

*Prof. Wm. James,  
Cambridge*

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**MARCH and JUNE, 1882.**

**[Nos. 1 & 2.]**

# F A C T S

**Prove the Truth of all Science, and we do not know by any  
other means any Truth; we, therefore, give the so-  
called Facts of our Contributors to prove the  
Intellectual Part of Man to be Immortal.**



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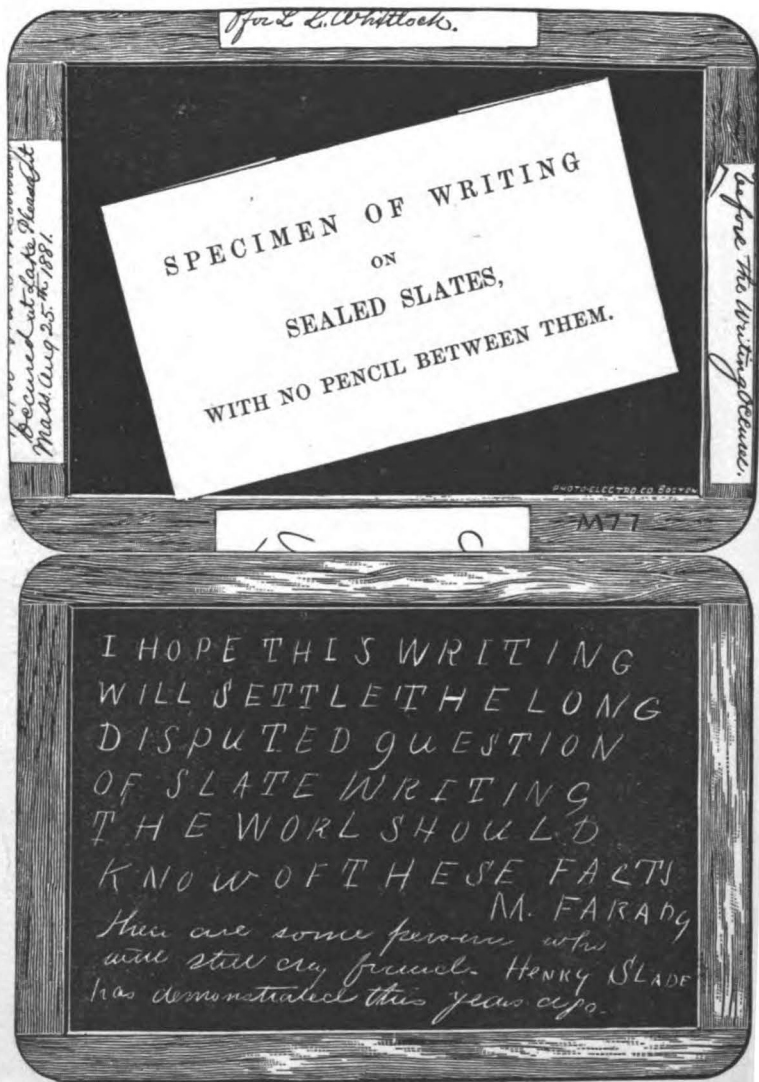
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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

To our readers who are not acquainted with our plans I would say we are not intending to make comments upon the matter we publish, nor do we intend to in any way subscribe to these things as true. We do not intend by our indorsements to support fraud of any kind; and, as we believe that the true science of spirit communion is not well enough understood to enable any as yet to prove by the accepted laws the truth, or deny what seems to be facts to others,—

Therefore, while we publish much that is beyond the power of man to produce, and beyond the power of anyone by known laws of physical science to prove true or false, still we do not deny them a place in our columns, or criticise their acceptance, as we know that the greatest truths in science have been for years in a state of unbelief, and that those truths today must by most minds be accepted by faith, and not as a fact, by the individual, as no life time is long enough to work out all these problems of physical science for ourselves. We are consequently obliged to accept the truth of others' observations as if we had made them.

Therefore, when my brother investigator tells me he has seen the beautiful soul of man in the spirit life, through the spirit body, as tangible as though he were in the physical body, I must believe him in the same way I believe the astronomer when he tells me the earth is a given distance from the sun or any other object in the planetary system.

Therefore, you see, our intention is not to be dogmatic; we are not all-wise; we do not know the truth, and only seek to find so much as we can of it by investigation of the facts which control it, and in publishing those facts in a concise form to give the world at large the opportunity to judge for themselves.

We have thought best to publish in some cases phenomena for which we could not give the authority. This we regret; but, in many cases, circumstances make it absolutely necessary on account of church, business, and family relations. But in these the editor

has been perfectly assured that it was worthy the confidence of the public, and has known the circumstances and names of the parties interested. Quite a number of persons whose names appear are mediums who are traveling more or less of their time, and, therefore, we are not able to give an address; but by reference to the *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass., their whereabouts may generally be found.

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### HEALING DEPARTMENT.

For this portion of our magazine we have nothing to say more than the *fact* that we allow people to have the privilege of telling their own story, and if even a small portion of what is claimed as truth proves to be facts, we shall think the magnetic doctor is not any worse than the regular professional M. D., and we doubt if he can kill as many on an average.

As we have said in the introductory remarks, we do not in any way vouch for the truth of these statements, but leave all persons to judge for themselves, as they may find after investigation warranted in doing.

# FACTS.

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No.1.

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## EDITORIAL.—SALUTATORY.

We, in presenting this magazine, feel that the progress of science demands all the truth, and that while all her classes of science have their text-books, and works of thought, and theories, which explain their peculiar ideas of God and Nature's laws, we have a place which few have sought to fill, while many have in an incidental manner done much.

Nature must always by science and superstition be accepted as the foundation from which to deduce all ideas of truth.

Therefore, on her laws must depend every science; and, as her laws are only known by a careful study of the effects or facts produced by them, we can only arrive at conclusions by careful study. No person of reason doubts the powers which must have produced these phenomena or results.

But how wide apart are the conclusions which men of superstition on the one side and scientists on the other have advanced; while the one accepts all by faith, with no single fact to prove his theory or superstition, the other, on a material plane, has caused the materialists to believe that matter could and did produce the things which do exist that show a life principle; and none of them has ever been able to duplicate any combination of matter artificially which had a life principle, although they claim to know its component parts.

Our object in this magazine is to show the fallacies of both of these extremes, and to produce facts which will show conclusively the truth of the existence of an intelligence independent of matter, but which combines with and controls it.

Also, that as wonderful phenomena as those of Christ's time are occurring every day in this the nineteenth century, and that we

do not need to worship an unknown God of superstition, but that all may know him from fact and not from fancy. Science has no set laws by which we may investigate the truth except by facts. Theories and superstitions may be accepted by the credulous, but the honest investigator must be assured of its truth. Therefore we have given to this publication the name of "FACTS," and our purpose is to keep strictly to our text, and let our readers deduce their own theories. False reasoning from any stand-point may produce untrue theories which may be accepted as true; but the true scientist demands the facts on which to base his conclusions. We are aware that these so-called facts are only such to those who know them by personal experience, but should any by reading these pages be induced to investigate for themselves, our object will be accomplished; and should they find that other and perhaps more wonderful phenomena are true, we would feel under obligations if they would give us their experiences. To those, then, who would know the truth we would say: "Search, and ye shall find," but those whose superstition leads them to worship idols, or ideal gods, and teach men so, must remember that, if they refuse to know the truth and believe a lie, knowing how they may obtain the truth, they will find in the future the punishment due a dishonest heart, and that, as they reap their own punishment, they lose the reward for honesty of purpose: "Woe unto you who know your master's will and do it not." Science will and must triumph, and he who would know her untold truths must drink deep at her fountains. No power of human logic can make an axiom untrue, and no logic can be accepted by the scientist who would know the truth.

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#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We shall be much obliged to anyone who will furnish us facts for this magazine, and especially so to medical men and preachers who have witnessed at death-bed scenes evidences of immortality. It should be remembered by all contributors that we desire the name and address in full of the witnesses of said phenomena, also that of the medium, if any is present.

The editor assumes the liberty of revising any manuscript, if necessary, but would prefer to keep the expression of the writer if it is clearly, concisely, and grammatically stated.

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It will be seen on reading these statements that many of them have been given in public meetings. There was a series of what was known as fact-meetings held at Lake Pleasant last August, in which persons were allowed generally five minutes for the statement of any phenomena that they might have seen.

Perhaps we cannot give a clearer idea of the matter than to quote a speech of Mr. E. S. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, Penn.

MR. EDWARD S. WHEELER.

I think, sir, this meeting begins business at the right end. The matter-of-fact way of getting at a thing is the right way. Somebody said to me yesterday: "Come in here tomorrow morning; we are to have a fact-meeting." I have heard of all sorts of things, but I never heard of a fact-meeting before. When I came in, I found the beautiful group of children singing. "Well," I said, "that is a fact." I am here simply to say that in my opinion you are at the right end of the matter. I know you are. The most remarkable thing about spiritualism is that it has taken millions of ordinary people and placed them in the scientific attitude. It has taken people of no education and placed them in a position, mentally, that is considered honorable to the most highly-cultured people. Theologians build houses of cloud upon foundations of presumption. They assume a thing, and upon that assumption build their fanciful temples. The scientist begins with the clam shell and lands you before the great white throne. First the fact, then the classification, then the logical inference, then the beautiful outcome of the whole. Now, the fact must come first. You investigate facts by the use of your senses. The dogs do that. They smell, taste, and observe; and they are better observers than men. You can't tell whether your friend has been this way by smelling the turf he trod on, but a dog can. You can't tell whether the fox on the other side of the hill is running with the wind, but the dog can. So, as mere observers, the animal creation have the advantage of us. They have their special senses, and these senses are keener. But I have never heard of any logical inference that the dogs have ever drawn from what they have smelled out. I have never known of their classifying anything. Dogs are observers, but never scientists. Men are scientists because they classify their observations—astronomical, physiological, anthropological, etc. Logical inference builds up philosophy, and that is what we call religion. What I see compels me to worship. The little flowers, so beautiful that they seem to speak to me of an infinite tenderness,—of the soul of beauty that

wishes to get nearer to me through these beautiful mouths that preach the gospel of love,—these make me worship. As to the facts of love, I have seen a great many,—I could not tell a tenth part of them. I saw enough last night to establish spiritualism upon a strong basis. A young man, Mr. Fletcher, delivered a lecture upon Jerusalem. He delivered it nicely and told about the different places. We all listened, and were happy and good natured. As I am in the habit of asking questions, I remarked that he had not said anything about the pool of Bethesda, which the angel, coming down, troubled with his foot, as the Testament says, and asked him if he did n't rather put his foot in it? Then everybody laughed, and I looked solemn, as if I had n't done anything to be ashamed of. That was the temper we were in. Suddenly the young man stopped and said: "I am not in the habit of giving such things as this after such a lecture, but there are certain things I see so plainly that I must speak of them." Right before me sat half a dozen strangers. He gave names, and to each a communication. He did n't ask for any recognition. I asked if they had been told correctly; and they said, "Exactly true." They said they were utter strangers to the medium. They went to their tent between smiles and tears, and hailed the glad advent of spirit light. It is some ways from Judea to Lake Pleasant, but I don't think we need to go away back there for spiritual truths. These things happened here.

Now let me say one other thing and I will close. I give this as my contribution. In Philadelphia I manage a publishing house. The former proprietor of this house, in which I was formerly employed, passed from this life on the 9th of last April. His widow procured a sitting with Mr. Alexander Phillips, the slate-writing medium, now here in the hotel. Mr. Phillips takes two clean slates, puts them together, gives them to you, and while you hold them, he goes to the other side of the room, and the writing goes on inside of the slates; and in this way this woman receives the indisputable evidence of her husband's existence in another life. Then the hand of the medium was controlled, and she received page after page of communication from her husband in regard to business, and his feelings concerning herself in special directions of one sort and another. And the letter was signed in the bold hand that characterized the man. I have seen his

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FACTS.

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will,—in fact, I was instrumental in having it drawn up, and I will say that the signature to the communication was more perfect than in the will, for in the latter it shows signs of weakness, as the man was not far from death. But upon the slate the *post mortem* signature is larger, but the letters are of the same form as those of the signature I have a thousand times witnessed. I could have drawn from the bank every cent of money we possess on the strength of that signature. The cashier might have wondered what he wrote it so large for, but that would have been the only point of difference. If these things were analyzed, they would be found to form the basis of all we Spiritualists assume.

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MR. A. H. PHILLIPS.

My illustration shows two slates which I bought at a store and cleaned and sealed in the presence of the well-known lecturer, Mrs. Abby Burnham, who inspected their condition, Aug. 24, 1881, at Lake Pleasant. I next glued pieces of stout white paper over the frames on all four sides, thus fastening them firmly as shown in the picture. There was no writing nor pencil between them. On these pieces of paper I wrote the four following inscriptions: These slates were sealed in the presence of Mrs. Abby Burnham, Aug. 24, 1881. This slate-writing occurred in the presence of Mr. Phillips for L. L. Whitlock. These slates were thoroughly cleaned and sealed August 24, 1881, at 12 M. At 2 P.M. I took them to Mr. Phillips' office, laying them on a table with a number of others, which were written upon. On the lower side of the sealed ones was written: "We will write on these slates to-morrow but not today." The next morning, about half past eight o'clock, August 25th, I went to Mr. Phillips' office and asked at what hour I could have a sitting. His spirit guides immediately answered: "We will write on them in the hall this morning before the audience." I took them to the hall and passed them around among the people already gathered. They were examined by all desiring to do so, and again Mrs. Burnham inspected them, and pronounced them in exactly the same condition as at first. At this point Mr. Phillips passed on to the

platform, and he called five persons from the audience to stand beside him. They were as follows: Mrs. M. A. Howes, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Abby Burnham, Boston, Mass.; Judge Simmons, Bennington, Vt.; Dr. Whitman, Athol, Mass.; Prof. E. A. Carpenter, the well-known psychologist, of East Gloucester, Mass. They assisted in holding the slates. Writing immediately began, and was heard by those holding them and some near by the platform. In a few moments Mr. Phillips said the writing was finished. I then called on Dr. Joseph Beals, President of the Lake Pleasant Association, to open them before the audience. Dr. Beals asked if anyone would like to examine them before they were opened. Many voices responded in concert from all parts of the hall: "No, no; we are satisfied it is all fair. We have not lost sight of the slates for one moment." Dr. Beals then broke the seals and exclaimed, holding them up: "Well, there is a good result; one is covered with writing, a part in coarse printed letters. They read as follows: 'I hope this writing will settle the long-disputed question of slate-writing; the world should know of these facts.—M. Faraday.' 'There are some persons who will still cry fraud. Henry Slade demonstrated this years ago.'"

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### MR. HENRY ALLEN.

By request, I will give a slight description of what happened at a private circle, comprising Mr. Henry Allen, the medium, Mr. Phillips, the independent slate-writer, Mr. L. L. Whitlock, Providence, R. I., Mr. John White and family, 121 Swan St., Buffalo, two ladies from Boston, and myself, in room No. 16 at the hotel, Lake Pleasant, Aug. 24, 1881. The room was darkened with bed-quilts, and we sat around an ordinary table in the centre of the room. To preface my description of last evening, I will state that, on last Sunday, about the same party attended Mr. Allen's seance in Mrs. Andrews' cottage. Some of the party thought it would be more satisfactory if the same things could occur in a private room away from the quarters of the medium, for suspicion often arises that there is something that is not quite right, although you are allowed to examine everything. So, our friends arranged

for a seance of ten people, six gentlemen and four ladies in room No. 16 at the hotel. We formed a circle around the table, upon which were a guitar, bell, etc. A large dulcimer without drumsticks was sitting upon chairs outside the circle behind the medium. All hands were joined, and the moment the light was put out music began, lights were seen and voices heard,—many spirits addressing in their own voices messages to those present. Each one changed seats next to the medium, so that it could not be said there was collusion with the medium, every one being allowed to hold the hand of the medium, and, as often as they changed, the manifestations changed. "Home, sweet home" and several other pieces were played, also sounds like the wind whistling through the trees by the dulcimer. Just as the medium called for a light, Mr. Phillips said: "Wait; they are doing something with me. I think they are taking my coat off."

Mr. Whitlock having hold of Mr. Phillips' right hand, grasped it more firmly, determined that no coat should pass off over his hand. After the lamp was lit, Mr. Phillips' coat was found across the back of his chair, which was taken out from beneath him and moved back several feet. The dulcimer and chairs on which it rested were piled on the top of the table.

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MRS. MARY E. WEEKS, CHICAGO, ILL.

In 1856 I had an uncle who was an officer on the steamer Pacific. Two days before she was due, I was in Brooklyn, N. Y., with a medium, Mr. Russell, a coffee and spice merchant, not a public medium. On account of stormy weather, the steamer was not expected as soon as usual, and there was no fear as to her safety. The thought of danger in her behalf had never been spoken of. At this circle, held two days before the steamer was due, my uncle announced himself, giving the street and number where he used to play back-gammon. He said that nine days out from Liverpool the steamer struck an iceberg, and every soul found a watery grave. He said the scene a few moments before the ship went down was fearful; there were 375 persons on board. At this communication those present were startled, they were afraid,

for they were all church members. I started up and said : "Truth reaches the heart ; I shall go and tell his sister." The next day I went to New York and visited Kate Fox, through whom my uncle's communications were confirmed. Through this medium he said : "Oh, if you could only see the rejoicing of those who came up out of the terrors of death!" The seance, with Mr. Russell as medium, was at the house of Mr. Simonton, an old Brooklyn spiritualist. The Pacific was never heard of afterward.

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### DR. DUTTON, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

I am aware that this testimony amounts to nothing unless you know the character of the person who gives it. What I am about to relate will be no evidence to anyone, except to those who know me ; but there are many here who *do* know me. I have attended several materializing seances, but shall here speak of only one, which took place at Rutland, Vermont, some ten or twelve years ago, when Mr. Henry Allen, now of Salem, Mass., came to our house to show some of his manifestations. We placed a sofa across the corner of the room, and behind it hung blankets, and behind the blankets were placed instruments. On the sofa sat the medium with one on each side. Only four persons were present, and these we all knew well and had confidence in, Dr. Holden of North Clarendon, Vt., and Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt., being of the number. We had the utmost confidence in each other. We knew that nobody was behind that blanket. I can assure you the Allen boy had nothing to do with it so far as we could see. He did not go behind the blankets, nevertheless hands were shown over them, and the instruments were thrown out from behind them. My hair was pulled, and my folks said that a small colored hand appeared. These manifestations were entirely satisfactory. I want to add another fact. I was once charged with manifesting myself, near Essex Junction, to a former student of mine, Dr. Gould, of West Randolph, Vt. Dr. Gould told me that he saw me come into the car and described my condition to a friend who came back to Boston.

Dr. Gould afterwards told me of it, that I appeared to him in bodily form at Essex Junction, at which time I know I was in Boston. I have no recollection that being in Vermont ever passed my mind. Yet they say I there appeared.

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### MR. W. J. FLETCHER.

At a recent reception at Providence, where some forty or fifty persons were present, Mr. William J. Fletcher, the medium, said: "I have been seeing several remarkable things here; I should be glad to describe them to you. A gentleman appears before me; he seems to be much engaged with many people who come and go. Now I see the Turkish flag; and the room feels oppressively warm. He now writes his name Dow, Joseph Dow, Dr. Joseph Dow. Beside him stands a lady, apparently his wife; she followed him to the spirit world very soon after his death; her name is Eliza; and they are both very anxious to make you know that they are present and recognize their friends. He says "I was interested in spiritualism, but not so much a spiritualist as a liberalist, while on earth. Spiritualism has something in it for everyone." The above facts were recognized by many present, among whom we mention Mr. F. Hacker, the well-known landscape photographer, at 265 West Minster Street, Providence, R. I., and by many others whose names will be furnished on application at this office.

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### DR. HENRY SLADE.

In regard to the phases of the writing phenomena, I have a brief statement. Although unusual with me, I wish to narrate the same.

While in New York, I received a call from Dr. Blye of Rochester, N. Y., during which time we had some very remarkable slate-writings. He, being one of the investigating kind, wished to try it still further as a test. He came again, bringing his own ink-stand, pen, and paper, and asked if his spirit wife could write

upon it. I added there would be no harm in trying, and it might prove advantageous. Then he placed upon the slate the above writing utensils, and rested the slate on his lap in sight of us both. After a few moments, something misty gathered around, and very soon a lady's hand and arm were developed. Immediately the hand took the pen, put it in the ink-stand and wrote just as straight as he or I could have done. This letter has been photographed, and is on exhibition to anyone at the residence of Dr. Blye. I also had a similar manifestation with Dr. Crowell at Brooklyn, now publisher of *Two Worlds*. There a hand materialized, and used a pencil to write. This is a rare phenomenon. It has occurred but two or three times in my whole experience. These are recorded and preserved in Dr. Blye's account.

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MRS. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D., MILWAUKEE.

Friends, I want to tell you the circumstances that made a spiritualist. Twenty-five years ago, I attended a medical college in New York. Then, as now, as they have not as yet disconnected me, I was a member of the Baptist church. I had heard of spiritualism, and I was invited by a friend who had a spiritualist friend visiting her to a seance. I, having quite a thorough knowledge of psychology and magnetism, had concluded that the communications received through mediums were the reflections of the minds of the sitters. At this seance the medium represented some one walking on crutches, and dying in his chair. I said I never knew anyone answering to that description. Thereupon she called for the alphabet and spelled out "Elisha Stillman." I then remembered an old man who used to come to the door on crutches, but how he died I never knew. I immediately wrote to inquire of him, and learned that he came to his death by heart disease while sitting in his chair. During that same year, we had a debating society in this medical college. In the society there was a member named Dr. M. L. Holbrook, of New York. In discussing a question, he and I were on one side, the remainder on the other side. When I arose to speak I was positively controlled. I could hear what I said as if I had been a listener. It

was entirely new to me, although no one noticed any change in me; they thought it was all myself. I, being the only speaker on that side, was allowed half of the time, speaking every alternate week. And, to show the power that was used through me, I will state that, notwithstanding the professors and students were all opposed to my argument, I received the vote of the house. The question I spoke on I knew nothing at all about, never had I read of it. I could make several similar statements.

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### MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I have a few facts in regard to some seances I attended while in Boston, a few years ago.

Mrs. Pickering, of Rochester, New Hampshire, being the medium at one of the seances, I assisted in the arrangements. We placed a table with bells, accordion, slate, etc. upon it inside of the cabinet, and outside sat Mrs. Pickering. I sat directly in front of the cabinet, within five or six feet of it. Mrs. Pickering, with whom I am well acquainted, came in after the circle was formed, all arrangements having been made, and took her seat. She did not touch any of the things prepared. I know that the music box was wound up while inside the cabinet with no one in there, at least no mortal to wind it; that the accordion was played on, and that the chairs were thrown out into the middle of the room. A hand was thrust out, to which I handed my handkerchief, and it drew it within the cabinet. I said: "I don't want you to steal my handkerchief." They said: "If you want it, go and get it;" whereupon I entered the cabinet, but I found there no one who could have taken it, but there it was, pinned up on the inside lining of the cabinet.

After the regular seance was over, I said I would like to see Mrs. Pickering's power at the table. Five or six of us sat around the table, taking hold of hands. Mrs. Pickering put the ends of her fingers on the top of the table, and it rose up about a foot from the floor.

## MR. DAVENPORT, SR.

My friends, you all know that I have been connected with the phenomena of spiritualism for twenty-five years. I thought I would like to relate, in as brief time as possible, how I once convinced a whole city.

When I first started out, after becoming convinced of the fact of spiritualism, I was so enthusiastic I thought I could easily convince a whole nation, but soon found to the contrary.

In the year 1856 I was invited by a banker named Lucas to London, Canada. He had been so intensely interested in the manifestations shown through the Davenport brothers, he desired us to come to London. We went, and the first seance proved so exciting that the citizens called a meeting in the town-hall, and there drew up a letter to me, asking me to give a test seance for the benefit of the city of London. They proposed that I should select a committee for the spiritualists, while they reserved the right to select a committee for the city. I wrote them that they might select their own test and keep it entirely from me and my boys, and also both committees. This they thought to be very kind for a Yankee. The day was fixed, and a great interest and excitement arose.

Six men represented the committee for the city, and at the appointed time they brought in three pillows. How they were to test immortality with three pillows taken from a bed I could not see. Also, each of them had a roll of tarred rigging with which to secure my boys. The Mayor, one of the committee, asked me if I had any objection to laying the boys on their backs on the benches. I replied I had not. I had three mediums,—my own two boys, and a young boy by the name of Bound. They were dressed alike,—white pants, white vest, and black coat. They laid them down, placing the pillows beneath their heads, and commenced winding the rigging round and round, from the neck to the heels, every third time around the body giving a hitch. You can imagine the condition of the mediums when they were through. When they had finished, they asked us to retire. On returning, we found they had placed the coats over their faces, thus blinding them so that the mediums would not know what they were doing. We took our seats in the front part of the

room. I had prepared blankets, so that in an instant I could drop them and make it as dark as midnight.

We took our seats twenty feet from the mediums. Again the Mayor asked if I had objections to placing the instruments under the table. I replied I had none whatever. Accordingly, the instruments—drums, violins, and guitar—were put under the table. The moment I dropped the curtains the controlling spirit (John King) said: "Why did you besmear these knots with printers' ink? I do not want my angelic fingers besmeared with ink." They denied it. The spirit said: "You did it; I saw you." There could not have been a better test to the Mayor, and he finally acknowledged it. Here the spirit asked if he should play "God save the Queen?" He took the instruments, and I never heard "Yankee Doodle" played so sweetly. They sailed all over the room, and you could hear their footsteps on the floor as plainly as you now hear me. They played fifteen minutes, then the instruments settled down.

The committee then called for lights, and found the mediums just as they had left them.

In a few seconds we dropped the curtains, and the spirit seized the drum and said: "I want the mediums untied."

Remember, it was tarred rigging that bound them, and with all the force they could muster.

In two and a half minutes by the watch those boys came out free, and not a particle of printers' ink could be detected on their fingers or white clothing. At this the Mayor raised the windows and shouted: "Spiritualism is TRUE!"

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### MR. WALLIS, OF ENGLAND.

With regard to the facts of spiritualism, I have had some experience with a remarkable medium in Glasgow, Mr. David Dugind. He has been used by a band of artist spirits. The most startling manifestations through this medium are what is called "direct painting,"—that is, painting without a human hand touching the brush. The medium is tied securely, little clean cards are shown to the sitters, who take one and tear out a small piece or a cor-

ner end of the card. The gas is turned out, and in three or four minutes raps are heard, the gas is turned on, and miniature oil paintings are found upon the cards. I have seen it done twice. These paintings are quite wet when finished. There was only one brush upon the table and that was wet, showing that only one had been used. The name of the photographer who afterwards photographed the paintings is James Bowman. On turning out the gas, the room was not perfectly dark on account of the light reflecting from the iron works at the back of the house. The light from these works shone through the Venetian blinds. Behind Mr. Dugind was a door to a passage outside, and through the glass in the door shone the light, and we could see distinctly Mr. Dugind, as he sat about a yard from the table, tied, and had he moved I should have seen him. I know that he did not touch the brush, even if he could have done so, which he could not. How could he paint in the dark?

When it was utter darkness to him I have seen him paint. The spirits put him under control, and his eyes are closed all the while. He takes a brush, sorts the colors, and paints with closed eyes. To prove that he did not see out of the corners of his eyes, Mr. Bowman took some bats of cotton waste or wool, and placed them over his eyes, and then tied a handkerchief over them, but he kept right on painting. Then we turned down the gas so that we could not see the card-board, having first taken care to notice how far the painting had progressed. In a few minutes we turned up the gas, and he had painted considerably in the dark. So he paints as well in the dark as in the light. Another time I saw him paint with a piece of card-board over his eyes. In four minutes and a half these paintings were done, and an additional one for me.

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COL. S. P. KASE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have been invited here this morning for the purpose of giving some of my experience touching the various phenomena that I have witnessed from time to time. These things were very strange to me when I first began to witness them more than twenty years ago. I was brought up a strict Presbyterian, as

were all my family, and my father was an elder in the church. The first communication I got from the other side claimed to be from my mother, and in it she said: "There is a hell, but not of fire; it is the hell of conscience. There is no personal devil; yet you have the devil with you all the time in the form of the animal propensities." This, of course, conflicted with my orthodox teachings, but my attention was aroused. In connection with a railroad scheme, I went to Washington, D. C., in 1862. I had not been there for twelve years. In 1860 I had, with my wife, stopped there three months, at Mrs. Pearce's house just below the Capitol gate on Pennsylvania Ave. At this visit, in 1862, as I was strolling to the Capitol grounds, I passed the house where I had formerly boarded, and saw above the door the name J. B. Conkling, writing medium.

The instant I saw the name a voice at my side said: "Go in and see him; he is in the room you used to occupy." I said: "Who knows I occupied a room there twelve years ago? Who spoke to me?" I looked around and there was no one near. I felt as if paralyzed, but in a moment I said to myself: "Yes, I will go into the room." I ascended the stairs and entered the room, where I found Mr. Conkling, who, in his abnormal state, handed me a letter, saying: "Take this letter to President Lincoln at once." "Oh, no, I replied, I can't go to him in that abrupt manner. I am on important business, and should prefer a formal introduction, send your letter by mail." He said: "You must take it, for that is what you are here for. If you do not, he will never see it." At this the voice I had heard in the street said: "Go and see what will come of this." Whereupon I said: "I will go if you will go with me." He said he would go, but could not see the President. We got there about dark, and were told the President was at tea. We were shown into a parlor, where we waited. When Mr. Lincoln entered, he stepped back as if disappointed. "Oh," he said, "I thought it was S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury." I told him I lived in the town where the first anthracite pig-iron was made, and where the first T rail in the United States was made. I next handed him Mr. Conkling's letter. He broke it open, thinking it an application for office. After reading it, he looked at me in surprise and asked: "What does this mean?" I replied: "I do not know what it contains, but I think it means just what it says."

"You do know what this letter contains," he said. "No, sir," I answered, "I know nothing about it." "Well, then, I will read it to you"; and he read as follows: "I have been sent from the city of New York by spiritual influence on matters pertaining to the interest of the nation. I cannot return without seeing you. Appoint the day. Yours, J. B. Conkling." "Well, tell him I will see him on Sunday," said the President. I told him he had better send him a letter, and he said he would do so. I left the room, stopping in the gentlemen's parlor for Mr. Conkling. Four weeks after carrying this letter I was standing in the gallery of the House of Representatives, when I saw an old lady coming across the gallery towards me. When opposite, she turned and handed me her card, saying: "Sir, when it suits you, call." On looking around, I saw Judge Wattles, and asked him who the lady was. He said: "Mrs. Laurie." "Who is she? I never heard of her," I said. The Judge replied: "I guess she was impressed to give you the card." I asked him twice what he meant. At last he said he had been to her house in Georgetown, and that she had a daughter who was a medium, and played the piano with her eyes closed; and that the piano rises up and beats time to the music perfectly; and this they call spiritualism." I said I had never seen that, and would like to. We went to the house about eight o'clock in the evening, and whom should we meet there but President Lincoln and wife!

After sitting a while, a young girl, about fourteen years of age, walked up to the President and, with closed eyes, addressed him as follows: "Sir, you have been called to your present position for a great purpose; the world is in bondage, and must be set free. Liberty has been conceived, and is about to be born. A spiritual Congress supervises the affairs of this nation as well as the Congress at Washington. This republic is the leading van of republics throughout the world." She lectured the President half an hour, and said the war could not end, nor the country rise to its proper status, till emancipation had been proclaimed. I afterward learned she was Nettie Maynard, a celebrated trance medium, from New York. Then Mrs. Miller, daughter of Mrs. Laurie, began to play the piano, and it rose up, beating time. Judge Wattles, two soldiers, and myself sat on top of it, and it made no difference. It kept rising the same, four inches at least.



Three nights later I met the President there, and, in about three weeks later, he issued the famous emancipation proclamation. It was issued September 22, 1862, to take effect January, 1863.

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MRS. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

I would like to relate some facts in materializations that I witnessed a year ago. I was attending a vast camp-meeting, near Philadelphia. Mr. Roberts, of the *Journal of Mind and Matter*, arranged a seance with Mrs. James Bliss, at present of Providence, R. I. I attended it. Mrs. Bliss was entranced, took the hand of Mr. Bliss, walked into the cabinet, and immediately there came out a materialized spirit; and then came an old lady, then another; and a young lady stood in the door and spoke to Mr. Severance calling him "Papa," and he called her "Addie"; and then the door opened, and there sat Mrs. Bliss, the old lady, and Addie, all plainly visible at the same time,—the medium and two spirits.

Afterward we went to Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. Bliss was there, and we witnessed some wonderful manifestations through her. My brother, who died a year ago was recognized, and also my sister. We had light enough to recognize anyone. A materialized spirit came out and held up both hands, then stooped over and began making motions, and then we saw materialized a fine lace fabric. She then raised up a fine lace shawl, threw it over her head and retired. Then a small colored woman came out, and as they sang she danced. Then she opened the door into the dining room and stood in the full gas light, visible to all.

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JUDGE SIMMONS, OF BENNINGTON, VT.

I have been more or less interested in slate-writing. On one occasion Mr. Charles Watkins, the slate-writing medium, came to my house. He was an entire stranger to me. I had a sitting with him which was satisfactory. I had no doubt upon the sub-

ject. At the same time I realized the mass of people desire strong test conditions in all these manifestations. So I went out and bought these slates (showing them). I seal them by pasting pieces of paper over the edges. For the purpose of identification, I had a friend write upon this paper, so that my own writing should not appear. There was no pencil between the slates. I called on Mr. A. H. Phillips and obtained nothing on my slates, but received a communication on his slates, which read as follows: "There is one important fact I want you to learn, and that is the philosophy of slate-writing." It struck me that there was something here worth following up, and so I have had sittings with him every day since. I determined to have these slates cut apart and scaled up again, so that he could magnetize them. At the last sitting Mr. Roberts, the editor of *Mind and Matter*, was present. We tried it again, and got a communication, as follows (you will observe the connection): "My dear friend, the science of independent slate-writing is but little understood. This writing is of no more scientific value than were the words on the medium's slates. Test conditions are not so important as the atmosphere that impregnates it.—M. Faraday." I have had the slates photographed, and a statement concerning the facts in regard to each of them can be obtained. It was asked by a gentleman of the audience: "Was this done without a pencil?" Yes; there was no pencil in the slates. They were left in Mr. A. H. Phillips' possession, sealed up. The slates have a wire running around them in a groove, so that they could not be taken apart without detection. Mr. A. H. Phillips, Mr. Roberts, and myself had our hands on them, and heard the writing going on inside. Again, it was questioned from the audience: "Does the hand-writing resemble that on the other slate?" I answered: "Not at all; I have been informed it is much better." My experience with Mr. Watkins was just as satisfactory as this. I had the slates in my own hand. I was asked again: "Did you have any particular spirit in your mind?" No, I did not. When I first sat with Mr. Watkins I wrote several names on slips of paper, and the first one he took up he got the name of "David." I said I had no one in the spirit world by that name, and that he must be mistaken. Presently he wrote out the name of "David Dyer." Then it came to me that was the first name I had written on the slips of paper,

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but I had forgotten it. At this, some one asked if I were a medium. I make no profession of being one. The paper pasted over the wired edges of the slate was written on all sides by a man in Bennington, Vt.

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MR. S. B. NICHOLS, 357 FLATBUSH AVE., BROOKLYN.

I had a sitting with Mr. Phillips. I took my own double slate, and put a sheet of commercial note paper inside, and wrapped up the whole in paper. His slates were placed on the top. I had a communication upon the paper inside my slates, and also on the slates a communication from my wife. There is no necessity for Mr. Phillips to touch them, provided your own magnetism is sufficient to help. He walks about the room.

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MRS. FAY.

