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SEPTEMBER, 1882.

[No. 3.



FACTS

**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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CONTENTS, No. 3.

- ILLUSTRATION.—Maud Lord, frontispiece.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.—Editorial, 165.
SPEECH ON Facts and Theories by Edward S. Wheeler, at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, 167.
EARLY Life and Experiences of Mrs. Maud Lord, 223.
APPEARANCE OF PERSONS SUPPOSED TO BE LIVING.—Mr. W. H. Vosburgh, 191; Mr. C. C. Feelham, 194; Mrs. Helen Palmer, 258.
CLAIRVOYANCE.—Dr. H. P. Fairfield, 213; Mr. William Gardner, 218; Mr. Fred. Haslam, 221; Mrs. Helen Palmer, 258; Capt. C. A. Greenleaf, 266; Dr. F. L. H. Willis, 267; Mrs. C. L. Saxon, 270; Mr. J. S. Dodge, 296; Mr. F. H. Jones, 299.
DEMATERIALIZATION.—Dr. S. J. Chesebrough, 236; Dr. Joseph Beals, 272; Dr. Hammond, 273; Rev. A. B. Smith, 278.
DO ANIMALS SEE SPIRITS?—Prof. J. W. Cadwell, 215.
TESTS, DREAMS, VISIONS, PROPHECIES, AND WARNINGS.—Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., 182; Mr. J. G. Meugens, 178, 185, 186; Mr. George A. Bacon, 186; Mr. W. H. Vosburgh, 191; Mrs. W. S. Boyd, 194; Mr. John Brotherson, 177; Mr. J. M. Roberts, 183; Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, 193; Dr. Silas J. Chesebrough, 197; Mrs. Drew, 199; Mr. A. M. Stoddard, 199; Mrs. Ellen M. Bowles, 208; Mr. Samuel Sedgwick, 210; Dr. H. P. Fairfield, 213; Mr. B. F. Knight, 214; Mr. David Jones, 216; Mr. William Gardner, 218; Mr. Fred. Haslam, 221; Mrs. Dr. Johnson, 234; Mr. I. W. Manning, 234; Mr. A. P. Barnes, 235; Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood, 241; Mr. Weaver, 248; Mrs. Elizabeth Cronk, 250; Mrs. E. L. Saxon, 251; Dr. Juliette Severance, 256; Mr. J. M. Roberts, 257; Mrs. Helen Palmer, 258; Dr. H. B. Storer, 262; Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood, 264; Capt. C. A. Greenleaf, 266; Mrs. C. L. Saxon, 270; Prof. J. W. Cadwell, 272, 298; Dr. Joseph Beals, 272; Mr. Stowe, 274; Dr. Russell, 274; Mr. J. Homer Artemus, 275; Mrs. Hattie E. Carr, 275; Mrs. M. S. Wood, 277; Rev. H. B. Smith, 278; Mr. A. C. Robinson, 286; Mrs. M. J. Whitney, 288; Samuel McCleary, 290; Mr. J. S. Dodge, 296; Mr. F. H. Jones, 299; Mr. F. H. Habbitt, 307; Mrs. Emma J. Huff, 308.
EARTH-BOUND SPIRITS.—Prof. W. W. Clayton, 248; Mr. Weaver, 248.
HEALING AND SURGERY.—Mr. P. H. Weaver, 198; Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., 198; Mr. B. F. Knight, 214; Mrs. Lulu Ransom, 303.
INDEPENDENT WRITING.—Mr. Frederick Haslam, 182; Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., 182; Mr. J. G. Meugens, 185; Mr. A. H. Phillips, with illustration, 203; Mr. David Jones, 216; Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., 222; Prof. Henry Kiddle, with illustration, 283; Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood, 241; Dr. R. W. Sour, 244; Mrs. E. L. Saxon, 251; Dr. H. B. Storer, 262; Capt. C. A. Greenleaf, 266; Samuel McCleary, 290; Mr. William Flemming, 294; Mr. F. H. Jones, 299; Mr. Hart, 299; Prof. W. W. Clayton, 300; Mrs. Emma J. Huff, 308; S. B. Nichols, 315.
MATERIALIZATION.—Mr. John Brotherson, 177; Mr. A. M. Stoddard, 200; Walter Howell, 201; Mr. Samuel Sedgwick, 210; Mr. Henry Sherburne, 211; Mr. David Jones, 216; Mr. William Gardner, 218; Mrs. M. S. Townsend Wood, 241; Prof. J. W. Cadwell, 245, 306; Mrs. Elizabeth Cronk, 250; Mr. Ashley Meeking, 252; Mr. R. P. Wilson, 254; Mr. S. B. Nichols, 256; Dr. Juliette H. Severance, 256; Mr. J. M. Roberts, 257; Dr. F. L. H. Willis, 267; Dr. Hammond, 273; Rev. A. B. Smith, 278; Mr. William Flemming, 294; Mrs. Sarah F. Breed, 305; Mrs. Emma J. Huff, 308.
MISCELLANEOUS.—James G. Clark, Poem, 189; Mrs. C. C. Feelham, 194; Mrs. Hattie E. Carr, Poem, 275; L. L. Whitlock, Remarks, 288; Mrs. Juliette Severance, M. D., 303.
PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE DARK.—Mr. Frederick Haslam, 182; Mrs. Drew, 199; Walter Howell, 201; David Jones, 216; Mr. William Gardner, 218; Dr. S. J. Chesebrough, 236; Dr. R. W. Sour, 243; Dr. H. B. Storer, 262; Capt. C. A. Greenleaf, 266; Mrs. C. L. Saxon, 270; Dr. Joseph Beals, 272; Dr. Hammond, 273; Rev. A. B. Smith, 278; Prof. J. W. Cadwell, 288; Mr. F. H. Jones, 299; Mr. Wm. R. Tice, 301; Mrs. Emma J. Huff, 308; Mr. S. B. Nichols, 315; Dr. H. A. Benton, 283.
PERSONS LEAVING THE BODY BEFORE DEATH, AND RETURNING TO IT.—Mr. B. F. Knight, 214.
PSYCHOMETRY.—Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., 182; Mr. Samuel McCleary, 282.
PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT.—Prof. Henry Kiddle, 283; Mrs. Elizabeth Cronk, 250; Mr. S. B. Nichols, 256; Mr. Spencer, 273; Rev. A. B. Smith, 278.
PRACTICAL VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Mrs. Danforth, 195; A. H. Kendall, 196; Mr. S. B. Nichols, 181; Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, 193; Mrs. S. Dick, 206; Dr. H. P. Fairfield, 213, 216; Mr. B. F. Knight, 214; Mr. William Gardner, 218; Prof. W. W. Clayton, 248; Mr. Weaver, 248; Mr. Henry Barber, 249; Mrs. Helen Palmer, 258; Mrs. Townsend Wood, 264; Mr. J. Homer Artemus, 275; Mr. A. C. Robinson, 286.
PUBLIC TESTS.—Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher, 204, 205, 206; J. Frank Baxter, 238, 239, 240, 241, 243.
RAISED LETTERS ON THE ARM.—Dr. H. B. Storer, 262; Rev. A. B. Smith, 278.
SPIRIT-PAINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.—Mr. Walter Howell, 201; Mrs. S. Dick, 206.
SPIRIT VOICES.—Mrs. C. L. Saxon, 270; Prof. J. W. Cadwell, 272; Dr. Hammond, 273.
SPIRIT OBSESSION AND LYING SPIRITS.—S. B. Nichols, 186, 211.
SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.—Rev. A. B. Smith, 278.
TRANSPORTATION OF MATERIAL SUBSTANCES BY SPIRITS.—Mr. J. G. Meugens, 178; Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher, 179; Mr. S. J. Chesebrough, 302; Mrs. Emma J. Huff, 308.
TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP.—Mr. J. M. Roberts, 183; Dr. S. J. Chesebrough, 236; Mr. Weaver, 248; Mr. Henry Barber, 249.



MRS. MAUD LORD.

(See page 223.)



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

This number of our magazine has been unavoidably delayed much beyond our expectations and prescribed limits. We regret exceedingly that such has been the case, but hope each of our subscribers may find in perusing its pages enough of interest to palliate the offense of procrastination, and induce them to make a special effort among their friends to increase its circulation.

Our next and last number for this year will be issued in December, at which time the four numbers will be bound in one volume, thus making a valuable work of nearly 500 pages for reference.

We have already commenced our fact-meetings at Horticultural Hall, Boston, which we shall continue every Saturday at 3 o'clock.

The object of these meetings is to collect as far as possible the various experiences of persons who have witnessed either mental or physical phenomena which appear to prove that intelligence exists independently of the physical body.

We are especially anxious to hear from everyone who has been present at the dying of persons who have appeared to see their spirit friends; also from those having had notable visions or dreams which foretold what afterwards proved to be true; or those who have seen mesmeric subjects who have, while under control, made some revelation which could not be explained by ordinary mental science. In fact, we will be interested to learn of all classes of remarkable phenomena coming from believers of any creed.

Persons living at a distance may secure a hearing by sending written descriptions to us, which will be read at these meetings and published in the FACT magazine when available.

Our object is to compile in our new quarterly magazine, FACTS, the best evidence possible of immortal life.

Any person having knowledge of such phenomena will favor us by writing the particulars and giving names of persons cognizant of the facts, also dates, places, and other particulars as fully as possible. Anyone sending us such communications will be entitled to receive any desired No. of the magazine free.

Our original intention was to make this magazine less than half its present size; but we have constantly received a large amount of valuable material through different sources, which has obliged us to increase not only our reading matter but also our illustrations. In fact, a large amount has been left over which many of our readers will expect to see, which we had not room for in this No. In view of these additional expenses, we are forced to change the price of the magazine from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per year.

Most of the phenomena here printed were narrated at our fact-meetings at Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant, and Queen City Park. Reports were made of them by our special correspondent, therefore much of the wording may be less accurate than the same persons would have used had they written their experiences; but as we do not like to change their manner of expression we have allowed, in most cases, their peculiarities to appear without change.

Our next No. will contain a very concise and practical index, by which may be found any subject contained in the four Nos. of this year.

We would like an agent in every community, to whom we will offer special inducements on application to FACT PUBLISHING Co., P. O. Box 3539, Boston, Mass.

FACTS.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

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EDITORIAL.

In offering the third number of our magazine we note that with each issue came new ideas, which have developed advantageous changes, and trust that as time enables us to complete our volume, each book shall in turn evince more of tact and judgment in its compilation.

If it seems that we have changed the plan of this work, we would say it is not so much a change in our purpose as in the way of doing the greatest good.

If we obtain this result we shall be satisfied, while facts will hold the principal position as subjects of investigation; there is much related to them of interest and importance in the study of universal truth.

Much belonging to the science of mind not proof of immortality yet shows the power of mind over mind; hence, we are disposed to admit to our record experiences which show the effect of one intelligence upon another, whether in or out of the physical body.

We know that a person may often be under the control of the spirit of a mortal as well as under the control at other times of an immortal, so that a medium may be at any time, more or less, under the psychologic influence of those who sit with them, from

which may be inferred that we cannot receive good results except in corresponding conditions.

We are aware our statement will cause many to accuse us of apologizing for fraud and deception, but unjustly, since the best and most developed mediums may be those most negative and easily controlled.

We are not prepared to say how these persons are controlled, nor do we profess to do what no scientist has ever done, viz., give a reason for these things, nor are we ready to condemn as untrue or false those through whom these phenomena are produced.

What mediumship may be we are not disposed to try to explain, as it does not come within the limits which have been laid down for the mission of FACTS, but only to say that our intention is to give all and every variety of phenomena which will in any way assist the seeker after truth to decide the functions of the mind, and in that way aid in the establishment of the science of the mind on as firm a basis as that of any other; therefore, if any of our so-called "facts" should appear hardly to belong to what may be considered "spirit phenomena," please remember that our idea is not to confine this magazine to the phenomena of spirit life *out of* the physical body, but also to admit all that will prove the power of mind over mind *in* the physical body, hoping in this way, if possible, to find some means by which we may explain the power of one intelligence over another.

Truth holds its sway over all intelligence. We do not know its infinite laws, but as we consider them we must admit that they are as broad as the universe; and while we cannot understand them, we may so far investigate their principles as to form some idea of their frame work, and in our investigations in the seance room or in the forest we are only building the foundations on which to place the future temple of spiritual science.

It may be ages before we shall understand these laws to any great extent, but we hope it will not be many years before the

skepticism of this generation will pass away as to the intelligent existence of a principle which (call it by any name you choose) does control this physical world, and as to the fact that each individual intelligence does exist after the death of the physical body, thus showing the persistence of life.

We are not dictatorial. These laws are not understood. We must wait until from observation of effects we can derive some well-defined perception of a law of action. Scientific investigation of the merely material world may allow you to use the hammer and the crucible, but the poet, the preacher, and the student must wait with patient love for the truth to come to them in a passive or receptive mood.

“Wisely speaketh no man, howso learned,
Of the making of this wondrous world,
Save the poet with a reverent soul.”

MR. EDWARD S. WHEELER.

Lake Pleasant, Aug. 26th.

Mr. Chairman: There is a great deal I might say here pertinent to the occasion, but the subject is so vast I am at a loss how to condense what I would like to say in these few moments. I always feel in rising before an audience tremendous responsibility not to waste their time nor my strength. I always try to say as much as I can, but speaking impromptu it is not so easy to condense in a few moments that which might well take hours. But if you will give your close attention I would like it, because I have become tired of talk for the sake of talking.

We are dealing with a subject that demands scientific consideration.

We all have senses; we see, hear, taste, and smell. Now we start square on that. We have our senses, and we use them. By them we observe, and by their use we become familiar with phenomena. We ascertain facts. Mind you, there is not a single one of our senses that is not possessed in greater perfection by

some one of the animals, but yet none of the animals are endowed, or, if you please, we will say none of the animals have developed, for I don't know that the word endowed is the right one, for I don't know that anybody was ever endowed with senses. And that comes back to the question. Are the senses of the animals developed in the same degree with ours? Your dog has a keener sense of smell than you. A condor will see twenty miles farther than you.

So, as you go through the animal world, you will find that each of the animals is specialized in some direction. A rabbit or hare has a wonderful sense of hearing. It is all comprehended in the statement that while we are endowed with or have developed a number of senses, all working in harmony to a grander end, and in a nobler manner than any of the animals, each of our senses is possessed by some of the animals in a higher degree than with us. Our advantage is that we are more complex. By the use of our senses we become observers. A dog observes a certain class of facts better than we. For instance, by a rabbit's tracks on the leaves, a dog knows in an instant which way the rabbit went. We lose a friend, and our dog will smell him out. It is very easy for a dog, but very hard for you, so you take your dog with you to find a lost person, because your dog is superior to you in that direction. But when you ask the dog to observe something out of his line, he is very dogged all at once, and utterly refuses to take cognizance of anything that is not his business. Now, we observe facts by the use of our senses within the range of our capacity, within our horizon. Our horizon is a narrow circle, and within that horizon only we observe. Some of us are better observers than others; some have keener eyesight; some have better hearing; some a better touch; some of us are gifted in the matter of investigation, and some are stupid.

Now we have come forward to notice the matter of Spiritualism. A certain class of phenomena, astronomy for instance, has its phenomena, and chemistry its phenomena. And so with every science, the facts are classified and divided. We at first see a heterogeneous universe, things all mixed up and confused; the little child has no power of perspective. Though the mother may be ten or twelve feet away, it will reach for her just as though she were within eight inches. This we know by dissection of the

child's eye; to him all nature is a Japanese picture without perspective; everything within sight he tries to get, even the moon. I have seen this. And so with sound, the young child cannot tell how far off it is, and it is only by constant practice and thousands of experiments that we learn to use the eye or ear to determine distance. When I go in the street I scarcely look to see whether a team is approaching, all I have to do is to use my ears; I hear the tread of the horse and pass right along without looking to see. My ears tell me when there is danger. This all comes through experience. At first, in youth for instance, there is no order, we take things as we see them; all is confusion. But it does not seem to trouble us, for in youth we ask only for general results. But as the child grows and becomes more and more developed, and the senses more acute, we then begin to classify.

Theodore Parker calls children nature's little lunatics,—they play, they are what they are not. But we begin to particularize as we grow older. It becomes necessary to define. Those who define the most, and are most critical, are the most successful. Thus we find it convenient to classify our facts. We sort them. What we have learned about the stars we put by itself, and so of chemistry, and so on. Now, we have in connection with Spiritualism a class of facts, and that class of facts is a matter of observation with us. We observe them in the first place just as animals do. At first we are observers merely. These things occur, and that is all we know about it. We see them over and over again. Almost all scientists are largely on the plane of external observation. They can simply say such things are so. My friend Mary Treat, of Vineland, a co-worker of Charles Darwin, when living, gathered nearly 212 varieties of butterflies, and had them in a room where she nourished and cared for them till they went through their different stages of growth,—a tremendous job. What was the result? She told me that of all the cocoons to which she gave sunlight and extraordinary good conditions, not one failed to become a female, and all those which were put in the dark and half starved not one failed to become a male. I said: "What do you make of it?" She said: "Nothing but the fact." I said: "No, it is suggestive of everything." She was satisfied with her knowledge of the fact, but I was not. I drew

an inference, but what it was I will not tell, because I am not here to make a woman's-rights speech. Heaven help us, the sex whose progenitors have been under unfavorable conditions. But that is going outside of science a little.

Well, we have become observers. We have observed certain things. I know that independent slate-writing is possible. A great many things are possible. But my knowledge may be useful or useless to me. Facts have two values, one direct, the other indirect. The first is for their practical use, the second value is according to their significance. Now, if I should go from here among the hills and find a rich vein of silver running through them, there would be a fact with which I could impress everybody on the ground except perhaps my friend Whitlock, who is too busy to think of such things. I could bring an expert that could tell what it would cost to get that silver, what the net value of that fact would be. It would be a small fortune to me. We have another fact in the independent slate-writing through Slade, Phillips, Watkins, and others. What is the value of that? It has an indirect value. A slate that costs perhaps ten cents, with a piece of glass over it, the cost of the whole of it perhaps half a dollar, yet worth more to the observer than all the veins of silver in the world. Why? Because it shows that if a man die he shall live again. Now, in observing facts you see the better value of a fact by reasoning upon it, by drawing an inference from it. If we simply observe a fact, classify it, and put it away, we do not get the full value that we do if we are able to reason upon it and draw an inference from it. Then we have begun to philosophize.

Now we have taken a step that leaves the animal creation forever behind us. Animals do not reflect as we do, and draw inferences. What their instinct and senses teach them, that they know immediately, and they do not need to reason. They have faculties which give them their knowledge all at once, but we are sadly bothered because we reason in regard to the significance of things. When we have drawn out the significance of things we become philosophers, and being philosophers, working these facts up into classification, it becomes convenient to give them a nomenclature, a technology; we give them certain names, as in chemistry, astronomy, and botany. So we become specialists.

The astronomer cannot turn from the stars to study chemistry, or he will fall short of astronomy. And so with the chemist and the mathematician, they master these particular fields and become specialists, each in his own class. We have been called to observe certain facts which have obtruded themselves upon our attention. We have heard strange sounds upon our walls, and seen strange psychological effects upon people called mediums. We have been observing these things. Most of us have been observers merely; we have not even classified, have not become scientific, have not presented them to the world in a form which intellectual and reasoning people could accept, and reasoning upon them come to a philosophical conclusion. That is the work of the future.

We become philosophical when we draw an inference from facts. The moment we classify our facts we become conscious of the existence of a certain method. This we call law. There is a regularity of occurrence under certain conditions, and there is a law to the conditions. And then as we acquire a certain comprehension of the conditions, we reach forward and begin reasoning upon the laws by which the effects are regulated. Reasoning upon the laws we go deeper down and touch the principles which underlie the law, and that finishes the matter with us as mere thinkers. Now we have facts, the power of observation, and out of that philosophy, by reason. What else? Well, there is more to a man or woman than their senses, more than their thoughts or mental faculties. Deeper down there is the soul life which is not manifest in thought, because that thought is only the intellectual life.

Intellectual life manifests itself in thought, but behind that is soul-life which manifests itself in power. And it is from that soul-life that all our impulses proceed,—it is the motive power of our existence. The process of thought is the movement of the powers of our life. I say we reach by reasoning to a knowledge of principle and thought, and there is an end there as far as intellect goes. Then we have in man and woman a soul life which is not intellectual life, and never to be considered as merged in it. It is the realm of absolute being. The intellectual life manifests itself in thought, and soul life in power. From the soul life proceed all the impulses which control, govern, and

impel our action. These impulses are thrown forth from the soul in answer to an impression made upon the soul through the avenues of the mind by the senses, or from the spirit side of life, as an inspiration. Now, here is something else to deal with; to this soul belongs every impulse of human nature, and every act is due to an emotion of the soul by certain impressions made upon it. You think the seat of power is in the mind? No, mind is only machinery set in motion by the soul. Impulse originates within the soul.

‘Thought is greater than all speech;
Feeling greater than all thought.
Man to man can never teach
That which he himself is taught.”

The power that sways the world and governs empires is not the brain of man, but it is the heart of woman, because that heart having most of love and emotion is the power that thrills the world with life. That emotional life manifests itself in devotion,—devotion to the child at the breast,—devotion to the husband by the side, devotion to Heaven above us, devotion to all that is congenial and in harmony with the soul, which is itself a ray struck out from the central sun of God’s own life, and like it will not harmonize with aught that is untrue. There is in the soul of man a love of truth, and we teach this in opposition to the church doctrine of depravity; it makes no matter where a human being’s actions lead him, the soul of that man is as pure as the soul of God; and off the gallows, out of the gutter, from the depths of hell, that soul will and must arise by virtue of the eternal law, and ascend to the Heavens from which it has descended. Man is a religious animal, and it is perfectly natural for the human soul to yearn back towards that good, beautiful, and true for which it has eternal affinity. It is united there and cannot be broken away. We are united here with the clay for good and wise reasons; this experience of earth life must be passed through.

Here is the soul of man and the emotions of soul, and this assertion that the world is related by love and not by thought. Love is the true source of thought,—it is the God within. The more love there is within the heart of woman and man the greater power they have in the world for good. There is the life

of the sentiments, so that which is called "religion" (I will use the word for want of a better), that which is called religion comprehends devotion, comprehends the spirit of self-consecration, which raises man and woman to the contemplation of the universal and divine. That part of our existence is the important part; it moulds and makes us, and it is in accordance with what we think and feel of the great principles that underlie all life, how we ourselves shall for the present act and be.

I have been talking to you from the sphere that relates to religious life, to soul life. Now, it is by observation of facts, and the classification of phenomena, it is by reasoning upon them and by philosophizing in regard to principle, that we come to know our own souls, to realize that God geometrizes, that there is in all nature a method, that there is over and above the method a methodist. You may call it God, universal principle, what you will, but there is no order without thought, and there is no thought without power, and no power without soul. As there is infinite order in power, there must be infinite soul. I don't know anything about that infinite in particular, but only in general. But when I go forth beneath the stars, when I look in the eyes of the woman I love, when I see the birds that sing, and the flowers that bloom, when I see that it is in order that those who have passed beyond the veil called death can return, then, Mr. Chairman, I am made religious, then I realize the truth of the existence of that infinite spirit; I realize that that infinite spirit is the parent of all that is good, beautiful, and true,—my loving Father who cares for me not only in Heaven but on earth, and were I in hell would care for me just as much.

Then, let us put the whole thing down in plain, brief statements. There are two methods of reception, the intuitive method, and that which is gained by study, instinct, or intuition, and the use of reason. We diligently observe facts, classify them, and slowly come to logical conclusions, when, lo! the intuitive soul without study or reason has thrown the mind open to the shining Heavens, and drunk in a child-like consciousness of the truth that we have labored a life time to acquire. There is intuition, science, and inspiration. I ignore none of them. Our fathers were not fools when they talked about "the eye of faith." But it is absurd to claim that faith is sufficient, or that study is

sufficient. Both are needed. So, out of our reasoning from facts grow science and philosophy, and finally religion. What do I mean by religion? Facts are not religious. We are made religious by scientific contemplation of them. We are taught of the beauty of nature, and love of Heaven, by what we see of the universe around us. And in that class of spiritual facts around us we are taught them more directly than in any other department of science.

I have built up this structure of statement upon such facts as are reported in such meetings as this as a basis. I might have put this matter in less words, but you have set me to deal with a large subject, Mr. Chairman, and I could not slight it. You need not that I should tell you that facts are at the foundation of the temple of philosophy, and that religion is the crowning dome above it. You are here in perfect order. You saw I accepted this work when it first began. I am glad I was clear-sighted enough to do it. I congratulate you, sir, on your success in inaugurating and carrying forward this movement.

I want to say something about methods of investigation.

In the first place investigation should be free. In the next place, unprejudiced; in the next place, utterly cold-blooded. I don't know how else to put it. All investigation must be made in consecration to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. When you step into this arena just lay aside all your ignorant conceit that you know more than your neighbor, and all idea that you have any particular divine commission to carry out for others what they are incompetent to do for themselves. An European once told me that one of the significant things of spiritualism was that it brought a large class of people into a scientific attitude, that is, perfect hospitality to facts, then suspense of judgment upon good reason. That is, wait till all the facts are in before giving in your verdict. Disregard prejudice and conceit, and don't have any hobbies. I am sorry that spiritualists are at the selfish instigation of would-be leaders, dividing up into incipient sectarian classes. We have those who believe in materialization, and those who do not. Just as in the church we used to have people who believed that God was three-cornered, and people who believed that He was round; and so they fought upon all that belongs to the Bible. Either this thing is fact, or it is

falsehood. If it is fact it is capable of absolute demonstration. The false will be weeded out, and the truth will remain, no matter how many call it a lie.

You never saw two chemists belligerent towards each other because they differed as to an acid, but they simply put the matter to a test. So we must take up this matter in a perfectly cold-blooded spirit. There is no room for personality. Because you differ from me and I from you, that does n't make me a blacksmith's shop, nor you a revolving light-house, and you must not call me a blacksmith's shop, nor I call you a revolving light-house. We must have a consensus of the competent. I don't admit the capacity of the mob to render an intelligent verdict. I don't take my cue from the mob. I have faced mobs. To a Catholic priest, with whom I was in conversation, I once said: "*Vox populi, vox Dei*,—the voice of the people is the voice of God." He said: "*Vox populi, vox diaboli*,—the voice of the people is the voice of the devil." I said the people were always right at last. He said they were right because those who have brains set them right. The mob is always wrong in the start. The seers, prophets, and reformers, set them right, and then if the people can get at them they generally bury them in a mud hole, and then come back in a few years and slobber over the remains. That is about all I have to say upon that point.

We must not only be honest and true, but must qualify ourselves as specialists. I remember that in the swamps of Florida Audubon reported a lily of peculiar character, but the botanists never admitted it because Audubon was an ornithologist, and not, as they claimed, competent to report upon flowers. They did n't say that till they had wrangled about it a good while. A few years ago, the botanist, Mary Treat, penetrated the forests of Florida, and she found four acres of that lily all in bloom. Audubon was justified; and now you find that lily catalogued under the botanic name of *Nymphea Audubonia Treatini*. So that, however, is a fine specimen of what a person not a specialist can do. We must be specialists; we must qualify ourselves, yet we must be open to fact. If an ornithologist reports a flower we will take the utmost pains to verify it; we will suspend judgment till the thing is absolutely proven.

The facts of spiritualism are very peculiar, they are abstract,

they are spiritual, they are grand. They approach us in ways we are not familiar with, and so we ought to be careful how we investigate them. We ought to approach them with honesty and, more than that, sympathetically, because the instrumentalities through which they are manifest are men and women. We must be thorough, but rather than that men and women should be sacrificed to our presumption and ignorance, it is better that we remain untaught. Better that we be cast into the sea than that we outrage those by whom the grand doctrine of immortality is demonstrated to man.

The old Roman maxim says: "Better that a thousand criminals be set free than that one innocent citizen suffer." I know of mediums who are not honest, but all who visit them are not honest; go ask any medium who sits in public. I do n't say that all mediums are honest. I do n't believe they are. I say that in this present age we are all consumed with the mercantile commercial spirit. I will tell you, Mr. Chairman, knowing what I do of the rank hypocrisy and general dishonesty of the time, that, without specializing in any direction, I should be inclined to doubt the genuineness of any person's mediumship who did n't sometimes reflect Hell just as luridly as at other times he lucidly reflected Heaven. I mistrust all "honest mediums" are frauds, because if always honest they could not in the conditions be mediums. If they are mobbed on this side by the selfish, dishonest people, and on the other side by spirits, in sympathy with such people, how can they maintain their equilibrium? The medium at times is unavoidably deflected from the right line. You suppose a person is a medium, hence capable of being controlled by others, which implies, of course, that he is not always able to control himself. Then when *you*, my cowardly, distrustful, positively-dishonest friend, go to such mediums, what the devil do you expect? Do n't set me down as an apologist for fraud, nor a defender of mobocracy. I am nothing of the kind. I am simply talking sense to some who do n't appreciate the matter in its full bearing.

Now, then, the most important thing in beginning our investigation is to see to it that those who are instruments which you must use, your apparatus, your paraphernalia, are kept in perfect order, free from the intrusion of those who only know how to

spoil, never how to use. I want to say this to mediums: they are lacking in dignity and self-respect. They don't know how to shut the door and say "No." I don't blame them for that, but I say it is unfortunate. I say it is the duty of honest people to shelter and protect them. I know good mediums who at one time are as pure as the blue sky, and at another time they are swept under by the psychologies of their environment, and are just as impure as their neighbors. Perhaps there may be a use in this.

Now, first, and at the basis of all, are facts; second, observation; third, science; fourth, philosophy; and fifth, religion; each and all to be cultured and developed by a double method of investigation, by prayerful aspiration, that our souls may be inspired with the light of Heaven, and by diligent cultivation of our own intelligence, that we may be taught of the things of earth as we are of the things of Heaven, developed by a method of investigation which respects every man's and woman's rights, which is hospitable to all right and intolerant of all fraud; that is considerate, kind, patient, sympathetic, but earnest and sincere. Having said this, I have said all that is necessary for me to say in a fact-meeting like this.

MR. JOHN BROTHERSON,

Of Saratoga, N. Y.

I started from Saratoga yesterday morning for this place, having been told to come by Mrs. Friar, who passed away a year ago. This medium said: "Mr. Brotherson, you take the cars and go to Lake Pleasant, and go into the Eddys' seance, and I will make known to you my presence." I arrived here yesterday afternoon, and went into the Eddys' seance room. The second form that came out announced herself as Mrs. Friar. She was of marked features, dark complexion, dark hair. She bowed, smiled, and took me by the hand. Nobody there knew who she was. Immediately following that came a little child. The man in charge said: "Does anybody know anything about anyone of the name of McClenans?" "Certainly," said I, "their little child

pulled a lamp over, and was burned to death." And there she was; she patted me on the hand. I never saw the Eddys before.

MR. J. G. MEUGENS,

Of Calcutta.

In England, in 1878, I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, and soon learned to love them. I was in India at the time of that infamous persecution and trial, and when I read the accounts in the papers, I did not feel proud of being an Englishman. When I was in India last year, Mr. Eglinton came out and stopped in my rooms four months. He arrived on the 17th of November. On the 20th, Mr. Eglinton and myself had been out and returned about eleven o'clock. We sat on the veranda, and soon he was entranced, and his little spirit friend and control, Daisy, said: "We will bring something from your friend, Mrs. Fletcher, in England." Then Daisy said: "Get a book in the next room." I got one and pitched it on the chair beside him. Presently a convulsive shudder passed over his form, and Daisy said: "Take the book and open it." I did so, and there was a letter written by Mrs. Fletcher, dated from her prison, Tothill Fields, Westminster, London.

After we had retired to bed Daisy said: "Mr. Meugens, if you will identify a piece of paper, and let the medium carry it about, we will take that sheet of paper to London, and bring it back again." The next morning I took a sheet of paper, put my private mark on it, and gave it to Mr. Eglinton. On our way home from a drive Mr. Eglinton was under tremendous control. When we got to our rooms, instead of going to the veranda, he took out a sheet of paper, and said: "Is this yours?" "Yes," I said. He took it, put it into a book, and pitched it across the room. The sheet of paper disappeared. Then he said: "I see my spirit leave my body. I see it travel over land and sea till it comes to London. I go through crowded streets, and find my way to a prison. I enter the cell of Mrs. Fletcher. She is sitting in the dark. Now I see the room flooded with light. I see my spirit guide, Ernest, put in her hands the sheet of paper. Now I see that she is writing. Now I see she has finished, and she gives it

to Ernest. Now please look inside the book." I opened the book, and sure enough there was my identical paper, with my private mark, filled with Mrs. Fletcher's writing. It is dated at five o'clock in London, corresponding to the time in Calcutta. It stated that she was alone in the dark in her prison, when Ernest appeared before her and requested her to write. She said: "I have no writing materials. Then he gave her the sheet of paper. The subject matter could have been written by no one else but her."

MRS. SUSIE WILLIS FLETCHER.

