

Prof. Wm. James,  
Cambridge

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# F A C T S

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**Hon. Moses A. Dow and spirit of Miss Mabel Warren.**  
(See page 409.)



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In closing this first volume of our magazine we would say to those who have given us their aid by way of subscriptions that we are not unmindful of their favors, and sincerely hope they have found themselves so well repaid that they will be desirous of renewing the same for the coming year, 1883.

We also appreciate the kind notices which our friends of the press have given us from time to time, and the many words of good cheer and encouragement received from friends whom we most highly esteem, and whose opinions we respect.

The work which we hope to accomplish in the future has really but just commenced, and is thus far we are aware amenable to criticism. Yet we are not discouraged, believing that time and greater experience will add new attractions, and that this magazine so modestly begun may yet possess greater merit, and prove of so much value to the world at large, that the plan out-wrought in spirit life, and executed through our instrumentality, may be productive of all the good intended by its earnest author.

Therefore, we earnestly solicit the hearty co-operation of our readers and their aid in disseminating these facts to the thousands who have no knowledge of these things, and others who having heard of them, ignore and despise, through ignorance of the real principles of spiritualism, and want of proper investigation of the facts relating thereto.

The size is now more than double that of our first number, consequently we have been obliged to increase the price of subscription from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per year. We shall soon publish the four first numbers in a book of about 450 pages. We have a few copies of Nos. 1, 2, and 3 left, which will be furnished as long as they



last. We will send a copy of the magazine to anyone sending us reliable, well-authenticated facts within their experience. Please give references if possible when sending a 'fact.'

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

# FACTS.

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VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1882.

No. 4.

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## EDITORIAL.

With this number we conclude the first volume of FACTS. Great care has been taken to make it complete in itself, as we intend to publish it soon in book form, as a work of reference for spiritual and mental phenomena.

It will be found valuable as a means of educating those who are seeking knowledge concerning the wonderful powers of mind and soul, as well as of the spirit life to come.

There will be found in this volume valuable descriptions of a great variety of spiritual phenomena which suggest comparison between the manifestations of olden time and those of the present.

It will doubtless prove startling to skeptics and materialists from the fact that so much valuable evidence will be therein recorded that cannot be gainsaid without questioning the judgment and veracity of many of the best citizens of the civilized world.

We have also recorded instances of mind-reading and mesmeric control by persons not existing in spirit life, but in the natural human body, a fact probably better known to the class of people called spiritualists than any other, yet not considered by them as in any way disproving the truth of the communion of spirits with mortals, but simply other knowledge of a different kind, proof of each being in part the distinctive character represented.

We do not profess to have solved all the mysteries connected with the spiritual phenomena, but simply state facts as they are related to and witnessed by us, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions and construe them as they may.

Our object is secured, our purpose attained, if we succeed in introducing these facts to the world at large, believing they will



stir the tide of thought in the minds of many unbelievers to the extent that such will become earnest in investigating these things for themselves.

If by so doing those who are skeptical can by any other means account for these manifestations, and prove them to be only the result of physical or material forces, thus disproving the belief of the return and communion of the so-called dead with the living, our efforts will not have been in vain, as the evidence obtained from those now opposing would enlighten thousands who are daily being led to believe these manifestations are from their spirit friends.

We simply make our statements, and challenge all to investigate and refute them if they can.

Truth is what we want, and stand ready to receive without prejudice or fear. Inspired by this demand, clad in the armor of sincerity and caution, we will march forward on the rugged path of investigation seeking knowledge everywhere, and in any manner it may be found.

We solicit the co-operation and aid of all classes, and each religious denomination, in arriving at the exact truth. We invite you to give us of your experiences concerning these things. Send us facts relating to the great problem of human existence beyond this mortal life, and remember if you have those proving our own opinions false they are just as welcome as those fortifying the same. We only hope our critics and opponents may be inspired from the same source which we claim to be, and equally sincere and all-sided in their investigations.

Then may we build our theories upon so broad a foundation of fact that the streams of wisdom and floods of knowledge, sweeping down through the ages, may have no power to disturb; then may be ushered into this doubting world a religion based upon evidence so sure that time would only add to the firm faith thus established, and never disintegrate and destroy. As a logical consequence, this must be when we have called in the evidence of investigation by common sense and reason, as well as faith and intuition, without ignoring or divorcing one from the other, only seeking the wisdom which harmonizes all things, and reveals a divine method in the midst of human confusion.

