from his diseased and painful body, was rejoicing with his friend Abraham, his head resting on Abraham's bosom.

"The claims of the soul are such that it will be heard, even against itself, and in time these great ones will find that they are less than the least of those who served them while on earth.

“Those who were once like themselves, but who have passed through the struggle of purification, are ever ready to whisper words of encouragement, and to aid them in their struggle with self.

“To those who die suddenly, or by accident are forced out of the body in a moment of time, the shock is so great that sometimes it is with extreme difficulty that they enter their spiritual body. Not knowing that they are going to make the change, they are at a loss to know where they are, or what has happened.

“There are many, as you know, who have no idea of a continued life. These, when suddenly separated from the earthly tenement, remain for some time in a dreamy state, or condition. But it is beautiful to see the old, who have ripened into the perfect fruit, enter into spirit life. Faces, radiant, greet them with: “Welcome! welcome!” “I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, naked, and ye clothed me.” Then, in humble surprise, they ask: “When did I all these things?” “In reply: “Inasmuch as ye did it unto my little ones, left on earth, ye did it unto me,” and, with a great shout, they are borne into the illimitable fields of happiness and compensation.

“There are those on earth who spend a whole lifetime surrounding themselves with every luxury. They build houses of useless extravagance, and fill them with everything tending to indolence and selfishness, and never have a thought for anything but self. They pass out, in the midst of all their regal splendor, and, never having struggled to lay up for themselves ‘treasures in heaven,’ when the change comes, death deprives them of everything but their selfishness. No beautiful homes prepared for them! They have furnished no material which could be used for that purpose.

“When they find that they are homeless, they try to build for themselves. They fancy they are going to have a beautiful mansion, but, when it is finished, it is the merest hut. Through these experiences they are led to inquire, and they ascertain that they must do something worthy.

“I wish to digress, and tell a little story of my own. Mr. Fox says it will, best of anything, illustrate this point:

“Some time ago, a band of radiant-faced spirits beckoned us to earth. My teacher said: “There is a lesson to be learned; let us go.” We went to a humble home, in a room of which a woman was lowly kneeling, her face buried in her hands. Great sobs shook her frame, but I could get no feeling of suffering. At length she lifted her streaming eyes to heaven, and exclaimed: “Father Almighty, bless him! Give thine angels charge concerning him!”

“When she had finished her supplications, my companion said: “This is a widow struggling with many cares. The fire burned low, and the fuel was exhausted. A kind mortal said nothing, but sent coal for the winter, and this is what has so stirred the depths of her soul. Now we will go and visit this kind donor.” And who do you think it was? It was no other than my own dear, good, kind papa. This is the material which, in the spirit life, builds the home of

peace, and the mansion of joy. There are those whose ante-natal surroundings, life conditions, and influences are of the most selfish greed, and as there is not, in all of the operations of nature, 'a shadow of turning,' these conditions must be out-wrought. They seek wealth, not for the happiness it can bring to themselves or others, but for the possession of it. When these pass out, as they often do in the prime of life, and in the midst of their great struggle to become the possessors of millions, they cannot be persuaded to leave the earth sphere. They cling to their possessions, and wander among their old business haunts. The spirit's fate rests within itself, and there is an impelling force which sends it forth to seek someone whose feelings and desires correspond with its own; and, when it finds such a one, it attaches itself to him, and follows him like a shadow. They work earnestly to accomplish this deep-rooted desire of their nature, and when it is accomplished, and they find how unsatisfactory it is, their feelings undergo a change, and they work with as great earnestness and zeal to scatter as they did before to gather, and this is why there are so many who are rich today and poor tomorrow. These spirits are very slow in their progress. They remain for a long time in the first sphere. When one of these worldly spirits finds how unsatisfactory his labor and struggle for gain are, he becomes sad and despondent. He continues to wander around on the borders of the earth sphere, seeking something, he knows not what. Kind spirits come to him and try to interest him, or get him interested, in the objects of beauty which lie before him, but he refuses with scorn all efforts to lead him to higher conditions. Yet these bright ones do not grow weary. They continue to cluster around him, and, by every endearing kindness, try to lift his thoughts from the groveling things of earth to the beauties of the scenes around him. They tell him of the broad fields in which he can become useful.

"At length they point him, in the distance, to the great workshops for probationary spirits, and at once he becomes interested, and signifies a desire to go through them. But he goes through with such a haughty mien! After a time he becomes filled with wonder and surprise that no one takes any notice of him, that no one seems to heed his presence. He can bear it no longer. He approaches one, and inquires: "Where is the proprietor of these great works, - your employer?" The workman raises his pleasant, smiling face, and, placing his hand upon his heart, says: "Our employer is here - within. We were once all, like yourself, seeking our own aggrandizement, but we learned, by bitter experience, that it brought no happiness. We are beginning to learn the object of our existence. We labor for the good of all. Our reward is 'the purity of love,' and 'the beauty of holiness.'

"These words sank deep into his soul. Here tired to a lonely spot, and said to himself: "What shall I do in this strange place, and among these strange people? "He feels the presence of someone, and, lifting his head, he sees a most transcendently-beautiful being approaching. As it nears him it changes somewhat, and he exclaims: "My mother! Oh, my mother!" He sprang forward to embrace her, but sank back quivering with a sense of his gross unfitness to clasp a being so pure. He fell upon the ground, crying; "Mother, why did you

not come before?” She drew near, and, in tender tones, soothed his agitation. She explained to him how he, with all things else, was bound by the eternal law of God, which, in its operations, in time, will bring all spirits into the light and knowledge of progression. God himself cannot change at once the spirit on entering the spirit world. Had she come to him before he could not have received her. She laid her hand upon his head, and he became calmer, while she told him of her beautiful home, and that she would come to him from time to time.

“In this sphere there are asylums for the insane. Those whose reason has been dethroned for many years in earth life are treated by themselves. They are surrounded by the most quiet and beautiful influences. Some are very soon restored to reason, while, with others, it is a long time before an equilibrium is established. There is another place for those who are insane only upon one subject. There are many receiving treatment in these asylums who were thought to be perfectly sane in earth life. They labor earnestly for the restoration of others. They can see how others are affected, but have no idea that they themselves are under treatment. When all that was dim and obscure is, through love’s beautiful surroundings, brightened, developed, and brought into full play, then they see what their condition was, and through the process of their own treatment and recovery, they learn the law, and its application. Most of the time, while they remain in the first sphere, is devoted to the care of these patients. It is beautiful to see with what tender solicitude they watch over the afflicted ones. There are other asylums for the inebriates. In these asylums the scenes are dreadful. The inmates suffer the most terrible agony. They sometimes break from their attendants, and rush away to the earth sphere, seeking someone through whom they can imbibe the fumes of liquor. Others work long and hard to overcome, and, as they cast off the material, the craving becomes less and less, until at length they are free, and able to climb to greater heights. Oh, if mortals could only know, or realize, one half of the curse entailed by the use of alcohol, they would never touch it; but this, like all other things, must be the work of time.” - Eva.

WAKING THE DEAD

“One of the most amazing and stunning things I have ever published.”

N. Riley Heagerty⁸³

NRH: Before starting this section, I must say that this form of practice of bringing spirits to a realization that they have passed away, as far as documentation, is as rare as it gets. I know of only two mediums who practiced

83. See: *Spectral Evidence, Volume II*, 2018, by N. Riley Heagerty: Chapter I, “Am I A Ghost?” regarding the rescue circle of medium, Emily S. French, with Edward C. Randall.

this, let alone documented it, and that is the aforementioned Mrs. Swain, and Mrs. French. There is no séance situation as daring, and utterly dramatic as this, and those who are in a position to reason with spirits who can be absolutely adamant in their positivity of not having died, must have a mental equilibrium that few possess.

W. Osborne Moore

“January 1, 1909, owing to the courtesy of Mr. E. C. Randall, of Buffalo, N.Y., I made the acquaintance of Mr. Leander Fisher, a professor of music in that city. This gentleman, then over fifty years of age, had participated in some remarkable séances between the years 1875 and 1900, which were arranged for the special purpose of helping the so-called “dead” to realize their position, and thus assisting them to pass naturally into spiritual life. The events at these meetings, especially those about the year 1890, were faithfully recorded, and he showed me a pile of documents two feet high, not one of which had been published. I asked permission to take some of them to England in order that my countrymen should be informed of this “mission work,” a phase of spirit manifestation to which they were strangers, at any rate so far as the “direct voice” was concerned. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Randall selected twelve records, and had them copied for me. They are now printed in this Appendix to my book.



W. Osborne Moore

“In my opinion, it is undesirable for any investigator to record experiences in the body of his work which he has not himself witnessed. But it must not be supposed that I have the smallest doubt as to the strict fidelity of these documents. The high character of Mr. Leander Fisher is sufficient voucher for their authenticity. As will be seen in the records, he was sometimes in trance, but at others normal, and joined in the conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Fisher, his mother, people of the highest reputation in Buffalo, were normal throughout, as was Mrs. Eggleston, the stenographer, whose affidavit adds value to the manuscript.

“I made inquiries as to whether any of the spirits thus brought, tactfully, to understand that they had entered a new state of consciousness, had been satisfactorily identified. The reply was that many had been discovered, but after several had been verified it was considered useless to go on searching for the relatives and places of abode in earth-life of the remainder. Such inquiries

involved much time and labor, and always ended with the same result. Nor were the verifications of value to any but doubters, to whom the personality of “Eva” was unknown, the records were only of use to the circle, and were not expected to see the light. They satisfied the sitters, and that was enough.

“The book *Thoughts from The Inner Life*, by D. E. Bailey (Boston: Colby and Rich, 1886), still in many libraries, is a good introduction to the narrative of the séances.

“Mr. E. C. Randall’s experiences with Mrs. French, the Rochester medium, mentioned elsewhere in this book, were similar to those of the Baileys and Fishers with Mrs. Swain, but, of course, the great charm—the presence of the spirit of ‘Eva’—was not available.”

W. Usborne Moore. — AFFIDAVITS

United States of America State of New York SS County of Erie City of Buffalo LEANDER FISHER, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he is upwards of fifty years of age, and resides at 143 lodge Avenue, in the City of Buffalo.

That Marcia M. Swain died in the City of Buffalo in about the year 1900, eighty-one years of age, and deponent had known said Marcia M. Swain since about the year 1876. She was a woman of great refinement and rare qualities, and a great psychic, and working with her in the usual way we had the independent voice of spirit people from the year 1876 to 1900, a period of twenty-five years.

DEAR SIR, We beg herewith to certify to the demonstrations of independent spirit voices, which occurred at the home of Mr. Daniel Bailey, on Porter Ave., in this city.

We sat regularly in this circle twice a week for about two years, Mrs. Eggleston transcribing the conversation directly in stenographic writing.

As the same people were present each time and rigid conditions were strictly adhered to, we do vouch the spirit voices could not be otherwise than genuine. There could be no possible reason for fraud. Yours very truly,

L. H. EGGLESTON. ALINE S. EGGLESTON. Sworn to before me this 17th day of June, 1911. *DANIEL HURLEY*, Notary Public, Erie County, N.Y.

Leander Fisher

“During that twenty-five years Daniel E. Bailey, then residing at 507 Porter Avenue, Mary E. Bailey, his wife, and Sarah M. Fisher, my mother, worked with us usually. Mr. Daniel E. Bailey was a man of large wealth, and at the time of his death in the 'nineties he made provision for the support of Mrs. Swain during her life. She was never a public medium, nor did she give séances for money, she devoted the latter years of her life in conjunction with our company in an effort to understand death, so-called, and the condition of the individual following dissolution.



Leander Fisher

“The séances with Mrs. Swain were sometimes held at my home, but more often at the house of Daniel E. Bailey on Porter Avenue, who has published some of the teachings that were received through Eva his daughter in spirit-life and the group of people working with her and controlling Mrs. Swain’s circles.

“Certain phases of said séances have not been made public, that is our mission work. It is not generally known that many people after the change called death do not awake in the sphere in which they have become an inhabitant readily, and are brought into circles such as we made (and in the material vibrations prevailing), were awakened, and of course not understanding that they had separated from the physical, were at a loss to understand the situation, and it was our duty and our pleasure, aided by spirit friends, to awaken them to a full realization of their condition, and suggest to them the way by which they could come to a greater understanding of spirit life, and so aid their progression.