A dark seance was held at Mrs. Fay's, 14 Dover Street, Boston, on Sunday evening, Dec. 18, 1881, at which time I mentally asked my father, Rev. George C. Whitlock, LL.D., who died 18 years ago; my sister, Miss Sarah R. Whitlock, who died on the 2d of Dec., 1881, and who was librarian of the Methodist Book Concern, New York; and Mrs. Lynda Browning, who died Dec. 28, 1880,—a friend who has frequently appeared to me through other mediums, and promised to materialize for me,—to come and show themselves. All persons in the room, some 20 in number, were strangers to me except Mr. Alpheus P. Blake, of Boston, and Mr. Walker, neither of whom had any knowledge whatever of my family. My question was purely mental, nor had I made any remark which would indicate that I had asked any question. The room being perfectly dark, a light, similar to that made by phosphorus, appeared on the carpet in front of me. Soon I saw a form gradually growing, misty and indistinct at first, but assuming the shape of a woman. I could see the hands covered with light of phosphorescent appearance, similar to that made by the

dip of an oar in a dark night. These hands were held up each side of her face, and the form approached me, and, bending down to my face, kissed me, and said "Sarah" in answer to my question of her identity. She said: "Go on with your noble work." This face I recognized as that of my sister, who has just passed away. After showing herself in a similar manner two or three times, she passed out of sight, dematerializing within at most three or four feet of where I was sitting. Without attempting to describe the forms purporting to be the friends of others, of which I judge there were a dozen or more, I will only mention those in whom I was especially interested. Next of my personal friends appeared Mrs. Lynda Browning, whose face was as perfect as could have been her own under as subdued a light when in her physical body. After this came my father, whose face, covered with heavy whiskers and a moustache, could never have been mistaken by anyone who knew him. He materialized within my reach, his first appearance being that of lights on the carpet at my feet. He shook hands with me, and patted me on my head. I afterwards asked him to show himself to Mr. Blake and Mr. Walker, who were sitting within a few feet of me in opposite directions. This he did, and returned again, dematerializing before me. The last I saw of him was the phosphorescent lights at my feet. Next appeared before me a beautiful face with light yellowish hair, which I recognized after a little hesitancy as the former wife of Mr. Edward Hodges, of Boston, who died about three or four years ago, a lady with whom I was well acquainted, she being distantly related to my family by marriage. I had not thought of her for some months at least, and then only as she made herself known through a test medium. None of these forms can be explained by any hypothesis which brings the medium's physical body into question. All of them appeared so near to me, and coming so gradually up from the floor before me, that, were it possible to produce apparently similar results by fraud or trickery, no one with common sense who should witness it would believe they could have been so deceived.

During this time, Mrs. Fay, the medium, was sitting nearly opposite me. The guitar and tambourine were played upon while floating in mid air. Lights were in all directions, and there were

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few if any in the circle who did not feel hands placed on them, and all heard independent voices.

L. L. WHITLOCK, Providence, R. I.

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### Mr. A. H. PHILLIPS.

Mr. E. B. Parsons, of Winsted, Conn., relates the following: I have a fact which I wish to relate. As I was passing Mr. A. H. Phillips' office the other day, I thought I would go in. On entering, he at once asked me if I had any paper. I showed him a piece, whereupon he asked me to magnetize it. I placed my hand on it, and he told me to put it inside a double slate which he had just rubbed off clean on all sides. When I first went in, he told me to write five or six fictitious names, and then the genuine name of a spirit. I did so, and then rolled them up in little round balls. He said raps would come as I picked up the paper. I took-up one, at which raps came. I kept it in my hand. He said: "I will take these slates." In an instant I began to hear a vibration, and in half a minute the slate was covered with writing, in a plain hand, and signed "Marion E. Parsons," my daughter. The signature was a complete fac-simile of her writing. Then I opened the pellet of paper which I held in my hand, and there was the same name which I had written, and of which Mr. A. H. Phillips knew nothing. Then comes this paper I first alluded to which I placed inside the slates. On this was written: "I want you to keep this paper, as it may be a source of pleasure to you.—MARION." No money would buy that paper of me.

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### MR. P. L. O. A. KEELER.

A light seance was held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 15, 1881, at Providence, R. I., Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., at present residing in Boston, being the medium. A black cambric curtain about five feet high was stretched across a bay window, there being no obstruction to the light above. Behind

this curtain was placed a table on which were laid a guitar, tambourine, two bells, a pad of writing paper and pencil, a fan, the brake piece of a telegraphic instrument, and a cane. In front of this curtain three chairs were set facing the audience, the medium occupying the centre ones, and Mrs. Sarah M. Bennett, 13 Groton St., and Mrs. M. E. Tripp, 49 Lester St., Providence, R. I., the remaining two chairs. Hung in front of the three was a second curtain, fitting closely around their necks. Each lady held the medium's hand next to her, while her other hand was placed outside the curtain visible to the audience. While she was held in this position, time was beat on the table by fingers and bells to music played on the guitar by Mrs. Hattie Carr, of Providence, R. I. The tambourine was played and thrown over the curtain into the audience. Bells were rung and thrown from behind the curtain. Hands were felt on the shoulders and arms of both ladies, the table was overturned, and Mrs. Bennett's chair rocked back and forth on its legs. All of this occurred in the presence of Mr. George P. Nichols, clerk of the municipal court, Mr. H. F. Tripp, 49 Lester Street; Mr. Pardon L. Randall, 78 Cranston Street; and Mrs. Davis, 9 Vinton Street; all of Providence, R. I., and several others. The ladies sitting beside the medium are positive that he did not take either of his hands from theirs.

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### MRS. M. A. HOWES.

Mrs. M. A. Howes, of 158 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass., says: I would like to relate a mental test that came through my own mediumship. When residing in the West, we had an intimate friend who was a spiritualist, and somewhat of a medium. He had for a long time tried to convince my husband of these truths, and promised that if he should die first he would return and reveal himself in such a manner as to be beyond doubt.

One Sabbath evening we held a little seance, comprising my sister, Miss Vinnie Algea, of New Boston, Ill., and two other friends that have since passed to the spirit world. Very soon I was controlled and taken to my husband and made to personate this friend. The spirit claimed to be his. Mr. Howes said: "You

are not dead, Sam, I do not believe it is you ;" and the answer came : "No, not dead, but in the spirit life, and here as you will soon find out." On Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock, we received a letter containing the news of his death, he having passed away the Friday night previous, a thousand miles distant.

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### MRS. M. F. BEEDLE.

At a circle held on Chestnut Street, Dec. 18, 1881, at Mr. J. West's residence, Mrs. M. F. Beedle, of 102 Stewart St., being the medium, gave the following test to Miss Ingraham, of Pine St. She said she saw a gentleman standing behind her, whom Miss Ingraham recognized as her father by Mrs. Beedle's description. She asked as a test that he would show his hands. Lillie, the controlling spirit, said he had placed his hands behind him, but she could see that he had not his full number of fingers, which was correct, as he lost part of them by accident. The medium had never seen the father, nor was she acquainted with any of the family.

On the same evening a Mrs. Dr. Wellington, who had recently passed away, came to Miss Ingraham, and was recognized by her, the medium not knowing the parties. Mrs. Beedle relates that, while driving to the depot at Bridgeport, Conn., to take a train for Providence, some 13 or 14 years ago, she saw her controlling spirit, Grey Eagle, standing in front of the horses with tomahawk in hand, commanding her to return with her friends to their house and take the afternoon train, which she did. The train which she intended to take ran off the bridge at Mystic River, and many persons were injured.

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### MISS M. B. FOGG.

At a reception held every Tuesday evening, for the advancement of spiritual science, at my residence, Providence, R. I., Dr. S. Grover, who passed to spirit life Sept., 1881, controlled Miss M. B. Fogg, of East Cambridge, Mass., and made the following state-

ments in regard to a dark seance. The medium was a stranger to nearly everyone present. The next day, Dec. 21, 1881, I visited Mrs. Grover at her residence, in Boston, and received her statement as follows. I quote as nearly as possible Dr. Grover's words, as given through the medium, in the presence of about sixty persons, whose names will be furnished on application.

L. L. WHITLOCK.

Dr. Samuel Grover's statement, through the mediumship of Miss M. B. Fogg.

I am a physician, and have been a medium for nearly thirty years,—not only a seer but a materializing medium. The brother invited this medium to speak. He expected some controlling spirit to come, and I availed myself of the opportunity. It seems to bring me nearer to earth. In looking around on your smiling faces, it reminds me of my own home, as it was my custom to receive my spiritual friends. And could you know, brother, as I do now, the benefit to your earth friends, and the spirits, you would never close your doors. I am glad that you make no distinction between the rich and the poor, but all alike are welcome. Out of these gatherings will come great good not only to those assembled here, but the city of Providence shall receive the benefits of these meetings. Angels bless you, brother. I like your idea of opening the meetings with facts, and will give one. Sitting in a dark circle in my own room with family friends, flowers were brought, rich and rare,—their perfume filled the air. My wife had been promised a canary bird, but we had almost forgotten it at the time as it had been so long. On the occasion I speak of we had flowers brought into the room, and there were other manifestations, such as being moved bodily in my chair. The controls said to me: "We have brought a bird, but, not finding the window open, it took all our power to bring the flowers. We will bring it to you later. Leave the window open after the seance is over." Before retiring, I opened the window. The bird was found next morning by Mrs. Grover on a dove which was hung or placed above the top of the window. The spirits told me that the reason the bird was so exhausted was that they had psychologized it, as they could not bring it in its natural condition.

Mrs. E. A. Grover relates the following as her experience. At

a private seance, held at our house, 162 West Concord St., Boston, Mass., June 15, 1880, there were present Mrs. Lothrop, my mother, my sister, my daughter, my husband, Dr. Grover, the medium, and myself. While I was playing on the piano, Dr. Grover interrupted me by saying the spirits direct me to sit in the dark. Up to this time he had had no thought of sitting in the dark, as he was very much averse to dark seances. My sister turned the gas off, I still remaining at the piano, and in less than two minutes' time I felt something touch my hand, and immediately the room was filled with the odor of flowers. On lighting the gas, we found a table (four feet square) one third covered with beautiful flowers of choicest selections, such as pinks, rose buds, pansies, and heliotropes. After resting a few moments, the gas was turned out, and Dr. Grover said the spirits were working on my head; and my little daughter, seven years of age, said: "I feel them too, papa." And Dr. Grover says: "They are moving me, chair and all," he occupying a medium-size rocking chair. In five minutes perhaps the gas was lighted, and we found Dr. Grover and his daughter sitting very near together, closely twined about with smilax, and more flowers on the table, and a spray of very fine white flowers lying in my little girl's lap, which we did not recognize by name. Previous to this, my brother, who found a grave on the battlefield of Bullrun, had promised that he would bring us a sprig of the flowers from his grave. Dr. Grover had visited the spot, and brought home a small twig which he plucked from the grave. My brother immediately wrote thus: "This is a spray of flowers from my grave." On comparing the leaves which Dr. Grover brought home with those brought that night, we found them to be the same kind. Some three years before this night, the spirits had promised to bring me a canary bird, but so long a time had elapsed that I had given up the idea; but this evening they told Dr. Grover that they had concentrated so much force in bringing the flowers that they had lost the bird, but would bring it before morning if he would leave the window ajar. He did so, and the next morning, about ten o'clock, we found the bird perched upon a dove which was suspended over a picture in the room. I now have the bird at my house, and it has proved to be a very beautiful singer. My husband, Dr. Grover, passed to the spirit world September, 1881.

## MR. WM. H. SLOCUM.

Mr. Wm. H. Slocum, a resident of the town of Coventry, county of Kent, R. I., tells the following story : —

I sailed on a whaling voyage in 1830 on the ship *Leonidas* from Bristol, R. I., Capt. Henry Cleveland, commanding. We had been on this voyage three years; and when, on our return, we had passed Cape Horn, and were off the spits of Cape Good Hope, with a gale of wind blowing from the south-west, driving us before it toward our home, anxious to get there, we scudded longer than we should, and until it was dangerous to heave to without swamping her. We saw a tremendous wave, called a comber, coming, of which three frequently run together. The first of these the captain saw could not be avoided, as we were still before the wind, and loaded down with a full cargo of oil. The captain said to the men: "Look out for yourselves!" And we all took to the rigging for safety. The sea struck us, and cleaned the decks of everything movable, even smashing our boats and tearing off the planks from the bulwarks; and while the ship, in this condition, was struggling like a thing of life to come to the surface, I heard a voice close to my ear saying to me: "Let go the brails; man the out-haul; haul out the spanker; and hard a starboard the helm," which order I repeated, and it was obeyed; and as she came up to the wind, she came to the surface. When I heard this voice, I was in the mizzen rigging and no man was near me. I then became unconscious, and the next I knew I was in the cabin with the captain standing over me with a glass of brandy in his hand. He asked me how I came to give the order. I said some one told me to; and I gave it before considering it was not my place, as I was only cooper's mate. The captain then said: "You have saved the ship and cargo."

In the fall of 1857, I attended a public seance at Mrs. Leonard's, now Mrs. McCormick, of Providence, R. I. A spirit, purporting to be my father, who passed away when I was a boy 9 years old, stated that he told me to give the above order, which he repeated through the medium. My father was an old sea captain, and this circumstance I had nearly forgotten, as it had been so long since it occurred.

Mr. Slocum is now about seventy years old, and he sailed on

this voyage when he was a boy of 18 years. The captain and all hands, so far as he knows, have passed to spirit life.

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### MR. A. W. SCOTT.

On Dec. 20, 1881, a small black-and-tan dog, owned by Miss M. F. Hacker, of Providence, R. I., was missing. On the 22d inst. Mr. A. W. Scott, a medium and magnetic physician, of Providence, formerly of Boston, called on the family. While there he ~~was~~ controlled by a spirit calling himself Barney, an Irishman. [He said they would find the dog over beyond Smith's Hill, in a little, yellow house, standing alone, no other buildings near, and large fields around it.]

On Dec. 23d Miss Hacker received a note from Mrs. Riley, saying a dog with a collar marked M. F. Hacker was at her house on Douglas Avenue; and, on going there, found it, and the place answering fully Barney's description, being a small, yellow house standing apart from other buildings, with fields around it.

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### MRS. WILSON.

About six years ago, while visiting the city of New York, I went to Mrs. Wilson's materializing seance. We were not acquainted; neither did she know any of our family, to my knowledge. In the front room stood a cabinet, consisting of four sides, like doors hinged together with a top, but no floor, it setting on the carpet. I moved it about two feet, in which position it stood during the evening. The room was lighted with a lamp shaded with paper, which gave us sufficient light to see each other plainly. The medium, before going into the cabinet, allowed me to sew her hands up in a piece of cloth, and also there was placed over her mouth an adhesive plaster. Still, under these test conditions, a number of spirits showed themselves at the window of the cabinet; and many of them were

recognized by those present. Hands of different sizes and color, and faces of men and women, appeared.

The controlling spirit, Ben, said there was a spirit there that had never materialized, and he was helping him to do so. In a few moments, my first husband, B. S. Allen, who was a piano maker, appeared in a paper cap, similar to the one he usually wore at his work, and not unfrequently at home. He beckoned me to come to him, which I did. He shook hands with me, and patted me on the head, also answered questions which I asked him. The people in the circle were all strangers, but agreed they would have known him had they ever seen him before.

Mrs. H. V. CHAPIN.

39 Chestnut St., Albany, N. Y.

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### A CHILD MEDIUM.

The following phenomena occurred under circumstances so peculiar that we have concluded to publish them. We are not allowed the liberty to give the name and residences of the parties involved; however, the editor of this Journal has seen and conversed with the little girl mentioned, who is now only ten years of age, and she remembers many of the following incidents, although they happened when she was but six years old. The story I am about to relate is as told by her father. Writing appeared in the dust on the wooden mantel-piece by unseen hands, at which time they asked for a quill; the family, keeping geese, had no difficulty in procuring one. When he had furnished one, it stood up erectly without the aid of visible hands, and wrote on the mantel. He then obtained a blackboard and chalk, and writing occurred as before. The family, believing in Catholicism, at once got a bottle of holy water to prevent such manifestation. The chalk was put in the water, remaining some minutes, and came out and wrote on the board without any human help. At another time, a piece of chalk was placed on each arm of the crucifix, and carried to each corner of the bed.

This blackboard suddenly disappeared, and was found in a cupboard, the door of which was too small for human force to get it-

through. They tried, but without success. After a short time, the board came out and stood in the window, and from there into the yard, where a boy was cutting wood, and he said: "I have a good mind to chop this board up, for the devil is in it." Immediately the axe left the boy and stuck in the board; and, as the little girl passed by, it followed her to the steps.

The child wrote on the ironing-board: "I am Sarah Maines, of Bristol, R. I., and when you write to mother, tell her they are going to get their back pay at the rubber works, and then I want a tomb-stone erected at my grave."

Very soon after this occurred the mother received her dues from the company, and bought a stone for her daughter's grave.

These phenomena, like the following one of Belshazzar's Feast, must be taken on faith by the reader, while the phenomena seems to be like in character and not unlike in many respects to those that are occurring today. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candle-stick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake and said to the wise men of Babylon: "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom." Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was King Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished."—Daniel, V: 5-9.

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#### MR. MATHEW CORBY.

Mr. Wm. H. Slocum, of Coventry, R. I., relates the following: On March 2, 1856, I was told by a spirit, calling himself Charlie, through the medium, Mr. Mathew Corby, that he, Mr. Corby, and

myself, would cross big waters in twelve moons. I had not the slightest idea of taking such a journey, but circumstances occurred after Mr. Corby had left which caused me to set sail for California March 2, 1857, on the steamer Illinois, from New York city. On board I met again with the medium, Mr. Corby, not having heard from him for nine months previous. Here the same spirit, Charlie, controlled him, and referred to the above prophetic statement of the year before. Among the passengers was the Episcopal Bishop of Oregon, with whom I became acquainted. In course of conversation, I spoke of a young man on board who had never attended school but three months in his life, but could talk fluently any ancient language. The bishop questioned in regard to it, and desired to see him. On introducing Mr. Corby, he was at once controlled by a spirit purporting to be an ancient Jew, who asked the bishop what language he preferred him to speak; whereupon he said Hebrew. Then the spirit said: "It is requisite that we should have some subject to talk about, and you being an Episcopal bishop would take the position of total depravity and the efficacy of blood, I presume." The bishop assented, whereupon the spirit said: "I take the opposite." The bishop opened the argument by quoting from the Bible in English; the spirit said: "I am astonished that you would quote the vulgar language. Please confine yourself to the original Hebrew." The bishop then attempted to quote the original, but had spoken only a few words when the spirit corrected him, showing wherein he was mistaken. The bishop acknowledged that the spirit was right, he not having looked at the language for some time. A young Jewish student, just returning from college to his native land, being present, pronounced the language spoken by the spirit the most natural Hebrew he had heard since he left home. Equally as remarkable tests occurred through Mr. Corby when he was a child, although he was illiterate and void of understanding. He was deformed from birth; and, until he was twelve years of age, never walked a step, when, it is said, the spirits danced him straight. He never had but three months schooling, and then was taken in a wheelbarrow. He died in California some years since.

## FOX SISTERS.

[Mrs. Sarah A. Burtis, 52 1-2 North St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y., related the following experience with the original mediums, through whom the wonderful phenomena known as the Rochester knockings occurred 33 years ago.—Ed.]

In Nov., 1848, my husband, Lewis Burtis, invited the "Fox girls" to our house, where the first rap greeted my ear from spirit spheres, having been bitterly opposed. At this meeting we had many convincing proofs of spirit return.

A year later we accompanied the Hutchinson family to the Fox residence. After many startling and beautiful tests to them, the alphabet was called for, and the following was given to me:—

"Dear Sarah: whilst thou art taking care of my children on earth, I have the care of thine in heaven.—MILLCENT."

This signature I at once recognized as that of my husband's first wife. This message melted my opposition, and doubts fled from that hour. Later, in a seance with the same mediums, my step-son being present, the same kind spirit came to her son and said:—

"Sarah is thy mother, and Willie [my spirit babe] is my child. Together we keep nightly vigils over you all.—MILLCENT."

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## MR. A. E. NEWTON.

*Of the Two Worlds, N. Y. City.*

Since I have been on these grounds, I have been permitted to observe a few facts of the most demonstrative character, such as I never saw before in all my spirit investigation. I have never met with Mr. Phillips, the slate-writing medium, before. In company with my daughter I went to his room, and found there friend Nichols. Three slates, one on the other, were placed upon the table. We all sat talking, around the table. After a time, as I listened, I heard a sound, apparently between the slates. This continued for some time, no one touching the slates except Mr. Phillips, who would ask if the writing was finished. After

a while, there came three raps, and, on opening the slates, the inner one was found covered with writing. Not a particle of pencil had been put between the slates. The writing was as follows:—

“Dear friend: permit me to embrace this opportunity to write a few words in relation to your new paper. You truly say that the continued and resistless spread of the great movement of modern spiritualism, not only in this country but throughout the world, is a conceded fact. And now, that it is universally acknowledged to be so, we want you to endeavor to facilitate the channels through which your dear friends demonstrate their presence to you.—E. V. WILSON.”

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### MRS. ANNA KIMBALL.

*Of Dunkirk, N. Y.*

There comes to my mind this morning, friends, a little experience I had in London with the celebrated physical mediums, Willie Eglinton and Arthur Coleman, at the house of that remarkable medium, Mrs. Woodforde. Previous to this I had been told many times by different mediums that Mary Queen of Scots came to me. I had seen the spirit many times, but had never accepted it as genuine. I never make an acceptance without proof. The day previous to this seance I was at Kew Gardens with a lady, who remarked: “When we are again invited to a seance, let us ask if Mary Queen of Scots is present.” It immediately occurred to me that, as she was a Catholic, I would ask her to show a rosary. We went to the seance; and, on entering, there came from a small opening in the cabinet a beautiful hand with a rosary of pearls. Directly following came the medium herself, in a deep sleep, out of the cabinet and beckoned to some one, when this most beautiful woman (the spirit) came out following her. She seemed to float suspended in air, and without any distinctly defined form,—only a graceful, floating mass of pure white drapery. On her head was the little Scotch pointed cap so familiar in her picture. Her face seemed actually luminous,—no language strong enough to describe its effect. It appeared to emit sparks of light sufficient to illumine the whole room. The medium led this fair form to each one in the circle. When she came

to me she uttered some words, but I was too excited to ever recall them distinctly afterwards, although they were very beautiful. It was a kind of blessing or benediction. The whole scene was wonderful beyond all power of language. I was asked later by this same spirit to go to Mr. Hodgson, the spirit photographer. I consented on condition that a lady friend, whose father was an amateur photographer, could go with us, as we desired to take our own plates. We went, took our own plates, and the artist did not touch them until his work was done. After preparations were all made, by request, the artist stood with hand on the camera until the picture was taken, and the result was a full-length picture, my own obscure, but the spirit's clear and bright. It was the same face and little pointed cap, the white drapery floating from the shoulders to the floor. Seven times we tried with our own plates, and seven times this same spirit came. We watched closely every manipulation of them. One morning this spirit came and said: "I am going to bring you a basket of flowers." I asked: "What kind?" She answered: "White roses." Further, she asked if I would go to the artist's that morning. I saw her partially materializing, and dropping the flowers down in front of me. In her last picture she was crowning a little Indian girl who has sometimes controlled me. I have neglected a very important point,—that, at that seance at Mrs. Woodforde's, the spirit, Mary Queen of Scots, dematerialized right before us.

One fact more: Mr. Stainton Moses has had about 800 photographs taken, many by the same artist. Once, at the same hour that Mr. Moses was taking a sleep in Paris, his picture was taken standing by his father's side in London. Mrs. Kimball, on being asked for the addresses of the persons mentioned in the above article, says she cannot give them in full, but that they can be obtained at the office of the *Medium and Daybreak*, London.

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### MRS. MARY ANDREWS.

Editor of FACTS:

Dear Sir, according to your request I will relate one of the many incidents of spiritual phenomena which I have witnessed through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary Andrews, of Moravia, N. Y.

Sitting one day in a dark seance, at the end of a semicircle formed about the medium, I felt a heavy pressure in my lap, like some one leaning upon me, and accompanied with a voice near my face, which said: "Edna!" I instantly recognized it as belonging to a very dear friend who had died some weeks before with that terrible disease small-pox. I said: "Edna, I cannot see you; will you give me some word as a test, that I may be sure it is you, and never doubt?" She then spoke of a conversation we had, some weeks before she died, upon a subject known only to ourselves.

We were both members of a lodge of Good Templars, she holding the office of right-hand supporter at the time of her death.

I asked her if she would materialize and speak to the members of the lodge at some future seance, if I would bring them there. She said: "I will, if possible. When I used to sit in these circles myself, I thought if I were in spirit life, I would not keep people waiting so long for me; but I find it much more difficult to materialize than I anticipated,—but I will do the best I can."

The next week a number of members of the lodge, at my request, went to the house of Mrs. Andrews. A circle was formed and two long hours spent without a sign of any manifestation whatever. Of course I was much disappointed, as they were mostly very skeptical, and I had previously quite a struggle to induce them to go there; but I succeeded in influencing them to remain until the next seance, which would take place in the early part of the evening. When we were again seated, the lights were extinguished, and, as is customary on such occasions, we all joined in singing. We were suddenly interrupted by a heavy, manly voice, which said: "You may now light the lamp; we think your friend will be able to materialize this time. She was so anxious before that she destroyed all conditions which would make it possible." The lamp was lighted, and Mrs. Andrews went into the cabinet. In a few moments a hand drew the curtain from the aperture, and the familiar face of our dear lost friend was before us, as natural and life-like as ever.

The excitement was intense, some screaming, some exclaiming: "Oh, it is Edna! Yes, that's truly her!" She waved her hand towards them, and said: "My dear friends, *that chair is not vacant*,"—in that exclamation giving them all a test, since none

but members of the lodge knew that her chair had been draped in mourning, and left vacant during the remainder of the term. She then withdrew, returning with her face badly swollen, and covered with marks of small-pox, saying: "I have tried hard to will away this loathsome appearance, and look natural to you; but it is a fact that we are obliged, when first returning to earthly conditions, to appear the same as when we left." When looking toward a friend of hers, Mr. Roland D. Wade, of Moravia, N. Y., she smiled, and laid her hand on her breast; then, throwing it violently backward, repeated the motion several times, when he said: "Yes, Edna, I know what you mean," while every other person in the room was ignorant of her motive.

He afterward explained to us that he was one appointed by the authorities to bury her at dead of night (he previously having had the same disease); that, when he went to the house, he found her lying on a bed, with her arm extended, and cold in death; that he laid it on her breast, that he might be able to put her in the coffin, and it immediately flew back, he repeating the operation several times before he succeeded in keeping it in place. He also explained to us that there had been an understanding between them, sometime previous to her death, that whichever should die first should, if possible, give the other undoubted evidence of the fact that it was possible for a spirit to return. He regarded this special manifestation as a fulfillment of her promise to him; and ever after, when asked if he believed in spiritualism, would say: "No, I'm no spiritualist, but I certainly saw Edna Dean at Mary Andrews'."

Others were equally well satisfied, whose names will be furnished by addressing

Mrs. E. J. HUFF,  
134 W. 33d St., New York City.

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### MR. EDMOND JORDAN,

113 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Last summer, at Lake Pleasant, I had a private seance with Miss Maggie Nelson, a medium from Boston. Three spirit guides were described, also many relatives and friends who had passed from earth life. I was promised that my spirit guides would

appear to me in tangible form within one year from that date, August 11, 1881.

Dec. 11, 1881, at a circle, in the private house of a friend, the spirit form of one of my guides walked into the room, saluted the friends present, walked round the room to the back of my chair, threw a veil over my head, and spoke her name audibly. She then removed the veil from my face, and I saw her features distinctly. This person passed from earth life in the year 1839, and was well known to me.

At the same place, on Dec. 20th, this form again appeared, and took the same position as before, and promised me that the other two of the band would surely appear to me. At the same time and place the spirit form of a lady came into the room, and beckoned me to come to her. On doing so I recognized the form to be that of a relative, who passed from earth life nine years ago, and whose last pledge to me in this life was that, if it were a possible thing for a spirit to return to earth, she would surely come to me in a manner which I could not doubt. As I advanced toward her, she gave her name, and said: "I have kept my promise." There was no mistaking her identity, as she was crippled in her limbs; and had I not recognized her face, I could have known her by the peculiar position in which she stood. She also was one whom I was promised at Lake Pleasant I should see within the twelve months.

On Dec. 27th, my guide came and repeated the promise that the other two should appear. I asked her if she had strength to go round and touch each one in the circle; she said: "Yes," and did so. As she was about to retire from the room, a lady in the circle asked the spirit if she would allow Dr.—to feel her pulse. She advanced to the Dr., extending her hand, and he counted fifteen pulsations, saying the pulse was firm and regular, but not very strong, after which the spirit retired to an adjoining room, and was no more seen.

Jan. 1, 1882, the same spirit guide came as before to the back of my chair, gave the usual salutation, and retired. Immediately after a male form appeared, and beckoned me to come to him. I recognized him as another of my guides. As I advanced toward the form, he gave his name; and as I extended my hand toward him, took it in his and gave a hearty shake. He was full six feet

high, large head, iron-gray hair and beard, and hand unusually large and muscular, while the one who preceded him was below the average stature, slight in form, with delicate features, and very small hands. He was a person well known to me while in earth life, and who passed away about twelve years ago, and was never known by the medium or any other person present.

The condition of these circles is light sufficient to recognize any person whom you know. From twelve to sixteen spirits have appeared each time I have been there. Most of them have been recognized by friends. The medium can be seen at the same time the manifestations occur.

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### DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

After a lecture by Hon. Warren Chace, of California, at New York, Dec. 18, 1881, Dr. Mansfield was called upon to make some remarks. In eighteen minutes he gave the full names of one hundred and thirty-one persons in spirit life, ninety-three of whom were recognized by persons present; several more were acknowledged the next day at the doctor's office by individuals who had not courage to admit the tests in the presence of the audience.

Dr. Mansfield, by request, relates an incident which occurred a few days since. A man, giving his name as "Brown," called at the doctor's office, and wished to communicate with departed friends, if possible. The doctor asked him to be seated on the opposite side of the room, and there write his questions. While doing so, Dr. Mansfield answered the questions, not waiting for them to be written. The answers purported to come from the wife of the gentleman asking the questions, who gently reproved him for introducing himself by a wrong name, the wife giving his name in full.

We do not intend to give facts often without the names of the parties interested, but occasionally, as in this case, it is not agreeable to have their names mentioned; but by addressing Dr. Mansfield, of No. 61 W. 42 Street, New York, the evidence may be obtained.

## INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND CALCUTTA.

To the Editor of *Light*:

Sir, by last mail I had the pleasure of giving you an account of a marvellous manifestation through the mediumship of Mr. Eglinton, and in my letter I told you that our spirit friend, "Ernest," had stated that he would endeavor to give me a still more striking proof of spirit power. This was done on the evening of Saturday, 26th November last, and for the benefit of those interested I give you an account of it. Mr. Eglinton and I had been to dine with some friends at the Bengal Club, and returned home about 11 P.M. Mr. Eglinton asked me to sit with him before retiring to bed, and we sat together in the light. Mr. Eglinton took a sheet of paper (which I had just previously marked in one corner with my initials and a private mark for the purpose of identification), placed it in a book, held the book under the table for a few seconds, and then placed the book in my hands. I examined the book very carefully, but the sheet of paper had disappeared. I retained possession of the book while Mr. Eglinton (*in his normal state*) described that he saw his spirit leave his body and travel over land and sea until he saw it enter the *room of a friend of mine in London*, and he minutely described my friend and the surroundings in the room, asserting that the room was flooded with spirit light. He described "Ernest" as standing by my friend while the letter was being written, and his taking the letter when ready. In a few seconds after this he begged me to open the book (of which I had retained possession the whole time), and there, sure enough, inside the cover of the book, was the self-same sheet of paper, with my initials and private mark upon it, completely filled with a letter in my friend's hand-writing, dated that same evening in London, and commencing with an account of how the room had been suddenly filled with spirit light, how "Ernest" had brought the sheet of paper marked by me, and how he stood waiting to bear the letter back.

I do not think any more striking manifestation of spirit power could ever have been granted to any investigator, nor can I see any way of accounting for this extraordinary result other than the spiritual hypothesis. As I have already stated in my former letter, my friend's hand-writing is as familiar to me as my own, and no one but the writer could possibly have been cognizant of the subjects referred to in the letter.

Mr. Eglinton is making many friends here, and convincing many inquirers of the truth of our beautiful philosophy.

Yours for the truth,

J. G. MEUGENS.

Calcutta, December 5, 1881.

[Of course the value of such a startling communication as the above depends entirely upon the trustworthiness of the writer. For the information, therefore, of those who may not know M. Meugens, we may say that we have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, and that, though temporarily resident in Calcutta, he is well known in London as a gentleman of high intelligence and integrity.—Ed. *Light*]

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### MRS. BERTHA FAY.

At a recent seance, held at Mrs. Fay's house, No. 14 Dover St., Boston, Mass., the spirit form of a lady appeared, and, going across the room, led L. L. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I., by the left hand into the cabinet, where he found the medium sitting in a large easy-chair, in apparently a deep trance. He, with his right hand, took hold of Mrs. Fay's hands, alternately examining them closely, and leaning over until his face came within six or eight inches of the medium, to be sure that he saw Mrs. Fay in person. During all of this time he continued his hold upon the left hand of the spirit, as before mentioned, her right hand holding up the curtains of the cabinet, so that all in the room could see the spirit, medium, and said Whitlock at the same time, except so far as he obstructed the view by standing in front of the medium. Many other forms appeared, and were recognized by their friends. Several tests by the controlling spirit "Aunty" were given, who seemed to know considerable about other people's business.

There were present about 18 persons, among whom we mention the following: Mr. A. P. Blake, No. 82 Devonshire St., Boston; Mr. D. S. Rice, 42 Pearl St., Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. J. Hollingdale, Boston Highlands, Mass.; Mr. F. Hacker, Providence, R. I.

The rooms occupied for this purpose are double parlors with folding doors. The cabinet is formed by swinging them open to a right angle into the back parlor, and hanging a black curtain over the aperture, the medium sitting between these doors just back of the curtain.

The front parlor was used for the audience. In the back parlor is a door leading into the hall, which, on this occasion was sealed and locked in the presence of three or more persons who

also examined all the furniture and a closet that was in the room, all persons present having the privilege to do so if they desired.

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### HORATIO EDDY.

Dr. John W. Still, of Morris, Otsego Co., N. Y. I live in a section of country where we witness but little spiritualism. It is in the interior of central New York. Of course it is all around us more or less, but I have had the privilege of investigating but very little; but I saw one manifestation which was rather remarkable. It was with a materializing medium, Horatio Eddy. In 1875 I was at his house, and while there I was invited forward; and, after taking hold of his hand, a hand and arm — apparently a lady's — appeared, patted me on the head and shoulder. The spirit called for a pencil and the board-blind of the window. These were brought, and the hand took the pencil, and wrote very rapidly on the board-blind. There were other demonstrations, but that was the most remarkable. The communication the hand wrote was short. It simply said: "Dear friend, I am ever with you. Be cheerful and happy.— MARY."

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### DR. HENRY SLADE.

Miss Etta Chase, of Providence, R. I., relates the following: While at Lake Pleasant, August, 1881, I met the celebrated slate-writing medium, Dr. H. Slade. I went to a small seance where Dr. Slade, Mr. L. L. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. A. M. Hanaford, of Boston, Mass., were present. We all seated around a medium-sized table. The first communication that came was for Mr. Whitlock from his brother, who passed to the spirit world in his childhood. Then the slates were passed across the table for me to hold, but my spirit friends did not wish me to do so, but expressed a desire for two slates to be placed one upon the other, and that Mr. Whitlock should sit upon them. Accordingly, they were placed in his chair. We joined hands, and in

less than three minutes the signal that the writing was finished was given. Immediately the slates were removed, and on one was written a message for me from my spirit sister. It read thus:

"Oh, how glad I am you came here! Please do try to develop; you have good powers, and can be one of the best of mediums. I am often by you, and impress you, but you will not believe me. Now, please throw away all doubts, and you will receive your reward. From us all.—N. E. P."

Again they wished me to sit next to Dr. Slade and hold the slates. I did so, and the following was written:—

"Now, my dear sister, take these as proof to you of my presence, and I will come to you again soon. I am your loving sister.  
NANNY."

A cigar box on a table in the corner of the room was then placed on the slates, and Dr. Slade held it with one hand just under the edge of the table, resting his other on the top with ours, making seven in number. The cigar box disappeared from the slate. Where it went I do n't know. We looked under the table, but could not find it. In a few moments it came back, and was taken out from under the table, on the slate. Dr. Slade, on laying his hand on the back of my chair, without making any perceptible use of his muscles, it rose up evenly three or four inches from the floor.

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### MR. S. W. LINCOLN,

Hartford, Conn.