## SPIRIT IDENTIFICATION.

Notwithstanding all the facts and experiences in spirit intercourse, gathered during the last thirty-five years, there is still, in the minds of many persons, considerable doubt as to the possibility of establishing, with any certainty, the identity of the communicating spirits. I have always felt this to be a most important subject, requiring careful investigation and the application of maturely developed principles; and I have garnered up every fact and incident which has come to my knowledge bearing upon this particular topic of spiritualistic science. I submit the following as belonging to that class of facts, though it may not under analysis prove quite so striking as the cases related by M. A. (Oxon) in his valuable monograph "Spirit Identity," which every spiritualist should carefully read.

One evening, some three years ago, in a small company in Brooklyn, there was present a remarkable medium; and after some quite singular manifestations had occurred—not bearing, however, on the particular subject of this paper—my attention was attracted by a shower of light raps that came upon the marble top of a center-table, about which some of the company were sitting, though not as a "circle"; for general conversation was going on at the time, and manifestations were not thought of just then. The medium sat near me, but no one was touching the table so as to produce the raps, which were of so singular a character—seeming to be made in the substance of the marble itself—that it was scarcely conceivable that they could have been produced by human agency.

Not to interrupt the conversation going on, I requested the medium to point to the letters of the alphabet on a small card, in order to obtain the communication which the spirit seemed desirous of giving, while I prepared to take it down letter by letter. Before stating the singular result, let me premise that there was sitting near me and the medium a gentleman named Charles Warren, who, about thirty years previously had been a pupil of mine in the public school located in Henry Street, New York, of which I was the principal. He had become a prosperous merchant, and was then doing business in New York, but residing in Brooklyn. The communication I took down was as follows:—



"Charlie, our teacher, Mr. Kiddle, always thought I was a bad boy at school; but he always thought you were a very good boy. It was that old Henry Street baker that made you toe the mark. I thought myself you would be a prompt business man, but I liked mischief too much.—GEORGE E."

And then the manifestation ceased, just as I was eagerly expecting a name to be written which I might recognize. I was expressing some disappointment that the message had been broken off, as it seemed, when, after the lapse of several minutes, the rapping was resumed; and, on continuing to record the result, I obtained the following:—

"Correct it; that was the reason I stopped."

I then said: "I will read what has been set down, and you can rap when I come to the part you wish corrected." This was followed by three raps indicating assent. I then read the preceding message, and when I came to *Henry Street* there was rapping. The following was then spelled out, to be inserted after the word *street*: "School and that father," just as if, in writing the communication, those words had been omitted by an oversight, and were interlined. This to me forcibly indicated that there was an independent intelligence communicating by means of the raps, which were most certainly made by no human power; for, of course, the correction was as unexpected as the message itself, and no one had noticed the want of any words to make the sense complete. The spirit wished to say, evidently, that it was the influence of the school and that of his father, who was a baker, that had kept Charles Warren out of mischief.

Still the name of the spirit had not been fully given, and I desired him to write it, which he seemed in part to do, as the words *George Evan* were spelled out. This not seeming to be complete, I requested him to give the full name, when the following was rapped out:—

"I want one hour to write; for Charlie won't remember me unless I tell him about those long aprons."

Here I noticed that my friend and former pupil began to smile, and he said, in explanation, that this referred to the fact that, while a pupil in my school, he would occasionally, on his return home, assist his father in the bakery, and while so engaged would

have on a long, white apron; and the boys coming to the store, which was not very far from the school-house, would see him thus accoutered, and would make him the subject of their mirth. I said to the spirit: "Won't you please give me your name in full?" This was followed by the message:—

"Let me have my own way. I want to tell about old H——, and the awful licking the old fellow gave me for playing hokey after I left your school and went to his school in this city (Brooklyn). Walt owes him a grudge. I don't want you to be in a hurry, for I wish to talk an hour."

An old resident of Brooklyn present said he remembered that there was a school in that city kept by a man of the name mentioned in the communication, and that this teacher bore the reputation of being very severe in his punishments.