“For years, Aline M. Eggleston, now residing at 217 Tryon Place in the City of Buffalo, was employed as a stenographer, and having by practice the ability to write in the dark, reported our conversation with spirit people in shorthand.

“The spirit in the minutes called “Tom” at times entranced and took possession of the physical organism of one of our circle from time to time, and talked with other spirits. This is a necessary explanation of the stenographic reports.

“I understand that there are few places in the world where this “mission work” is understood or done. I have had the privilege of sitting many times in the last eighteen years with Edward C. Randall, of Buffalo, who has been carrying on a similar work with Emily S. French, of Rochester, the finest psychic living at the present time, with results superior to those I carried on with Marcia M. Swain.

“The annexed stenographic reports are copies of originals in my possession, and those reports are true records of the conversations that took place between ourselves and the spirit people on the dates therein mentioned.”

LEANDER FISHER. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 11th day of February, 1909. **E. C. RANDALL,** Commissioner of Deeds, In and for the City of Buffalo, N.Y. No. 266 Parkdale Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y. June 17, 1911

RESCUE CIRCLE SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1890

For all Rescue Circle reports:

S: Denotes the Spirit speaking via Independent Voice

Mr. B. is Mr. D. E. Bailey

Mrs. B. is Mrs. Bailey

Tom: the spirit helper speaking through the entranced Leander Fisher

Mrs. E. a circle member

Mrs. F. a circle member

Mr. F. a circle member

Maggie. A spirit helper

Eva: the spirit daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Bailey

~ All words spoken by Spirit appear in **bold print.** ~

Eva: **We bring a young lady who feels very bad. She doesn't know she has made the change.**

S.: **Dear me! I feel as if I am a perfect wanderer. I have no home—nobody will notice me!**

Mr. B.: Come and stay with me; I will give you a home! We will notice you.

S.: **They don't notice me at home.**

Mr. B.: The trouble with that is there has something happened to you.

S.: **I know there has something happened to me, but I can't tell what it is.**

Mr. B.: Don't you remember being sick?

S.: **Yes, sir, I have been sick.**

Mr. B.: Would you be surprised if you had passed over?

S.: Passed over where?

Mr. B.: Made the change called death.

S.: I don't think it could be.

Mr. B.: You know you were very sick.

S.: Yes, I have been very sick, but I can't tell.

Mr. B.: You did make the change called death.

S.: Oh, that is dreadful!—isn't it? Is this heaven?

Mr. B.: Not at present, but you will soon find the heaven you made for yourself. Everyone in earth life makes their own heaven.

S.: I can't think of such a thing! I don't want to die! I can't die!—I can't die!

Mr. B.: You were not afraid to die, were you?

S.: Yes, sir, I didn't want to die. I can't die!

Mr. B.: You have made the transition, you have passed on...

S.: Oh, no, no, no! I am here just the same.

Mr. B.: You don't know where you are. What place do you think you are in?

S.: Oh, dear! oh, dear! It seems so dreadful!

Mrs. B.: Our daughter is over there. She told us you were coming. She is in spirit life, too, and she is very happy.

S.: I didn't want to go to spirit life. It can't be! To think I have no one to recognize me!

Mr. B.: The reason they don't recognize you is that they can't see you. When you were in earth life you couldn't see your friends that had passed over; they couldn't make you understand— you couldn't see them.

S.: I know I couldn't see them.

Mr. B.: Well, it is with you just the same—they cannot see you, you have made the change called death.

S.: I can't have it so!—I can't have it so! I wanted to take that journey so bad!

Mr. B.: Dear friend, what journey were you going to take?

S.: I was going to California.

Mrs. B.: I was there last fall.

S.: Isn't it a beautiful country?

Mrs. B.: Yes. You can go yet.

S.: Oh, I hope so!—I hope so!

Mrs. B.: I know you can.

S.: What time of the year were you here?

Mrs. B.: In November.

S.: Was it lovely?

Mrs. B.: Yes, it was rainy part of the time.

S.: I have heard they have a rainy season there. Oh, I set my heart on going!

Mrs. B.: You can go there in spirit life, and other places, too.

S.: I don't feel at all as if I could be dead, I am just as live as ever. Don't tell me that—I can't bear it!

Mr. B.: You expected to live after death, didn't you?

S.: I didn't know. I couldn't think how it would be.

Mr. B.: Of course you couldn't! You only left your old body when you passed over, and now you have a spiritual body, you are just the same.

S.: Oh, I feel wretched!—I feel miserable! What will I do?

Mr. B.: Where did you live?

S.: I lived right here.

Mr. B.: What is the name of the city?

S.: Why, I lived right here in New York.

Mr. B.: You are in Buffalo, N.Y., now. Do you know where Buffalo is?

S.: Yes, sir, I have been there.

Mr. B.: You are there now.

S.: No, sir—no, sir.

Mrs. B.: You are in Porter Avenue, up in the third story of this gentleman's house.

S.: I don't understand it at all.

Mrs. B.: This gentleman's daughter will tell you all about it, you will see her, she is a beautiful spirit like yourself.

S.: Oh, no—no—no—

Mr. B.: You will drop these bad feelings very quickly, and be pleased to know that you have made the change. You have entered a new life, and you have been brought here to be instructed in it.

S.: A new life?

Mr. B.: Yes, new surroundings; you are in spirit life now.

S.: I see nothing new. I only feel that I have been very sick, and I feel very tired. I feel very ill, and my friends have neglected me.

Mr. B.: No, they haven't. They have buried your old body.

S.: Oh dear! That is a dreadful thing! I am so afraid!

Mrs. B.: Oh, no, you have loving friends that will take care of you. There's nothing to be afraid of.

S.: If someone would only pray for me.

Mrs. B.: We will pray for you.

S.: Oh, do. Do you think I am going to get well? Ask the Lord to restore me to health, please do.

Mrs. B.: Yes, you will be restored very soon.

S.: Oh, you are a kind lady.

Mrs. B.: I want to be. I want to do all I can to help you.

Mr. B.: I speak to you as I do because I think it will be for your good.

S.: I know there has something happened to me, but it doesn't seem like death.

Mr. B.: Of course, you have no definite idea of death, you have no means of knowing, but as long as anything is inevitable, it is better to accept the situation and do the best you can.

S.: Who are these people I see?

Mr. B.: We can't see them, because we are sitting in a room that is perfectly dark. It isn't dark to you, is it?

S.: No, it isn't very light, but it isn't dark.

Mrs. B.: Dear friend, did you ever hear of spiritualists?

S.: Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. B.: That's what we are, and we are sitting here to try and help you.

S.: That accounts for your talking so strangely.

Mrs. B.: We are sitting here to make the conditions so that you can talk to us. By-and-by you won't be able to speak to us.

Mrs. B.: That's a very strange thing, isn't it? (She is dematerialized.)

S.: Oh, yes, something has happened to me.

Mr. B.: For a few moments you couldn't speak to us, could you?

S.: No, something fell off from me, still I was myself all the same.

Mr. B.: You are partially materialized so that you can speak to us, and that which you felt fall from you is the material your spirit is clothed with. We are mortals here.

S.: Could I speak to my friends?

Mr. B.: They don't know that you are with them. They don't understand how to make the proper conditions for you to speak to them.

S.: Dear, that is a dreadful thing.

Mr. B.: Haven't you friends in spirit life whom you love, and whom you would like to see?

S.: Why, yes, I have friends that have gone to heaven.

Mr. B.: Wouldn't you like to see them?

S.: I don't know. Yes, I guess I would.

Mr. B.: They love you still just the same.

S.: **How strange it is! Oh, how unhappy I am!**

Mr. B.: You shouldn't be unhappy, because you have entered a life that is much more beautiful than the one you have left.

S.: **It don't look any different.**

Mr. B.: It will.

S.: **What shall I do? Where can I go?**

Tom: **I will tell you what to do and where to go.**

Mr. B.: That is Tom. He will be a good, kind friend to you.

Tom: **Yes, I used to live in New York.**

S.: **Did you?**

Tom: **Yes; and I will show you where to go and tell you what to do. You feel real bad, don't you?**

S.: **Oh, yes I do. Why, do you know, that gentleman said I have made the change called death?**

Tom: **Oh, that isn't anything.**

S.: **That is everything. That is a dreadful thing—a dreadful thing.**

Tom: **No, it isn't, it is very beautiful when you understand it, but you don't understand it. I feel very sorry for you. I have been in spirit life a good while, and I can take you where it is very beautiful.**

S.: **Can you?**

Tom: **Oh, yes.**

S.: **As beautiful as California?**

Tom: **Oh, you wouldn't look at California after you look at some of the things that I can show you. I should think you would rather look at Harry's face than to see anything in California. You have not forgotten Harry?**

S.: **Oh, no.**

Tom: **I'll tell you, the trouble with you is your whole mind was on that California trip, and you couldn't think of anything else. And**

that is the reason you couldn't see anything that was nice about you. You were all to blame for it yourself.

S.: Oh, don't scold me.

Tom: I am not going to scold, but if you had followed the advice of your mother, and not gone to that party, you wouldn't have taken that cold and been sick, but you would go.

S.: I didn't know I was going to take cold.

Tom: No, I know you didn't, but you didn't follow the advice of your mother, and that's the way with a great many people—they don't follow the advice that is given them, and then disastrous results follow.

S.: What are all those people doing?

Tom: They are spirits.

S.: Oh, dear!

Tom: You are not afraid of them, are you?

S.: I don't know.

Tom: There is nothing to be afraid of at all. They will all help you.

S.: What makes part of me melt away so?

Tom: That is the material which the spirit friends have clothed your spirit body with, and when that material passes away from your spirit body it gives you that feeling of melting away.

S.: Do you think I am going to be happy?

Tom: I know you are after a little time, when you get away from the conditions now about you. You have entered a beautiful life, where you will learn and have everything that is for your own good.

S.: How long have you been dead?

Tom: Who, me?

S.: No, this lady (meaning Mrs. B).

Tom: That lady isn't dead.

S.: You told me you were dead.

Mrs. B.: Dear friend, this spirit friend is controlling the organism of this young man.

S.: How is that?

Tom: **Would you like to see me?**

S.: I do see you.

Tom: **No, you only see the young man I am talking through. You just put your hand right here on the young man, and then I will show you myself as a spirit, and take you by your hand, and then you will see the difference. Now you put your hand right on the young man.**

S.: Yes, I will.

Tom: **There, now you feel, don't you?**

S.: Yes, I feel. Your hand is all right.

Tom: **That is the young man's hand. Now you look at the young man's head, and I will show you myself, and I will give you my hand.**

S.: Yes, do.

Tom: **Now you mustn't be frightened.**

S.: Oh, I see the most wonderful thing before me.

Mr. B.: Tell us what you see.

S.: I saw him come right out of his head. How strange that is! That makes me shudder.

Mr. B.: Don't be afraid.

S.: Yes, I will take your hand. Oh! what a difference, isn't there? Oh my! Oh my!

Mr. B.: Now you can see him go back.

S.: Oh! Isn't that lovely? How many there are! That's a most wonderful sight! He must have a great deal of power. He was a man, surely.

Mrs. B.: It's the spirit going back into the young man. He will speak to you pretty soon.

Tom: Now didn't you find it as I told you?

S.: Yes, I saw it. That is a wonderful thing. Why, I never thought it could be, and there are so many of them.

Tom: Oh, yes, those are the spirit friends.

S.: I guess I must try to be reconciled, but I am so disappointed.

Tom: I am sorry for you, and I will take you out of this atmosphere, where you will be able to work out of this disappointment. I will take you to a beautiful place, and my mistress Jennie will help you, she used to live in New York, she was a fine lady. You won't be afraid to go with me, will you?

S.: Will the Lord accept me?

Tom: Well, I guess He will, because he accepts everybody.

S.: Oh! does he?

Tom: Of course He does.

S.: I haven't always done right.