The story or fact I have to relate might be called a dream. It occurred in 1874. For a long time I had been desirous of making a visit to my old home. About that time I had what most people would call a dream. I seemed to be going into the old farm yard. I looked up, and saw the old buildings and the barns standing there in their dilapidated condition. I looked at the barn-yard walls, and thought they were very high in my younger days. They were all flattened out and separated. I noticed large ledges of rocks, and big weeds growing in the yard. I took a circuit and went under the barn, and saw where I used to play. On looking up, I saw the birds in the loft overhead, where I used

to chase swallows. All at once a partridge flew out and in three times, and fell against the tongue of a sled that was leaning against the barn. A dog jumped out from behind me, and caught and killed the bird. I awoke, thinking what a strange kind of experience that was. I wondered if it was not prophetic, and if the old building stood just as it used to, or in a condition it might be in after thirty-five years. I wondered if the walls had not flattened by the frost. Six months from that time every word I have related here was verified. There were the boulders and ledges, the walls flattened out by the frost. I passed under the barn, and said: "John, you have cleaned out those boards." While I was speaking, a partridge came in and out three times, and was killed just as I have related.

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#### MRS. LORING.

While I was at Onset Bay last summer, sitting on the bench at the speaker's stand, Mrs. Loring, a medium of Fitchburg, Mass., was controlled by an Indian named Lone Star. He turned to me, and said: "Squaw, your mother is here." I said: "I know it. What has she to say to me, that I may know it is she." Lone Star said: "She tell me tell you you no mind that dent in her casket." I could not have had anything better to have recognized her by, for, when they brought her casket up stairs, they made a dent in it, and no one but myself in the family knew it. I went into the parlor, after they had put her into it, and said: "Mother, did you discover that dent in your casket?" I spoke to her as I would if she had been in the form; and, the first time I heard from her, she repeated what I had said to her after her body was put in the casket. This is a positive fact to me, as I had never seen Mrs. Loring before; and also a fact that my mother's spirit was there when I asked the question.

MRS. H. V. ROSS.

172 South Main St., Prov., R. I.

## MRS. H. W. CUSHMAN.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, New Hampshire, relates the following experiences with Mrs. Cushman, the medium, of 15 Lexington Ave., Charlestown, Mass.

A guitar was held by Mrs. Cushman, with her right hand on the key end, above the upper bearing of the strings, joining her left hand with my right, my left hand holding the body of the guitar in my lap, outside of the table. In this position, in the presence of a dozen or more persons, strangers to me, music was played on the instrument both as an accompaniment to our singing and also alone. I saw the strings vibrate as if touched in the proper place by fingers, and several times I saw fingers come up through the hole in the guitar under the strings and touch them and then disappear. They looked like materialized fingers coming from inside of the instrument. I examined the guitar, and found it perfect, with no chance for any deception, and am satisfied that it was a genuine spiritual manifestation. Her right hand, which held the head of the guitar, was firmly fastened as it were the grasp of death.

Mrs. Cushman also gave written communications, but the musical part was especially interesting to me.

[We are greatly obliged to Mr. Emerson for his description of Mrs. Cushman's musical powers, and take pleasure in indorsing every word of it as substantially our own experience with the same medium.

While at Lake Pleasant camp-meeting in Mass. last summer, in company with Mr. and Mrs. John White and two daughters, of 121 Swan St., Buffalo, Mrs. C. D. Shattuck, from Gardner, Mass., and others, we called for favorite songs and instrumental pieces, and we sang with an accompaniment from a guitar.

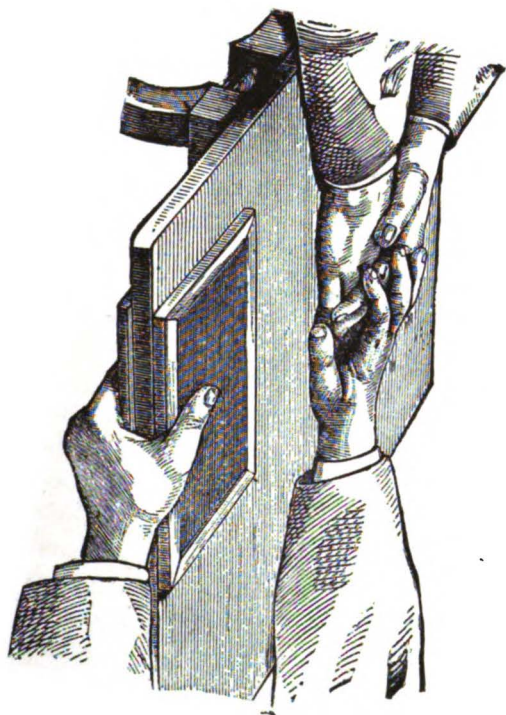
Questions were asked by those present, and were answered by the snapping of the strings, 3 times for yes, 1 for no, &c. I asked if my father (who died 18 years ago) was present; if so, could we have one of his favorite pieces, which was immediately answered by the snapping of the strings three times, which was fulfilled by the playing of one of his favorite sacred pieces, he being a Methodist preacher. These manifestations are in the broadest light.—Ed.]

## DR. HENRY SLADE.

[The following we copy from *Transcendental Physics*, by Prof. Zöllner, the well-known German scientist. We are under obligations for this illustration to Messrs Colby & Rich, the publishers, of No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., who have published an American edition of this work at \$1. Everybody should read it. — Ed.]

The most physically astonishing thing in the experiments hitherto related is, without doubt, the facility with which material bodies apparently pass through each other. Thus, the folded sheet of paper, without betraying the slightest traces of force applied, or of pressure in the transit, had apparently penetrated through a slate covered outside with wood into the interior of the double slate.

I obtained one of the most remarkable confirmations of this apparent suspension of the law of impenetrability of matter in a sitting on the 9th May, 1878, from eleven to a quarter past eleven in the morning. Immediately after I had sat down with Slade at the card-table, I conversed with him at first on the power of his invisible intelligent beings, by means of which material bodies could be *apparently* penetrated with as much facility as if they were permeable. Slade shared my amazement, assuring me that never until now had such an abundance of this sort of phenomena been observed in his presence. Immediately after this remark he took up with his left hand two slates of equal size from among the slates which lay on the table at his left, and which had been bought and cleaned by myself. He handed me these two slates, and desired me to press the one upon the upper surface, the other against the under surface, of the table with my left hand, so that the thumb of my left hand pressed the upper, my other fore fingers the under, slate against the flat of the table, as may be seen from the following woodcut. Beneath the upper slate on the table a spinter of slate-pencil had first been laid, so that it was thus completely covered by the upper slate. Slade then placed both his hands on the middle of the table, about a foot from the two slates, and requested me to cover his hands with my right hand. Scarcely was this done when I distinctly heard writing on one of the slates which were pressed firmly by me against the table. After the conclusion of the writing was signified, as usual,





by three ticks quickly in succession, I took the slates apart, and of course expected that the one which had been above the table would be that written on, since on the table still lay the bit of pencil in the same place in which I had laid it a minute before. How great was my astonishment to find the under slate written on, on the side that had been turned to the table. Just as if the bit of pencil had written through the three-quarter inch of oak table, or as if the latter had, for the invisible writer, not been there at all. Upon the slate was the following message in English:—

“We shall not do much for you this morning,—we wish to replenish your strength for this evening; you will require to be very passive, or we shall not be able to accomplish our work.

“The table does not hinder us the least,—we could write in this way more often, but people are not prepared for it.”

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### MRS. JAMES A. BLISS.

An *Evening Star* reporter, with a friend, desirous of witnessing the ghostly performances, visited the residence of Mr. Mat. Clary, the well-known railroad man of this place, where Mrs. Bliss was a guest, and where she had already given several seances which have aroused the believers to a frenzy of enthusiasm.

Mrs. Bliss was introduced, and seated herself in a chair preparatory to going into the cabinet. A reporter took a mental picture of her. In a few minutes she began to act in a strange manner, and, arising, walked over to one of the reporters and gazed for a moment with a vacant stare. This was repeated two or three times. She then entered the cabinet, and Mr. Clary led off with a song, which was followed by several others, nearly all Sabbath-school melodies, until they heard loud raps. The tune was changed to the “Star Spangled Banner.” The scene to the newspaper visitors was weird in the extreme. With the first notes of the national anthem a startling thing occurred which chilled the journalistic blood. The curtains were thrust aside, and in full view stood the manly form of a United States officer in full uniform. He was announced as Captain Davis. Each

one was called up and introduced, the captain saluting each in turn with a wave of the hand, in military style. The audience, including the family, consisted of about a dozen persons. The form appeared again and again, then joined the swelling song so heartily that his voice could be heard above the rest. At times it was like a wild nightmare,—the patriotic song rising from a dozen throats, with the ghostly visitor in glittering uniform standing in the door in full view, surrounded with all the mystery of that other world from which no traveller is supposed to return, made a scene only to be borne by the stoutest. Language fails to describe it, and reason is impotent to explain.

A queer sound was heard, like the growl of a dog, and "Billy, the boot-black," came forth and was recognized. He then retired to give place to the most startling apparition of the evening.

Lucille Western, the great actress, then made her appearance, and was immediately recognized by the reporter, who was personally acquainted with her. She requested some one to come forward and sing "Then You'll Remember Me." The reporter responded, and, standing face to face with the lovely apparition, sang the song, in which she joined with a beautiful voice. Surely such a strange duet was never sang before! As the song died away, the actress kissed her hand to the singer, and, with a graceful stage-bow, withdrew. She again appeared and sang the duet. When Lucille Western disappeared the second time, she sank down through the floor as plainly as if she went through a trap, melting into air as she sank.

We have only given a part of this article for the want of space, and refer the reader to the *Kansas City Evening Star* of March 29th for a more detailed account, or to Mr. James A. Bliss, now a resident of Providence, R.I.

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### MRS. ANNIE L. JOHNSON.

It was with the greatest of pleasure we welcomed Mrs. Annie L. Johnson, of "Waco, Texas," as one of our number at the camp-meeting at Lake Pleasant, Mass.; and now, with a sense of justice to one who so willingly gave herself to the work of the

spirits for the good of humanity, I gladly give a few of the facts of some of my sittings with this true and good medium.

On August 9, 1881, Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, Mass., with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Hawks and Mrs. Johnson, met in my tent to test the power of her mediumship as an independent slate-writer. Dr. Beals procured and brought with him a new slate, which Mrs. Johnson placed on her lap, and then over it a light shawl. In a few moments tiny raps were heard on the slate, which were succeeded by a ticking sound. When this ceased, three distinct raps, audible to all present, were heard. She then removed the shawl, and there, in the centre of the slate, was a communication, written without a pencil, from E. V. Wilson to Dr. Joseph Beals, as follows: "Go on in this good work. It will succeed, and I will aid you."

On August 11th, Mrs. Johnson, while sitting in my tent with me, proposed to hold the slate for me to see what we could get. I bought a new one, washed it, and gave it to her to lay on her lap, she placing three fingers of her right hand on the corner of the frame. We had no pencil. She placed over the slate a small blanket that had belonged to my daughter Lulu when a babe. Presently there came three raps on the exposed part of the slate, which was understood as a request to cover it. Then on the slate was heard the same ticking sound, before spoken of, and, after a few moments of waiting, raps came requesting us to uncover the slate, and there was a message worded thus: "Mamma, darling, I am now the most happy mortal that ever was, for I have taken on immortality, and am now a bright, happy spirit, and am doing a good work on this glorious shore, and am assisting you in your work.—Your own LULU."

I suggested to Lulu that, as she was now an immortal, she was *not a mortal*, and as she had passed away at the age of nine years, I hoped she had studied some there, and would she not substitute another word for mortal, as I wished to keep the slate? The raps came, *Yes*. So we erased the word mortal, and, as the slate was left moist, she wrote the word *angel* just above the space that had been made by erasing mortal. Now, how could she see where that space was?

The raps called again for the slate, and in one corner was written what we thought to be: "Lulu Bussey is here." We said yes,

we supposed so, as we had just had a communication. The raps called again for the slate. A message said we were mistaken, — John Bussey (not Lulu) was meant. I asked who John Bussey was. Again the raps called for the slate. And then they wrote, in another corner: "A relative of your husband,"—one I had not known of, as after events proved. My two sons entering then, I asked if they might witness the phenomena? Mrs. Johnson kindly consenting, again placed the slate under the blanket. They both listened with wonder to the writing, as they saw and knew no pencil was there. They received a message on the opposite side of the slate from the above — as that had been the upper side all the time — as follows: "Dear brothers, be good and kind to my dear mamma, as she is your noble guardian, so mind her in all she says.— Your own LULU."

She sat for many in my tent; among the number were Dr. S. J. Damon, of Lowell, Mass., who had a little on both sides of the slate at one and the same time, which occurred several times for sitters; Mrs. Hattie Mason, of Troy, and Mrs. Carrie S. Twing, of Westfield, N.Y., both had long communications from spirit friends.

About August the 18th, at the request of Dr. Beals, she consented to go on the platform at one of the public fact-meetings, and there, before the assembled multitude, to hold a slate that spirits might thus give a public proof of their power.

Mr. S. J. Damon, of Lowell, left the audience, and at the store procured a new slate. Then and there her father, Dr. John Shaw, and E. V. Wilson, wrote messages of welcome to the people, without the aid of a pencil, which were read to them by Dr. Beals.

In her pleasant Southern home they get many strong physical manifestations, her mother, who is with her, being a medium, and her daughter, of ten years, a rapping medium.

MRS. ISADORE E. BUSSEY, Troy, N.Y.

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#### MRS. MAUD LORD.

About two years since, while Mrs. Maud Lord, now of Chicago, Ill., was making a call at my office, I invited her to play on the piano, which she did. Mr. L. L. Whitlock of Providence, R.I., and another gentleman (a stranger), whose name I do not remem

ber, also a Mrs. Mary Burns, were present. The two gentlemen and myself stood up, with our hands resting on the piano. Mrs. Lord had played but a few moments when snapping of the strings and raps were heard underneath the part of the cover which was closed. A few moments later the front of the piano was raised three or four inches (to the best of our judgment) and fell to the floor. This was in the broadest light, about mid-day, and no visible force could have raised the piano without our detection.

MRS. MAGGIE FOLSOM.

2 HAMILTON PLACE, Boston, Mass.

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### MRS. ABBY BURNHAM.

One day, while stopping at Lake Pleasant Camp, I saw Mrs. Burnham pass my tent, and feeling attracted to her, although a stranger, I asked her if she would not come in. She replied: "Just a moment; am in great haste."

At the entrance of my tent I had a bouquet of flowers, gathered from my home-garden in North Adams, Mass. As Mrs. Burnham turned to go away, she was startled at the appearance of a white hand placed over some geranium leaves in the bouquet. She immediately called my attention to the flowers, telling me, at the same time, what she saw. I asked: "What more do you see?" She answered: "I now see a beautiful face,"—at the same time describing my spirit daughter, Lois. "I now see a yard near a house, and an elderly gentleman seems to be standing with spade in hand. I hear him say: 'Let her take it,'"—describing my husband, whom she had never seen. "He now spades up two kinds of soil, placing some in a flower-pot. I hear him say again: 'Let her take it.'"

We were living at North Conway, and were about to remove to North Adams. My daughter, now in spirit life, but then in earth life, had a geranium plant which she had cultivated with care, and prized highly, perhaps more from the association connected with it than from any admiration for geraniums. One day my daughter, in company with a schoolmate, visited an old lady who resided in our neighborhood. She gave both of them a bouquet, and placed

in each a slip of geranium. Lois, my daughter, carefully placed hers in a pot, caring for it until it grew to be of very large proportion. When we were about to remove to North Adams, I thought the plant too bulky to move, and refused or discouraged her taking it. Mr. Sherwin said: "Let her take it;" then took a spade and placed two kinds of soil in a flower-pot, and prepared the plant for removal. Soon after we were settled in our new home Lois sickened and died. The leaves referred to at Lake Pleasant were taken from the original plant, and sent to camp with other flowers. Mrs. Burnham had no previous knowledge of our family or house.

MRS. THOMAS SHERWIN, North Adams, Mass.

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MR. P. L. O. A. KEELER.

Early in the afternoon, on Friday, Jan. 6, 1882, I called at 152 Castle Street, to arrange with Mr. Keeler to give a seance at my house. Mr. Keeler was absent, but, being expected home soon, I remained a short time in waiting. He soon came in, and at once remarked to me: "There is a spirit here who wishes to communicate with you." He then sat down to a marble centre-table, and requested me to sit opposite, which I did. He then took a small piece of paper, which I carefully examined, and returned to him, tearing off a corner, which I retained, to identify the paper. The paper, together with a small bit of lead, broken from a pencil, was put between two slates, he holding one end while I held the other. After holding them there above the table some two minutes, a loud rap upon the slates was distinctly heard, signifying, as he said, the message was completed. He then let go of the slates. I opened them, and found distinctly written upon the identical piece of paper, in a firm, compact style, the following brief message: "Well, well; now, isn't this proof palpable of our ability to return to you? How sweet is this visitation of, and communion with, those seemingly separated —. We are weak; try this again, and give us more strength for it."

In compliance with the above request, another piece of blank paper was put between the slates with like results, upon which

was written the following message: "There is a life ever existent. It may seem shadowed to you by the clouds of imperception. Keep on. Hope ever. Persevere to the end.—H. CHARLCOTT."

MRS. ELIZA R. ROWELL, Boston.

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### MRS. H. V. ROSS.

The following is a statement of what was witnessed by the writer, and some twelve other persons, at a materializing seance at the residence of Mrs. H. V. Ross, 172 South Main Street, Providence, R.I., Jan. 12, 1882:—

The members of the circle being seated,—among whom were John R. Fales, Pawtucket, R.I.; Mrs. L. Thomas, Rock Bottom, Mass.; Mrs. F. Parmlee, Providence, R.I.; Mrs. Martin, Providence, R.I.; Mrs. L. E. Peckham, Providence, R.I.; Mr. and Mrs. Carr, East Providence, and others, whose names the writer did not learn,—the light was adjusted and the medium entered the cabinet, which was formed by two curtains being drawn across the corner of the room, leaving space enough behind them for the medium's chair, the curtains meeting at the centre, and extending on either side to the walls of the room, but not attached to them. The opening of the curtains at the centre, and at each side next the walls, forms three entrances to the cabinet.

After the medium had remained in the cabinet five minutes, perhaps, her Indian control, "Bright Star," brought her out, as she said, to introduce her Medy to the company, beginning at one end of the circle and shaking hands with each one; and having gone, perhaps, two-thirds the way round, a loud rapping was heard at the cabinet, and looking that way we all saw a tall male form standing between the curtains, when one of the circle said to the control who was then shaking hands: "They are rapping for you at the cabinet." She replied, by saying to the form: "What did you come out for until I got back?" And stepping up to the cabinet said, in a very peremptory manner: "Get out of the way so my Medy can go in her tent." And, entering, the curtains remained closed but a few seconds, when the form presented itself again, and was recognized by a lady as a man who used to drive the express between Providence and Taunton.

After several other forms appeared, and were recognized by

their friends, the control requested a chair to be placed against the wall outside of the cabinet for the medium to sit in. The request was complied with, and the control, saying "I guess I'll go out and see what I can do," stepped out, seated herself in the chair, and joined hands with the circle, and in less than one minute the curtains opened, and forms appeared and reappeared, while the medium was sitting outside in full view of all present. The control then said: "I guess I'll take my Medy back to her tent again," and proceeded to do so, when almost immediately the curtains were thrown open, and two beautiful white forms stood side by side, and were distinctly seen by all present, one being somewhat taller than the other. After showing themselves two or three times, Mr. Fales, of Pawtucket, was called up, and recognized one of them as a deceased lady friend of Pawtucket. One of these forms remained at the centre opening, the other glided to the right, and still another appeared at the left opening, where all three stood at the same time, fully revealed to all the circle, appearing and disappearing two or three times.

After a short interval, the curtain was again thrown open, and there appeared a lady and gentleman, arm-in-arm,—the female, a bright, beautiful spirit who has materialized many times through different mediums, and the male spirit was recognized by Mr. Fales as Col. Slocum, of Pawtucket, who was killed at the battle of Bull Run. The female was clothed in glittering white robes, while the colonel appeared in uniform, with buttons, shoulder-straps, etc. This couple presented themselves eight or ten times, I should judge, at the curtains, then, the light being increased, they stepped out some distance into the room so as to be plainly seen by all the circle, and then retired to the cabinet.

Mr. Fales was then called up, when the curtains were opened by a lady he recognized as his wife, who greeted him affectionately, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him; then, taking his arm, walked entirely around the circle, shaking hands with all, and, after talking some time with her husband, retired to the cabinet. Another form, that was recognized by a gentleman present, took his arm, walked out and shook hands with all present; and, after the appearance of two or three more forms, the manifestations closed, the control remarking that the circle was exceptionally harmonious.

LAURISTON TOWNE.

[From a Spirit Friend.]

MRS. HATTIE E. CARR, MEDIUM, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## TRUTHS.

Truths are the sweet evangels sent to earth;  
 Bright emanations from the light divine,  
 Perpetually within each soul to shine,  
 Lifting us nearer to that higher birth;  
 Teaching us lessons all of priceless worth;  
 A subtle essence holy, pure, and fine,  
 Yet mighty in its forces, sending forth  
 And down through all the ages thoughts sublime,  
 Descending from that higher altitude  
 Of life, into the entity of man;  
 And he, by Truth's clear light, can ably scan  
 That all truth ultimates to perfect good;  
 And by the torch of wisdom read God's plan —  
 That truth by all shall yet be understood.  
 For all are possibilities; for some  
 Great truths shine ever round them like the sun,  
 And light their sky of life though clouds be dun;  
 And to their souls sweet thoughts forever come,  
 High aspirations all of odorous bloom,  
 Bright scintillations from Truth's centre won,  
 Light of all love beyond the pall and tomb,  
 Breath of all life since first the world begun.  
 All truths reflect their radiance from afar,  
 And into souls receptive find their way,  
 And take their place, and will forever stay,  
 And be a beacon light, a fadeless star,  
 To lead the soul from darkness unto day,  
 Out to the Infinite, where truths eternal are.

## THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

Mr. L. L. WHITLOCK: Dear Sir,—In answer to your request for a brief statement of facts bearing on psychic science, I would go back about forty years to my first experiences, as they are more suitable to interest the general public by introducing them to such facts as they may most readily approach in their own inquiries.

In 1841 I began experiments on the brain. That was the year of my discovery of the process of cerebral exploration, which leads us out into the infinities of psychic as well as physiological science, and the combination of the two in one grand science, in which the human soul can rest as the outlines of Divine wisdom in its fullness,—the science which can bear no other name than ANTHRO-

POLOGY, and to which the *Journal of Man* has been and will be devoted.

In my first experiments I was testing the functions of the brain, to see how near the truth Gall and Spurzheim had arrived, and whether my own additions and emendations for the correction of the phrenological system would be sanctioned by the voice of nature when I appealed to experiment as the final test.

The region of Ideality, as defined by Gall and Spurzheim, I believed to be correctly located and defined, and was therefore gratified to find that, in exciting this organ, it produced a range of poetic thought, with beautiful and transcendental conceptions and aspirations to beauty and purity. But in the highest portion of Ideality, where the lateral joins the superior aspect of the head, just above the temple (where the hair usually circumscribes a receding angle), I found a new manifestation.

The lady upon whom I made my first experiments manifested unexpected feeling when the excitement passed above the temporal arch, and fell to weeping. This was certainly not Ideality, but just above its boundary; nor was it anything that Gall and Spurzheim had discovered. It was a new form of intelligent sentiment, which elicited deep feeling and tears: this sentiment, as she explained to me, concentrated all her thoughts upon her deceased mother, and brought that mother's form so vividly before her, and all the associations connected with her, that she could not refrain from tears. Evidently this was a sentiment which linked us with the departed, preserving their memory fresh and green throughout our lives.

Higher and farther back on the head I found the true sentiment of Love, distinct from selfish attachment and voluptuous passion, and this tearful recognition of the departed came from the organ between Ideality and Love. But I did not appreciate its exact function until some months later, when I found a young lady of brilliant intellect and high impressibility. (If she were still on earth, she would be a very interesting and bright-witted grandmother.) This brilliant young lady, Miss Harriet Key, responded to every touch and excitement more quickly and impressively than any I had ever before met; and in company with her aunt (the Chancellor's wife), also impressible, we had many interesting scenes at Louisville.

On the evening to which I now refer, in the winter of 1841 and 1842, we were seated in a brilliant parlor in a fashionable residence. My young bride, for I had just married, and her venerable father were spending an evening with their friends and neighbors, none of whom were in sympathy with the marvelous, but all in the circle of fashionable orthodoxy, and their faith almost overtaken by my own marvelous experiments on the brain, which, if they had been made by a stranger, would hardly have commanded their assent. Skepticism then was intense. Mr. George D. Prentice, the most brilliant editor our country ever contained, though lavish in compliments to myself, treated psychometry as an impossibility, and said it required as much evidence to establish it as a miracle. Some years later, however, he brought to my psychometer for interpretation his most private and confidential notes concerning matters nearest his heart, which interpretation he accepted reverently.

To return to the parlor where we were assembled on that memorable night in a brilliant light with an enlightened company. It was proposed that I should make some experiments on Miss Harriet, whose intellectual brilliancy was all that we might expect from one of the intellectual Marshall family. I complied with the request, and I recollect calling forth a devotional feeling; but I have made such myriads of experiments that I have learned to let their details pass into oblivion, and recollect nothing but that which conveys some important lesson or new discovery. I recollect clearly, however, that, when I touched the region that first called forth tears for the departed, Miss Harriet fixed her gaze on the vacant space before her, and declared, with deep emotion, that she saw standing there the spirit form of her dear mother!

No one could doubt in listening to her clear, impressive voice and earnest words that she was really beholding her mother. But such things were beyond all science, and to me it was less a revelation than a problem. Did she really behold a spirit? Was this perception subjective or objective? Science could not distinctly reply, for the organ which developed this perception was too near the emotional region for absolute intellect, and it was also adjacent to the region of Imagination, or at its posterior extremity, the position of most intense action. Was it not, then,

an exalted form of emotional imagination, having a tendency or liability to delusion and insanity?

To solve this problem I made a very minute and critical examination of this region of the brain by experiments and by psychometry, resulting in the discovery that we have five distinct faculties grouped together, occupying a small space in the ideal corner of the brain; the most anterior being Imagination, which gives brilliant creative power to the intellect, parallel to which the organ or faculty which in one sense may be called Marvelousness, but which in its normal function in well regulated minds gives that breadth and depth of *Philosophic Imagination* and invention which are competent to keep pace with the ever developing wonders that science reveals in its highest flights. Next behind this is the organ of Ideality, which is pretty well understood by phrenologists, above which is a true organ of Spirituality, and a fanciful subdivision (where spirituality blends with Imagination) which is the source of spiritual fancies, or spectral illusions. These two organs of Spirituality and Spectral Illusion are the source of the matter which has filled so many columns and pages in spiritual journals and books, and which continually offers the problem that embarrasses alike the first inquiring neophyte and the highest expounders of spiritual dogma and philosophy.

There are many volumes, occupying a large space in the eyes of spiritual students of philosophy, in which there is abundant evidence that the writers could not always distinguish between spirituality and spectral illusion, between which there is a puzzling analogy. I do not propose to utter any criticism at present on spiritual literature, but merely to say that by studying the sources of our spiritual powers I have been enabled to decide positively that, notwithstanding all the spiritual delusions, there is in all human brains the organ of a power, undeveloped and uncultivated in the majority, by which we are enabled to feel and recognize the presence of spiritual beings, and to hold delightful and truthful communication with them. At the time of the discovery, in 1841, all physiologists, and nearly all metaphysicians, rejected with scorn the idea of communicating with the departed; and even the great revelators of cerebral science, Gall and Spurzheim, had not even suspected the existence of this faculty, but gave

phrenology a leaning toward materialism by classing spiritual phenomena among the credulities and delusions of Marvelousness.

The results of this organ of spirituality are pure and truthful, harmonizing with those of the faculty of clairvoyance, and entitled to a place in the archives of science, because its communications through different individuals are harmonious, and bring us into correspondence with beings who do not vary as passing clouds or fleeting fancies, but have a personality that is positive, sentiments that are fixed, a will that is independent of our own, and knowledge of a higher grade than ours, as their sentiments are nobler and purer,—angelic beings whom it is delightful to know, and knowing whom we cannot doubt their existence as immortal beings.

Thus was I enabled, by prolonged induction, to be certain that my first experiment with Harriet Key was the revelation not of a subjective, hysterical experience but of a true apparition of one of the angels, whom all mankind shall recognize when the dormant faculty of spirituality shall be properly cultivated. And when one of the most gifted of psychometers (the delicate Mr. Inman, long since departed) became my chief assistant, I had no difficulty in conceiving that he told the truth when he said, in 1842, that he was sent to me by the spirit of my father.

Thus did I begin, in 1842, the orderly and scientific communication with the spirit world, in which I realized intuitively that there were INFINITE POSSIBILITIES; and nothing has ever been brought forth since for which I was not prepared to give a loving welcome. During the last third of a century I have remained comparatively quiet and unknown to the new generation. My writings being out of print, I was waiting for the departure of those old bigots who stood in the way, and obstructed every channel between myself and the people. Today I can reach a select audience through spiritual papers whom I could not have reached thirty years ago. But I hope ere long to reach all pioneer *progressives* by my own *Journal of Man*, devoted to the Infinite Science.

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

205 East 36th St., New York.

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## Healing Department.

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### MRS. ANNIE L. JOHNSON.

The following we quote from a long letter of Mrs. Johnson's, which is full of interest : —

My father, who passed to spirit life twelve years since, being a magnetic physician in life, although unaware of it, has imparted some of his healing power to myself, and has always prescribed for our family, his prescriptions never failing, and many proofs of spirit healing has he given us. In one instance, my mother had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to her bed for weeks, suffering the most excruciating pains, and could get no relief.

One night, while sitting at the table (my mother being confined to her bed up stairs), my father gave his well-known regrets, saying he wished mamma to be at the table. But we told him it was impossible, she could not get down nineteen steps ; when he answered : "She must." So I went up and told her, the answer being : "Annie, I could not get up if my life depended on it." But we did not let her rest until she was there. The only way she could get down was to support herself on my arm, and with her left hand on the back of a chair, until she came to the stairs, which she quietly slid down. When we helped her to the table, she had not more than seated herself when she felt something brush across her lap. The pain left immediately, when papa wrote for her to get up and walk, which she did, finding the pain all gone so she could go round the house as well as she ever did. She has never had a touch of it since, that being four years ago. She was cured by spirit power alone. This is only one of the many proofs we have had of spirit power.

A. L. JOHNSON, Waco, Texas.

The following similar phenomena of Christ's healing power we quote, as related in St. John, fifth chapter, 5th to 10th verses : —

"And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

"When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole ?

"The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool : but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

"Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

"And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked : and on the same day was the Sabbath."

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### DR. R. C. FLOWER.

420 Fifth Avenue, New York.

On the 10th of last March, Mr. Byron Woodward, No. 792 Preston Street, a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, called on Dr. Flower, and stated that his little boy, nine years of age, was dying with water on the brain, and that he had symptoms of spinal meningitis ; that three days ago he had passed into a condition of stupor, which had grown upon him, and it was impossible to arouse him ; that a prominent physician had given up all hopes of his recovery, owing to the urgency of the case. Dr. Flower went with the father to his dying child. He found the boy in a state of stupor, and the flesh apparently dead.

Piercing hands and feet with needles and pins made no impression ; the boy was burning with high fever, and had been unable to retain any nourishment on his stomach for many days. Dr. Flower seated himself by the bedside, placed his right hand on the forehead, the left hand at the base of the brain. In twenty-two minutes the head still throbbed and burned with the same raging fever ; in twenty-eight and a half minutes moisture was perceptible for the first time ; in thirty-one minutes the boy was in a profuse perspiration ; then he opened his eyes and, rising in bed, said he wanted something to eat. Dr. Flower made one other visit, and in a few days the boy was restored to health.

The evening of the same day the cure was performed the family physician, with consulting professors of one of the colleges, went to see if the child was alive ; if so, to hold a consultation. But, to their great astonishment, found the boy sitting up, playing with his playthings. They were dumbfounded, and so expressed themselves to the parents ; and the family physician said he could not account for so sudden a change, and suggested a continuance of the medicine he had been giving, which medicine

the parents had never given, since all hopes had been given up of the child's recovery.

Jacob Covedale of Germantown, Penn., an old gentleman sixty-six years of age, had suffered with rheumatism and paralysis thirteen years, part of which time he was wholly helpless. Treatment by the best physicians failed to cure him, and he gave up all hopes. On the 27th of May, he was carried to Dr. Flower's office. After four treatments he was restored to perfect health, able to walk as well as ever, and continues so to this day.

A little girl of Mrs. Nagle's, living at No. 1321 Heath Street, Philadelphia, was afflicted with paralysis of the spine, and had never been able to walk. After advice and treatment of several doctors, none of which availed to help, Dr. Flower was called, and, after three or four treatments, the girl walked with ease, being entirely cured, and to this day she is sound and well.

Michael Kranewetter, of Camden, N.Y., came to Dr. Flower last March to consult him in reference to a goitre upon her neck. The monstrous growth had been pronounced incurable by a number of doctors. In a few weeks Dr. Flower removed it by magnetic treatment only.

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### DR. S. J. DAMON

A case, without a name, has attracted attention at Lowell, Mass. The "facts" are as follows:—

Some seven years ago, Miss Mattie Tolman of Greensboro, Vt., eleven years of age, daughter of Mr. Henry Tolman, was brought home from school sick. Physicians from Montpelier, Vt., were called, and gave some relief. The child gradually grew worse, and, three years ago, she began to bloat to an immense size, and it was thought she could not live. The lower limbs began to paralyze, gradually working up to the body. The family, hearing of Dr. S. J. Damon, of Lowell, Mass., decided to take their child to him to be treated. In the short space of two weeks the young lady, now eighteen, walked nearly one mile. She is now, after a period of two months, able to return to her home in Vermont. In the space of eight weeks Miss Tolman has gained twenty-seven pounds.

The above cure, which has been done almost wholly through the power of magnetism, has astounded those cognizant of the facts.

[For some very important details of this case, we refer to the parties interested.—ED.]

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### MR. J. W. TUTTLE,

Of Medway, Mass.

In the fall of 1866 I came home from California and went down into Maine, to Brunswick, the town where I used to live. While there, I hurt my eye, striking a little shive or pine needle from one of the trees in it. I was stopping with the Quakers, who wanted me to consult Dr. Lincoln and his son, regular old-school physicians. Dr. Lincoln said there was a little ulcer growing on the eye, and that it could be removed without trouble. It grew worse, and pained me so much that I told our folks I could not endure it longer, but should go to Boston and consult some medium. They laughed at this. I told them I would not go, but would show them what I could do right there. I took a sheet of paper, and wrote a letter to my spirit friends, saying: "Please tell Mr. so-and-so, of Boston (giving his name), that I have hurt me, and wish he would come here immediately." I directed the letter to a spirit friend. The medium I referred to in the letter I had been acquainted with for two years. It happened he was not in Boston at the time, but in Brattleboro, Vt., 125 miles from Brunswick, Maine. I laid the message on my table, and there it remained all the time. In less than half an hour he got this message just as I had written it. He took the cars that night and came as far as Portland, and at 12 o'clock the next day he was at my house. We went out under the tree, and the spirits controlled him. The first thing he said was: "Throw away the medicine. We have only one chance in fifty, but will do what we can. It is no place here for you; go some where else." We went to an uncle of mine in the town of Pownal, Maine. We remained there some eight or ten days, and I kept improving; and the result of his magnetic rubbings and baths of milk was it got well, and is as strong today as the other.

## DR. HENRY SLADE.

I would like to relate a remarkable fact in my own experience in regard to spirit power. Some time ago I had a wen the size of the end of my thumb. It was so large I was obliged to wear my hat on the side of my head.

The spirits said: "Go to Australia, and you will get help." The doctors kindly offered to open it and let the substance out; they said there was no other remedy; but I replied it should go away as it came. I accepted the former advice, and, accordingly, sailed to Australia. While there, I attended a dark seance, during which I felt a spirit hand touch this wen. The touch sent a thrill of pain through my whole system. Immediately I put my hand up, and it was still there; but the next day, on putting my hand upon the place, there was no wen to be found. It was all gone, cured wholly by spirit power. My agent, Mr. Simmons, knew of this wen, and he and I both consider it equal to a cure from paralysis, which I once experienced. I say to all, lay aside your prejudices in regard to healing by the laying on of hands.

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MRS. J. COTTON,

Of New York.