I think the detailed account of Mr. Meugens will need no corroboration. But perhaps the other side of the story will be interesting. My cell in the prison was dark from four in the afternoon till nine the next morning, hence it would have been impossible either to read or write without light. I am telling you to let you know what the cells are. There are fifteen little squares of light about half an inch thick, colored yellow, and over these are placed little louvers. From nine in the morning till four in the afternoon you can see to read, but after that it is impossible. We have no light from December till about the middle of February, and then only from six o'clock at night till eight. On the night referred to, my cell seemed all at once to be filled with light, which grew lighter and lighter, when I saw the spirit Ernest. He had in his hand a cross which gave a brilliant light. As he came nearer I saw distinctly in the corner the spirit of Mr. Eglinton. He had on a peculiar garment,—half blouse, and half shirt; different from anything I had seen before. I afterwards learned that he had on a pjamah, a costume common to India. Ernest came forward, and, touching my forehead with his lips, he said: "I have come to have you write a letter. I have arranged a seance in Calcutta to carry something to them there." I said: "I have neither paper nor writing materials." Apparently from the folds of his garment he took out one sheet of paper. I had a Bible. I took the Bible and placed the paper on it, then I said: "I have nothing whatever to write with." He said: "Very well, I will bring you something." He disap-

peared, and came back in about fifteen seconds, bringing writing materials. Then he stood by, holding this light,—the illuminated cross,—moving it from line to line. I had filled the sheet when he said: "You wish for more paper." I said: "Yes." He said: "We have provided for that," and handed me some unmarked paper. I took it and finished the letter. Ernest took it and disappeared. The paper was disposed of, but the writing materials were not. It is impossible to conceal anything in our cells. They are very small, and for furniture have only a little table, a stool, and a canvas bed. There is no possible chance to hide anything. The writing materials were left on the table. They are the most contraband of all articles. In the morning my warder* espied them. In astonishment she said: "Where did you get these?" I said: "My spirit friends brought them to me." She said: "What?" and then took two or three steps, gazed into my eyes, then took hold of my hand and said: "Poor child! I knew it would come to this." Then she ran her fingers through my hair, and said: "I knew it would come; this place is enough to drive one madder than a March hare." I said: "No, I am not mad. If I had n't got them how could they be here?" We are locked in our cells except for half an hour in the morning for exercise. She knew I was all right when she locked my cell. As she looked at them again she said: "Good gracious me! they are mine." "Oh," said I, "I am very glad. I feel secure of not being punished now." "Now, baby," she said, for she sometimes called me this, "tell me how you got these things?" I said: "My spirit friends brought them." "Now, stop joking," she said. I said: "How could I have got them? Where were they?" She said: "They were locked in my table drawer. I went away yesterday earlier than usual, and I gathered up my writing materials and locked them up." I said: "Go to the table drawer and see." She went, and came back, saying: "No, the lock is secure, it is not open." I said: "Perhaps it is for you to explain. You go and say the materials are gone. It is for you to explain." The problem I think she afterwards solved by the manifestations we had in the prison. The letter was written as stated; the materials were brought as stated; every-

* The name of the warder is known to the editor of this magazine, but is withheld for good reasons, which will be furnished on application.

thing occurred just as stated. Of course skeptics always cry "collusion." But they cannot say collusion here. The spirits did everything as stated. Mr. Meugens marked the paper with his own mark. I think as Mr. Meugens is here to give his own testimony that this is sufficient.

MR. S. B. NICHOLS,

Of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In 1852 I was living in Burlington, Vermont. During that year my wife became a medium. We sat for six months without a rap or a sound, or any evidence. But the blessing came. Her hand was controlled, and wrote: "I want to talk about my pension. Joseph Bradley." That was my wife's grandfather. Before he passed away, his son, my wife's father, took measures to secure him a pension; but the old gentleman said that it was the price of blood, and that he would destroy every evidence by which his son could procure the money. When he entered the spirit world, he learned that this money was rightly due for services he had rendered to the government, and of course belonged to his heirs. He said if they would write to James Meacham, and tell him to go to a certain department, and to a certain pigeon-hole, these papers would be found? He said also that certain relatives not entitled to them were trying to get them, and were doing everything but commit forgery. He said: "There is a great crime that I wish to stay." My wife's father would not believe a word of it. He could not believe that intelligent men (one in my native town, one in Washington, and one in Pittsburg) would be cognizant of such a thing. That spirit came every day and said: "Write." They finally did write, and every fact pertinent to that statement was verified. They received 1800 dollars from the United States Government, which they would not have received without spirit power. In my experience, which goes back to 1852, I have never been to my spirit friends to be helped in earthly matters. I believe I was put into this world to use my reason; but when spirits have anything to communicate they have opportunities.

MR. FREDERICK HASLAM,

457 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I found an ignorant German woman in Brooklyn five years ago. Her husband was a baker, named Friedland. I heard of her and went to see her. I found she was a rapping medium. After sitting a while, I put a pencil down and asked the intelligence to take it up and write. It did so, and wrote H. C., and a dash. I prepared a slate exactly like Zoellner's. It was impossible for anyone to tamper with it. I put three pieces of hard rubber around it, surrounded with gutta percha. I put upon it my own stamp,—a steel mark. I am in the steel business. There were three cords prepared the same as Zoellner's. All in the circle saw these. The medium was tied securely, and the lights were put out. In a quarter of an hour the light was struck, and we found four knots in one cord, eighteen in another, and eighty-four in the third. I untied every knot, and found that the cords had not been tampered with. On the slate we found microscopic writing that no eye could read, but which a magnifying glass revealed to be perfect writing. The guitar was played and put into a box. I have not the cords and slates here to show, but I have shown them to thousands. I have lived in one house, 457 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, twenty-two years, and intend to live there twenty-two years more. The others who were present when the knots were tied in the dark, were Dr. David Lorenz, homeopathic physician, of 25 Graham Avenue, Brooklyn, and Benjamin L. French, vice-president of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN,

206 E. 36th Street, New York City.

FACT-MEETING, LAKE PLEASANT, AUG. 15, 1882.

There are many things I could talk about here on the grand powers of the human soul, but I must limit myself to one or two facts. Thirty or thirty-one years ago, Cornelia, a young lady of Hudson, now Mrs. Buchanan, had a dream in the night which distressed her terribly. She saw a steamboat strike upon something, and become a wreck. She saw the people plunge into the water screaming. She heard the ringing of alarm bells in Troy,

and saw snow falling, which gave the river a snowy appearance. She was much agitated. The next morning she went to the spot where she seemed to be standing in her dream, and that day related her dream to several people. The next night, within twenty-four hours, the whole scene occurred just as she dreamed it.

Twenty minutes ago I received a communication on this slate. Mr. Whitlock placed a blank book in a drawer upon which Epes Sargent gave a communication. Mr. Whitlock gave it to Mrs. Buchanan for a psychometric reading, to see if she could verify it. She received an impression of Epes Sargent, and Robert Dale Owen. Then Epes Sargent read through the medium a long message. We received through Mr. Phillips, the writing medium, this morning, a verification of the message from Epes Sargent. Among other things it said there was too much confusion on this ground for mediums to do justice to themselves.

MR. J. M. ROBERTS

Editor of *Mind and Matter*, Philadelphia, Pa.

I felt that it would not be out of place this morning to state a fact showing the ability of controlling spirits to protect their mediums in case of trying emergencies. The circumstances I am about to relate have reference to the arrest and trial of James A. Bliss and wife, now of Boston, Mass., in the fall of 1877. Immediately after their arrest and binding over to appear at court, I, having interested myself in their behalf, asked Mr. Bliss to give me a sitting in order to see what his spirit guides would suggest in the way of defence. At that sitting he was controlled by a spirit known to us as "Billy, the boot-black," a little boy's spirit brought out of very unfortunate spirit conditions and made happy. and progressed through Mr. Bliss and myself, and a friend, Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia. Billy said: "Mr. Roberts, the battle is on. It is necessary to take immediate action to defeat the purpose to destroy the mediums. It is necessary to find Mr. Thomas R. Evans. There is no time to lose." I said: "Where is Mr. Evans?" He said: "In Baltimore." I said: "That is a mistake; he went to Pittsburg several months ago. I think it is not possible that he is in Baltimore." He said: "No, he is in

Baltimore. He must be had. His testimony is of the utmost importance to the medium. It is perhaps the only thing to save him from a long imprisonment." I persisted and he persisted. He said the medium must go that night by the first train for Baltimore. He said he would take the medium to where Mr. Evans was. I tried to put it off, for it required money, and I wanted the necessary funds. "No, it cannot be put off till tomorrow," he said; "he must go tonight." I said: "This is singular;" but so imperative was he that I said "I will go and borrow money and the medium shall go to Baltimore." I did so, and finally decided to accompany the medium. We reached Baltimore before daylight. The medium was all the time insisting that Mr. Evans was in the west, or in Pittsburg. But I told him we would go and take the chances. We landed in Baltimore in pitch darkness, in a drizzling rain. We walked along till we reached the corner where the market is, on Baltimore street, and turned to the left to pass on to the south, and down Baltimore street. We had not gone the length of three buildings before the medium was entranced, and Billy speaking through him, said: "Mr. Roberts, where are we?" I said: "In Baltimore." He said: "Is this east?" I said: "East of what?" He said: "East of Baltimore street; the number is 262 East Baltimore street." Supposing we were in Baltimore street, I walked on in the direction of the hotel. Finally I met a policeman, and he told us we were going in the wrong direction. As we were going along, the medium was arrested as though we were going wrong. He came opposite number 262, and there stopped and said: "This is the place." I said: "There is no one moving here, we will go back to the hotel and get our breakfast." While eating breakfast he was made to leave the table, saying: "We must go." We started and went back to this No. 262, and rang the bell. To my surprise who should come to the door but Mrs. Thomas R. Evans. I said: "Where is Mr. Evans?" She said: "He has gone after his horse to go out of town." We sent a messenger to the stable, and found everything just as the spirit had said. Not only was he knowing to these, but to other facts. We got his testimony in that case. After eleven days' hearing, the case was given to the jury. I had the assurance through Mr. Bliss from his guides that he would not be convicted. That strong, power-

ful spirit, "Billy Jones," who represented himself as the spirit of an Australian sailor, told me that he had control of one of the jurors, and under no circumstances would they allow the medium to be convicted. I was told how the jury would stand when they left the room; eight for conviction and four for acquittal. On Monday morning they came into the court and told the court that they could not agree. The court charged that jury again, telling them that they could not under their oaths fail to convict. But the foreman said: "There is no use sending us out, we cannot agree." The court said: "Consult them." He went through them all till he came to one by the name of Dundas. He said: "There will be no use in sending us out." The judge reprimanded them severely. They had Mr. Bliss arrested, supposing that man had been tampered with. They had the jurors examined as to whether they had been bribed. When the question was put to Dundas, it turned upon that one man. He said: "Your Honor, I acted in that matter as I would act again and again for a hundred times. I never could have found any other verdict." I afterwards visited Mr. Dundas, for I was surprised at his verdict, and asked what induced him to make that decision. His answer was that "after hearing the evidence of Thomas R. Evans, it was impossible to make any other decision. But I was treated in so hostile a manner by my fellow-jurors that I decided to give a decision for conviction, but my lips were sealed." A new trial was had, and he was acquitted.

MR. J. G. MEUGENS,

Of Calcutta, India.

When Mr. Eglinton, a famous medium, was at Calcutta, he lived at my rooms. It was during his residence there that the celebrated Keller made his appearance as a conjurer, and advertised his ability to perform everything done by so-called spiritual mediums. He inserted in the papers a challenge to Eglinton to appear in public with him in a trial of rivalry. Not desiring to appear publicly, I arranged with Mr. Keller to dine with Mr. Eglinton and myself at my rooms. The appointed hour arrived, and we seated ourselves after dinner at a table. The room was

brilliantly lighted, and only a few common slates were on the table. We seated ourselves around the table and soon it began to rock violently. Keller was astonished, but thought I had something to do with it; we removed our chairs and seated ourselves in another part of the room, when, lo! the table rocked more violently than ever. Keller said it was utterly impossible to produce such a manifestation by human agency under such conditions. Finally the raps came, and with the use of an alphabet, we spelled out the name "Alfred Geary." None of us recognized such a person, until the spirit rapped out that it was a friend of Keller; then Mr. Eglinton's hand began to write: "You must remember me; I'm Alfred Geary, and we met on the cape with Ledger." At this information Keller exclaimed: "My God, that man's dead." "Certainly," I replied, "did you suppose he had come back to life again." A slate was then placed upon Keller's shoulder by Eglinton, and they entered into a conversation as to the existence of a God, when all at once the pencil wrote: "There is a God." Keller was thunderstruck, and from that time had less to say regarding the tricks of mediums. He came out in print with an acknowledgment of his being mystified, and soon after my friends were asking me how much I gave to square Keller, as though he was such an ass as to be squared.

MR. MEUGENS,

Of Calcutta, India.

Some time ago I wrote to a lady, Mrs. Buchanan, whom I do n't know, and asked her to tell me about myself. I got a letter by return mail in which she said she should have the pleasure of meeting me in America this year. I had no idea at that time of coming, but here I am.

REVEALING THE FUTURE.

George A. Bacon, Washington, D. C.

The superstructure of spiritualism rests upon a basis of facts. Pertinent facts are always in order. To specifically reveal future events, of a purely personal character, requires a measure, a

foresight, which man's unaided vision is unable to fathom. To do this repeatedly under widely varying circumstances, and always correctly, is accumulative proof of a penetrative power not satisfactorily explainable except on the spiritual hypothesis.

It a common saying among some spiritualists that they are never able to learn anything definite respecting themselves and the future from their communicating spirit friends. My experience has been otherwise, as the following account clearly demonstrates: Twenty years ago, while a clerk in the Boston Post Office, I made a professional call one Saturday afternoon on a lady medium (Mrs. N. J. Willis), who of herself at that time knew nothing concerning me, not even my name. When I called, the sun was shining brightly, and all the indications, according to my judgment at least, betokened fair weather, though it was late in the month of December. During the hour or more that the lady was unconsciously controlled by one who claimed to be specially interested in me, I was told, among other things, that I was very soon going to the nation's capital. I said: "You have been kind enough to tell me of this once before. Please be a little more definite and let me know, if you can, exactly when I am going." Laying his hand gently upon my head, he smiling said, using the Quaker dialect: "Well, my dear charge, the time has come when thee should know, and we now affirm that ere the white mantle which is now covering the earth is dissolved, thee shall be on thy winding way." I did not clearly understand what he meant, for, as previously said, when I entered it was very pleasant, and the ground-glass window-panes in the medium's room prevented me from looking through, but on leaving the apartment I found it had been and was then rapidly snowing. I returned to my home, saying nothing of the matter even to my family. This was on Saturday afternoon, be it remembered. On the following Monday morning Senator Wilson, afterwards Vice-President, called at the office and inquired for me, saying: "Several of your friends have been writing to me, urging your appointment at Washington; men like Dr. Channing, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, and others; and as I was leaving Saturday evening, Secretary Stanton put into my hands six commissions which he said I was entitled to by virtue of being chairman of the military committee. I had one of them

made out in your name, the only one that's filled as yet. I return to Washington tomorrow morning. If you wish to go, you can accompany me." I did so, and the promise made to me three days before, that the snow which was then falling should not be dissolved ere I should be on my winding way, became literally fulfilled.

Ten years after this, while engaged in business in Boston, I wrote out half a dozen questions which I placed in an envelope, and this in several different-sized envelopes, securely sealing each one in regular order, and sent them to New York city for this same spirit friend and guide to answer, if he could, through the hand of Dr. Mansfield. In a few days I received a response from the doctor, together with my own sealed letters intact; but in his response every question was fully answered *seriatim*, and in a very straightforward manner. This was in the month of February. In reply to one of my questions, I was informed that a change of business awaited me the first of fall, but it would only partially release me from my then present surroundings. This appeared to me at that time so general that in my impatience I threw the documents into one of my private trunks and soon forgot all about it. Months rolled by when one day a friend from a neighboring city called upon me, and said he had made arrangements with his partner to have me if possible travel for their house, but in doing so I need not sever my regular business connections. Engaging my younger brother to temporarily take my place and represent me in my old business, I became for two years a commercial traveler for Messrs. West & Lee, as it happened, on the first day of September,—literally "the first of fall,"—as promised six months before, but which prediction I had entirely overlooked, and recalled it not till two years afterwards when I chanced to find all the original papers where I had placed them. Again, and thirdly, within the past two years arrangements were about completed for my going abroad, but which were finally rendered inoperative by President Garfield's assassination. Being in Washington at the time, in my perplexity I sought an interview with my revered old Quaker friend and guide who, through Mrs. French, while she was entranced, informed me that before the end of the following month my anxiety would be relieved. I accepted his positive assurance without forebodings.

On the 27th, with yet three days of grace to spare, I received the commission I now hold.

Thus from the same spirit friend, on three separate occasions, extending over a period of twenty years, through three independent sources, I received the most unqualified evidence of a direct personal interest in and an ability to discern my future that any one could reasonably desire.

AUGUST 27, 1882.

LEONA.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look at the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land ;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet,
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow,
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow ; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
 That our love is not lavished in vain;
 Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
 And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
 Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
 That death is but action begun;
 In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
 With the legions of wrong till my armor has caught
 The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold
 From headland, from hill-side, and deep,
 The day-king surrenders his banners of gold;
 The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
 And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled
 Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
 Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
 On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
 I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh, come not in tears to my tomb,
 Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
 There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
 And life where the lilies eternally bloom
 In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
 Which bind me to you and to earth,
 And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
 In the bowers of its beautiful home to return
 And visit the home of its birth.

'T would even be pleasant to stay,
 And walk by your side to the last;
 But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play,—
 Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
 And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye; should the grief
 That is gathering now ever be
 Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
 And remember the journey, though lonesome, is brief
 Over lowland and river to me.

[Thinking that this poem must have a history of more than ordinary interest, we took the trouble to ask Mr. Clark concern-

ing its origin. He writes us as follows: "During the summer of 1859 I found myself involuntarily impressed to write, or rather repeat to myself, certain detached fragments of verse and figures of expression, which were afterwards incorporated in the poem you refer to. This "blocking out" or *selecting* process had been going on for days and weeks, always when I was alone, and seldom, if ever, when in the company of others, until I began to realize that some marked event was about to take place in my life. I felt that this event would involve the death of some dear friend, but I had not the slightest idea as to the particulars until I went home to visit my father's family, who were all in usual health when last heard from.

When I arrived at the family home, and went around to the back door, as was my custom, I *missed* the greeting of my sweet-faced mother, who never failed to meet me with *open arms*, and to draw me to her heart in silent thankfulness to Heaven that her boy had returned in safety to the heart that gave him birth.

Instantly a shock and a cold chill went over me, for I realized that she never would meet me again in that doorway in her mortal form. They told me she had been taken sick that morning. I went to her bedside and received the fond, old-time blessing. For ten days and nights I watched in hope and fear with the dear father and the sorrowing brothers and sisters. Almost every hour I sang for her "The Mountains of Life," a song that I had written at her suggestion several years before. Then, at intervals, I would walk out into the field or orchard, and write portions of "Leona." At the end of ten days from the time she was first taken sick, the last stanza was written and the poem was finished, and a few hours later my mother had passed "over lowland and river." In the solemn hush that always rests upon the line that separates the visible death from the invisible life I read the poem to the stricken group around me. "Leona" was really a half-formed prophecy of a grief to come for weeks before that grief became a fact. —Ed.]

A FACT.

In the year 1858 I resided in West Troy, N. Y. There was living in the town a family by the name of Thalimer. The family

consisted of six members,—father, mother, three sons, and one daughter. James, one of the boys, seemed very desirous of following a sea-faring life. His parents, however, fought against it for some time, but finally James ran away and shipped for a three-years' whaling voyage from New Bedford, Mass. About this time the Fox girls had paid Troy a visit, and there resulted from their visit a great deal of speculation and excitement. James had been absent one year and a half on his voyage when Elizabeth, his sister, was having a party at their residence one evening, of young people, and in the midst of their plays some one of the company said: "Oh, let us form a circle." This was not with any view of investigating the truth of spiritualism, but simply as a pun on spirit manifestations. A table was immediately drawn out to the centre of the room and several gathered around it, Elizabeth among the rest. Immediately her hand was caught by an unseen power, and, notwithstanding she became fearfully frightened, the intelligence clung to her, and by signs indicated its desire to write. The paper and pencil were finally procured, and instantly her hand was moved to write the following: "I fell from the yard-arm of the ship to the deck and was killed" (signing his name), James Thalimer. Then he further wrote: "This will be verified by the captain of the ship." Mr. Thalimer, his father, knowing me to be a spiritualist, called on me the next morning to ask of me my opinion regarding it, to which I replied: "Sir, I believe the communication to be real, and that intelligence will be received to that effect." Sure enough, within ten days thereafter a letter was received by Mr. Thalimer from the captain of the ship proving the communication to be true. Now a lapse of twenty-two years takes place, and in the year 1880 I am sojourning at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting. Some Troy friends are taking a walk with me over the grounds, and we approach the open square, when we discover a large concourse of people listening to a woman who is giving tests of spirit identity. We draw near and hear her give several which are identified by people present. Now she said: "I see before me an immense ship, and this ship seems to be laboring in a fearful storm, and I see by the side of this ship a very large fish, a whale, which is lashed to the vessel. Now I see a young man going aloft, and, oh, my God," she said, "he will fall and be

killed." She watched intently, when she suddenly screamed out under great excitement: "He falls, he falls, to the deck and is killed." She looked in the direction for a moment, like a fixed statue, when she said: "This young man reports his name to me as James Thalimer, of West Troy, N. Y." This meeting was convened under a large tent, and I stood clear on the outskirts. I raised my hat, and said: "Yes, that is correct," when she rushed from the platform motioning with her hands for the people to give way that she might reach me; when, coming near enough, she threw her arms around me and said: "God bless you, Vosburgh, this is the second time I have been able to return so as to be recognized; first, through my sister, and second through this lady. Thank you, Vosburgh; God bless you." I never met this lady before this occasion; she was an entire stranger to me. Therefore, I consider it one of the grandest tests of spirit return and identity in my experiences.

W. H. VOSBURGH.

GILES B. STEBBINS,

Of Detroit, Mich.

While in a certain city in Michigan I met a lady, well known, and who holds a high position in society. She told me that forty years before she had lost a brother who had drowned before her eyes, and for many months after that she would lay awake nights, and the tears would wet her pillow as she saw again that terrible sight, and witnessed her brother's death struggles in the cold, deep water. One night she was suddenly awakened, and saw again that same sad scene, but suddenly, out of the darkness, there appeared a bright, luminous cloud, and out of that cloud she saw a hand waving to and fro that she recognized as her brother's. Every movement of that hand was peace, and every touch was a blessing, and she fell asleep, and from that time forward was troubled with no more of those midnight visions.

Another fact: there lives near Detroit a man named Stebbins. He is a puddler by trade, and possesses the powers of the clairvoyant to a remarkable degree. One day, while he was busy at work in the shop where he was employed, a Frenchman came in and asked if there was a fortune-teller working there. Stebbins

gruffly answered: "No, there is not." "Arn't you a fortune-teller?" "No," exclaimed the clairvoyant. And the Frenchman started to leave the shop, when Stebbins suddenly exclaimed: "Hold. Go home; two miles and a half, turn in such and such directions, and you will find the cattle and the chain you are looking for." And the bewildered Frenchman went his way. Some time elapsed, when one day a man left two dollars at the shop for Stebbins, with the explanation that it was from the Frenchman who had a few days before come to consult him in regard to some cattle, and who had by the clairvoyant's direction succeeded in finding them.

MR. C. C. FEELHAN,

Of Worcester, Mass.

I was saved through the mediumship of Fanny W. Drew, of Worcester. I was reading one of Ingersoll's lectures. I had a cousin in Nova Scotia about whom she knew nothing. All at once, she threw down her work, saying: "Old fellow, don't you know me?" I knew the voice; she presented it perfectly. He said: "The devil! don't you know me, your cousin Truman?" I said I used to know him, and added: "Is it possible you have passed out?" He said: "On a certain day I took sick and died. My father called in the clergyman, but it didn't amount to a damn." I took down the date, and wrote a letter to my brother asking him if it was true. In three days I received a reply saying that everything was correct: "But," said he, "don't be deceived by this Boston devil." There was a fact that has lasted me till this time.

MRS. W. S. BOYD,

Of Reading, Mass.

My step-son was in the 53rd Mass. Regiment. At the time he enlisted I was in Cambridge. He was called to Bridgeport. One day the little Indian who controls me took possession and said: "There has been a big battle, and your brave was there, but he was not killed. The bullet went in here and broke both bones; him bleeding bad. You would think him would bleed to death,

but him will come out all right. Him crawl on the ground and get under a tree. Him lying there now." My husband asked how she knew him? She said: "Me see him. Big chief Burnside reviewing troops." On Thursday we had an account of the great battle, but no particulars. The next Sunday night we were told that he was wounded and was in a hospital. We were told that we would get a letter in a day or two. My husband said: "Is he able to write?" The reply was: "He is writing." In a week we got a few lines from him, saying that he was wounded just where we were told he was. He said he thought he would bleed to death, and that he crawled under a tree. Everything was verified to the letter. I have the bullet that was extracted from him.

MRS. DANFORTH,

Of Philadelphia.

The question is often asked: "Of what use is spiritualism?" Sixteen years ago a lady came to my house and said that a young lady in the southern part of Philadelphia was being killed by the spirits. I said: "Bring her up here." She came. I had a circle, and the influence that controlled her proved to be Winnebago, who was hanged for killing a woman while he was possessed. She was living with her family, who allowed her to go to a circle. In the night she would feel a large hand clutch her throat. She did not dare tell her friends, fearing they would put her in the asylum for the insane. And they would have done so. Mrs. Wilson was there and could see and talk with the spirit. Winnebago said he wanted this young lady over there and was going to have her. We sung, prayed, and talked. You would have thought we were having a Methodist prayer-meeting there. We talked with that spirit, and asked him to leave her. And he did. I did not see the young lady for several years, and when I met her, she said: "You saved my life." I did not see her again till I met her at Neshaminy Falls, Pa., camp-meeting. I was surprised to meet her there and I said: "How is this?" She said: "It is all right, I am a spiritualist now." She is coming to see me this fall. Her life has been saved, and she kept from an insane asylum by spirit power. That was sixteen years ago.

MR. A. H. KENDALL,

Of Springfield, Mass.

No ancient pyramid is so large as spiritualism's pyramid of facts. Twenty years ago, when we met in old Hampden Hall, in Springfield, a lady came to my mother one day and said: "I am a medium." She was a stranger to me, and our family were almost strangers in Springfield. She said: "A spirit comes to me and says he is anxious to communicate with you." A couple of days after that we had an interview, and the spirit of my father came and talked about business affairs. The estate was not settled satisfactorily to him, and he was very anxious. He referred to some papers which were not found. Search was made for these papers, but they could not be found. Then another interview was had, and he said: "Look in the small tin box." Then my mother looked and found a receipt for some few hundred dollars, money which should have passed into the settlement of the estate, and of which nothing had been known. This had never been seen by any member of the family. It passed between my father and his mother, and both were in the spirit world. Probably no one had ever known of it but those two. The receipt was used and the money recovered. To us it was a very singular and convincing test.

MR. S. B. NICHOLS,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

As I sat here and heard the gentleman speak of the obsession of a medium by a spirit, I thought of a fact I would like to relate for the benefit of some one here. As far back as 1854, one evening in my home in Burlington, Vt., the bell rang. I went to the door and found a lady and child. She said: "Is this Mr. Nichols?" I told her it was, and invited her in. She said, with some embarrassment: "This little child is obsessed, or possessed, by an evil influence. He is led to swear, and use the most obscene language, all directed to his grandfather in the town of Northfield, Vt. I am no spiritualist, but I was led to come to the home of S. B. Nichols, and that through him and his companion this influence would be cast out." This to me was a mar-

velous fact. First of all, that in those early days persons were possessed of evil spirits, and, second, that this woman thought that I or my companion could cast them out as in the days of the Master. We sat down, and my companion was controlled by this influence. And, friends, the vilest language I ever heard came through the lips of that pure, lovely instrument. At the same time, it seemed to be directed towards me; he, the spirit, said I was interfering with his work. For two hours I talked with that spirit as to a mortal friend. I said he was destroying the life of that child, retarding his progress in the spirit world. I appealed to him to abandon his control of him. He said: "No, damn it, I will get even with him." I said: "Whom?" He said: "The old man; he wronged me, and I will get even with him." I said: "No, there is a power above that will save this child. Now, Sir, I am your friend. If you desire to use our instrument to send communications, we will help you." He seemed to see the position, and he said: "By God, that is fair." Immediately the influence left the medium, and she made passes over the child, and the next morning he seemed brighter and better. In a few weeks she wrote that the child was completely restored to health. That spirit came to us often, and I believe that, when my wife passed into the spirit world, this spirit was the first to welcome her glorified spirit.

DR. SILAS J. CHESEBROUGH,

1½ Otisco Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. A. C. Yates, of Syracuse, was a millionaire; he lived in a princely house, or castle, that cost five or six hundred thousand dollars. A few years ago, on one of his trips to New York to buy goods, he was taken sick there. No one knew it in Syracuse. Early in the morning, just after breakfast, one day, Jo Caffrey, a boy I have had with me some years, and who has remarkable mediumistic power, spoke the name of A. C. Yates. Upon that he got up and went into the dining room. All at once he screamed and fell down, straightening out as though he were dead. Mrs. Chesebrough said: "Go in quick! Jo has fallen upon the floor." I went in, but had gone only a few steps before

I was under influence. I stepped up and touched him on the head, and in a minute he revived. As he got up, he slapped his hand over his heart, staggered along, and dropped into a chair. Confucius, my control, left me and jumped into him, and said: "Mr. Chesebrough, perhaps you don't understand this." I said: "I do not." He said: "Well, this is the spirit of Mr. Yates that got this boy as he was walking through this room. He has just passed out of the form. He flew right back, drawn here in his wildness and confusion, and jumped into this boy. Had you not been here, we could not have put him out. Now, the news of his death is being telegraphed all over the city. If you go down to the city, you will hear the news that Mr. Yates died this morning." I went down town, and in a few minutes a lady spoke to me, and said: "Have you heard the news? Mr. A. C. Yates is dead." I said: "Yes, I heard it a few minutes ago." "Where?" she said. "In my house," I replied. She afterwards told me that this was the means of converting her to spiritualism.

MR. P. H. WEAVER,

Of Providence.

I will relate a fact that occurred last year on this ground. Mrs. Rigby, of Forestville, Ct., said to me: "I have a telegram that my daughter is ill, and wishes me to come home." I said: "She can be helped without your going home." I asked the ladies to stand up and take hold of hands. They did so. I looked at my watch, and said: "She will begin to be better at 12 o'clock; and she will go to sleep at 1 o'clock." I then thought "What a fool I have made of myself." But it turned out as I said. This is the little child of Mrs. Rigby, of Forestville, Connecticut.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

The power of going out of the body and healing at a distance is a fact that has been well established. Dr. Swan, of Hartford, has done this. He sent his influence to a child at a distance, and succeeded in curing it. The late Dr. Grey, of New York, an

eminent physician, and an ardent spiritualist, had a patient across the river. Stopping one evening at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he thought he would fix his attention upon the patient; he did so, and got the idea that he was better. The man came to see him afterwards, and asked him about that visit. Dr. Grey told him that he had not been out of the house. "But," said the man, "you certainly did come in, and walked off without saying a word." And he was convinced that he had done so, when Dr. Grey had simply fixed his attention upon him.

MRS. DREW,

Of Stoneham, Mass., of the Ladies' Aid Society.

I should not speak of myself if not forced to it by my friends. Three years ago, while in the town of Carlisle, I visited a lady whose home is in Worcester. She said to her friends at Worcester: "I am going to Carlisle to see Mrs. Drew." One lady says: "See if you can get a communication from my family." While under control I am unconscious, and so have to take the word of others as to what I say. While under control she said to Harmio, my little Indian girl: "Get her to send a communication to this lady's mother." In a little while she says: "I have found him." Then the influence through her said: "Tell my mother I am here. Tell her I could not help taking my life." Then a lady said: "They will say that everybody knows that, for it came out in the papers; so ask for a complete test to the mother." Then the influence says: "You tell my mother to clear out that little closet, then sift some flour on a board, place it in that closet, and I will come." She did so. For two weeks perhaps she visited that closet every day, and came away disappointed. One Monday morning, before light, she was aroused by a fearful rap in the room. Her husband says: "What's that?" Then it occurred to her: "Perhaps my son has come." She got up, but said nothing to her husband, but after he had gone away she said: "I will go to the closet." Then she decided to wait till daylight. At daylight she went, and there was the grandest testimony. In the flour on that board was drawn a beautiful flower, buds, and leaves. It was built up in the centre as though

turned from a mold. Beneath it were finger prints. Friends went there to see it. They wrote to me and I went up to see it. That was the first time I was ever in Worcester, and the first time I ever met that lady. That lady's name was Mrs. Wheaton, of Worcester. I was in hopes, while here today, that writing could be presented on my arm and body as it has been, showing positive proof of spirit power. This morning two messages came written on the arm. My mother, an Episcopalian, told me she would disown me if I didn't give it up. I said: "No, I can't give it up." Two weeks ago she died. Her friends said: "Shall we send for Fanny?" She said: "No." She meant to keep her word. Were it for my life I could not give up spiritualism.

FACT MEETING, AUG. 17, 1892.

MR. A. M. STODDARD,

Of San Francisco, Cal.

I am not here to solicit converts to spiritualism, but to relate facts. On the 1st of June I left San Francisco for Boston. Just before leaving I went to a medium, Mrs. King, formerly of New York. While there, a spirit came and controlled Mrs. King, stating that she was Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. She said that she wished to convince me of a fact, the fact of materialization. She said to me that she thought she could materialize with the Eddy Brothers on this ground. So I came and attended the Eddy seance, the second one held here. The second form that came out of the cabinet was a lady dressed in pure white. She reached her hand towards me. I went up and shook hands with her, and she gave her name as Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and asked if I remembered her promise in California? I will state that the appearance of the form and features was that of a beautiful lady. Of course, I could not identify her as Mary, Queen of Scots. Since that, she tells me through another medium, that she has controlled here on these grounds many times. She says a stranger would hardly recognize her, but that it is the best she can do under the circumstances. One more fact, and greater than this, I think: a friend of mine, Mrs. Herbert, was in New Zealand thirteen years ago. On the passage from New Zealand

to Japan there was a Maori chief on board. She taught him some English, and he taught her some of his language. Just as they got into the bay this chief died. The memory of him passed from her mind. At the Eddy seance this chief appeared, dressed in his costume. He addressed her in the Maori language. She was invited up to the cabinet, and they held a conversation in his native tongue. At every seance there this chief has materialized. It is 1300 miles from here to Australia, and the Eddys could not have known of this fact.