Tom: Then you have got to face all the wrong you have done. You are your own savior. You will be willing to work, won't you, and make good all the deeds you did which you think weren't right?

S.: Oh, yes.

Tom: You mustn't expect to find things as you thought they were—God sitting on a throne. But I will take you to a beautiful place—a place that is adapted to your wants and needs at the present time, and you will be so pleased and delighted with the many beautiful things about you that that will help you to forget your disappointment.

S.: Who are those fine ladies?

Tom: They are dear spirit friends, who will help you. And, don't you know, you will be able to see Harry and Lizzie, too.

S.: Oh, I hope so.

Tom: And not only that, but I will tell you what you can do. After you have become acquainted with your surroundings and some of the laws pertaining to the life which you have now entered, you can go to your friends and surround them with sweet influence,

and help them in sorrow and trouble, and you can prepare a place for them, so that, when they come to make the change you have, you will have a place ready for them, and it will be very beautiful. And perhaps some time I may be able to go with you to your mother, and show you how you may be able to soothe her some, because she is feeling very sad and lonely. Perhaps I can help you to make her feel you are there, in a dream or something that will give her comfort. I will help you all I can, because I love to help all I can those who have made the change up into brighter conditions.

S.: Oh! those are lovely flowers, aren't they?

Tom: You don't know how many beautiful things there are in the life you have now entered.

S.: Oh, those are beautiful flowers the young lady threw over you.

Mrs. B.: That is the gentleman's daughter who is helping you. She brought you here tonight. She is very happy.

S.: I think she must be very happy to have such beautiful flowers. Oh, see the little rosebud he gives the lady.

Mrs. E.: Who gave me the rosebud?

S.: A gentleman. Who is it brings the flowers?

Tom: It is many. They bring the flowers as love offerings to the friends, that they may strengthen their souls and help them around in life's journey.

S.: Oh, how beautiful things are getting, aren't they?

Tom: I told you, you had entered a beautiful life.

S.: Oh, it is getting beautiful! Who makes that beautiful music?

Tom: It is made by many whose souls are attuned to the sweet harmony of the spheres.

S.: Do you think I could go over there where those ladies are?

Tom: Oh, yes, in time. I will take you to a beautiful place, where you can rest for a little time, and then you can enter a school where you will be taught by those beautiful ladies.

S.: Can we go now?

Tom: Yes. You bid these good friends “Good-night,” who have been aiding and assisting you, and then I will take you by the hand, and we will go. You can trust me, can’t you?

S.: Yes, I think I can.

Mrs. B.: Tom is a good friend to you.

Tom: I will take you to those who will take you in charge.

S.: Good-night!

Friends, Good-night!

Eva: We have done a beautiful work tonight. We have helped a great many of the same class of mind as this one.

I have decided to add additional séances of this remarkable service the Marcia Swain circle performed for these confused souls. It is not only rare as rare can be, but an honor to include their work in this book. These are true gems from the records of Historic Spiritualism. The world should know what these compassionate pioneers did. (NRH)

**RESCUE CIRCLE
THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1890**

EVA: We are going to materialize quite a number tonight. The one who will speak died while he was trying on a pair of shoes. I tell you so you will understand his peculiar talk. This one’s experience will help the others.

S.: I can’t get it on—it is too small. Give me another pair!

Mrs. B.: Yes, you shall have another pair. Those are too small, are they?

S.: Yes, they are too small. Where’s he gone?

Mrs. B.: He’s gone to get another pair.

S.: Tell him to bring them along—I don’t want to stay here all day!

Mrs. B.: He's just gone to get a larger pair. What number do you wear?

S.: Oh, pshaw! That won't go on me at all! Tell him to come here! Where is he?

Mr. F.: He will come presently. Won't that pair do?

S.: No; they are not fit for any decent man to wear! They aren't good for anything!

Mrs. B.: Perhaps he can bring you a pair that will suit you better. What number do you wear?

S.: I wear the number that fits me.

Mrs. B.: He is trying to find them.

S.: I should think he was making them!

Mr. F.: Perhaps you will have to try some other store.

S.: Well, I guess I will. I won't wait here much longer.

Mr. F.: I think it would be a good plan for you to rest a little, anyway. You look kind of pale. Don't you feel well?

S.: No, I don't feel real good—I feel all right enough. There's nothing the matter with me.

Mr. F.: I think it is just as well for you to rest a little bit.

S.: I guess I would have to rest a long time if I waited for him to come! Say, I wish you would speak to him!

Mr. F.: Are you in any particular hurry? Have you got anything special to do?

S.: Why, yes! Give me my old shoes, and I will go! Where's that old shoe I had?

Mrs. B.: Maybe he took it to measure by.

S.: Well, I either want a new pair of shoes or I want my old ones. I want something to wear. I am not going to stand this much longer! Say, boy, go and tell that man to bring me the shoes!

Tom: **Just keep a little quiet.**

S.: Will you go and tell the man to bring me the shoes?

Tom: **I don't know. I don't work here.**

S.: **Then what are you putting your spoon in for?**

Tom: **I just came in and saw you were a little uneasy about your shoes, so I thought I would speak to you.**

S.: **I have been here all day, almost.**

Tom: **It seems a good while, doesn't it?**

S.: **I should think it was!**

Tom: **You will come out all right. If you don't get your shoes, you will get something else that will satisfy you just as well as a pair of shoes.**

S.: **What will it be?**

Tom: **It will be something that will surprise you very much.**

S.: **Oh, I guess not! I guess not!**

Tom: **Don't you believe in surprises?**

S.: **No.**

Tom: **I think you will be very much surprised before you get through with me.**

S.: **What are you going to do?**

Tom: **I am going to tell you something that will interest you very much.**

S.: **Oh, pshaw!**

Tom: **Don't you think I can?**

S.: **No.**

Tom: **Do you know I can see something queer about you?**

S.: **I see something queer about you, too! I see that you are a good-for-nothing snipe!**

Tom: **You are very much mistaken about that. If I didn't know that you were mistaken, I might, perhaps, get a little spunky with you, but I feel sorry for you.**

S.: **I haven't anything the matter with me that you need to feel sorry for me.**

Tom: I feel sorry for you because you have expressed yourself about me in a way you shouldn't, because you don't know.

S.: I am sorry if I have said anything I hadn't ought to. I don't want to hurt you.

Tom: Say, I want to tell you there's a woman standing right by you, and she says her name is Becky.

S.: Stands by me?

Tom: Yes.

S.: Oh, no, I don't see anyone.

Tom: That doesn't make any difference, if you don't see her—she is there just the same. The blind man doesn't see the beautiful birds and flowers, but they are there just the same—aren't they?

S.: I don't understand it at all. I'll tell you I want my shoes. I don't want to stay here in my stocking foot. Now, if you have got anything to do with the boss, just tell him to bring my shoes!

Tom: I wanted to tell you so much what I saw about you. I wanted to tell you about Becky.

S.: What Becky is it?

Tom: Don't you know Becky, that belongs to you— your wife?

S.: Yes, sir.

Tom: Well, she is right by you.

S.: Oh, no! no!

Tom: Your name is George, she says.

S.: How do you know?

Tom: Becky told me so. You know you never saw me before.

S.: No, I don't think I ever did.

Tom: Nor I never saw you before.

S.: Didn't you?

Tom: Why, no!

S.: How do you know all these things?

Tom: She told me.

S.: I can't understand how she told you.

Tom: She says you go to the Methodist Church. Do you?

S.: Yes, I do. Don't you?

Tom: No, I don't.

S.: Why don't you?

Tom: Because I don't believe in it.

S.: What church do you go to?

Tom: I go to God's church—that's Nature.

S.: God's church—nature? What do you mean by that?

Tom: God is Nature. Say, you don't believe God sits on a throne, do you?

S.: Well, the Bible speaks of God's throne.

Tom: What does he want a throne for? You don't suppose God is a man sitting on a throne, do you?

S.: No, I don't think he is a man, I think he's God.

Tom: He must be a man if he is a "he." "He" wouldn't be a woman, would it? You always speak of God as "he" or "him."

S.: God is the Mighty Father of all things, the Creator. "God" is only a name given to the Creator, he created all things.

Tom: If he is the Father, then he must be a man. All fathers are men, aren't they?

S.: You speak in the human sense, you don't speak in the divine sense.

Tom: How can we comprehend anything, only what is human, with our human intellect?

S.: God is a Spirit—the Spirit of God.

Tom: If God is a spirit, then Becky is a spirit, too, isn't she?

S.: I believe Becky is with God. She's an angel.

Tom: So you think there are no angels, only what is with God? What do you call them when they are with the other fellow?

S.: There are angels of God and angels of darkness.

Tom: Who made them angels of darkness?

S.: Their own transgressions.

Tom: What caused them to transgress?

S.: They rebelled against God.

Tom: I don't see into that. I don't know how you could harm God, no matter what you do.

S.: They don't harm God, they harm themselves.

Tom: Then God ought to take them and care for them. I am glad there is no such thing as a devil, for everyone is saved, no matter if they do make mistakes in earth life, there is a chance for everybody, you haven't got to believe this thing and that thing to save you.

S.: Do you think so?

Tom: I know it is so, because I have been there and found out.

S.: Been where?

Tom: In spirit life.

S.: How in the world could you do that?

Tom: Doesn't everyone go to spirit life when they die? I am alive, but I have left my old body. I am not using my body now. This body doesn't belong to me, it is only borrowed.

S.: How could you borrow a body?

Tom: Not exactly borrowed, but I am controlling the young man to talk to you, I am a spirit controlling him, and that is the reason I could tell you about Becky, and that is why she could tell me your name is George and you were a Methodist. I can tell you lots more too.

S.: Well, do, I would be glad to hear you.

Tom: Don't you know in your Bible, that you believe so much in, it tells about the angels coming to Jacob and eating and supping with him, and he made that big hoe-cake?

S.: Hoe-cake!

Tom: I don't know whether it was hoe-cake or toe-cake, it doesn't make much difference what kind it was. Do you believe that?

S.: It is written in the Scriptures.

Tom: Is that the reason you believe it?

S.: Don't you believe in the Bible?

Tom: Yes, I believe in it in a certain sense.

S.: Do you believe the Bible?

Tom: Some of it I do, and some of it I don't.

S.: You are an unbeliever, I think.

Tom: No, I believe in the truth. I don't believe anything that isn't true, do you? Would you want to believe anything that isn't true?

S.: No.

Tom: But most of folks do.

S.: Oh yes, they believe a great many things that are false, but they don't know it is false, they think it is the truth.

Tom : Well, then it is all right, they can't help it, can they? How do you know the Bible is true?

S.: See how long it has been the book of books—the God of books. There is no book ever written like it.

Tom: Who made it so?

S.: It was written by the fingers of God. He inspired his prophets.

Tom: I think he had very bad luck sometimes inspiring, because sometimes he made his prophets say and do terrible things, if people did those things now, they would be put in the lockup. Take your wise man Solomon, for instance. I tell you the Bible was made by man and priests, and they are the ones who have kept it alive, they have kept on piling and piling the ignorance and superstition until they have got such a big fire that it smolders and smolders and smolders, and it will be a long time before truth can quench it, but truth will quench it, because truth and right will prevail.

S.: Don't you believe in the New Testament?

Tom: Just about as much as I believe in the Old. I found out it was all a humbug. I think when a person dies and enters spirit life, as I have, and finds things entirely different from what is taught in the Bible, that proves explicitly that there is a mistake.

S.: It seems very strange if you have died and still be talking in the way you are.

Tom: In order for me to talk to you and have you understand me, I have to control the organism of this young man.

S.: Yes, I have heard of such things. I have heard of pretended mediums.

Tom: Then they must all be pretended in the Bible, because don't you know that man Christ is supposed to have said—I don't know whether he said it or not, because I wasn't there, but he is reported to have said—that “young men shall dream dreams and see visions and speak in different tongues”? What did he mean by that if it wasn't control?

S.: He meant that it was the spirit of God upon them. You know the day of Pentecost there were tongues of fire rested upon them.

Tom: I should think it would have burned their tongues. I wouldn't want tongues of fire to rest on me. Now you want to use your reason—use sense. Say, George, who is Nellie?