I have never before been on the rostrum, but I want to relate a fact in regard to spirit-healing power. Twenty-eight years ago, while residing in New Jersey, I received a fall from a chair being accidentally pulled from beneath me. This happened six months before the birth of my first child. The fall resulted in my being an invalid for five months after the birth of my child, during which time the doctors performed every physical operation, which brought no relief. Shortly after I attended a circle which comprised eighteen persons. This was before paid mediums were heard of. I was placed in an easy-chair, and conveyed in a carriage to the meeting. While there I fell, to all appearances, dead; but I was just as sensible as I am now of the spirit hand that was working over and through my whole system, especially in the region of the heart. I went off in this way three times, and came out entirely cured



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Independent Slate-writing.— See Page 146.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

While we offer this, our 2nd number of *Facts*, let us say that we are not disposed to criticise too closely the views of others, and that in many cases we have published ideas with which we do not agree, or teach, but that we are willing so far as these things come within the limits of this magazine to give all due notice to free, intelligent, and honest opinion and phenomena which pertain to the spiritual philosophy.

While our main object will be to compile facts, we have thought that, in connection with them, as in the case of Prof. Cadwell, it would be well to give the opinions of investigators. Therefore, short, valuable information and theories will be welcome in a degree in connection with facts of phenomena. My own wish, as its editor, is that the people at large, who do not believe or know this science, shall be able, in this work, to find something which will prove satisfactory evidence to them.

We are obliged to take in all science the opinions of those who have investigated, and as well might we question their right to think, or their writings on any subject of scientific interest, as to question the statements of those who have seen the wonderful phenomena of spiritual truth.

We are obliged to accept evidence wherever we find it, and not less so among the minds which study the intellectual laws than those who are engaged in the realms of mineral or astronomical research.

Thus, you see, whatever may be your prejudice, you have no right to say we do not know what we assert as truth more than we have a right to say what you know to be truth by observation to be untrue.

So I might go on and write pages, but I have illustrated my idea, viz., every man has a right to his own opinion, and no person has any right to deny it, so science must always depend on the facts which it shows to establish truth, and it may not always take the wisest man as its witness.

Many great truths have come, as it would appear by chance, through very weak and humble channels.

Christ's miracles or great works were most of them only the apparent out-growth of the lowly in this life,—even his own origin could not be called high. So it has always been, the most wonderful examples of greatness have not come from those high in the walks of life, or as most people consider the best society.

What we ask is that this magazine may be of some use in arresting the attention of those who, with honesty of purpose, would seek to know the truth by facts and not by fancy.

I do not wish to tear down the altars of the Church, or shake the faith of anyone in the greatest teacher that ever lived, but to teach that those Christian principles which were then taught by Him are today the foundation of the spiritual science, and that its teachings are in more perfect harmony with the truths of the Bible than anything else we can imagine,—that the same great works which he did we can do also.

“And verily I say unto you, greater things than these shall ye do also.” “My peace I give unto you.” “I will not leave you comfortless.” “I will send you another comforter,” &c.

All of these, and many other messages which we might give, are worthy of bearing record as prophetic of the present wonderful spiritual light.

# FACTS.

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## EDITORIAL.

In offering this, the second, number of the FACT magazine, we can only say we hope it will find new favor with those who would know the truths of these great phenomena of science, and that, by careful and honest investigation, many who now believe the truths of the Bible, by superstition, may be led to see the truth of that book by analogy, and believe from fact, and not fancy, that those wonderful things did and could have existed in perfect harmony with nature's laws, and that even the most wonderful of Christ's miracles were not greater than those things which are now occurring daily in the seance-rooms and common social circles of modern spiritualism.

Truth must triumph, and, being desirous of knowing it, we must be willing to accept it wherever found, whether in the material universe or among the more subtle influences of the spirit or intelligence. But how little can we know, looking through the material senses, of the great laws which underlie the universe of intelligence?

We may study what are known as scientific laws, so called and understood by the men of science to mean the laws of the material world, but how little is known of the laws of intelligence whose subtle influences we are unable to comprehend, and whose first principles are beyond our sight?

Facts can only give the foundation, and he who denies these is wholly shut out from the science of investigation, and must be content with the narrow surroundings of superstition and materialism. Those who would grow honest and truthful in nature, and expanded in soul, must learn that never was there a fact of nature's laws so low as to be unworthy of investigation, or so

contrary to accepted views and beliefs that reason had not a right to consider its truths and assert its phenomena.

The poet has well said that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" but how can an honest, truth-loving man refuse to learn God's great laws, no matter what may have been his preconceived notions of truth? Were not the Jews equally certain that they, the chosen people, the most thoroughly educated, were right, and all others wrong, when they cried out: "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and this same spirit of persecution has prevailed in every nation from that day until the present toward every class of skeptics who have dared to deny their belief in the accepted church of their fathers.

Wesley, Luther, etc., etc., have all met the opposition of those from whom they dissented, until to be a heretic is as common almost as to be a regular orthodox churchman. In fact, few of those teachers who fill their churches with attentive listeners are sound in their creeds or orthodoxy; and yet how few dare to step out boldly and say what they believe, and investigate honestly with independence? If truth may be found, why be ashamed of the facts? and if unsound doctrines are being taught, why not rid the community of them by investigating and learning the truth?

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### PROFESSOR CARPENTER.

Remarks at the Fact-Meeting at Lake Pleasant, Thursday Afternoon, August 26, 1881.

[Dr. Benton, of Troy, N. Y., gave a lecture on animal magnetism, and, at its close, the audience called for Prof. Carpenter, who said]:—

Dr. Benton has followed my own profession for a good many years. Spiritualists do not recognize the importance of becoming acquainted with the facts of psychology. You cannot understand the mental phenomena of spiritualism till you are familiar with the facts of psychology. When you become satisfied that we can affect each other, then you can recognize a spiritual influence. These things are learned by experimenting. Mesmerism, or psychology, has been termed the John the Baptist of spiritualism. It prepared the way for spirit communion; it proved that the

mind could be impressed by something that was intangible. When I want to make a person see a rose, I make my mind see a rose; I imagine it firmly. When spirits take a psychological subject, and picture spirit scenes to him,—what is it? Nothing but a psychological subject being acted upon by an invisible influence, demonstrating the existence of the spirit world. I find that not only mediums get into these conditions, but that there is now and then one of advanced years, or middle life, who has had these experiences, and been under these conditions. Look at it, and you will see that you have passed into the state of spiritual consciousness, hearing things that the natural ear could not hear, and seeing things that the natural eye could not see. We want schools of psychology in which people can be instructed in the possibility of these forces that surround us. The materialist says we are related to nothing but what comes through the ordinary five senses. He does not recognize a sixth sense,—the intuitional, that demonstrates the possibility of spiritual existence. For forty nights, last winter, I had the legislators of the nation in my audiences, and becoming acquainted with these things. In New York I had audiences in which were Dr. Beard, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Talmage, and other notabilities, all interested, not in me, but in the subject of magnetism, and the great subject of man's relations therein. Dr. Beard denied that anything could be seen independently of the natural eye. But he had to give it up on seeing my wife do it. He had said in his publications that it could not be done, but he accepted it for the first time in his life at my meetings. We did not think it possible for the spiritual world to communicate with this world, but it has been done. Our ladies especially have been the missionaries in this great and good cause of spiritual truth. We want to become acquainted not only with the spiritual, which has helped me beyond measure, but also with ourselves.

Question by Mr. Whitlock.—I understand you to believe that the psychological subject controlled by you stands in exactly the same position as the medium to the controlling possession?

Answer.—Yes.

Question.—You believe, further, that a given number of persons are susceptible to such control? What proportion of the

community, as you find them at large, are susceptible, or would be subjects?

Answer. —What Dr. Benton stated has been true with me. I find about five in six among ladies, and a less number among men. I think all ladies may be affected at times. Some are impressible only at times. I believe all persons are mediumistic in that sense.

Question. —What are the particular qualities of the individual who is not generally a subject, or capable of being impressed? Is it positiveness, or something else, which makes a person incapable of being a subject?

Answer. —You have asked me too much, for there are several things I don't know. I find a certain proportion of people are subjects. All sorts of temperaments are subjects. There is one kind that is very rarely a subject, and that is a bilious temperament, with very dark eyes and hair. I get the largest proportion among light people. Still, among dark people, I find some of my best subjects. So there is no rule. My friend Cadwell says he knows a subject as soon as he sees one.

Mr. Whitlock. —Now, I will state why I asked these questions. During my early years, my father, who was a Professor of Natural Sciences, was very much interested in mesmerism, and I was frequently, in my younger days, experimented with, but never controlled. And, during the dozen years that I have been studying spiritualism, I never anticipated that I could be controlled; and it was not until the middle of December, 1830, that I found myself sufficiently developed to write and speak under control. What I do not understand is why, at the age of forty-three, I became a subject, or medium. What was the reason for the change?

Prof. Carpenter. —I have found persons subjects who, in a few years, could not be controlled, and *vice versa*. It depends upon the mental and physical condition. I remember Mrs. French, now on this camp-ground, who became a wonderful physical medium. We had most wonderful manifestations through her, — among them independent spirit voices. About a year afterwards she was taken ill, and when she got well she had no more of that power. That illness seemed to produce a change in her constitution which rendered it impossible for the spirits to produce that

kind of manifestation. But she became a fine trance speaker. We know the effect, but we don't know the cause. Just so it is with the raps. There are not six persons today who can tell how they are produced. We know just as much about it as we did thirty-five years ago. Spirits say that it is electricity that does it, but you never heard a sound produced by any mechanical agency that sounded like a spirit rap. It is done, but we do n't know how. Grass grows, but we do n't know how. We know that it requires rain and sunshine, and that is all we know about it.

Mr. Whitlock.—We know of science as we get it from the facts. I am glad Prof. Carpenter has talked to us upon these things.

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### PROF. J. W. CADWELL.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir, I have been a public mesmerist for some thirty-four years, and believe that I have mesmerized at least five thousand people during that time. I have spared neither time or expense for a careful investigation of mesmerism and its connection with spiritualism.

The best theory extant which explains both of the above subjects, so far as I can comprehend it, is that every brain is a battery, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, an electrical generator and reservoir of acetic electricity, assisted to a greater or less extent by the lungs. This theory supposes that atmospheric air is charged with electricity as it enters the lungs. The blood, as is well known, contains a quantity of iron which, it is believed, attracts the electricity as soon as it enters the system. The blood, thus charged, becomes "positive," and as the lungs are always "positive," and as two positives repel each other, the blood is supposed to be repelled from the lungs through the arteries by electrical repulsion, and by a nervous action conveyed to the region of the brain, and stored up for the uses of the mind. If this theory be correct, the lungs play the part of an electrical machine, and the brain, the part of a Leyden jar. Electricity, thus generated and held in store, is called "animal magnetism."

It is not my purpose, on this occasion, to enter into details concerning the most comprehensive theories extant on this subject, or to give my own interpretation of all the complicated means employed by the living inhabitant of a physical machine called a human body. Certain facts are all known to nearly everybody. If I "will" to move my fingers, they generally obey me.

It is supposed that animal magnetism is the only thing that I, as a spirit, can control or touch, and that when I "will" to raise my arm, or move my fingers, a portion of this magnetic aura is transmitted along the motor nerves, where, by acting on microscopic cells, the muscles are contracted which set my fingers in motion. If my arms or fingers are devoid of a certain amount of caloric, or animal heat, I find it very difficult to move them. It requires "power" to move every voluntary or involuntary muscle as certainly as it requires power to move the steam-engine. When the physical system has become incapable of generating magnetism, or has too small an amount in store for the spirit to keep the machine in motion, it necessarily loses control and leaves the body forever, unless that body becomes recharged very quickly from some other "reservoir," or brain.

In moments of great grief, anger, or fright, or from long-continued mental or physical activity, the animal magnetism becomes exhausted, and sudden death is the necessary result. Some diseases exhaust the system so gradually that it is almost impossible to tell when the spirit takes its final departure from the body. I control my own body, then, by animal magnetism, and also those who are sufficiently sensitive, as all who are called "mediumistic" are generally; and if I become a spirit out of the body, I see no reason why I may not control a sensitive person as well then as now. With this lengthy preface, the reader may be able to comprehend a "fact" which I will present for your consideration.

While giving mesmeric exhibitions in the State of Iowa, I heard a most remarkable statement concerning a man who died, and came to life again. I subsequently saw the gentleman, and learned the particulars from his own lips. He had been sick for many weeks, and continually growing weaker, until, one day, he seemed deprived of all power to move. He heard the physician say to his wife in a whisper: "He is going." A few

moments later, he found himself outside of his body, and heard the doctor say: "It is all over now." He saw his wife throw herself onto his soulless body with a great cry of despair. He also saw his two children standing at the foot of the bed, and heard their sobs and moans as distinctly as if he was still alive. He realized that he had undergone the change called death, and as he did not wish to witness the grief which he felt powerless to alleviate, he glided through the open window into the front-door yard, where he could see every object as plainly as ever before.

A span of black horses, hitched to a nice carriage, were standing at the front gate, some ten rods from the house. He approached them by a mere effort of the "will," and wondered who could have come with that team. He reasoned, as naturally as ever, with himself. He was certain that it was not the doctor's team, and he was equally certain that no one was in the room but the physician, his wife, and two children. He thought that he would return to the house, and see who had come. By a simple effort of the "will," he glided back to the house, and through the window. He caught one quick glance of the interior of the room, and, in spite of an effort not to do so, was attracted to his own dead body, which he seemed to re-enter as easily as if it was so much vapor. With a power which he did not possess a few minutes before, he pushed his weeping wife off him, and asked who had come with that team. I need not explain her feelings, for they will find an echo in every human heart.

An old friend from the adjoining town, accompanied by his wife, had come with that team a half hour previous, and was then in the parlor. The doctor had told them that his patient was having another sinking turn, and if they saw him then it might prevent his rallying from the stupor; whereas, possibly, he might come out of it, and yet recover.

The dead man, restored to life, called for his clothes, and, in spite of the remonstrance of wife and doctor, got up and dressed himself, apparently in as good health as ever. It was not a miracle, but in accordance with an eternal, unchanging law, or principle.

His brain had become exhausted of animal magnetism, and he

had to go. In moments of great grief, as before stated, the system becomes rapidly exhausted of its vital force,—animal magnetism. If the man had not seen anything which recalled him to the room, the weeping wife would, in all human probability, have continued on that soulless body until urged to desist, and then have been assisted to a seat—to use a common expression—more dead than alive; or, in other words, with her system exhausted of vital magnetism. During those moments of intense grief, she had re-charged his system from her own, and when he came in to see who had come there, he was electrically attracted back into his body. It is claimed that the spirit holds the requisite physical matter to its spiritual body by electrical attraction, which is as omnipotent as attraction of gravitation. The man, therefore, came back to life and health by a natural process, not new, though, still, to many a profound mystery.

We read in the seventeenth chapter of the first of Kings that Elijah “stretched himself upon the child three times, . . . and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived.”

If what I have said be true, and if what we read in the Bible be true also, then the soul or the spirit may leave the body, and under proper conditions return into it again.

Whilst giving a course of mesmeric entertainments in the city of Havre de Grace, Md., in 1880, the editor of the *Havre de Grace Republican* invited me to spend an afternoon with himself and wife at their residence, as she wished to talk with me, and while there she related some of her own peculiar experiences. A few months previous, while with her youngest boy visiting in a distant city, he had been taken sick and died. For some three or four days and nights she had watched with the little sufferer constantly, most of the time holding him in her lap. When almost completely exhausted, she laid the sufferer in a crib, and sat down beside him. Suddenly her oldest boy appeared, standing on the opposite side of the crib, and, affrighted, she cried out: “Oh, my God! one child dead, and the other dying,” and fainted. When she revived, the soul of the little boy had departed this life for one where the troubles of earth are probably all unknown. The older boy had not died as she feared. He got up the next morning and went to school as usual. He came home at noon and said to the housekeeper that he was not

going to school that afternoon, because his little brother was dead.

He said that it all came to him like a dream about eleven o'clock while in school, and he remembered it all distinctly. He described the room where his mother sat, the crib in which his brother died, what his mother said when she saw him, the peculiar looking clock on the mantle-shelf, and the time by that clock,—a quarter past three,—all of which was strictly correct. The lady thought that perhaps I could explain the mystery, which I think I did to her satisfaction.

While exhausted of her own magnetism by the constant care of the boy, she was so near the spirit world as to be able to see a spirit, as hundreds are supposed to have done just before they entered the deep shadows that shut out from mortal view the glories of that never-ending life where flowers bloom in eternal beauty, and where the friends who left us in fear and trembling sing the glad songs of the angels.

I have many good reasons for believing that while in deep sleep the spirit can leave the body for hours at a time. I think that the spirit of the boy went out from the body in accordance with a natural law, but little understood by any who are unfamiliar with the science of mesmerism; and, if he had seen nothing unusual, he would have returned without having projected the thoughts or events on the organ of memory sufficiently strong to enable the mind to ever remember it again, so long as it should be subject to purely physical conditions.

The unusual occurrence, however, had been sufficient for the spirit, or the mind (if that term is any better), to recall the scenes through the medium of an organized brain, the same as any other passed event may unexpectedly be remembered at any moment in the future. I remember now of seeing a lengthy statement in several newspapers, several years since, that, on the morning of the burning of a Fall River mill, at which time many lost their lives by jumping from the upper windows, a man by the name of John Fitzgerald, residing in Brunswick, Maine, two hundred miles away, woke up from a sound sleep, begging those people for "God's sake" not to jump from the burning building. His wife thought that he had gone mad, and she tried to pacify him by assuring him that he was safe in bed. He at first declared that

he was not, but that he was in Fall River. and wondered why she could not see the same as he did. There is no theory, so far as I know, that satisfactorily accounts for this and similar incidents. My opinion is that he went to Fall River on a "pleasure occasion," and, had nothing unusual occurred, he would have returned and woke up without ever remembering in this life that he had been out of the body.

I am very confident that, when we finally bid adieu to earthly scenes, we shall wake up in a not wholly unknown land, and perhaps then wonder when we have been there before.

"Why do we start at death's alarm?" because, may be, we do not realize that there are for most of us more friends waiting for us in the summer-land than we leave behind on the almost inhospitable shores of this cold, material world.

Hoping these few ideas may cheer one soul while longing for a better life, I am yours for a more definite understanding of "Facts."

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As a mesmerist, I am often asked if mesmerism will not account for all phases of spiritualism; I think not. If I am able to control a sensitive person while in the form, I see no reason why I may not do so equally well after I leave the body.

If I mesmerize anyone now I am called a "mesmerist," and the one I control is called my "subject."

If I shall be able to control anyone after I leave the home I live in, that person will be called a medium, and I shall be called his or her familiar spirit.

I have mesmerized many people who have been controlled (in spite of my every effort to prevent it) by some intelligence which claims to be a disembodied spirit; and that intelligence would take possession of my subjects after I had partially and sometimes fully mesmerized, or more properly magnetized, them.

I remember having mesmerized a Mrs. Chace, living at 595 Washington St., Boston, Mass., one Sunday afternoon, in presence of several ladies and gentlemen, and, while experimenting with her, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, what a pretty calf," and immediately went through apparently death agonies. In a few minutes she partially recovered, and claimed to know me as one she had seen while attending my entertainments with her hus-

band, in Haynes Music Hall, Springfield, Mass., several years previous to that time.

She said she was Mrs. Henry Gray, wife of Henry Gray, formerly superintendent of the Worcester Albany R. R. She said that her husband came into the house and asked her to go out and see the new calf. At first she refused, but, as he urged her to go, she put a red shawl over her head and went to the yard. She said the cow did not see her until she had approached very near, and until she exclaimed: "Oh, what a pretty calf," when the cow instantly turned around, plunged at her, knocking her over, and trampled her to death.

After she had told me about her decease, and her reception in the spirit world, she requested me to convey a message of a private nature to her husband. I at first refused; she was very anxious, and I reluctantly consented.

About a month later I had business in Springfield, and as Mr. Gray and his sons had a coal office on Main St., I thought best to call and deliver the message.

I passed and repassed the office three or four times before I saw him in the office alone. I went in and introduced myself, or began to do so, as he recognized who I was and called me by name. I said that I was a believer in spiritualism, as he well knew, and he answered yes.

I then delivered the message,—I first, however, explaining the particulars of how, where, and when it was given me for him; it was of a strictly private nature, having been given to me in a whisper through the psychological or mesmeric subject while entranced by the spirit of Mrs. Gray.

Mr. Gray listened to me in silence until I had finished my statement, and then asked: "Is that all?" I replied that it was. He then pointed to the door with the remark that he wished people would mind their own business.

I felt a little chagrined as a matter of course, yet with a relief and a conviction that I had done my duty. Subsequent events proved to me conclusively that the message had proved true to the very letter.

After the lady came out of the trance, I questioned her closely, and am confident that she never knew of Mrs. Gray or of her peculiar death, or that she (the spirit) had ever seen me in

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Haynes Music Hall, neither was Mrs. Chace a spiritualist or medium until I mesmerized her.

This was on Sunday afternoon, at her home, 595 Washington St., Boston. Mrs. Gray was killed by a pet cow on Sunday morning, same day; and it was supposed that she was gored to death by the cow; and yet there was a mystery about it, for no blood or clothing was found on the cow's horns, or at least I was so informed, and probably she was trampled to death as stated by the spirit. I will here add that the spirit of Mrs. Gray said the spirits told her the red shawl was the cause of her death.

While giving exhibitions with mesmerized subjects in Manchester, New Hampshire, several years since, a little girl whom I had mesmerized suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I can see grandma and aunty." The mother seemed very much astonished, and, in reply to my question, said that the child had a grandma and aunt in Heaven. The girl declared that she could see them standing close beside her mother; and, after a few moments, she began to clap her hands, and cried out: "Oh, there's cousin Jennie with them." The mother replied by saying that all the cousin Jennie her child had was alive and well in Michigan, or at least was only a few days previous, and if she had died, and the spirit had left the body, she would have known it. I had already witnessed many almost similar manifestations of clairvoyant vision, and I thought that possibly the mother might be mistaken. On the following day that lady came to my hotel with a letter which she had received that morning from Michigan, announcing the death of "Jennie," who had been dead for nearly a week. The girl was not a medium, and had never been controlled by a mesmerist before.

While giving exhibitions in Mercantile Hall, Boston, before the great fire, I was visiting one afternoon at a private house on Hudson St., and, while I was experimenting with a young man whom I had mesmerized, he became very much excited, and declared that he saw a steamboat explosion on a great river a long way west of Boston. He gave a description of the scenes then transpiring, and declared that there were four hundred people floating down stream on bales of cotton and portions of the wreck. I requested the mesmerized person to locate the

place by describing all the prominent things surrounding the wrecked steamboat.

He described it as being a few miles below a great city, and below where two great rivers united. I went to the office of the *Boston Daily Herald* and inquired if they had received any news respecting a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi River that day, and the man in charge of the news department answered that he had not. I asked him where I could obtain the latest telegraphic news, and he said that they would get it as quick as anyone in Boston. Not content, I went to the office of the *Boston Journal* and made a similar inquiry, and received merely the same answer as before. Between four and five hours later a telegram was received by the Associated Press of Boston that a steamboat had been blown up a few miles below St. Louis, and that two hundred and fifty people had floated down the stream on bales of cotton and pieces of the wreck. I wondered why my subject, who had seen clairvoyantly so much, had made so grave a mistake in relation to the number of people. But, possibly, had I been passing overhead in a balloon, I might have placed the number equally as high, for it is no uncommon thing for intelligent people to vary as much; and clairvoyant subjects are only human, and governed by their reasoning faculties generally.

I gave a number of mesmeric entertainments in Hudson, Mass., some ten years since, where I was greatly annoyed by a lot of street-corner loafers in the back part of the hall. They were wholly incapable of comprehending mental phenomena as presented in my experiments with mesmerized people. At the close of the exhibition they called me a fraud, and denounced the ladies and gentlemen whom I had mesmerized as confederates. Among my subjects was a lady who was boarding at the hotel, to whom I had never spoken until my last exhibition in Hudson, when she came on the stage with others as a volunteer. She was very feeble indeed, an invalid, and I did not affect her very much as she seemed to be partially controlled by some infernal demon whenever I attempted to mesmerize her. The following noon, while at dinner in Marlboro, Mass., I was called upon by a gentleman who owned a livery stable in Hudson. He said that one of the ladies I had mesmerized the night before was as crazy as a loon, and the landlord had sent him after me. I requested him

not to worry, but wait till I ate my dinner; and then with him I returned in his sleigh to Hudson. Had this happened fifteen years before, it might have worried me; now it did not in the least, as I believed that no permanent harm could result from being properly mesmerized. When he drove up to the hotel in Hudson, there was a crowd of nearly one hundred men assembled, among whom were the very ones who had called me a fraud the night before, for "pretending," as they called it, to mesmerize people. But now I heard many expressions from them of a different nature, for they insultingly threatened to give me a nice coat of tar and feathers because I had done what they said I could not do the night before.

Fifteen ladies were in the parlor with the subject, all of whom were badly frightened. The lady had been raving a part of the night, and all day, until my arrival.

She had torn two or three dresses all to strips, and had pulled out considerable hair from her own head, and was walking the floor on my entrance, swearing fearfully. The ladies looked at me inquiringly as I came in. I walked up to the crazy woman and gave her a slap on the shoulder, as if quite familiar, and jokingly exclaimed: "Hallo, who are you?" She answered with an oath that it was none of my business. It took me a full hour to bring her out of that spell, and it would take me as long to tell all the particulars about it.

By questioning the spirit which had completely obsessed her, I ascertained that she had been courted by him previous to his entrance into spirit life, and that she had promised to marry him; and just before the wedding day he had come into her presence drunk. She turned him off, and subsequently married another man. Her former lover, who now, as a spirit, controlled her, swore by all that was good and bad that he would be revenged, either in this life or the next. And that man had died, and now controlled her, and pulled her hair, and tore her dresses, in the most revengeful manner. It was a full half hour or more before I could reason with him. I assured him that he had lost her forever, and it was his own fault; and now, if he would try to reform, he might find some one in spirit life that would love him as tenderly as she had in the days gone by. He seemed to fully comprehend the situation, and expressed great sorrow for what

he had done. He said that for many years he had haunted her, day and night, during which time several doctors had tried in vain to cure her of some unknown malady. The spirit thanked me most heartily for the advice I had given, and for the faint hope of a better condition in the future. He wished me to assist him in leaving the lady whom he had obsessed, and I at once complied with his request, to the great relief of the other ladies. Almost instantly she was controlled by another spirit, who announced himself as the lady's late husband. He said that he had been in spirit life but a short time, and had tried in vain to ward off the attacks of her former lover. He thanked me for the good I had done her, and asked me to help him out also.

I saw Mrs. Holden, the landlady, some three years later, and she assured me that the lady had been perfectly well ever since, and that what the spirit had told me about her condition, previous to that control, was entirely correct. The reader will naturally ask: Does mesmerizing people bring on those bad conditions? I answer no,—it cures them. I believe I could cure a large percentage of the lunatics in our insane asylums, if I could have the opportunity. I made application once to try the experiment, but was very rudely treated for my proposition. I wonder often if the devils that Jesus cast out were not disembodied spirits, who, before death, had been human monsters. I believe they were, and that Paul referred to them where he speaks of "preaching to spirits in prison."

Why preach to spirits in prison if the fate of men, or devils, is forever unchangeable? is a question I asked a Bible believer, and he answered that he did not know.

My experience has taught me that spirits can be benefited by the right kind of "preaching," if they are in need of it. There are more things in Heaven and in Hell than are taught in the Christian churches today.

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There are millions who do not believe in physical manifestations, and pronounce the whole thing a fraud, and those who do believe as silly dupes. Then there are others who are anxious to know all that can be learned respecting spirit return.

While in Boston, some three or four years since, a gentleman asked me if I remembered that night he attended my entertain-

ment in the parlor of Thayer's Hotel, in Littleton, N. H. I have so many wonderful experiences that I could not recall any incident of that night for several minutes. He remembered it perfectly, and, as he talked about it, the recollection of what transpired came back to me like an almost-forgotten dream.

I presume that every act in life is imprinted on memory's page so effectually as to only require a suggestion relating thereto to bring it up to the mind in this life, and in the life to come. "I don't know how God keeps a record of all men's deeds in the great book of life," said a Methodist clergymen; and I volunteered to tell him that I thought I knew. He asked: "How?" And I said he makes of every man a scribe, and each one involuntarily keeps a faithful record of his every act through life, and each tablet of a human brain is one leaf in God's great records.

But I have wandered from my subject widely. The gentleman of whom I spoke was a deputy-collector in the City Hall of Boston, by the name of Hovey. With several friends he was spending a vacation among the White Mountains, and for a week stopped at Thayer's Hotel, in Littleton, N. H., where he and his company attended a dark seance given by me and Horatio G. Eddy, who was then in my employ. On the following day he called on me, and asked if he could attend that evening, and tie the medium in any way he liked, and I answered that he could. One of their own number was about the size of Horatio, and they procured a board about six feet long and half a foot wide, and placed the centre of it to the back of the young man's neck, and, as he extended his arms, they made some holes through between each finger with a gimlet, so that each finger and thumb could be tied separately, each knot on the opposite side of the board from his hand.

When they had prepared it, one of the ladies clapped her hands in anticipation of the fun there would be that night when the medium found himself tied for once in such a way that he could not reach any knot to untie them. "Oh, won't he look cheap?" she asked, and they all anticipated a rich treat. At the appointed hour, they came in with their board, and secured the medium in the way they had arranged, and, when the room was darkened, two of the company held my hands to prevent me from assisting the medium. Hardly had the light been extinguished before a

violin, guitar, tambourine, and bells went whirling around the room at a lively rate, and hands patted the sitters on the head and face. There were no glad shouts of victory from the lady who was going to have such a good time at the failure of the medium. There were, instead, shrieks of fright, a call for help, a general confusion, and I lighted up, and the gentlemen tenderly lifted the prostrate form of their lady friend from the floor in an unconscious condition, and conveyed her from the room. She had fainted from fright at the wonderful manifestations. The medium was sitting quietly, as they had tied him a few minutes before. The lady refused to come in again, and, after a long delay, the rest of the company returned to the room, where they *all* became fully converted to the grand truth of physical manifestations before the close of the seance.

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To the Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir, in reply to your question as to whether any of my mesmeric subjects could be, and were ever controlled by spirits, allow me to send you a statement made by a reporter of the *Daily Press and Albany Knickerbocker*, of Dec. 25, 1878, one of the most popular dailies of Albany, N. Y.: —

“MESMERISM. WHAT IT ACCOMPLISHED AT A PRIVATE SEANCE.—Prof. Cadwell closed his engagement at Martin Opera House last Sunday evening, that being the eleventh entertainment. Everybody who has attended seems to have been highly pleased at the wonderful and amusing scenes in mesmerism. By invitation, one of our reporters attended a private seance, given by Prof. Cadwell in the parlors of Madame Schreiber on Hudson Avenue, at which there were some twenty persons present, including judges, lawyers, military men, etc. Four ladies were partially mesmerized, and two fully. One young man was also mesmerized. All were residents of this city, and unconsciously they were made to perform a great many very strange things to the astonishment of all present; after which the Prof. removed his influence, as he expressed it, and requested an Indian spirit to control the young man, who at once seemed to be possessed of some power or influence foreign to himself. By request, he danced the Indian war dance, went through some scalping scenes, talked in broken English, and in all, except the color, seemed to be a real ‘Injun.’ On coming to himself he remembered nothing that he had done. A request was then made that a spirit control one of the ladies who had

been mesmerized, and she immediately passed into as strange a condition as the young man had, and was apparently controlled by something that claimed to be the spirit of a young lady who had died some years ago. She talked quite freely with one of the company, giving the names of dead relatives which, on recovering, she declared she had never known, but which were well known to the persons with whom the strange influence talked for several minutes. The Prof. then requested another spirit to control the other lady, and she, too, passed into an unconscious state, and gave still more wonderful proofs of being possessed or controlled by an intelligence independent of the Prof.'s, or of anyone in the room. Neither of the three thus controlled knew anything of what had happened while they were in that condition. Prof. Cadwell stated to those present that he had thus enabled scores of ladies and gentlemen to become good spiritual mediums, and that he believed his subjects could be controlled by spirits as well as by himself. We have no theory to offer in explanation of these things, but say they are very strange."

I will add this much by saying that those two ladies were then entire strangers to me, and they had never been mesmerized or controlled by spirits before, and were as ignorant of spiritualism and mesmerism as though there was no such thing in existence. By following my instructions they both became good physical mediums for materialization before I returned to Albany, where I gave another course of experimental lectures in Martin Opera House the following year. I doubt not that there are more than five hundred mediums, who are almost entirely unknown to be such outside of their own family and personal friends, who have become so by being mesmerized by your obedient servant.

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### J. FRANK BAXTER.

181 Walnut St., Chelsea, Mass.

In a lecture given by J. Frank Baxter, on "The Reality of Spiritualism," in Conservatory Hall, Providence, R. I., on Sunday, May 7, 1882, among other facts given were the following:—

Ever since I was seven years of age have I been in communication, more or less, with the spirit world, though not until about twenty did I fully believe and realize it. On Wednesday, P. M.,

June 5, 1861, I received through my hand a strange communication, a part of which I give. I had returned to my room late in the evening, and had prepared for and was about to retire to bed, when I felt a singular sensation in my arm, which had obtained with me previously at times, so I, from experience, readily sensed its meaning, and sat down with pencil and paper to await the result, not even stopping to re-light the room. While writing, I was wholly conscious, although I could not follow the mechanical action of my hand to such a degree as to know what was being written. After the writing, I immediately produced a light, and eagerly read:—

“Well, friend, you are seated here for a message from somebody! My chance has come. I was almost upon the point of giving up my control, for I was afraid to inform anyone that spirits can return. I do n't want anybody I know to know that spirits can come and talk with men; or, anyway, do n't want anybody in my church to know it. Somehow, I can n't think; feel kind of bewildered. *Must be that beam struck me pretty hard*; do n't you think so? Only think, here am I, an entire stranger to you. I do n't want you to write to Southwick, where I belonged, for I would n't have folks know that I, Deacon Phelps, have come back here. However, if you do n't believe it, you *may* write to our postmaster, and ask if a man by the name of Judson R. Phelps did n't live there in Southwick, Mass., and you 'll learn I died on the 9th or 10th of April last, and that I was a deacon there, for I was. I was tearing down an old barn, and a part came sooner than I expected and crushed me, in consequence of which I died. I do n't seem natural here. I can n't hold my mind steadily on any one thing,” etc.

Then followed a long, rambling discourse, very bitter and bigoted in its nature. Finally, he closed by signing as “Deacon Judson R. Phelps.”

When I read this, I was astonished. I was in Plymouth, Mass., my home and native place. I had never heard of such a person, or such a place as Southwick, previous to this transaction. It was in keeping with many communications I had so often read, and made sport of, from the *Banner of Light*. “Altogether too *human to admit of spirit origin*,” I had said; and, until this message was given me, it had not occurred to me *that spirits* WERE *human*. Of course, I was anxious to test this purported power, and I accordingly sent the following letter:—

“PLYMOUTH, Mass., June 6, 1861.

To the Postmaster of Southwick, Mass. :

Sir, you will oblige a friend by forwarding an answer to the inclosed questions : Whether or not there ever lived in your town of Southwick a man by the name of Judson R. Phelps, and if he be dead, the time, cause, and particulars of his death ?

Yours respectfully, J. F. BAXTER.”

On Wednesday, June 12, 1861, I received by mail the following *verbatim* letter : —

“MR. J. F. BAXTER :

Dear Sir, in reply to yours of June 6th, as regards the inquiry of Judson R. Phelps. *There was such a man lived in this town, and while at work with a number of others of his neighbors taking down an old barn for removal, about the 9th of last April, that is, if my memory serves me, was killed.* They were going to take it down by a bent at a time, and they had got the first bent down, and hitched the pulleys on the next bent, and, as some of the tenants were rotted so much, the whole frame came at once. *Mr. Phelps happened to be right where one of the posts struck him across the body, crushing him beneath its weight.* It did not kill him instantly ; he lived about two hours. There were men standing on all sides of *Deacon Phelps*, and not one of them hurt.