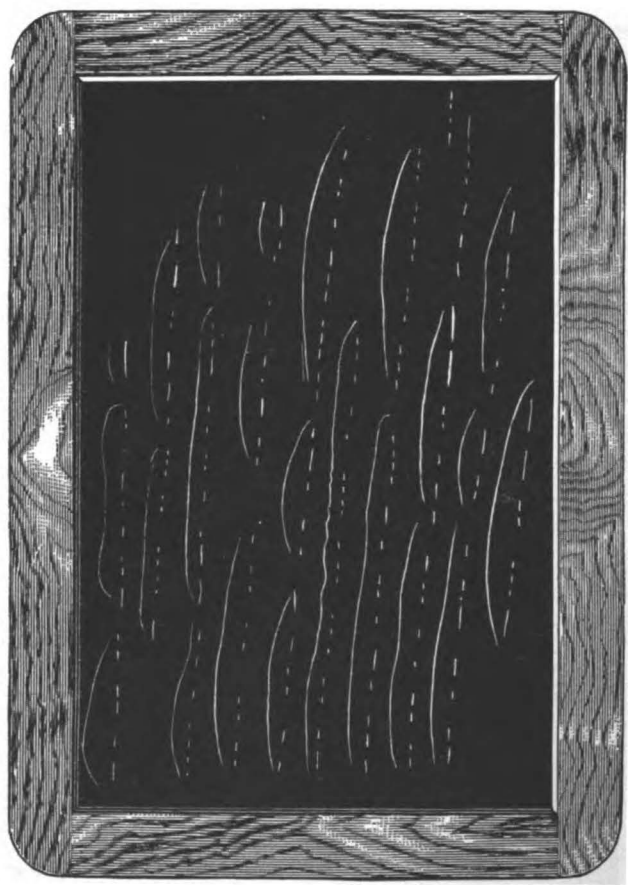
WALTER HOWELL,

Manchester, England.

Last May I was in Glasgow, Scotland, and had a seance with David Duguid, the painting medium of that city. Present with me were two friends, Mr. James Bowan, photographer, Jamaica St., Glasgow, and Mr. Hay Nisbet, publisher, of the same city. Mr. Duguid has never received a penny in his life for his mediumship, hence his manifestations are not obtained through pecuniary considerations. I went for a direct spirit painting. As I had no card in my pocket I asked Mr. Bowan for one, and his name is on it. I will lay it down here for examination. Before putting this card upon the table, I thought best to tear off a corner of it and keep it. I wanted to be sure that the card was not substituted for another. I tied the medium's hands, who was then in a deep trance. In two minutes knocks came for the light to be turned on, and just as this was done this card was dropped from the ceiling, wet from the brush. It is an oil painting.

Last May twelve months I was in Newcastle-upon-Tyne with a few friends who had arranged a scientific investigation into the materialization phenomena. Among them were Mr. Hare, of Newcastle, 16 Chester Crescent, Mr. Edge, of Llandudno, North Wales, and Mr. Wolstonholme, of Lancashire. Three names are sufficient in any court, and they are sufficient here. The cabinet was constructed of thick timber, with panels of perforated zinc. There were projecting screws. There were holes made in the wood-work of the door, so that the screws projected about two inches through the door, and the nuts were screwed on from out-

side, so that nobody from the inside could open the door. In addition to the screws, top and bottom, there was a padlock put on, and we kept the key. The cabinet was constructed for test purposes. We tried the panels to see if they could be pulled out, but they were securely fastened. The outside of the cabinet was draped with baize curtains. The seance began at 11 o'clock in the morning. The windows were darkened, but light came through the top of the shutters and at the door at the left. We had light such as photographers use to prevent active waves of light passing through, which would have been detrimental to the medium and also to the materializing forms. There was sufficient light to see each other and every object. First of all, there came a little form two feet high, with a black face, and black hands, purporting to be "Pocha." That night, if you please, be the medium on her knees. But I don't believe it was the medium. Next came a form of medium height, a lady claiming by motions to be related to Mr. Edge, of Llandudno. She did not speak. I suggested that there was a weighing machine there, and that it would be well to have the form weighed. I asked the friends to keep close watch, as my sight is defective. I wanted both feet to be off the floor, and the robes pulled up clear of the floor. The form stood upon the platform of the weighing machine, and I then asked that she, the form, place her hands on top of her head, so that she could not manipulate the machinery. That form weighed twenty-five and a half pounds, whereas the medium was quite a heavy woman. After this came a form taller than anybody in the room. As forms when draped always appear taller than otherwise, I suggested that the tallest gentleman should stand back to back with the form. He did so, and the form gradually grew till it was a head and shoulders taller than the gentleman who stood up for measurement, though it was a little shorter at first. The eighth form seemed to come as steam from the cabinet, circled in the middle of the room, moving in a spiral form, and rose to the height of a human figure. It gradually solidified till it became a tangible human form, and walked about the room, convincing us that it was a materialization. Then, in dematerializing, it disappeared in the steam-like vapor, and assumed the same proportions as at the commencement, and finally seemed to be absorbed inside the cabinet. Then



(See Page 204.)

this little black form came out again, and this closed the seance. Sixteen persons were present, many of whom never witnessed anything of the kind before, and all of whom put their signatures to this statement, which was recorded in the *Newcastle Herald of Progress*. I could on application at Newcastle get a *Herald* with signatures of every person present at that seance.

Mr. Whitlock.—“You say the medium was locked in this cabinet?”

Mr. Howell.—“Yes. The last time this little black form came out I asked her if I might go behind the cabinet. She took me by her tiny hand and I went in and felt of the locks. All these manifestations occurred outside the cabinet. After this seance, Mr. Blackburn, of Manchester, had a cabinet constructed that should hang suspended from the ceiling, that the indicator at another part of the room should indicate the weight that was being diminished in the medium so that the diminution of weight in the medium and the accumulation of weight in the form could be accurately registered.”

Question.—“Was there any aperture through which air could circulate?”

Mr. Howell.—“Yes, there was perforated zinc.”

A. H. PHILLIPS.

During the month of June, while Mr. Phillips was stopping at my house, No. 9 Vinton St., Providence, R. I., I tried with him a number of experiments in independent writing. Description of some of them may be found in *FACTS*, No. 2. We had previously been promised by the spirits a communication written in Greek, and were sitting with that promise in our minds, hoping it might then be verified. An ordinary slate lay flat upon the table without any pencil under it. After waiting a short time we heard a scratching upon the slate, so peculiar that we wondered what they could be doing. After this noise had ceased, and the customary raps were given, indicating that they had finished, we turned over the slate and found a message written in telegraphic characters, as seen in our illustration page. As neither of us could read them, we asked the spirits if they would

interpret them for us, whereupon Mr. Phillips' hand was controlled and wrote the following message: "My dear L., this will seem Greek to you; I do it out of pure mischief. Sarah says you will never make it out.—BILL."

The correctness of this interpretation was verified by taking it to the superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Providence, R. I., who, however, accused it of being a badly-written message, as I should expect it would be if done by my brother Bill, as he had no experience in telegraphy to my knowledge, and it was indeed "Greek" to me.

L. L. WHITLOCK.

TESTS AT THE PUBLIC STAND BY

MR. J. WM. FLETCHER.

[It is impossible in an audience of thousands to get the names of those who recognize these tests in public.—ED.]

An old man now takes me by the hand and leads me away from here into a room beside a bed. I look into the bed, and I see him with wan face lying upon the pillow, apparently asleep. He seems very old; the lines about the face are very heavy. As I look upon him his spirit stands outside his body, and I see people outside the room. They too think he is asleep, but soon find that he is not sleeping the sleep that awakes on earth, but that his spirit has left his body. Now I see the name "Samuel Hunt," and he makes the letter A and a dot is put after it. Now I see Athol, Mass., written. He is sleeping in bed apparently, when they come to awaken him, and find that his spirit has left the body. Another old man takes me by the hand and leads me not very far away from here. I see him standing for a moment, then he passes into a place where quite a number of gentlemen are assembled together. They are not clad in uniform, still they seem to wear something like a regalia, and I see the square and compass before me. Now I read the word "chamber;" and now "John." Now on a banner I see "Republican law," as if this had something to do with these people assembled. Snow is all about. I hear spoken: "It was December." I hear also the name "Greenfield, Mass.," spoken. Now I have it, "Gamber." "Been in spirit world about seven years." Now I see six very beautiful stars

shining before me. One by one they pass away; one is put out, then another, and another, till five apparently fade from view, leaving only the sixth. Now in place of these stars I see spirits. They are represented in that way. I can see but one left, while five have apparently gone to the spirit world. I now see the letter "S," as if that was the initial of some name. Now "Troy" is written out. Now I see or hear "Stratton"; again, "Harriet," and "William." And these are drawn to some one in earth life, who is almost alone. They wish to make her feel that they are around her. Harriet and William Stratton, making in all six, but as they now stand, five in spirit life, and one in earth life.

This test was recognized as father, son, and wife. The daughter of this Mr. Stratton was announced by some one in the audience to be on the grounds. Dr. J. Beals, of Greenfield, Mass., recognized Mr. Gamber.

Now I see the spirit of a lady. I have seen her three or four times before. She seems determined to be recognized. She seems to be fair, to have light, long, curling hair. She holds in her hands pictures of herself, as many as three. She hands them to some gentleman here. Now I see "A. R." Now I see "Addie Rogers." Now I seem to be in a hall where a number of people are assembled. It is not a church, but almost like one. I go in and am very much interested in arranging it. I hear some person speaking. I am much interested in the work, but more particularly in what is being said. I see "J. D." Now comes, "Joseph E. Daniels, of Willimantic." He says: "I had charge of the spiritual hall in Willimantic, Conn. I want to testify to the work of the spirit. I am drawn back just the same as if I had never left the earth life." He doesn't seem to have been there long. This test was recognized.

Now a lady comes near. First it appears like one person standing, then a cloud of spirits are standing around her. They seem to pour an influence around her as they did around the speaker of the afternoon. Now this lady writes out "Winsted." She seems to be very unhappy, for I see a crown of thorns. Now I see the word "Richards." Again, I see "Polly Carpenter Richards." She says: "I was persecuted to the end." Now she says: "When asked if I was happy, I will say it is far better to be a spirit than a persecuted medium. I died in Winsted, Conn."

I see before me now, as if the scene had entirely changed, two spirits, both of whom seem to be endowed with great power. They come very near; they are calling to some one. One of them is a gentleman, and the other a lady. They both stand together. They are calling to a lady whose name is "Lizzie." As I look further out, I see this gentleman appear, and I hear the name "Farrington." Now he writes in the air the name "Philip Farrington." By his side stands a lady. He holds up her hands and makes the letter S. They both come to show the path in which that person has been walking, as if it was to have been extended, because it is a long, long distance from here, and instead of following it, it seems to have branched out in another direction. It seems they have taken up a new work. It is a long, distant journey. It is not finished, but only delayed for a time. This comes from Philip Farrington, who was busy here in the earth life. I also hear the name "San Francisco." The test is recognized by a lady in the audience.

FACT MEETING, AUG. 20, 1892.

MRS. S. DICK,

Of Boston.

Several years ago I was invited to lecture in Brooklyn, in the month of May. I had a brother, a naval officer, whose home was in Brooklyn. While absent from home he had purchased a little canary bird, and brought it home to his wife. I was stopping with his wife. She said to me one day: "Can't you keep the little bird and train it? Your magnetism is like your brother's." I took it out of the cage one afternoon, and the bird slipped out of my fingers, and passed out of the window. She said: "Why, you have lost my husband's pet bird. It seems to me ominous, as though something would happen to him." I said: "Perhaps he may come back." She said: "Nonsense." She called to a man opposite, and he came out and saw the bird flying up on the top of a tall brick building. I could n't help crying at her distress, but I still said it would come back. At 8 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Monroe A. Bradford, of Brooklyn, came in, and while there heard about the loss of the bird. My brother's wife said: "We

shall never get it again." Mr. Bradford turned to me and said: "You are a medium; sit down and see what you will get." I did so, and the instant I passed under control my father came and said: "I will watch that bird. Tomorrow morning my daughter," that is myself, "will go to the window; the bird shall be in a certain branch of the tree. Set a cage in the window, and the bird will come back into it." My brother's wife was skeptical, but early in the morning I was there with the cage, and the bird was there and came back into it. In two months my brother died of yellow fever, and the little bird soon sickened and died too. Then his wife sickened and lay between life and death. One day she said: "Look up, there is my husband, and there is the little bird on his forefinger. I am going to get better." She is now in the spirit life. After that, in Boston, I went into a photographer's. I sat for a picture, and there came the most beautiful little spirit child right over my shoulder. A voice said: "Go back and change your dress." I went back and put on a suit of black silk that this brother had bought me for a present. I went back to the artist's, who said: "Sit down." I said: "I can't, I must stand." He said: "That is singular. If you stand, I can't get your picture." I said: "Never mind, for I must stand." The picture was taken, and on the left arm came a cage, and the bird plainly visible. On the right side, my brother in his naval uniform. I have the picture today. My brother's name is H. L. Dick, of Brooklyn.

I have always been familiar with materializations from a child. I would go out from my seat to say my a, b, c, and fall forward on my face. They would carry me home to my mother, who would say: "That girl has fits." Afterwards they found it was a trance condition. When there was a question in regard to the genuineness of mediumship, I, knowing that I had materializations alone in my room, thought I would go out and test it. Those who seek for fraud can generally find it. I went to No. 4 Bromley Park. There I saw my mother, this brother, and a little niece, one of whose habits was to play with my hand. The moment I put my hand up to my brother, she said: "Put your hand in mine, Auntie." She took it and toyed with it just as natural as life.

Do you understand the chemical process, the mystery of life

and materialization? That brother had worked so hard with the chemical process there that he had not the chemical material out of which these bodies are made to furnish the materialization. I wondered why he stood with one side turned towards me. I could see the long black whiskers on one side, but could not see the other side, so I passed around to the other side. Judge of my surprise, the other side was not filled out at all. There was not material enough to complete the form. The medium's name was Mrs. Seaver, No. Bromley Park, Boston Highlands. The photographer never knew my brother, nor the circumstances in connection with the bird. He was a thorough skeptic. He knew me as a medium, but gave me the cold shoulder, for he despised mediumship. But to finish my story. At the seance I speak of, I was much exhausted, for they had drawn from my vitality. I passed back to my seat, and a little Indian control said: "Take squaw and come up here; we want your help." Then he said: "Put your hand inside the cabinet." I looked to the right and put my hand down, when I was impelled to look down, and there came a white luminous substance, which formed into the body of a man as high as the shoulders, not a bit of a head, not a bit of a neck. I said: "I want the others to see this." Pretty soon there shot up a little substance in the shape of a neck; then there came for the head a substance not bigger than an orange. I said: "That is curious." It held together for a little while, when all at once the head and face of a Scotchman appeared. Then a Scotch cap was woven. I, in my eagerness, thought there was something more for me, and I said: "Why, it is nothing but a Scotchman." A lady sprang forward, and said: "Oh, my father!" And they embraced there right in my presence. Now, friends, if immortality is a fact, materialization is a fact.

MRS. ELLEN M. BOLLES,

Of Providence, R. I.

My husband, in the winter of 1876 and 1877, was at work in a mine in Washington county, Cal., in company with a Mr. Curtis, of Oakland, Cal. It was my husband's first experience in mining. One night he had gone to bed tired, wet, and cold, and

after sleeping an hour or two he was waked up, and saw what appeared to be a Methodist minister. He had known one year before in Rochester, Mass., who at that time had been dead ten years or more. This form said to him: "Do n't go into the tunnel today." This startled him so that it broke the conditions, and the form disappeared. He at last concluded it was a dream, and finally went to sleep again. The next time he awoke as though somebody touched him, and he again saw this minister; Philip Crandall, I think, was the name. This time the form said: "Do n't go into the tunnel today, or you will be killed." In the morning he decided not to say anything about it, but go to work in the tunnel as usual. At breakfast, Mr. Curtis said: "Some how, I do n't feel as if I could go into the tunnel today." Then he told his story, but both of them were too proud to heed the admonition. Still the impression was so strong upon Mr. Curtis that, after working an hour or two, he said he could not work any longer, and pretty soon he vomited. The influences were at work upon him. They concluded to go back and not work any more that day. They decided to examine the tunnel, which was three hundred feet long. As they were going out my husband happened to notice a boulder that had been over the tunnel a long time. It weighed half a ton or more. The mine was a gravel mine, and this boulder over the roadway of the tunnel was so firmly fixed that it had been left there. As they were going out, my husband said: "I wonder if this would fall?" And he struck it with his hammer. Of course this blow would not have brought it down if it had been firm, but to his surprise the boulder fell. As he was passing under that boulder many times a day, he was in great danger. He considers that through this interposition he was saved from death.

Another fact: he was afterwards at work in this same tunnel. While there he saw a man pass by with a candle in his hand, going into the tunnel. He thought it was Mr. Curtis, his comrade. In a few minutes Mr. Curtis himself went by, in the same direction, with a candle in his hand. My husband said: "Haloo! how did you get by?" "I have not been in here before," said Mr. Curtis. What it was they did not know. A few days afterwards a lady and gentleman came up from San Francisco, and the lady said to Mr. Bolles: "I came up here to find out what

sort of a man you were. Thursday night we had a seance at our house, and a man named Watson came through a certain medium, and described to us this tunnel, and marked out a part of it which proved to be correct. He gave us a description of you, and I should know you by the description. He said he was in this mine Thursday morning." It was on Thursday morning that my husband saw that man go by with the candle. He, the spirit, said: "I was in the mine on Thursday morning, and showed myself so that I was recognized. Now I want to know if this is so." My husband said: "You may ask Mr. Curtis." Mr. Curtis confirmed the story. This I consider a materialization without endeavor to obtain it through a medium or cabinet.

SAMUEL SEDGWICK,

North Adams, Mass.

Last year I attended a materializing seance of Mrs. Huntoon's. Going late, I was obliged to take a back seat. I therefore determined to try again, so on Sunday morning early I went and bought a ticket, and procured a front seat for the next seance, putting the ticket into my vest pocket and saying nothing about it. Between five and six o'clock on Sunday I was introduced to Mrs. Stiles, the inspirational speaker, of Worcester. She described standing by me a beautiful spirit, and said: "Her name is Lucina. You are her father, and she says to you: 'Father, I am glad you are going up there tonight. I will do the best I can to come out strong, for I want to talk with you and send word home to mother.'" A couple of hours later I took my seat in the circle. Presently my daughter came out, and said: "Father,—Lucina," and she beckoned to me. I went up to her, when she suddenly had to withdraw to get strength, saying: "Father, do n't go, for I want to talk with you, and send word home to mother. Tell mother I am happy, and not to feel so badly, for I am with her daily. And, now, father, do n't you know what I said to you,—the last words,—that I wanted to go?"

HENRY SHERBURNE,

Esperance, Schoharie County, N. Y.

Three years ago, at Albany, I attended an Eddy seance. I sat the second one from the end of the circle. The second or third form that came out was my oldest sister. My wife sat beside me, and she said: "That is for you." I said: "I know it." I asked if it was for me, and the reply was "Yes." I said: "Is it Rosina?" She said: "No." "Harriet?" "No." "Julia?" "Yes." There she stood just as she did the last time I saw her, dressed in the same way,—white apron, black alpaca dress, white cap, and white neckerchief. The next evening I attended another seance, and a young man, a nephew of mine, named George Herrick, came out. On asking the usual questions he said it was for me, and that it was a nephew of mine. All this time he kept looking at me very earnestly, and turning his face. Evidently he thought I had some little misunderstanding about his face. I thought to myself: "Well, young man, I guess there's a little mistake, for I think your whiskers on the chin were full clear to the lip." Instead of that, in the materialization, there was only a little tuft of hair right on the middle of the chin. At the close of the seance I returned to his brother's house, and asked for his photograph. It was hanging in the parlor. I went in and saw that the materialization was correct and I was wrong. At the circle, after he had withdrawn, a little child came out which I knew immediately, though she had been dead fifty-five years. I said: "Are you my niece?" She said: "Yes." Is your name Mary?" "Yes." Then she turned towards me and laughed. A gentleman said: "Just see that child laugh at the recognition." I was telling it at the house, when her brother said: "I have not thought of her, I don't know the time when." Said I: "She has been in my mind ever since she died."

MR. S. B. NICHOLS,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to tell an experience of mine with what I believed to be lying spirits. I have found in later years, when later revelations came, that much that is called evil is not so, so far as the

intent is concerned. In my earlier years my companion was used as a healer. One day a lady about fifty years old called. Another one was in the carriage with her who was, apparently, in the last stages of disease. The first said to my wife: "Are you a spirit-rapper?" Mrs. Nichols said: "No." "Are you a medium?" she asked. Mrs. Nichols replied: "I do n't know. I have been strangely influenced to write, but I am not yet convinced as to what it is." When she said this her hand reached towards the person in the carriage and beckoned for her to come in. It seems it was a mother and her daughter. The name was "Comstock," Agnes Comstock, who had been an invalid from the time she was seven years old. One day in her home, while holding out her arm, an older sister ran against it, straining it, and causing a large tumor to come, which baffled the skill of all the physicians. Amputation would not cure, and the doctors said she must die. They were Methodist people. As a last resort they came to a spirit-rapper. Passes were made over her, and a prescription given. The physician objected to two of the articles, but the intelligence said they must go. The result was she was cured. At this time a gentleman was paying her attentions, and she was to be married. We would occasionally go to Shelburn Falls. One day a spirit came and gave the name of Orville Comstock, but we had some reason to believe that it was not Orville Comstock. "Now," said I, "why do you come and assume the name of a spirit that does not belong to you?" There was a hesitation, then he said: "What I give you is the truth." Said I: "Will you not come in your name?" The spirit said: "If I come in the name of Orville Comstock, you will receive what I give; if I come in my own name, you will not receive it." Said I: "Do you deceive us for a good purpose? Be truthful, and we believe we can help you." He finally gave us his name, and it proved to be a young man who had worked on the farm. He made another spirit take possession of the medium because he had made that promise to us. He said that this was the date of his first progress in spirit life when he made that promise. I have never since then found a lying or deceiving spirit without talking to them. He promised not to deceive again, but to come in his own name.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD,

Stafford Springs, Ct.

I had been in Sturbridge, Mass., at the house of Mr. Elijah Allen, holding seances and lecturing in the school-house. One Saturday I had started for home on foot. About half-past eleven a spirit met me in the road, requesting me to stop on my way at his house and take dinner, and said: "Tell my daughter that you met her father down the road, and he requested you to stop and get dinner." I replied that I would do so; then he vanished out of my sight. I hesitated about doing as I had promised, when he reappeared, looking a little vexed, and his whole form was then perfectly developed before me.

He was a short, thick-set man, wearing an old-fashioned fur hat; the crown had been cut off and sewed in with double linen thread. I could see distinctly the two threads. He wore an old-fashioned farmer's frock, of blue and white checked goods. As he looked at me he took hold of the corner of the frock, giving it an impetuous jerk upward, saying: "Strange, I never can have a frock made to suit me." He then said: "Now, you have seen me, go and tell my daughter, and get your dinner." I then concluded to do as he had requested, and calling at the next house, which he had pointed out to me as his, I rapped at the door; his daughter opened it. I told her what had occurred, and she was frightened, and shut the door in my face, and ran away to the back part of the house.

I opened the door, and stepping in saw an elderly lady sitting in a chair knitting. She said to me: "What did you say, sir?" I answered: "I met that young lady's father down in the road, and he requested me to stop and take dinner." She said: "You must be mistaken, sir, my husband is dead." "Yes," I replied, "it was his spirit I saw." She then told me to be seated, and tell her how he looked. I then described him, and the clothing which he wore. She cried out to her daughter, who had made such a sudden exit: "Becky! Becky! come back; it was your father." Whereupon the girl, pale and trembling, came in from the back room and listened to my story, which I told, as requested by the spirit of her father.

Her mother asked her to go and get the frock and hat, which

proved to be a *fac simile* of the one I had seen and described. She also explained to me the cause of his exclamation, "Strange, I never can have anything made to suit me," by saying that the last frock they made him was too large, and he had found fault with it in the manner described. After which I took dinner, and had a pleasant visit with them, and they were convinced that the spirit of the husband and father had appeared. The name and address of the daughter is Rebecca Shaw, Sturbridge, Mass.

B. F. KNIGHT,

Waterbury Centre, Vt.

One night, while lying in my bed, the spirit of a man came to my room, and accosted me thus: "Benjamin, you are wanted down on Onion River immediately; come with me." My spirit at once arose, leaving my body lying on the bed, which I could distinctly see; nothing material seemed to environ me then; even the walls of the house were no barriers, but I passed through them as easily as though they were misty vapor, and I was suddenly endowed with such new and wondrous powers of locomotion as, with the rapidity of lightning, to be transported to my destination.

I found myself with my spirit guide in the house of a friend, whose wife was lying on a bed in the agonies of child-birth.

They had sent for a physician, but he could not come to them for some hours, and although there were several women in the house, still there was none who was competent to take entire charge of a woman in so perilous a situation.

My spirit guide immediately seemed to be absorbed in my spirit, and I then took control of one of the women who were present, and we three together, each acting upon and through the other, successfully delivered the mother, and thus saved the lives of mother and child. While being controlled, the woman exclaimed: "It does seem as though we were helped by some invisible power," and to her it was invisible, but to me the whole transaction was as natural as any act of my life.

We then released the woman from our control. My spirit

friend again stood by me, and returned with me to my home and body, which I had left lying on the bed.

I said to him: "Why did you come for me to help you?" as I knew nothing about obstetrics. He answered: "I went to her home and saw her situation, but could not alone control the woman to do as I wished, so I had to control a spirit in the natural body first, and make it my medium for controlling her." He then disappeared. My body was still on the bed; I was curious to know how it felt, and wondered if it had grown cold in my absence. I proceeded to the bed, touched it on one of the temples, when, lo! I was again in possession of my own body as natural as ever.

I remember that there seemed to be a magnetic cord attaching my spirit and body together all the time.

When I arose in the morning I told my sister of the strange experience of the night before. She laughed at me, and said: "It is nothing but a dream." I told her she might call it a dream, or whatever she chose, but if she would remember the description of the incidents I had related, she would sometime find the truth of them verified.

A few hours later, I met Artemus Newhall, the father of the young mother. I said to him: "Artemus, you've got a new *heir* down on the river, have n't you?" He answered: "I do n't know about that; we expect one, and my wife has been down there several days, but I have not heard." Then I said: "You have a grand-daughter"; and I described the child, and said: "When you see them, you will know I have told the truth."

The day following he harnessed his team, and drove down to his daughter's home. He found my statement to be true in every particular, the description of the child, its sex, and the exclamation of the woman, who was acting physician, when she said she believed she was helped by some unseen power.

On his return home with his wife, I happened to meet them, and she, after greeting me, commenced to tell the story. I said: "You stop and let me tell you; I will also tell you what color its eyes will be when it is old enough for you to see them." She was astonished, and asked me how I knew. I told her I saw it before she did, and was one of the officiating physicians; also telling her who the spirit was that helped me. He was a former

physician and friend of the family, who had passed to spirit life some years before. This circumstance may seem strange, but it is as true as any incident of my life; and my friends, Artemus Newhall and wife, of Waterbury Centre, Vt., will vouch for the truthfulness of the incidents connected with this strange experience.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD,

Stafford Springs, Conn.

While a guest at the residence of Dr. Ralph Glover, Wilbraham, Mass., I was entranced in the front chamber, and gave some communications from John Glover, who died in Natchez. I suddenly started toward the window and cried fire. Dr. Glover caught me, saying: "Don't cry fire, you'll raise the neighborhood." The cry of fire was repeated several times, and each time I was seized by the doctor in the same manner.

It appeared that some carpenters had been at work repairing the barn, and had left a pile of shavings between the house and barn, which were only a few feet apart. It being the day before the fourth of July, the boys had been playing with fire-crackers, and one had lodged in among the shavings unknown to any of the inmates of the house. The cry of fire given by the spirit through me was repeated in the street, and many came to the rescue, thus saving both house and barn from destruction.

MR. DAVID JONES,

Editor of the *Olive Branch*.

On my return from the camp-meeting last year, I met an old friend on the street in Utica, N. Y., who greeted me warmly, and asked me if I had met Mr. Caffrey, of Syracuse, a remarkable medium who was stopping on Seneca Street. I went to see this medium, and asked him for a sitting. Two weeks after that I had the sitting. He asked me to write a name on a piece of paper. So I wrote the name of "O. P. Brown," and folded it up. He placed it in his slate, and shut it up like a book. Immediately he said: "David, my boy, how are you?—Joseph Rey-

nolds." He clapped the slate under the table, and called for me to help him hold it. I held it with a tight grip, while I felt the slate vibrate. He said: "I can't hold this slate." "Oh, yes you can," said I. When I opened it I found a communication from my father-in-law, filling two sides of the slate, referring to family matters, and calling my wife by name, and two of my brothers-in-law, and the wife of one of them. A week or so after that I attended another seance with him, and we received a different class of phenomena. We heard loud voices talking that appeared to come from but about eighteen or twenty inches from the floor. I thought it strange that the voice did n't come up higher like a man. After a time the medium said: "If we are going to get any slate-writing, we had better get at it." We struck a light, took a slate, washed it, and passed it around to the circle, twenty in number. He then took the slate in a careless manner, and laid it on the table. We stood the lamp beside the slate, and turned it down, leaving sufficient light to see the slate distinctly, and the features of the parties in the room. In a few minutes we heard the writing, and finally it stopped; and Mr. Caffrey said: "I will step out of the room. I wish Mr. Williams would hold the slate under the table." Caffrey stepped out, and David Williams took the slate, the medium being out of the circle, and held it under the table. He had a communication from his wife, and fourteen different communications on that slate, one of them to a party not present in the circle. The spirit in writing requested me to keep it and give it to him.

I went there on another evening, and there was a gentleman in the party by the name of Howe. He was next-door neighbor to D. P. White, who passed to spirit life a year ago last June. He had a very peculiar way of signing his name. There is only one man in Utica that I know of that can counterfeit it, and that is his partner, Mr. Floyd. On that slate we got a perfect *fac simile* of Mr. White's name. Another party had Mr. White's signature, and we found by comparison that we had a perfect *fac simile*. I would have been willing to swear that D. P. White wrote both. Wednesday evening last I was at Maud Lord's, when a spirit came and gave me a masonic grip with a materialized hand. Our hands were all joined, and the guitar was lying right across our hands at the time. I heard Mrs. Lord's hands patting all the

time. She was on the other side of the circle. As Mr. White belonged to the Lodge of Egyptian Masonry, to which I belonged, I asked him for the signal of that lodge. He immediately rapped the right number on the tambourine. I have no other hypothesis than that D. P. White was there because he did just what I asked him, and I don't think another one there knew just what that meant. It was the best evidence in the world.

Question by a gentleman in the audience.—“What degree was the masonic grip?”

“He gave the master's grip of Utica Lodge No. 1.”

MR. WILLIAM GARDNER,

Troy, N. Y.

I reside in the city of Troy, N. Y., and must leave on the train soon, but before I go I would like to leave a few bricks to put in this pyramid of “Facts” you are erecting. I have facts enough that have occurred during the past twenty-five years to make a pyramid of my own. In 1868 or 1869 I was attending a seance at the home of Mrs. Mary Andrews, in Moravia, N. Y. A very intelligent middle-aged lady came to the place one day, secured rooms, and a seat at the seance. She was very reticent, giving no name, nor residence. Her seat at the seance was next to mine, giving me a good chance to hear any conversation with her spirit friends. At the second seance after her arrival, a voice apparently very near her said: “Mother, it is Fred.” The lady, Mrs. M. B. Gourlay, as afterwards appeared, replied: “Oh, Fred! God bless you.” Fred continued: “Oh, that my dear sister Mary were here, that I might press her to my heart. Oh, mother, that was a terrible fall, but I came to consciousness and saw the excited crowd about my body on the sidewalk, and saw them take it away.” Mrs. Gourlay said: “Fred, is your father with you?” Fred said: “Yes, and he wants you to forgive him.” Mrs. G.: “Well, I can, and all the world after this.” This took place in darkness. When the seance was over, Mrs. Andrews came to Mrs. Gourlay, and said: “A man by the name of Dr. North was here last summer, and a spirit by the name of Fred came often and talked to him, calling him uncle, and spoke of

that awful fall." "Well," said Mrs. G., "it is very reasonable; Dr. North is my brother. My son Fred jumped out of a third-story window in the city of Philadelphia, in the delirium of small-pox fever, when that disease was epidemic there. His sister Mary was risking her life in taking care of him, to save him from going to the pest house." The lady then gave her name, Mrs. M. B. Gourlay. Those who have read Dr. Hare's account of his first experiments in spiritual phenomena, in Philadelphia, will recognize the name, Mrs. Gourlay being the medium. When I returned to Titusville, Pa., where I resided at the time, I met a friend by the name of Childs, who belonged in Philadelphia. I began to tell him about the phenomena at Moravia, when he interrupted me, saying: "Why, I know Mrs. Gourlay, and Fred, and Mary, and the Doctor"; he went on corroborating all that Mrs. G. and Fred had said about the sad affair, adding much that I do not relate, but all agreeing with what I had heard at Moravia.

Another fact: in the month of February, 1880, I received a telegram at my place of business in the city of Troy from parties in East Dorset, Vt., asking for information about my son, W. D. Gardner. The parties telegraphing wanted to employ him, and I was anxious that they should, but I did not know where he was, and I answered that I would come at once to East Dorset myself. It may be proper here to state that I have lived in East Dorset much of the time during the last twenty-five years; that I have owned a place there during that time. I came to Troy in January, 1879, and my son was occupying the homestead, but at the time of which I am speaking he was absent somewhere in Addison Co., Vt., visiting relatives, and I did not know where. I went to East Dorset, but could get no clue to the young man. I seldom go into the neighborhood of North Dorset, Vt., that I do not visit the home of Frank Maynard, and his estimable wife, Mariette. I received through her mediumship, about twenty-eight years ago, my first spiritual communication, and I have received hundreds since, and have witnessed at her circle many remarkable things, receiving through her mediumship more tests than through all other channels, and I have seen very much of spiritualism and mediums since I began to study the subject thirty years ago. The method of receiving messages at Mrs.