But I could not "talk an hour" with the spirit; and the recollection came to me dimly that there was a lad named George Evans who attended the "old Henry Street school,"—for so it was often called, having been established in 1807,—and that he was a wayward, fun-loving boy, with an exuberance of animal spirits that contributed far more to his own enjoyment than to the comfort and happiness of his teachers, except, perhaps, when an unusual ebullition required to be restrained in the customary mode of that period. I asked, therefore: "Is this George Evans?" and was answered by three raps. It then occurred to me that there was a younger brother in the school, and I asked: "Did you not have a brother in my school?" and was again answered by three raps. In lieu of talking an hour I then proposed to him to write a message through the hand of my daughter, who was present. He assented, and the following was written:—

"My dear Mr. Kiddle, you will remember me, perhaps, as a boy who understood some things, but failed in many others. I certainly did grow up a better man than might have been predicted; but I have a good deal to think of; and to amuse myself I go back to the scenes of my childhood. But in reality I have many serious thoughts in the retrospect, and as to my future in spirit life; and to relieve your mind of any anxiety in regard to myself, I will say that I have much that is beautiful in the views around me, and many enjoyments in my present life to urge me on. Hence, I will away to seek my true home.—GEORGE M. EVANS."

Here was apparently the spirit of an old school-fellow of Mr. Warren, and a former pupil of mine. The only verification I could obtain was what I found by consulting the old register of the school, which I ascertained contained the names George and Robert Evans as pupils contemporaneously with Charles Warren. But the exact history of either of the lads I have not been able to ascertain; indeed, I have had no information of them since, except as far as this singular communication affords it. The incident, however, appears to me to be an interesting one from any point of view.

HENRY KIDDLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1882.

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## PARAFFINE MOLDS OF MATERIALIZED SPIRITS.

BY J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

Formerly United States Minister to Portugal.

From the *Banner of Light*, Dec. 2, 1882.

The accompanying engravings are copies from two out of a large number of photographs in my possession, representing marvelous phenomena of spiritualism which I witnessed in Paris, in 1877, in the closest proximity (all but actual contact), in the course of the famous private seances held by Count de Bullet, a wealthy gentleman having a good medium in his sole and exclusive employment. My entire collection of photographs, about eighty in number, represent two distinct classes of phenomena; the one being the molding of the busts of materialized spirits in melted paraffine; the other the obtaining photographs of spirits, single or in groups, standing or floating in the air, the great bulk being *taken in the dark*, though a few were taken under the magnesium light, after the example of the celebrated Professor Crookes, in London, one of the most eminent men of science now living, who took thirty-five different photographs of one spirit ("Katie King") by the magnesium light.

These extraordinary seances took place every day from half-past eleven in the morning to about a quarter to two. Every day means literally seven times a week. For Count de Bullet they must have lasted about five years. At first he held them alone, no other spectator being admitted. He had none of my zeal for

the propagation of our new and precious knowledge. After I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance, I was made an exception; a favor which must, I think, have been prompted by the controlling spirits, with a knowledge that I would make them known to the world, as in fact I did through weekly letters to the London *Spiritualist*. I must have attended not less than seven hundred of them. We neither of us would ever fail in attendance, any more than we would have broken appointments to meet with angels, which most of those spirits most resembled. During a considerable portion of the period I obtained admission also for another gentleman, a wealthy American friend resident in Paris, though not generally known as a spiritualist. The Countess de Bullet was an occasional attendant, her mother and two sisters being among the spirits whom we used to see materialized. With extreme rarity some other highly spiritualist friend would be admitted (the consent of the spirits first obtained), though this did not occur more than perhaps a dozen times during the two years, or more, of my participation in the seances.

I shall say nothing of the other fine manifestations we used to witness, confining myself to that which is illustrated by these engravings.

Some eight or ten different spirits used to come to us visibly and sometimes palpably materialized, including my own mother. There was one controlling spirit, or manager, at these seances (as seems usually to be the case), who seemed to be a sort of medium to the spirits, and who was able to talk in strong, firm voice as freely as myself, though his power would fail when the "conditions" (atmospheric or other) were unfavorable. He was the "John King" well known in spiritualism, and claimed to have been the historical buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, of Queen Elizabeth's day, now working out a mission to atone for the sins of his life. He said that he acted through other mediums, also, though not all who took that name were really himself. He was not only strong in what is called fluidic form, but also good, kind, and devout, and profoundly reverential to God, and also to the name of Christ, whom he regarded as one of the highest and greatest of spirits. He usually carried a round, luminous something, resembling a white stone, that we called his "lamp," about



eight inches in diameter, concerning which I might tell much that is interesting were it pertinent to the present subject.