Very truly yours,

S. L. GRANGER, Asst. Postmaster.”

N. B. — Place yourself in my situation, at that time, and ask an explanation.

On the evening of July 29, 1861, I received through my hand, while unconscious, and at a public circle, the following : —

“Dear Friends, twenty-three years ago the 4th of this month (this carries it three years previous to my birth), a little five-years old boy might have been seen playing on the sidewalk, in the town of Medford, a short way from Boston. An omnibus stands in the street ready to start for Boston, and he jumps on the steps and is warned off by the driver, who afterwards takes his seat in the omnibus box, and the boy, unnoticed, succeeds in jumping on a second time, and is so unfortunate as to be carried into Boston, where, for an instant leaving the ‘bus,’ he is left. Crying bitterly, he stands on Washington Street, *feeling he has lost forever both home and mother.* Another omnibus stands ready for Roxbury, the driver of which sees the boy crying, and asks the matter. The boy replies he has lost his home, and he *wants to see his mother.* Says he came in one of those carriages, at the

same time pointing to the omnibus. The driver, supposing him to have come from Roxbury, drives to the latter place, taking with him the little boy. Thus, while he thinks himself favoring the child, he is in reality increasing his trouble by carrying him farther from home, for Roxbury was as far out of Boston one way as his home was far away in the opposite direction. Alas, the poor little boy is miles from home and parents! The driver tries to ascertain the whereabouts of the child's parents, but with no success; yet, in the meantime, the little fellow is cared for. The mother, Mrs. Cutter, starts for her boy, and not until the next day hears of and traces him to Boston, where, upon inquiring of different coach and hack-men, she at last learns of his journey to Roxbury. She goes thither, and finally finds him, and, too, tenderly provided for. 'Dear little boy, mother has found you at last! Come home!' So deep is the child's grief that even now the sight of mother brings little or no consolation. The mind is gone. He is taken home; but, alas! his is a grief beyond recovery, for, in consequence of it, he dies in Medford on the 6th day of July, 1838, on a Friday afternoon. That little boy is now in his 29th year, and is writing to you. I am a stranger to all, and hearing the desire for a communication from an utter stranger spirit who passed away under peculiar circumstances, that you might be gratified, I ventured to, at once, take this opportunity and write as I have.—HENRY CUTTER. My father's name is Gershom Cutter."

The following letter is a copy of the original, forwarded Mr. Cutter in inquiry:—

"Dear Sir, recent circumstances have urged me to ask of you, who can give it, information regarding the following questions: Whether or not you ever had a son by the name of Henry Cutter, and, if so, is he dead or living? If he be dead, will you please give me date, cause, and particulars of, and the age at the time of, his death? Please reply, and, by so doing, you will greatly oblige a friend.

On Wednesday, August 7, 1861, was received the following:—

"MEDFORD, August 5, 1861.

Dear Friend, if you please, in answer to your request, I must say we have had no child by the name of Henry of late years. We formerly had a son by the name of *Henry W.* He died July 6, 1838, *aged 5*, quite sudden, under very afflicting circumstances. Somehow, he was enticed to *get on behind an omnibus, as it passed the house, and rode into Boston.* Was lost *two days*, to the great

affliction of his parents and friends. The next day *his mother found him in Roxbury* (I being away in New Hampshire at the time). *His mind seemed partially paralyzed*; the shock, the grief, the fright, had so powerful an effect upon his nervous system as to cause his death. He seemed to be, at times, in a kind of stupor; then, again, after being rallied and questioned as to "How did you feel, Henry, when away?" answered: "*I wanted to see my mother.*" On the day of his death, he said to his mother: "My head aches, and I will go to bed." He did so; appeared to sleep for two or three hours, when he gave one screech, and died almost before his mother could reach him.

Yours respectfully, GERSHOM CUTTER."

An intelligence is here manifest, and though many may say "Simple," it has a mighty weight in *my mind* in helping to settle the greatest question of this and all ages: "If a man ceases his earthly existence, shall he live again?"

For seventeen consecutive years, ending with the summer of 1877, I taught in the public schools of Massachusetts. The first three years of teaching were in Plymouth, my birthplace. During this latter period, I united with some twenty-five others in the formation of a "circle," resolving to meet as regularly as possible, and each pledging himself or herself to be there, and to sit in one place evening after evening, unless changed by the spirits. A small hall was procured, furnished, decorated, and dedicated to the controlling power. We met, and our instructions were to sit in total darkness until we were stronger. We did so, devoting two evenings a week. *For nearly four months* we sat, but received not one evidence of any spirit power whatever. After this long and *patient* waiting, one eve, tiny, showering raps were heard in different parts of the room, and so a communication was established through those raps. I was directed to take pencil and paper, which were always at hand. I did so, and in the darkness drew a plan for seating the circle. The light revealed, to our surprise, the tables accurately drawn and proportioned, with each chair placed, and the individual's name attached to the seat he would be expected to occupy thereafter. The change was accordingly made, and our circle grew rapidly more attractive and satisfactory. Singing, raps, would accompany our voices distinctly in imitation of a tenor drum, while the table would beat, by its tipplings, an accompaniment similar to a bass-drum move-

ment. One of our tables was made of very heavy wood, and designed expressly for spirit use. A harp, strung with numerous well-attuned wires, and in an iron frame, was inserted in the heavy table beneath, and out of reach. This table was placed end to end with a long counter table. These tables not only would rock and move in air, but the harp table would emit sweeps of musical sounds from its harp within. One evening, after some speaking, we sang: "How cheering the thought!" when, to our utter astonishment, the harp *accompanied* the voices in *perfect harmonic chords*. The singing over, *the harp continued*, and airs of "Sweet Home," "Days of Absence," and the like, were given, while we all listened in breathless silence. Nor was this all. Flashes of most brilliant light would be emitted, and numerous lights, like electric sparks, were to be seen by all in showers over and above the tables. An invitation was finally extended to the public, free to all, to witness these most wonderful phenomena. The hall was over packed, and the witnesses astonished. Frequently I would call for pencil and paper, and draw, in darkness, on torn pieces of the paper, pictures, and the same would be conveyed in some unknown way and placed before certain individuals for whom they were intended. Different ones would find these drawings exact in detail, and each embodying tests of such a nature as to make the recipients thrill with the force of the reality of a spirit's presence, which the picture, under the circumstances, conveyed. To illustrate: one Mr. Lemuel Bradford, still a resident of Plymouth, had a drawing of a frozen pond, a sled beside a hole broken in the ice, marked "Genie." Mr. Bradford exclaimed: "What a test! I had a son, Eugene, and, while living in Bridgewater, he was out coasting. Sliding from the hill-side onto the pond, then iced over, he broke through and went under the ice, while his sled, marked 'Jenie,' as in the drawing, remained on top by the opening." One Mrs. Kimball received a picture of a vessel's topmast, with a flag bearing the name "T. Torrey" streaming from its top. She said all had a meaning to her. Her father's name was Thomas Torrey, and he was a sea-captain, and carried with him a flag on which was his name.

One evening, while we were singing, and while I was wholly conscious, I was lifted from and floated just above my chair dur-

ing the time of singing the chorus to the piece. At its close, I was lifted twelve feet to the ceiling, and in a horizontal position back to the ceiling. I was carried a distance of twenty-five feet, and then placed on the farther end of the long table. This was *repeated* the same evening, amid the astonishment and excitement of all. This was done for eighteen times in nine circles which followed. Many, non-spiritualists as well as spiritualists, witnessed and can testify to it,— Mr. and Mrs. Putnam Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pool, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett Ellis, Mr. Isaac B. Rich, Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Cran- don and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bates, etc.

Soon a change came over my mediumship, and, when partially influenced, I would see spirits distinctly. Now, I rarely ever see spirits, but, under their power, see a great many things subjectively. Thousands—over 10,000—of names, dates, portraits, pictures, and visions have I seen and described, and this phase is mine today, and invariably exercised in connection with my lectures. What is very remarkable is that, of the vast number given, *not more than twenty-five or thirty have not been corroborated, and only one disputed.* Surely, I must say :

“ Friends never leave us. Those we call  
The ‘dear departed’ never do;  
They are around us, though the pall  
Of death conceals them from our view.”

A description which was given by J. Frank Baxter at the close of a lecture by him in Slade’s Hall, Providence, R. I., Sunday evening, May 14, 1882:—

“A spirit is present who impresses me strangely, one who has been gone some time to spirit life,—one who, when in the earth form, was misinterpreted; but said, notwithstanding she was accounted ‘crazy,’ ‘fanatical,’ and ‘vicious,’ and a ‘witch’ and a ‘devil,’ yet she found since entering spirit life she was not so far from right after all; and, further, people *now* were beginning to accept and see truth in much she uttered. That she was eccentric in her likes and dislikes, in her tastes and fancies, may have been true.

“The spirit seemed to influence Mr. B. singularly. The latter said: ‘I feel an unrest, my mind wanders. I have a desire to

travel from place to place, as one with a mission. I feel uncomfortable, growing from internal pressure. It seems as though I in person were distended. I feel enormously large, and at the same time a great weight. I should say it indicated that, whoever it is, suffered intensely; but I cannot seem to sense what the trouble was. She gives the name of 'Mary,—Mary A. Knight,'—and says, notwithstanding her past treatment, she cherishes no ill will, but rather would express grateful thankfulness, to certain friends for their kindness in her last days in the form.

"This spirit was recognized as one known as 'Shaker Mary,' or 'Crazy Mary,' who was however a clear-minded individual, though exceedingly odd, with a fondness for bright ribbons, with which she decorated her person and cane.

"She died in consequence of the removal of an immense tumor of twenty or more pounds, with which she had been a sufferer for months."

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## THE MATERIALIZATION SEANCES.

*From the Standard, Bridgeport, Conn., March 9, 1882.*

To the Editors of the *Standard*:

I thought, perhaps, the public would like to know what transpired at the seance last Friday evening. A circle, limited to twenty persons in all, ladies and gentlemen, were selected, who could and would attend three successive evenings, commenced their sittings Friday evening, March 8rd, held at Mr. William Healy's, 174 Fairfield Avenue. Two well-known gentlemen were selected a committee to examine Mr. Henry France, the medium of Oswego, N. Y., and the cabinet. In the presence of all the gentlemen of the circle, the committee examined medium and cabinet most thoroughly, divesting the medium of every particle of his clothing; then re-clothed him, and placed him in the cabinet, which they placed in a position to suit themselves, leaving a passage all around it. The ladies were then admitted to the room, and the persons of the circle were seated, the committee stating that they could find nothing in the cabinet, or about the medium, with which he could produce manifestations; that the

*cabinet and his clothing* were all of *dark cloth*, not a white thread was discovered.

The light being properly adjusted (Mr. France's seances are always in the light), the organist led in the well-known hymn: "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and soon after its conclusion the following phenomena occurred:—

1st. Numerous hands of various sizes thrust out at the same instant from the window, sides, top, and upper corners of the cabinet.

2d. A lady's right hand and arm, with white, flowing sleeve.

3rd. A lady's right hand and arm, bare to the elbow, and having a large bracelet on the wrist.

4th. Two right hands clasping each other, at the centre of the cabinet window, coming from opposite sides of the cabinet (no one person has two RIGHT hands).

5th. Two arms, with white, flowing sleeves, were thrust out from opposite sides of the cabinet, at the same instant, about two feet from the floor.

6th. A lady's bare arm and hand, holding what appeared to be three white lilies. It was repeated at the request of Mrs. Healy.

7th. The head and shoulders of a large-sized man next appeared. So plain were the lines of the head, and features of the face, that most of the circle at once recognized the form as one who had appeared on other occasions, and answering to the name of Dr. John Lavett, one of the medium's spirit guides. His shoulders and arms, in marked contrast to his black whiskers, hair, and eyes, were covered with a snow-white drapery that looked like muslin, which crossed the chest in folds, and in form as often seen upon a marble bust.

The medium's face was repeatedly shown at the cabinet window by the side of Dr. Lavett's face. He conversed with different members of the circle, and, in response to the request of a well-known member of the legal profession, Mr. Eugene Peck, of this city, bowed and shook his head without moving the rest of his form.

He gave some special directions regarding his medium's conditions, exercising in the air, etc., and stated that, owing to a depletion of the magnetic element in the medium, they would not

be able to materialize other forms tonight, or to remain longer himself, and then bade the circle good-night. His conversation lasted full twenty minutes. They attempted to roll up the curtain, as usual, but did not have the power to do so.

The signal was then given to close the circle. The committee who had examined the medium before these manifestations took place then took charge of the medium and cabinet, the ladies passed into the adjoining room, and again, before all the gentlemen present, the cabinet was searched, the medium entirely disrobed, every article of his clothing critically examined, the committee reporting that nothing could be found by which the medium could produce what all had so plainly seen, and that, while yards of white cloth had been seen on him, not one thread of white could be found on him.

The following is an account of a seance by Mr. France, Tuesday evening, March 7th, at the same place, and under similar conditions:—

The circle commenced at eight o'clock, and, after removing collar, cuffs, and pocket-handkerchief, the medium entered the cabinet.

His dress was of dark color, and the gentleman who explained the conditions to be observed stated that the medium claimed there was not anything white about his clothes.

Not over five minutes elapsed before the manifestations commenced.

1st. A great many hands of different sizes were thrust out of the cabinet.

2d. A lady's right hand and arm, with white, flowing sleeve, appeared at the window and clasped another right hand from the opposite side of the cabinet, in plain sight of all. It was repeated at the request of a lady in the circle.

3rd. Then a lady's right hand and arm were shown, robed in white Spanish lace.

4th. Dr. John Lavett, the medium's spirit guide, then came, and, on being introduced to the circle, spoke very plain in response, saying: "How do you all do?" He conversed with different ones in the circle, and thanked Mr. and Mrs. Healy for their kindness in affording them an opportunity of demonstrating

the great truth of their power to return and to be recognized as spirits by so many intelligent persons in your city.

After conversing fully fifteen minutes, he gave directions about the light, and said they would try the experiment of producing two forms beside that of the medium. Soon the curtain to the window was drawn aside, and two heads and faces of grown persons were seen with the medium's face at the same time. All three appeared at the window at the same time, three or four different times. Each one could be plainly distinguished from the other. Only one human being was in the cabinet. Who were the other two? They were clearly of the human form in shape of head, face, and features, one appearing with chin whiskers, and the other with full beard. They were dressed in *white*, while the medium's clothes were all dark.

5th. A lady dressed in black, with white neck-dress, then came, and was recognized by Mr. North as his sister Mary. She could not speak, but answered questions by bowing.

6th. Next came an old lady wearing a swan-white ruffled cap. She turned her head clear round to show the back of it. She claimed to be a relative of Mr. N. Northall,—an aunt,—but not recognized.

7th. A man next appeared, dressed in black, with white shirt-bosom. He claimed to be the father of Mr. Jeremiah Little.

8th. A very pretty and perfectly-formed little girl then came, who was about two feet in height, dressed in white. She had wavy, flaxen hair, and came to both sides of the cabinet several times. She sat in the medium's lap, rang a little bell, dropped it at the edge of the cabinet, picked it up, rang it again, and threw it out from the cabinet a foot and a half. She was recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Healy as their little spirit girl, Birdie, and answered several questions from her mamma about her conditions, education, and life in the spirit world. She appeared at the window, top of the cabinet, and then dematerialized out of sight on the carpet, with the curtain drawn aside, in plain sight of all.

9th. A woman came holding a young babe at the window, but not recognized.

10th. Next came a little boy about two feet and a half high, dressed in dark clothes, with white necktie, and was recognized by Mrs. Addie Pulling as her child.

11th. Then another little boy was seen, dressed in dark blue, who claimed Mrs. Northall as mother, and when she recognized and called him by name, Willie, he clapped his little hands, and jumped up and down with great delight, that he could see and be known by his mother and uncle, who were both present. He also dematerialized in the presence of all the company.

12th. The curtain of loose cloth, three feet wide, was then evenly rolled up far enough to show the medium sitting in a chair, in a deep trance, with both hands on his lap, and let carefully down again, thus showing the medium could not have done it. It appeared to be on a roller, but nothing of the kind was in the bottom of the curtain. Then the signal was given for closing the circle. A committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Frank Warner, who, when the ladies had retired to the adjoining room, made a most thorough and searching investigation of the cabinet and medium, removing his entire clothing, and minutely inspecting each article separately, and in the presence of all the gentlemen of the circle.

Their unanimous report was that they could not find anything by which Mr. France could possibly make, or cause to be produced, one single manifestation which had been seen by all present. Mr. France has held ten seances at Mr. Healy's within three weeks, and has been examined by twenty-four intelligent, shrewd men, mostly confirmed skeptics, all of whom have borne the same testimony,—that the medium is an honest, trustworthy man, and that the phenomena produced in his presence are genuine.

A. A. W.

During other seances held by this medium at the same place, many personal tests were given, not mentioned above.

A lady came who died with a tumor on her left breast, which was so large as to be very conspicuous when arrayed in her burial robes. She appeared distinctly as she looked at that time, and was recognized by her sister, Mrs. North.

Another, a daughter of Mr. John Slatcher, appeared, holding a crutch covered with black velvet, and dressed in a Catholic costume, with corresponding emblems. This person had died in a Catholic hospital, where she was taking treatment for a fever sore, and had carried a crutch for two years previous to her death.

A spirit, representing himself to be a Freemason, came clothed in the proper regalia, and gave the sign of the third degree, which was recognized as correct by a brother mason, Mr. William Van Yorks.

Another, who wore a regalia of the order of Good Templars.

Mrs. Mary Worcester, the grandmother of Mrs. Healy, appeared wearing a peculiar-shaped cap and dress, but square in the neck, both exactly like those she wore in earth life. She spoke audibly, giving her name, and said Mrs. Healy was doing a good work. She was a prominent Methodist at Crown Point, N. Y., where she died twenty years ago.

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### WHERE IS THE TRICK?

Editorial from the *Bridgeport Standard*, Feb. 27, 1882.

The seances for materialization which have been given in this city by Mr. Henry France have excited considerable interest, not so much perhaps on account of what has been shown in the way of form materializations as from wonder that anything could be accomplished with the conditions under which he sets. A *Standard* reporter has talked with several gentlemen who have been present at all or nearly all the seances thus far held, and all agree that what they have seen is unexplainable on the ground of fraud. These gentlemen are all non-believers in spiritualism, and their names, if published, would be a sufficient guarantee of their respectability, as they are well known, socially and professionally. One says he has seen fifteen or twenty different forms or faces, each possessing an individuality of its own, and he is positive there can be no fraud on the part of the medium. His statement is fully substantiated by two gentlemen who have been present at at least three seances.

Last Thursday evening a reporter of the *Standard* was present at the seance, but no manifestations occurred. The seances have all been held at the residence of a well-known citizen on Fairfield Avenue, and some of them have been attended by over thirty people. Usually the majority of the sitters are skeptics. The medium has a certain sum from each sitter if the manifestations occur, but will accept nothing if the seance is a failure.

Saturday evening another seance was held, and the *Standard* reporter was present. Most of the twenty-seven people present were well known, and about half were ladies. Among the gentlemen were four members of the bar, men supposed to be practiced in arriving at the truth, no matter how closely hidden. The circle was a circle only by courtesy, as the sitters were arranged in three rows across one end of the room, gentlemen and ladies being placed alternately. Behind the sitters was an organ and a lamp shaded with thin paper. The cabinet, which consisted of thin black cloth spread over a light wood frame, was placed in an alcove, the bottom of the cloth being tacked to the carpeted floor at the sides and rear. The front was a curtain fastened at the top, and loose at the sides and bottom. In the centre of this curtain was a hole about twelve by fifteen inches, which was provided with a curtain like the other. There were perhaps two feet of space between the cabinet and the walls of the alcove.

The medium removed his collar, cuffs, and handkerchief, entered the cabinet, and seated himself in a chair, after which it was explained that good order, an even frame of mind, and a more or less shaded light, according to circumstances, were the conditions to be observed. It was also explained that Mr. France did not claim the forms were the work of spirits, but left everyone to form his or her own opinion. He was in a trance condition in the cabinet, it was said, and knew nothing of what was done except as he was told. The gentleman who made the explanation, and who has been a spiritualist for many years, said he had no hesitation on his own part after some thirty-two sittings with Mr. France in saying the forms were materialized spirits.

The circle joined hands, and waited perhaps fifteen minutes; several songs being sung during the interval. The *Standard* reporter joined in the singing, but with some misgivings that it would have a tendency to keep everyone away not obliged to be present. The light was bright enough so that a well-known face might be recognized from one end of the circle to the other. A bell had been placed in the cabinet for the use of the spirits when they wanted the light turned up or down. Hands were first seen about the cabinet. They moved rapidly, and were shown at the different apertures. Then a hand and arm, the latter covered with something white, was thrust from the opening in

front. After an interval, the small curtain was pulled one side and an indistinct face was seen at the opening. It was withdrawn and shown again several times. The features were not plain, but the general outline was. The lower part of the face was covered with what looked like a dark beard. The medium wears a moustache and small goatee. The shoulders of the figure were indistinct, but a shoulder strap and a white shirt front could be seen. Afterwards the shoulders appeared covered with white. The figure did not speak, but moved its hand and bowed repeatedly. The face was only shown for half a minute at a time. It reappeared at intervals for perhaps half an hour, and promised to speak at the next sitting. It showed the face of the medium sitting in his chair, and once appeared at the top of the cabinet. During this time the light was adjusted several times in response to signals on the call bell.

A face which claimed to be that of the aunt of a gentleman in the circle was next shown. Like the other, it was too indistinct to be recognizable, but replied to questions by bowing. A small white something, that claimed to be a child, next showed itself at the corner of the cabinet. It was white, and about the size of a child, and that was all that could be made out. It appeared at both corners of the cabinet, rang a bell, danced up and down, and nodded its head in response to questions. It claimed to be for a lady in the circle. After the faces had gone, the curtain rolled up, showing the medium sitting in his chair, with his hands resting on his knees. The reporter could not see what rolled up the curtain. It was apparently done from the inside of the cabinet.

The sitting occupied about an hour and a half. When the medium had come out of his trance condition, a committee of three was appointed, at the request of the gentleman who had managed the sitting, to examine the cabinet and the medium. Two lawyers and a leading business man, all well known to the readers of the *Standard*, were chosen by the sitters to form the committee. All three were skeptics. The *Standard* reporter was named as one of the committee and declined, but watched carefully every step of the examination which followed, and even made a supplementary examination on his own hook, but found nothing in the slightest degree suspicious. After the committee had been chosen, all the gentlemen present were left alone with

the medium, who removed his clothing, and submitted to a careful examination. His garments, which were all dark, were turned wrong side out and searched carefully, and even his mouth **was** inspected, but nothing by which the forms could be produced **was** discovered. There was not a speck of white about his clothing **as** big as a snow flake. Yet white had repeatedly been shown from the cabinet during the evening, and in considerable quantities. It is said white has been even more plentiful at some of the other seances. The cabinet was searched as well as the medium, and then the ladies were invited back into the room, and the committee reported that **they** had been unable to find anything which could explain what had been seen. There was nothing clear or satisfying about the faces seen, and they looked in the half light like clumsy imitations, but candor compels the admission that if there was a fraud it was so cleverly concealed that no traces of it could be discovered, under the most exacting scrutiny.

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### J. WM. FLETCHER.

*From the University Magazine (June, 1879), London, England.*

The horoscope varies according to the fee of the inquirer. A poor man can have the main outlines of his life described for a few coins; a rich man will be informed as to every month, from the beginning to the end of his existence. The horoscope is written in red and black ink, on ordinary paper prepared in arsenic, and glazed over.

The predictions of our professional clairvoyants have hardly arrived at so exact a state as to be meted out according to the size of the fee. Yet, if we look about in London society, picking up an anecdote here and there, we shall probably find that India cannot outdo our practical country even in that element of the marvelous which is so often supposed to belong to the old nations who have not been cultivated up to the gospel of materialism. Here is a ghost story which has a delightfully old-world air about it, and yet it concerned a lady now living in Belgravia. She dreamed a very wonderful dream, in which she heard a voice say: "Go to Fletcher." She could not understand this, as she

knew no one called Fletcher; and she related her dream and spoke of her perplexity about it to several persons, until at last a friend, to whom she was telling the story, said: "There is someone called Fletcher who is a seer, or clairvoyant." She then went to call upon this clairvoyant, and made an appointment for him to come to her house.

Mr. Fletcher went accordingly, and was admitted to the house by a strange-looking servant, who eyed him in a very puzzled manner. He was shown into the dining-room, which was dimly lighted, and, as he went in, he noticed that an old gentleman was sitting in the room at a writing-desk busy with some papers: he was dressed as a clergyman. Mr. Fletcher excused himself, apologizing for interrupting the clergyman, who, however, paid no attention whatever, but continued to write. After Mr. Fletcher had waited some time, silently observing the old clergyman, the lady of the house, whom we will call Madame Z——, came in. The clergyman retained his seat, taking no notice of her entrance. Mr. Fletcher, while speaking to her, looked round, and was startled to see that the clergyman had changed his dress, and wore the uniform of a chaplain. This so astonished him that he quite forgot the lady's presence and the words he was in the act of speaking to her; he stood stupidly gazing at the clergyman, until she said: "What are you looking at?"

He at first did not answer her, feeling ashamed of staring in such a way at the clergyman, who remained quietly seated at his desk. But as he continued to look at him, and grew very pale, Madame Z—— again asked: "What *do* you see?"

He replied: "I am only looking at that gentleman who sits at the desk writing." As he replied to her, he noticed that Madame Z—— changed color, and began to tremble very much.

All she said was: "You are mistaken. There is no one sitting there."

But looking around again at the clergyman, he replied; "Oh, yes, there is; he has been sitting there ever since I came in, but he *must* have left the room for a moment, as he has changed his clothes."

Madame Z—— answered emphatically: "There *is no one* sitting there,"—and, to prove her words correct, she went to the chair by the desk and lifted it up, showing positively that it was

empty. She was extremely agitated; and as she put down the chair she exclaimed: "Then you have *really* seen him." It was evident that she understood who was referred to. "I think we will go up stairs," she then said, and moved to leave the room; but the clergyman at once stepped before her and led the way out of the door. Mr. Fletcher seeing him so plainly, followed him, and Madame Z—— kept close behind. The clergyman went before them up the stairs, and stopped at the back drawing-room door. Mr. Fletcher followed the apparition, and when it paused at this door, opened it. Madame Z——, strangely enough as it would seem under ordinary circumstances, followed Mr. Fletcher while he led the way in her house,—a house, too, which he had never been in before. In this way they entered the drawing-room, which was dimly lit. Madame Z—— all the time was trembling violently, and much agitated. They sat down by a small table, but the apparition had gone to the other end of the room, and was still standing there. He motioned to Mr. Fletcher to come over to a table by which he stood, showing by this action that he could see him. Mr. Fletcher said to Madame Z——: "May I go to him?" and went across the room. The spirit made a gesture as though he wished a large album which lay on the table opened. Mr. Fletcher obeyed him, and turned over the leaves, and finally stopped at one picture to which the spirit pointed. Mr. Fletcher said to Madame Z——: "Please come to me, he has pointed to a picture, and you may recognize what it means."

She hesitatingly complied, looking furtively at the corner in which the uncanny presence was, and, as she looked down at the page of the album, exclaimed: "Why, that is the picture of my dear father, whose spirit you have seen!"

Mr. Fletcher said: "But it does n't look *much* like the spirit."

She answered: "Possibly not, he did not look much like it when he died. This picture was made many years ago, and he changed greatly before his death."

The apparition then vanished, and Mr. Fletcher, sitting down by the table, passed into a condition of *ecstasis*, or trance. While in this state, he spoke these words to Madame Z——: "I cannot rest in peace, because my body is not placed in the ground. I wish to absolve you from the promise that you made, and to ask

you to carry forward my wishes about the mausoleum, and when this is done I shall be at peace. I shall no more then walk the house, but now I am tied to it, and must remain here until my body is removed and properly buried. I do not wish to disturb you, but I cannot help it, as I am chained to the house." To this some words of comfort and kindness were added, which, however, only added to the agitation of Madame Z——; and when Mr. Fletcher awakened from the abnormal sleep into which he had fallen, he found Madame Z—— greatly excited. Her excitement communicated itself to him when she began to make this extraordinary explanation of the affair:—

"No one knows but myself," she said, "the fact that the body of my father has not been buried. It has been embalmed according to his wish, and it is now standing in this house in a metallic case."

Madame Z—— went on to tell her visitor the troubles which this arrangement had brought upon her. Her house had been so disturbed by the apparition of her father that she was unable to get any servant to remain with her in the house at night. Being deserted in this way, as soon as it was dark, by the four or five servants whom she kept, she never received visitors in the evening, which explained the curious look of the servant who admitted Mr. Fletcher. None of the servants would remain to serve the supper on the night of this extraordinary visit, and Madame and her visitor were compelled to wait upon themselves. Even her lady's maid left the house at night, and returned in the early morning, when the daylight gave her courage to wait upon her mistress.

From this eventful night the hauntings began to diminish, and gradually have ceased altogether. But even now, though the house has recently been entirely renovated, none of the servants can be persuaded to live there.

There are a number of anecdotes extant in private circles which illustrate various phases of what is called clairvoyance; and as many of these are of quite recent occurrence, and the persons concerned are so well known, and above suspicion as regards both sanity and status, the stories gain a special interest. At a certain supper-party, Colonel C. H——, who was an entire stranger to Mr. Fletcher, already mentioned, handed him a ring to look at.

The visionary had scarcely taken it into his hand before he exclaimed :

"This ring has nothing to do with you. I can see that it was given to you by some one else, with whom it had no personal connection. Now I see myself quite suddenly taken from this place. I have quite lost sight of the people and the surroundings, which a moment since I was in the midst of. I find that I am standing before a crowd of people whose eyes are all fixed upon me. There are several persons who stand quite near to me. I feel under the strain of great excitement, as if I was playing a tragedy, and was lost in the part."

Colonel C. H—— surprised every one present, by saying :

"You are quite right. This ring belonged to Edmund Kean, the actor, and it was left to me by my father."

But a still more puzzling and less explicable instance of this kind of vision occurred when a certain Major C—— presented himself, as he says, as a complete stranger to Mr. Fletcher, who, by-the-by, has the largest professional clairvoyant practice in London. On this occasion, he was in a state of trance, with eyes fast closed by the abnormal sleep. Major C—— put into his hand a small envelope, without any request or explanation. The clairvoyant at once said :

"I am taken into a military hospital where I see you lying, and in great suffering. There is a lady attending upon you who loves you very much."

"But there were no lady nurses in the hospitals," said Major C——.

"I do n't know how that is," replied the clairvoyant, "I see a lady attending upon you."

"Well, you are right," said Major C——; "a lady did come to nurse me."

"Now," exclaimed the clairvoyant, "I can see a battle; it is being fought upon the side of a hill." He went on to describe the scene of battle minutely, until at last he exclaimed: "Now, I see you fall,—you are wounded,—oh, there is something else which belongs to this envelope which you put into my hand. There is something else, and you have it in your pocket. Give it to me."

Major C—— obeyed this peremptory demand, and took from

his pocket a golden acorn which he handed to the clairvoyant, who said: "Yes, this acorn was the cause of your trouble, and it is connected with the contents of the envelope."

"Do you think the acorn contained poison, then?" asked Major C——.

"You might call it cold poison, perhaps," said the clairvoyant, a reply which amused Major C——, who, on Mr. Fletcher now becoming aroused from the trance condition, showed him that this golden acorn contained a bullet. He had been wounded by it in the battle of Alma, and, when it was extracted from his side, it was found that it had taken with it a piece of cloth. That piece of cloth was in the envelope, and this having been placed first in his hand, probably explains the vision of the hospital appearing before that of the battle scene.

This is an instance of looking back into the past. Let us now see whether the Brahmins have the sole possession of that most fascinating power, prediction. Most people want to know their future; and most people would hesitate in the inquiry, thinking that it might be hardly right to find out their coming fate, even if it were possible. There is something of the naughty-but-so-nice element in taking forbidden peeps into the folded scroll of the coming years.

A certain doctor M——, being in great distress, went to ask concerning his future.

The clairvoyant's answer was this: "I see no light upon your life until the first of next year, and then I see that a small legacy is left you, and directly following that you obtain an appointment which, although you will accept it, you will not keep, as it will be most disagreeable to you. Then there is another break, and after that an appointment of great importance comes to you, which you will retain for life. The legacy is not from anyone that you know."

On taking up the *Times* near the end of the year, Dr. M—— saw an advertisement of the next of kin of his name. He at once remembered the prophecy, and applied to the proper quarters. His claim was proved, and a small legacy was received by him. It came from a distant branch of the family. In the office, at the time he was receiving this legacy, two gentlemen were talking; one of them was saying that he desired to obtain a consulting

physician for his establishment in Ireland. Dr. M——, overhearing the conversation, introduced himself, presented his credentials and references, and in less than a week's time had obtained the position, where he remained for a short time; but, finding the place disagreeable and unfit for a permanent residence, he soon left it. Then for a while he remained without occupation, and at last wrote to his clairvoyant asking him for another prediction. The reply was simply a repetition of the end of the former prediction. Since then Dr. M—— has entered upon another appointment, which he still holds; and it naturally remains to be seen whether the prophecy is to be entirely fulfilled by his remaining in it to the end of his life.

A very recent incident may serve to suggest to those who have not regarded the matter in this light to what immediate uses these strange powers might be put. The above-named seer, on a recent occasion, was thrown into a mesmeric sleep, when with some persons who were deeply interested in the fate of Colonel Pearson and of members of their own family who were with him in Zululand. The operator, therefore, asked the clairvoyant:

"Can you travel for me?" "Yes."

"Then, will you go to Colonel Pearson? Do you see him?" "Yes."

"Is he relieved?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply listened to by those around with an anxiety which it is easy to understand. "They are all alive and safe."

"How long have they been relieved?"

"Only a short time. The news is on the way. It is all right."

The news of Colonel Pearson's relief, which only took place on the day before this vision, was duly received through the orthodox channels.

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### DR. HENRY SLADE.

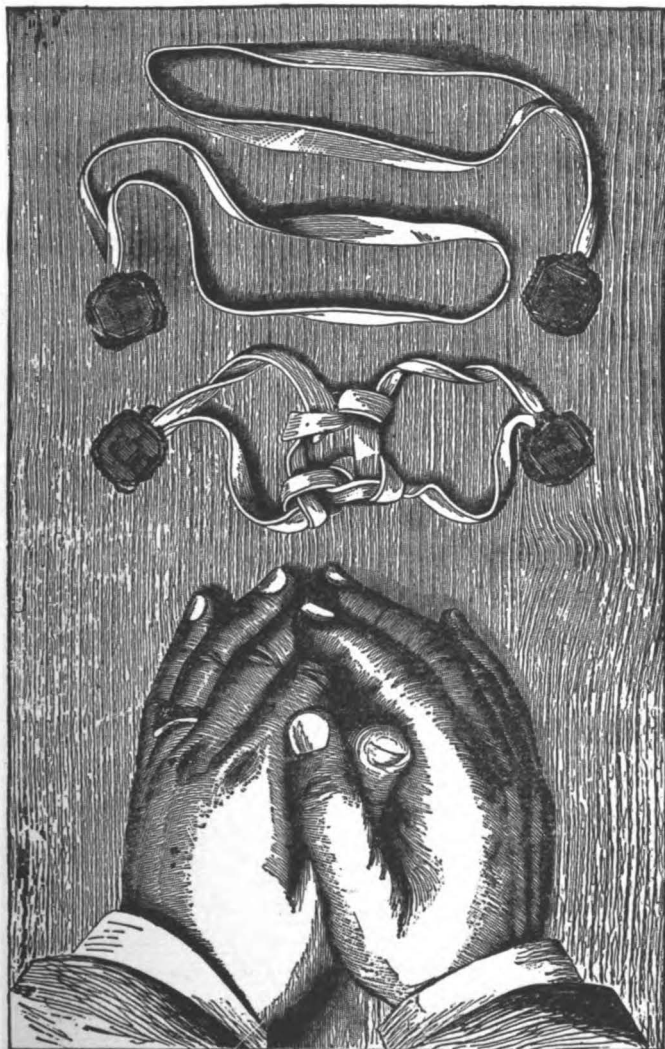
[The following we quote from Prof. Zöllner's experience with Dr. Henry Slade, as published in his book entitled *Transcendental Physics*, page 85. Republished in this country by Messrs. Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.—Ed.]

The following experiment, however, which took place on the 8th of May this year (1878), in a sitting of a quarter of an hour's

duration with Mr. Slade in a well-lighted room, furnishes an answer to the above question in favor of the four-dimensional theory without separation of material particles.