Maynard's circle is by raps, and when I get messages I read the raps myself in a way that is not intelligible to anyone else, not even to Mrs. M. herself. She is as passive as a telegraph key, and takes the place of one. At the time I speak of, I went to Mrs. Maynard's in the evening to see if my spirit friends had anything for me. I was very careful to make no mention of my son, or my anxiety about him, nor about my business any way. There were four of us who sat round the table, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Maynard's sister, Martha, and myself. After a few moments of quiet, five distinct raps indicated that a message was ready. I took down the letters in the way I have indicated, no one but myself knowing a letter, and received this message: "Don't worry so; that matter is all right." Other messages came, not necessary to mention. I remained there all night, and took the early morning train home, arriving before the house was open. When the door was opened, the first words to greet me were: "Well, the lost boy is here; he came on the late evening train." So he passed through North Dorset where I was, a little while after I received the message.

Another fact: about a year after this, in the spring of 1881, I went to East Dorset with a strong desire to negotiate a trade, but after doing my best I failed, and gave it up. In the evening I went to North Dorset, and to the spiritual telegraph office, of course. The failure of my plans was out of my mind. We were sitting around the table in the dark, the same parties as before, I think. Some blank sheets of paper were on the table. Mrs. Maynard said to me: "A sheet of paper is held up before your face with the words 'good success' upon it, in large letters." I asked if it related to what I had been trying to do that day, and the raps answered: "Yes." On arriving at my house that evening, I learned that my friend had changed his mind, and so the message proved correct.

Mrs. Maynard is a very good clairvoyant. On one occasion, when I was sitting in her circle, it was in 1877, I think, she said a man stood near me with his hand on my shoulder. I recognized him readily by her description, and I said: "If it is the one I think it is, he can identify himself beyond a doubt; there is something very marked about his face." Mrs. M. suddenly exclaimed: "Why, what is he doing? He has taken out one of

his eyes, and holds it out in his hand." I said: "That is all right, he had a glass eye." The man was my cousin, and this was the first time he had reported to me, and he said it was the first time he had reported to anyone. He knew nothing of spirit or spirit return when he died.

I could relate facts enough to fill a magazine. I will add one more that I consider remarkable. Perhaps others may have witnessed the same phenomenon, but like me have hesitated to publish it for fear of injuring their character for veracity. Mrs. Maynard has a sister, Miss Addie A. Johnson, who is also a medium. She often sits in Mrs. Maynard's circle. On one occasion, I cannot give the date, when the circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Martha Hulet, and Miss Johnson, both sisters of Mrs. Maynard, my son, W. D. Gardner, and myself; we were sitting about the table in darkness, when Miss Johnson, who is timid and excitable in a circle, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! I wish they would let me alone. They are doing something to my back." Presently Mrs. Maynard said: "There is something on my hands and on the table." I supposed that some article from some of the rooms had been put on the table, as had been done very often. I reached out to investigate, and found the table wet. We struck a light, and found fresh blood on Mrs. Maynard's hands and on the table, in all, I should judge, about a big spoonful. We then asked the name of the spirit who wrought the wonder, and got the name of a man very familiar to us all, who died bleeding from his lungs. He said he did it to identify himself, and show what they could do. The same thing has occurred there on several occasions, other parties submitting to the cupping, parties whose names can be given. I was told that the puncture where the blood was taken was plainly to be seen on the back between the shoulders.

MR. FRED. HASLAM,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to relate an experience I once had at Yaphank, L. I. I was sent to a farm house, a Mr. Munson's, parties that I did not know at all. I went to bed, and to sleep, as I thought.

Soon I saw a form floating over my head. I thought I was dreaming, or that it was a sort of imaginary thing, a vision, or creation of the mind. I put my hand out and felt distinctly a form, saw it and felt it to. I looked around the room, saw a light, and asked myself "Who am I?" I said: "Fred Haslam," and dismissed it as a dream. By and by I felt like a beastly drunkard, and found myself swearing in the most profane manner. Then I was beating some one. At last I said: "Go away, ye devils!" I thought I had night-mare, and dismissed it. The next morning the lady asked me how I had slept. I said I had had some visitants. She asked who they were. I said I should recognize one of the persons if I saw the photograph. She brought out a pile of forty-two, and from them I selected one, and said: "That is the face I saw." She said: "That is the face of my daughter who died in that room two years ago."

Then I described the other one, and the feelings that took hold of me in that abominable state. An old sea-captain, who was present, said: "By God! that was my brother-in-law, who often came home intoxicated." Now, then, there was first a beautiful influence,—I was in Heaven. Then, when I was under that abominable influence, I was in Hell. Can we not learn a lesson from this? You see how beautifully we can be aided if we give way to the inspiration of the higher thoughts. As long as we keep the body in health and good condition, we shall be receptive to these higher influences.

DR. J. R. BUCHANAN

New York, N. Y.

I have always been working in co-operation with the highest wisdom accessible, having many more friends on the other side of the river than on this. I have recently received a communication from Epes Sargent, eloquently endorsing my work. Then upon a slate, through the mediumship of Mr. Phillips, I have recently received an endorsement of Mr. Sargent's message given through human lips. This morning I thought I would go on communicating, so I communicated with Hahnemann, the homeopathic physician, and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of

the blood. Messages signed by each appeared on the slate, giving me a cordial endorsement. When I asked the views of Hahnemann as to the Pantological College, and listened to the sounds in the slate, they sounded not like slate-writing, but like an electric tapping. The message of Hahnemann began in these words: "Friend of Humanity: I write these few words to encourage you in your human work"; and then he spoke of my recognition in the spirit world. When I addressed Mr. Sargent, the message which appeared on the slate signed by his name was this: "My Dear Brother: I am very much interested in the work that you have taken up, not only myself but many others who are of more service to you than my humble self. But I will give all my strength.—Epes Sargent." I was then informed that they could do no more this morning. Oh, if you could listen to the voice of the wise who have passed from this sphere to the sphere of clearer perception and comprehensive wisdom, there would be no difference of opinion. If you would do so, the very men who have stood in the way of progress by bigoted adherence to ancient errors, because they were victims of a false medical education, would urge you on in these reforms.

MRS. MAUD LORD.

[At Lake Pleasant in August, 1882, Mrs. Lord gave some of her experiences in mediumship, also a sketch of her life, parts of which we have left out of this narrative by her request.—ED.]

It seems to me there is nothing new in this beautiful world of ours, no inventions, creeds, or isms; but most people are interested in their fundamental sources and the principles involved, and also the channels through which they have come.

The first question asked me by skeptics is: "How did you first know you were a medium, and how long have you been one?" My answer is: "I have always been a medium since I can remember," and my mother says ever since I was born. The white, black, and gray shadows (as I used to call them) are among my earliest recollections; and I grew very familiar with these cloud-like semblances of human beings in my childhood,

and used to carry on prolonged conversations with them, not knowing but they were similar to the shadows that fell from the trees, grasses, and flowers.

I knew no fear of them, and appeared strange and out of place away from these numerous shadows that took such a kindly interest in all my movements, in or out of doors. They dictated my modes of life, even of punishment, for less or greater offenses, during my hours of play, also rewarding me for good deeds, just the same as naughty or good children receive rewards and punishments from loving, watchful parents.

All my acts to sisters, brothers, father and mother were gauged by their approval or dissent. Many times when the day had been spent in childish irritability and disobedience, the next day I would wear a sun-flower, coarse and rasping, next to my bare flesh, upon my back, until pain brought penitence and good resolves for future action. My father called it the work of the devils. Yet they proved wise and most efficient teachers, for no parent could have taught me true moral Christian principles as did these shadowy forms and playmates of my isolated childhood.

These white-robed shadows had power to do many marvelous things which astonished skeptics and unbelievers, and convinced the multitude of a future conscious existence.

I walked, talked, and played with them, not knowing but all other children did the same. I could not comprehend that I was any different from other children who associated with me until I was seven or eight years old. My self-esteem was below par. I knew I was thin, sallow, and pallid as a ghost, with great dark shadows circling my eyes, which seemed always looking idiotically into space,—seeing things no one else could see or understand, except myself.

I could hear voices soft and low, harsh and commanding, and music so gentle and harmonious it would flood all space about me; it would seem like sounds materialized that one might handle, and touch the magical notes. Sometimes plaintive as heart-ache, at other times tender and sweet as if moving all nature with its rapturous melody to understand the music of the upper spheres.

Sometimes soul-stirring martial music, as if calling together the mighty hosts of Heaven to battle with the stars.

They would lead me out up on the neighboring hills, even amidst fearful storms and tempests, and unfold to my growing intellect the causes of their mighty wrath and devastation, always moralizing by comparing them in all forms from the sun-shower to the wrathful tempest to crude humanity, or the strifes and warfares of earth experiences.

Thus these shadows, or supposed-to-be devils, taught me many useful and beautiful lessons. I knew nothing of school or book; I simply walked and lived year after year under their careful tuition, growing strange and stranger to those who knew me.

Manifestations of some weird power began early in my life; my friends thought I was bewitched, obsessed, haunted, and bedeviled. I seemed to possess the gift of speaking in, to me, unknown tongues. Our neighborhood was partially settled by French people who often came to the house on errands or visits, and their white and black shadows would control me, speaking French fluently and correctly, sometimes giving astonishing revelations in regard to the living and dead, the sick and well, prescribing for the diseased in both body and mind, revealing all the symptoms as though they were familiar with all diseases the human family is heir to.

Through the power of these shadows I was able to interpret unknown languages readily, the Greek and Latin quite as understandingly as the French or German. But to me the most wonderful and subtle gift was the power I had of discerning the spirits of those I came in contact with, which enabled me, not by any outward manifestation, but by this wonderful and magical power of reading the soul to measure humanity. There is no mask, however skillfully worn that can cover up the measure of the spirit.

A certain class living in our neighborhood began to look into the phenomena, and invariably pronounced it unaccountable, and no doubt injurious if continued. Some openly denounced it as the works of the devil. Some said hanging was too good for me, others thought the lunatic asylum just the place. Sometimes these denunciations occurred in my presence, and sometimes said to relatives; then, as a general thing, a fearful scolding from my father would agitate my guides to some other phase or manifestations that would frighten or astound the listeners or beholders.

Sometimes they would be purely physical, such as showing hands and faces when there was any darkness to define themselves, which they seem to require to manifest strongly. From half-open door-ways, and closets especially, they would step out or materialize faces and hands wonderfully distinct, which were recognized by many friends and relatives visiting or calling at the house. I was not afraid of these angel visitants; to me they were as loving and radiant as the brightest morn.

My father, on account of these manifestations, would not longer tolerate me at home, and I was driven out into a cold world alone. After walking all day I found a family by the name of Baxter, who needed help, who lived near Carthage, Ill. I begged employment, promising I would serve them faithfully. I was very grateful that they took me, for I was in a desolate and forlorn condition.

They were orthodox in belief, and rigid ones too, observing prayers three times a day.

I made myself as useful as possible, working early and late. They thought me strange though, and said I looked much older than ten and one-half years, and had strange-looking eyes and a fearful pallor; all these remarks made me uneasy, I was so afraid they would find out my obsession or bewitchment. I knew no other name for the power except devil, and that I used quite often in expressing it. They took me to a Sabbath school with them the first Sunday after I went there. There was an old minister who preached a sermon, giving the usual amount of old theology I suppose, for these shadows kept up a constant dissent or approval by rapping until the lady told me to keep my feet still.

The bench in front of me kept moving or vibrating, to my dread and horror. I did all I could to drown the noise, and moved about to conceal the vibrations. I was growing wise with condemnation and criticism. Thus the Sabbath passed away, leaving me sad and tearful, and full of longing for home and familiar faces.

Nothing further occurred for several days to attract their attention until one day I saw Mrs. B.'s little daughter clinging to her skirts and walking around with her. I had seen the same wee angel many times, in fact the child had been in my room

several mornings; I could not help saying to her: "I love your little Eva very much." Ah! what was that look, a wild fear came where a placid smile had just lit the face into friendly regard for the seemingly friendless child, and now she glared upon me, saying: "My Eva? She is not here, she has been dead two years. What do you mean? what do you mean? Who, and what are you?" I answered: "I can't help it, I see your little girl holding on to your dress." She cast one frightened glance, and then laughed scornfully, and derided my illusion as she called it.

By and by her husband came in from the field and threw himself into a chair, and leaning back against the door casing said: "I am too tired to get up and go to the table, I have been working so hard." I was standing midway between the stove and table when I heard a familiar creaking noise, and away shoots the table pushing Mr. B. close up to the door with a terrible shock. I trembled, and felt like some wretched culprit waiting for a verdict. It came soon enough. Mrs. B., enraged, bade me pack my little all and travel, repeating the morning's experience to her husband. She also remembered the rapping that occurred on the Sabbath. She took me to Sunday school; all was at last explained; I was a little *devil* through which greater devils made manifestations. I said: "Yes, mam, it's the devil sure, papa says so too, but I have n't any place to go, he does n't want me either." I was most desolate indeed. But the same kind power that seemed bent on ruling my destiny opened up the way, and I found another home with a farmer by the name of Thoms, who lived in Hancock county, Ill., near Georgetown, only a few miles from Mr. Baxter's.

The people here did not understand what it was that acted so queerly upon me, controlling my vocal organs for song and speech so far beyond my childish capacity. They investigated the phenomena, and startling revelations were made,—many physical manifestations, wonderful, weird, and powerful; relatives gave names and dates, ages, color of hair and eyes, until no reasonable doubt could be entertained that it was anything but the power it represented itself to be. Yet they could not believe. Sometimes they, the spirits, would be most persistent in demonstrating their presence, and many times told us to do strange and

unheard of things ; if we followed their directions (which we seldom did), we were invariably rewarded. I remained with them until the lady of the house died, then returned home. My next move was to the house of a neighbor by the name of Wolf, living near Warsaw, Ill., who did not fear the devils that so strangely beset me. His wife, Edith Wolf, was very ill at the time I went there, and died in about four days after. I knew she was going, the white shadows told me just when, and said I must watch the spirit or shadow of the substance leave the body. Oh, how I longed to do so, but feared I would not be allowed in the room ; but a lucky circumstance occurred to call me at the right time, and a strange influence took me straight to the bed. The soft, sad voice of a white-robed shadow said to me : "Tell the husband his wife is dying." I told him just as it bade me, he answered : "No, no, it is not possible." But it was even so, and when they thought she was absolutely better and would recover she gently passed away without a struggle.

I went some hours after to the room to look upon the calm, dead face, and stood gazing full of wonder at the peaceful, calm expression, when there stood the fair spirit smiling and seemingly amused at my perplexity. She left a babe only a few days old, and she would often appear looking so tenderly upon his baby face, and tell me to have him treated thus and so, or fed and cared for, just as naturally as if she were in the body.

I attended several prayer-meetings at the house of Mrs. Wolf's father, Mr. Peebles, and earnestly I tried to pray these influences away, but useless task ; no power of creed or religious fervor was strong enough to banish them. On the contrary, all the conflicts, prejudice, and resistance seemed to strengthen them, and more marvelous than ever was the manifestation of the spiritual and physical forces with me. I very soon went again to my father's house. Hundreds of people came there to see me, prompted by wonder, superstition, and curiosity. My father would talk with them, and invariably would tell them it was the evil one demonstrating so vigorously through his wretched child.

Had I all the eloquence one might possibly be gifted with, yes, if angels good and full of God's best wisdom could inspire me to write, I could not depict the abject misery, the deep despair and desolation, that seemed ever sweeping over my soul, which

seemed bending to these forces irresistably, but against my will. I was but a helpless instrument, bent and broken by cold and heartless indifference (only as curiosity prompted attention) from friends and relatives. Who can understand the wistful longing awaking hourly in my soul, that must have been old when I was born, for it is not often given for children to suffer as I did I hope; so you, my dear friends, can but catch a little glance into the interior of my most wretched life, how I longed and constantly prayed to die, my misery seeming greater than I could bear.

How I longed for love and tenderness which none could find in their hearts to give me. Oh, the barren waste of life that stretched far and wide before me. My poor blinded eyes could not see how far into the future it ran. I sent prayer after prayer trembling up the golden thread of hope only to return unanswered. But the pale dead would come up from earth furrows and winding shrouds (which I had thought pinioned them and prevented them from rising heavenward), and the light of beautiful angel eyes would flash before me, as they laid burden after burden upon my aching shoulders and heart, and smilingly bid me bear them in peace and patience until God's own good time to remove them, then the crown was promised that should be placed upon my aching brow, and obliterate the scars and wounds of the unkind and cruel past. Each succeeding year seemed to increase my sorrows and burdens. At last the war broke out, my father was driven into bankruptcy, which was a great grief to my mother, who was born of wealthy parents, and reared in affluence. My father was deprived of his usual occupation, or profession, (that of practicing law), so we fell from moderate circumstances to absolute poverty.

We soon moved from Hancock county to Quincy, Ill., and then my father somewhat retrieved his fallen fortunes, but went from bad to worse, having formed that most fearful of all habits, —love of strong drink. Oh, the humiliating shame, the deterioration of manly qualifications, the grim and awful sorrow when one waits for footsteps whose sound should bring glad heart-beats, but instead throbs of anxious fear and suspense, as a reeling, halting, shambling noise was heard outside, and with face white as death I would go to the door, and in a half-choked

whisper say: "Father is that you?" Some indescribable noise outside would give assent to my inquiry, and I would open the door; poor, pitiful humanity. What a home-coming; half dead, almost unconscious. Then I, with my ever-faithful shadows, would watch over him through the long dark night, listening to his thick utterances, and nervous curses, upon my already thrice wretched head. The white shadows looked sorrowful, and angelic pity beamed from their Heaven-lit eyes, but they did not relieve me from the burdens which daily grew heavier until head and heart bowed low in despair beneath them, and I found myself half maddened by my surroundings.

My presence in my father's house was still unwelcome, and seemed to irritate him, and I resolved that the cold dark waters should hide my aching misery-haunted breast. Pain and sorrow, which few experience, drove me out like one demented to find peace, if not rest, in the water of the beautiful Mississippi.

Lowly I knelt, and humbly did I pray for the forgiveness I felt I might not receive for self-murder; long I remained in earnest prayer, each moment more resolute in my determination to cast myself into the river's black depths. I lifted my eyes to the star-lit sky for one moment in silent meditation, when, lo! before me stood a white-robed multitude. They bade me wait and listen while they explained to me the sin, shame, and humiliation following such a fearful act,—self-destruction; long they counseled and reproved me for great weakness, showed me how the pathway to the heavenly gate was only reached through toil, trials, and dreadful suffering, earnest prayers, and brave self-denial; through shining temptation, and bearing bravely all storms of life, whether brought about by human or divine agencies. They told me God was with the lowly and suffering ones, and the reward was sure in the next world if not in this. So they poured out the incense of their heavenly love upon my wretched spirit until they uplifted my soul, and quickened my deepest sense of right to their loving commands, their wise and efficient counsel, and when I rose from my bended knees, and turned my sad face heavenward, I was a wiser soul if not a more patient one. Not long after I went to Berwick, Ill., to visit an aunt, Mrs. Billingsly. She did not treat me very cordially, but wished a circle or cabinet exhibition of spirit forms. When evening came we

prepared a closet off the sitting room, and I went in with my hands and arms bound securely by her husband, who was a minister. I had not taken my chair before forms went out, also hands, large and small, white and black, thrust themselves through the curtain. Some of the spirits who stepped out gave names and dates of their death, all of which they said was perfectly correct. My aunt and uncle would make frequent examinations of the cabinet to see that all was right. After about an hour and a half the spirits untied me, and I went out. Nothing was said that night, but the next morning my aunt came to me, and, with a stern expression on her face, asked me if I would give it up. I answered: "Oh, aunt, I have tried so often and they won't leave me" (I was in my thirteenth year at this time and knew well the import of her insinuation). She looked at me with a look of insane anger. I lifted my hands to Heaven, saying: "I can't help it, they will come." She then flew at me, pulling my hair out by the handful, and beating me most shamefully, until a gentleman who was present took my part and protected me. I left her, and have never had the misfortune of seeing her since. I went out from their hospitable home to Galesburgh, Ill.; there I found many warm-hearted, sympathizing friends, who were just awakening to an earnest investigation of spiritual phenomena. We achieved most wonderful results in the presence of the scientific as well as medium classes, church, and clergy. During this time my spirit guides seemed to hold a most vigilant care and persistent control over my affairs, both mundane and spiritual. Indeed I could not do much without their immediate help and advice. They encouraged me to bide my time, and the chains should be rent asunder, the heavy yoke lifted. Ah, the bright day came at last, when the sunshine which seemed not of earth but of Heaven fell upon my darkened way,—reward for patience, reward for everything that had been bitter and cruel. In place of ostracism I received appreciation where I had heretofore met with bitter denunciation, then kindness and respect even to reverence. In the years which followed my powers of mediumship diminished not. Had I time I could relate a million stories of this strange phenomena, of pictures made by spirits upon frosted panes of glass, mirrors, and papers, yes, and between slates. At one time I had my hand controlled to write, which,

from an accident, had become paralyzed, and until then entirely helpless. I wrote rapidly, not glancing at the production until finished, then I could not read it, as it was written in a foreign language, and perfectly unintelligible to me. I found no one who could until one day a stranger called, asking if he might stay over night. He was permitted to do so as no hotels were near us; the slate with the strangely-written message laid upon a what-not; he accidentally noticed it and exclaimed: "Why, who writes German so correctly?" He read further, and became very much excited, and said: "My God! who wrote this? Why it's about the business that brings me to this neighborhood, and has my own father's name signed to it, with directions how to proceed, to find some wild land that lays near this place." So the mysterious message was explained. Day by day strange and remarkable things were told, such as describing hard-fought battles, and which side won, and how the other was defeated, all of which would prove exactly true. Lost deeds were found, stolen property restored, healing in both Chicago and Quincy, Ill., of those whom celebrated physicians pronounced incurable, and said death was certain in a few hours time. Drunkards were reformed, fallen women reclaimed to truth and virtue, dear little children received better care and treatment from cruel guardians.

They comforted the sick, desolate, and lonely. The spiritually blind were brought from darkness into the light. Oh, these loving angels, these guardian-spirit friends, would have us all keep clean hands and pure souls; they would have our earthy robes white as the garments of Heaven, unsoiled by earthly stains, or selfishly corroding the spirit with a love of material gain. Our beloved dead, let them come from the fair gardens of God, and bid the din of earthly strife cease; let them chill the hand of sin that is quenching the royal grace of youth, and dwarfing the intellectual and spiritual growth of our day. Let them come and build a better, nobler, and grander system of living. I have always been faithful to this truth, disseminating it wherever I have been to the lowly, humble, rich, and poor with unflagging zeal since I knew its worth and realized the sublime lessons taught me were of God and not the devil.

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Troy, N. Y.

I have more facts than I could tell in two years. I have been engaged in this study of the psychological powers for thirty-four years, so I feel and know it to be a fact that the spirit or something outside of me is operating upon persons with whom I come in contact. Some power is operating through me which takes hold of and controls them. If there are persons in the world that need tender treatment, and all that can be said of good about them, they are the mediums. They have the most sensitive natures, and I feel that those who are really mediums should be upheld. I would take a rail-car tonight and go two hundred miles to deal with those who would put rough hands upon these sensitives who have such a holy influence.

I went to Maud Lord's the other night. I was told three months ago, and I have not told it to my nearest friend, that I should get certain communications here. I was told by a strong Baptist woman in Troy that I should come to Lake Pleasant, and that if I attended a seance of Maud Lord's I should get something that would satisfy me in regard to immortality. My wife has been gone thirty-four years; our first child passed away at the age of six months. At the seance night before last the name of "William Henry" was called. That was the name of the little boy. We each of us held our neighbor's hand. The hand of that baby was nestling in mine, and I said: "I will carry it home if possible." By and by I opened my hand and there was nothing there. By and by a musical instrument came along, and I said: "I will carry this home any how." I hung on good. Three attempts were made to take it away, and finally away it went. After that somebody took hold of my whiskers. My brother George was a spiritualist. He came and said I should see him. He came to the seance night before last and said: "Didn't I tell you I would come? How do you like it?" and he slapped me on the shoulders. Afterwards he said: "Sing 'Star of the Evening.'" Everybody heard him tell me. I was not intoxicated, nor psychologized. A lady who sat beside me, and who was a splendid singer, with another on the other side, sang right off "Star of the Evening." We used to sing that in the choir in

Troy. That was one of his favorite songs. Maud Lord was not within eight feet of me, and her hands were patting all the time. We sang "Star of the Evening," and his voice was away up on the key, seven or eight notes higher than all the rest. It was beautiful. Then if I ever felt my wife sit in my lap, I felt her night before last.

MRS. DR. JOHNSON,

Of Boston.

Several years ago, before Dr. Slade went to Europe, I was in Wilmington, Delaware, stopping with spiritualists. The daughter was in the habit of going under control, and I thought they were fools. One afternoon they said: "Dr. Slade is coming." I said: "I must see him." They said: "He will not be here till 11 o'clock tonight. Come up and you shall be introduced." I went up. It was at my friend Mr. Roboham's, where were present his wife and two daughters, and another gentleman and his wife. My husband and I went in and were introduced to Dr. Slade. I looked at him pretty sharp, when all at once he gave a shiver and said: "There is a fine looking old gentleman here who stands with his hands behind him." The minute Dr. Slade began I knew it was my grandfather. He always came in and stood with his hands behind him. When he came every Saturday, he would give the children some money. He gave them a certain sum every week. Dr. Slade said: "The spirit tells me his name is James Lewis. He smiles and says 'Good evening, child.'" From that time I knew that spirits could come back. I was born in England, and my grandfather was born and died in England.

MR. J. W. MANNING,

Stoneham, Mass.

The fact that I am about to relate occurred in Salem, in the fall of 1866. It was on Saturday night, and Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Salem, was at my house, stopping over night. About a quarter before four o'clock in the morning, Sunday morning, I was awakened by my bed shaking. It shook so that it woke me up,

when I heard a voice say: "John, your horse is cast." I got up, struck a match, and saw that it was a quarter to four, so I went back to bed saying: "I know my horse is not cast, for I tied him so short he could not be cast." Just before the clock struck four my bed shook again, and I heard a voice say: "Come, John, go and see to your horse." Just as soon as I heard that voice the clock struck four. I got up this time and dressed myself, and went into Mr. Robinson's room. There were three rooms between him and me. I told him what I had heard, and I said: "I am going to my stable to see if anything is the matter with my horse." I went down to the stable. There were eight horses in the stable, but only one of them was mine. They were all standing up, so I came out and locked the door, but just as I had got it locked I heard a strange groaning noise inside the stable. I turned round, opened the door, went back, and looked at each horse, mine being the last one. On reaching my horse I found her hung by one fore-leg, drawing her head down into the manger, which was lined with zinc. Her breathing made the groaning noise I had heard. She had been there so long it had torn her hair off the fore-leg where she was fastened. Mr. Robinson went to the stable afterwards, and saw the horse. The hide and hair were all raked. Mr. Robinson corroborates the whole statement.

MR. A. P. BARNES,

Phrenologist, Boston.

Some time ago, soon after my boy died, I went to Mrs. Nelson's, in Boston. Previous to that I had been lecturing in a hall there, and had not moved my things from it. One day the janitor came to me and said: "You must get your things out of this place by twelve o'clock." I said: "Mrs. Perkins, of the Ladies' Aid Society, at 718 Washington St., Boston, is to use it, and I have made arrangements to let them remain." The janitor said: "I do n't believe it." The following Friday night I went to Mrs. Nelson's, where my boy came, and said: "I stood right side of you when the janitor told you to leave. I heard Hayford call you a liar, and I could have slapped him in the face."

DR. S. J. CHESEBROUGH,

1½ Otisco Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

We have held a good many private circles during the past few years at my house in Syracuse. We had no public professional medium but a boy whom I took from the orphan asylum, and who proved afterwards to be a powerful medium. I took him when he was ten or twelve years old, and have had him ever since until last February. He is now a young man. With his mediumship, my own, and that of a prominent business man of Syracuse, who would n't wish his name mentioned in this connection, we formed the most powerful battery. One of Joe's controls (this medium's name is Joe Caffrey) is Johnny Grey, the spirit who comes through Harry Bastian, of Chicago. We usually had a dark circle, locking the doors and windows tight. We would leave a lamp burning on the hall table just outside, so that if anyone opened the door we should know it at once. But there was no danger of this, as I always locked the door and put the key in my pocket. One day we had missed our music-box, and Mrs. Chesebrough accused Joe of carrying it off. He said he did n't know anything about it, but she did n't believe it. One evening when we had got all seated in our circle, and the light put out, but no music-box, suddenly we heard Joe winding up the music-box. Mrs. Chesebrough said: "There is my music-box." We struck a light, but there was no music-box. This was repeated. Then Johnny Grey spoke through Joe and said: "I have got the box. I did n't like Harry Bastian's box, and I told him to take it to the blacksmith's and get it fixed, but he did n't, and so I took this one across the ocean and used it in his circle. (This was when Harry Bastian was in Europe.) I dematerialized it and carried it across the ocean, and now I have materialized it again and brought it back, and here it is." We struck a light, and there it was.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.**SEANCE AT DR. CHESEBROUGH'S,**

Syracuse, N. Y.

Another evening we had this: we were sitting as usual in our private circle, with Joe as medium. We had invited in a few of

our friends, among them Captain Austin, who owns the Globe Hotel, of Syracuse. We were sitting in the dark, and under the same conditions as in the music-box manifestations and others. This was in 1878 or 1879. Joe was controlled by some one who seemed to have such perfect control that he could manifest as easily through him as in earth life. The ease with which he could control was so marked that the spirit himself spoke of it, and said: "Why can't I have this body? I would like to come back and live on this earth. What is the matter that I can't?" We said: "You are in the spirit world. Where did you come from?" He said: "I was an emigrant crossing the plains to California, and we were all murdered by the Mormons, my wife, my children, myself, and all the party." "At the Mountain Meadow Massacre?" we asked. He said: "Yes." Then he said: "How is it that I have this body when you say that I am dead?" We replied: "You are back here on earth now, controlling the organism of this boy." He said: "It seems as natural as though I were in my own body." We said: "It belongs to somebody else." Then he said: "Who is this fellow on my side?" putting his hand on his left side, "he follows me right round." We said: "What fellow? We don't see anybody." "Why, this fellow fastened right here on my left side?" We replied: "That is the spirit that owns this body, the spirit of this boy. You have crowded him out." He said: "Why can't I keep this body?" We said: "Somebody else wants it." Then another influence took hold, and he said: "Somebody says I must go." Pretty soon the boy began to gurgle in the throat, and came to himself. Then Confucius said: "I shall not let him come very often, he wants too much." The striking thing about this manifestation was the way in which this spirit acted about the "fellow" on his side. He kept putting his hands there and saying: "This fellow hangs right here on my side, and I cannot get rid of him. Don't you see him? Here he is right here on my left side. I wish he would leave." Confucius said that he let this spirit come to help him, but as he was going to be obstinate he should not let him come any more. He came several times and then left. The Mountain Meadow Massacre was in 1857.

J. FRANK BAXTER.

[A truthful report of the tests given by J. Frank Baxter, in Slade's Hall, Sunday night, Sept. 24, 1882, on Washington Street, Providence, R. I. John H. Schofield, stenographer.]

JOHN D. COOK.

I am directed, said Mr. Baxter, to close my eyes; when I do so the form of a man, tall and advanced in years, stands before me. There seems to be with him a spirit aiding him. It is one who has been in the spirit life but a very short time. One who is anxious and desires to reach his own immediate people, I might say impatient. In this particular I shall say to you that it is Mr. John D. Cook. He seems to say this: "My son will remember when I complacently talked with him of the change which I knew was soon to come to me, that I said to him in substance: It little matters what a man believes in this world, as compared with the life a man leads; be true, my son, be true." It seems as if the spirit came tonight to get toward that son, to make him remember that it is the life that we live, the character we entertain, that counts us anything on the other side. This man was a believer in spiritualism, not only believed it, but knew it to be the truth. I feel right in the family, and there are those there who seem to say: "Oh, no, he cannot believe it."

Several persons present recognized Mr. Cook, and a grandson who was present stated that the conversation as given by Mr. Baxter regarding the son he believed was correct.

ALBERT M. BAILEY.

There is another spirit comes to me now quite positive in influences. He comes to me and places my hands about my throat, and begins to manipulate, and there is a sensation which I have of some way of choking or stifling, and I seem to look out on the world, and it is dark. I see the form of a man by the light of the moon, and he seems to be in a building walking about and looking about with a lantern in his hands. He is peculiarly dressed. I can see him sitting by a table; see this man raise to his lips a cup, and he seems to be drinking. He places the cup down and

begins to breathe hard, and places his hands at his throat. There follows a peculiar darkness, then there is shown to me a picture,—one, two, three, four, five, six, almost six years next month, don't remember exactly well; the 10th day of October is the anniversary of my exit to the spirit life.—Albert M. Bailey. Now, as this influence leaves me, it seems as if there was thrown down upon the floor something that looks like a chain dropped upon the bricks, and I see a figure two, second station. He was a policeman, Station 2, Providence, R. I., and choked to death while eating.

EMILY THOMPSON.

There is represented before me a group. Seem to be three men, and there are three ladies represented here. And now I look right into a picture, the back-ground of which is clouded. The cloud has moved forward and enveloped the picture, making a new surface, which seems to be water. I have the impression of a party drowned. This cloud rolls forward again, and makes a back-ground anew. I have represented here a field of woods, and there seem to be tents pitched on the left of my picture, and a man is crawling on his hands and knees up a hill. I see a flash, and after the flash the man drops. The cloud moves forward again, and I see a man and a young lady. This young lady is the one I am getting these impressions from. The scene represents different ones in a family, the family of Mrs. Emily Thompson. Attica tells me this: "Give the name of the party who manifests and gives the impression,— Mary Thompson,—one who passed into spirit life some years ago; does not remember the date, but knows it was in the summer of possibly fifteen years ago. Name written in full,— Mary V. Thompson." It seems to be that this spirit is attracted by parties here present, and the feeling with me is so strong in that direction that I shall be very much disappointed if there is no recognition. I receive the impression that the scenes narrated referred to two brothers, one who was drowned, and the other who was killed. It seems as if again this Mrs. Thompson comes, and this time she gives the name of Shepardson in connection with the other person. The

name is spoken of by Mrs. Thompson, so that persons may know who is meant. It seems to me that Mrs. Shepardson was a great friend during sickness of this girl's mother,—Emily Thompson.