S.: Nellie who?

Tom: Your little Nellie.

S.: She was my little Nellie?

Tom: She is here. Oh! she's a lovely little girl, isn't she, and she loves her papa. Do you think she is saved or lost? Now let me tell you, George, according to your belief this child would be lost because you neglected to have her baptized. Now you can't believe in a God that would destroy a little innocent child like that because certain forms made and conceived in the brain of man were not complied with?

S.: Oh no, we think that baptism is a command, and it should be obeyed.

Tom: Would you like to see me, George?

S.: I see you.

Tom: Oh no, not when I am controlling the young man, you can't see me now.

S.: I understand you now.

Tom: Now you look at the young man, and you will see me.

S.: Yes, I will look. That is very strange, indeed!

Mrs. F.: I see something that looks like a white vapor, and then it takes the form of a man. That is the spirit that controls the organism of this young man, he is in spirit life.

S.: Well, I am real interested. Does he often come and control the young man?

Mrs. F.: Only when we sit in this way he does, to help those poor souls who have gone to spirit life and do not know they have made the change called death.

S.: It seems very strange. I can't understand it.

Mrs. F.: You will after a time, because that is what you have been brought here for, to understand your condition.

Tom: Don't you think that is very strange, that people can leave their bodies and not be aware of it?

S.: It seems very strange.

Tom: I have seen a good many that way.

S.: Does the young man know that you control him?

Tom: Oh, yes.

S.: You don't control him all the time, do you?

Tom: Oh, no.

S.: Can he talk himself?

Tom: Oh, yes, he spoke to you when you first came, don't you remember?

S.: Oh, certainly I remember, I had overlooked that. Can you tell me more of my wife?

Tom: **Oh, yes.**

S.: **Is she happy?**

Tom: **She is very happy, and she will be more happy when you realize your condition more.**

S.: **What does she think of my condition? What does she mean by that?**

Tom: **You remember I was telling you that many leave the body—die, as you call it—and they are not aware that they have made the change called death?**

S.: **Do you mean that they are conscious of existence and don't know they have died? How in the world can that be?**

Tom: **Because they are right on the earth plane. Many times when people die suddenly they are not aware of it, they feel so natural. They lie in kind of a trance-like state, and don't take in their surroundings. Their senses are not open to spiritual things yet. They have to be brought into contact with material and have their conditions removed, they are brought into contact with material, and I tell them they have made the change called death, and get them ready to be taken in charge by spirits who will teach them the duties pertaining to the life they have entered.**

S.: **That seems very strange, doesn't it?**

Tom: **It is very strange to people who haven't made the change. These people sitting here haven't made the change called death.**

S.: **No, of course not.**

Tom: **I have made the change called death, and I am controlling the young man, you saw me when I left him?**

S.: **Yes.**

Tom: **These people sitting here couldn't see me, but you can see me. Now just think for a moment what is the reason that you can see me and they cannot?**

S.: **I really don't know how you present it to my sight, and not to them.**

Tom: Supposing you would go out in the world and tell people that you saw a spirit, and that spirit talked to you, what would people say to you?

S.: They would hardly believe such a story. There are a great many who believe in the supernatural, and there are a great many who do not.

Tom: But your friends know you to be an honest, upright man, and isn't it very strange that they wouldn't believe you if you should tell them your experience, when they will believe such incredible things, nonsensical things, impossible things that are written in that book which they have been taught to believe in as the word of God? That isn't just, is it? But people don't think for themselves, it is more as they were brought up and taught, the manners and customs in each country are different, they all have a religion according to their mind development. There are many bright minds who are not satisfied to accept that book, because they think and reason and they find things in that book that cannot be true, because they are contrary to nature's laws. George, do you realize where you are at the present time?

S.: Yes, I am in Parson's shoe store.

Tom: In what place?

S.: In Cincinnati. What makes you ask such questions?

Tom: You are not in Cincinnati now, my friend, and you are not in a shoe store.

S.: Where am I?

Tom: You are in Buffalo, N.Y.

S.: I don't understand it at all.

Tom: No, you cannot. Would you feel sorry if you had left your old body, if you had made the change called death?

S.: I don't know.

Tom: Well, you have.

S.: Is that true?

Tom: That is true, my friend.

S.: How did it happen?

Tom: When you were in that shoe store trying on a pair of shoes, you had a stroke, and you died without regaining consciousness, you left your body almost immediately. At the present time kind spirit friends have clothed your spirit body with material which enables you to speak as you are speaking now. And when you came back and expressed yourself on the earth plane, you took on your last thought which was “trying on a pair of shoes.”

S.: It is most mysterious, I can't seem to realize it.

Tom: No, because it is so natural. You are George just the same, George left the body, you retain your individuality, you are just the same as you were when you were in the body. There is a great band of loving spirits (you would call them angels, they are so bright), whose mission it is to aid and assist spirits like yourself, who have made that change not knowing it, and you were brought here to this place tonight to be made acquainted with the fact. You will be taken in charge by kind, loving spirit friends, who will teach you about the duties pertaining to the life you have now entered.

S: I am glad to know there are spirits who can help me.

Tom: You have entered a life now of progression, it is a wonderful life, and you will see your friends. Many spirit friends who will aid and assist you are those who never knew you in earth life. And I want to tell you, my friend, all are saved, and in time all are happy. No matter what you believe, that doesn't save you. It is what you do. If you live unselfish lives and try to help others all you can, you send the good on before you, and you have a great deal stored up in nature's storehouse for you when you come to make the change called death. They are bright pictures to light up your pathway. If you lead selfish, wrong lives, you paint dark pictures; for the life you lead while in the body shapes the beginning of the next life.

S.: Yes, I feel that something different has certainly taken place with me.

Tom: We will take you where you can become prepared, each and all of you, and be made acquainted more with your conditions, because now you will be better able to understand me as a spirit through having come in contact with me in this manner than you could have if I had not addressed you as I have at the present time.

S.: Thank you—I thank you. That must be heavenly music. I only catch a strain now and then. It is from the heavenly band, is it not?

Tom: Yes, from the upper spheres, it is wafted to you on the wires of love and sympathy. Now look, George!

S.: I see a great many—a great host. Will we go to them?

Tom: Yes. Now you bid the kind friends adieu, and we will go.

S.: Good-bye, friends!

EVA: We have done a beautiful work tonight. We have helped a great many of the same class of mind as this one.

RESCUE CIRCLE

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 18, 1889

EVA: A poor soul is coming who was run over by the cars, and had his leg cut off. He was thrown on to a side track, and became unconscious, and, while unconscious, another train ran over him and killed him.

S.: Oh—oh—must I die alone?—die alone—die alone—die alone—oh—that was dreadful—dreadful—where is it?—where is the train?—where is the train?—oh, I will never get home—I must go home—I must go home—go home—go home—

Mr. B.: You have been very badly hurt, friend, haven't you?

S.: Oh, yes—I thought when I saw it—Oh God! when I saw it come rumbling along and I felt the jar.

Mr. B.: You thought you were going to lose your limb, didn't you?

S.: **Yes.**

Mr. B.: You feel better now, don't you?

S.: **Yes.**

Mr. B.: You were pretty badly hurt.

S.: **Oh, there it goes—there—there—oh my—oh my—**

Mr. B.: But it is all over now.

S.: **Oh, my leg is broken—it is all crushed up.**

Mr. B.: Yes, but it will soon be all right.

Mrs. B.: There is a good doctor here that will fix you all right.

S.: **Oh, doctor, do you think you can help me? It pains me—it pains me—**

Mr. B.: It won't pain you much more. That pain will all be taken away in a little while.

Mrs. B.: This doctor here has helped a great many people with broken limbs.

S.: **Oh, it is smashed.—It must be smashed.**

Mr. B.: Yes, but not so badly but what it will be all right in a short time.

S.: **Will you have to take it off? Oh, I would rather you would kill me than be maimed for life.—I don't want it taken off.—I can't have it taken off.**

Mr. B.: No, you won't have to have it taken off. It will be all right soon.

S.: **Oh, there—there—oh—oh—**

Mr. B.: Don't you feel better?

S.: **Yes, I feel better. I feel as though I were being put into a vice like. Do you know what makes it?**

Mr. B.: You were very badly hurt, and the remembrance comes back to you and makes you feel that way. You thought you were going to be killed, didn't you?

S.: Yes, I certainly thought I was going to be killed, but I knew when it was passed that I was only injured.

Mr. B.: Well, when you expected you were going to be killed, you expected to live after death, didn't you?

S.: I didn't think anything about it.

Mr. B.: Didn't you ever think about it?

S.: Yes, sometimes.

Mr. B.: Did you believe that you lived after death?

S.: Well, I wanted to live after death if I could be happy, if I could not, I did not want to live.

Mr. B.: But it makes no difference whether a person is happy or unhappy, if it is one of the laws that we do live after death, why, we have to live, and our happiness depends on the life we led in earth life. If we were kind to a good many people, we would have a happy life in the future. But a great many times, when people are killed or die suddenly, they don't know they have made the change. They don't know they were killed. Spirit life is so natural to them—it seems just like earth life for the time being.'

S.: Is that so?

Mr. B.: Yes, they very often don't know that they have been killed. They seem just themselves.

S.: Well, if you would just do a little for that limb, I would be glad.

Mr. B.: Seeing that you were hurt so badly, would you not rather that you would have died?

S.: Well, I would rather live if I could. I am glad I wasn't killed.

Mr. B.: You would be surprised if I told you that you were killed, wouldn't you?

S.: Why, to be sure I would. I am just as much alive as I ever was. Why, I am so sore and lame.

Mr. B.: But you were killed.

S.: Was I killed?

Mr. B.: Yes, you are a spirit now, in spirit life. It is just as real to you as earth life, isn't it?

S.: No, nothing seems real to me. I don't see or feel anything but the rushing and crashing of those cars.

Mr. B.: You have friends in spirit life, who have brought you here to have you helped. You can throw all that off here, so it will never trouble you again. You know, when you come back to earth (we are mortals, we have not made the change yet), you take on earth conditions.

S.: Do you do that?

Mr. B.: Spirit friends do that. I can't see you, I haven't been doing anything for you. That is the spirit friends that help you.

S.: What makes you say that? You said you would help me, and this lady here said you would help me, too, and you have helped me.

Mr. B.: I may have done it unconsciously, but we help your friends to help you by sitting here and getting the proper conditions.

Tom: I'll tell you what it is, George, Lizzie is here, and she has come for you.

S.: Lizzie has come for me?

Tom: Why, yes, and you are going up to live with her, and you are going to be very happy.

S.: Well, I will go. I want to be happy.

Tom: Well, you will be. After a little you won't have any of that unpleasant sensation at all; because I will tell you, George, when that train ran over your leg, you know, well, it knocked you on to the other track, and there was another train coming along, and that just finished you up.

S.: Is that the truth?

Tom: Yes, that is the truth, George, but never mind, because you have got into a lovely place. Lizzie is waiting for you. You are going to get all fixed up here, and you are going to get ready to go to her.

S.: Well, I will go.

Tom: Why, of course you will go, and she is so glad that you are coming to her. Little Dottie is here, too.

S.: Oh, Dottie! Dottie! Well, I don't mind it, then I am glad. Does Lizzie know that the train ran over me?

Tom: Yes, she knows it, because we always know when anything happens to those we love. She was right there. She knew when it happened, but you didn't know, so she had you brought here to learn about it and get you all fixed up.

S.: Is Lizzie here, and can I go to heaven?

Tom: Why, of course you can go to heaven. I would not wonder but what you would see something. You look up above you to your right now.

S.: It makes my head feel bad.

Tom: Because you have not got right yet. It is quite bad for anybody to go out so sudden like. It is a great shock to the spirit, and you have been brought here to get the spirit right, and then you will be in nice order to go up to where Lizzie is.

S.: I will go.

Tom: George, Grandpa is here, too, and Richard is here.

S.: Oh, is Richard here? Tell them I want to see them.

Tom: You will see them in a little time. They know you have got to be made ready first to come to them. You have got to understand that you have made the change.