The experiment was as follows: I took two bands cut out of soft leather, 44 centimetres long, and from 5 to 10 millimetres broad, and fastened the ends of each together, as formerly described with the cords, and sealed them with my own seal. The two leather bands were laid separately on the card-table at which we sat; the seats were placed opposite to one another, and I held my hands over the bands (as shown on Plate II.). Slade sat at my left side, and placed his right hand gently over mine, I being able to feel the leather underneath all the time. Slade asserted that he saw lights emanating from my hands, and could feel a cool wind over them. I felt the latter, but could not see the lights. Presently, while I still distinctly felt the cool breeze, and Slade's hands were not touching mine, but were removed from them about two or three decimetres, I felt a movement of the leather bands under my hands. Then came three raps in the table, and on removing my hands the two leather bands were knotted together. The twisting of the leather is distinctly seen in Plate II. (copied from a photograph). The time that the bands were under my hands was at most three minutes. A pair of unconnected strips of leather are also represented on the plate for clearness of apprehension.

Much pleased, I examined the connected strips of leather for a long time with my friends. I then took a slate myself, and held it with my right hand under the table, in order to repeat the experiment which had succeeded with the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. While now, as I did so, Slade's hands, continually visible to me, lay quietly on the table, there appeared suddenly a large hand close in front of me, emerging from under the edge of the table. All the fingers of the hand moved quickly, and I was able to observe them accurately during a space of at least two minutes. The color of the hand was pale and inclined to an olive-green. And now, while I continually saw Slade's hands lying before me on the table, and he himself sat at the table on my left, the above-mentioned hand rose suddenly as quick as an arrow, still higher, and grasped with a powerful pressure my left upper arm for over a minute long. As my



**Plate II.** Knots tied in Endless Leather Strips.— See Page 102.



attention was wholly occupied in the observation of the strange hand, and the grip upon my left upper arm happened so suddenly, forcibly, and unexpectedly, I am not able to say anything concerning the condition of the arm which connected the hand with the edge of the table. When this hand had disappeared,—Slade's hands lying on the table after as before,—I was so violently pinched on my right hand, which during these four minutes was all along holding the above-mentioned slate under the table, that I could not help crying out. With this manifestation the extraordinary sitting closed.

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## WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

By J. B. Angell, *Phalanx*, N. J.

I might say, for shortness, that I am a spiritualist because I have investigated the subject. I feel very much when I ask a person if he believes in spiritualism and he says no as I should if he expressed himself as not believing in the art of photography. I should say at once he had not investigated the subject. I will endeavor to give some of my experience, as near as I can recollect, that has helped to confirm me in my belief.

Having lost a brother (as we generally term it) late in the spring of 1870, and being disappointed in seeing him while in his last sickness before his death, it decided me to call on some medium, and see if I could get a communication from him. I selected in my mind Mr. Charles H. Foster for the medium. But I soon learned he had gone east for the season. After his return in the fall, I called upon him at his rooms, and found him engaged with a lady and gentleman. He said to me he would soon be at liberty, and asked me to walk into the back room. I did so, and found there two ladies also waiting. Now, to get communications through Mr. Foster, he requests you to write each name of those you wish to communicate with upon separate pieces of paper, and fold them as tight as you please, and this you can do at any time, either before or after you come there. I had not written out my brother's name, and, having some blank paper in my memorandum book, I thought I would write it out while I was waiting, and also added some other

names I wished to communicate with at the same time. About the time I had got through, Mr. Foster came to the door for the ladies, and as they got up to walk out, one of them turned to me and says: "There is one name that you ought to have in your list that you have left out, and," says she, "his name is Thomas," asking me at the same time if I had not a friend in the spirit world by that name. I said I could not call to mind any by that name, and asked "Was it his last name?" "Oh," says she, "it was his first name." Then it immediately occurred to me that I had formerly a nephew by that name. He was about my age. We grew up as it were playmates together; and, if I may judge by my own feelings, we were very much attached to each other, and it was very natural that he should have a desire to communicate with me. But he having moved out west from our native State (Rhode Island) some forty years ago, and soon having died out there, it did not occur to me to put his name on my list until reminded of it by one of the ladies, and as I was about to put his name down, the other lady says: "I saw by your side a beautiful spirit while you were writing out your list of names, and her name was Mary." And then she asked me if I had not a spirit friend by that name. Although I had that name on my list, it had for the instant slipped my mind, and, as I hesitated to think, she said: "Never mind, we shall see soon;" and they passed on into the front room. After I got ready (the door being left open), I could hear that they were talking upon spiritualism, and I thought I would pass in and hear what they had to say. As I entered the room they spoke to Mr. Foster, saying: "There is a gentleman [referring to me] who wishes to communicate with some of his spiritual friends, and if you have no objections, we would like to be present," and as there was none, we all sat down to a common-sized, round centre table, Mr. Foster opposite me, and the two ladies on each side of us. I put my slips of folded papers, some six or eight in number, in about the middle of the table, and soon Mr. Foster asked if there were any spirits present whose names were in those slips of paper, and there came directly three raps (apparently about the centre of the table; they were about as loud as the ticking of a clock), meaning yes, and he asked who it was. The alphabet was called for, but before we had fairly begun with the alphabet, he was

impressed it was J. Angell, and immediately reached down and picked up one of the papers and handed it to me, asking me to open it and see if that name was on it. I found it was; and soon the spirit claimed to take possession of Mr. Foster, and, reaching over and grasping my hand, expressed much pleasure in meeting me, and gave a short and a glowing description of their condition, surroundings, etc., in the spirit world. Soon he left Mr. Foster and took possession of one of the ladies, and wrote a short communication to me, signing it J. A. She said: "It is your father; he used to have a sore leg, and he used to limp when he walked—in this way," getting up and limping round the room, which was all true. Soon we came to Mary Angell. "There," said one of the ladies, "That is the spirit I saw standing by your side, and it is your mother." Upon opening the pellet that Mr. Foster picked up for me, as being for her, I found it was the one I put in for my mother. The first name that was called required starting with the alphabet; immediately after a previous spirit had got through communicating, Mr. Foster would be impressed with the name of the next, and would call it, reaching down at the same time, without any hesitancy, picking up one of the papers and handing it to me to open, to see if it was correct, until he had used up all the names without making a single mistake.

Each of these spirits, after their names had been presented and investigated to see that all was correct, would take possession of Mr. Foster, and grasp me by the hand, giving me a hearty greeting, much as I should expect to receive from them if I had met them in the flesh, giving a short description of their conditions, their surroundings, and how they were enjoying themselves in their spirit life. When it came to my brother, the principal object of my call, I asked him, among other questions, if they were settling up the business that he left in accordance with his wishes. And he said "Entirely so." And, having heard from there since, I should judge that it was correct.

Now, in the foregoing, there were several quite good tests, especially from those ladies, they being entire strangers to me, never having seen or heard of them before.

Mr. Foster, after they had left, informed me that they belonged South, but came North to spend the summer, and being them-

selves good mediums, hence, being interested in spirit-knowledge of Mr. Foster by reputation as a medium, they had called upon him several times, and this was their last call before leaving for their homes South, which they expected to do next day.

Here is another test Mr. Foster gave me several years ago. After going through with my list of names as above, I told him I had heard he had the initials of spirits' names show themselves upon his arm, and he said he had, and he would ask if there were any spirits present that would communicate in that form. The response was "Yes." He immediately stripped up his sleeve, leaving his arm bare; and I supposed he expected if there was anything come it would come out upon his arm. But, instead of which, we soon saw it forming upon the back of his hand, and instead of its being only initials, it wrote out Susan. These letters were copper-colored (as near as I can recollect), formed upon a white hand for a base, showing a distinct contrast. They came out and remained long enough to be read and examined thoroughly, and then faded away before our eyes. Says Foster: "I am impressed it was a sister of yours." It was true that I had a sister by that name, and it further occurred to me that it was like her hand-writing, and as I had some of her letters at home, I referred to them after my return, and I found it to correspond as near as I could recollect.

The first question one may naturally ask is: How were these letters formed, especially in a location we were not expecting, and in an unexpected form; and how should he know I had a sister by that name; and, further, how came her hand-writing there, when he could not possibly have known anything about it; and, also, the form of her hand-writing had also entirely passed from my mind until seeing it awakened a new recollection of it.

I will give now another experience I had in connection with Mrs. Angell. This was also a number of years ago. Mrs. Angell had quite a severe ill turn, and, hearing of a medium in New York who was said to be skillful in the healing line, we decided to go over and make a trial with her. We soon found the lady. I think her name was A. W. Danworth. She was very modest and retiring in her manner, possessing a very pleasant countenance. When she got ready for the examination, she said to me:

"You must prepare yourself with pencil and paper for taking down the prescription when it is given, for I am entirely unconscious while under influence." The physician who claimed to prescribe through her mediumship was named Dr. Clark, who was formerly a Thomsonian physician in Boston, and, when he took possession of her, she became another kind of a person at once. She spoke up strong and confident, and walked straight up to Mrs. Angell with a staid, business air, putting her hand on Mrs. Angell's head, and commenced examining and describing her complaints, not only telling her present afflictions, but what she had been liable to at times, all without a single mistake as near as we could judge. Then she gave the prescription. After she came out of the trance, she asked Mrs. Angell if it had been satisfactory. She told her it was entirely so, as far as the examination of her complaint was concerned. Then she asked me, and I told her the same. But I said I was in hopes that we should have in connection with it some more striking tests of the truth of spiritualism. "Oh," she said, "it was for one's relief, not for a test." Soon another spirit apparently took possession of her, evidently of a different character from the other, and she said: "I see standing by that lady" (meaning Mrs. Angell) "a beautiful young lady," describing her very particularly throughout. "Although she is full grown now, she was a child when she left the form," naming her age at that time, and how long it had been since it took place. Then she said: "I see a young man near you," describing him in like manner, and then another, and then another. "These spirits seem to take great interest in you, and call you mother. Do you recognize them as such from the description and circumstances?" As near as Mrs. Angell could recollect, it was all correct in every particular, with one exception. She never had lost but three children. "Oh," said the medium, "the second son was a premature birth; it never came to light alive upon your side; but he is now a young man and a beautiful spirit." This was all true,—there was a premature birth took place. Now here was a test of a very strong character. It cannot be put down as mind-reading from the medium, for Mrs. Angell could not recollect of having thought of this premature birth for years previous to this occurrence.

## MR. A. J. DAVIS,

*From Answers to Questions.*

“Why do you run, my lad? Do you not know me?”

It was nearly dark when these words reached my ear. I was just returning from one of the neighbors. It was over a mile to our house. The road ran through a dense forest for about half the distance. I was quite young, not yet nine years old. The neighbor's boys had coaxed me over to their house “for fun.” They seemed to know that I was afraid to return unaccompanied through the dark, dreary woods. My stay with them was prolonged by the cheerful “supper” of which I was permitted to partake with the family. While engaged in the fascinating luxury of eating “good things” at a farmer's well supplied table the sun went down, twilight departed unobserved, candles were lighted to enable “all hands” to finish the meal, and so I was caught “in the dark” away from home,—a deep, black forest between me and the bed I longed to be in.

“Why do you run, my lad? Do you not know me?” There *is* a man! He is following me! I saw nothing, but heard footsteps behind me approaching nearer and nearer, although I was running at full speed. I had but just entered the woods. There was no moon, and the sky was filled with October clouds; but happily the road was white with dust, so I could distinctly have seen any object either before or behind.

The voice came from some one at a distance. Afraid either to look back or to slacken my pace, I affected not to hear the words. With all the speed and breath at my command, I pushed homeward.

“If the man don't run,” thought I, “he won't catch me, for I am running faster than any man can walk.”

Yet nearer and nearer came the steady “footsteps” of the man behind me. I tried to recall the sound of the voice. It was not familiar: it was the voice of a stranger! My fright was heightened at this thought, for I was a mere child. Oh, how miserable was I away from my mother! I stretched forth my hands in the direction of the house we called “home.” I wanted her to realize my anguish. A child in the woods! a strange man after me, and no escape!

Again the voice! It was very near, and the *steps* just behind! I was breathless and unable to run. Staggeringly I tried to stop and to look backward. At that moment a tall, dark figure rose (as it then seemed to me) from the ground! I was almost frightened to death, and had no power to stir or speak. There was a kindly grace in his appearance that instantly delighted me. Although it was dark I could see his face, and his white hair and snowy beard, and felt the touch of his fore-finger on my left temple. The effect of the *touch* was electrical.

At that early age I had heard nothing about visions and hallucinations. What my mother used to relate in her own experience seemed as real as anything else in the world about me. Somehow her religious and simple manner of telling her visions removed from me all fears or thoughts like those inspired by ghost stories or tales of frightful apparitions. Her dreams were no illusions to me; they were apocalyptic and matter-of-fact.

Therefore this tall, dark figure—with a beard like snow, and hair as white as his beard—was something new. He seemed to come up from the ground, and yet his footstep I had heard for many minutes behind me, out-walking my best running speed. To this hour I remember with thrilling vividness the feeling of his fore-finger on my left temple. In that lonely road, surrounded by a dense forest, midway between the farm-house behind and my own home before! But his inspiring *touch*, more than the peculiar sound of his voice, seemed to dispel all my fears in an instant.

"Why do you run, my lad?" he again asked. "Do you not know me?"

Soothed and assured by the kindness of his speech, I had power to answer "No, sir, I do not know you."

"Life is very brief," he said. "It passes quickly by. You cannot outrun it."

Drawing nearer, almost touching me with his dress, and with a voice full of tenderness and strength, he said: "Tell me, my lad, why do you run?"

"I am going home, sir. Mother will be looking for me. I've been playing with the neighbor's boys. It was dark before we got supper, and I'm running home."

"Going home!" His tone was filled with love and meditation. "I, too, am going home."

"Are you going this way?" I asked, pointing toward our house, and taking a few steps forward.

"Yes, my lad. We will walk together."

His beautiful form towered up by my side. The road was scarcely visible, and the old trees sounded dolefully, but I was not afraid. Together we walked in silence through the wood and up the road toward "home." I was about to ask him to enter with me, but he was *gone*!

"Gone!" exclaimed I, more frightened than ever. Yes! There was not a sound in any direction. I listened at the gate to catch the retreating footsteps. All was silent in the darkness. Amid the rushing currents of my boyish heart was a feeling of sorrow—a vague regret—an undefinable yearning—a hymn of thanksgiving—a desire to speak once more with the stranger who met me in the hour of darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ensuing eight years of my life were eventful. (See the "Magic Staff," giving a history of the author's life.) In my seventeenth year I was residing in New York. Every day was occupied in the examination of the sick who sought relief through the powers of clairvoyance. A lecture was given every evening on the Revelations of Nature. Thus days and evenings were appropriated.

Under the pretense of being ill, or seeking aid for some absent friend, many persons would place themselves in the chair before me. The object in every case was different. Some wanted tidings of wandering relatives, who had suddenly disappeared from their homes, and had not been heard from since. Others wanted information relative to property affairs, &c. But no visitors of this class ever diverted my mind from the Sick and the Lectures. Invariably they were refused the attention they so persistently sought.

One day the letter-carrier brought a note for me. It contained a card with these penciled words: "At home, tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock." On the opposite side was the engraved name of "Sarah J. Bartoni." The note was beautifully written, and very brief, thus:—

"NEW YORK, Nov., 1846.

"Mrs. George Wilson Bartoni presents her compliments to Mr. Davis, the great clairvoyant physician, and begs that he will give her the pleasure of his company tomorrow evening. She will expect not to be disappointed, as she has taken great interest in *Alexis*, the wonderful clairvoyant of Paris, and wishes to form the acquaintance of his brother Seer in America. Invited guests will also be happy to see Mr. Davis tomorrow evening.

"I do not give Mr. Davis my address, as I have already ordered a carriage to call for him at half-past seven."

Instantly my feeling was strong against the whole proceeding. In the first place I knew that my clairvoyant powers could not be exercised without the co-operation of my magnetizer. In the second place it was not right, nor our custom, to give parlor exhibitions of the faculty. In the third place I did not want to be so conspicuous in an assemblage of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. In the fourth place I was decidedly disinclined to riding in a carriage to anybody's residence in New York, especially to make a call upon "utter strangers." In the fifth and last place I did not like the peremptory style of the note; not even giving me an opportunity of either accepting or declining "the honor;" but the lady had already ordered a carriage to call for me "at half-past seven."

Notwithstanding all my disinclinations and painful shrinkings from the undertaking, when the hour arrived I unhesitatingly entered the carriage, and was driven away at a rapid rate.

In about half an hour the vehicle stopped in front of an old high brick house somewhere toward the Battery, in Greenwich Street, as I supposed.

The driver seemed to know his business perfectly. Opening the carriage door, he said "This is the place."

Nothing could have been more prompt than the ring I gave the door-bell. Unaccustomed though I was to fashionable folks and brilliant parties, and timid to a painful degree whenever conspicuous, yet now, somehow, I felt quite self-possessed and fully up to the occasion.

The door was soon opened by a grim-looking old woman.

"Is this the residence of Mrs. Bartoni?" I asked.

She growled something affirmative, and asked me what I wanted.

Stepping into the hall, I said "Tell her that Mr. Davis is here, and would like to see her, according to an invitation."

"Walk this way, Mr.," said another female at the top of the stairs.

The hall was dimly lighted, only partly carpeted, smelt old and dirty. There was in it nothing in the shape of a table or hat-stand. At this distance of time the thought of the place causes me to shudder.

"Not much fashion here," thought I. Up stairs I went, hat in hand, and followed a dirty-looking servant-girl into a back room on the second floor.

"The company will soon be in," she said, and immediately withdrew.

The room was lighted by a small lamp on the center-table. An old carpet covered the floor. One dusty portrait, and two ridiculous cheap pictures of horse-racing, hung on the yellow-painted wall. The mantel was ornamented with glasses, bottles, packs of cards, dice, backgammon boards, a cork screw, and an old clock, which long since had lost the power of telling the truth.

While pondering on the extremely disagreeable situation in which I had voluntarily placed myself, the door opened and a very showy, laced-up, star-bespangled, pompous lady entered, followed by five gentlemen in good clothes and exceedingly polite manners.

The lady graciously pronounced my name and introduced me to her guests as her "friend, the great American brother of the wonder of all Paris, *Alexis*."

Of course I was non-plussed. Not knowing who the "wonder of all Paris" was,—never having heard of "*Alexis*," never having seen the lady before,—I could not deny the alleged relationship. The assurance and enthusiasm with which the star-bespangled lady introduced me as her "friend" completely dispossessed my young brain. Of course I bowed entire agreement to everything she had the splendid presumption to affirm. The guests therefore accepted me, or pretended to, as the lady's "friend" and "brother" of the Great Parisian, whoever he might be.

"Mr. Davis," began the tinsel Mrs. Bartoni, with the air of one who expects that your kindness and gallantry will instantly

cause you to agree to everything she may feel inclined to say or propose.

"Mr. Davis!" a delicious smile breaking out all over her artistic face. "Mr. Davis, my engagement at the Park Theater commences next Wednesday evening."

"What a glorious Lady Macbeth!" interrupted one of the gentlemen admiringly. She smiled artistically at the irresistible gush of audible applause.

"Mr. Davis," she blandly proceeded, "before my first appearance in America, it is my ambition to convince these particular friends of mine that you *are* the veritable brother of *Alexis*. Oh, he *is* so infinitely charming! He would do anything *for me*, Mr. Davis—anything—at my *soirees* in Paris. He was the favorite of all the *beaux* who visited me at my hotel. I may say that the beautiful *Alexis* was my *protégé*. So perfectly fascinating, Mr. Davis, was the young man—such wonderful freedom in the exhibition of his faculty—a perfect, delicious *tête-à-tête*—every time the young man would enter one of his states and open the evening's conversation. And, Mr. Davis"—

"One moment," I interrupted. "There must be some difference between the Paris clairvoyant and me. For I"—

"No, no—not the least, Mr. Davis—not the least. Oh, Mr. Davis, how *could* you say so. What a *phenomenon* you are, Mr. Davis. There is a something about you so—what shall I call it—*Je ne sais quoi*. Oh, Mr. Davis, you"—

"Please let me just say that I"—

"Impossible, Mr. Davis—impossible! You do so truly belong to my *coterie*—no, no, it is impossible. Mr. Davis!"—

What she was driving at I could not tell. She talked very rapidly, and urged the "impossible" with such vehemence I was more than ever bewildered. She employed fifty words to my one. The gentlemen, all except the one seated nearest the door, entered into the spirit of the lady's extraordinary discourse. Of all the talk, her emphatic use of the term "impossible" was the least comprehensible. I obtained a sense that something was very "impossible." She would not let me explain my state and position.

The chance for me to speak ten words was quite "impossible,"

so I settled back in the old cane-bottomed chair and resigned myself to her overpowering style and splendid oratory.

"You wrong me, Mr. Davis. Frail mortality trembles before a power so fearful. And Mr. Davis"——

One of the five gentlemen here interrupted with "Will the young man give us a *show* of his power?"

I was about to reply when the lady continued:

"Most certainly, Mr. Elbridge. The midnight deepens on all who do not"——

"Let him do so now," gruffly interposed a short-bodied, black-haired, long-fingered gentleman,—one of the *five*.

At this moment the gentleman who was nearest the door walked across the room and back to his chair. No one seemed to notice him. He was silent, thoughtful, and the handsomest of the party. I thought he wanted to get rid of his associates. Compared with him, they looked like ruffians and genteel gamblers, and I did not wonder at his uneasiness and their inattention.

"How much you could comfort me, Mr. Davis," continued the lady, "if you *would*. I am a deeply wronged—a desolate"——

Tears filled her eyes. Her tones became plaintive, or sharp, and expressive of heartfelt suffering. The evidence of grief was overwhelming. She seemed to want to hide her tears. But her agony was overpowering.

"Damnation!" ejaculated another of the five. He glanced angrily at me, as though I had deeply injured the sobbing lady.

The outrageous plot was perfect. I had a faint glimmering of it, but was as yet unable to comprehend the object. I knew that the lady was *pretending*, acting, and that something was wanted of the clairvoyant faculty. For a moment I felt alone,—among enemies,—and doomed to some dark end. Unguarded, young, and unused to that order of society, it was natural to be apprehensive. In a moment of fear I started toward the door.

"Not so fast, young man," exclaimed one of the five, grasping my arm.

"Oh, Mr. Davis," said the pleading lady,—"*it is impossible*."

"I *must* go home," said I. "The hour is already late, and my magnetizer will be anxious for my return."

"Cuss your magnetizer," growled one of the five. "Give us a *show* of your power."

"What do you wish?" I asked.

"Tell this party what tickets will draw prizes in the Delaware Lottery next day after tomorrow. If you don't I'll"—

The threatening words of this man shocked me, and caused a sense of helplessness to overcome me for a moment, but the next instant a thrill of *strength* went all through my frame, and I replied:—

"Gentlemen, this lady sent her carriage for me. I came in it to attend a party of persons who she said would be glad to see me socially. Her note of invitation is in my possession. But this meeting is all a wicked conspiracy to *compel* clairvoyance to serve your selfish purposes. You are mistaken, gentlemen, I"—

"See here, young man," interrupted one of the five, in a passion, "you can't leave this house till you look into that lottery business."

"Good evening," I replied, and stepped out toward the hall door. The silent gentleman, who had stood nearest the door, instantly placed himself between me and the man who last spoke. They seemed to take no notice of his interposition. Yet to my eyes he was dressed not unlike his companions, and was, if anything, the tallest man in the room.

"Stay a bit, young man," said the lady, with an angry and scornful expression. "You shall not leave us unpaid for all the expenses we have been to. A moment's use of your faculty will give us all we ask."

"I have no power to serve you," I replied. "Good night!"

The burly, short, black-haired ruffian attempted to catch my arm again. He was prevented by the silent tall gentleman, who for an instant stepped between us, and as quickly back to his place by the door.

The whole company now rose to their feet. They looked villainous and revengeful. But, before one of them could speak, I opened the door and hastened down stairs to the street door. The lock bolt was in the staple, and the key was out of the lock. The light was so dim I could scarcely discern anything.

At this moment the tall gentleman unlocked the door, and stepped out with me upon the sidewalk. The locality was

strange to me, but I knew that the North River was to my left as I faced the north, and thus determined my course homeward. Not stopping to thank the gentleman for unlocking the door, I started at a rapid pace for Hudson Street, which crosses Spring, wherein we were then residing. While hastening along, almost on a run, a voice behind me said —

“Why do you run, my son? Do you not *know* me?”

It was past the midnight hour. The city was still. And that voice sounded clear and distinct as it did years before in the road which led through the forest. I was not afraid. Slackening my pace, the gentleman glided up to my side, touched my left temple with the fore-finger of his right hand, and said —

“Why do you go so rapidly, my son? and whither?”

“It is late,” I replied. “The folks are expecting me, and I’m going home.”

“Going home!” he exclaimed with deep tenderness; “I, too, am going *home*.”

Years had dropped away since first these similar words were spoken to my ear. I became greatly agitated. “Are you not the *same* personage who overtook me many years ago?” I asked with considerable apprehension.

“Do you not *know* me?” he tenderly inquired. Then hurriedly, and without pause, he added: “We may meet again.”

I was overcome with surprise, not unmingled with reverence for my unknown friend.

Together we walked in silence up Hudson Street to the corner of Spring, which was but a few steps from our office and residence. As we turned the corner, I ventured to look squarely at the face of the stranger. He certainly *was* the same tall, silent, graceful gentleman who had protected me in the gambler’s parlor, and who let me out at the front door; and now, seeing his white hair and snow-like beard, I fully recognized him as the companion who overtook me in the dense old woods. Assured on these points, I was about to express my astonishment and my gratitude, when in an instant he *disappeared*. As before, I listened to catch the sound of his retreating steps. Only the watchman’s feet on the opposite corner disturbed the stillness of the street. I stood transfixed, unable for the moment to move or speak.

Perhaps the policeman mistook me for a night thief. He crossed over and said: "Which way? What are you stopping for?"

"I live close by," I returned, "at 252 Spring. A strange gentleman was walking with me," I added. "He left me very *suddenly* around the corner, and I'm stopping to find out which way he went."

An exclamation of doubt escaped the watchman. "Which way did you come?" he asked.

"Up Hudson Street."

"What was the *appearance* of the man who was with you?"

"He was tall, with white hair and beard."

"Did he come with you to this corner?"

"Yes, sir. He overtook me at St. John's Park and accompanied me up to this corner."

"You're mistaken, young man," said the policeman in an irritated tone.

"No, sir, I'm not mistaken," I replied. "I am willing to be qualified by the most solemn oath that a tall gentleman, with white hair and beard, came by my side from the south end of St. John's Park to this corner."

The policeman seemed to believe me in *earnest*, but he certainly doubted my sanity. "Surely, young man,—do you mean to say, really, that *anybody* walked up the street with you?"

"Yes, sir, I do declare that a tall gentleman accompanied me."

The officer started toward me as though he meant to arrest me, but immediately halted and said: "I've been on this beat for two hours; I saw you by the light of the street lamps when you were two blocks below this; and I'll swear that you was *alone*; not even the shadow of a man within three blocks of you."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said I in an under tone. "It is an awful experience; it must be a deception; or—what *was* it that accompanied me to this corner?"

"Come, come, sir," said the watchman. "Where do you live? what number?"

"This way," I replied. On reaching the door, the watchman violently rung the bell, for he was in doubt as to my case, and wished to ascertain whether anybody in that house would recog-

nize and admit me. Fortunately, one of the inmates came down stairs and joyfully accepted me in presence of the vigilant officer. What an escape from a night in a New York watch-house!

\* \* \* \* \*

About two years afterwards, in the early spring time, I went with an acquaintance to the residence of Isaac T. Hopper, the well-known New York philanthropist. We were cordially admitted by the noble-hearted and venerable Quaker gentleman, who himself opened the door and led the way to the plainly-furnished parlor on the second floor. There were present five persons besides ourselves, friend Hopper, two ladies, a beautiful little girl, and a gentleman.

Friend Hopper, in his usually straightforward manner, introduced the company to each other by a wholesale remark, without distinctly mentioning anyone's name. Happily I was acquainted with one of the ladies, and through her was immediately introduced to the other lady, who was young and beautiful, and exceedingly fond of music.

The conversation was on the recent exhibitions of the celebrated Ole Bull. My friend and I listened to the beautiful sentiments uttered by the talented authoress (one of the ladies) concerning the matchless art and wonderful genius of the great performer.

The intelligent countenance of the gentleman on whose knee sat the tender-eyed little girl particularly attracted my attention. He seemed utterly absorbed in the eloquent conversation, but remained silent while the ladies dilated on the uses and delights of music. The happy and lovely little girl meanwhile, not taking interest in either the ladies or their topic, occupied her moments in playing with the flowing beard of the gentleman.

Presently one of the ladies addressed herself to me and said: "Mr. Davis, may it not be true that poets, sages, and musicians who have passed away still take active interest in what they so loved on earth?"

"I think they do," I replied. "Death does not destroy the poet's heart nor annihilate the sage's soul."

"How wonderful and beautiful!" exclaimed the other lady with enthusiasm. "The dead are everywhere," she added; "and

yet to think that the dead are *living*! that to weep at the grave is to shed tears on error!"

The beautiful little girl now listened, and the gentleman rose and walked to the window where something without seemed particularly to engage his attention.

"The tomb is not an empty affair," said the venerable Quaker. "The Scriptures speak of graves and sepulchres in a serious way. The sister of Lazarus went to the grave to weep."

The gentleman began walking to and fro, his countenance wearing an uneasy expression, and his lips moving as though whispering something to himself.

The little girl, pale and agitated, drew near him. She threw back and forth her head, and put her hand on his palm, endeavoring to draw his eyes toward her.

"Faith destroys the sting of death," said the noble philanthropist. "Better depend on Faith to give you victory over the grave."

"I believe that the spirit is emancipated at the moment of death," said one of the ladies. "The tomb of yesterday is *nothing* to the spirit whose cast-off body was laid in it. Isn't that *true*, Mr. Davis? Do tell me something about this subject."

The company seemed to take no interest in the gentleman who was pacing the floor, at the end of the parlor, nor did they notice the beautiful little girl that walked and played by his side. My conclusion was that they knew him very intimately and did not care to break in upon his mood. He was a stranger to *me*, however, and I experienced some regret that friend Hopper did not introduce him by name. I longed with much curiosity to know who he was.

"The grave is a gloomy place," was my response to the remarks of the lady. "But it is not gloomy to those who can see beyond the tomb. If the sister of Lazarus had had power given her to look over the burial ground to the fertile plains of the Spirit-Land, her tears would have been tears of joy rather than those of sorrow and loneliness."

"That's my belief," responded the lady; "but I would give worlds of wealth, if I had them to give, to *know* it is all true."

The door-bell rang at this moment, and the noble philanthropist answered it instead of the servant. He left the parlor door

open as he went out. The gentleman and the little girl passed out into the hall, and, as I thought, from the sound of their footsteps, ascended the stairs. They seemed to be so entirely *at home*, and everything they did was seemingly so entirely congenial to friend Hopper and the ladies, that I hesitated no longer to inquire who they were.

"A gentleman and a little girl!" exclaimed the ladies, looking from one to the other with the greatest wonder and interest.

I smiled at their curious and excited expressions, and said: "Yes! I mean the gentleman and little girl who have just gone out of the room."

"I have no faith in anything of the kind," was friend Hopper's response.

My acquaintance looked at me with a comical expression of bewilderment. His eye had the gaze of one groping his way in the darkness. In fact, he was as much surprised at my question as any other person present.

For a moment, as the company looked in silence at each other, I endeavored to collect myself to meet the excited condition of the party. Gathering my thoughts into a definite purpose, I asked—

"Do you, friend Hopper, mean to say that you did not know the gentleman and little girl who left the parlor when you answered the door-bell?"

The honest old man looked at me with a clear, stern, searching expression on his face, as much as to say: "Do you mean to trifle with me?" But his good-nature dominated all other feelings, and he replied, smiling: "I have no faith in anything of the kind."

Seeing that further remark would be regarded as impertinent, I kept silent while the honored philanthropist told one of his stories, with the greatest particularity of incident and detail of language used by himself and others years and years ago. The whole company was charmed with the "moral" of the story, and equally astonished at his perfect recollection of all persons and parts which originally entered into the composition of the story, which everyone present instinctively accepted as unquestionably accurate.

On the way across the city to our residence my companion

kept up a running conversation regarding the gentleman and the beautiful little girl.

"You get things and shadows strangely mixed up," he remarked. "One knows not what to believe. Your inquiries had a stunning effect upon the old Quaker and the ladies. Macbeth, on seeing the ghost of Banquo, could not have been half so cool and quiet as you. You had more than sybilline indifference. What an intensified interest you aroused in one of the ladies! And you, unmoved by the great mystery of your question, remained incredibly indifferent!"

"Why should I have been agitated?" I responded. "Was there anything unusual in my simply asking who the gentleman and little girl were?"

"But, my dear sir, do n't you understand that no one in that room saw any such persons present?"

"It is difficult for me to believe *that*," I replied.

At this moment the *same* gentleman, leading the beautiful little girl by the hand, came directly in front of us from a cross street! His beard and hair were silky and white as the driven snow! He smiled and gracefully bowed as he passed. The *same* tall, beautiful personage who had so suddenly *disappeared* months previous on the corner of Hudson and Spring Streets.

Returning the stranger's salutation, as he passed us, I directed my companion's attention toward him. "There he goes!" said I hastily. "Do you not recognize him as the man we saw in friend Hopper's parlor?"

The streets were filled with pedestrians at that hour, and the stranger had time to disappear among the people before the eye could follow him. On further inquiry, however, I ascertained that my friend *had not even seen* the gentleman with the little girl when they bowed and passed us at the crossing. While the whole operation seemed to me to be perfectly natural and common-place, yet those who heard me speak of it expressed themselves as incapable of believing that I had seen any such persons described.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one more incident to relate relative to the unexpected appearance and sudden departure of the tall, silent gentleman, whom no one but myself seems to see. It may be remarked in

this place, lest the reader may not receive the whole force of these experiences, that, while the personage is perfectly distinct and as natural an object to my eyes as is the form, face, and personal appearance of any other human being, yet it is surprising that no one besides myself seems to take any cognizance of him. — no more, in fact, than anyone would notice a portion of empty space. Notwithstanding this, there is always something in my own history to prove that the gentleman is a *real* personage. His words are as vividly remembered as are the words of my most intimate acquaintances. His interpositions at particular crises in my individual life have been as positive and effectual as the influences of any private friend and benefactor. These things I mention to give the facts their full force upon the question: "Whether spirits return in palpable form; and whether, while moving among mankind, they can influence human thoughts and conduct."

The object of the appearance in the parlor of the philanthropic Quaker was never fully made known; but I now think it had some connection with the heavenward journey of friend Hopper's spirit, which was not long delayed after that memorable visitation.

The last incident of the kind occurred between my present residence and the city of Newark. Very early on Monday morning, when the village was all astir over some recent news from "the seat of war" (1861), I had a presentiment of some "news" which would come to me from a different quarter of the world. Soon after breakfast I went forth to enjoy the light of the rising sun, to examine the beauty of the landscape, to hear the songs of the birds, and, more than all, to ascertain what was meant by the presentiment of "news" that I was to receive. Leisurely and thoughtlessly I walked onward.

My favorite resort is away among the hilly slopes and mountain-paths of Llewellyn Park, one mile west of home in the beautiful village. From the sheer force of attraction and habit, one would naturally think my steps would have involuntarily turned thither; but, unthinking and objectless still, and contrary to the routine of custom in rambling, I went through the village eastward, in the direction of Newark. At length, I took the side path leading toward a grove of almost leafless trees. Observing

a beautiful rock near the corner of an open field, I hastened to its side and rested tranquilly for many minutes. Those moments were filled to the brim with a peculiar happiness. Strains of distant bands of music seemed to touch the very fibers of my brain, thrilling each organ with thoughts and sensations of melody more delicate and enchanting than any emotions ever awakened by the music of earth.

As the first freshness of the morning passed away, and the sun went round to the south, the music ceased, and I, not perfectly satisfied with what had happened, turned my steps once more toward the city of Newark, thinking that I would take a long walk before the dining hour. Observing, however, that the forenoon was already far spent, I reversed my direction and started leisurely for home. Finding myself on a portion of the road not visible to anyone for some distance, and feeling a need of more vigorous exercise than walking, I set out on a full run, when, suddenly, hearing footsteps behind me, I turned and instantly recognized the beautiful face, the snowy beard, and the silvered hair of the tall, silent, graceful gentleman! He came close to me as I stood to welcome him.

