

Berlin, New York, November 15th, 1853

Dear Friend,

Since you have been publishing the trance of Marietta Davis, in the Mountain Cove Journal, some of the readers have written to us to ascertain its authenticity. We submit the following for your disposal: Marietta Davis was a member of our family; She was not of religious habits and was not interested in religious conversations. In August of 1847 she fell into a sleep, a trance, from which she could not be awakened. She remained in this state for nine days and when she awoke she said she had been in both Heaven and Hell. The trance as you published it, as far as we can recollect, is correct. Marietta died the following March in 1848 at the time and in the manner predicted by herself.

Yours,

Nancy Davis, Mother

Susan Davis, Sister

Sarah Ann Davis, Sister

Marietta Davis Descends to Realms of Darkness

At this moment a blue sulphurous flash distributed the vault of nether darkness, and as it disappeared all around me floated grim spectres, each enveloped in the fire of unhallowed passion. Alone in this dreadful place, no means are left me to express the most faint idea of the agony of that moment. The whole scene of my life was before me. Then I exclaimed, "Oh for one short hour on earth! For space, however brief, for preparation of soul, and to secure fitness for the world of spirits."

As I advanced, I walked as upon scorpions, and trod as amid living embers. The trees that seemed to wave about me were fiery exhalations, and their blossoms the sparklings and the burnings of unremitting flames. Each object I approached by contact created agony.

The gathered flowers had emitted a burning exhalation, whose fetid and noisome odor, inhaled in the nostrils, caused excruciating pain, Upon turning to see if I could discover a single drop of water to allay the fierce and intolerable thirst; fountains appeared. Soon, however, I discovered that these corresponded with the former illusions, and the drops of spray from the sparkling fountains fell like drops of molten lead upon the shrinking form. The rivulets were like the molten river or metallic fire that streams from a furnace seven times heated.

Hell's Revelry Palls but Does Not Appease

"I abandoned myself to the attractive influences that were around me, and sought to satisfy my craving desires for pleasure. I reveled, I banqueted, I mingled in the wild and voluptuous dance, I plucked the shining fruit, I surfeited my nature with that which externally appeared delicious and inviting to the sight and to the senses. But when tasted, all was loathsome and a source of increasing pain, And so unnatural are the desires perpetuated here that what I crave I loathe, and that which delights tortures me. Every object, which I perceive, I crave, and I grasp at it in the midst of disappointment and

gather it with increased agony. Here lust, pride, hate, avarice, love of self, and blasphemies, reveling in madness, kindle into a burning flame. Here are those who oppressed the poor, the adulterer, the murderer and the suicide, who, not satisfied with life in the external form, has hastened its close. Did mortals but know the dark and dreadful night into which they are sure to fall if they die unprepared.