S.: Oh—oh—I am falling—I am falling—

Tom: Oh, that's all right, George, don't get frightened.

S.: I thought I was falling down, never to stop.

Tom : Oh, no, George, you mustn't get frightened when that goes off. It won't hurt you.

S.: I don't remember you.

Tom: No, I don't know you.

S.: You talk to me as if you knew me.

Tom: Well, all I know is what your friends tell me.

S.: Are they talking to you?

Tom: Well, they told me before I came here that you were coming, and that I should see you, and they told me that your name was George, and that Lizzie was here, and little Dottie, and then they told me about your grandfather, and about Richard, and I was to tell you that.

S.: Well, I thank you.

Tom: Oh, no.

S.: Yes, I am very thankful to you.

Tom: All of these good people here are sitting here to help poor souls like you, that have met with such accidents and don't know that they have got out of the body.

S.: How kind you are.

Tom: You have made the change called death, but there is no death, it is only a change. I have made that change too. I am a spirit talking through this young man here.

S.: You are talking through him! Why, how do you do that?

Tom: You watch now—can you see me plain? You watch and I will come out of him and show you.

S.: You will come out of him! Oh dear, what do you mean?

Tom: Now you watch—you look

S.: Oh my! oh my! That is very strange.

Mr. T.: What do you see?

S.: Oh, it is a man—the smoke is made into a man.

S.: My! oh my! It is most wonderful!

Mr. B.: What do you see now?

S.: Why, he went back into him like vapor.

Tom: Now, didn't I tell you? That is the way it is done. You see, I am in the spirit life.

S.: Can you get into everybody like that?

Tom: Oh, no. Only those whose organism is so constituted. We call them instruments. You call them mediums.

S.: Rapping mediums?

Tom: No. He is one through whom we can talk and use his organism that way.

S.: Is that young man dead?

Tom: Oh, no, he isn't dead—he is still in earth life. We have to show these things so that you will understand them, you see. Well, I declare! if there isn't the funniest looking old woman here, and she tells me to say that "Aunt Polly is here."

S.: Aunt Polly! Aunt Polly! Is she here?

Tom: Maybe she will show herself to you.

S.: I can't see her anywhere.

Tom: Just look up to your right a little.

S.: Oh, yes, I see her, but she is so far away.

Tom: She will come nearer after a little. She has held you on her knee many a time.

S.: Yes, that is true—that is very true.

Tom: Now look, George.

S.: Do they live up in that world?

Tom: You are going up there to them after a little.

S.: When am I going?

Tom: You have to get ready first.

S.: How can I get ready?

Tom: We will show you how.

S.: Oh, do—do.

Tom: That is the reason you have been brought here tonight—to learn about it—you have to learn about it first, you know. You are going to a beautiful place, and you are going to be very happy. You have got to get over this shock. You know, it was a great shock to your spirit to leave your body in the manner you did—

so suddenly—and so you have been brought here to get all straightened up, because you didn't know that you had made the change. Now you won't have any more trouble—we have fixed you all up now.

S.: The doctor said something that worries me. He said he would fix me all right, and then when I got all right he said he didn't do anything for me, but I think he felt sorry for me, and said he did nothing because he didn't want to take any pay.

Tom: These people don't sit here for pay, George, because, you know, you couldn't pay them if you wanted to. You know, we have got through with money now. These good people have got a bright, beautiful daughter that is in spirit life, and they are helping on one side while she is helping on your side of life. They are sitting here to help their daughter, too.

S.: On my side of life?

Tom: Your spirit has left your body, and you have a spiritual body now. It is like your old body. Your spiritual body is clothed with earth material now, so that you can talk to these people, but after a little that material will be removed from you, and then you won't be able to talk to them at all. That will be a new experience for you. That is what you felt that was falling down. The earth material that you are clothed with was taken away from you, and every time they take it away from you, you will feel better.

S.: Oh, that is good, isn't it? I wish you would speak to them for me.

Tom: Oh, they can hear just what you say.

S.: Will they come to me?

Tom: Yes, they will come to you. Now you look.

S.: Yes, I see.

Tom: Do you see all the hands beckoning to you to come?

S.: There is no way of getting up there.

Tom: Oh, yes, there is.

S.: I see no road up there at all.

Tom: You don't need to go by the road.

S.: How will I go?

Tom: I will take you and show you the way. There will be lots that will help you. There is a nice little girl that comes here, too, perhaps she will help you.

Maggie: Yes, dear man, if you will come with me I will take you, but you will have to go way around and go down a little hill, will you come with me?

S.: Why, yes, you dear little one, I will go with you. Do you know my friends?

Maggie: Yes, I know them, because we all know everybody that it is right for us to know. Now come right along. Here is my hand and here are some flowers, I will fix these right on your bosom, and then you will feel better, because you will smell the scent of these beautiful flowers, and that will give you strength. We will have to go down that little hill first, and then I will show you something real pretty, and then after a little while I will take you to the road that leads to your friends, and they will come and meet you. Now come. Good night everybody.





CHAPTER VIII

SPIRITUALISM MAKES HISTORY

Abraham Lincoln & Medium, Nettie Colburn

In an earlier chapter we had the glorious moment of Emma Hardinge—in trance—delivering, extemporaneously, the Funeral Oration⁸⁴ one day after the death of Abraham Lincoln in front of three thousand people at the Cooper Institute on April 16th, 1865. Let me add to this the following documentation of the trance sittings in the presence of President Lincoln, in the White House, with the young medium Nettie Colburn. In 1917 she published her book, *Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?* (Psychic Book Club, London, re-published, 1956) and, through the eyewitness testimony of individuals who were there we have the following report. It is truly astonishing to me, but certainly not surprising that this report was not known nationally, considering the momentous importance of the events. Once again, the truths of Spiritualism, which could change the world, were swept under the carpet of obscurity.

Nettie Colburn

“Mrs. Lincoln received us graciously, and introduced us to a gentleman and lady present whose names I have forgotten. Mr. Lincoln was not then present. While all were conversing pleasantly on general subjects, Mrs. Miller (Mr. Laurie’s daughter) seated herself, under control, at the double grand piano at one side of the room, seemingly awaiting someone. Mrs. Lincoln was talking with us in a pleasant strain when suddenly Mrs. Miller’s hands fell upon the keys with a force that betokened a master hand, and the strains of a grand march filled the room. As the measured



Nettie Colburn

84. An edited version, as the entire piece would tire the readers. (NRH)

notes rose and fell we became silent. The heavy end of the piano began rising and falling in perfect time to the music. All at once it ceased and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the threshold of the room. (He afterwards informed us that the first notes of the music fell upon his ears as he reached the head of the grand staircase to descend, and that he kept step to the music until he reached the doorway). Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly presented. Then I was led forward and presented. He stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he said, in a humorous tone, “So this is our ‘little Nettie’ is it, that we have heard so much about?” I could only smile and say, “Yes, sir,” like any schoolgirl, when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship, and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little beyond “Yes” and “No.”

“His manner, however, was genial and kind, and it was then suggested we form a circle. He said, “Well, how do you do it?” looking at me. Mr. Laurie came to the rescue, and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and join hands, but he did not think it would be necessary in this instance. While he was speaking, I lost all consciousness of my surroundings and passed under control. For more than an hour I was made to talk to him, and I learned from my friends afterward that it was upon matters that he seemed to fully understand, while they comprehended very little until that portion was reached that related to the forthcoming Emancipation



Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865)

Proclamation. He was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue, and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year, and he was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration and life, and that while he was counseled by strong parties to defer enforcement of it, hoping to supplant it by other measures and to delay action, he must in no wise heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions and fearlessly perform the work and fulfill the mission for which he had been raised up by an overruling Providence. Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance, the strength and force of the language, and the importance of that which was conveyed, and seemed to realize that some strong masculine spirit force was giving speech to almost divine commands. I shall never forget the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, and he was sitting back in his chair, with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the

situation – not remembering at once where I was, and glancing around the group, where perfect silence reigned. It took me a moment to remember my whereabouts. A gentleman present then said in a low voice, “Mr. President, did you notice anything peculiar in the method of address?” Mr. Lincoln raised himself, as if shaking off his spell. He glanced quickly at the full-length picture of Daniel Webster, that hung above the piano, and replied, “Yes, and it is very singular, very!” with a marked emphasis.

“Mr. Somes said, “Mr. President, would it be improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the Proclamation?” To which the President replied: “Under these circumstances that question is perfectly proper, as we are all friends [smiling upon the company]. It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure.” At this point the gentlemen drew round him, and spoke together in low tones, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all. At last he turned to me, and laying his hand upon my head, uttered these words in a manner that I shall never forget: “My child, you possess a very singular gift, but that it is a gift from God, I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here tonight. It is more important than perhaps than anyone present can understand. I must leave you all now, but I hope I shall see you again.” He shook me kindly by the hand, bowed to the rest of the company, and was gone. We remained for an hour longer, talking with Mrs. Lincoln and her friends, then returned to Georgetown. Such was my first interview with Abraham Lincoln, and the memory of it is as clear and vivid as the evening on which it occurred.”

Georgetown Séance

“Prior to leaving Mr. Laurie’s to become the guest of Mrs. Cosby I had another important interview with President Lincoln. One morning, early in February, we received a note from Mrs. Lincoln, saying she desired us to come over to Georgetown and bring some friends for a séance that evening, and wished ‘the young ladies’ to be present. In the early part of the evening, before her arrival, my little messenger, or ‘familiar’ spirit, controlled me, and declared that (the ‘long brave,’ as she denominated him) Mr. Lincoln would also be there. As Mrs. Lincoln had made no mention of his coming in her letter, we were surprised at the statement. Mr. Laurie rather questioned its accuracy, as he said it would be hardly advisable for President Lincoln to leave the White House to attend a spiritual séance anywhere, and that he did not consider it ‘good policy’ to do so. However, when the bell rang, Mr. Laurie, in honor of his expected guests, went to the door to receive them in person. His astonishment was great to find Mr. Lincoln standing on the threshold, wrapped in his long cloak, and to hear his cordial ‘Good evening,’ as he put out his hand and entered. Mr. Laurie promptly exclaimed, “Welcome, Mr. Lincoln, to my humble roof; you were expected.” Mr.

Lincoln stopped in the act of removing his cloak, and said, “Expected! Why, it is only five minutes since I knew that I was coming.” He came down from a cabinet meeting as Mrs. Lincoln and her friends were about to enter the carriage, and asked them where they were going. She replied, “To Georgetown; to a circle.” He answered immediately, “Hold on a moment, I will go with you.” “Yes.” Said Mrs. Lincoln, “and I was never more surprised in my life.” He seemed pleased when Mr. Laurie explained the source of our information, and I think it had a tendency to prepare his mind to receive what followed, and to obey the instructions given.

“On this occasion, as he entered the parlor, I made bold to say to him, “I would like to speak a word with you, Mr. Lincoln, before you go, after the circle.” “Certainly,” he said; “Remind me, should I forget it.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Laurie, with their daughter, Mrs. Miller, at his request, sang several fine old Scottish airs – among them, one that he declared a favorite, called Bonnie Doon.

“I can see him now, as he sat in the old high-backed rocking-chair, one leg thrown over the arm, leaning back in utter weariness, with his eyes closed, listening to the low, strong, and clear yet plaintive notes, rendered as only the Scots can sing their native melodies. I looked at his face, and it appeared tired and haggard. He seemed older by years than when I had seen him a few weeks previously. The whole party seemed anxious and troubled, but all interest centered in the chief, and all eyes and thoughts were turned to him.

“At the end of the song he turned to me and said, “Well, Miss Nettie, do you think you have anything to say to me to-night?” At first I thought he referred to the request I had made when he entered the room. Recollecting myself, however, I said, “If I have not, there may be others who have.” He nodded his head in a pleasant manner, saying, “Suppose we see what they will have to tell us.”