"Why do you run so fast, my son?" he asked with his customary sweetness, and rich depth of tone.

"I'm going home," I replied. "Only running for exercise this morning."

"I, too, am going *home*," he responded with a tone of more than usual meaning. This particular expression he had used in my hearing already three times, several years intervening between each utterance, and methought it sounded like the lament of a wanderer. So at once I asked —

"Are you a resident of this world? or, tell me, are you a *spirit*?"

"Why do you ask?" he affectionately inquired.

"I ask," said I, "because you resemble a mortal man as much as anyone I meet in human society, and yet, on occasions when you have been perfectly visible to my eyes, others declare solemnly that they see *nothing*."

"Do you not know me, my son?" he responded tenderly.

"Yes, I *know* you are the personage who has been my friend and benefactor; but I do not know *where* you reside, *who* you are, nor *what* I can do to reciprocate your kindly offices."

"Feel my hand," he said, extending his left hand, while with his right fore-finger he touched the *same spot* on my left temple.

(Since writing the first part of this narrative, I have examined the skin on my left temple, and, strange to say, there is a light, *red spot* seemingly on the surface, having no sensitiveness, in exactly the place where, in memory, I can recall and vividly realize the soft, electric, strengthening touch of the tall, silent gentleman. This peculiar red spot on my temple did not appear until after my conversation with him in Hudson Street, New York.)

I took the left hand which he extended toward me. It felt as warm, as tangible, and as *real* as any hand I ever grasped. "This hand *is* flesh and blood," said I, laughing at the foolishness of my skepticism.

"Is it wrong in me," I asked, "to take your hand as though I doubted your existence?"

"There is nothing evil in honest doubt," he promptly replied.

But the thought returned to me that he had several times appeared and disappeared in contradiction to the habits of mortals. So remembering, and thereby again doubting whether he was a real *human* being, I asked: "I now know that you *are not* a spirit, but a *real* gentleman, still living in the mortal body, and yet I am at a loss to determine the *modus operandi* of your sudden disappearances."

"You do not yet know me," he returned in a somewhat sad tone, touched with a shade of disappointment.

"How should I know you," said I, "except as the same silent gentleman who has on several occasions befriended me?"

"You ask me to explain the art of my *sudden* disappearances."

"That is what I am exceedingly anxious to comprehend."

"Would you believe me," he pleasantly asked, "if I should tell you that *I have never suddenly disappeared from your side?*" He rapidly added: "And could you believe that the change has, on every occasion, occurred in *you*, and not in me?"

"In me!" exclaimed I—"the change in *me*, and not in you!"

"Yes, my son! The question is for you to answer. Can you believe that *you*, and not I, pass *in* and *out* of sight in the twinkling of an eye?"

"There is nothing in my experience to substantiate such a belief," said I.

"Oh! do you *so* misapprehend yourself?"

"How?" I inquisitively and quickly asked. "How do I misapprehend myself?"

"Changes of *state* in yourself you suppose and allege to be appearances and disappearances in me."

Glimmerings in the truth of psychology began to influence and pervade my understanding. Thinking the thought into words, I asked: "Do you mean to teach me that, if I remained in the same state of perception, your presence would be visible and palpable to me at all times and in all places?"

"Not at all times, nor in all places," he responded. "But my departures from you would never be *sudden* if you did not so *suddenly* pass out of perception into your senses."

"But you *are* flesh and blood, are you not?" I asked, with as much eagerness to know as ever.

"Did you not just now touch and press my hand?" he smilingly inquired.

"Indeed I did," was my reply, "but I would like to *feel* it again—just once more—to make certain that you *are* a human being, and not a spirit."

"You do not know me yet?" There was an undertone of disappointment in his utterance. He smiled pleasantly, however, as though not painfully tried with my ignorance.

A feeling of impatience with my own lack of comprehension pervaded my mind for a moment. But, rallying quickly, I inquired whether he could tell what caused a presentiment in my mind that I was to get some valuable "news."

Pointing toward the grove, which I had left an hour before, he said: "Tomorrow, if your mind is as free of thought as it was this morning, you may behold a vision."

I looked over toward the grove, and then turned to say one word more, when, lo! in the instant that my eyes were diverted he had *disappeared*! There was no denying the startling fact—he was nowhere to be seen! A real man, with hands of flesh and blood, with white hair and a beard like snow, he was not within the reach of my physical eyes!

On the following morning, a fresh November day, I had the

happiness to receive a most impressive and significant "Vision" — partly prophetic, and mostly to keep the world reminded that the inhabitants of other spheres do not neglect to take interest in the progress of mankind, the whole being applicable to America and the war with rebellion.\* And it is worthy of remark that the Vision was rendered visible to me from beyond the grove which the Gentleman had pointed out.

In closing, allow me to say that this is the only celestial visitor who has manifested himself to me in a manner and appearance *so external* as to require on my part but a slight, even inappreciable departure from the ordinary state.

Therefore, to this day, notwithstanding the frequency and positiveness of my experiences, and the beautiful lessons taught me by these celestial friends, it yet remains difficult at times for me to realize that the tall, silent, graceful Gentleman is not a resident of earth, but, on the contrary, *in reality a spirit, palpably manifested to the clairvoyant perceptions.*

It is important to keep in mind that *my* state, not his, was the cause of the mysteriousness and seeming supernaturalism of his disappearances.

## THE SPIRIT PICTURE OF HELEN OF TROY.

L. L. WHITLOCK:

Dear Sir, as you wish to publish the spirit picture of Helen, and the history of its procurement, I would state that about one year ago I had the good fortune to meet one of the most remarkable mediums living, in whose presence not only writing but pictures of great artistic merit have been produced by spirit power, under conditions which admit of no possible doubt as to their purely spiritual origin.

My first experiment was in my own office in the college building, where, in the presence of this medium (Mrs. D. of this city), a vial of medicine was made by spirit power to fly from its position on the shelf, leap over our heads, and fall upon the table in broad day light.

After this, in the course of our conversation and experiments,

\* See a "Memorable Vision" published in the *Herald of Progress*, Vol. 2, No. 91.

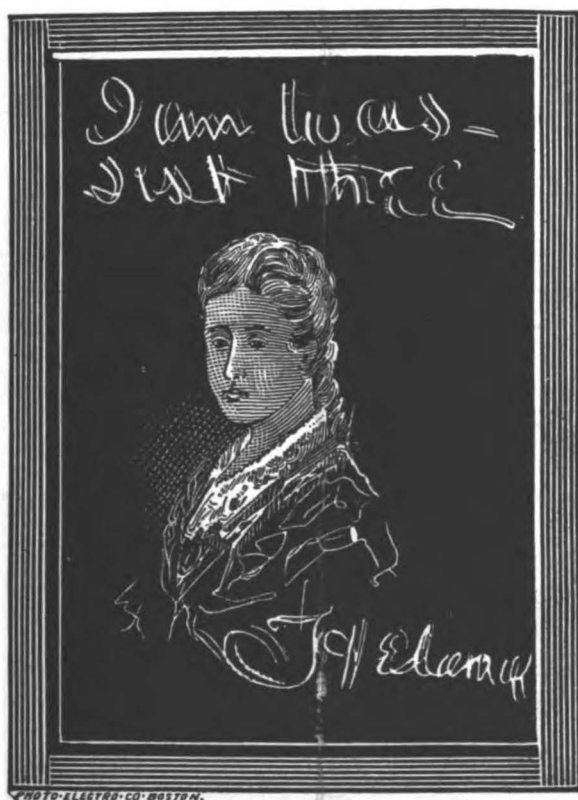


PHOTO-ELECTRO-CO. BOSTON.

Independent picture-drawing, on slate, in colors.— See Page 126.



she affirmed that an ancient spirit was present, and offered to prove it by the test of writing. I took my office slate, held it on the top of my head, and, as I stood, she reached up and touched the end of the slate nearest her. In a few seconds I heard a faint sound of writing, and taking down the slate found it coarsely written on, as if by a nearly white crayon, with the words "I am here," and the name of an ancient spirit with whom I had been familiar. As my slate was entirely blank when I took it up, and there was no pencil or other means of writing present, I considered this a perfect illustration of spirit power.

I need not relate my subsequent experiments with the same medium, in which I obtained spirit-writing on slates held in my **own hands** alone, with the medium sitting near, writing carved into the slate, beautiful artistic pencil portraits of ancient spirits, a portrait looking like an India-ink sketch on a card, and an oil-painting portrait on a card placed between two slates held in my hand. It was fully a month before this oil-painting became dry.

These pictures represented ancient spirits with whom I have maintained a cordial sympathy, and who, being interested in my reformatory labors in science, have honored me by coming in this manner. But one of them was of another class, and her advent was a surprise. I allude to the picture of Helen, whom I had never before sought.

It was about the 26th of May, 1881, that I called at the residence of the medium to obtain a spirit picture which had been made for an eminent artist, and which he greatly admired as a work of art, when she proposed an immediate experiment to see what the spirits could give us.

I took two small slates which had nothing on them, and wiped them clean as a preparation, then held them together in my lap while she stood off a little way writing her spiritual impressions on a slate, which were as follows:—

"I see a palette and a man's arm executing rapidly, and I hear these words: 'New form, new color and adaptation, advancement without touch of your (my) hand. A new departure in color and effect, free from all conventionalism.'—WEST."

"'I am here also.'—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE."

We were then spiritually directed to hold the slates in the sun at the window (it was near mid-day), and as I did so I heard the

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marking on the slate in progress, which was completed in less than a minute after it began. I then opened the slates (which the medium had not even touched, and was surprised to find on one of them an admirable drawing of a head in a new style, with the name "Helena," and the motto "I am to assist thee." The picture, which was artistic and striking in appearance, looked as if done in white and colored crayon, the perfection of which as a work of art is but very poorly represented by the photograph of the slate which I had taken, and the engraving from the photograph in which its delicacy is lost.

Immediately after this I took two small slates, washed them, and held them in the sun at the window, noting the time by my watch. In a quarter of a minute the writing began, and in half a minute more it was finished. I opened the slates and found one filled with a double-marked writing in two colors, which appeared to be a friendly message of encouragement from Leonardo da Vinci to the eminent artist before mentioned. The source of the message was mentioned by the medium before the slates were opened.

To return to the picture of "Helena." I had no guide to its identification, as the medium did not inform me, but the science of psychometry. I have had the picture described by many psychometers without seeing it or knowing its origin, and they are entirely agreed in their descriptions. They describe an ancient queen, beautiful and talented, a leading character, not happy in her domestic relations, who deserted her husband for a more brilliant lover, and passed through the terrors of war and defeat, living afterward in melancholy retrospection. But the Helen of today is a wise, practical, and active spirit who strengthens those to whom she comes, and who is busy with an innumerable multitude of good spirits in carrying on the work of human progress and elevation.

It is a delightful assurance which we receive through spiritual investigations that the good of all past ages are still with us, eager to assist, ready to make our acquaintance, and to help us realize on earth the delightful conditions of the higher life.

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN,

NEW YORK, June 10th.

205 East 36th.

(From the *Dinner of Truth.*)

## REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS WITH A BOX.

### THE PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER.

At the commencement of autumn of the present year some remarkable experiments were made through the mediumship of Mrs. M. B. Thayer, the celebrated flower medium, of Boston, a full account of which has not yet been published. I now propose to give a detailed account of the experiments referred to, for I consider that such well authenticated and conclusive phenomena should not be allowed to escape the notice of the public, but should be added to the facts, multitudinous and varied in their character, that are daily occurring, and on which the superstructure of the glorious spiritual philosophy is based.

The phenomena peculiar to Mrs. Thayer's mediumship consists principally in the production of flowers in a closed room. Of the reality of this fact hundreds of intelligent persons have become satisfied. The idea occurred to me that it might be possible for the power that brought the flowers into a closed room to go a step further, and introduce them into a closed box. The importance of this is obvious, inasmuch as the suspicion of confederacy on the part of others, and of secreting the flowers by the medium, would be entirely done away with. With this idea in my mind, I proposed to Mrs. Thayer to make the trial, and with her usual willingness to oblige she readily consented, at the same time remarking that she was not at all sure it could be done.

Accordingly, I bought a box at a store, an ordinary square packing case. It was made of three-quarter-inch pine board, being nailed together with strong nails. Its dimensions were a little over a foot on all sides. I had the lid hung with hinges, and had a piece of glass securely fixed in it, so that the inside of the box could be seen without opening it. Thus prepared, I invited several intelligent and reliable persons to be present, in order to witness the trial. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, the well-known mediums, being in Boston, kindly offered the use of their rooms, and it was there the company met, fourteen in number.

After an examination of the box, and everybody being satisfied there was nothing in it, it was closed. I then took from my pocket a padlock, which I had bought for the purpose, and which

had never been out of my possession, and secured the lid. As an additional security, a strip of gummed paper was stuck on the top and thence to the side, a seal being attached to either end of it. A gentleman also stuck a strip of court plaster in a similar position on another part of the box. Everything being ready, the light was about to be turned out, when Mrs. Thayer said she had forgotten to bring her handkerchief, that she usually placed on the top of her head during the manifestations. This she uses to protect her head from the electrical influences that prevail, and which are apt to produce subsequent pain. Thereupon a gentleman took from his wallet a packet of Japanese paper handkerchiefs and offered one to Mrs. Thayer, who remarked that, as it was not silk, it was of no use, and it was placed on the table and the light turned out. The company, thus seated around the box in darkness, commenced singing, which was continued with intervals of cessation for about half an hour, and, nothing having apparently occurred, except occasional raps on the box and on the table, it was resolved to strike a light and see if anything had taken place. On looking into the box, something was discovered, which, in the dim light, was supposed to be flowers, but which, on the box being opened, proved to be the paper handkerchief which had been left lying on the table, the red pattern of which having been mistaken for flowers. It will be noticed, in this case, that the handkerchief was not taken from the owner's pocket until the box had been "fixed," and was seen inside before it was opened. The box was then removed, and the light again extinguished, when, in a very short time, a large branch of a fir tree, several lilies, and other flowers were found on the table. They were all apparently fresh gathered and were covered with cold dew, though the room was uncomfortably hot and the medium had not been out of it for at least an hour and a half. At the conclusion of the seance the following certificate was unhesitatingly signed by those present, none of whom appeared to entertain the slightest doubt but that they had witnessed a most conclusive instance of the passage of one natural substance through another:—

"This is to certify that we, the undersigned, were present at a seance at No. 8 Davis street, on the evening of August 24, 1878, when the phenomenon of matter passing through matter was con-

clusively demonstrated in the presence of Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, by a paper handkerchief being passed into a sealed and locked box: Robert Cooper, Charles Houghton, J. L. Newman, D. D. Densmore, John Wetherbee, Edna R. Houghton, J. Nelson Holmes, Jennie W. Holmes, F. E. Crane, L. H. Ross, Mrs. Augustus Wilson, Mrs. A. B. Lawrence, Mrs. A. C. Sylands, J. Martin."

It was claimed by the spirits that operate through the Holmes that it was by their agency the handkerchief had been introduced into the box. Be this as it may, there is no doubt of the fact that the phenomena occurred. An excellent account of the seance was published in the London *Medium and Daybreak* by Mr. John Wetherbee.

Well satisfied with our success, although the full object in view had not been attained, it was determined to make another trial. After the lapse, therefore, of a week or so, a few persons were invited to be present at Mrs. Thayer's residence, in Washington Street, the time chosen being three o'clock in the afternoon,—the box having been duly inspected and sealed as before and the light extinguished. We had not long to wait for results, for in the midst of the singing, in which we were engaged, a loud noise was heard, suggesting the idea that the box was broken to pieces; but on a light being procured it was found to be perfectly intact, and the seals unbroken, and through the glass could be discerned several objects, the principal of which were flowers. It was thought advisable not to open the box, but to submit it for inspection as it was; and for this purpose it was taken to *The Banner of Light* store, where it remained on view for two or three days, and where at length it was opened in the presence of several persons who examined the box thoroughly, and were all assured that it was no trick box, but, as has been before stated, an ordinary packing box of the simplest character. The contents are given in the following certificate, which was signed by all who witnessed the seance:—

"At a seance held at 833 Washington street, Boston, September 3, 1878, Mrs. Thayer medium, the undersigned, who were present, hereby certify that a copy of *The Banner of Light* and *The Voice of Angels*, a photograph, several tiger lilies, a piece of fern, roses, etc., were found introduced into a locked and sealed box, besides several flowers on the table: Robert Cooper, Laura

Kendrick, Jonathan M. Roberts, J. N. Holmes, Jennie W. Holmes, G. A. Bacon, Mrs. Anna L. Reilly, Richard Hart (of London), Mrs. I. Floyd."

The flowers on the table referred to came after the box manifestation. They were principally red roses, and the largest of them was forced on the head of the medium. None of the objects, with the exception of the photograph, were, so far as is known, on the premises at the time; the photograph had been placed in a trunk in an adjoining room.

A few weeks after the above occurrence Col. H. S. Ollcot, President of the Theosophical Society of New York, happened to be in Boston, and it was thought desirable that he should witness a box seance. Accordingly, a few friends of Charles Houghton, Esq., at whose residence Col. Ollcot was staying, were invited by that gentleman to his residence in Jamaica Plain, to meet Mrs. Thayer. The seance was unsuccessful, for just as the manifestations were commencing the arrival of fresh guests disturbed the proceedings, and the seance was not continued. The following night, however, Mrs. Thayer held her regular public circle, and after most of the visitors had departed it was resolved to make a trial with the box, in order that Col. Ollcot, who was present, might witness it. The box at this time had been further secured by having a strip of gummed paper, with a seal at each end, placed on every angle, and Col. Ollcot improvised his signet ring on the seals that secured the lid. Results had not long to be waited for, for in a short time the box was found nearly half full of beautiful flowers and a large piece of trailing plant, all fresh and perfect, as if that moment gathered where they grew.

Such is a plain statement of the facts of these remarkable seances. They involve not only the transporting of objects from one place to another, but the still more inexplicable fact of one material substance passing through another. The passage of matter through matter is of frequent occurrence at spiritual seances, and very few spiritualists doubt the fact of it occurring; but I am not aware that such an unique and striking example of it has ever occurred as I now describe, and I have therefore deemed it advisable to place these seances on record in a somewhat detailed form. The witnesses to the facts are persons of more than average intelligence, and their probity unimpeachable,

and not one of them, I believe, has seen occasion to alter the opinion formed at the time of the seance; indeed it is rare for facts of the character in question to be so well attested, and the verdict pronounced on them so unanimous and undoubted.

ROBERT COOPER.

BOSTON, Dec. 29, 1878.

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### MRS. ISADORE E. BUSSEY,

Troy, New York.

Was it the creation of an imaginative brain? Some may so deem it; but one *fact* of the incident remains strong and clear, vouched for by incredulous believers in spirit power, and that fact is the writing in the dust on the piano.

In the month of May, 1875, we were residing in the quiet little city of Waukegan, Ill. We were not then spiritualists, but members of a Baptist church, and had had one sitting with a trance medium, a Mrs. Wood, of Chicago; and we had once or twice sat in a circle at Judge McAllister's home (then judge of the supreme court of Ill.). His young daughters were both mediums. But as to materialization we knew nothing of it at that time.

On the night in question we retired about ten, and were all lost in the arms of Morpheus, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of footsteps in the dining room, and the opening of the door between that and the back parlor. I heard the click of the latch, the turning of the knob, and the door squeaked on its hinges as it swung to and fro and closed. Then the footsteps as of four persons walking over the back parlor floor; two seemed to go out of that room into the hall (the door as it opened and closed made as much noise, seemingly, as the other had); the two who went into the hall I heard then go up stairs step by step, then enter the room where Mr. Bussey was sleeping, then walk across the floor to the children's room; when the two were up stairs, the other two seemed to go into the front parlor, and the floor vibrated with their foot-falls. On account of ill health, I was obliged to sleep alone in a room off from back parlor. Pen or words can convey to you but little idea of the agony of mind and suspense I endured for hours, as I supposed of course burglars

had entered at midnight, and I listened eagerly and anxiously to know what they would do, or to hear them go away; but no, they seemed inclined to stay just where they were; I made no outcry, but ready to do so should they molest me. While fear had such possession of me, voices seemed whispering in the air: "Fear not little one, it is only spirits; no harm shall come to you." I could not believe spirits could make so much noise and could be so strong. After a while I became more calm, and recalled to mind the ghost stories I had read in the works of Wilkie Collins and other authors, and waited till the first grey light of early dawn gleamed through my eastern window; then I fell into a sound and dreamless sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened by the voice of my husband, who, bending over me, seemed much excited, and wanted to know if I had been up yet. I said no, then I told him of the visitors of the night, my long wakefulness, and fright and supposition of burglars.

He said: "Isa, get up, and come with me into the front parlor, and see if you know anything about this. It may solve the mystery of your having such late callers." When in front of the piano, he said: "Did you do that?" I said: "Why no, indeed; I can't write like that;" for with surprise I beheld written in the dust, in front of the music rack of the piano, the names of Meyerbeer and Gottschalk; the latter we readily made out, having seen it on his music, but the former we could not decipher. We called in the neighbors, and they could not aid us,—Mr. and Mrs. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Mann. A Mr. Davis, a German, whom we had engaged to come at ten o'clock to tune the piano, looked with surprise and exclaimed: "Who wrote this?" I said: "Why, what is it?" He said: "Why, it is Meyerbeer's and Gottschalk's names, and a perfect *fac simile* of their autographs as written on their music, and so true signatures I should say they had written them themselves, if they were living. But how did they come here?" I related to him the incidents of the night, and my conviction that spirits had done it. He said it was hard to believe spirits could do such a thing, yet he could not doubt our word; he had heard of such things being done, but doubted if anyone could, if he tried to, write them so they would be such good autographs.

At that time Mr. B. or myself had not studied the German language, therefore we could not read what was clear to him.

**J. FRANK BAXTER.**

On Tuesday evening, May 23, 1882, at a reception given at the Assembly Room, No. 4, in Slade's Block, Mr. J. Frank Baxter gave a large number of interesting and remarkable spirit descriptions and delineations. Among them was one of especial interest to L. L. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I.

Baxter said: "I am impressed with the presence of many spirits associated in some purpose, and see some of them, two or three men and a lady. Suddenly all is dark, now a rift in the blackness, and I am looking at a great distance over water. As my vision is extended I am looking over a shore and cliff, and there see a large house, from which an expansive view of the bay could be taken.

I am shown the names of "Glen Cove," "Sea Cliff." Now a man impresses me with the name of "George Whitlock," and says, although father of Mr. L. L. Whitlock, he comes not himself to his son, but to bring another, George Porteous. I no sooner mention this name than I seem to be standing on that cliff, and looking down over a scene upon the water, a boat overturned, three men, and may be others, clinging thereto are seen. I have a sensation similar to that one experiences by holding large conch shells with their lips toward his ears. I hear a rushing sound, seem surrounded by a damp atmosphere, and hear also a splashing of water.

The scene changes; I seem to be in the house on the cliff. A young lady sits by a table apparently writing, with piles of books beside her. They are labeled, and she seems transferring numbers. She claims to be a daughter of Mr. George Whitlock. By her side stands a man, very old, possibly over 80, looking into her face as he points to certain writing in a book before her. He was known to this young lady, and bore some official relation." Much more was said which cannot be remembered.

Mr. Whitlock said his own house and its location at Sea Cliff were exactly delineated, and that the scene depicted on the water was of actual occurrence several years ago. The man was Rev. George Porteous, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., a very eccentric, yet brilliant, Episcopalian clergyman. He was an acquaintance of

Mr. Whitlock, and one whose company he enjoyed in their summer sojourns at the Long Island watering place. .

Mr. Whitlock said he admired him as a scholar, thinker, and conversationalist rather than otherwise.

This man, he said, was drowned with another, as portrayed. The young lady was his sister Sarah. She was librarian of the Methodist Book Concern, New York, 805 Broadway. There were circumstances which associated all these individuals, and strong reasons why they all should in this combined manner manifest to him.

Some twenty or more names and descriptions were given, the greater number of which were very marked, and scarcely any not recognized.

The above may serve as a specimen of what is given at our fact-meetings.

Present was an audience of two hundred or so, and in it many prominent individuals of Providence, whose names will be given on application at the office of this magazine.

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### MR. A. W. L. ROTHERMEL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A seance was given under the following conditions at the residence of L. L. Whitlock, 9 Vinton St., Providence, R. I., April 11, 1882.

Mr. A. W. L. Rothermel was seated in front of a black curtain, about four and one half feet high, which was stretched across a bay window that was over eight feet wide. He was secured in the following manner: sitting in a common chair facing the audience, and his back to the curtain, with the palms of his hands resting on his knees; two strips of cotton cloth were tied around his legs above the knees, and sewed to his pants; under these pieces were passed two pieces of common dress braid, which were tightly tied around his wrists; the ends of these were sewed together by Miss M. B. Fogg of Cambridge, Mass. He was then covered with a blanket up to his neck for about an hour, during which time several manifestations occurred, such as playing on the zither, ringing of bells, writing on paper and handkerchiefs.

Several times handkerchiefs were hung on the curtain at each end, entirely out of the reach of the medium's hands, and were taken down and thrown to the audience.

During these manifestations hands were seen several times. The control through the medium asked for the sixth lady in the front row to come forward. He then directed her to kneel down in front of him, and place her two hands on his, assuring herself that his hands were in the original position; under these conditions the same manifestations occurred, and on a piece of paper was written these words: "We will be there tomorrow evening. —NELSON WEAVER."

Various airs were played on the zither, by request from the audience.

It seems Miss Hacker (as she told us afterwards) had only the moment before she was called to go forward wondered if the medium's hands were still tied, thus showing her thoughts were probably read by the controlling spirit, and therefore she was afforded an opportunity to satisfy herself. During the hour, the medium sat perfectly motionless in sufficient light for all to see him. There were about fifty persons present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Dunham, Mr. F. Hacker and family, and numerous other well-known people, whose names may be had by referring to the editor of this magazine, who was also present.

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### CARRIE TWING,

Westfield, N. Y.

In Oct., 1873, Thomas J. Prendergast, of Westfield, N. Y., had a valuable horse stolen from his pasture.

The last of May, following, a daughter-in-law of the aforesaid Thomas J. Prendergast came to me for a written message from the spirits. After quite a lengthy communication, applying entirely to herself, this sentence was written: "Tell William or his father to come up on Tuesday morning, and we will tell him where that horse is that was stolen last October."

"Do you believe they can tell?" said she. "Why, they have had the best detectives in the State after the horse." I made but

little reply, but Tuesday morning brought Mr. William Prendergast and his wife to my home, and the communication, which was written for him, informed him that the horse changed owners four or five times, but most of the winter had been boarded at a livery stable, about a mile east of the Lake Shore Railroad Depot, in Buffalo. Mr. William Prendergast informed his father of what had been written, and after consulting together the father decided to go and test the truth of the message, saying: "If anybody makes a fool of themselves, it shall be me." He accordingly started for Buffalo, went to the stable as directed, described the horse, asked if it was there, and was told that it had been there all the winter, but had been removed to a small town by the name of Alma, three or four miles distant. He immediately went there, found the horse, and brought him home. He arrived home with his horse Decoration Day, and a great many people were in the town. He led it back and forth telling freely how he had gained possession of it. This statement can be proved by Wm. Prendergast, George Prendergast, Emma, wife of the deceased Thomas Prendergast, James Winton, Hiram Tiffney, and many other inhabitants of Westfield, N. Y.

I do not state this as exceptional in my experience as a medium; many others similar in character might be mentioned, as well as some failures.

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#### LOSS OF THE COLLINS STEAMER "PACIFIC," 1856.

On page 7 of *Facts* magazine, No. 1, there is an account of a communication given to Mrs. Mary G. Weeks, of Chicago, purporting to come from the spirit of one of the passengers on that ill-fated vessel. That is the first notice I have ever seen published of the loss of that steamer, *except* what was at the time seen, described, and published in a daily paper in Portland, Me., called *The State of Maine*.

We were holding a circle at the house of Mr. Asa Hanson, Congress St., Portland, on Saturday evening, a few days before the steamer was due. I remember seeing the vessel distinctly, and the name *Pacific* on her. I copy from the statement published, as above stated, the article cut from the paper and put in my

scrap-book, and is before me now: "An English steamer coming to this coast was crushed between the ice. The catastrophe occurred on the 1st day of February, and information would be received concerning her fate." Several pages farther on, in that same scrap-book, I find the following corroboration:—

**BOTTLE STORY.—THE COLLINS STEAMER PACIFIC.**—It will be remembered that the Collins steamship Pacific left Liverpool for New York a year and a half since, with a large number of passengers, and was never afterwards heard from. The Paris *Moniteur*, the official paper of the French Government, makes the following statement:—

"The maritime prefect of Brest has transmitted to the Minister Secretary of State for Navy and the Colonies a note written with a pencil in English, and which was enclosed in a glass bottle found on the 14th of September, 1857, on the strand of Melon, in the syndicate of Porspoder (Department of Finisere). Great interest is attached to this note, which appears to have been written by a passenger on board the American steamer Pacific, supposed to be wholly lost, with all hands, in 1856, and we think it therefore our duty to publish its contents *verbatim*.

'Steamship Pacific, Eldridge, commander; Smith passenger. Steamship Pacific run between two icebergs. All hands lost. On the 1st of April, 1856. Just going down, 2 p.m.'

The word April is written over a word effaced, for the author of the note had first commenced with a capital M, as if about to write March."

You will see that the dates are somewhat confused; but if a person was hurriedly writing a memorandum to put in a bottle, when it was so near his last on earth, such a mistake would be very natural. Yours truly, L. H. CORNLEY, M.D.

LAWRENCE, Mass., May 18th.

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### DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

On the 10th of May, 1880, I drove up to the house of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, corner of 42nd St. and 6th Ave., New York City, and went in. Like most skeptics after the truth, I avoided giving the Dr. any clue to my personalities. I asked what time that day I could have a sitting with him. He said he was at leisure, and could see me immediately. He furnished me with pieces of soft printing paper, about two feet long and six inches wide, on

each of which he asked me to write a definite question to some spirit friend, and to fold the paper down so he could not see it. This I did, making the fold about one inch wide, some eight or ten thicknesses; then it was sealed with some mucilage. Thirteen of these questions were written by me, all of which were answered, the answers being written on the same paper with the questions.

The following is an illustration of one of them:—

“My dear Father, George C. Whitlock, will you tell mother your ideas of spirit life.—LEWIS LEVI WHITLOCK.”

“Well, Lewis,—I would that I had time allotted me to do so, *i. e.*, to give you a description of my spirit home; but it would require more time than I have allowed me now; but allow me to say I regret exceedingly that I had not the evidence of the soul's immortality which I preached and what I considered the gospel of truth. I was honest and sincere in all my teachings; but there were times when I doubted the reality and truthfulness of my own sayings. I took it all for granted that what had been written was true. But, alas, alas, how little do mortals know of the beautiful, or to them mysterious, beyond. *Now* I know where I once *hoped*. I *now see* by the the light of eternity.

GEO. C. WHITLOCK.

N. Y. C., May 10, 1880.”

### MRS. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Among the few who accepted our invitation to hold seances, “the result of which we promised to publish in this magazine,” was Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, 45 Indiana Place, of Boston, Mass.

She came to us unaccompanied. The seances were given in our own parlor, under our own supervision; none but acquaintances being present. Although I was acquainted with the members of the circles, they were by no means all believers in the phenomena, many being skeptical and on the *qui vive* for fraud.

We formed a horse-shoe circle round a fall-leaf kitchen table, the medium seated at the end, represented as an armature. All joined hands with the exception of the two who sat nearest her on either side. They held the disengaged hand of their next

neighbor between their right and left. During the manifestations the medium's hands were constantly engaged making rapid passes over them, thus proving that the manifestations took place without the medium's intervention.

Behind the medium stood a table, on and about which were placed ten small dinner bells, a number of harmonicas, a large and a small drum, also a guitar, horn, drumsticks, &c., &c. An inmate of the house, Mr. Davis, played the piano, and when not so engaged rested his hands on the shoulder of a member of the circle. The folding doors that shut off the parlor, in which the seances were given, were securely fastened and sealed. Notwithstanding the seances were given in my own house, I took every precaution to preclude the possibility of collusion or human intervention. Six seances were given, all of which were very wonderful. I will relate a few of the many remarkable things that took place.

Immediately after the lights were extinguished, the different instruments were taken up, played upon in unison with the singing, and carried around the room. Large and small hands patted different persons on the head, face, and other parts of the body. While I am not certain of my father's presence, yet I felt what purported to be the hands of my father, sister, and friend; they shook, patted, and caressed me, as truthfully as though I had seen them. Combs were taken out of the ladies hair and exchanged. Watches were taken from the pockets of Mr. Knowles and myself. A glass thermometer that stood on the mantel-shelf, at least ten feet from the medium, was taken off and put on the table near her. Communications were written on slips of paper to those in the circle, and placed in their pockets. Spirit voices were heard in different parts of the room. A beautiful imitation of the "Bombardment of Sebastopol" was given on the drums. Also an imitation of the banjo on the guitar, and a very vivid imitation, on the same instrument, of the "Storm at Sea." Other beautiful and interesting phenomena too numerous to mention took place.

Although the "Storm at Sea" was very vivid and beautiful, you must not suppose for one moment that I was carried to sea. On the contrary, my attention was fixed on the medium. Even when the manifestations were at their height, I could detect no

perceptible cessation. The passes were kept going with a clock-like regularity.

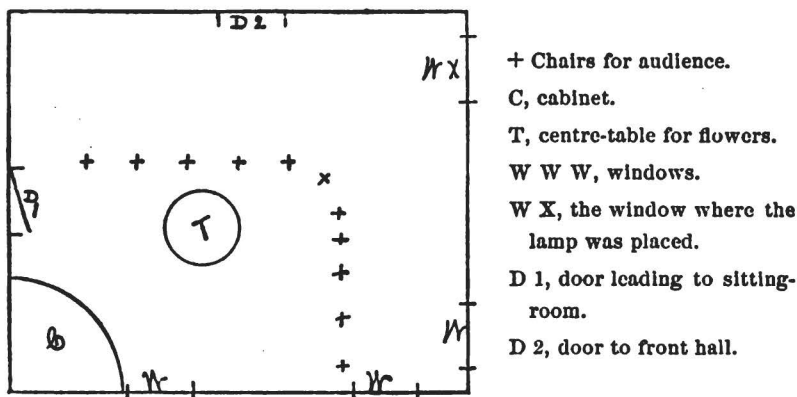
In a future number of this magazine we will give an interesting account of the medium's early experience with spiritualism.

### MATERIALIZATION.

Among the special investigations for *Facts* by the editor of this magazine none have proved more interesting than a dozen or more seances with Mrs. H. V. Ross, the medium, of Providence, R. I.

Her residence is an old-fashioned brick house, 172 South Main Street. The lower floor is used as a store. The entrance to her apartments is on the side, up a long flight of stone steps.

The annexed diagram shows the arrangement of the seance room.



The cabinet in front is formed of two black curtains suspended across the corner of the room, the linings hanging loosely against the walls, thus enabling everyone to examine the solid walls, floor, and ceiling. On one side is an outside brick wall, on the other is a plastered partition, back of which is a closet; all of which, including the store below, I have examined.

The door marked No. 1 is 18 inches from the cabinet, and is generally kept partially open for ventilation, the room being darkened by inside board blinds which exclude the air.

On the sill of the window marked W X the light is placed.

Door No. 2 is the entrance from the front hall, which is kept locked after the seances begin.

The wood work, which is painted white, causes the door and casings of No. 1 to be the lightest part of the room, and, being in front of the audience, all visible chance for confederates to enter without detection is beyond question. In fact, I have taken with me, at different times, from one to four persons with the understanding that they should assist me in watching, and all of them, **as well as many** others, from the greatest skeptic to the firmest believer, would testify with me that no one entered that door during the seance.