We often saw more spirits than one at a time; and once even four, and the medium at the same time, all the five in a row, the medium seated in the middle, asleep in trance, and two spirits on each side of him, one of whom was John King, who paraded his "lamp" before all their faces to and fro several times, for our clearer view and recognition of them. The other three were beautiful female spirits, one of whom was my mother, the other two being Angela and the mother of the Countess de Bullet. The figures were all draped in white, the garments hanging in graceful folds from each neck. We repeatedly beheld single forms floating up in the air, to the ceiling, sometimes two or three; and we often concurred in the opinion that it was such materialized spirits, appearing to mediumistic peasant children, who were regarded by the Roman Catholics as apparitions of the Virgin Mary,—and why not Mary, the mother of Jesus, as well as any other spirit?

The spirit whose bust is represented in the engraving had been, according to her own account, of the Romanoff (the imperial) family of Russia. She objected to publicity being given to her name, so I call her in print—fitly enough—Angela. I now proceed to tell of how the paraffine mold of her was obtained, the record of which is preserved by photography.

We had read of the paraffine molds of materialized hands and feet obtained both in America and in England. We had ourselves obtained a number of John King's "lamp,"—of which two appear on the photograph of the mold of Angela's bust. I one day asked "John King" if he could not give us molds of the faces of these lovely spirit friends, with whom we had now become intimate, so to speak. He said they would try, adding, "though it cannot be very pleasant for young ladies (*sic*) to dip their faces into hot, greasy wax." But he told us to get two large basins, the one of melted paraffine, the other of cold water. The next morning we had them ready, on a small table placed so as to touch the curtain which formed the cabinet, at the middle where the curtain divided and opened. The seance-room was a small oblong one, one end of which was made a "cabinet" by the curtain hung across. The other sides of the cabinet were the solid

papered wall. The floor was carpeted, and the room below was occupied by another family. (The medium occasionally gave the seances at our own residences.) We sat at the table, with our feet and knees under it; of course within a few inches of the basins. The paraffine was very nearly of the temperature of boiling water, being ninety-four degrees centigrade by the thermometer; the boiling point being one hundred degrees. The Count at first shrank from allowing the experiment to proceed, so painful was it to see a lovely young girl-face dipped into such a temperature; nor was it without some difficulty that I overcame his objection, aided by John King's assurance that the temperature would do no injury, and was of no consequence. Presently the curtain divided at the middle, and there was Angela, at less than arm's length from us, with the tall form of John King standing behind her, bending forward, and holding his lamp just over her. Of her there was no more visible than the head, with drapery below. She at once, in our full and close view, dipped her face down into the basin of hot paraffine, and then into the cold-water basin alongside, repeating the operation, to and fro, several times; and then, as she held her face above the cold water, the mold dropped from it. On our picking it up we found that she had not dipped deeper than to mid-cheek, so that the mold was a mask. Mr. Gustave Da Vah, a beloved octogenarian spiritualist friend, was present, and shared the delight with which we contemplated the beautiful object, as was duly reported in my letter to the *Spiritualist*. As we talked the matter over, I expressed some regret that she had not dipped deeper, and also remarked that the eyes were shut, which I presumed to be on account of the paraffine. When she wrote (as was usual at the close of a seance, through the hand of the medium's little wife) she said she was glad we were so much pleased; that she had shut her eyes to make her face look like that of a marble statue; and that she would repeat it the next day. And so in fact she did, and this time she dipped to beyond the projecting lobes of the ears (which did not prevent the mask-mold dropping off in the same way), and this time *her eyes were open*, as they are in the bust subsequently obtained. Of these two face-masks in paraffine I have no photographs, but the Count

has the masks themselves in Paris; not in plaster, but in alabaster. We did not begin taking photographs of them till later.