“Among the spirit friends that have controlled me since my first development, was one I have before mentioned – known as “old Dr. Bamford.” He was quite a favorite of Mr. Lincoln. His quaint dialect, old-fashioned methods of expression, straightforwardness in arriving at his subject, together with fearlessness of utterance, recommended him as no finished style could have done. This spirit took possession of me at once. As I learned from those in the circle, the substance of his remarks was as follows: “That a very precarious state of things existed at the front, where General Hooker had just taken command. The army was totally demoralized, regiments stacking arms, refusing to obey orders or to do duty, threatening a general retreat, declaring their purpose to return to

Washington.” A vivid picture was drawn of the terrible state of affairs, greatly to the surprise of all present, save the chief to whom the words were addressed. When the picture had been painted in vivid colors, Mr. Lincoln quietly remarked: “You seem to understand the situation. Can you point out the remedy?” Dr. Bamford immediately replied: **“Yes, if you have the courage to use it.”** He smiled, and answered, “Try me.” The old doctor then said to him, **“It is one of the simplest, and being so simple it may not appeal to you as being sufficient to cope with what threatens to prove a serious difficulty. The remedy lies with yourself. Go in person to the front, taking with you your wife and children, leaving behind your official dignity, and all manner of display. Resist the importunities of officials to accompany you, and take only such attendants as may be absolutely necessary; avoid the high-grade officers, and seek the tents of the private soldiers. Inquire into their grievances; show yourself to be what you are. ‘The Father of your People.’ Make them feel that you are interested in their sufferings, and that you are not unmindful of the many trials which beset them in their march through the dismal swamps, whereby both their courage and numbers have been depleted.”**

“He quietly remarked, “If that will do any good, it is easily done.” The doctor instantly replied, **“It will do all that is required. It will unite the soldiers as one man. It will unite them to you in bands of steel. And now, if you would prevent a serious, if not fatal, disaster to your cause, let the news be promulgated at once, and disseminated throughout the camp of the Army of the Potomac. Have it scattered broadcast that you are on the eve of visiting the front, that you are not talking of it, but that it is settled that you are going, and are now getting into readiness. This will stop insubordination and hold the soldiers in check, being something to divert their minds, and they will wait to see what your coming portends.”** He at once said, “It shall be done.”

“A long conversation then followed between the doctor and Mr. Lincoln regarding the state of affairs, and the war generally. The old doctor told him **“that he would be re-nominated and re-elected to the Presidency.”** They said that he sadly smiled when this was told to him, saying “It is hardly an honor to be coveted, save one could find it his duty to accept it.”

“After the circle was over, Mr. Laurie said, “Mr. Lincoln, is it possible that affairs are as bad as has been depicted?” He said, “They can hardly be exaggerated, but I ask it as a favor of all present that they do not speak of these things. “The major there,” pointing to an officer of that rank who was in their party, “has just brought dispatches from the front depicting the state of affairs pretty much as our old friend has shown it, and we were just having a Cabinet meeting regarding the matter, when something, I know not

what, induced me to leave the room and come downstairs, when I found Mrs. Lincoln in the act of coming here. I felt it might be of service for me to come, I did not know wherefore.” He dropped his head as he said this – leaning forward in his chair as if he were thinking aloud. Then, looking up suddenly, he remarked, “Matters are pretty serious down there, and perhaps the simplest remedy is the best. I have often noticed in life that little things have sometimes greater weight than larger ones.”

“It has frequently been stated that Mr. Lincoln was a Spiritualist. That question is left open for general judgment. I do know that he held communication with numerous mediums, both at the White House and at other places, and among his mediumistic friends were Charles Foster, Charles Colchester, Mrs. Lucy A. Hamilton, and Charles Redmond, who warned Mr. Lincoln of the danger that faced him before he made that famous trip between Philadelphia and Washington, on which occasion he donned the Scotch cap and cape, and which warning saved him from assassination.

“If he had not had faith in Spiritualism, he would not have connected himself with it, and would not have had any connections with it, especially in peculiarly dangerous times, while the fate of the nation was in peril. Again, had he declared an open belief in the subject, he would have been pronounced insane and probably incarcerated.

“A man does not usually follow or obey dictation in which he has no faith, and which does not contain information of active present value to him. This argument, together with his following of the spirit dictation which passed through me, goes a great way towards critical and correct judgment in this matter, especially when verification is at hand. It is also true that Mrs. Lincoln was more enthusiastic regarding the subject than her husband, and openly and avowedly professed herself connected with the new religion.”





CHAPTER IX

SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETINGS

During the Heyday of Spiritualism

NRH: I am very happy to add this interesting section concerning the early days of the Spiritualist camp meetings, eloquently written by Emma Hardinge Britten and a few of the other organizers of that day. No one, in my estimation, commanded the English language—whether in trance or otherwise—during the heyday of Spiritualism as did Mrs. Britten. An entire book could be written on the history of these Spiritualist camps, many of which were established following the Civil War. Three of the most famous establishments in Spiritualism — Lily Dale, New York; Cassadaga, Florida; and Camp Chesterfield, Indiana — all started as camps, are still flourishing today.

Reading about the early camps during the heydays of Spiritualism once again brought me back to thinking what it must have been like in those days. Many of the camp gatherings were like festivals, but also boasted sensational mediums for every type of phenomena. The colors, the dress, the social exchanges, the hawkers, the circuit riders, every form of *'ist* and *'ism* etc., all packed into one festival. Then to top it off—at any given moment—with a ground shaking address by Emma Hardinge Britten, in front of thousands. The good old days, indeed.

Emma Hardinge Britten

“There are two features of the American Spiritual movement both of which seem to have grown out of local customs until they have attained to the proportions of what are popularly called “American Institutions.” These are, the anniversary celebrations of the famous “Rochester Knockings,” taking place on or about the 31st of March, and the annual gatherings, called “The Spiritual Camp Meetings.” The latter are generally held about the last of July and extend through August, and occasionally up to the end of September.

“The custom of holding camp meetings in woods and rural scenes has not originated with the Spiritualists, many religious denominations having instituted such assemblages long before Spiritualism was known. It would seem as if the rigor of the severe American winters and burning summers, had rendered the custom of seeking a pleasanter temperature in shady groves or in the vicinity of cool lakes, in the fall of the year, an absolute necessity with the denizens of American cities. The extreme reserve and caste spirit of Europeans which induces each family to go forth in its own exclusive circle for autumn recreation, finds but little favor in the democratic life of America. On the contrary, the first idea of enjoyment which prevails in the land of the West is that of social gatherings, and these have gradually grown from pleasant picnics or grove meetings into annual encampments where all the portable conveniences of city life are associated with the charms of rural scenery and out-of-door amusements.



Emma Hardinge Britten

“And thus it is, that these assemblages, so foreign to the spirit of European conservatism, and so attractive to American republicanism, have been adopted by the Spiritualists until their annual meetings in different sections of the country have far outstripped in magnitude those of any other sect or association in the United States. The Spiritual camp meetings also have become an integral part of the movement in America, and whether they are open to unfavorable criticism or may yet become so, certain it is, that at this time tens of thousands of persons sympathizing with the belief in Spiritualism look forward every year with as much eager anticipation to these gatherings, and prepare to attend them with as much regularity, as the lower classes in England look forward to the inevitable roast beef and plum pudding of the Christmas festivities. In many localities, Spiritualists invest large sums in the purchase of land and build or rent cottages which they furnish for family use during the camping season, and close up for the rest of the year. Hotels are fitted up on the campgrounds for the accommodation of transient visitors, and an immense trade is carried on in the hire of tents which are put up in the streets, avenues, and squares in regular city fashion, and named after the thoroughfares of the adjacent towns. In some encampments all sorts of amusements are provided. Large halls or tents are erected for dancing, music, and various exhibitions, but the “auditorium” or space fitted with seats, together with a speaker’s stand, and accommodation for a choir, form an invariable feature of every encampment.

“To a visitor who has never before beheld, or taken part in such a scene, a Spiritualistic camp meeting produces an indescribable feeling of strangeness and bewilderment, which scarcely allows him to determine whether he is under the influence of pleasure or pain. The gatherings are so vast, the scenes so new, and each member of the busy crowd seems so intent on pursuing his own special avocation, that a sense of loneliness, even of desolation, such as if often experienced by strangers in thronged cities, almost invariably possesses the sensitive mind. Gradually, the multitude of objects crowding in upon view on every side, arrange themselves into order, and then the sight is one of endless interest and amusement. To a loungee passing through the various groups, some arranged in picturesque knots at the tent doors, others reclining beneath shady trees, or stretched out upon grassy knolls, the fragments of conversation that meet the ear are as curious and heterogeneous, as the objects that appeal to the sense of vision. From the first peep of day, the campers are astir, lighting gipsy fires, preparing breakfast, and trading with the various hawkers who ply with their provisions regularly through the white-tented streets. After the morning meal, visits are exchanged, and the business of the day proceeds with as much energy and order as in the cities. Sailing parties, séances, amusements, and business, all proceed in due course, until the hour for speaking arrives, when thousands assemble at the speaker’s stand, to partake of the solid intellectual refreshment of the day. Lectures, balls, parties, illuminations, public discussions, &c., &c., fill up the time until midnight, when the white tents enclose the slumbering hosts, the fires and lamps are extinguished, and the pale moonbeam shines over rocks, groves, and lakes, illumining scenes as strange and picturesque as ever the eye of mortal gazed upon. Resembling to some extent a martial camp, but adorned with flowers, wreaths, and emblems of taste and beauty, instead of the grim paraphernalia of war, the stern sentinel with musket in hand is exchanged for watching angels. Instead of the savage password, “Death and glory,” “Life eternal” is whispered in every breeze that stirs the tree tops, and the white tents, instead of sheltering the fever-racked forms of mailed victims, only waiting for the shrill cry of the bugle to marshal them to murder or death, shade the peaceful slumbers of those who know no death, and who are tenderly guarded by the glittering rank and file who have triumphed over the grave, and risen as immortal victors from life’s cruel battlefields.

“Amongst those who greet you as you take your morning’s walk from street to avenue, or linger on rocky pinnacles to contemplate the busy hive of life thronging below, are strangers from States a thousand miles off, and neighbors from the next village. You may talk politics with a white-haired knot of grandsires sunning themselves on a social bench, around an ancient elm, talk metaphysics with a group of lecturers assembled “from the four corners of the earth,” hear some merry “Indian maid” pouring out through the lips of her entranced “medy,” (*i.e.*, “*medium*”) shrewd philosophy, mingled with clairvoyant

tests, and comical jokes, interspersed with startling proofs of super-mundane intelligence. Glancing down the avenues of gaily decorated tents, with wreaths, banners, inscriptions, and all manner of fanciful devices adorning them, the visitor cannot but be struck with the multitude of signs which almost every habitation exhibits. The shrewd practical spirit of “the Yankee,” evidently knows how to combine business with pleasure, and turn each shining hour into profit, as well as amusement. Bookstalls abound, photographs of spirits and mortals are on sale, and literature is rapidly changing hands. Healing, trance, test, and Physical Mediums, put out their signs, and ply their professional avocations as industriously here as at home. In a word, every one who has anything to say, says it here, and the “dear public” need be at no loss to find all they want to see, hear, purchase, or take part in, just as readily as in the midst of the busiest cities. The Spiritual camp meetings are in all respects such thoroughly practical illustrations of American life, that any visitor may glean more knowledge of popular institutions in a single day’s ramble. There is a fine choir and a good band of music engaged for the camping season. Most commonly too, besides an efficient corps of officers and managers, there is a staff of police at hand, to ensure order. To the credit of the Spiritualists’ gatherings be it said, this last addendum is generally a superfluity, for unless some “roughs” from the “world’s people” gain admission, a more orderly and generally well conducted set of people cannot be found, than a gathering of Spiritualists. They are most commonly total abstainers, and whatever their private views of morality may be, they are never permitted, at least on the best ordered camp grounds—like Lake Pleasant for example—to pass obnoxious opinions on others, or work mischief and disorder. It must, of course, be understood, that there are many diverse views amongst people so heterogeneously brought together by a few generic points of agreement, but it is tacitly resolved amongst them, that persons of widely different grades of thought shall assembled themselves in different directions, and hold gatherings where their special views shall be permitted free expressions without infringing on the rights and privileges of others. Thus it is quite common to find those with directly opposing views, calling their sympathizers around them in special gatherings, whilst at the very large and well conducted meetings, ultra-radical or obnoxious opinions on any subject are not heard.