Mr. William Foster, present, recognized the name of Thompson, and also recalled the fact that Mrs. Edmund Shepardson was interested in the welfare of the family. The Thompsons, the gentleman said, resided at the corner of Pond and Lester Streets, Providence, R. I., and formerly came from New Jersey. Mrs. Shepardson lived on Broad Street, near the cemetery, and was interested in the Thompsons, as was also an old gentleman named Wilson.

Benjamin G. Chace also recollected the Thompsons, and said that the husband was a carpenter, with whom he was well acquainted.

ISAAC HARTSHORN.

I can see the form of a person, a man elderly, standing, and looks as if he were leaning on a counting-room counter. One arm seems to be on the desk, and he seems to be in conversation with some one not represented to me. I see here a large cake of india rubber, with raised figures, and I see the name of Isaac Hartshorn in raised letters. It seems to me as if he was troubled in his mind over the disposing of some property and moneys. I shall say this from Attica: "I hear the whispers, 'doctor, doctor.'"

A gentleman present recognized the name of Isaac Hartshorn, and said that about fifty years ago he was a practicing physician in Providence, R. I., but gave up practicing, and built a rubber factory on Eddy Street. He also had trouble with Albert Poyton, and was in litigation.

BENJAMIN AND EMILY ALDRICH.

There are two spirits represented here, a man and a woman. The man above and a little to the left of the woman, indicating that the man passed to the spirit life first. Their names are Emily and Benjamin Aldrich.

GEORGE W. BROWN.

I feel the presence here of a colored man, of middle age. He appears to take advantage to manifest himself with great feeling, and I hear his name quite plainly spoken to me here,—George W. Brown. I think that this is some one who tried to exercise as a medium. He appears to have been feeble and sickly, a man not calculated to get along in the world. He appears to have died of consumption, but he really died of pneumonia.

Mr. H. F. Becksmith recognized the name, and stated that Brown died fifteen years ago. He was a good medium, and the gentleman had also sat in his circles. Mr. William Foster also recognized the name, and was acquainted with Brown.

Mr. Baxter said he died October 23, 1864.

P. B. RANDOLPH.

There is another man comes here who gives his name as P. B. Randolph. He states that he has not seen Brown for years and years. But when Brown gave his name, he said to him: "You are the very man I buried; I talked at your funeral."

Mr. William Foster recollected Randolph, and said that he was a spiritualist, and officiated at Brown's funeral services.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD,

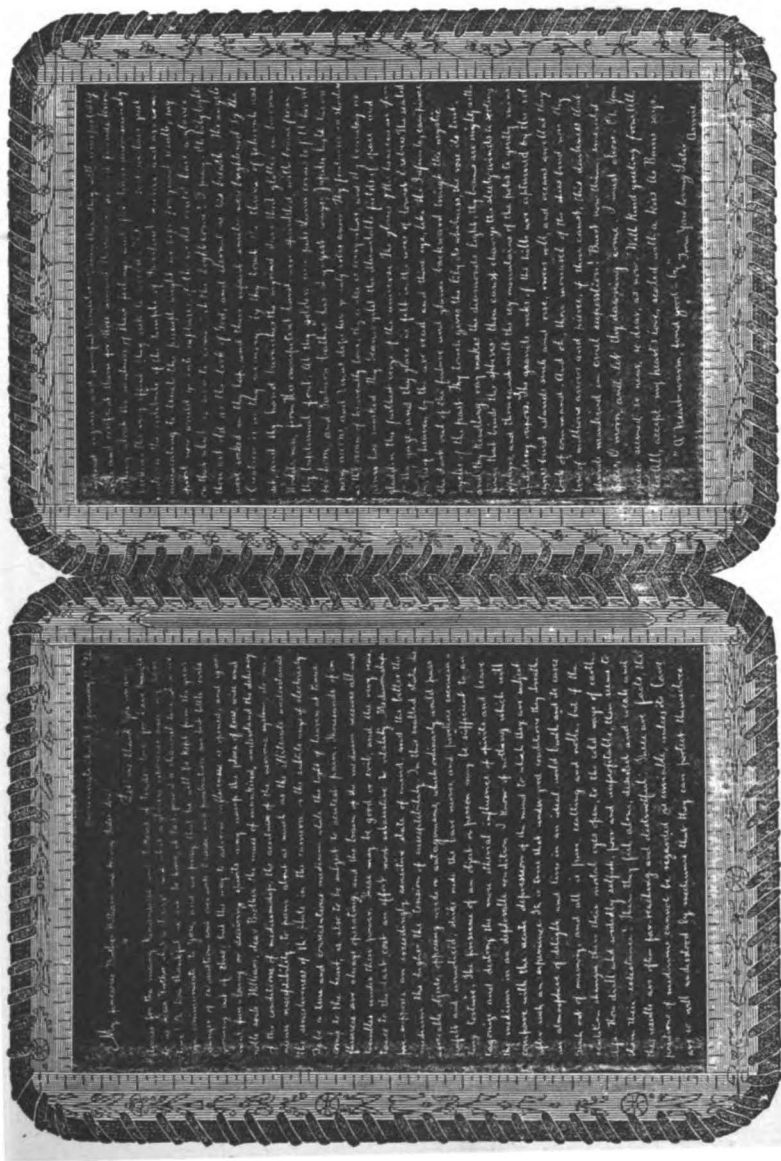
West Newton, Mass.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

Thanks for the magazine, and invitation to contribute some fact or facts for its pages. Had I time I could give volumes of undeniable facts, proving that the soul, or intelligent spirit of man, lives after the body goes to its kindred dust. I have taken a materialized hand in my own, and held it until it dissolved, leaving mine empty,—this in the Davenport boys' presence. My grandfather had a fearful scar on his hand, and in Maud Lord's circle he put that hand in mine, and whispered his name, Daniel

Lake. I should have known the hand, and who it belonged to, without the name. In Sturgis, Mich., a lady medium, whose name I do not now recall, said: "An old lady is coming close to you, who says her name is Susan, and she has on spectacles with two sets of glasses, one set turns back on her cheeks, and she takes them off and puts her hand over her eyes, pressing the eyes with her fingers." This was the test my grandmother agreed to give me through some strange medium. Her eyes were weak, and in life she often took off her glasses, and pressed them with her fingers. In St. Louis, Mo., at the house of one Mr. Anderson, I sat in a circle for materialization, where the medium was a poor, uneducated Irish woman, and the first face appearing at the aperture was John Pierpont, whose last speech on earth I had listened to in Providence, at one of our national conventions. He smiled and bowed to me, as I was the only one there who knew him in the form, then ran his fingers through his soft, white hair, as he used to do, and disappeared. Many others came to their friends at that time, and were recognized. I witnessed wonderful demonstrations of spirit power in Dr. Pence's 'Hall, in Terre Haute, Ind., in the presence of the church mediums. Have had communications in slate-writing from Achsa W. Sprague, and Alcinda Wilhelm Slade, in Henry Slade's presence, in New York city years ago.

Edgar Emerson described my spirit father in the Ladies' Aid Parlor, Boston, Mass., at the time of the anniversary of the 34th year of modern spiritualism, this spring. My husband's first wife came to him in full form, dressed as he had been accustomed to see her, took his hand, placed it upon her head to assure him of her real presence, as her hair in her sickness had been cut short, led him from his seat to the cabinet, five or six feet, and talked with him as in life. His sister, Mrs. Amanda Minor, of Woodstock, Vt., and the lady who was with his wife in her last sickness, and helped to lay out the form, and who was a firm orthodox, was sent for, and on another evening saw and conversed with her, with my husband, as freely as in life. This was at Mrs. Huntoon's, the sister of the Eddys, Chittenden, Vt. Whoever questions the immortality of the soul has not been an honest, earnest investigator of spiritualism, or even of nature. Spirit molds matter into form, refines, purifies it, and marches



(See Page 244.)

on eternally. All matter is organized, and presents individualism. Hence we are to occupy higher, holier, purer eminences as time moves on.

Immortal soul, thou art no dust,
But moldest matter into form,
And in thy mighty skill we trust,
For thou art love divine and warm.

DAVID A. MATHEWSON.

J. Frank Baxter, at Slade's Hall, Providence, R.I., Sept. 24, 1882.

I have written before me the name of David A. Mathewson. I have Providence in my mind, and then Cranston. It seems as though I were moved to place my hand across my back, and walk leaning on a cane as if I were aged and lame.

The name was recognized by a Mr. Barker as that of David A. Mathewson, who kept a stable on Pond Street.

DR. R. W. SOUR.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1882, at Lake Pleasant camp-meeting, Mass., a seance was held by Dr. Sour, of Cincinnati, Ohio, at which Col. Bundy, editor of *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, was present, and caught hold of the medium, who was out of the cabinet during the dark seance.

After this event much excitement prevailed on the grounds, and various opinions were expressed concerning the genuineness of the manifestations.

Aug. 26th a special meeting was held immediately after the fact-meeting, for the purpose of discussing the affair. We think all who were present at the seance agreed that he was out of the cabinet, and was caught by Col. Bundy; yet there were various opinions in regard to his personal responsibility, the majority, however, asserting that they believed him to be a genuine medium, but was brought out either entranced by his guides or some other psychological power, Dr. Sour himself saying that his guides frequently brought him out in the dark circle for the purpose of gaining more power for materializations in the light one.

Our short-hand reporter was present at this meeting, and took verbatim reports, and at that time we intended to publish them, but they were so voluminous, and in many respects so foreign to our mission, facts, that upon further consideration we have decided to omit them at present. In the following article will be found the description of a seance held by Dr. Sour the following Sunday evening, which proves (what several claimed for the seance of the twenty-fifth) that hands were felt in different parts of the circle at the same time, too far from each other to have all belonged to the medium : —

At a dark seance held by Prof. R. W. Sour, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Sunday evening, Aug. 27, 1882, we, the undersigned were present, and subscribe to the following facts as we were made cognizant of them.

As some question had been made as to the genuineness of these manifestations, Mr. L. L. Whitlock, editor of the magazine *FACTS*, requested if any manifestations occurred the persons who received them should immediately speak of it. In a few moments hands were felt in different parts of the circle so remote from each other that no person could have reached both points at the same time. The circle was formed in the shape of a horse-shoe, and was at least fifteen feet around it, and about ten feet across. Several persons, four or five at least, were touched by hands at the same moment, as indicated by their speaking. There were lights seen frequently, and at the same time when the medium was speaking under control.

L. L. WHITLOCK, Providence, R. I.
JAMES GORDON, Cincinnati, O.
J. WILLIAM FLETCHER, Boston, Mass.
MRS. S. WILLIS FLETCHER, New York City.
MRS. E. J. HUFF, New York City.
MRS. J. A. WRIGHT, 98 Orange St., New Haven, Ct.
MR. B. SMITH, New York City.
MRS. N. O. SMITH, Watertown, N. Y.
MISS L. M. DELANE, St. Peter, Minn.
J. M. ROBERTS, Philadelphia, Pa.
C. P. SHEPHERD, Salamanca, N. Y.
JAMES G. CLARK, Minneapolis, Minn.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Our illustration represents a double slate, purported to have been written upon by a spirit at the residence of Mr. Wm.

Hamilton, of Cincinnati, O., through the mediumship of Dr. Sour. The following-named persons were present :—

MR. CHRISTIAN G. KLINE,	Cincinnati, Ohio.		
MRS. KATE C. KLINE,		"	"
MR. WM. HAMILTON,		"	"
MRS. LOU HAMILTON,		"	"
DR. H. H. JACKSON,		"	"
MRS. JENNIE JACKSON,		"	"
MRS. RACHEL M. SOUR,		"	"
MR. J. F. CURRIER,		"	"
MRS. ANNIE R. CURRIER,		"	"
MR. L. N. CRIGLER,	Covington, Ky.		
MRS. MARY CRIGLER,		"	"
MRS. MARY M. SAGE,	Larned, Kan.		

From the description given by the parties above named it seems this writing was produced under the following conditions : A party of friends had met at the house of Mr. Hamilton for a seance with Dr. Sour. A curtain was drawn across the corner of the room, and the doctor, before taking his seat behind it, called for a slate, saying he thought possibly something might be written upon it. Mr. Hamilton produced an ordinary book-slate, which was thoroughly examined by all present ; a small piece of pencil not larger than a grain of wheat was placed between them, and they were fastened together by a rubber band, then put in Mr. Crigler's hands for safe-keeping during the dark seance, at the close of which Dr. Sour (still being under control) stepped from behind the curtain and called for a light, then asked for the slates which he held on his right hand, with arm extended in full view of all present. While in that position the scratching of the pencil between the slates was distinctly heard. They were then opened and found to contain a very close and beautifully-written message, a *fac simile* of which we give opposite page 244.

CAN ANIMALS SEE SPIRITS.

By J. W. Cadwell, Meriden, Conn.

My parents were members of an orthodox church, and they taught me that I must believe the Bible or be damned.

One of the hardest things to believe was that Balaam's ass could see an angel that his master could not until his inner sight

was opened. And it was a profound mystery how Elijah could see horses which Elisha could not until his inner vision was opened also.

While giving a course of lectures on mesmerism in the city of Lowell, Mass., 1876, I was invited to spend an evening at a private house, where I was told one of the boys could see spirits in the dark. I was permitted to fasten all the doors and windows of the sitting room, in which there was no one but the boy, myself, and a dog, that lay quietly sleeping on the rug. The boy was a frail-looking lad of about fourteen years old, and very timid.

He sat down close by me, and I extinguished the light. Almost immediately the boy grasped my arm and said: "Look quick, can't you see him?" As I could see nothing, I tried to quiet the boy, and asked what he saw. He said that he saw a big Indian, and that he was teasing the dog.

Hardly had the boy ceased talking before the dog gave a low growl and started up from the floor. A half minute later the dog gave a few quick, low snarls, as if badly frightened. The boy clung to me tightly, and I could feel that he was trembling with fear.

The growls of the dog increased constantly, and he crowded in between my legs and the chair on which I was sitting, and I could feel that he was trembling worse than the boy.

I could perceive a motion in the floor as if some person was jumping up and down on the carpet, and I soon detected a slight sound as if somebody was in front of me. For the next few moments all was still save low growls from the dog, and quick heavy breathing from the lad.

The dog changed position, thrust his head out between my legs, still growling in a low, half whine. I was confident that there was a large fully-materialized Indian within four feet of us.

I was not frightened, for I had attended too many dark seances with other physical mediums to be scared by a red skin.

Whatever it was, the fellow gave one quick spring towards the dog, which frightened him much more than I have ever known one to be before or since. The only fear I experienced was that the dog would bite me, as crowding back against my chair he yelped in perfect agony. A half minute later he changed his

tone, and sprang out between my legs with a defiant bark of victory, the boy at the same time straightened and exclaimed: "Thank God, he is gone."

I lighted the lamp and found every door and window fast, but my strange visitor was not there, he had vanished as mysteriously as he came.

Do animals materialize? I have had Horatio G. Eddy, who is a physical medium, with me for months at a time. One evening he was entranced and described a dog that I had in my family ten years before, and gave his name.

He declared that the spirit of that dog was standing by me, and looking up wistfully into my face, of course I did not believe it then.

That night Horatio and I occupied the same room in the Hotel at Hudson, Mass., and after we retired we could hear something scratching under the bed. It continued so long that it annoyed us very much. We supposed at first that the noise was caused by rats under the floor, at length I said that if that noise was made by a spirit I wished it would scratch four times and stop. To my surprise that same sound was repeated four times, and ceased for half a minute, and was then repeated four times more. Horatio said that there must be some one there, and leaning over placed one hand on the floor and looked under the bed. A living dog apparently gave a quick growl, and jumped as if to bite the intruder.

Horatio saw the dog as it sprang forward, and with an exclamation of fright took his hand off the floor and regained his former position. The end of the dog's nose touched Horatio on the arm as he was hastily getting back into bed.

The room was sufficiently light to enable us to see every object distinctly. The dog vanished instantly, and I lighted the lamp for a more thorough investigation, and underneath the bed there was a hole scratched in the carpet as large as my hand, and the stuff, or fuz, of the mutilated carpet was there, showing plainly that it had been scratched out recently. I made mention of this in presence of a brother-in-law of Mrs. Morse, now residing at 219 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., and he said to me that he once owned a small dog which died several years previous, who had materialized quite recently.

I do not know where the gentleman lives now, but at that time resided at 100 Carver St., Boston, Mass. His wife, who was a medium, was holding a dark seance one evening, and she informed her husband that the dog was not dead, but lying on the center table close to him; that moment a dog on the street barked at something, and instantaneously the form on the table sprang to its feet, and responded to the barking of the dog outside by a succession of yelps precisely as his dog used to years ago; but on lighting the gas there was no dog in the room.

PROF. CLAYTON,

President of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

I wish to state two facts. A certain medium was one day passing by a point of rocks, near what had once been an old battleground. While passing here she took up the dormant spirit of an old soldier who had been shot and killed on this spot during the revolution. This spirit remained with the medium for some time, until it had gained strength sufficient to communicate and frequently come forward to act as her guide. At Onset Bay I got another fact. Mr. Sargeant, of Chelsea, is a medium who at times is controlled by a sailor who was wrecked, and who says that for a period of forty years he had been in a strangely dazed state, not knowing he was dead, and believed they were sailing on as in life, not knowing he had gone out of the body. This sailor called Sargeant his machine, and was his leading control, and many times expressed his gratitude because he had been awakened to a new life.

MR. WEAVER,

Of Providence, R. I.

Nine years ago Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Joslyn, and my wife, and myself, all of Providence, R. I., went to the house of Mrs. John Barker, at North Providence, for the purpose of holding a seance. Mrs. Ross, the medium, sat on the sofa between two of us, when all of a sudden she was peculiarly influenced, and exclaimed in the voice of an old lady: "Say, who be ye; what are ye doing

here?" A gentleman answered: "We're Christians, and are holding a prayer-meeting." "I should call it rather a queer sort of prayer-meeting," she exclaimed, drawing her garments closely around her, as though afraid of us.

After much persuasion we succeeded in ascertaining from her that some fifteen years before she had lived near by, but, to use her own language: "All my friends have forsaken me; they don't ask me to eat or sleep now when I go near them." We took pains afterwards to investigate, and learned that fifteen years before that time an eccentric old lady had passed away, who for some time had resided with a family named Belden. At another time this old lady came back and thanked us earnestly that we had been instrumental in arousing her from her torpid condition, and brought her out into a realizing sense of spirit life.

HENRY BARBER,

Of Warwick, Mass.

Thirty years ago, at our house, we held circles, my wife being the medium. At these circles we were frequently annoyed by the actions of one spirit, who, no matter what the company was, would come in abruptly and exclaim: "I'm here.—David Goddard." This man Goddard had hanged himself in a school-house some five years before.

His constant coming annoyed us exceedingly, and on several occasions took him severely to task, asking him: "What are you here for?" Said he: "I want light." I said: "We don't want you here." "But," said he, "I want to come, I love your wife." "Love my wife?" "Yes, and I want to control her. You needn't be jealous. I love her because she does me good." "Won't you go away?" I finally asked. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I will if you'll promise me one thing. I want you to take your wife to her old home, and let me talk through her there, and say all I wish to, and I won't bother you any more." We consented, and named a certain evening for a seance.

We went to her old home, and with a party of friends sat in a circle. We had been there but a short time, when that voice exclaimed: "I'm here.—David Goddard." And he made my

wife get down on her knees before her father and say: "I want your forgiveness." "Want my forgiveness?" exclaimed father, "I've nothing against you, Goddard, to forgive." "Yes, you have," said the voice, "I injured you when I was living. I let down the fence, and drove the cattle into your rye, I picked your quinces and threw them away, and I want to be forgiven." The pardon was granted, when my wife, still under his control, arose and went to her eldest brother and knelt down, and Goddard wanted his forgiveness. "I've nothing to forgive," exclaimed our brother. "Oh, yes, you have; I made you a drunkard, and I must be forgiven," said he. And the forgiveness was granted. And he left us, but some years after came back a polished gentleman. He said he had progressed, had found his wife on the other side, and was happy. So you see we found fully thirty years ago that we had something to do in educating persons who had passed to the other world.

MRS. ELIZABETH CRONK,

Auburn, New York.

About eight years ago, a party of five left Auburn, N. Y., to visit Mrs. Libby White, a medium, residing in Alton, N. Y.

Our party consisted of Mrs. Edward Allen, a Mr. William Kirby, Mr. Wm. Allen, Miss Hattie Allen, and myself; not one of us had ever met the medium before. We were received in a back parlor. A bed-room off from it contained a plain cabinet, which was built on wheels, and rolled up to fill the doorway during the seance. The cabinet and room which contained it had been examined by all the party, and as far as our eyes could convince us there was no possible chance of our being deceived.

Mr. Wm. Allen was the greatest skeptic I ever saw, said he knew he should not see a spirit, and only went to please his daughter. As soon as the circle was formed, and we were seated, the medium went into the cabinet. The door was fastened on the outside. A lamp not over three feet from the aperture, which was made in the door of the cabinet, was turned on full light. The aperture itself was covered with a black curtain. Very soon the room was filled with loud rappings, and sounds like the roll

of a drum. Then the curtain was raised, and the form of a man appeared in his shirt sleeves. He was recognized by a lady present. He disappeared, and soon the curtain rose again, and the form of a man came and bowed to Mrs. Allen, who cried out: "Bless the Lord," and went up and shook hands with the spirit. It was her husband, and the brother of our skeptic. The spirit receded, then came again in a morning gown, then left us and soon came the third time in a black dress-coat. I knew him in life, and I knew him there. Then an old white-haired man came, looking directly at our doubting friend, who gazed upon him with amazement and consternation, and exclaimed: "It can't be Erastus Lathrop." The spirit bowed his head and whispered: "Yes." Then our great skeptic just shouted: "Glory to God"; went up to the aperture, shook hands with his old friend. The spirit then said: "William, do you stick to the old church yet?" He answered: "Yes, what can I do?" "You can't do any better now, but in the future you will," said the spirit. They had been in the church together for forty years, both immersed at the same time, both pillars in the Disciples' church.

Well, after talking for as much as ten minutes, the spirit left, and a beautiful young lady came dressed in blue silk. I knew her as soon as I saw her. It was the daughter of the spirit Edward Allen. Her mother, and uncle, Wm. Allen, and Hattie Allen all went to the cabinet and shook hands with her.

All this time I was hoping some one of my dear ones might come to me. Soon the curtain rose again, and the form of a man appeared. I was struck dumb, I could not move. Mr. Allen said: "Elizabeth, it is Edwin." The spirit bowed his head, and Mr. Allen stepped up and took his hand. The spirit had a white handkerchief in his hand which he extended outside the cabinet, and shook so forcibly that we all heard the sound. Then he disappeared, but in a moment returned with a brown veil in his hand, and held it up between him and myself, and then again receded. In less than a minute he came the third time, reached both arms, head, and shoulders outside the cabinet, and began to unroll something about three feet long. It proved to be an old, torn flag; he waved it back and forth, then bowed to us, and finally disappeared. That form was the spirit of my husband, Edwin R. Worden, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg.

I saw three more spirit forms, but I did not know who they were. Mr. Kirby recognized a little curly-haired boy who came as one he had known in Buffalo, N. Y. When the seance ended the medium was like one dead, having no pulse and no perceptible breath, and it was more than an hour before she was able to sit up. I can assure you what I have written is a *fact*, if there is one in the world, and you can refer to Mr. Wm. Kirby, of Auburn, N. Y., Mrs. Edmund Allen, Miss Hattie Allen, of the same place. Mr. William Allen has passed on to a higher life, but before he left he had become a strong spiritualist. Never again after that day at Alton did he say I am a skeptic.

FACT-MEETING, Aug. 20.

MR. ASHLEY MEEKING,

Of Savoy, Mass.

I came upon these grounds three weeks ago. I came as a skeptic in regard to materialization, and my friend Dr. Beals knows some of the reasons for my being a skeptic. I received an invitation to attend a seance of Mrs. Williams, of New York. The circle was lighter than any so-called dark circle that I ever attended. I could see to read very large print. In ten minutes the curtain opened and a beautiful form came out, more beautiful than imagination can picture. It was not a little, lightly-arrayed form that you might be mistaken about, but appeared to be made of flesh, blood, and bones. It beckoned to some one and they rushed up to meet it. As the man went quickly up the woman dodged back. I could see the clear, deep blue of her eye, and the lineaments of her face. As the man rushed to her embrace she dodged back, and Mr. J. M. Roberts, of Philadelphia, said we should approach a spirit carefully. Said he: "She will come out again in a minute." And she did come out some three feet, a perfect living form, as real as the lady before me. The man rose deliberately and went up to her. She was enveloped in a robe, white, glistening, and luminous, and threw it right over the man; they were both enveloped in the same robe.

Question.—"Did you see the medium?" "No, I did not; but this form that appeared was large."

“What did it dodge back for?”

“It was said that the positiveness of the two would destroy the effect, but when the man approached gently they came together. I could see the motion of his arm, and hear the kisses. I suppose that angelic beings hug and kiss just as they do here,—a kiss made out of nothing, but very good. I could hear the kisses for three minutes, then it went behind the curtain. Then another form came out, more beautiful in apparel, and covered with scintillations. She gave the name of Harriet. This one came out, met and kissed a man who gave a description of her yesterday. In this meeting I will say in corroboration of what he said yesterday that this form was dressed in the most beautiful apparel I ever saw. My friend told me that he had the glorious pleasure of kissing a ghost. Then came the thing that converted me to a belief in materialization, and has proved to me that it is a fact. The curtain opened, and there stood a man six feet high, half a foot taller than I. He said: ‘Anyone who wants the privilege can examine me.’ He gave his name as Holland. I immediately arose, and approached him moderately. As I came up he said: ‘Well, sir, what can I do for you tonight?’ Said I: ‘I came by your invitation to make an examination of a materialization.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘take out your glasses, put them on, and examine me to your heart’s content.’ I deliberately took them out, put them on, and examined him from head to foot, and from foot to head. I saw that it was a man a foot taller than the medium. She is a large woman, but not very tall. He stood on the floor on the same range with my feet.”

Question.—“Did you see the medium?”

“Not during this manifestation”

“Was she tied?”

“We presumed that she was.”

“What prevented you from seeing her?”

“She was behind the curtain, and this materialization was outside of the curtain. The form came out from behind the curtain where the medium was. It was a large man, six feet high. In stating this, there are nineteen men and women around here, I presume, that recognize the truth of this, and who make a mouth-piece of me to tell the story. There are nineteen men and women to bear testimony to this story. After I made this examination,

he stepped back behind the curtain, and I turned to walk away, at the same time, looking back over my shoulder, I saw the curtain move, and he was out again. He said: 'Please take your seat, sir.' I took my seat. When he went back the curtain opened again, and another form appeared; this time an Indian, not an North American Indian, but a native of India. He was dressed in the Free Mason garb, and said he lived in the years gone by. He invited some one to come up, and said he would give them the 'grip.' A man went up, and I saw them clasp hands. They both hugged up to the curtain for a minute, and I could distinctly see that they were talking. He, too, was a glorious specimen of humanity. He had the forehead of a Hercules, and was grand and glorious like one of the characters we read of in the classics. His skin was yellow."

MR. R. P. WILSON,

Of New York City.

I can corroborate all that my friend has said; and further I can say that my wife came to me twice, and spoke of things that no one knew about myself. It was positive proof of her presence. She appeared at Mrs. Miller's seance in Denver, Col., last season. Mrs. Miller has a common cloth cabinet, and has only half a dozen in her circle, and sits three times a week. Frequently two forms came out at once, and promenade with us along the floor. Mrs. Miller is always tied. It is the invariable custom of the spirits to take each one into the cabinet, place their hand on the medium's head, then place their hands so that they can know that the medium is tied, while two spirits are talking to them all the time. At the same time they can turn around and count every one in the room. This is materialization to a purpose. We can no more doubt it than the sun at noonday.

MRS. E. L. SAXON,

Of New Orleans.

At the close of 1879, there was in New Orleans, a Mrs. Virginia Eldridge, of St. Louis, Mo., one of the finest slate-writing

mediums I know. You could fold papers with written questions, lay them on the slate, and she, placing the slate on her hand, would put it under the table and receive answers as fast as they could be written. Her table is a board with long legs put in holes in each corner. It is covered with a velvet cloth arranged with an opening on each side, one slit for her hand and one for the sitter's hand to pass through. She pressed the slate flat on the under surface of the table, her hand under the slate, my hand flat under hers. I wrote each question at home, folded and laid it on the slate, before putting it under the table. The slate seemed to be glued to the table.

Before leaving New Orleans she wished me to write a testimonial to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Before doing so I told her I would like to have her give me a private sitting, as I wanted to investigate the thing thoroughly, and take it out of the region of mind-reading, and to this end I asked her to let me put my hand upon hers. She consented to this, and gave me a two hours' sitting, saying that since I had sat with her so often our magnetisms would probably blend thoroughly. I had forty-four questions prepared. I never sat with her that I did not receive communications purporting to be from my father. In this instance I carried from my married daughter six questions which she had written, and which I did not know anything about. At this sitting we began first with my questions. By the time I had got to the nineteenth I missed that. There came a rap: "It is in your pocket." Up to this time I had not requested to put my hand on hers, but from that time I held my hand on hers, and one under the table. Just in the midst of the writing there came a call for her, and she was taken outside. I then said: "If this is my father, will you go to an individual in Boston, send me a communication, and put this out of the region of doubt; prove this without the organs of the medium?" Dr. Buchanan introduced me to the gentleman in Boston. When Mrs. Eldridge returned she said: "Go on." I said: "I have asked a question." This was the answer: "Indeed, my darling, I will. Give name, street, and number." Beneath was written: "I don't know this man C. I do know Dr. B., than whom there is no better in the world."

I then took the numbered papers which my daughter had written, and wrote down the answers as given. I will state here that

I had lost a little girl from yellow fever. When she died I took off her ring. 'This was one of my daughter's questions: "Lizzie, I am wearing your ring; what shall I do with it?" The answer was: "It is my plain gold ring that mamma took before I died. You must wear it always, and never let it leave you. Oh, sister darling, I love you better than when in my own house." When I saw the writing I said: "Lizzie never wrote that, my niece wrote it." Then it was written: "No, mamma, I didn't write it, cousin Nabby wrote it."

I demonstrated that Mrs. Eldridge did not do the writing, and that she did not hear the voice with her organization.

Mrs. E. H. Clock, of Haysville, Mass.: "I can testify to the truth of this in regard to the mediumship of Mrs. Eldridge; I know her well, having had a very intimate acquaintance with her for some time."

MR. S. B. NICHOLS,

Of New York.

I have a fact of which there can be no question. In 1852 my wife (now in the spirit world), before she left home one day, wrote down eighteen questions to her spirit sister. We were in a room with six persons; the medium was a French Canadian. The intelligence came through raps. No one but herself knew the questions, the last one of which asked if her sister would show herself. It was spelled out: "I will try; put out the light." Immediately it was put out, and there in that little, small house in Burlington, Vt., in all her glory, appeared her sister. The medium was frightened and said: "It is the devil! the devil!" Mrs. Nichols mentally said: "If this is you, Mary, will you come again?" Immediately she came right out there in the room, with no cabinet.

DR. JULIETTE H. SEVERANCE,

Milwaukee, Wis.

I would like to speak of a materialization that occurred in my presence two years ago, in Philadelphia. Mr. Severance, Mrs. Bliss, Col. Roberts, and myself were present. Mrs. Bliss, the

medium, was entranced before entering the cabinet. Then she took Mr. Severance by the hand and walked into the cabinet, and he immediately turned and walked out, followed by a spirit. Further on a daughter of Mr. Severance came out and called him "Father." She had been in spirit-life a great many years. Finally both cabinet doors were thrown open, and there were Mrs. Bliss, Mr. Severance's daughter, and another spirit, all three visible at the same time. The medium did not do it. In Springfield I was two weeks with Mrs. Bliss, and there had been materializations every night during that time. A brother of mine came, and also a sister, and talked to me. This sister was a very delicate, slender girl; Mrs. Bliss was a large woman, a third larger than I. Another spirit that materialized this same night was a colored woman, a very small woman, who was recognized by one of the parties present. I began to clap my hands, and she began to dance. Finally she opened the dining-room door, letting in the full blaze of the gas light, and showed herself there in that bright light. The other evening at Mr. Shears' a spirit materialized and called for Mr. Severance and myself. It was his daughter. She said: "Now, look." We looked, and saw the medium and the spirit both at the same time.

COL. J. M. ROBERTS,

Of Mind and Matter, Philadelphia.

I merely come forward to state that I was present at the circle that was described by the gentleman who preceded Mrs. Dr. Severance, also at the circle described as having taken place in the office of *Mind and Matter* two years ago, in Philadelphia. I was called forward to see Mr. Severance's daughter in the cabinet, when his hand was laid on the head of the medium in my presence, while his spirit daughter stood beside him. I wanted not only to corroborate this but to state a fact in connection with the Hindoo figure at Mrs. Williams' seance, an exceedingly marked and interesting case. That figure on appearing was asked who he was. He had appeared at the circle previous to that. His reply was: "Hiram Abiff." He immediately added: "I see a brother Mason in the circle; I want him to come for-

ward. Near him is another brother." I did not know that there was a Mason in the room. Dr. Walker, of Cincinnati, and a Mr. Rider, of New York, came forward, and they had a long conversation, a part of which I heard. As they left the cabinet to take their seats I asked: "Was there any indication that they were Masons?" Dr. Walker said: "Undoubtedly so." The next morning he gave me this circumstance. He said that when Jesse Shepard was in Cincinnati last winter, a spirit purporting to be Hermes, the great Egyptian philosopher and mystic, had initiated him in mystic orders that had never been conferred upon anyone in this country, and upon but two or three in the world, that the conferring of this degree was in four different languages, one of which was in the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians; that this spirit referred to that spirit, and manifested familiarity with the occurrence, and showed that it had relation to the occurrence in Cincinnati.