The next day we went further, and I said to the controlling spirit that inasmuch as hands with their wrists had been similarly molded, which involved the dematerialization or vanishing of the whole width of the hand and thumb through the much smaller orifice left by the wrist—and the same in regard to feet—I saw no reason why a whole bust-mold could not be obtained in the same way, the head vanishing through the orifice left by the neck. He replied that it could, and they would try it if we would make the proper preparations for it. And he told us not to do as had heretofore always been done, namely, having only a stratum of paraffine floating on the top of hot water, but to have the whole liquid consist of the melted paraffine. He gave the good reason that when the head, after passing through the stratum of paraffine, shall enter the water and then return through the paraffine, it would bring back with it adhering drops or particles of the water, which would make the mold less perfect than if nothing but the paraffine were employed. The Count accordingly procured an iron cylinder, tinned, of suitable depth, with handles to lift it, and of diameter sufficient to admit the entrance of shoulders; and also one of the flat, open charcoal camp stoves of the French soldiers, to serve both as a pedestal to raise the cylinder higher, and for a fire to keep the heat in the paraffine. We filled it about two-thirds full with melted paraffine (it took seventy-five kilogrammes, or one hundred and fifty pounds of paraffine), and placed it at and in contact with the opening of the curtain, with a cold-water tub alongside, and sat at it, with our knees and feet touching it. (On a subsequent occasion, when a different spirit dipped, who was evidently frightened, and needed persuasion to overcome her reluctance, she dipped with a quick dash, throwing out a wave of paraffine which sheeted my clothes with the white stuff from shoulder to foot, and it cost me twenty-five francs to have it removed by a *degraisseur*.) John King's voice then said in an interrogative way: "I suppose I need not waste any of the power to make the light, as you have already sufficiently seen it?" We assented, of course. We then heard a dipping into the cylinder, followed by a regular shower-bath of dripping as the head was withdrawn to be plunged into

the cold water, the return from which produced a similar shower-bath of drops falling back. This was repeated six or seven times, so as to give sufficient thickness to the mold, since a single dipping would deposit only a very thin film of paraffine, too thin to serve as a mold.

The controlling spirit then said: "Now, my dear friend [so he always addressed the Count; between him and me we always called each other simply "John"], hold out your hands. I am going to give you the mold." The Count obeyed, with the palms uppermost, and the mold was deposited in them. It was still so hot that he could scarcely bear it, and a little softish, the paraffine not being yet quite stiffened. It was quite heavy, though De Bullet did not think it had all the weight which he presumed an ordinary human bust to have. He held it for a moment or two, and then felt a slight pull outward (the head was toward his breast, the neck being outward), and in an instant the pull ceased and the weight was gone, and only the light, empty paraffine mold remained, like an eggshell, as it were, out of which its contents should have vanished. The dematerialized bust of the spirit had evidently passed out, like a gas or vapor, through the orifice left by the neck. The Count then deposited it carefully on the cold water, our lamp was lit, and there was this marvelous white mold, of life-size, floating on the water, still a little softish to the touch. We took it up with the utmost care, but, in spite of our precautions, some pieces of the neck broke off, under the slight pressure of our fingers (as appears in the engraving). The dipping would seem not to have been every time to the same depth, and, as the neck entered last, the mold was there thinnest. But the broken pieces were large, and admitted of being joined together by the plasterer who filled the mold with alabaster, obtaining the beautiful cast of which the engraving represents the photograph. It is precisely the face of the lovely spirit, Angela, whom we had so often seen in her materializations.

She afterwards wrote, through the hand of the medium's wife, that she had had to pack her hair tightly on her head, on account of the paraffine. She usually, as we would see her materialized, wore it loose and hanging down; in which condition it could not have been molded. *Apropos* of this I may mention that we have sometimes seen these spirits with their hair elaborately dressed,



often with a jewel or flower in it, and the fashion of the dressing to change three times within two or three minutes, as though done by a mere act of will. They would sometimes appear wearing a flower which I had bought at a florist's on the way to the seance, and placed in the cabinet with a view to its being thus employed.

Having thus obtained the mold, we smeared more paraffine on it with our hands to thicken and strengthen it (as is manifest in the photograph), and carried it off with the utmost care to the plasterer's. But on the way the thought occurred to us that after we should have got the cast of the bust, which of course was our object, no trace nor record would remain of the mold. After filling it with the alabaster, the cast could only be got out by destroying the mold by tearing it off, or better by melting it off in very hot water. Our opponents might hereafter deny the mode in which the cast had been obtained; we therefore stopped at a photographer's (Fontaine, on the Boulevard des Capucines), and had the mold photographed, as it now appears in the engraved copy of it. A couple of the casts of the "lamp" above described, were also placed on the table. We then took the mold to the plasterer. The exquisite bust was the result which crowned and rewarded our efforts. It is now in the possession of the Count de Bullet, in Paris, where it has been seen by numerous admirers.

The two face-casts above described, of the same spirit, are also in his possession. It is worth noting that as the second of these two differed from the first in having the eyes open instead of shut, so does the third (the best) differ from both the two preceding ones in having the lips a little more open than in the others. Though the shadow prevents their appearing in the photograph, the delicate little teeth are visible in the bust which do not show in the two casts of the same face.