“Those who may be curious to learn what are the prevailing themes of discussion at these meetings will soon find that metaphysics and personal experiences with Mediums are on every lip. That scandals may abound, both in speech and manner, among such vast multitudes none can deny, but as far as strict regulations can prevail, no such disorders are manifest to the public eye or ear. The visitor is never shocked by the sound of the profane oath, the ribald jest, or unseemly language. Modest women may walk the camp at night

without fear of molestation, and the impure or dishonest must at least wear the mask of decent seeming before they can be permitted to remain.

“As an example of the wide-spread popularity to which some of these Spiritualistic camp meetings have attained, the author may cite her own experience when engaged as a speaker at Lake Pleasant, in Montague, Mass., and at Neshaminy Falls, Pennsylvania, in 1880. At the first of these gatherings, Mrs. Hardinge Britten addressed an almost breathlessly attentive audience of nearly eighteen thousand persons, and at the second there were twenty thousand people on the ground, many of whom, of course, could not approach near enough to the auditorium to hear the speaker.

“The usual number of stationary campers at Lake Pleasant, Neshaminy Falls, and other of the largest gatherings, varies from one to ten thousand persons. The officers in charge make arrangements with the railroad companies at reduced rates, and on Sundays and special excursion days the visitors often amount to twenty thousand persons. Meantime, refreshments are provided, and when it is remembered that means of entertainment both mental and physical are arranged in due proportion for such vast assemblages, and that the most perfect order, harmony, and goodwill invariably prevail, too much credit cannot be given to the managers and the denomination that can attract, and successfully conduct, such meetings.

“As Lake Pleasant camp meeting is now the oldest, and, on a general average, the largest of these gatherings, we shall continue our description, by giving some extracts from the managers’ circular put forth by the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Association, in 1880.”

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS DR. JOSEPH BEALS, PRESIDENT

“Lake Pleasant is situated in the town of Montague, Mass., on the Hoosac Tunnel Line, six miles south-east of Greenfield, and midway between Troy and Boston. Its attractions are manifold—embracing every variety of inland scenery—everything possible for the comfort and convenience of visitors, and ample facilities for amusement and recreation. The lake is a beautiful sheet of about one hundred and eight acres, and is within a mile of



Lake Pleasant Camp Founders

another lake of sixty acres. Bath houses are located at convenient points on the shore, a commodious wharf lies near the foot of the stairs leading to the grove from the railroad station, and a flotilla of boats is always in readiness to take out pleasure or fishing parties. An elegant Pavilion stands on an elevated plateau overlooking the grove on the one side, and the railroad station on the other, accessible from each by easy flights of stairs. The dancing assemblies held here each week-day afternoon and evening during the camp meeting, are conducted with the utmost order and decorum, and have become exceedingly popular.”

August, 1880

Under the head of “Arrangements For 1880”

“The management print a long list of the various railroad companies—whose lines run over thousands of miles—that are prepared to carry passengers to and from the camp at half-fares, together with directions for bringing camp equipage, and the following curious, because eminently practical.”

ITEMS OF INTEREST

“The Grocery Store this season will keep a large line of goods of the best quality, including tin ware, crockery, fruits, vegetables, etc., which will be sold at regular market prices. No peddling of any kind will be allowed on the grounds, except by permission from the Committee. Table board, \$4 per week, dinners, 50 cents. A large stock of Ice was stored on the grounds last winter, and will be sold to campers at reasonable rates. All Campers are requested to register at the Secretary’s Tent on their arrival. Parties driving to the Lake will find ample provisions for their teams. Lodgings: Parties will be prepared to furnish lodgings in tents or cottages at 25 and 50 cents per night. Cot beds, mattresses and blankets can be hired on the grounds. The Post Office and Telegraph Office will be opened on the 4th of August. Fish, lobsters, oysters, etc., will be received fresh, daily, and will be sold at lowest prices. Meats and poultry will be brought on the ground every morning by Montague and Turners Falls dealers, and fresh vegetables, berries, milk, etc., by the farmers of the surrounding country.

“Then follows an order of musical exercises, including the times of performance for the Fitchburgh Military Band (one of the best in the country, by the way), and the vocal exercises of the Grattan Smith Family, a charming and accomplished choir of vocalists, whose entertainments in themselves are sufficient to command large and appreciative audiences.”

“The following plan of speakers may not be uninteresting for future reference:

“The first regular exercises will be held on Sunday, August 8. Speakers: Captain H. H. Brown and E. V. Wilson;

Tuesday, August 10, Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, Inspirational Singer, Randolph, Vt.;

Wednesday, August 11, Giles B. Stebbins, Detroit, Mich.;

Thursday, August 12, Mrs. E. S. Watson, Titusville, Pa.;

Friday, August 13, Mr. E. A. Stanley, Leicester, Vt.;

Saturday, August 14, Bishop A. Beals, Versailles, N. Y.;

Sunday, August 15, Mrs. E. S. Watson and Cephas B. Lynn;

Tuesday, August 17, Louis Ransom, Stratford, N. Y.;

Wednesday, August 18, Rev. J. H. Harter, Auburn, N. Y., and elder Evans, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.;

Thursday, August 19, Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, and Professor Henry Kiddle, New York City;

Friday, August 20, Dr. Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.;

Saturday, August 21, **Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten**;

Sunday, August 22, Edward S. Wheeler and **Emma Hardinge Britten**;

Tuesday, August 24, C. Fanny Allyn, R. Shepard, Washington, D. C.;

Thursday, August 26, W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass., and Rev. Samuel Watson;

Friday, August 27, Mrs. Sarah Byrnes;

Saturday, August 28, **Professor William Denton**;

Sunday, August 29, Dr. J. M. Peebles, and **Professor William Denton**.

“Some of the best Mediums in the country will be present, and the phenomenal phases of the Spiritual Gospel will be invited to full manifestations through circles and séances.”

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP MEETING.

“This busy little city among the pines is the scene of constant and varied attractions. The great congregation of Sunday dispersed in an orderly manner, and left the campers to enjoy a quiet Sunday evening. The addresses of the day were discussed, private séances were held, and fraternal calls were made among the occupants of the camp. Following is the record of the week ending August 22nd:

“Monday—The officers and board of directors were elected for the ensuing year. In the evening, Lizzie J. Thompson, of Boston, gave a reading to a select and appreciative audience.

“Tuesday—Louis Ranson, of Troy, N. Y., delivered the regular address. He chose for his theme: “Christianity as a Force in Civilization.” At 3-30 p.m. Jennie B.

Hagan’s friends convened in the hall and were well entertained. Miss Hagan improved with her accustomed ability. In the evening the Grattan Smith family held a concert, which was largely attended.



“Wednesday—The Shakers were present in force, and conducted the exercises both morning and afternoon. Elder Evans, Elderess Doolittle, and other members of the party spoke. The singing was a novel portion of the exercises. Elder Evans is a radical speaker, and some of his remarks were loudly applauded. The audiences were very large during the day. Charles Sullivan’s entertainment in the evening was very successful. The hall was crowded, and Mr. Sullivan was in good ‘form.’ He was enthusiastically received.

“Thursday—Rev. J. H. Harter, of New York, delivered the regular address of the forenoon session. His wife read a lengthy poem (original) on ‘True Religion.’ Mr. Harter then proceeded with his sermon. He said substantially: ‘I was once a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, then I changed to the Methodist, then I moved forward to the Universalist, my last jump was into Spiritualism. I sing hosannas of praise for Spiritualism. It is a glorious religion. I shall preach a sermon on “Coming, Doing and Going.”’ In the afternoon the Regular Address was prefaced by some remarks from that veteran Camp-Meeting-worker, Dr. A. H. Richardson, who was cordially welcomed by the audience. Dr. H. B. Storer, the well-known lecturer, who has officiated in such an acceptable manner at the Onset Bay meetings this summer, was next introduced by President Beals. As Dr. Storer advanced to the front of the platform a storm of applause greeted him. He spoke substantially as follows: ‘I thank you, my dear friends, for your cordial greeting. I have just left Onset Bay, where we have had the baptism of the spirit. We all rejoice at your success here. May our meetings increase. One spirit animates us all, one impulse moves us onward. It is a high honor to be here. Blessed thought, however, that our sainted and heroic dead are still in sympathy with us. They inspired us, they lead us on to noble works.’ Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, of New York City, delivered the regular address. Her topic was, ‘One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.’

“Friday—Rev. J. H. Harter of New York, spoke in the forenoon, continuing his former address—The Regular Address was delivered at 1.45 P.M., by Dr. Anna M. Middlebrook-Twiss, of Manchester, N. H. Her theme was ‘Fact and Philosophy.’

“Saturday—Capt. H. H. Brown spoke by special request in the forenoon. The discourse was preceded by a song from Mrs. Mason and daughter and Charles W. Sullivan. Capt. Brown’s topic was ‘The Mission of America, or the Place of Spiritualism in History.’ In the afternoon at 1.45 P.M., Mrs. Emma Hardinge delivered a splendid address on ‘The New Bible.’ Mrs. Britten is a speaker of world-wide celebrity. Her discourses are grand and lucid, delivered with dramatic fire, and reflect credit upon the cause of Spiritualism. She was attentively listened to and loudly applauded.

“Sunday, Aug. 22nd—There never was a fairer day than this. At an early hour crowds began to enter the camp ground. The excursion trains were larger than ever before. It was an interesting sight to witness the arrival of the constantly incoming host. At 9.30 the Fitchburg Band began a very fine concert. The vast amphitheater was well greeted by an immense audience. In the afternoon Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten was greeted by an immense audience, which she held spellbound, as in a stately and impressive manner she replied to Joseph Cook’s recent coarse imputations upon Spiritualists.⁸⁵ This discourse will soon be issued in tract form, hence the writer will not attempt to give a digest here. Suffice it to say that the eminent and able defender of Spiritualism, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, who honors any cause by her advocacy of it, subjected Joseph Cook to a scorching criticism and answered in a lucid manner the current objections to Spiritualism. The lecturer was congratulated by thousands at the conclusion of her address.

“Monday, Aug. 23rd.—At 1.30 p.m. a memorial service was held in honor of E. V. Wilson,⁸⁶ the veteran lecturer, who passed to spirit-life Aug. 8th. The grand stand was beautifully decorated, and a very large audience convened to listen to the speeches. President Beals said: “We have met to hold a memorial service to our dear brother, E. V. Wilson, who has gone to the spirit-land. He was a brave and noble worker. Let us show our respect for him to-day.” Capt. H. H. Brown was the first speaker. He paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Mr. Wilson. Edward S. Wheeler followed in a touching speech, filled with reminiscences of personal relations with Mr. Wilson. He also made a very forcible plea for practical work in direction of liquidating the indebtedness upon the home of Mr. Wilson’s family. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten made the

85. Rev. Joseph Cook (1838-1901) a Boston preacher who at one time supported the idea of spiritualism but when he went to India in 1882, he denounced both Spiritualism and Theosophy.

86. See: E. V. Wilson, *The Truths of Spiritualism*. Illinois: Hazlitt and Reed, 1879. (Rare and expensive – NRH)

closing speech, which was one of great power. She asked the question, “What does death do to us?” and proceeded to argue that death transfigured us, that the noble warrior in whose honor the meeting was held had been transfigured since the episode of death, which was, in reality, his spiritual birth. The speaker in closing adverted to the question of assisting the wife and children of Bro. Wilson, and directed President Beals to put her name down as the first one to purchase E. V. Wilson’s book: ‘The Truths of Spiritualism.’