MRS. HELEN PALMER,

Portland, Me.

Mr. Whitlock has asked me to relate some of my experiences in spiritual phenomena. I will give two or three, each of which can be referred to the parties whom I shall name. The first one occurred on the 31st of March, 1879. Mr. J. W. Fletcher had come to Portland to lecture on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of modern spiritualism, and was stopping at our house. I was to speak with him during the evening, and had gone up stairs to get ready. While standing in my room I heard the voices of two men in the hall, and supposed that Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Palmer were in conversation there. I went to the door and asked: "Do you want me, Mr. Palmer?" No one answered. I looked out, and no one was visible. I returned, thinking my ears had deluded me, and again began preparing for the evening, when I heard the same voices in the bath-room. I went looking about, thinking burglars were there. I began to get nervous. I went back, and in the glass before me I saw the figures of two men about half way across the room. I turned, and saw that one at least must be a spirit, but the other was so tangible I could not believe that he could be a spirit; but looking closely for a

few minutes I saw that both were spirits. One was greatly distressed. He said: "What did you bring me here for? I am not dead. My poor dog, they will kill him! Do let me go back to the faithful fellow, for they have put a rope around him and will kill him." I said: "But you are a spirit." He said: "Look at me, woman, am I dead?" I said: "I think so." He said: "I tell you I am not dead. I must go back to my faithful dog." Then the other man said in explanation that he had left his body by the railroad track. I immediately ran down stairs and told Mr. Palmer and Mr. Fletcher that there was a man up stairs who must have dropped dead by the railroad track, that he had a dog that he was extremely fond of, which was being tied with a rope.

Mr. Whitlock.—"Will you give your husband's name, please?"

Mrs. Palmer.—"Joshua S. Palmer, of Portland, Me."

I went into the kitchen and asked the servant if she had heard of anyone falling dead. She said she had not. In the evening my husband went to the hall with me. We asked several if they had heard of such a case, but they had not. I concluded it must be a mistake, and that spiritualism was a sort of humbug after all. The next morning Mr. Palmer drove into town, and learned that a man from Biddeford had dropped dead by the railroad, and that he had a large Newfoundland dog with him. He must have been dead half an hour when I saw him. The dog was so faithful that they could not get him away from the body till they had lassoed him. The dog followed the body to the cemetery. He was sold to pay the funeral expenses, but they could not get him away from the cemetery, and he laid there and died on his master's grave.

Another of my experiences refers to an Indian girl of whom many of you must have heard,—a young Indian girl whom Col. Tappan rescued from the Cheyenne massacre, in 1866. He discovered her in the bushes after the massacre, so frightened that she forgot her own language for several days. He also brought a boy with her. This little "Minnie Tappan," as she was called, boarded with Mrs. De Witt. During her residence there I went to Boston, and grew to love Minnie. She always addressed me as "Auntie," or "Aunt Helen." Afterwards she was turned over to the government, and sent to the Howard University in Washington. On the Tuesday preceding Thanksgiving, in 1873, I

went to my room at 9.15; the circumstances were such that I remember the exact time. On Saturday Mrs. De Witt had left my home, telling me before she went that Mrs. Mary Polk, of Boston, had just heard of Minnie, who was getting along so well that she wanted to tell me how happy she was; she said she was getting along splendidly. There was nothing to lead me to think she was ill. After Mrs. De Witt left I went to my room. About half way between the bed and the bath-room door stood Minnie Tappan. I exclaimed: "Why, Minnie Tappan, where did you come from?" She hesitated, then said: "Aunt Nellie, I am in the spirit world." I said: "Oh, no." She said: "Oh, yes, I went to the spirit world on Sunday morning; my body is on the way to Boston now, and I want you to go and speak over it." I said: "Oh, no, I do n't think you are dead." "Oh, no," she said, "I am not dead, I am alive." "Only Saturday," I said, "I heard you were well." She said: "I tell you I am in the spirit world. I went on Sunday morning from Howard University." She followed me about and annoyed me all the morning, teasing and coaxing me to go to Boston to speak over her body. At last I hired a horse and went to my husband's office. I arrived there just as the bells were ringing for 12 o'clock. I was incensed at having been carried off on such an errand. When I got home, as I entered the library door, I met Minnie again, and she said: "I am so sorry your husband was not there." Again she followed me all about till three o'clock in the afternoon. I was preparing mince meat for Thanksgiving, and was so annoyed that I finally made up my mind to get rid of her in some way if possible. I said: "Minnie, do you see me?" "Yes, ma'am." "Will you go up stairs?" "Yes, ma'am." I opened the door, and she passed by me and went up stairs before me. I took down a carpet bag. I said: "Do you hear me?" "Yes, ma'am, I do." I said: "Now, Minnie, if it is proven to me that you are telling the truth I will go." "Will you, truly, Aunt Nellie? Did I ever tell you a lie?" "Oh, no." I then took down a carpet bag, but still believing I was looking at her double. At five o'clock my husband came home, passed through and went out at the back door. I went out immediately and exclaimed: "There has been the queerest thing here," and I went on and told him all about it. He exclaimed: "This is very strange; this beats everything." I

said: "What is it?" He replied: "This morning at 11 o'clock (remember I saw her at a quarter past nine) I received a telegram from Mrs. Conant for you to speak at Minnie Tappan's funeral tomorrow morning." I saw her two hours before the telegram was received in Portland. The moment I had packed my bag I said: "Now, Minnie, you see what I have done." She laughed and was gone. When Mr. Palmer told me of the telegram I said: "I am going to Boston tonight." He said: "You can't get there." "I must go, I have promised." "What are you going to do about Thanksgiving?" At six o'clock we were on our way to Boston. When we arrived I told Mrs. De Witt. She said: "You promised to come in spite of the telegram; we have a hot supper." Leaning over the baluster I said: "Is that you, Minnie?" She said: "Yes, ma'am, you told me you would surely come." If anybody will give me as strong proof that I did not see Minnie Tappan as I have that I did see her I will be willing to believe them.

One more incident: three years ago, on the 7th of September, I was ill and had retired quite early. Just as the bells were ringing for midnight I was lying wide awake; my husband was sleeping, and the house was still. I raised up my head, and saw three white figures issuing from the bath-room. I recognized two of them, one of whom I supposed to be in good health in Boston. I awoke my husband and said: "Here is Mrs. Conant, and Aunt Fisher, and a man whom I do not know. What do you suppose it means?" "Ask them," he said. So I did. "Is Aunt Fisher dead?" I asked. Mrs. Conant said: "Her body is dead, and I have brought her back after the third day." "Are you sure Aunt Fisher is dead?" "Oh, her body is dead." "But who is the man?" "Oh, that is Alexander Fisher; he has been in the spirit-world thirty years." "I don't know him," I said. We talked about it for an hour after the vision passed away. In the morning I wrote a letter to Boston, saying: "What does it mean? Last night I saw Fanny Conant and Aunt Fisher. Is anything the matter with Aunt Fisher? I want you to write by return mail and tell us." On Tuesday we left Portland, and returned on Friday. Remember that this vision was on Sunday night, the 7th of September. Mrs. Conant says: "I brought her back after the third day." A letter came saying: "Aunt Fisher

passed away five minutes before eight last Thursday night." There was no way under heaven by which I could have known that she had passed away. What did I see if it was not a spirit? Anyone can refer to Mrs. A. S. De Witt, Hollis Black, Mr. Alexander De Witt, Mrs. Chase, and to several others, members of Mrs. De Witt's family; also to Mr. L. B. Wilson, of the *Banner of Light*, and to Mrs. F. G. Polk, 419 Shawmut Avenue; any one of them can answer you on this subject.

DR. H. B. STORER,

Of Boston.

Something within us responds to these facts. I will give you two. Most of you know Henry B. Allen. You have probably diverse opinions with regard to his manifestations. I wanted to know absolutely that somebody was present besides Henry, and that the writing was independently done. He said to me one day: "Sometime I will give you a chance. I am going to be at Beverly over Sunday." This was two years ago. I went to Beverly and into a photograph gallery. We sat for a spirit picture, but did not succeed. In the afternoon I went again. Henry had promised to go into a darkened room with me that we might try to obtain spirit-writing. I prepared some paper by marking it. The room was a small communicating room, a sort of hall, absolutely bare of furniture, with a bare shelf on one side. I said: "Henry, stand up with me, and I will hold both of your hands." He did not hold my hands, but I his. I laid the paper on the shelf, with pen and ink. He soon began to be convulsed. I said: "I wish your wife would write something." He said: "She is here." Soon I heard the pen writing. Said I: "Does Morgan ever control you?" He said: "Yes." Said I: "Morgan, if you are here, write something." I heard scratching again. I said: "I wish you would give as many different hand-writings as possible." Finally he said: "It is done." I took up my paper and carried it outside. The first communication was from Henry's wife. The second was in an entirely different hand from Morgan's; then three other communications, making five in all. A part of the writing was in one direction, and the other in the

opposite direction. I positively know that there was no one in the body there but Henry and I.

Fact number two: one day when Mr. Charles Watkins was in Boston, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I called at a house on Beach Street, rang the bell, and Mr. Watkins appeared. I told him I had come for a sitting. He said he was going down town. I told him I had been there three times before. He told me to come up stairs; so up to the second story we went. He said: "I will give you what time I can. What do you want to get?" I said: "Whatever is given." He said: "There is some paper; tear it off, and write the names of some of your spirit friends." Then down stairs he goes. I take my seat, write a few names on strips of paper, roll them into pellets, throw them down upon the table, and stir them about. Mr. Watkins soon comes back. He says: "I want to give you a good sitting. I will stand out here, and you take that pencil and point to the pellets." So I took the pencil and pointed to one, and then another, he saying: "There, take that up, take that up." Finally he says: "Oh, doctor, if I were a woman I should throw my arms right round you. Oh, I do love you so. This is your wife; her name is Sarah." That was the name upon the pellet. And with all the tenderness of manner you would expect of a woman, he made those manifestations of affection to me that could leave no doubt in my mind as to the identity. Then he says: "Take the pencil again and point. But wait a moment, here is somebody," pulling up his sleeve and showing a name in raised letters upon his arm. "Dr. Warren," he said,— "that's it," pointing to a pellet. I picked it up, and sure enough there it was on the pellet,— "Dr. Warren." I took two slates and cleansed them, as he had requested, and putting them together held them out at arm's length, at least four feet from the medium. Presently I heard scratching upon the slates. Mr. Watkins was writing as if in torment. Pretty soon it ceased. "Now open them," he said. I opened them, and there was a message from Dr. Warren. Then the medium cried out: "Farnsworth, Farnsworth; you have not written the name on the pellets; but do you know such a person?" I said I knew two of that name, but both are living. "Never mind," said he, "let that pass. Here is another one, but this person comes from a very high sphere. She is a tall lady who lays her hands on your

head; her name is Mary. She is your mother. She exerts a holy influence upon you." His expression was very different while this influence was upon him. I took up the pellet, and there was my mother's name. It was the personality that I noticed. Again he said: "Hattie, Hattie, who is this? The name goes with that of Farnsworth." "Oh, yes," I said, "Hattie Farnsworth, I had forgotten her, but boarded with her when I first came to Boston." "Yes," said he, "and she does n't want you to forget her." The last name, therefore, could not have been read from the pellets, nor was it in my memory at the time.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD,

West Newton, Mass.

On my finger I wear a ring with which is associated a very remarkable fact. Miss Achsa W. Sprague, who passed away from Plymouth, Vt., twenty years ago was my dearest friend, my soul-sister. When she sat in her chair fifteen minutes before she laid back upon the bed to breathe her last, I kneeled before her and took her hand. On it she had a little circlet or ring that was very choice with her, as it was the gift of a very dear friend. I took her hand in mine. With all her remaining strength she tried to remove that ring, but failed. After she died I took off the ring and gave it to her mother, without saying anything about the effort she made to remove it. Afterwards I came back to Massachusetts, where I met Barbara Allen. Achsa Sprague said to me through Barbara: "I tried so hard to give you that ring, but you shall have it now." In time I went to visit the mother of Achsa. She said: "Melvina, have you had anything from Achsa?" I said: "Yes, I have had many communications." She wanted to know if I had had anything in particular. She said: "I have my reasons for asking this." I told her that Achsa had communicated with me through Barbara Allen, telling me how hard she had tried to pull off that ring. I then told her of the fact that she had tried hard to get it off before she died. She said: "Oh, I am so thankful! Mrs. Matthews, the sister of Barbara Allen, has been here, and through her Achsa has communicated the same thing to me about the ring." While there,

Mrs. Sprague brought out the ring and gave it to me. After this, no matter how long, I was in Philadelphia. A man, with whom many of you are undoubtedly acquainted, Mr. Horace M. Richards, called on me. This man was formerly a drunkard, and had been raised from his low condition by hearing Miss Sprague speak. He went into one of her lectures under the influence of liquor, with the intention of making a disturbance, as he told me afterwards. After listening to her ten minutes he was a sober man. She went forward and told him what he was capable of being. From that hour he was redeemed from drunkenness, and today he is a worker for temperance. He called on me in Philadelphia, and while talking about Miss Sprague he said: "I would give anything if I had something of hers." I remembered this little circlet in my box, but I felt as though I could not give it up. Selfishness conquered, and I kept it. In the morning Miss Sprague, in spirit, stood beside me and said: "Give that ring to Mr. Richards; you shall have it replaced by one that will be better." This was on Saturday. He called on me during the day. I said: "Mr. Richards, I have something that was Miss Sprague's, and I am told to give it to you. I hesitated the other day from selfishness." And I gave it to him. He burst out crying like a little child. "Oh," said he, "I can't take it from you, I know how valuable it is to you." I said: "I am glad to give it to you." On Tuesday he came in with that little ring fastened on a larger one, welded right on the outside of it. He had her name put on the inside, and mine on the outside. On the following Thursday evening the friends in Philadelphia gave me a reception at the hall. As I was walking around, a gentleman came to me and said: "Mrs. Townsend, there is a Chinese medium in the hall who wants to see you on the platform." I went in, and there was a medium under the influence of an Indian chief; Chief Chesaling, he called himself. Under this control the medium took a little box, opened it, and took out that little ring which I have on my finger, as representative of Miss Sprague, and presented it to me, making a beautiful little speech, in which he said that I had had a little feeling that was not altogether selfish,—a feeling that she would not like to have me part with the ring; but that now she had told me to give it up that feeling had vanished, and I was now compensated by this one. He then told me

how, in forgetting selfishness, we are always compensated. Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, was present, also Mr. Lewis Belrose.

CAPT. C. A. GREENLEAF,

Chilcopee, Mass.

I have been a spiritualist ever since modern spiritualism has been known. I have had the pleasure and profit of entertaining some of the most noted spiritualists in the country. I have had the satisfaction of holding seances at my house with some of the best mediums. I have so much to tell that I hardly know where to begin. But I will confine myself to one or two remarkable facts that have happened in my experience. I once entertained Henry B. Allen for several days. Those who have sat with him will remember that he has a control named Tommy Holland. One night Tommy said: "Captain, I am going to stay with you several days." I did n't see how he could stay after Allen had gone. Saturday morning I gathered a bouquet of flowers and carried them to my wife who was in bed. She said: "Put them in the parlor." When I undertook to open the door I found I could not, owing to some obstruction. I found all the furniture piled up, one piece upon another. There was no one in the room at the time. Saturday night the furniture was intact; Sunday morning it was piled up again. We had to move away from that place, and Tommy said: "I am going to stay with you again." About 11 o'clock I went to the house into which we were moving. At 12 o'clock that furniture was all piled up again, though the house was locked up and the key in my pocket.

Another fact: I entertained Mr. C. E. Watkins at one time. Before he came I bought two slates, secured them together, and put them in my bureau drawer. About a week after that, when he was up stairs one day, he came down and said: "I am ready to write on those slates." I had previously spoken to him about them. My wife took the slates out of the drawer, and dropped a pencil into them. Said he: "Stand over there." She stood twelve feet off, and one of the slates was written all over. We sat, my wife, he and I, with the double slates, perfectly clean. I held two corners, my wife one, and Watkins one. It was per-

fectly light. We got a number of independent writings. The peculiarity of it was that my wife says: "You have a pellet that I gave you," but I could not find it. We got into a dispute, when the medium said: "If you get into a dispute, it will upset things." Then he took the pencil and covered the slate all over with marks that had no meaning. We wiped the slates off all clean, and the same thing happened again. We could not get anything at all at that time. Perhaps this dispute got the spirits angry.

Another fact: it was 11 o'clock at night. We had gone to bed, and the house was all quiet. I don't know how much of a medium my wife is; I don't know whether she is the medium or I. On this night she said: "Look here, there are three persons here besides you and I. They are all females, looking right at you. They have something to communicate to you. They are waiting for you to reach out your hands." I said: "I don't believe it; we will wait." Finally she said: "These spirits are advancing to you; reach out your hand." Said I: "Reach out yours." "There," said she, "they have put something into my hand." I took hold of a little substance which seemed to crush. I struck a light, and there was a bird's egg in midwinter.

A lady in the audience.—"I can vouch for this; I have seen that egg."

Capt. Greenleaf.—"One evening I was lying on the lounge, and my wife was playing on the organ, when she suddenly screamed and said: 'There was a tall Indian there.' I said: 'It was your imagination.' She said: 'I can't sit here any longer, there is a big Indian here.' So I went in and laid down there. There were ten or twelve boxes piled on the organ. Pretty soon one of these boxes struck me on the leg. One of those spirits piled the boxes on my knees. My wife had a belt taken off and thrown upon a picture."

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS,

Of Boston.

I have been requested by several friends to give some facts from my own experience. It is probably known to most of you

that I have a summer place on Lake Seneca, N. Y. State, the old favorite resort of the Seneca Indians. My house stands out into the lake; there is water on three sides of it. I had occasion to go to Dundee, the adjoining town, and while there was introduced to an ex-member of Congress. He said: "Dr. Willis, I am familiar with your place down there; I want to tell you an incident connected with it." Before going on I should say that a medium was visiting me at that time,—Mary Gridley, of Willimantic, Conn., now of New York. We were one day sitting around the door when she suddenly exclaimed: "There is an Indian here seven feet high." Nothing more was said. Then this gentleman in Dundee said: "I want to tell you an interesting incident connected with your place on Lake Seneca. Fifty years ago some men were digging there, when they came to a large black stone. They lifted it, and there beneath it lay the skeleton of an Indian seven feet tall in life." I instantly thought of what Mrs. Gridley had said, but I said nothing. When I returned I did not mention this. A week after that I heard of Mrs. Compton, in Watkins, an ignorant, illiterate washerwoman, living in poverty. I heard she was having remarkable manifestations, and I went to see her. She took a seat in a cabinet, in a rocking-chair. She was tied into the chair. Every precaution was taken to confine her. Her skirts were nailed to the floor, and every precaution taken to guard against her coming out of the cabinet. After about ten minutes the door of the cabinet opened, and out-stepped an immense figure, I should say every inch of seven feet in height, dressed in the full costume of an Indian warrior. Leaning against the cabinet he addressed himself to me as "Medicine Chief, me know you; me been buried on your place." Draw your own inferences; take the story in connection with the seeing of this apparition at my own house by Mrs. Gridley, the fact given me by the gentleman in Dundee, and the corroboration at Watkins, seven miles in another direction, by the appearance of the materialized form so accurately described to me before by the medium.

Now I would like to speak of the kindred phenomena of transfiguration, to me as interesting as materialization. I witnessed this phenomenon through this same medium, Mrs. Compton, in Watkins. There were some half dozen persons with me. I had

the privilege of doing just what I pleased in regard to the medium. I entered the cabinet with her; she took her seat, and I took strips of the adhesive plaster used by surgeons for dressing wounds, and put them upon her face according to the anatomical lines, so that not one could be removed without my knowing it. I sealed her mouth so it would be impossible for her to utter an articulate sound. I then tied her securely to the chair. I passed the lines up and sealed them upon the back of the cabinet with sealing-wax, placing a stamp upon them from the ring upon my finger. Besides this I nailed her skirts to the floor. I satisfied myself and those with me that she could by no possibility extricate herself from that chair, or pass out of that cabinet. She was dressed in an old rusty alpaca dress. You ladies know what a dress like that is; how shabby it is. There is nothing meaner in a lady's wardrobe than a rusty alpaca dress. Her clothes were of the poorest possible fabric. After I had made her thus secure, and the door of the cabinet had been closed, in less than ten minutes out walked one of the most radiantly-beautiful women I ever saw, with garments white and glistening, so white they were unlike anything earthly. A veil of the finest material covered her whole figure. She held in her hand a pocket handkerchief of the most beautiful texture. No lace is more exquisite. I know from my knowledge of the value of laces that that handkerchief could not have been bought at the dry goods stores for less than \$25. This figure moved about among us, conversed with us, and allowed us to weigh her. She weighed about twenty-seven pounds, and the medium one hundred and some odd. She remained more than half an hour. While she was out, I, saying nothing, left my seat quietly and went into that cabinet where I had left the medium just as I have described to you, and to my utter astonishment the cabinet was vacant; there was not a string, nor anything to indicate that anyone had ever been there. I stepped back utterly amazed. This figure had passed into the cabinet and the door was shut. I sprang to the cabinet again, opened the door and entered, and there sat the medium in her chair. It was less than three minutes, but there sat the medium, the strips of plaster all in place, the strings just as I left them, every seal unbroken, and her dress nailed to the floor. Every

thing was just precisely as I had left it before the phenomenon commenced.

Mr. Whitlock.—“Did anyone else see this?”

Dr. Willis.—“I don't remember whether Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, was there that night or not, but Dr. Lewis, of Watkins, and my own wife were present, and several others whose names I shall not be able to furnish.”

Mr. E. W. Hale, of Towanda, Pa.—“I can corroborate the gentleman except in one thing. I heard of this gentleman being there, and I went with three gentlemen. We saw this lady, and the gentleman who managed this circle was not at Watkins, but the medium would not give a circle till the gentleman came back. She consented to go into the cabinet, but would not be nailed. I went into the cabinet; she was dressed as the gentleman states.”

Judge Patton, of Towanda.—“I am able to corroborate everything Major Hale has stated.”

MRS. C. L. SAXON,

Of New Orleans, at Fact-Meeting.

Last night I attended the first circle of Maud Lord's that I ever attended. It was extremely satisfactory to me, as it was very harmonious and congenial, owing to the fact that most of the friends were acquaintances. The room was darkened, and soon we felt a fanning, and two or three times there were delightful perfumes. At one time, when communications were coming, I said: “It is bananas I smell.” A voice replied: “Lizzie loved bananas.” Lizzie was a little girl of mine who died of yellow fever. At one time we distinctly heard whispers. I heard five unseen persons converse with parties in the circle. Mrs. Lord herself sits in the center of the circle, and keeps patting her hands so that you may know where she is; and she rests her feet on the feet of some one else, so that those in the circle can have it demonstrated that she is not moving out of her chair. She is as delighted as anyone at success. There were a number of beautiful lights. Facts were made known to parties at this seance that no one else could have known. I saw clairvoyantly two faces as distinctly as I ever did years ago when I had this

power, which I have since lost. A beautiful little girl about six years old came up in front of Prof. Kiddle, of New York. She radiated a light so that you could see it, and a voice said: "See me, papa." She had beautiful blue eyes, and little fluffy, flaxen hair, as beautiful as was ever blown by the wind. I sat close to her. An elderly lady appeared, with her face a little above ours. There seemed to be an illumination behind her face. It was as beautiful in its way as the child; it was the beauty of age. It was a clear, round light, as if from behind her cap. I had reported to my five children in the spirit-world, but I was so interested in one that I ignored the rest, and this was the little girl to whom I referred yesterday in connection with the ring. This child began in the early part of the evening to make herself known, saying something about a ring. A child was brought to Prof. Kiddle that was injured in some way by a horse. Prof. Kiddle expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with this seance. We all held each other's hands, and persons were fanned around the room, it being an intensely hot night. I must say that Mrs. Lord impressed me with the most thorough and genuine truthfulness. I think if one could sit with her in private, the manifestations would be still more wonderful. I saw Mrs. Lord's figure illuminated from head to foot, the illumination seeming to be composed of little dots like fire-flies. I have seen this before. When sitting alone in the dark I have seen a figure covered with these sparkles, which formed the outline. I have been clairvoyant all my life till eight years ago, when this power was withdrawn for a special purpose. Twice at this seance they sang, and distinctly a spirit voice pealed out above all the rest. Mrs. Lord, delighted, requested them to sing very low. This they did, and the same voice pealed out again. Three times we heard that voice. Once I exclaimed: "They have been cold to me; I thought my father would touch me." Immediately a little child's arms were thrown about me, and I was kissed on the forehead. This was in response to my exclamation. I was not thoroughly satisfied, for I believe no one ever is thoroughly satisfied in this way. Every one that came was recognized by some one in the room. There was a Deacon Rynders there, who had a whole family around him.

PROF. J. W. CADWELL,

Mesmerist, Meriden, Conn.

While listening to the lady, Mrs. Saxon, I said to myself: "There may be in this hall those who will not comprehend all that she says." She gave an interesting account of what was real to her, but it might be unreal to some. If you were to attend Maud Lord's seance, you might say that you had been badly imposed upon by somebody. It is not everyone that can grasp the idea of a hand touching them. I want to tell what I witnessed at Maud Lord's seance. There was a call for lights and air. During a recess of five minutes, a man and his wife next to me were grumbling very much. She said to him: "This is all humbug; these people are all confederates. If they can get tests, why can't we get tests?" I sat down by the side of that man and his wife, and took hold of their hands. Almost the first thing after the light was put out Maud Lord said: "A spirit shows himself, and says he has a brother here," and she gave the brother's name. That man said: "If you are my brother, tell your name." Then I heard a deep bass voice say: "My name is Alexander." That man put his lips close to my ear and said: "My God, that is my brother's name!" A large, heavy hand, larger than Maud Lord's by twice, took hold of his hand. Another spirit said he came to his granddaughter; and a girl there said: "If you are my grandfather, tell me how you died." He said: "I drowned myself." "Is that right?" said Maud Lord. "Yes," said the girl. "I drowned myself back of Uncle George's barn," said the spirit. Then the old man said: "I have brought two rose buds to you." Then a little girl crawled up into a man's lap and kissed him, and said: "Oh, papa; oh, papa." The poor man cried tears of joy. I felt of the little girl's soft ringlets. I knew as much of her as he. This little girl settled down and dematerialized in his grasp.

DR. JOSEPH BEALS,

Of Greenfield.

I attended a circle of Maud Lord's with a gentleman whom I invited as my guest. He said: "Mrs. Lord, will you please describe this spirit beside me?" She described the form of an

old lady, saying: "She suffered much with inflammatory rheumatism; her arms were drawn out of shape." The man said: "That is my grandmother." She put her hand in his, and he grasped it. He said: "I knew the hand the moment it touched me. She passed away four years ago. I was her favorite grandson." He says: "I held on to this hand till it dematerialized in my hand."

DR. HAMMOND,

Of Worcester, Mass.

Ten or eleven years ago I attended a seance of Maud Lord's. In that circle appeared the form of an individual which I saw clearly. It was the form of a young man who passed away suddenly on the evening of the 4th of July. Previous to this, this young man and myself were passing through Harvard Street, Worcester. There were circumstances connected with this that no one else on earth knew of. At this circle he came, passing his hand over my face. I asked: "Who is this?" A voice said: "Foster Cutler." This was the name of the young man. I said: "Will you give some circumstance, so that I shall know surely?" He said: "You will know the circumstance that occurred between you and me on Harvard Street, Worcester." In the mean time I received my tests by and through myself. In my own room, No. 1 Lynn St., Worcester, Mass., looking out of the window one day, I saw upon the carpet, between me and the bed, what seemed to be smoke. It seemed to increase and rise higher and higher. I could look through it and see the bed beyond. It increased in density till there appeared the form of my grandfather, who passed away fifteen years previous. Reaching out his hand he said: "My dear grandson, fear not; it will all be right." Then the smoke disappeared, and the form dematerialized.

MR. SPENCER,

Of Westmore, Vt.

Twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago I worked a saw-mill. One day I thought I would shut down about 4 o'clock and go fishing. I went down where the boat was kept and it was gone.

I went above, eight or nine rods, and out where they used to catch fish, and there I saw the boat out in the middle of the pond, about 40 rods off. The thought came into my head: "If the spirits will bring me that boat, I will never doubt spiritualism again." Immediately a strange influence came upon me, and the boat came to me as straight as you could snap a line. I stepped into it, and went out fishing. I didn't get any fish, but I got something else, and went home contented.

MR. STOWE,

Brattleboro, Vt.

At a seance on this ground last year a medium from Hartford, Conn., told my wife that a lady connected with her family was going to die suddenly. Just a week from that day my niece in Brattleboro, Vt., was a corpse. The circumstances were these: the boys in the neighborhood made a raft near a pond just back of my house. This raft was not strong. My niece took a crowbar and slid it into the water, then got my two grandchildren and two other children, and went sailing about, and finally said: "If we go down where it is deeper we shall go better." They went, and the raft sank. Two of the girls tipped off, one of them my niece, who died in half an hour. This medium from Hartford was an entire stranger to us, but she announced this to my wife one week before it occurred. After this, and before the camp-meeting closed, this niece that was drowned, Mrs. Morse, controlled this medium, and said that her husband would pass away in a very short time. It proved correct. He was sick, and went down to the apothecary's with his son for a bottle of medicine, returned, went into his room, and took the whole of it. It proved his death. He went into an unconscious state and died.

DR. RUSSELL,

Of Ludlow, Vt.

I would say one word to show the power of our friends on the other side to guide and guard us here. I am a photographer. A lady came to me for a picture. I took the negative, and when I

handed the picture to her my hands were fastened upon it. I said: "A young man is paying attentions to you,—beware." Then I felt like dropping through the floor. I felt as if I had insulted the lady. She went away, and I instantly ran into the parlor and looked out, but could not see her anywhere. Pretty soon I heard some one coming. She came to the door and said: "Do you know the man you spoke of?" I said: "I am one of those unhappy creatures called spiritual mediums. I saw a lady by your side," and I described her. She exclaimed: "Why, you have described my mother." I said: "She was the one who influenced me to say what I did." Three months passed away and the same lady came again. She said: "I want to shake hands with my savior. The young man you told me to beware of proved to be a perfect blackleg."

MR. J. HOMER ARTEMAS,

Philadelphia.

This chain came from spirit friends to me. One night last week (August, 1882) I was awakened by a voice saying: "Homer, go down to Sixth and Pine Streets." I went down, but thought I was a fool for so doing, for it was cold, and I saw nobody. Walking along I saw something bright in the gutter, and stooped down and picked up this chain. They told me how I would get the watch, and here it is (holding it out).

MRS. HATTIE E. CARR,

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir, as you have requested some "fact" in my experience as a medium, I send you the following communication, given by an invisible identity for my friend, Mrs. Rena C. Schofield, and presented to her in the presence of her husband, Prof. Fielding Schofield, now in the Youngston Business College, Ohio, and her cousin, Mrs. F. Hacker, Providence, R. I. Every word was written rapidly, my hand being controlled at the time. It

was written in 1873, and has since been fully verified; her spirit left the mortal state Dec. 18, 1878, aged 29 years. Every word is given as it was written:—

“A short life but a pleasant one; honor hath been conferred upon thee, but lack of the physical forbids it here on earth; there is a greatness for thee, but not in the form. I breathe to thee words of truth; cast them not aside, but believe, for the prophecy shall be fulfilled. Days fleeth past and bringeth the appointed time for thine exit; earth shall recede, but the glory of God shall be round about thee.

Fate weaves for thee another life,
Soon, on the golden shore,
Then thou shalt bid earth souls rejoice
When thou art known no more.

No more as thou art welcomed here,
But in that other sphere,
That happy angel-home of love,
Shall fall no more the tear.

But swift to earth a bird of light
Thou shalt the way prepare,
And thou shalt lead the weary feet
Up Heaven's golden stair:

And symphonies of angels sweet
Shall thrill the upper air,
And thou shalt wear a crown of light,
And shine an angel there.

This after many days.

Should greatness be conferred on earth,
'T would bow thee quickly down,
The vital spark would quick consume
And lay thee in the ground.

Thou art ambitious, fond of praise;
A loyal heart and true,
But would a public life and stir
Be best for such as you?

Think for a moment, sister dear,
Impetuous, full of will,
Hast thou the tender healing balm
The pain of life to still?

Yes, burning words of heavenly zeal
Could fire thy heart anew,
It may be thine what has been told
If one is good and true.

But with our visionary eyes
We look beyond these years
Into the future, vast and grand,
And find for thee no tears.

Why should we weep when one is dead,
 Why should we wish them back,
 Back to a life of tears and pain,
 Across the heavenly track?

Alas! 't is useless, fate has sealed
 That thou shalt pass away
 In all the bloom of womanhood
 Into diviner day.

And could we wish it otherwise?
 Think what thy life has been
 From tender youth to womanhood,
 The years that passed between.

Those years have brought thee oft such pain
 That leads to sure decay,
 When from the physical shall soar
 Thy spirit, freed from clay.

'And has it come to this,' you say,
 'And must I pass away
 So soon; and can it be when I
 Had hoped for so much here?
 Ah! I would longer stay.

But if my life must be all pain,
 Why, then, oh, let me go!
 I would not linger longer here
 If I must suffer so.'

A father calls unto his child,
 In tender accents sweet:
 'I wait beside the silent stream
 My little girl to meet.'

Then have no fears to cross the stream,
 'T is but a step for thee,
 A gentle closing of the eyes,
 And thou from death art free."

MRS. M. S. WOOD,

Of West Newton, Mass.