All honor and gratitude to the Count de Bullet for this splendid service rendered to the cause of spiritualism. My part in it is merely the humble one of a close and scrutinizing spectator and faithful historiographer. I am also profoundly grateful to the good and noble-hearted Count for the privilege of witnessing all it has been a pleasure to record and publish to the world.

Who could ever have imagined the possibility of obtaining

casts of the busts of angelic spirit-forms through the faithful and self-attesting process of molds taken in melted paraffine!

Three similar molds were subsequently obtained of two spirits, the one of another lovely young girl named Alexandrine, the other of a seraphic male spirit named Glaucus, who claims to have known St. Paul in Rome, and to have been a convert to him. Of Alexandrine two molds were obtained, differing from each other in the pose of the head. The first got accidentally spoiled for yielding a cast, having flattened down from the heat of the summer day in the interval of two hours before it was photographed. But she graciously consented to repeat the operation, though it was one from which she shrank with a certain fright. She was sister (who had died some thirty odd years before) of a wealthy Russian friend of Count de Bullet, Mr. Looft, of Moscow, who was present at the dipping. He carried off to Russia the two molds of his sister, the spoiled one empty, but valuable for evidence as being *all in one piece*, the other solid, being filled with the alabaster from which he intended to melt off the paraffine in Russia, after showing it to his spiritualist friends there. The cast of Glaucus is seraphic in beauty, as is attested by the cast in Count de Bullet's possession.

We were promised several more busts, but this mode of obtaining and preserving their portraits was suspended for the purpose of obtaining them in another form, that of photographs. These I will make the subject of a second communication, also to be illustrated with an engraving, in your next number.

NEW YORK, 229 West 23rd Street.

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## HISTORY OF THE ROCHESTER KNOCKINGS.

By Wm. Foster, Jr., Providence, R. I.

Modern spiritualism throughout the whole course of its development, from the tiny rap to its latest phase, materialization, bristles with facts of no uncertain import. No science, no system of philosophy, no scheme of religion, has ever been so well attested and fortified. It had an humble origin like all the great movements designed to elevate humanity. A little child unlocked the mystery and gave the key to the world, whereby it has main-

tained an open door between the two worlds, receiving a constant baptism from the spirit world. All hail to that artless, little prattler, Katie Fox, through whom all nations, kindreds, and tongues have been blessed.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I propose to succinctly narrate the facts connected with the opening of the new dispensation which even yet is only in the twilight of a morn which is the promise of the rising of a full-orbed sun whose genial rays shall warm and invigorate humanity through and through, stimulating it to richer growth and more prolific fruitage. The opening phenomena occurred in the family of Mr. John D. Fox, residing at Hydesville, a hamlet near Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Fox and wife were most reputable persons, both members of the Methodist church. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fox and three daughters, the youngest about twelve years of age. The house was one and a half stories, and had been occupied by several families previous to its occupancy by Mr. Fox. He moved into it December 11, 1848. About the middle of March following, soon after the family had gone to bed, strange noises were heard. The first sound was like some one knocking on the floor in one of the bed-rooms; then as if a chair moved on the floor, though they could not tell where. The family arose, lighted a candle, and made a thorough search. Nothing could be discovered to explain the unusual noises. They retired to bed, the noises continuing late until they went to sleep. With the sound there was a tremulous motion of the chairs, furniture, and floor, unlike what would be produced by a sudden blow. The noises were of nightly occurrence, but the most vigorous searching could not reveal their cause. On the night of the 31st of March the family retired early, just after dark, weary and worn from the want of rest, determined to have it in any event. They firmly made up their minds that they would let the noises go on unheeded. No sooner had they retired than the noises began again, earlier than usual, and soon the family were up and again searching and wondering. As this is the most interesting period in the history of the phenomena, since on this evening "it was definitely settled that intelligence was connected with the noises and raps," I quote from the statement of Mrs. Fox as follows:—

"I had just laid down when it [the noise] commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house. The girls who slept in the other bed, in the room, heard the noise and tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. The youngest girl is about twelve years old. She is the one who made her hand go. As fast as she made the noises with her hands or fingers, the sounds followed up in the room. It did not sound different at that time, but it made the same number of raps the girl did. When she stopped, the sounds would stop for a short time. The other girl, who is in her fifteenth year, then spoke, in sport, and said: 'Now, do as I do. Count one, two, three, four,' etc., at the same time striking one hand on the other. The blows she made were repeated as before. It appeared to answer her by repeating every blow she made. She only did so once. She then began to be startled, and I said to the noise: 'Count ten,' and it made ten strokes or noises. Then I asked the ages of my children successively, and it gave the number of raps corresponding to the ages of each of my children.