“Having rendered all the justice our space will permit to the colossal camp meeting of the present day, we must follow with just at least a few extracts from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* ⁸⁷ of August 28th, 1880, touching the “Neshaminy Falls Camp Meeting,” a much younger organization than that of “Lake Pleasant,” but one which in point of numbers seems likely to rival the immense gathers of Massachusetts. Neshaminy Falls is a beautiful place about ten or twelve miles from Philadelphia, and its attractions and methods of management may be gathered from the following stirring remarks:

Camp Meeting of The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at Neshaminy Falls Grove



Neshaminy Falls Grove, Philadelphia, circa. 1920's

“There were, as I have informed you, some ten or twelve thousand persons at Neshaminy Falls Grove on Saturday, August 1st, and, in consequence, Monday was a day of quiet and repose there. On the day to which we refer, there was some dancing by the regular citizens of the camp in the pavilion, our orchestra always being ready to discourse sweet music, whenever the lads and lasses wish ‘to trip the light fantastic toe,’ which is pretty

87. Prominent American Spiritualistic weekly founded in 1865 in Chicago. Stevens J. Jones was its founder and publisher.

often. By the way, these small social parties, among acquaintances, are fast becoming very enjoyable.

“On Tuesday, Mrs. Shepard, ever ready to gratify those seeking for truth and instruction, answered questions from an audience gathered in the pavilion, the weather being unfavorable. In the afternoon, H. H. Brown discoursed upon the text: “He went up into the Mount of Olives,” etc. The lecture was considered an excellent essay by those who heard the same.

“On Thursday, August 5th, Mrs. R. Shephard spoke in the forenoon, in answer to interrogations from her hearers. In the afternoon, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, so long and extensively known among Spiritualists all over the world, was the speaker announced, and she came duly from the scene of her present labors in the city of New York.

“In order to encroach as little as possible upon the time of so busy a person as Mrs. Britten ever is, the committee had engaged her to speak on consecutive days. And so it came about, that on Friday, August 6th, Mrs. Britten spoke again. To attempt a report in half-a-dozen lines, would be but an impertinence deserving resentment. It is better to say the two lectures of Mrs. Britten gave great satisfaction, being grandly instructive, and only made all concerned the more regret the accident, which prevented us from placing her before our great Sunday audiences. The ensuing Saturday was one of our quiet days, such as have been described before, but the camp gradually filled, until every nook was occupied and newcomers were quartered among hospitable friends and accommodating strangers for miles around.

“But Sunday, August 8th, was not a quiet day. The morning dawned brilliantly. The speakers were A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. R. Shepard. By arrangement with the railroad company several extra trains were secured, and, warned by the immense throng of the last Sunday, other enlarged accommodations were provided. Early in the morning the people began to gather, and by the time for opening the meeting for the forenoon the camp had more people than at the same time on the Sunday previous. A. B. French spoke to a magnificent audience upon the subject, ‘What of Death, and what of our Dead?’

“Long before the time for the Rev. Samuel Watson to speak, it was seen that the audience, as on the last Sunday, must be divided. Two meetings were arranged, but three were needed, as on the former Sunday, but there were not so many speakers at hand competent for such crowds, and in the evening a fine audience heard Mrs. Shepard once more upon ‘Woman and her relation to Spiritualism.’ Last Sunday there were one thousand or more carriages came to this ground—this Sunday the gatekeepers told me they passed over fifteen

hundred teams, some of them four-in-hand. There were many more cars, and all, as I am informed, came full. There was ‘a great company which no man could number,’ but order and peaceful enjoyment reigned supreme, without an accident to mar the occasion at Neshaminy.

“Lake Pleasant and Neshaminy must suffice to inform our readers of what Spiritualistic camp meetings are like, and what Spiritualists do and talk about when they go into camp. There are multitudes of similar gatherings, some less it is true in numbers, but not very much less. Let the following list of such gatherings, selected like the above extracts, from the *Banner*, and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of August, 1880, speak for themselves.”

CAPE COD CAMP MEETING by Herman B. Storer

“The charm of a delightful summer lingers in the groves and over the odorous fields basking in the sunlight. The air is vocal with the twitter of birds and hum of insects, and a morning walk over the hills seems a fit preparation for that natural worship which we hope to enjoy in larger measure by the aid of this first Sunday’s exercises at the camp. The dead leaves have been swept away, the speakers’ stand newly painted, and the seats, all comfortably backed, await the coming audience. After the deluging rain of Saturday, the sandy roads of the Cape are comparatively hard, and on foot and by vehicles of all sorts, the good people stream toward the camp. Baggage is unloaded, and soon the semi-circle of cottages are occupied by their annual tenants, who greatly enjoy their social reunions under the trees.”

LILY DALE CAMP MEETING

“The sessions of this Camp Meeting have been productive of great good in the western portion of the State of New York. The principle speakers have been Mrs. Stearns, Lyman C. Howe, C. Fannie Allyn, Prof. William Denton, Judge McCormick, and W. J. Colville. With this array of talent the meetings have been well sustained twice daily. In addition



Lily Dale, NY

to the regular exercises, every evening has been profitably employed, either by a scientific lecture or a concert. Prof. Denton’s geological course has been intensely interesting and instructive, and Mr. James G. Clarke’s ballad concerts have been a very pleasing feature.”

BUSWELL'S GROVE, MAINE

“Mrs. Mattie E. Hull writes: “Extensive preparations are going on for the prospective camp-meeting in Buswell’s Grove, commencing the 8th of September. In all probability it will be the largest gathering of Spiritualists ever convened in the State. The committee have engaged the services of J. Frank Baxter, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Moses Hull, and the writer.”

NOTES FROM ONSET BAY



Onset Bay Camp - Famed Wigwam -
Massachusetts

“Our camp meeting has had another week of uninterrupted success, save by the very dry weather. The meetings during the past week have been largely attended by an earnest and thinking people, who are ready for the bread of life. Saturday, W. J. Colville, of Boston, occupied the platform in the afternoon, while your correspondent, with the rest of the

Committee on Entertainments, was busy in caring for the parties arriving in large numbers to spend Sunday at the grove. Sunday, August 6th, opened clear and dry, and with, by far the largest number of people at the grove that ever stayed overnight at one time. The trains from Boston and New Bedford on the north, and the trains from Provincetown and Oak Bluffs on the south, with the steamer Monohanset from New Bedford, all came loaded, swelling the numbers to nearly 7,000. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, spoke at 10.30 a.m., subject, “The Practicality of Spiritualism.””

NRH: The following list I located gives the reader a view of how expansive the camps were in their heyday. Most are not dated but likely late 19th century. The last paragraph written had no name attached to it.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING — To be held at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., under the auspices of the Forest City Park Association. August 21st until September 11th, 1882

MICHIGAN CAMP-MEETING—There will be a grand camp-meeting at Lansing, on Central Michigan Fair Ground, commencing August 25th and closing September 4th, held under the auspices of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists of Michigan.

SUNAPEE LAKE SPIRITUALIST CAMP-MEETING — The Spiritualists of New Hampshire will hold their fifth annual camp-meeting at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing September 8th and closing September 25th

A LIBERAL LEAGUE CONVENTION AND SPIRITUALIST AND SECULAR CAMP-MEETING—Will be held at Tama, Tama County, Iowa, September 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th.

THE ANNUAL STATE CAMP MEETING OF THE KANSAS LIBERAL UNION will begin on Sunday, Aug. 27th, and continue till and close on Sept. 4, 1882, at Bismark Grove, Lawrence, Kansas—Annie L. Diggs, Secretary



CAMP MEETING AT ETNA, MAINE—The Spiritualists of Eastern Maine will hold their Annual Camp-Meeting at Etna, Penobscot Co., in Daniel Buswell's Grove, commencing August 25th, and continuing ten days, ending Sunday, Sept. 3rd, 1882. Dr. H. B. Storer, J. Frank Baxter, Miss Jennie B. Hagan and others are expected.



Camp Etna, Maine, 1910. Archway erected in 1916 by the "Pollyanna Club"

THE ADJOURNED MEETING (being the first annual) of the Fourth District Spiritual-Liberal Association, will be held on Orion Park Island, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th—Mrs. F. E. Odell, Secretary, Farmer's Creek, Michigan

GROVE MEETING—The Spiritualists of Paulding County, Ohio, and vicinity, will hold their Annual Grove-Meeting in Daniel Wentworth's Grove, north of Antwerp, on the 19th and 20th of August—R. B. Champion, Secretary.

THE NIAN TIC CONNECTICUT CAMP MEETING—The grounds will be open on and after June 12, 1882. The regular Camp Meeting will commence with public speaking, July 12, 1882, and will continue until August 20th.

SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING—The 5th Annual Solomon Valley Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held under the direction of the Delphos Society at Delphos, Ottawa County, Kansas, from September 22nd to October 1st inclusive.

THE PEOPLE'S CAMP MEETING will be held on the grounds of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, from July 28th to August 28th inclusive.

SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING at Lake George, N. Y., from July 15th to August 20th.

“Several new Camp Meetings have been started within the last two years of which the author has no authorized accounts, nearly all of which are old established gatherings. Besides these, there is a long list of Grove Meetings, and Conventions, announced to continue for two, three, or more days, all and each of which command full gatherings, never falling below six or seven hundred, and often reaching to several thousand persons.”



Forest Temple, Lily Dale



THE AUTHORSHIP

N. RILEY HEAGERTY has been researching Historic Spiritualism and Mediumship since 1986, concentrating on the physical phenomena attending the great mediums who manifested their gifts within what he refers to as the “Century of Wonders” —1848 to 1958. According to the author, “That century produced mind-staggering manifestations witnessed on numerous occasions by individuals whose integrity would be an insult to question. We have been given countless instances of positive proof of not only life after death but direct communication by spirits. It is also a sad fact that the world, in general, is woefully unaware of these titanic events which, if understood, would change the course of human thinking.”



In light of this, Mr. Heagerty has written many books dealing with mediums from that century. The first, ***The French Revelation***, documents the independent voice mediumship of Mrs. Emily S. French. ***Portraits from Beyond: The Mediumship of the Bangs Sisters***, concerns the precipitated spirit portraits and independent writing of May and Elizabeth Bangs.

Along with the present work in the reader’s hand, the other most recent publications are:

- ✧ ***Spectral Evidence: Mind Blowing Wonders Within the Heyday of Historic Spiritualism 1848-1948 –VOLUME I. (2017).***
- ✧ ***The Direct Voice: The Mediumship of Elizabeth Blake (2017)***, which focuses on the independent spirit voices brought through under total daylight conditions by unarguably the greatest trumpet medium.
- ✧ ***Spectral Evidence: Mind Blowing Wonders Within The Heyday of Historic Spiritualism - 1948–1958 – VOLUME II (2018)***
- ✧ ***The Brothers Davenport: World-Renowned Spiritual Mediums (2019)***
- ✧ ***The Hereafter: Firsthand Reports From The Frontiers of The Afterlife (2020)***
- ✧ ***The Phenomena of Spirit Materialization: The Transcendent Wonder of The Ages (2021)***

wwwTheRisenBooks.com

Contact the Author at nrileyh@hotmail.com, and at Facebook: N Riley Heagerty.



"Riley Heagerty has once again presented irrefutable evidence of the afterlife that will surprise, amaze, inspire and leave you with absolute certainty that life continues."

Victor and Wendy Zammit
co-authors of the Friday Afterlife Report.

"Mr. Heagerty has produced yet another profoundly exhaustive investigation into the historical records of noted, highly gifted physical mediums, of the period known as 'The Golden Age of Spiritualism'. This compilation presents more extremely compelling evidence that our consciousness does indeed survive death, and that communication with the dead is not only possible, but an established, irrefutable fact."

Dr. Ken Sarri, Psychical Researcher, Vienna

"A must read for any Spiritualist who wants to be informed about those mediums we have not known much about nor the phenomena they produced. A great reading experience and a book that should be in one's personal library."

Ron Nagy, Spiritualism Historian and Author of *The Spirits of Lily Dale*, & many others; Curator of the Lily Dale Museum (RonNagy.net)

"Riley Heagerty is a true and trusted advocate for the promotion of honest and upfront spiritual knowledge. The invaluable history in his books can only confirm and affirm the reality of survival beyond the event often called 'death'."

August Goforth, author: *The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief & Survival Beyond Death*

www.therisenbooks.com

Cover Design: August Goforth

"My Library" photo: N. Riley Heagerty

Nightsky photo: Vincentiu Solomon



Circle of Light Research



Tempestina Teapot Books

Circle of Light Research is an Imprint
of Tempestina Teapot Books