The reason I appear before you now is because I had one of the best tests last evening that I have ever received. A number on the ground here can testify to it. In the year 1869 there was a terrible flood in Vermont. At Windsor, Vt., an old gentleman by the name of Remick Amsden started out for his cows. He had crossed the bridge, got his cows, and was on the bridge returning. A part of the cows had got over when the water swept the bridge away with Mr. Amsden and the rest of the

cows upon it. Previous to that I had lectured in his vicinity. And wherever I lectured within thirty miles of him he was always sure to be present. I was his favorite speaker. When he came I would say: "How do you do, Father Amsden?" He said: "Whenever you are within thirty miles of me I shall always come to your meetings." Last night at a circle at Mrs. Cunningham's cottage Frank Baxter was present, and a good many friends. It was a pleasant entertainment, and I recited that beautiful poem, "The Ferryman of Galway," wherein is described a lady crossing a bridge to find her lover on the other side. After I had concluded the recitation of the poem Frank said: "I want to tell you what I saw just at the conclusion of your recitation. I saw a swollen river and an old gentleman on a bridge. Then the waters swept the old man away, and I got the name Remick Amsden. He said he always worshiped you. I also heard 'October 3rd or 4th.' Can you tell me anything about it?" I explained it, and also that the date of the flood was October 3rd and 4th. I hold that to be one of the finest tests.

[At the conclusion of Mrs. Wood's statement, the following-named persons testified to its truth, they having been present at the circle referred to: Mr. Samuel McCleary, of Watervliet Centre, N. Y.; Mr. G. F. Cooper, of Lawrence; Edward Perkins, of Salem; Amasa Robinson, of Lynn.—ED.]

REV. A. B. SMITH,

New York City.

I am strangely impressed to take this position this morning, and against my own personal feelings too. In 1851 I began the investigation of spiritualism after reading Prof. Hare's works. I was strongly impressed to go to John Tippet's, at Jonathan Cooms' hall, in Athens, Ohio. I was then in Minnesota, near St. Paul's. I was an unbeliever in the immortality of the soul, but I thought I would go to Ohio and investigate. I went to Jonathan Cooms' first, and remained there one week, receiving the most wonderful manifestations, ringing of bells, carrying of musical instruments over the head, etc., and many other manifesta-

tions too numerous to mention. I went to John Tippey's and remained two weeks. Then I was requested by the spirit of "John King," to go to Poston's hall, near Laporte, Ind. I went, guided by some angelic influence. I was told when to get off the cars, and where to go. As I was traveling up the road I met Mr. Poston, as they told me. From that time to this I have continued these investigations. I have visited Mr. Mott, and Mrs. Stuart, at Terre Haute, Ind., also Mr. Slade, Mr. Mansfield, Mrs. Compton, and nearly all the prominent mediums in the United States. I have spared neither time nor money to convince myself that after death we live again. And now, after reading and investigating so long, I will say that I have become a Methodist since that time. In 1861 I was brought into the Methodist church, and have borne a prominent position there till this time, and I believe I am entitled to all the respectability and honor in that church today. I love that church and my brethren in the cause of religion. I have nothing to say against it. I would to God that all my brethren and sisters in that church could witness what I have witnessed from the boundaries of the other world. I stand before you today thoroughly convinced that spirits do return and communicate with mortals. I am also convinced that evil spirits as well as good do come. I am convinced that spirits out of the body can lie as well as spirits in the body. I am satisfied of that. But I am satisfied beyond a doubt that we are on the eve of a mighty influx of light from the eternal world. I hope that what I say today may make a slight impression upon this congregation to look upward and lay hold of eternal truth. When I feel an influx of spirits bearing down into my soul, they have a tendency to make me nobler, more charitable and kind, more affectionate and forgiving in all my life. I was impressed to come here, hoping to hear from some in the other world. What I have said to you I have said from inspiration.

Mr. L. L. Whitlock, rising and taking Mr. Smith by the hand. —"I am glad to have the honor of taking the hand of a Methodist clergyman who is also a spiritualist. I believe the time will come when all clergymen can join hands with us and say: 'Together we stand on the spiritualists' foundation; and we do not drag the churches down; we build them up on the everlasting rock of truth and perfect fact. What Christ was to the church that he

is to us, and what he is to us that every great medium is today, —the salvation of the truth.' Now, Mr. Smith, will you give some experience that some of the mediums here have not had?"

Mr. Smith.—"As my brother has given me away in regard to my brethren of the clergy, I shall have to smooth that over, or I am afraid they will take my head off. I want to say that above all men on earth today I truly love our Methodist ministers. I regard them as a noble class of men, working for the good of humanity. God forbid that I should say a word to lower my brethren in the estimation of any man or woman. I believe they are lovers of God and humanity, and are doing all they can from their standpoint to bring man onto a higher plane of life. I believe most of the brothers today in the Methodist church are working to that end. I labored seventeen years in their conference, and when my ideas began to out-grow their creed I asked the conference for a certificate of dismissal, which was granted me, saying that they regretted to part with me and should always be glad to have me return; that I should receive a warm welcome back. But I have entered into secular business, feeling that I could no longer preach the old Methodist ideas, feeling that I could preach better elsewhere.

"Now, as to Mrs. Stuart, at Terre Haute, Ind. I have been there three times, and the last time the manifestations were very grand. While sitting there a lady came out into the audience and took by the hand the gentleman that sat next to me, and caressed him, and he recognized her as his own daughter. She sat down and threw her arms around his neck, then she went away. Another spirit came out, a beautiful lady dressed in white, and commenced this motion [the speaker here made a weaving motion with his hands]. She appeared to be weaving something. After she had made those manipulations for a few moments I saw something drop from her fingers. She kept on weaving till she had woven a beautiful lace shawl, which must have been three yards long. She threw it around herself and stepped down into the audience, and spoke to a number of parties. She spoke to me and handed me the shawl. I examined it. It seemed like any similar fabric bought at a store. I could not detect any difference. Then I handed it back to her and she began to dematerialize it; she began by drawing it up from the

floor till it was all gone. This was in full view of all, with the room light enough for us to see it plainly. I sat back from the shawl eight feet. In weaving it, her fingers were open. It was all dematerialized, none of it was taken back into the cabinet. I am only speaking for my own eyes. I saw nothing left of the shawl.

"At Dr. J. V. Mansfield's I had nine letters answered. I have had excellent tests in that line. I wrote nine letters to him. He seemed much interested. All the answers were very satisfactory except one. I suppose on account of my own deception I received something like it. One of the nine letters I wrote to my living brother, now in California, an artist known as A. J. Smith, who painted Henry Clay's picture for the United States Senate. My brother was a Universalist minister. I said to him: 'Brother, since you passed into the spirit world have you changed your views in regard to theology, or do you believe as I do, in an endless hell?' I was at that time a Methodist. I received an answer saying: 'I am happy in the spirit world. I have changed my views somewhat in regard to theology, but I have no belief in an endless hell. (Signed) A. J. Smith.' To the best of my knowledge Dr. Mansfield knew nothing of him. I wrote my questions on little slips of paper, rolled them up in pellets, put them in envelopes, and handed them to Dr. Mansfield. All were in different envelopes, sealed. The next day I went to a writing medium, whose name I do not remember. The first thing she wrote for me was this: 'I was with you yesterday at Dr. Mansfield's. I would say to you that if you do not wish to be deceived, do not seek to deceive others.' I have this communication filed away. I thought it was a pretty good test. It had reference to my living brother. Dr. Mansfield knew nothing about him or the communication. I paid him and left the room without telling him. I have one test connected with Charles Foster. I went to him and had a sitting in New York city. I should say this was eighteen or twenty years ago. At this sitting Mr. Foster seemed to be talking to some person to me unseen. He seemed to be a German, for Mr. Foster talked German. He said: "Your sister is present, and would like to talk with you." I said: "What is her name?" He said: "She will give her initials on my arm." He drew up his sleeve, and two letters

came out as red as blood,—“M. C.” I said: “I have no sister by those initials. You are mistaken, sir.” He seemed to be angry and said: “Well, I don’t know anything about it; I give you what comes. The spirits lie as well as tell the truth.” Then he said: “Go away, this man says you are not his sister.” In fact I took him to be under the influence of liquor, and I believe to this day that he was. Then he stopped and said: “She *is* your sister, and will write her name through me.” Then he took up a pencil and wrote: “You called me Belinda Smith, but my name is Malinda Casad.” She did n’t seem to like Malinda, so she taught the folks to call her Belinda. Her registered name in the family Bible was Malinda. Then she wrote through the medium, saying: “Examine the family record.” Three years after that I visited my mother, and called for the family Bible, not having seen it for twenty years. There I found my sister’s name recorded Malinda instead of Belinda, as I had supposed it was. I consider this a beautiful test. It opened my eyes. I can say in conclusion that I am thoroughly convinced that angels commune with mortals. But I would say to those who are investigating, do not believe every spirit, but try the spirits.

MR. SAMUEL McCLEARY,

Watervliet Centre, N. Y.

I feel that I must open my mouth and let out a little that is within me. I want to relate an incident on psychometry. I obtained a chromo of the great obelisk last fall in New York. When I arrived in Troy, I visited a lady acquaintance, Mrs. Hattie Mason. I had this chromo wrapped up in a paper. I said: “Let us have the impressions you receive.” Said she: “I don’t have a great deal of confidence in myself, but will try.” She took the chromo and held it to her forehead. After a time she got this impression. Said she: “I see a great monument far away over the great waters. Now it seems to be moving, and now I see it coming, coming in this direction. Now it does not seem to be so very far from us. Now it is erected, and does not move.” That is all I have to say.

My friend, I am pleased to see the horizon of the future is filled with a light more glorious than mortals have ever known. you are breathing an atmosphere of the divine spirit. These elements are being introduced into the human system - manifesting all the phenomena of nature - life, and sensation, and here in the evolving structure of nature, being attuned to the divinity of the divine essence. They unite to develop the central and immortal principle of intelligence, which is the germ of the human spirit. Hence it appears that the inner being is a real and living substance, unfolded from the rational substances of creation - The most ethereal portion of the spirit-being electricity, is the agent of life and motion the next interior portion being magnetism

is the agent of the sensibleness power; and the innermost germ which is properly the soul itself being the true principle of intelligence - is the expression receptacle of celestial wisdom. Such therefore is the very constitution of the human spirit - that its essential - life dissipated; inasmuch as the attraction of its environment - essence is not - external through material elements; but - inward towards the intelligent-germ which makes the identity and consciousness of the individual that constituting the essence of unity which can never be destroyed -

I will not say more now - as you know my name - as I have no object in writing you -

A SITTING WITH DR. SLADE.

From the Banner of Light.

On the 16th of August last the undersigned had a private sitting with Dr. Slade, in his room in the Lake Pleasant Hotel, at 4 p.m. It was a clear, warm day, and the sunlight streamed into the room at the open windows. A coarse, unvarnished table stood in the center of the room, at which I sat, while Dr. Slade sat at the side on my left. My face was toward the window, six or seven feet away, the table immediately in front of me. Two new slates were on the table, which I carefully examined, so as to be sure there was no writing on either side. These two slates were placed together, with a small piece of pencil between them, and held in Slade's right hand on my left shoulder, edgewise, and within an inch or two from my ear. I placed my two hands together on the table, and the doctor placed his left hand upon them. Thus both of his hands were occupied. Almost immediately I heard, with perfect distinctness, writing going on within the slates, which continued without interruption, except when for illustration Slade removed his hand from mine on the table for an instant, thus apparently breaking the current; but the writing, suspended for an instant, was resumed the moment he replaced his hand. The writing was continued for a considerable time, when three raps on the slate indicated that the message was finished. I then took the slates, and separating them found that both surfaces had been filled, which the doctor said was quite unusual. The following was the communication :

"My friend, I am pleased to see that the horizon of the future is gilded with a light more glorious than mortals have ever known. You are breathing an atmosphere of the Divine Mind. These elements are being introduced into the human system, manifesting all the phenomena of motion, life, and sensation ; and here, in the crowning structure of nature, having attained to the likeness of the Divine Essence, they unite to develop the central and immortal principle of intelligence, which is the germ of the human spirit. Hence it appears that the inward being is a *real* and *living* substance, unfolded from the *refined* essences of *creation*. The most external portion of the spirit being electricity is the *agent* of life and motion ; the next interior portion being magnetism is the agent of the sensational powers ; and the

inmost germ, which is properly the *soul itself*, being the divine principle of intelligence, is the expansive receptacle of celestial wisdom. Such, therefore, is the very constitution of the human spirit that it *cannot be dissolved*, inasmuch as the attraction of its component essences is not outward toward material elements, but inward toward the intelligent germ, which makes the identity and consciousness of the individual, that constituting the essence of Deity, which can *never be destroyed*.

I will not say more now, or give you my name, as I have an object in not doing so. I am a friend to all."

The medium then said: "Write on the slate (presenting the side away from him), the name of any person with whom you desire to communicate." I wrote "Judge Edmonds." He then took the slate, keeping the side on which I had written downward and out of his sight, and placing a small piece of pencil upon the upper surface, held it under the table, the hands being arranged as before. The pencil immediately wrote: "Edmonds has left." I say *the pencil wrote*, for it certainly was not Slade. That was not possible. No man can hold a large slate with one hand and write upon it with the same hand with a pencil a quarter of an inch long. The pencil commenced to write exactly where it was placed, and it lay exactly at the spot where the writing ended. There was no darkness, scarcely any even under the table; and I could almost see the pencil write, as I sat within a foot from where it was held, and looked down upon it. As to the writing of the long communication given above on the two inner surfaces of the slates held together, to assert that it was the work of Slade one would have to be either a consummate knave or an absolute idiot.

The physical demonstrations that were presented at this sitting were most remarkable: (1) The raps, loud and violent, on the table, and afterwards at Slade's request, on the back of his chair. (2) A slate held by Slade under the table was snatched from his hand, and held up at the other side of the table, at least four feet away; and then a long pencil which the medium placed on the slate and held under the table was taken in a similar manner, and held up at the opposite side of the table. (3) A chair standing near the table opposite me was moved away with great violence, and finally thrown down with its back resting on the floor and toward the window, touching the wall. Slade then said: "*Will*

you lift up the chair?" and immediately the back of the chair, situated at least six feet from the medium, arose, and the chair was placed on its legs again, without visible contact with any person's hand. As to wire or cord, there positively was none (the room was bathed in sunlight); and, besides, the movements (irregular and violent) could not have been produced in that way. The chair fell in the direction of the window, *away* from the medium, after being moved sidewise and diagonally. (4) A hand, invisible but palpable, was laid upon my right limb, farthest from the medium, and inaccessible to his hands or feet. (5) At the request of the medium, while his right hand was resting on my back, his left being on the table, myself and chair were lifted squarely up several inches from the floor, and then let fall heavily.

As I have said, Slade's hand was not on the chair at all; while the chair, with me sitting upon it, floated in the air, held up by an invisible power. Then the little pencil wrote on the slate: "Good bye"; and the sitting was ended.

Whatever others may have experienced, or may say, I *know* that Dr. Slade is a most powerful medium, and that through him are given the most absolutely certain demonstrations of supra-mundane power and intelligence. Had not the genuineness of his mediumship, as well as his integrity, been recently assailed, I should have deemed it scarcely necessary to add my mite of testimony to the evidence which has already given his mediumship a world-wide celebrity.

As a sequel to the above I may say that, at a sitting the next day with Mrs. Carrie Twing, in a communication that purported to come from Judge Edmonds, referring to the message through Slade, it was written:

"I did come to you and give you that little nut to *crack* by the guess work that, in reaching up, brings us nearer to the Eternal."

Mrs. Twing was not aware of my sitting with Dr. Slade.

HENRY KIDDLE.

New York, Sept. 4, 1882.

MR. A. C. ROBINSON,

Lynn, Mass.

Prior to 1855 I was an opposer of spiritualism; I took the field against it. At the close of a lecture I was delivering in Newport, R. I., a gentleman arose in the audience and said he wanted to say a few words; that he saw around the speaker of the evening the evidences of spirit control, and that if he was not at that time a medium, he would become one, and become convinced of the truth of the phenomena within three months' time. I went down and took the gentleman's hand and said to him: "My friend, you are much mistaken in your opinion. I have canvassed the ground thoroughly, and can assure you that the day will never come when I shall espouse the cause of spiritualism. If it does I will certainly send you word." In three months from that very day I had become so far convinced as to write to the gentleman that there was hope of the entire fulfillment of his prophecy. In about three months and a half, at the solicitation of Thomas R. Hazard, I went back to Newport to occupy the position of advocate of the phenomena and philosophy of spiritualism. In 1855 I was located in Providence, being in business there. I was engaged part of my time in doing what I could in behalf of the cause of modern spiritualism. I had warnings at that time in regard to my advocacy of spiritualism. I did business there about four months, when a turn in affairs took a direction that led my customers, in consequence of my spiritualism, to withdraw their support. The result was that I had to close my business in October, 1855, and shake the dust of the city of Providence from my feet. I said I would go elsewhere and seek a livelihood. I took New York city as my home. I started with \$18 in my pocket, and said: "I will bid farewell to spiritualism as far as public advocacy is concerned. It has caused me too many misfortunes." So, in the city of New York, with no one that I knew, I said: "I will start and build anew. Life's prospects shall be before me in a different direction." So every morning I looked over the advertisements for avenues of labor, but I found every avenue closed. When my \$18 were gone, walking up the Bowery with the last cent spent, I said: "What shall I do? Every star seems to have been hid behind the

clouds." It was then 4 o'clock, and I had no dinner. I stood upon the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery. But the guardians invisible stood by my side with the gentle admonitions of a sister who had passed to the snowy-white portals of the realms immortal. She said: "Look up." I did so, and what should I see but a sign: "Spiritual Manifestations up stairs." Back again to the very thing that I had left Providence to get rid of. I said: "What do I want of it? it has taken the last dollar from me. Well, I will go up and see what it is." I went up and found the man who occupied the place was Cornelius Hughes, of Newark. The *Spiritual Telegraph* was published there, and the *Christian Spiritualist*. This man under spiritual control extended his hand and said: "How do you do, brother? Come in; you have not been to dinner today." "That's true," I said. He took me into that room and told me all the experiences of my life as truly as Jesus of Nazareth ever had events told to him. He told me my sister's name in full, and while still under that influence he took me to a saloon and ordered dinner, and sat down to the table under influence. When the influence left he said: "Why, what is this?" He was surprised to find himself there, and me a stranger at his side eating dinner. I explained how it was; how my sister had controlled him, and how thankful I was that spiritualism, which had had so many thorns for me, had provided for me in this way, and invited me to its walks again. So I staid with Cornelius Hughes three months as a medium. My hand would be controlled to write communications for people. The papers of that time (1855) have given some citations of this. I was employed in the office of the *Christian Spiritualist* for more than three months, while Katy Fox was used as a medium before the public. From that day to this I can bear testimony to the ministrations of these unseen immortal ones who are watching faithfully over the pathway of our lives. And I am glad to be here this morning to give testimony to these grand truths that awaken such joy in us in proving to us that we are immortal. There has not been a single moment since 1854 dawned upon me but that the star has grown brighter and brighter. I see it plainly before me. The gate is widely open to every man, woman, and child.

MRS. M. J. WHITNEY,

Lynn, Mass.

At the time of the fall of the Pemberton mill in Lawrence, Mass., a young girl who worked there was living with me. She was an Irish girl, and lived with me in preference to living with her mother, who was very cruel. On the day the mill fell she said: "I can't go into that mill today. I never felt as I do now except once, when my brother was killed in Portland, Me. I feel as if a great many were going to be killed today." I told her to wait till the bell had rung, and perhaps she would feel better, but she said she could not go, and she walked the house in great distress. She said she could not go to her mother because she would make her go to work. At four o'clock that afternoon, when the alarm was given that the mill had fallen, she said: "Oh, my sister, my sister, she is in the mill." But her sister was not killed, though she was badly injured.

MR. L. L. WHITLOCK,

Providence, R. I.

Valedictory, Lake Pleasant Fact-Meeting, Aug. 27, 1883.

I must ask this audience to excuse me for taking their time. I would like to say a few words before leaving here for the season. Without reiterating what I have said before, I would say that these meetings were begun here a year ago, and I feel that they have been carried out this year with pleasure to all. I have not the slightest doubt but what I have said a great many unpleasant things, but not intentionally so. It is a difficult thing to make a good impression upon everybody. I assure you I have acted with the best motives, so far as I am conscious of what is best, in every respect. And in saying this I merely come to what I anticipate in the future, in reference to the FACT magazine. We hope to make this magazine honest in its intentions, and in its investigations candid and truthful. And here let me assure our worthy president, Dr. Beals, that to him I am indebted for his co-operation, and for many pleasant compliments. Further than this let me say that no moneyed interest of any kind whatever has ever in any way swerved me from what I considered to be my

duty. If I have taken any stand, I have done so because I believed it to be my duty. I would that I could see in all cases and under all circumstances our friends the mediums coming forward with a great, generous, and heartfelt interest in the cause, not personal but public. I would that I could see the mediums of our country, public or private, occupying a position where, beyond the first possibility of question, they could defy the world as to conditions. I say this because I feel that there are laws that we do not understand; that the best mediums are sometimes liable to be called frauds, and it is for them to protect themselves, and do all they can to give the public the best conditions they can possibly have.

At this point let me say that I have heard that I opposed, in my remarks yesterday, the petition to the Directors of this Association in reference to the conditions to be imposed upon physical and materializing mediums. I think I have said enough to show you where I stand. I believe some conditions or arrangements should be made by which mediums, without having any wet blankets thrown over them, could give seances harmonious to themselves and the circle. There should be no arbitrary, cast-iron conditions imposed upon them, but they themselves should demand proper conditions. If a medium so far disregard as to fail in these things, or refuse to make a reasonable condition, then under those circumstances the directors might be authorized to do something. I don't want to be ruled out of circles by the mediums. I have seen what appeared to be fraud, or at least that which was not what I had been led to suppose it was. I don't believe mediums are dishonest. But I do know there is much we do not understand. I am a student; a boy at school, and at the foot of the class. I am going to make myself just as agreeable as I know how. I have attended over a hundred materializing circles, and have been present when over a hundred slates were written upon, and I have never seen a medium but what would give me reasonable conditions. I think molasses will catch more flies than vinegar. I am in hearty co-operation with all honest mediums. I may differ with my friend Col. Bundy in the exact way to get at this thing. I don't want to be ostracized by the mediums, and therefore prevented from investigating this science.

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

From the *Evening Standard*, Troy, N. Y.

To the Editor of the *Standard* :

Sir,—“If a man die shall he live again?” A momentous question that has been puzzling and distressing humanity all along the centuries. “To be, or not to be?” asks the Bard of Avon. Can it be answered? Indeed it can, most assuredly. To all who dare trust the evidence of their five senses on this as on all other questions, the Scriptures invite us to “reason together.” Let us do so for a short time. I was unequivocally admonished, and dare not resist, to narrate a portion of my experience since last August, in which it is thought the above question is fully answered, or else millions of good intelligent people are deceived and led astray. Many interesting details are omitted for want of space. Last August I was “induced” to go to a spiritualist camp-meeting. (And, by the way, this being “induced” to do things along the journey of life has a marked significance oft-times I’ve noticed.) Indeed, I would not be willing to swear that I had not an “inducer” at this time,—who can gainsay it? “Now, let us reason.” Perhaps it was my father, or may be a friend of his by the name of Boyd. We will see. Well, I brought up at Lake Pleasant (rightly named), a beautiful little lakelet reposing tranquilly up among the green hills of Massachusetts, where the meeting was held. As I stood and took in its beauties, it suggested visions of “Fairy Land,” or the “Shining Shore” they sing about. Such transparent waters. One might have seen a pin at the bottom almost anywhere. But what most attracted my attention was an independent slate-writing medium, without any pencil, in the person of a Mr. Phillips. Judge Simmonds, of North Bennington, Vt., had a pair of slates which he showed me and explained how he obtained the writing. L. L. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I., stuck two slates tightly together in the presence of reliable witnesses, and obtained writing on them before a public audience, and there and then opened them (*a fac simile* of which may be obtained by writing to him). So remarkable! I said to myself (or something said to me, I can’t quite tell which): “I’ll have a pair of slates of my own.” I called on Mr. Phillips, who was an entire stranger to me, when

he directed me to Buddington, his agent, of whom I purchased a couple of slates, made an arrangement for a seance and returned. I told Mr. Phillips I was not skeptical in the matter, neither did I come to test his mediumship, but my object was simply to obtain something tangible, if possible, that would take the kinks out of skeptics and unbelievers, as they sometimes crossed my path. He examined my slates carefully and said: "You had better return these, and get a pair at the store here, as these have been used and an influence left upon them that, I am afraid, will prevent you getting what you are seeking for." Feeling a little reluctant to do this, but saying nothing, just then I heard a scratching under one of the slates as they lay upon the table, no one touching them; I turned it up, and was pleased as well as astonished to find written: "Please take back the slates, and pay the man his money"!!! which was very readily done, accompanied with a smile, thus making it very easy for me. (Reader, stop right here, please, and contemplate; nor hastily judge the sanity, credulity, or common sense of the writer. Your privilege may be paramount to his.) Well, I then bought a couple of slates at the store, and was again with the medium. At his request, I placed both of my hands flat upon them for a short time, and then without their passing out of my possession, and in broad day light, I clasped them tightly together with both hands, holding them up at an angle of about 45 degrees. While thus held, he laid a hand tightly on the upper end of them, until a vibration and scratching noise commenced inside, as if produced by something like an electric current. Here he took off his hand, and left the room, the scratching and vibration continued meanwhile, remarking as he stepped out: "Don't be afraid if things should be moved about while I'm out." "Oh, no," said I. But, sure enough, no sooner out than over went a chair topsy-turvy, right before my face and eyes, and also loud rappings heard in all parts of the room, as if an inside hail storm was being inaugurated on a small scale. Upon opening the slates the following was found written thereon:

"My dear friend, when people say you have been deluded, just ask them to delude you under the same conditions if they can. Why, it will rob the test of this writing to a great extent. I will endeavor to give you still farther proof.—JAMES BOYD."

Said I: "Mr. Phillips, I never knew a person by the name of Boyd," when it was immediately written out: "I was acquainted with your father." After I returned home here in Watervliet, I kept looking it over, and thought how strange! and would query: "Will the mists get cleared away? How, when, or where? or will that further proof come without any effort of my own? by some supernatural agency? or am I dealing with a myth?" Such were my cogitations. Finally, getting tired of suspense, and anxious for proof of the enduring, I hastened to Albany, taking my slates along. I saw by the directory there were many Boyds there, though all of them strangers to me, and among them a "Dr. James Boyd, 212 State Street." I called on him and showed him my slates, and told him how I obtained the writing, and the object of my call. It interested him, I thought. He said he had some family records which might help to fathom the mystery, which he would examine at his earliest convenience and write me. I left the matter with him, and soon after went out to Syracuse, visiting relatives, keeping my slates with me, and there a dear cousin, Harriet, was the first to throw any light on the subject (and I feel, Mr. Editor, with your indulgence, like praying God bless her for it). I brought out my slates, and ran over the communication, she keeping over my shoulder, woman-like, you know. On reaching the signature, she broke out in ecstasies: "Why, that's Uncle Jim Boyd!" "But tell me who is Uncle Jim Boyd, cousin, if you please, and what you know about him." She said she had often heard her mother speak of him; that he was a blacksmith by trade, and lived in Salem, Washington county, N. Y. The very town in which my father lived and was born. My mother had a step-mother, and it appears that a James Boyd married into that branch of the family, a fact that I had never before known. Well, this began to open my eyes a little. I queried: "Is it possible that this is his endeavor, as promised in his communication, to give me still further proof?" and that it was he that induced me by impression unconsciously to myself, and much to my inconvenience also, to take my slates along with me to Syracuse that my Cousin Harriet might see and recognize the name. Verily, if this be not the age of reason, it should be. On my return home, to make the thing doubly sure, I thought I would press my enquiry a little further. I had a lady friend liv-

ing in Troy, a very aged person, who used to go to school when a young girl to my father. She is mother-in-law to Charles Kelsey, furniture dealer on River Street (if anyone is curious to enquire). She was interrogated, and remembers distinctly a James Boyd, a blacksmith, in that long-ago time, who lived in Salem, Washington county. With this evidence I am perfectly satisfied. This is the veritable James Boyd who wrote upon my slates, and this is his promised "endeavor to give me still further proof," and is an incontrovertible answer to my intellect to the momentous question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" He comes to me among strangers and writes upon my slates without pencil that he knew my father. How can I doubt it and feel that I possess common sense? What else can you make of it? But here is the great point. Tell me, ye who can see no future for humanity beyond this transitory life, tell me, please, how James Boyd could have known me, and whose son I was otherwise than as he was so informed by my father there in spirit life, and to whom he was known in this life? There is no dodging the question. He could never have known me in this life, neither could he have known my cousin. Indeed, it is more than probable that neither of us were cotemporary with him. He must have obtained his information "over there." That there is an invincible and perfectly harmless and sinless intelligence with us that was known in earth life as James Boyd acting independent of either of us, and controlling this whole matter to bring about certain important results for our good, and the good of humanity, I cannot for a moment doubt. I do n't propose to enter into a discussion of this subject, neither is it in place here to do so. I have given a narration of a few simple facts in my experience as an investigator. My experience will not suffice for another. Each one must decide for himself whether the foregoing facts (if facts they be) are of any importance or not, or whether they prove something or nothing. I charge nothing for them, but would ask every fair-minded person, does not this experience prove on the face of it that my father and James Boyd still live, and are drawn together there the same as they were when here. I think so, and am happy to know there are millions of intelligent souls living happily in this light today, and other millions rapidly coming year after year; and in Scripture phrase be it said: "The gates

of hell shall not prevail against them." Still, many people will talk yet a little longer, so will the wind blow, and the sun shine all the same, notwithstanding.

SAMUEL MCCLEARY

Watervliet Centre, May 15, 1882.

MR. WILLIAM FLEMMING,

Pittsburg, Pa.

I think I may say with the lady on this paper (referring to a paper that had just been read) that I am no public speaker. But I understand this to be a meeting where we are expected to relate facts. I think I may regard myself as one of the oldest investigators in the country. I have investigated spiritualism in every phase of it, and in every part of the country. The gentleman who occupied this platform a few moments ago spoke of some manifestations in Terre Haute, Ind. I was in Terre Haute three years ago, and for three weeks attended Mrs. Stuart's seances, where I witnessed some wonderful manifestations. I can say this much for the committee who have control of those seances, and especially of Dr. Spence, that he was willing, or at least he was in my case, to afford every opportunity for examination. In fact, I staid in the seance room almost every day, and some days all day. I measured it; I measured the walls; I measured the cabinet; I examined the floor and the pipe they have for the admission of air into that seance box, and I could find no possible means upon their part for deception in the slightest degree. Now, under those conditions, and while sitting as near to the cabinet as the front row of those seats, we had the most positive, the most perfect, and tangible materializations that I have ever seen. And not in any faint or obscure light, but many times in just as much light as we have here this morning. I will describe one or two of the remarkable manifestations we had under those circumstances. A gentleman came out of the cabinet who seemed to be about six feet in height, and about thirty-five years old. He had a long black beard, heavy moustache, and black hair, slightly bald on the front part of the head. He called me up to the cabinet, he coming outside. I held him by the hand and talked to him; and he dematerialized outside of

the cabinet. I held his hand till he became entirely dematerialized, his head passing apparently through the floor.

Now another fact: I had been there some three weeks. I did not recognize the form I have just described. After that a young lady came out and gave her name, Lottie, a niece of mine. Afterward she came out, walked down and took a seat beside me, and sat and talked to me some time. Upon the last night I was there I went into the garden of the house where I was boarding, and gathered a few verbenas. They were not fragrant. I made a small bouquet to give to my niece or some other one who might come out. Finally she came out, and I gave her the bouquet. I held her by one hand, and she held the bouquet by the other. She placed the bouquet to my nose again and again. I could not understand what she meant. She would jab it to my nose, jab it to my nose, till finally I observed that it was very beautifully perfumed, the finest I ever smelt. We kept on talking, and after a while she jabbed it to my nose again, and I noticed no fragrance. After a little while she did the same thing again, jabbed the bouquet under my nose, and then I observed that it was splendidly perfumed. This was the last night I was at Terre Haute. The control, Minnie, said: "Chief, we are going to show you something tonight." After a little while a beautiful young man, I think he was the brother of Mrs. Stuart, came out. He appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years of age, and weighed apparently not over ninety-five or a hundred pounds. He was very active, and had a full, clear voice. He came out and walked all over the seance room, and into the room back of it. Now, mark you, I had examined the cabinet; had taken it down and examined it thoroughly. I was sitting right in front. He says: "We have taken Mrs. Stuart away." We opened the doors, and Mrs. Stuart was not there at all. They claimed that she was dematerialized. Whether that is possible I am unable to say; but this I do say, she was not there, and not there for three-quarters of an hour, and I using all the intelligence I could to detect any fraud. These manifestations went on for three-quarters of an hour, and she was not there at all.

Mr. Whitlock.—"Did you consider the conditions as near perfection as possible?—that is, do you think your judgment, common sense, and reason could have detected any fraud?"

Mr. Flemming.—“I brought all the judgment, reason, and sagacity that I had to bear on it, and could detect no fraud.”

Mr. Whitlock.—“Did the medium come back?”

Mr. Flemming.—“Yes, at the close of the seance. I was going to say something in reference to Dr. Sour. I understand that much has been said about him here. I had the pleasure of having Dr. Sour in my own house between three and four months, with my own family, in the city of Pittsburg, outside of the center, in the outskirts of the city. An account of the manifestations was published at the time in the *Banner of Light*, and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. At those sittings, two spirits have come out and talked to us at the same time. One spirit has come out and showed Dr. Sour at the same time. We have seen as many as six hands at one time, with Dr. Sour outside of the cabinet with a portion of his body covered. I am not here to advertise him. As a test and slate-writing medium, I regard him as the finest in the world. I have had the most undoubted tests through him. We had our own slates, and exhibited them to those present. Those slates were tied up and placed right on the points of his fingers. He held them in the open light, and you could hear the writing. In a few seconds we opened them, and found a communication from a particular friend of mine. The slates were small, six inches in length, and four inches broad. The writing was beautiful, literally perfect, and the letters shaded in the peculiar manner in which she always shaded her letters. That communication is composed of three hundred and forty-four words, and was written in the broad light under test conditions, and in the presence of my own family.”