"I then asked if it was a human being making the noise, and if so to manifest it by the same noise. There was no noise. I then asked if it was a spirit,—if it was, to manifest it by two sounds. I heard the two sounds as soon as the words were spoken. I then asked if it was an injured spirit, and if so to give me the sound; and I heard the rapping distinctly. I then asked if it was injured in this house, and the sounds were made distinctly;—if the person that injured it was living, and got the same answer. I then ascertained by the same method that its remains were buried under the dwelling, and how old it was. When I asked how old it was, it rapped thirty-one times; that it was a male; that it had left a family of five children; that it had two sons and three daughters all living. I asked if it left a wife, and it rapped;—if its wife was then living, and there was no rapping;—if she was dead, and the rapping was distinctly heard;—how long she had been dead, and it rapped twice.

"About this time I asked: 'Will the noise continue if I call in some of the neighbors that they may hear it too?' It answered by rapping as usual. My husband went and called Mrs. Redfield, our next-door neighbor. She is a very candid woman. The girls were then sitting up in bed, somewhat terrified, and clinging

to each other. I was as calm, I think, as I am now. Mrs. Redfield came immediately. This was about half-past seven o'clock. She came in thinking to joke and laugh at the children, but when she came in she saw that we were all amazed like, and that there was something in it. I then asked a few questions, and they were answered as before, and she was satisfied there was something strange about it. It told her age exactly. She then would call her husband, and he came, and the same questions were asked over again, and the answers were the same as before. It was then asked how long it had been injured, and the sound was repeated four times, at regular intervals, and then, after a short pause, once more,—the same being repeated every time the question was asked.

“Then Mr. Redfield called in Mr. Duesler and wife, and several others. A great many questions were asked over, and the same answers given as before. Mr. Duesler then called in Mr. and Mrs. Hyde; they came, and also Mr. and Mrs. Jewell. Mr. Duesler asked many questions and got the answers. I then named over all the neighbors I could think of, and asked if any of them had injured it, and got no answer. Then Mr. Duesler asked it some questions, the same as I had, and got the same answers. He asked if it was murdered, and it answered in the usual way;—if the murderer could be brought to justice, and there was no sound; and then if he could be punished by law, and there was no rapping. He then asked: ‘If this murderer cannot be punished by law, manifest it by the noise’; and the noise was repeated. In the same way Mr. Duesler ascertained that it was murdered about five years ago in the bed-room, and that the murder was committed by Mr. —, on one Tuesday night at twelve o'clock; that it was murdered by having its throat cut with a butcher-knife; that the body did not remain in the room the next day, but was taken into the cellar, and that it was not buried until the next night; that it was not taken down through an outside door, but through the buttery down the stair-way; that it was buried ten feet below the surface of the ground. It was then asked if money was the object of the murder, and the rapping commenced. How much money was obtained? Was it one hundred dollars? two hundred? three hundred? four hundred? five



hundred? The usual rapping was heard. We were all in the bed-room at the time.

"Many called in that night who were out fishing in the creek, and they all heard the same noise. The same questions were repeated frequently as others came in, and the same answers were obtained. Some of them staid here all night. I and my family all left the house but my husband. \* \* \* \* \* My husband and Mr. Redfield staid in the house all night.

"On the next day the house was filled to overflowing all day. This was on Saturday. There was no sound heard during the day, but in the evening the sound commenced again. Some said there were three hundred people present at this time. They appointed a committee, and many questions were asked. I did not know much that was done that night, only by hearsay, as I went to Mr. Duesler's to stay all night.

"On Sunday morning, the second of April, the noise commenced again, and was heard by all who came there. On Saturday night they commenced digging the cellar, and dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The noise was not heard on Sunday evening nor during the night. Stephen B. Smith and wife, and David Fox and wife, slept in the room this night. I have heard nothing since that time until yesterday [April 10th, the statement of Mrs. Fox being made and signed on the 11th]. In the forenoon of yesterday there were several questions answered in the usual way by rapping. I have heard the noise several times today.

