

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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to the Allen County Infirmary. Three of the Irish inmates died so closely together as to be buried at the same time. In the night after their burial I assisted in the resurrection of their bodies and conveying them to the dissecting room of the Fort Wayne Medical College, which dissecting room was then located on Barr street. Guilty as I was of this then misdemeanor (now it is a penitentiary offence, but the law grants us the bodies of all who die unclaimed by friends, provided we make the proper application to the authorities) I say, guilty as I was of this violation of the law, I had almost forgotten it when a few years ago, in a seance given by Mr. George Hail, I was forcibly reminded of it by a voice in Irish accents through the trumpet, calling me by name, and purporting to be that of "Moike," who was "one of the three," as he put it, who were resurrected, &c., giving all of the particulars, into which it is not necessary here to enter. Suffice it to say that it was all true.

An intimate friend and near neighbor of my daughter, Mrs. Chas. Fellowes, residing in Chicago, but then at my house in Fort Wayne on a visit, had with his family, wife and two children, gone to Texas about a year previously for the benefit of his health, he being a consumptive. In a seance given at my house by Mrs. Hibbitts, of Muncie, the trumpet approaching very near to Mrs. Fellowes, a voice through it called her by name and announced its own as that of John Ure. My daughter, who had had little, if any, experience in or with trumpet circles, becoming somewhat excited, replied that so far as she knew John Ure was not dead. The voice responded: "I am not dead, having

only passed out of my body at Texas on Saturday, and my remains are now on their way to Chicago for burial." He entered into a number of details not necessary here to mention, of some of which my daughter was cognizant, of others perfectly ignorant. He spoke of the fact that he was glad his family was amply provided for by his life insurance, if it would take care of it, &c. This seance was held on a Monday evening. The next morning the postman brought a letter to my daughter from her husband, announcing the fact that a despatch had been received in Chicago conveying the news of the death of John Ure in Texas. On the following morning (Wednesday) she received another letter from her husband containing the statement that the body of John Ure had arrived in Chicago and that he was to act as one of the pall-bearers.

My wife and I, with several other Fort Wayne people, attended at Cassadaga in Aug. '94, a materializing seance, Mrs. Maude Gillette being the medium. The room was unusually lighted for a seance of this character. Every person in it could be readily recognized from any part of it. I believe that I could have read ordinary newspaper print by the light it contained. Up to this evening I had failed to satisfy myself of the truth of materialization. I had no more confidence in it than I had in the story of Moses and Elias materializing on the Mount of Transfiguration. Many of the forms that appeared in this seance built themselves up from two to four feet or more away from and independent of the cabinet, in the full view of every person in the room. The cabinet consisted of a few curtains stretched across a solid