MR. J. S. DODGE,

Of Boston.

I have been a great skeptic myself. I never believe a thing unless I have proof. I don't believe what I see unless I can prove it. On the 28th of July, 1881, a medium came into my store in Boston, 98 Tremont St., on the same place as the *Banner of Light*, the place the medium was bound to. I asked her to sit down a minute, and she did so. She entered into conversation

with a gentleman named Libby, who has since passed away. As she sat down, a gentleman who is a broker over my store began to make light of this lady. I hushed him up, saying: "She will hear you." In a few minutes the lady said she must go. This gentleman was a skeptic; he did not believe in the orthodox religion, and he called spiritualism and mediums a complete fraud. We entered into conversation, and as we were talking, each one putting in a word occasionally, I looked at this skeptic and saw a spirit standing beside him. I said: "Mr. Dowse, did you ever lose a brother by drowning?" He said: "No, my brothers are all right." I said: "I see a spirit standing beside you. Did you ever lose a friend that was drowned?" He said: "No, I never lost a friend that was drowned?" But he cast his head up, as if thinking. I turned away, thinking it imagination. Mr. Libby, the gentleman we were talking with, sat side of me behind the counter. Mr. Dowse came along to the counter, still in conversation. Then I said: "Did you ever have a lady friend that was drowned?" Said he: "Mr. Dodge, do you mean what you say?" I said: "I am in earnest. I see a lady about that height who seems to have been drowned." Said he: "My daughter had a young lady friend, fourteen years old, that she thought everything of. She went to a neighboring town to visit a friend, and taking a sail a squall upset the boat, and both were drowned." A few days after this Mr. Dowse was standing in my door, when I saw a common ladder leaning against his shoulders down to the ground. I thought: "Am I befogged?" So I decided not to mention it. Soon after this Mr. Libby came in and said: "Yesterday I saw a ladder leaning against our friend Dowse, but I thought it was silly, so I would n't mention it." In a day or two Mr. Dowse came in again, and I said: "In what way are you related to a ladder?" He said: "I had a friend who, when about four years old, was playing with a ladder, when all at once it came down and injured him so that the blood came out of his nose, but he recovered and is alive now." I said: "Then it is all bosh." "Hold on," he said; "my father once went up on the hay-mow on a ladder, and was knocked down by the ladder and died."

PROF. J. W. CADWELL,

Meriden, Conn.

I presume many of you here have never seen any physical manifestations. I attended Maud Lord's seance last night. Twenty people were present. She first places twenty chairs in a circle, facing the center. When sitting in the circle each one takes hold of his neighbor's wrist, leaving one hand free to shake hands with spirit visitants. Maud Lord keeps patting her hands all the while, so that you may know that it is not she that is touching you. After the lights were extinguished some one touched my hands and said: "Father, I am your Emma Maria. Cousin Jennie is here too." No one except myself and wife knew that that was her name. Almost immediately we began to hear them talking all around us. One gentleman had fourteen different spirits come to him, and Maud Lord gave the name of every one of them. I am of the opinion that the man himself uses profane language, swears a good deal, and drinks, but I do n't know, I only give it as my opinion. A spirit claiming to be this man's brother came to him, and I know by the tones of the man's voice that he was glad that his brother could come back. The spirit said to his brother: "I do n't want you to drink or swear any more, for your mother whom you loved so well is so near you in spirit life that she hears every word. I hope, brother, that you will never swear any more. Try to fit yourself for the spirit life. It will all be bright over here if you do so." Later on in the evening an old man came to his brother. He said he would have been about ninety years old if he had lived. He told him all about his family affairs, and that he was the fourteenth child; and sure enough he was. Many that came had been in spirit life sixty years. My wife's mother came and gave her name. Her grandfather came and represented himself as very deaf. She recognized him, and also her sister and her children. Other spirit friends came to us, and to every one in the circle. Now, if you have not seen Maud Lord, nor attended her seances, and if you want to know that spirits live, do n't miss going there.

MR. F. H. JONES,

South Lee, Mass.

I want to add one fact to Prof. Cadwell's testimony. I attended one of Maud Lord's seances last week. The circle was conducted in the manner he has described to you. When Maud Lord came to me she placed her feet between mine, and sat back in the center, making a patting noise. She presently said: "I see an old lady near you who claims to be your mother." At that instant an arm was thrown around my neck, and a kiss given me. Then Mrs. Lord said: "I see a bright spirit who claims to be your daughter, and I hear the name Hattie." I was full and running over here (putting his hands on his cheeks). It was dark as pitch,—not a ray of light; no one knew that I was weeping, but there came a handkerchief to my eyes and wiped away the tears.

Yesterday I attended a sitting at Mr. A. H. Phillips's room. My daughter went with me, and I took a couple of slates. Mr. Phillips said to her: "You are mediumistic." We didn't know it. She took the slates at his request and held them under the table where she sat. He sat opposite to us, within three feet of us, but his hands were not near us. She held the slates under the table, with no pencil between them. We heard the writing going on, and when the slates were opened we found written: "Herman is here." He is a brother of mine, who died many years ago. The slates were again put together and laid upon the table. My daughter and I each held the other's hand, and each of us also had hold of Mr. Phillips's hands. There came a communication addressed to myself and daughter signed Hattie.

MR. HART.

There are a good many on the ground who will remember Charles Watkins, the slate-writing medium, who was here five years ago. As I acted as his agent I knew pretty thoroughly what Watkins was. Day after day our books were filled with engagements for two days ahead. One day a gentleman came to

our tent for a sitting. He was a stranger to both of us. The next day he came for the sitting. As he passed into the tent Mr. Watkins was going out. The gentleman said to him: "Can I write the names of the parties I wish to communicate with in any language I choose?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Watkins carelessly as he passed out of the tent. The gentleman went in and wrote the names of his spirit friends, rolled them up in pellets and laid them on the table, then went to the door and told Mr. Watkins he was ready. Mr. Watkins was in front of the tent talking, and sometimes turning somersaults. He went in and told the gentleman to take a pencil and point to the pellets. He did so, and Mr. Watkins gave the name of his grandfather, saying that he wanted to communicate. He cleaned off the slates, put in a bit of pencil, and the two together held the slate, Mr. Watkins holding it by two corners, and the gentleman by two. Writing was immediately heard, and on opening the slates you never saw a man more surprised. That writing was in the original Greek. This gentleman, Mr. Timianis, was a Greek teacher, at that time giving lessons in Holyoke, Mass. He is now in New York. It was written in a language that not one in a thousand can read in the United States. We also had one in German. After all this it does n't seem as if we needed additional proof of spirit communication by slate-writing.

PROF. CLAYTON,

With reference to Mr. Watkins I have had some experience. One point in particular I wish to corroborate. At 1208 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, I had a sitting with Mr. Watkins, and obtained a communication from Joshua Lowell, a clergyman, who died at South Butler, N. Y., many years ago. This communication was characteristic of the man, and seemed to carry such convincing proof of his identity that there was no room for doubt. Mr. Watkins told me that I had some power in this direction myself, especially to see the light glinting upon the particular pellet wanted. It is by this glinting of light that Mr. Watkins selects the right one. I got a couple of slates and practiced upon

this. While sitting at 1208 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, Mr. Watkins entered. It was at least ten feet from where he stood to the slates where I sat. I heard the writing, and the communication came when he was certainly ten feet from me. This in corroboration of the fact that communications can come without contact.

MR. WILLIAM R. TICE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to speak in corroboration of the genuineness of the Allen Boy's manifestations. Some three or four years ago, my brother, Thos. S. Tice, being out of health, and I took a tour, visiting some mediums, among others this medium Allen, in Calais, Vt. We found his wife at home, and him in the field. Later he came in. We were entire strangers. We found some of the friends gathered there, and we had some delightful music. He has a dulcimer weighing thirty-five pounds, which is placed behind him, and the circle forms around him, one on either side of him holding his hand. During this time this instrument is played upon, both delicately and violently, but sweetly. It is most delightful music. It would seem as if it would require two hands to produce it. There also occurs writing. That was in a circle at his own house with nobody present that I knew. I have had him at my house where only my friends have sat on either side, and we had similar demonstrations. So I am glad to testify to his mediumship. In the matter of materialization it was demonstrated more fully at this seance than at any other. It was not a full form materialization, but of the hand only. On this occasion in Vermont he said he would the next morning sit in the light. My brother and myself went with him into an upper room. The house was somewhat unfinished, like this building. We entered the room from an outer room. There was daylight, which we governed somewhat by the opening of the door. We could see to read. His instruments were placed in the chair behind him, and two in the corner. My brother sat holding the hands of Mr. Allen. A blanket was thrown over their hands. During the time the instruments were being played on I would say to my brother: "Thomas, are you sure you are

in contact with Mr. Allen?" and he would say: "Yes, I am sure." The guitar would be passed over the shoulders of both, and there were other manifestations of that kind. By and by I saw a hand rise up by my brother, and again I asked: "Are you sure you are touching Mr. Allen?" And he said: "Yes." That hand was made visible to me. I asked if I could handle it. They said I could, and I played with it. Again I said: "Are you sure, Thomas, that you are touching both of Mr. Allen's hands?" And he said: "Yes; don't make any change." I threw open the door, and there he was in contact with Mr. Allen, just as he had said all the time. That is positive proof of materialization.

DR. S. J. CHESEBROUGH,

14 Otisco St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Florence McDonald at one time boarded with me when I was keeping a hotel. There she met and made the acquaintance of Mr. S. M. Hickey, well known as the opera house man. About two years since she followed him to Chicago, and there she called him down into the parlor and had an interview. Some words passed between them, and she drew a pistol and shot at him, intending to kill him, but she did not. She then shot herself, and died immediately. This affair was well known at the time, as it went through the papers. While boarding with me she gave my wife her photograph. After this occurrence it was known that we had her picture, and a lady friend asked Joe Caffrey, the medium that I brought up, and who was living with me, to loan the picture to her. He asked my wife, and she consented to it, telling him that he must caution her to be careful of it, and to be sure to return it. Time passed on, and the picture was not returned, though my wife asked Joe several times to get it. At last one day as we, my wife, Joe, and I, were sitting together about four o'clock my wife said to Joe: "I have asked you several times for that photograph; if you don't bring it back, it is the last thing I shall ever lend to you." He seemed to be a little exercised, and promised to bring it. At that instant I saw a white cloud in front of us, about two feet from the floor. Immediately a dark center formed in the cloud and continued to

increase, and in a moment I saw something flat slide out from the cloud, two feet from the floor. It floated through the air at least three feet before it reached us, when the boy put his hand out and it fell into it. I then saw that it was the photograph. He was under control; and, holding it out, he said: "Here, Mrs. Chesebrough, is your picture. I (that is the control) heard the conversation, and have been up to the house and brought it. Now, don't scold the boy any more." The control was Johnny Grey, who controls Harry Bastian.

MRS. LULU RANSOM,

Woodstock, Vt.

Three years ago I began to have trouble in the left side and hip, which grew so much worse that last September I was obliged to wear crutches. The 10th of last June I was requested by friends to go to Plymouth, Vt., where there was a healing physician. I went, and was introduced to Dr. H. O. Wright. He gave me one treatment, and the next day I could walk alone. From that time I have improved, and now I am entirely cured. There are many other cases that Dr. Wright has treated successfully in our vicinity. The truths he has brought to us, and the knowledge we have gained relative to the gift of healing, have done more good, opened the eyes of more skeptics, and done more in confounding the wise and helping spiritualism than all the preaching in ten years.

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

Milwaukee, Wis.

I consider the work Mr. Whitlock is doing here of very great importance, compiling these facts for publication.

Mr. Whitlock.—"I am sorry to have you diverge from the rule here, which, in these meetings, is confined to the relation of 'facts.'"

Mrs. Severance.—"What I have said is simply a fact; and I hope you will all support the FACT magazine. I just got up here to say my good bye, and to tell you that I hope that I shall

meet every one of you here another year. I have enjoyed every minute here, and I leave, I hope, with the good wishes of all. When I meet you next year I hope to renew my pleasant acquaintances."

Mr. L. L. Whitlock.—"In regard to Mrs. Severance's words of commendation I would say that I have simply done my duty. I take no credit to myself, for I know that I am led by my father in spirit life. I know his influence, and I know that he desires to have this work go on, as the basis on which we may establish in time something that will finally lead to a science that will establish spiritualism all over the world,—not as a superstition, or something without truth or fact for a basis, but something that will be accepted because it is proven and built on facts that are impossible to get around,—something as substantial as the everlasting rocks. On this alone have I attempted to establish these fact-meetings, which I hope will not only be heard of among you who know the truth, but will be heard of and known all over the country, from every rostrum and church, and in every town. This is laying out a great work; but there is no reason why you at home, in your own circles and villages, should not help to hold up my hands in this matter; hold up the *FACT* magazine by calling such meetings as these, and collecting all the facts you can, and sending them to us or to the *Banner of Light*, or to any journal you choose. But give to the world something tangible on which to base a science of spiritualism which any man may read and understand. And I will say now that I shall be most thankful to one and all if you will in any way at your homes assist in this work by sending us facts, and by holding these fact-meetings in your neighborhood, and by circulating copies of our magazine, and receiving subscriptions for it. We can have these fact-meetings in every town in the country, and when that is done only think what a work we can do! With such an array of tangible, well-authenticated facts, with names and dates, as could be gathered from every part of the land, we should soon have the broad, enduring foundations of the science of spiritualism laid, from whence the beautiful superstructure would rise rapidly. But excuse this digression; had it not been for Mrs. Severance, these remarks would not have been called out at this time."

MRS. SARAH F. BREED,

Of North Reading.

The incident I am about to relate has been published. It is a word in favor of Mrs. Pickering. Last spring I attended with my mother, for the first time, a materializing seance where the spirits could be seen. We knew no one at the circle. We took our seats half an hour before the seance opened. I saw Mrs. Pickering when she came in. I examined the cabinet. Several spirits came out that were recognized; all of them were recognized with two or three exceptions. A very tall lady came out from the cabinet and beckoned to me. I went and put my face close up to hers, almost touching her. She had large black eyes. I did not recognize her, and was very sorry that I did not. I said: "Do you know me?" She beckoned with her hand that she did. I said: "I feel very badly that I do not know you." She disappeared and came out again, and tried to look plainer. I said: "I don't know you now." She disappeared again, then came out and whispered: "Letty." Then I was no wiser. I was feeling very badly. I could think of no one of the name of Letty. She came out again and said: "I want to see your mother." I stepped back and called her. As she came up I thought of the name of a young lady who passed away in our neighborhood many years ago, and I said: "Are you Letty Parker?" She made every demonstration of joy. Then she called my attention to her foot. My mother had watched with this Letty Parker. She was a girl of extraordinary height. She was very large of her age, for she was only thirteen. There she stood as tall as my mother, dressed in the purest white. I said: "Won't you show me the medium?" She pulled the curtain aside, and there was the medium dressed in black. Another thing; there was a strong perfume of flowers. On reaching home I told my sisters about the manifestation. They said they remembered Letty Parker well, and that her body was laid away in a wilderness of blossoms. Afterwards I wrote an article for the *Banner of Light*, saying: "I think Mrs. Pickering a genuine medium." Soon afterwards I received a postal card asking why I said "I think" and not "I know." If the writer of that card is here, I would say that I did know.

PROF. J. W. CADWELL,

Meriden, Conn.

I formerly lived in Reading, where this lady lives now. When I moved there, there was not a spiritualist there as far as I know. My girls were sometimes offended because people laughed at them because their father was a spiritualist. I think I was the means of converting this lady to spiritualism, she and her sisters, both of them, who had never heard of spiritualism till I went there. Last week on this ground there was a Congregational clergyman from North Reading, who came to investigate spiritualism. I presume I have converted twenty people there without making much of an effort. As far as Mrs. Pickering is concerned I have attended a great many of her seances, and I know she is a good medium. I would like to relate a fact in regard to a seance I attended at Mrs. Ross's, in Providence, last April. A lady went up to the cabinet, and I knew that she saw somebody that she felt sure that she knew. She asked the spirit: "May I ask Prof. Cadwell to come up?" The spirit bowed and I approached. She said: "This is my sister; I want you to see her baby." I said: "I don't see any baby." She said: "Please let the gentleman kiss your baby." She leaned over to me, and there was a little living child about six months old. I kissed the little darling, and on account of my moustache I could see that it did not like that. The lady said: "This is my sister; she died six weeks ago, and she and her child were laid away together." I have watched my subjects under psychological influence, and then I have been to see those who have acted on the public stage, and there is an awful difference between the acting and the reality. I could see this mother's face as plain as yours. I have reason to believe that that was the mother of the child, and this lady's sister, and a prouder mother I never saw in my life. And I would like to know of what a mother could be prouder than to know that one fact, that she and the darling are alive on the shores of immortality.

MR. P. H. BABBITT,

Of Barre, Mass.

I never stood before an audience of spiritualists before. I want to say one word as to how we may increase the membership of

our church or society; how we may infuse into the community the principles of spiritualism. Six years ago I was called here to police these grounds, and that was the first time I ever heard of spiritualism, and of course the first time I ever saw any of its manifestations. When I left for this place the people in my town of Barre thought I had gone to hell, as they expressed it, and my brother's wife prayed for me all the time. I saw many things here that I could not resist, things that set me to studying and inquiring. I was at that time, and am today, a member of the Congregational church in Barre. When I went back I began to study and inquire: "Where am I?" It was a happy thought, this belief that the dear ones over there could come back, and that we could take them by the hand. It was too much for me to resist; I knew it was true. Then the question arose: "What shall I do? shall I stay in the church and have these matters thrown into my face, have them trying to convince me I am wrong, and that the devil is playing with me? Shall I give up spiritualism? No." I said: "I will stand my ground though the heavens fall." Then the question came: "What shall I do?" I said: "I will stay in the church and fight it out right here." I did n't swallow everything the creeds taught about the communion, and the blood of Christ and all that. From that day to this I have been into the Sabbath-school, and every Sabbath these questions come up about the miracles, etc. We have it right along in the lessons. The minister himself is the teacher. He said one day: "Mr. Babbitt, why do you come in here if you do n't believe with us?" I said: "I want to ask these questions, because when I go out into the world people ask them, and I want to know how to answer them."

Mr. Whitlock.—"Do you give them any facts that will convince them that the miracles are true?"

Mr. Babbitt.—"Yes, that is just what I am doing. I say to them: 'Go with me to Boston.' And I have made some of my good orthodox people go with me. I have taken them into Dr. Newton's, and Mrs. Nelson's, and they have been convinced. I have taken an orthodox deacon along, and the spirit of his mother told him things that startled him."

Mr. Whitlock.—"Will you give us the names of some of these people?"

Mr. Babbitt.—“Mr. S. C. Huse, of Barre, is one who went with me to Boston. At Mrs. Nelson's the spirit of his mother called his name and told him what this thing was, and talked about his early days, and about his sisters, convincing him of the truth of spiritualism. When he went home he told some one else, and they went to Boston and examined into these things. They have said to me: ‘We have been convinced of the truth of spiritualism.’ There are today over one hundred spiritualists in Barre.

MRS. EMMA J. HUFF,

New York, N. Y.

One evening in the early part of October, 1882, I was present at two seances given by Miss Helen Berry, at 18 Arnold Street, Boston, Mass., of which it has been suggested some description should be given the readers of the FACT magazine.

At the residence of Miss Berry we were greeted by the earnest and genial Mr. Albro, the very competent conductor of her seances, who seems to have the happy faculty of arranging anything in a manner satisfactory to all. There were ten or twelve persons present,—all fine, intelligent-looking people, with whom we enjoyed a pleasant little conversation.

The circle was formed around a table, in the center of the room. My hand was laid upon the table, each one joining hands with the next person. The gas was turned off, and the room left in perfect darkness. In less than a minute loud raps were heard upon the table. In response to the raps, Mr. Albro began to repeat very rapidly the letters of the alphabet. At certain letters a rap would be heard, and the letters thus designated collectively would form sentences. Thus several pleasant messages, unexpected jokes, and numerous directions concerning the circle were given with considerable facility.

A number of pencils were placed upon the table, and a quantity of paper in a block. During the circle, and while the hands of all present were joined, as has been described, numerous messages, long or brief, of private character or general interest were written. Among the rest was a writing directed to L. L. Whitlock, the editor of the FACT magazine, who was present, which

read as follows: "I want to say something to the gentleman who has a paper; may I? I died of consumption, and I have often wondered why consumptives are always so hopeful, and always expect to get well. I have found out. It is because, as the body grows weaker and weaker, the spirit grows more elastic and buoyant, and is less hampered by its fleshly bonds. The mind mistakes the elasticity of the spirit for strength of the body, and thinks it is returning health. Now, I am not learned and cannot put my thoughts into good language; but, if you get my idea, will you put it into proper language and tell people that they may know what makes consumptives hopeful? It is the spirit life illuming and leaving the body." To this manuscript was appended the name of Florida Dodge, a young lady, a neighbor of Miss Berry, who had died a few weeks before of consumption.

No one present knew the day Miss Dodge died; but, in answer to an inquiry, the spirit fixed a date which, upon subsequent investigation, was found to be correct.

It is to be noted that all this writing was done in profound darkness and while the hands of all in the room, especially those of the medium, were clasped in the hands of another. We could distinctly hear the sound of the pencil as the writing was being done, and the rustle of the paper as the sheets were torn from the block.

The writing being done, raps were heard as loud as I could make upon a table with my knuckles, and as Mr. Albro repeated the alphabet the word "flour" was spelled in the way already stated. Having lighted the gas, the conductor brought a box about ten inches square nearly full of flour, and leveling it off nicely put it on the center of the table. The gas was then turned off, and in the dense darkness we all joined in singing for a few moments. Presently the raps in the usual manner called for light. The gas was at once turned on, and the print of a foot about seven inches long was found in the flour.

Considerable comment was made upon this phenomenon; and when, soon after the circle was reformed and the room darkened, Mr. Whitlock requested the spirits to give particulars as to the foot and the manner of producing the impression in the flour, the answer came in the form of a message written like preceding ones, without mortal hands and as follows: "We will give you

facts about that foot. We all helped to gather strength for that materialization. The foot belonged to Emma Moore. She had a very small foot, as her husband who is here will testify: the medium never saw her. Possibly the foot is not quite the size, but we think it is quite correct. Are these facts for FACTS? If not we will give Fax-on facts. This last pun was suggested by your remarks on rum." Faxon is the name of a celebrated temperance reformer, and there had been a conversation concerning rum a few minutes before.

At this point, being weary, I withdrew from the circle and seated myself some feet away in an easy chair, but soon rose to my feet forgetting all in observation of what next took place. From the center of the table arose a luminous ball, clasped by a hand, the fingers of which showed darkly against the softly-illuminated mass. For one instant I saw an arm with the hand distinctly visible to above the elbow. The hand holding the light rose with it as high as my head as I stood, and at that elevation began to swing and dip around an area which nearly reached my place outside the circle. This lasted for a few seconds, when the light abruptly disappeared.

On entering the circle room I noticed upon a side-table, some feet from the large table within the circle, an organette, an instrument operated by a crank and requiring considerable power. On the disappearance of the ball of light the organette began to play. It was a number of feet from me, and the circle was as I suppose still all joined. If so, this manifestation, like the messages written, must have been the work of other than mortal hands.

The music of the organette having ceased, various messages were written, communications were received by the use of the alphabet and by the raps directly after the manner common in such cases, after which, at a late hour, the seance ended.

As the company was separating I was kindly invited to call the next evening, with the promise that, "if the spirit moved," we would have another seance, or otherwise a social hour with friends in the body. The next evening I met Miss Berry at her house with Mr. Albro, Mr. Whitlock, and a Miss Lang, of Reading, Mass., in all five persons being present. Miss Berry concluded to sit for Mr. Whitlock in the interest of his magazine.

The circle, in which all present sat, was arranged as on the preceding evening, and was very harmonious.

The gas was turned off, and in utter darkness the sitting began. Immediately loud raps were heard, and soon a large hand was laid, as was reported by Mr. Whitlock, upon his head; then, as he stated, his beard was stroked repeatedly, and presently we heard heavy blows and "Oh, well, did you ever hear anything like that?" and similar exclamations. The intelligences controlling the circle were evidently giving the editor of *FACTS* very solid evidences of their ability by the assault of which he seemed a very happy victim.

The question being raised as to whose pugilistic ability was thus made manifest, the raps in the usual way informed us it was an old friend of Miss Berry called Charley. The same spirit manifested his regard for us all, but not quite as forcibly as in the case of *FACTS*. Charley found a small wen upon the top of my head which he manipulated at least two minutes. He gently pressed my head with both his hands, then patted it loud enough to be heard by all, but not with power enough to create the sounds heard in the attack upon the bare crown of the worthy editor. After this a small, delicate hand, said to be that of the mother of Miss Berry, gently stroked our heads. Other hands also greeted us in a similar manner, and the organette played as on the former occasion. By raps the signal was given for calling the alphabet, which being done the request for a goblet of water was spelled out. I was very curious about this, and wondered if we were about to be baptised. The gas was lighted, and a goblet about one third full of water placed upon the table. This goblet was held fast by Mr. Whitlock and myself, his right and my left hand being locked over the broad plate forming the base of the glass, while with the same hands we covered and securely held the hands of the medium.

A few moments of silence ensued; we felt the goblet shaken and pulled, and then the signal for light was given once more. As soon as the room was illuminated we saw to our amazement that the water had disappeared. We searched every vase or vessel, but there was no water in the room; it had indeed entirely vanished.

The medium wore a bracelet of pieces of jet, fastened together

by elastic cords. No hand was unclasped, yet the bracelet was removed unbroken from her arm. An inquiry being made as to how this could be done, we were informed by means already described that there was a separation effected of the particles composing the cords. Asking for an explanation of such separation we were told: "You would have to study for years to learn; we think you could never understand it fully in this life, we hardly understand it ourselves."

While all hands were clasped, and each of us in his or her seat, a book was brought from the side-table and placed upon our heads one after another. We were then directed to stand up but still retain our hold of hands all around, and in the same position on the table. This we did, when the large, heavy table floated up to a level with our heads, and then descended again as gently and deliberately as though held by any number of the most careful human hands.

Having again seated ourselves, I was requested to sing. In doing so a bright light floated all about me, a gentle hand came and rested upon my head, and a deep, peaceful influence, like a heavenly blessing, seemed to descend upon my soul, and in that presence the reflection was awakened that the angels of God did not all ascend to Heaven and cast the golden ladder down, for today, as of old, they are "ascending and descending," still bearing the priceless messages of love from the glorious spheres of an immortal life.

The next development was of an entirely different nature, and excited very different emotions. Through the rappings we were requested to sing all together, when upon our trying to do so each person had a piece of candy slipped into their mouths, quite to the destruction of all melody in our performance. The candy must have been brought from a dish on the side-table several feet away. While the candy was being distributed, a half muffled laugh was heard, and inarticulate sentences were spoken, mingled with a clatter as of hard pieces of candy against the teeth of some one. The explanation of this came from Mr. Whitlock, who, as soon as possible, stated his mouth had* been literally crammed with confectionery, and that he shut his teeth upon the fingers which were doing the work.

At this point loud raps were heard, and the alphabet being

repeated the sentences "He likes taffy," "It is a fact," were spelled by the letters selected. When the general merriment had subsided, a mysterious, rustling noise was heard, lasting some time. At last the light was signalled for, which being struck we discovered the hair of the medium was all down, the hair-pins having been stuck in Mr. Whitlock's beard, and the net drawn over the top of his head. Once more in the darkness the glass dish, which contained nearly two pounds of candy, was taken off the side-table, and conveyed first to the top of Mr. Whitlock's head and then deposited on the table in the center of the circle. I asked for a piece of lemon candy, which came to me at once. Others asked for different varieties. There would be a fumbling sound in the dish, and the sort called for would be received, or the statement made by raps that none of it was there, as upon examination was proved correct each time.

As on the preceding evening, there was a call for the flour; this time a delicate little foot-print appeared therein under the same conditions observed before. In addition the impression of a face was found in the flour. The foot-print was said to be that of a little brother of Mr. Albro, in spirit life. The wonderful impressions in the flour having been duly viewed and commented upon, the room was once more darkened, when a slight rustling sound alone could be heard. "What are they doing?" said Mr. Whitlock; and then again he called out: "I believe they are making paste of that flour and daubing it on me!" For some time we waited with intense curiosity. Then came the raps, which, by use of the alphabet, as has been made familiar, spelled out: "Forty years hence." This was followed by a signal for light, which being produced revealed a tableau I shall never forget.

A paste had been made from the flour (where the water came from I cannot imagine), and with it Mr. Whitlock's eyebrows were covered. His whiskers were profusely powdered with flour, and flour was scattered generally all over him. The victim of this practical joke really looked like a "dusty miller," or some patriarch of eighty years.

Once again the room was darkened, when the handkerchief of the medium was taken from her, a half pound of candy placed in the same, and it twisted up and returned to her while the raps spelled out from the alphabet the order: "Take it home." A

perfect ring of rope was put over my arm, and also made to enclose the arm of the medium, yet neither of our hands was taken apart or raised from the table.

The power of the circle was now declared by the operators to be exhausted, and a recess was taken, and a change ordered in our positions to effect a gain of strength. This seemed to be accomplished, for when we were once again in darkness extraordinary effects followed. A zither which lay untouched by any of us upon the table played a pleasant accompaniment to our singing, and a stand was brought from the other side of the room and placed on top of the table. The zither and various musical instruments were carried about the room high above our heads, being played on as they moved, and when silent again they were laid upon some of our heads. Once more replaced on the table, the zither strings were struck most forcibly in imitation of an alarm rung on fire bells. A first, second, and general alarm was sounded after the manner of the Boston fire department. After the alarm came an imitation of the sound of the gong of an engine or hose-wagon as it runs along the streets. There were various other noises made upon the zither taken by some of us to represent the working of an engine at a fire. A call was made, by means of the raps and alphabet, for the goblet from which the water had so mysteriously disappeared an hour or more before. The goblet being found by the aid of the gas light which was struck, it was placed on the table and securely held as before. The room was then darkened, and a few moments of silence followed, when we distinctly heard the water poured into the glass, and felt some of it spilled upon our hands. The light being renewed revealed the lost liquid again in the goblet, and, as we found, fragrant with an odor of flowers.

One of the most interesting of all the phenomena observed during the circle was the control of Miss Lang by a spirit who, in influencing her, exhibited an illuminated hand. We could see the whole hand distinctly as it made passes over the head of Miss Lang and down her spine, she breathing deeply and moving spasmodically the while. This process of manipulation was kept up until the medium was rendered quite unconscious.

During the last of the circle a tune was played upon the zither and tambourine, and a variety of questions were answered

through the use of the raps and the call of the alphabet. After this kind of conversation had continued some time, a request was made from the invisibles that we should keep silence, when they promised us they would if possible speak aloud to us. We kept silence for some time, when at last loud, inarticulate whisperings were heard in the air, but nothing distinguishable came to us. With this "Good night" was rapped out letter by letter, and the seance came to an end.

I wish all could have observed, as I have, the things I have described,—all who for one moment ever doubt the control of mediums by spirit power. I thanked God for the priceless knowledge I had obtained through these instruments of the invisibles. I wished in particular for the presence of many of my friends who have no knowledge of this wonderful truth, that they might learn how near the so-called dead are to the living. I wished that every disappointed person might learn that life endeth not with the mortal, and that there is, after all, time for the accomplishment of every aspiration, the resurrection and fulfillment of every buried hope.

MR. S. B. NICHOLS,

Of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the city of Brooklyn, in the fall of 1878 or 1879, I attended several circles at the residence of Dr. M. Howard, an allopathic physician, whose daughter, Mrs. Delaney, had been developed as a physical medium, and in whose presence in the dark wonderful manifestations would occur, such as independent writing, spirit hands and voices, playing upon reeds, floating of musical instruments, etc. Dr. Howard, in former years, was a prominent physician of Louisville, Ky., and had published a large volume in opposition to spiritualism. Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt., accompanied me to one of these circles, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Delaney and her unmarried sister, a gentleman, a stranger to me, who was a skeptic investigating the phenomena, and Messrs. W. R. and Thomas S. Tice, of Brooklyn. The Messrs. Tice had been having some seances with Mrs. Delaney, to see if paraffine molds of hands could be

produced, and this was one of the evenings set apart for their circle. After the usual phenomena, the pail of hot paraffine was brought from the range in the basement. We sat around a common dining table with two leaves taken out of the center. On the floor beneath was placed a pail of cold water and the pail of hot paraffine. I had been sitting at the end of the table to the right of Mrs. Howard, but was requested by the spirits to change my seat and sit on the opposite side, to the left of Mrs. Delaney, my right hand lying on her left. The light was turned off, and immediately I felt spirit hands touching my lower limbs, arms, etc. I sat in the circle where the pails would be directly in front of me. My stockings were held up to my drawers by pins, which were taken out and carefully placed between the fingers of my right hand, with the heads down. My shoes were unbuttoned and thrown over the circle into a corner, my stockings also. My right foot was then washed with cold water. I made the remark that I had taken a bath the night before and my feet did not need washing. Immediately I felt the hot paraffine on my foot, which was covered all over above the ankle with four coats of it, the intention being to make a mold of my foot. A paraffine finger was placed upon the thumb of my right hand. Several times I felt the spirit fingers; and when the room was lighted, I should say that nearly one hundred of these fingers were floating in the pail. Some of them were well formed, and others only partly made. I could not get my foot out of the mold, owing probably to the heat of my body, and it took Mrs. Howard nearly half an hour to get it off. As we all sat around the pails no human hands could have produced the phenomena.

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
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