While we do not believe in the dogmatic rules of investigation which some of our more materialistic friends would lay down, we do believe in the best use of our senses, and the proper use of the powers at hand to investigate truthfully and honestly; and while we do not think it best to make conditions which would be unpleasant to the honor of the medium, we do believe that the same rules which hold good in the investigation of other branches of science will prove equally as advantageous in this. Therefore, while the man who does not want to know will find flaws with the manner of investigation which we have adopted, let him answer the question: Where do these living beings come from? The conditions prove conclusively that either a large number of people, who are all on the alert to detect fraud, are deceived, or that spirit forms, or at least human forms, do appear which were not in the room when the circle began. They may cavil over the conditions of the medium's dress, and what she might have concealed under her clothing, but it all amounts to nothing until you can explain where or what these spirit forms are, and when introduced into the cabinet, and with the conditions as shown. There can be only one way, and that through door No. 1, or else we must admit they are the production of some law outside of materialistic science; and until the question is settled, whence and who are these second forms? saying nothing of the first, who walk, talk, and act to all appearances like veritable human beings, we do not now consider it necessary to say anything about the dress of the medium, as she could not produce under the most favorable circumstances any one of these manifestations where

two living beings were present, as was the case where the medium came out with the second person, as she often did with her control, Bright Star, and shook hands with all in the circle; or as in the case of Bright Light, a little Indian maiden, not 5 feet high, and of slender form, with Miss Lizzie Hatch, formerly of Astoria, N. Y., a form which I measured as nearly as I could by another person who was not less than 5 feet 5 inches, and of beautiful form, while the medium, Mrs. Ross, is not nearly as tall as the one or as short as the other, and quite stout.

It will be impossible in the short space allotted to this article to give in detail a description of the hundreds of forms that have appeared under the observation of myself and friends. I will therefore only mention a few of the most prominent.

Mrs. Fales, formerly the wife of Mr. John R. Fales, of Pawtucket, R. I., has appeared frequently, walked out into the room, and talked with her husband, taking his arm and receiving from him flowers and other attentions.

My sister, Sarah, who passed away Dec. 2, 1881, materialized at several different seances. I recognized her perfectly. She was formerly librarian of the Methodist Book Concern, and assistant secretary of the Sunday School Union, 805 Broadway, New York.

These seances have been attended by many different people, not only of Providence but elsewhere,—among whom may be mentioned Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, 205 E. 36th St., New York, Mr. A. E. Newton, former editor of the *Two Worlds*, Mr. J. A. Shelhamer, of Boston, Mass., Professor Cadwell, the mesmerist, &c.

One and often two little children have come out at the same time, with and without older persons. A spirit appeared in full military costume, and was recognized as Col. Slocum, of this city. When standing before the audience, a lady not nearly as large as the medium, has walked out at the end of the cabinet to his side. Mr. L. Towne, an old jewelry manufacturer, of Providence, R. I., has frequently seen his two daughters at the same time.

On two occasions at least I asked the controlling spirit, Bright Star, to raise the curtain and show me where she put her confederates; in both cases this was immediately after two spirit forms had been seen; and about the close of the circle, calling

my dear Bro.

I know what you are writing, so

write your three few lines,

I am not wide enough

Yours

Independent writing, without pencil, inside of a block of writing paper.— See Page 145.



for more light, she immediately raised the curtains and linings, showing the bare walls, no one being seen in the cabinet.



MR. A. H. PHILLIPS.

At a sitting with Mr. Phillips last fall, my father, who died nearly 20 years ago, promised to give me a series of experiments with the medium which would not only be valuable for my own education but also for the *Facts* magazine, which I then intended to publish. Mr. Phillips accepted for some future date an invitation to visit my home in Providence, R. I., for this purpose, and although I cannot do justice to this question in the space at my disposal, I will give a few wonderful phenomena which have occurred.

Writing in a closed book was obtained under the most satisfactory conditions at a seance with this medium at Lake Pleasant last summer. The following words were written independently in my note-book: "Take this as a fact." It was my intention to have a cut made for this magazine, but as Mr. Phillips was at my house on Monday morning, the 12th of June, I thought it would be as well to try and get one that would make a better illustration, a similar writing. Without mentioning what I desired to Mr. Phillips, I asked him if he would like to sit with me this morning. He answered: "I never sit before breakfast." With that he went up stairs again, but presently came down with his two slates in hand.

We sat at a table that stood in the middle of the room. We cleaned the two slates, and then placed one over the other. I then put a book and block of writing paper on the table, and mentally asked the spirits if they would write in them.

The medium's hand was controlled to write: "We know what you want, and will try to give it to you."

The medium was then influenced to place one slate on each book. We put our hands on them and soon heard writing. After they had finished we opened the book, but found no writing, but in the centre of the pad we found the communication. [See illustration on opposite page.]

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The next experiment [see illustration opposite page 149, signed Epes S.] was obtained under similar circumstances. This time we put the book in the drawer of a little table, and placed our hands upon it. We heard the writing going on as in the other case. These experiments were given under the most rigid and incontrovertible conditions in bright daylight.

#### CHINESE WRITING.

This writing was obtained in my presence and under the following conditions: I paid the medium a visit about the middle of Nov., 1881; he was then located 1044 at Washington Street, Boston, Mass. At a previous sitting the spirit, purporting to be my father, promised me writing on slates in a language unknown to the medium. There were three slates on the table. We carefully examined them. There was no writing on them. We then placed them together, and held them in our hands. We could hear the writing take place; after a short interval we heard the signal raps; we then opened the slates and found writing on the middle slate, as seen in illustration on front page. I took the slates to several Chinamen, but they could only interpret a few words. I then thought of the Chinese students at Hartford, Conn., and wrote to my friend Miss Ellen Burr, of that city, asking her to submit it to them, and received the following reply:—

“HARTFORD, June 17, 1882.

Dear friend, I have been unavoidably delayed in attending to your communication. I am now able to send the result. I submitted it to Kwong Ki Chin, a finely educated Chinese, and late a member of the Chinese Educational Mission to this country. As you are probably aware, the Chinese government withdrew this mission a year or two ago, owing to the misrepresentations of a bigoted member of the commission who was sent here a year or two ago; but owing to the influence of Yung Wing, of Hartford, and now in China, it is announced that the Chinese government is about to send fifty more to this country to be educated. I believe they are now on the way. Hartford will probably have its share of them.

Kwong Ki Chin says this communication was written by a highly educated person,—one who understood both Japanese and Chinese; and that he has sprinkled the Japanese so thickly through the writing that he can translate only detached sentences. He says he himself never learnt Japanese, but that it is

frequently the case among his educated countrymen to learn both languages, and mix the two together in their writing. I enclose the detached sentences he made out. If you do not care for this picture I will retain it for a while, and when the other educated Chinese come, as they probably will, I will show it to them, and they may be able to read the whole of it. But if you wish it now, let me know and I will return it.

I forgot to say that Kwong Ki Chin is the author of a very original dictionary, published last year by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, for the benefit of his countrymen,—“A Dictionary of English phrases with illustrative sentences.” It is written in English, and contains English colloquialisms, proverbs, slang phrases, and their explanation, with a good deal of information on the Chinese dynasties, and a biographical sketch of Confucius, and one of Jesus. It is really a unique dictionary, and one that I enjoy reading.

I should really like to know the name of the medium through whom you got this communication, and the circumstances under which you obtained it.

Yours truly,

FRANCES ELLEN BURR.

TRANSLATION OF CHINESE WRITING

See page 63  
 . . . . labor the mind (or exercise, or develop the mind),  
 . . . . exert your strength through a . . . . your property. You  
 should remember that you are now living for the middle age of  
 life. In youth you are laborious. Everywhere a person lives  
 . . . . many . . . . middle age . . . . all business.  
 Nine                      also                      five.

SLATE-WRITING WITHOUT PENCIL.

To the Editor of *The Two Worlds*:

While at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, I visited all the mediums for physical manifestations, but found none so interesting as the phenomena that took place in the presence of A. H. Phillips, the independent slate-writing medium.

I bought two common slates (such as are used by school children), and sought an interview with him. I found him engaged, and had to wait half an hour before he was at liberty. I walked into his room just as the other victim walked out, thus preventing him from putting his invisible paraphernalia in working order.

I seated myself at a large table that stood in the middle of the floor. The medium sat opposite. There were two large-sized

slates, several blank sheets of paper, and some pencils lying upon it. He took up his slates to clean them; but I informed him that I had provided myself with two of my own slates for the invisibles to write on. I pulled them from under my coat and held them up in view. The sight of them did not seem to awe him in the least, for with *sang froid* he bade me hold them in my own hands. "Perhaps they will write for you without my contact."

Presently, loud raps were heard on the table, floor, walls,—in fact, in any place the medium would designate. After a short interval, I heard a mysterious noise going on between the slates. It did not sound like direct writing, but resembled more the tick of a watch.

It suddenly ceased. Then came three distinct raps, indicating that the delicate task was completed. On opening the slates, we found both sides covered with writing, purporting to come from my deceased son. Although the communication was of a pertinent nature, it did not resemble his writing. But the signature, which was written just the reverse, was a perfect *fac simile*.

How did the writing get on the slates? They never left my hands. I was an entire stranger to the medium, and it was done in the broad daylight.

There was no possible way to account for it, unless it be under the hypothesis of mesmerism, hypnotism, or some other ism. Any ism you please. But for heaven's sake do not call it spiritism! It would never do. The world does not want such facts. For one fact is of more value than all the arguments of the sciolistic materialist.

But to return to facts. "George, if it is really you, give me the name that I called you by when on earth." The medium's hand was instantly controlled to write "Bob." Bob was correct. But, of course, that would have easily been filched from my mind by the medium; nothing more simple. A chair, that had hitherto remained a silent looker on, began to evince some uneasiness; for, without any apparent assistance, it attempted to climb onto the table. But after several ineffectual attempts, it fell to the floor discomfited. I did not pay much attention to that experiment, because it could easily and naturally be attributed to "odie force." Odie force explains it all! It causes those myste-





Independent writing, without pencil, inside of a blank book, placed in a table drawer.— See Page 146.



Independent slate-writing, without pencil, on exposed surface.— See Page 149.

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rious concussions. It can produce direct writing between two closed slates,—tell when, where, and how your deceased friends passed away,—in fact, explain satisfactorily everything of a phenomenal nature!

I again paid the medium a visit. This time found him at 1044 Washington St., Boston. I will not enter into details; suffice it to say that it was all very satisfactory to me. But there was one experiment that does not often take place, and which has settled the question of independent writing to my satisfaction. I asked the medium if they ever wrote on the exposed surface of the slate. "Only on three occasions," he answered; "perhaps they will write for you in that way." He placed a slate on the table nearest to me; it was clean and dry. I did not for a moment think that I was about to see writing take place under my eyes, so you can just imagine my astonishment at seeing the letters form (without any contact) on the exposed side of the slate. It seemed as though a finger was being used to trace the letters. The medium said he saw the finger, I did not. I took up the slate and found the word "George" ["Yes, yes," were answers to mental questions] had been written [see *fac simile* of writing on opposite page]. I looked up at the medium; his hair did not stand on end as did mine. I gazed around the room, everything looked perfectly natural. I arose, tremblingly paid the damages, and then sought the open air. As I dreamily wended my way homeward, I could not but think that Hamlet must have had a similar experience when he said: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

A. P. BARNES,

712 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Experience of Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan, and Hon. J. S. Sullivan, of New York, as printed in the *Banner of Light*:—

"In your paper of June 5th, you published an account of some splendid manifestations of psychography in Latin, French, Italian, and English, and in some unknown oriental characters, in the presence of the medium A. H. Phillips, at 133 West 36th St., New York, as witnessed by us under perfect test conditions.

"We have since held another seance with the medium on the

14th of June. It presented nothing very remarkable except one phenomenon, which was new and extraordinary indeed.

"We had placed two well cleaned slates joined together under a chair, distant some six or seven feet from where we sat,—the medium and ourselves. A piece of white paper had been placed between them, in the hope that it would be written upon, as had been the case at our anterior seance. As before, there was no pencil. After a while we opened them, but found nothing written either on the paper or on the slates. I then removed the paper, and restored the joined slates to their position under the chair. The medium at no time approached them. We then sat for some twenty minutes, or thereabout, conversing with the spirits through questions which would be answered by raps, or by rapid writing, through the hand of the medium. At last I took up the slates, when we were astonished to find no writing between them, but a *large green leaf* [see illustration opposite this page], and that leaf covered all over with *large Chinese* characters. They seemed to have been made by some sort of reddish-brown pigment, applied with great delicacy and perfection of drawing, as though with a fine camel's-hair brush by a veritable expert. Examined under a microscope, the characters seemed to have been the work of a most skillful expert. We asked from whom this writing had proceeded, and laid the slates together for a reply. The answer, in distinct English characters, 'Confucius.' Dr. Buchanan, after consultation between us, took the leaf to get it photographed, and the Chinese characters translated. A couple of days after he wrote me that the attempt at photography had failed to produce the characters, or more than a slight trace of some of them, by reason of the combination of the colors of the dark letters on the dark-green ground, but that he had secured the leaf under glass in a frame. He had shown it to some intelligent Japanese, who at once translated the inscription as follows: 'The doctrine of Christ is in the centre of our true heart, and not the external ornament.' This is what might well have been written by the spirit of Confucius, even in the acceptance of those who disbelieve or doubt the individual personality of Christ, but regard his 'doctrine,' or the doctrine ascribed to him, as an emanation from what they term 'the Christ spirit.'"



Independent writing on a green leaf, between two Slates.— See Page 150.



## VERY RAPID WRITING BACKWARDS.

At a subsequent seance, Mr. O. Sullivan witnessed another phenomenon which he regarded as quite unique. We, too, have never heard of it before. It was that of a large foolscap page of paper closely written over with his own hand of the flesh, and written backward and upward (that is to say, from the bottom right-hand corner up to the top left-hand corner, or from what may be the south-east corner up to the north-west one,—the reverse of this being the ordinary direction of writing) in less than two minutes, and in languages unknown to the medium,—Spanish and Latin,—whereas the same number of words in English could not be written in the ordinary way, by one of the most rapid writers, in less than twenty minutes. He and Dr. B. had taken their seats at the small round table, the medium being opposite them, so that the operation was within two or three feet from their observant eyes, when the latter suddenly snatched a sheet of paper and pencil, and began to write backward and upward as above stated. But he seemed to be drawing only straight lines backward, nor had they any idea of finding them to contain anything legible, or any letters at all. When he had got to the north-west corner of the sheet, the medium threw it from him. They both concurred in estimating the time consumed as under two minutes. On examining the paper closely it proved to contain the last chapter of the Book of Revelation, in Spanish, with about half of the long old monkish Latin hymn, the “Dies Irae,” intercalated in about the middle of it. The letters were small, upright, and perfectly legible, proving that the pencil in the medium’s fingers had really traced all the successive up and down strokes, though to the closely observant eyes of the watchers it had seemed to be making only straight lines backwards. On his return home Mr. O. Sullivan set the most rapid writer he knows to the task of doing her best and quickest to write the Lord’s Prayer in the ordinary way, and watched her pen as it flew over the up and down as well as forward strokes of the process. Timing this operation by the watch, then counting the words in the Lord’s Prayer, next counting the words in the first few lines of the foolscap page, and then multiplying the average pen line by the number of lines in the page, he ascertained that if the contents of that page

had been written forward in the ordinary way, without an instant's pause, and with the utmost possible rapidity, it would have required about twenty minutes; and yet they had seen it done, as described above, in less than two.

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### MRS. ALLEN.

Accompanied by my wife, I attended a materializing seance last night, May 31, 1882, at 268 Washington St., Providence, R. I., given by Mrs. Allen, a recently developed medium. There were twelve persons present, including Mr. and Mrs. Allen.

The cabinet was simply one corner of the parlor, across which from one wall to the corner of a chimney there hung dark curtains, opening in the centre. There was no mortal in the cabinet except the medium.

I was informed that, at a previous seance, Mr. L. Towne, of Providence, had measured the feet of a materialized spirit, and had brought her a pair of No. 3 slippers to wear whenever she came out of the cabinet. One of the forms that came out last night claimed to be the one whose feet had been measured. By permission, my wife and myself put the slippers on her feet, and she playfully kicked them off two or three times for us to put on again. They were at least half a size too large. I asked her to stand up, and as she did so the top of her head came even with my shoulder.

The next form that came out was about my own height, and by permission we tried to put those slippers on her feet, but could not as they were two or three sizes too small. The spirit said to us that she wore a number six and a half shoe while in the earth life, and I think she did. A spirit that Mr. Towne recognized as his daughter came out and allowed us to put the slippers on her feet. They fitted perfectly. Several other forms emerged from the cabinet during the evening. The last one claimed to be Miss Lizzie Hatch, of Astoria, N. Y. She was an inch taller than myself, and by request came and sat down in a chair between my wife and I, a distance of about eight feet from the cabinet. Mrs. Cadwell put a slipper on one of her feet and I put on the other; they fitted as if they were made for her. After

the medium came out of the cabinet, we tried to put them on her feet, but could not, as they were full two sizes small.

Before Miss Hatch returned to the cabinet, she held out her hands for us to see that she had nothing in them, and commenced a series of motions, when some one remarked that she was weaving lace. I watched her very closely, and am of the opinion that the lace was brought from another locality in a very mysterious manner; she certainly did not have it in her hands when she extended them for us to examine. The lace that she handed me was about a foot square, and has every appearance of having been made by mortal hands. One thing I do know, the spirit or lady who sat down for us to put the slippers on her feet stood up beside me as she handed me the lace, put off the slippers, and entered the cabinet.

Yes, I believe that material angels talked with Abraham on the far away plains of Palestine.

J. W. CADWELL.

We, the undersigned, were present, and tried the slippers on the feet of the spirit forms at Mr. Cadwell's request, and certify that the above statements are substantially correct: Wm. Foster, jr., 50 Battery St., L. Towne, 129 Pine St., George Byrne, and Patrick Bourke, all of Providence, R. I.

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#### MR. J. WM. FLETCHER.

On Tuesday evening, May 9th, accompanied by my wife, we attended the regular social meeting at room 4, Slade's Block, expecting to meet a medium by the name of Emerson, who was announced the Sunday previous as expected to be present. On entering the hall we were disappointed at not seeing Mr. Emerson but Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher on the platform instead.

As we were tired of a discussion which had arisen, we retired before any tests were presented, but were informed afterward that a sister of my wife came, giving her name, and was recognized by a former neighbor of ours. That sister died in 1862, and has never before reported to us.

The following Tuesday evening, the 16th, we were again present. Mr. Fletcher, the medium, while giving proofs and descrip-

tions of spirit presence, said: "I see a man standing by a bench or table; and spread out before him I see a lot of shoes, or a great many of them; I get the name Russell,—Daniel Russell,—he comes to some one in the audience, *yes*, he says, he comes to *two* individuals. I get the names Thomas and Phœbe Howland (spelling it). There are several others with him, one a lady, I think I have seen her before,—am not sure. I get the name of Eliza R., it is not Russell,—I get it now, it is Richards (the same one that came the week before, T. G. H.). **This man says he comes for a purpose, and the influence** is so strong I would like to **know** if it is recognized."

I rose up and said: "I recognize it. Daniel Russell was the father of my wife, who is present with me. My name is Thomas G. Howland, and my wife's name is Phœbe. Daniel Russell was a shoe-maker and the father of a large family, who probably made use of a great supply besides the public demand. Eliza W. Richards is his daughter."

Mr. Fletcher thanked me for the recognition, and said he was "impressed that Mr. Russell had been gone a long time, is it so?" I said thirty-four years, but on second thought remembered that he had been gone thirty-seven years. Mr. F., repeating: "Thirty-four years, why that was four years before I was born, so I could not have taken it from some *newspaper*, as it is said by some persons that facts come to me in that way."

We consider this one of the best tests in our experience of 25 years, especially when it is considered that we had never spoken to Mr. Fletcher before, and had never seen him until last week.

THOMAS G. HOWLAND.

Providence, R. I.

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### MR. J. WM. FLETCHER.

On Tuesday evening, April 18th, at a spiritualist reception held in Slade Building, Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher gave the following description:—

"I see before me a pile of papers. Now I see some men in an office with books and papers. They seem to be engaged in conversation about some property; it seems to be a large amount. I now see the name of Cedar Grove, and the names of Thomas

and Franklin Monroe. They seem to be brothers. Then there comes before me an aged person, representing to be the father of the two referred to, and I hear these words: 'Be charitable to Franklin, as he is your brother.' I now hear these words: 'It will all be settled in the morning.' "

Dr. Thomas Mouroe recognized the circumstances, and said there had been a law suit about the property, but he did not expect it would be settled before Saturday. It was, however, closed the next day, as Mr. Fletcher stated it would be.

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### MR. WM. EGLINTON,

Of London, England.

Mr. Editor, at your request, I furnish you the following account of a materializing seance, held at the residence of Mr. Daniel Farrar, of Boston, in the spring of 1881, by the well-known European medium, Wm. Eglinton, in the presence of a select company of intelligent ladies and gentlemen. An extended report of the seance was printed in the columns of the *Banner of Light* at the time,—the seance having been held expressly for representatives of that paper,—but as doubtless it will reach a number of individuals through the pages of your journal, who may never have seen it in print before, I think that a brief recital of the *facts* of spirit manifestation, as related to me by my sister, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the *Banner of Light* medium, who was present on that occasion, may prove of interest to your readers.

During the progress of the seance mentioned, various manifestations of spirit power were given, such as the speaking of an independent voice through a paper tube provided for the purpose, the winding of two heavy musical boxes by invisible hands, playing several bars of the music to which the boxes were set. At the request of parties present, the musical boxes floating over the table and around the heads of the sitters, etc. During the latter part of the evening, materializations of spirit forms began to appear, and it is of this particular phase of mediumship in connection with Mr. Eglinton that I wish to speak. On the occasion referred to the medium was seated in a large arm-chair between two ladies,—one of whom was my sister,—and from the

time that the spirits announced their determination to "materialize" until the close of the sitting, these ladies, and indeed all the members of the circle, could distinctly hear the sonorous breathing of the deeply-entranced instrument, thus attesting to his whereabouts every moment of the time.

Presently, after singing by the sitters, various faces, male and female, which were illuminated by a very soft, white light, began to appear and float over to the different individuals in the apartment. One of these forms, consisting of head and shoulders, the face evidently that of a young lady, the features partially distinct, the eyes closed, floated from the ceiling downward towards my sister, and continued so to advance until it had dissolved or disappeared into nothingness in her lap. But the crowning manifestation of the evening was that of the appearance of one of Mr. Eglinton's spirit guides, who suddenly appeared hovering over the centre of the large table around which the company was seated. The form was plainly distinct, clothed in a mass of white drapery; the hands, every finger of which was plainly visible, were folded, yet clasping a peculiar-shaped lamp, from which seemed to emanate the clear, refulgent light which illuminated the entire form. The head and face of this apparition, being strongly outlined against the darkness of the room, could not possibly be mistaken for that of anyone present, so commanding, so impressive, so benign, were the features in expression, as well as so symmetrical in contour, that it was impossible to believe it other than a manifestation of spirit power. A massive beard of heavy black adorned the lower part of the face of this figure, while the lofty brow was surmounted by a turban of some fleecy white substance; for a moment or two the form hovered in mid air, between the table and the ceiling, then slowly arose to the ceiling of the apartment, as slowly descended to the table, once more arose, floated apparently over the heads of the sitters, and disappeared.

The manifestations of which I have written occurred in a darkened room, but during the progress of the sitting, and while the gas was burning bright enough for the individuals present to note all that was taking place, a card was written upon under the following circumstances: the medium requested Mr. Farrar to select any book he might choose from the volumes in the apart-

ment, to take any one card from a pile of blank paste-boards upon the table, mutilate it as he might desire for future identification, place the card in the book, lay the whole upon the table, and rest one of the heavy music-boxes upon all. This programme was carried out to the letter, and then, with all eyes resting upon the table, with a light sufficiently strong to disclose the fact that not a hand touched the box, or the book beneath it, the scratching of a pencil was clearly heard, and, in a few moments, in response to a faint tap, indicating that the writing was finished, investigation disclosed the card covered on both sides with a finely-written communication purporting to come from the spirit son of Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, the host and hostess of the evening. Taking the jagged corner of the card, which he had previously torn off, from his pocket, Mr. Farrar fitted it into the mutilated corner of the written card, thus proving it to be the same piece of paste-board which a few moments before had been placed in the book with both sides perfectly blank. On comparison, Mr. and Mrs. F. became satisfied that the hand-writing on the card was identical with the former writing of their son, some of which they had in their possession.

DR. J. A. SHELHAMER.

8½ Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

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### MRS. MARY B. THAYER.

Mr. Whitlock, I would gladly add my testimony regarding the mediumship of Mrs. Mary B. Thayer, whom I have known both privately and publicly as a flower medium eight years or more. I can truly say that she is the best *physical* medium I have ever met. In one instance I had invited her to dine at our house, there being present my husband, two sons, and a lady friend whom I had invited to dine also, the time being 5 p.m. Before the appointed seance hour (which was 8 p.m.), I requested Mrs. Thayer to come with me to my bedroom for the purpose of bearing an examination. She removed all her clothing, every article of which I examined, and I was certain that there was nothing upon her person. I then took her to our library where the family were gathered together, waiting for our return. The

room had been darkened, as I had learned that a room quite dark brings much better manifestations. We had been sitting nearly a half hour when the gas was lighted, and there upon the table was a beautiful bird, many flowers, and several ferns. This was a grand test of spirit power during this seance; loud raps and knockings could be heard all about and around the room. One peculiar thing, of which I had almost forgotten to speak, is this: *always* before any flowers came, a breeze so refreshing goes around the circle, bringing with it a most delicious fragrance of flowers. At another time Mrs. Thayer was visiting at our house for a few weeks; one evening, at a late hour, we suggested that she should give us a little seance, but said she would rather not. However, upon urging it very much, she consented to try, *but she knew the weather was too stormy* for any manifestations. I had forgotten to say that Col. H. S. Olcott was stopping at my house during Mrs. Thayer's visit. We went to the library, sat around a table which was placed in the centre of the room. We sat some little time without any apparent manifestation. I then suggested that our spirit friends would bring from my own garden a lily (at that time I had a bed of very choice lilies). The words were hardly out of my mouth when came the beautiful odor of flowers, the gas was lighted, and there was the lily,—from my garden we supposed,—but to satisfy ourselves, we took a lantern and went out in the rain to the garden; we found the stalk from which the lily had been twisted, and upon examination found that the lily corresponded with the stem, and had it been broken china could have been easily glued into form again. These are only two instances of her wonderful powers of mediumship. I have had flowers brought to me in the glare of the noon-day sun, and I am positive that Mrs. Thayer could not by any manner of means do these wonderful things herself. I have seen manifestations of a physical character, of which I will speak at another time,

Yours for the cause of spiritualism, truth, and right,

MRS. CHARLES HOUGHTON.

Houghton Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.

## MR. DAVENPORT

4 Bond St., Boston (father of the Davenport boys).

In 1857 I became acquainted with a gentleman from Canada, by the name of Utley. He came to my home in Buffalo, N. Y., and told me he was a magnetic physician. He said that, a short time previously, at a spiritual circle in Canada, an entranced old lady told him that he was a magnetic doctor. He did not even know the definition of the term magnetic. That was the first circle he had ever attended. She told him there was a lady present suffering from a severe headache, and that he could relieve her by putting his hands on her head. He did so, and at once the pain left her head. This awarded a diploma. He at once closed up his business and went to Cleveland, where, for six months, he had extraordinary success in healing. He came next to Buffalo, and I got a place for him. The first that came for healing was a lady. He told her he was not accustomed to diagnose disease, but would try. He told her at once that she had a snake in her stomach. Immediately he proved his diagnosis correct by removing the reptile by manipulations. He did by magnetism what the physical doctors had been unable to accomplish with drugs. He asked me one day to introduce him in the Western States. I did so, and in Columbus he removed an ovarian tumor as large as a water pail. It had baffled the skill of all the doctors there. We next went to Painesville, Ohio; and, while there, I thought it would be a wise plan to treat, free of charge, the poor every morning. For this purpose we obtained from a colored botanic physician a hall. The way the people flocked in, some on crutches, some on canes, was like a general training day. The cures were seven out of every ten, which was a very high rank. The papers published in that town spoke very degradingly of us. They stated that we came to profane the name of Jesus Christ. I made a call at the editor's office, and asked him if he was not ashamed of himself. He again said we came to desecrate the name of Christ. I replied: "Not at all; we have not named him." I invited them to come to the hall and see for themselves what we did. They came; and, while there, a young man came in. Dr. Utley sprang up, took hold of him, and cured him. My business was to diagnose the disease.

The next that came was a woman leading a little girl. I went up to her, and found that the girl had not seen for sixteen years. I thought: Well, he can't do anything for her, and it will be bad for us to have a failure before these editors. But I saw Dr. Utley beckoning us to come forward. The woman said she had been treated by all the doctors in the county. The editor said he knew this girl. She was totally blind. Dr. Utley went to the table, dipped his thumbs in water, and then placed them upon her eyes; and, in four and a half minutes of manipulation, he restored sight to eyes that had not seen for sixteen years, so that she was able to read readily. Very soon after a boy came in leading an Irishman. I went and examined the patient. I came to the same conclusion as before, that it would be bad for us to touch the case. So I shook my head again to Dr. Utley; but he raised his eyes to heaven, and bowed to me to bring him forward. This man had not seen for seven years. Again the editors declared this case to be a true one. The doctor told me to place my hand upon his head. He manipulated him five minutes, when the man looked up and said: "I can tell the color of that handkerchief,"—the result of five minutes' work. At this the editors arose and said "that is enough." Their next paper confirmed what they had stated. Our next case was to heal a palsied lady brought to us in a sleigh. The doctor went up to her, and in fifteen minutes she arose and walked down stairs, got into the sleigh, and went home cured.

A deacon of the Baptist Church, who had fallen from a scaffold three months previously, and whose lower extremities were paralyzed, sought us. He had been treated by all the doctors in Zanesville. Finally, his minister, a young man named Sharpe, recommended him to come to us. When his wife came and spoke to me of the case, I said: "We are spiritual doctors; you do not want us." She replied: "I do n't care what you are, if you can cure him." We went down to the house. The doctor gave a glance at the man, and asked me to take hold of his feet. He manipulated him, and in twenty minutes the man got up and walked all over the house.

These cures called my attention to healing by the laying on of hands. It is the only true system, and the only scientific one.

## NOT MIND-READING.

While visiting one rainy day in Boston with a friend of mine, who is a medium (but who, on account of her family, objects to having her name published), was controlled by a spirit calling himself Ichabod, and said to me: "You go up a stream and through a long tunnel, the longest in this country." "Is it Hoosac tunnel?" I asked. "Yes, on the other side, at some distance, there is a train off the track, twenty cars are almost entirely ruined, one engine is off the track, and the engineer or fireman is injured." The following day was printed in the *Springfield Daily Republican* an account of a collision of two freight trains, the circumstances being the same as Ichabod had described.

The same day Ichabod said he saw a steamer on the rocks, and read the word "Island," and near by a bluff. That morning, the steamer *R. Island*, of the New York and Providence line, was wrecked. The same day he described a woman, her age and peculiarities, her death, and weeping friends around her; the next morning I received a letter informing me of the death of the one described. The same day Ichabod described another railroad accident on the Fitchburg route, east of Hoosac tunnel, which was also published the following morning. Owing to its being a rainy day, and having several letters to write, I did not go out of the house, or see the papers, therefore was not apprised of any of these accidents, thus proving positively that it was not mind-reading.

L. L. WHITLOCK.

Providence, R. I.

## SMITH CRADLE-ROCKING.

We quote the following from a book entitled "The Clock Struck One," by Rev. Samuel Watson, a Methodist preacher:—

"This is one of the most remarkable and best authenticated phenomena of its kind on record. It occurred in 1840, in Lynchburg, at the residence of the late William A. Smith, D.D., for many years president of Randolph College, Macon.

No. 2

"In that year he was pastor of Lynchburg church. An empty cradle in his house was seen rocking of its own accord. It continued its motion for an hour. The next day it commenced rocking at the same time, kept it up and stopped as on the day before. Thus it continued daily for over a month.

"Many intelligent citizens and ministers witnessed this wonderful affair, and made repeated efforts to solve the mystery without success. It was moved to different parts of the room without any change in its behavior. It was removed to other apartments in the dwelling with the same result. It was taken to pieces, and each part scrutinized and refitted, yet there was no change in its motion."

"The Methodist clergy selected one of their number to hold the cradle, and prevent, if possible, its movement. The Rev. Dr. Penn, one of the purest men of his time, was chosen for this purpose. While it was rocking, he grasped it. It wrenched itself from his grasp. He seized it more firmly. The timbers cracked, and the cradle would have been broken in the struggle to release itself had he not loosened his hold.

"It was not further hindered in its daily exercise. After thirty or more days it stopped, and never commenced again."

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### MRS. HOWES.

M. A. Howes, 153 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass.

Two years ago, at Lake Pleasant, a lady of my acquaintance called on a clairvoyant, with whom I was acquainted also, for a medical examination. The medium looked her over carefully, finally came to a lump in her breast. The lady asked her if it was a cancer, as she feared it might be. The medium told her no, but there was an old rusty needle with the point broken off in there, and if she wanted her to get it out she would. The lady said most certainly, if it was there, but would not believe it. The medium worked until she softened the lump, and pushed the needle up in sight, then still in deep trance went to a friend's tent, got a pair of pliers, went back, and pulled it out to the astonishment of all. The medium's name is Miss Abbie Derby, 33 Coral St., the lady's name is Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, Welling-

ton St., both of Worcester. Mrs. Willard, Mrs. K. R. Stiles, and myself all saw the needle. I know all the parties, and know them to be reliable persons.

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### DR. J. R. NEWTON,

Boston, Mass.

In the year of 1875, Mrs. R. C. Filmore, residing on Fountain St., Providence, R. I., was stricken with partial paralysis, and was a great sufferer from a complication of diseases. Her physicians told her she would not be able to leave her bed for three years; and preparations were made to take her to a private hospital, which was then in charge of Mrs. Dr. Smalley.

Mr. F. Hacker, a friend of hers, proposed to consult Dr. Newton, of Boston, and see if he could do anything for her. He did so, and Dr. Newton's answer was: "I will go and see her. Have her clothes all ready to put on, for I shall take her out to walk with me before I leave."

I will here state that the lady had not been dressed, or even been able to have her bed made, for six weeks, so great were her sufferings.

The doctor left Boston that same day, arriving in Providence about 6 p.m., went to the house as directed, and, without waiting for even an introduction, took off his coat and went to work. He made a few passes over her, then placed his hand under her back, rubbing the spinal column, and saying to her: "Rise." She did so, apparently without any great effort. Then he threw back the bed clothing and made a few passes over her limbs and spine, and said: "Swing yourself round, and drop your feet on the floor." She did as directed; then, after making a few more passes over her, he said: "Stand up and walk." She arose to her feet, walked to the parlor and back again, tottering like a child, so feeble were her steps. After another series of manipulations she walked the same distance again, apparently as well as ever. He then told her daughter, who was present, to put on her clothes, and he would take her out to walk with him. She was dressed, and went down one flight of stairs without any assistance. He then offered her his arm, and together with her

daughter and other friends who were present, they walked to the residence of Mr. F. Hacker, Westminster St., a distance of two blocks, from where she started. All this had been done in a little more than an hour from the time Dr. Newton first saw her. He then returned to Boston, leaving her to spend the evening with her friends, and go home without him, which she did without any difficulty, but could not be persuaded to sleep in the same bed she had formerly occupied, but, taking another, rested very comfortably. The next day she walked out again, made several calls, and the day following went to Boston, and called on her son, who was so astounded to see her there that he made the remark: "She *must* be insane."

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### J. FRANK BAXTER.

A description of spirit presence as given by J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass., at room 4, Slade Building, Tuesday evening, May 23, 1882, was fully recognized.

"A spirit comes and impresses me with his name, but desires it at present suppressed, as to mention it will rouse questions and force disturbance to any further demonstration. He would have me say that, although many have censured and judged, he came with no ill will or malice, and would not, as he did not, blame one single individual. He gives his name as Wm. J. Reed, foreman of the pattern shop at Corliss Steam Engine Co., Providence, R. I., died April 16, 1877, having taken a dose of morphia instead of quinine, by the mistake of a druggist in putting up a doctor's prescription."

All Correspondence should be addressed to L. L. WHITLOCK, Editor,  
Post-Office, Box 3539, Boston.

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# FACTS;

## A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

of facts that prove the truth of spirit power; also a compilation of those special phenomena which prove the truth of an intelligence back of material which uses and controls matter.

That these mysterious things have occurred in all ages will be admitted. The scientist has never explained them; the ignorant have been afraid of them, and the superstitious have given the devil the credit for wonderful things of great intelligence.

Our intention is not to tell why these things exist, but only to relate what each one claims to have known, and from this to let every person decide what is the truth.

Your hearty co-operation, readers, will greatly aid us in our efforts in this direction; and we shall be obliged if you will give us anything you may have seen, and ask others to do the same.

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