"I am not a believer in haunted houses or supernatural appearances. I am very sorry there has been so much excitement about it. It has been a great deal of trouble to us. It was our misfortune to live here at this time; but I am anxious that the truth should be known, and that a true statement should be made. I cannot account for these noises; all that I know is that they have been heard repeatedly as I have stated. I have heard this rapping again this (Tuesday) morning, April 11th. My children also heard it."

The above is a plain, "unvarnished tale," simply told, evidently without any attempt at coloring or distortion. Mrs. Fox appears to have been calm and unmoved throughout, so as to accurately note the facts, and then candid enough to tell them in an unpre-

tentious way. And here let the reader note this great central fact, never before observed and utilized; these raps and other noises were produced without any visible agency, outside of human, mundane power, nevertheless indicated force and intelligence, two factors which cannot by any ingenuity or casuistry be set aside. It will also be observed that this power and intelligence asserted itself to come of a person murdered in that house, with quite full details of the transaction, giving the name of the murderer, who formerly occupied the house, also the vocation of the murdered as a peddler. More than this; there were representations of the murder by sounds, evincing the wonderful facility the power and intelligence had in portraying the tragic event. There was frequently heard a sound like a death-struggle, the gurgling in the throat as of one whose throat was cut, then the dragging of a lifeless body across the floor, down the stairs, the feet dropping from step to step, the shoveling of dirt in the cellar, the handling and nailing of boards, then the closing act of the drama, the filling up of the lately-dug grave. Another sound was sometimes heard like pouring clotted blood on the floor from a pail. These things were not done in a corner, under any conditions implying deception, collusion, or trickery. The sounds, multitudinous as they were, occurred at all hours of the day and night, whether few or many were present. The marvel attracted hundreds, and some days and nights the house was literally packed with a crowd besieging doors and windows to hear the weird phenomena.

Another fact is very pertinent. In the summer following, the cellar in which the raps, or better the personality behind the raps, declared that the body had been buried was again tested, and the spot designated dug up. There were unmistakable indications that there were human remains. At the depth of about five feet a plank was found. Removing this several human teeth were exhumed, and hair which was human, also fragments of bones and charcoal. The ground therefore had been removed for the deposition of these things. Now let us see what a chain of well-matched links we get. The raps declared that a murder had been committed, and further that the body had been buried near the center of the cellar, after having been taken there by way of the inside stairs; next the sounds pantomimed the murder so

vividly that the whole thing seemed a reality. Finally, the finding of human remains. I need not elaborate this point, for the significance of the facts are obvious. Then, again, there are other circumstances which are strong corroborative evidence. The person whom the raps declared to be the murderer had lived in the house at the time when the murder was said to have been committed. A peddler was known to have stopped there who was not seen alive afterwards, although he had made an appointment to call at a certain house on that day. The woman living in the family was dismissed and left the house on the day the peddler called. The man's wife also went away leaving only the two persons, husband and peddler. Goods and effects were noticed in the family soon after not before seen, and such as would be likely to have been a part of the goods of the peddler. Such a volume of evidence, touching any other transactions, ordinary or extraordinary, would be deemed conclusive, a proof positive admitting of no doubt. But when a new idea, counter to old beliefs and prejudices, presents itself, their adherents refuse credence, and many times seek to strangle it by violence and abuse. This has been pre-eminently true as regards spiritualism from the very outset.

Much might be quoted from the statements of the neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, corroborative of the statement of Mrs. Fox already given. They all concur as to the details of the phenomena, and unitedly attest the honesty and sincerity of the entire family. I pass to another matter, the public investigations undertaken in Rochester a few months after the occurrences at Hydesville. Margaretta removed to Rochester to live with her sister, Mrs. Fish, and Catharine was in Auburn with the family of Mr. E. C. Capron. In both places the spirits insisted that the family should present the matter to the public and challenge a thorough scrutiny, indicating that it be done in a capacious hall, promising to rap loud enough to be heard in any part of the same. They also expressed a wish that some one should make a public address, indicating a preference for Mr. Capron before mentioned. The family shrank from the ordeal, well knowing they would have to encounter bitter opposition and unrelenting persecution. They were firmly persuaded of the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and knew them to be supra-human, but they feared the martyrdom to follow. At length

they decided to act on the suggestion of the spirits, their friends assuring them of support before the public. Corinthian Hall, the largest in the city, was engaged; Mr. Capron consented to deliver the address; Mr. George Willetts and Isaac Post, two prominent Quakers, attended to the general arrangements. On the evening of Nov. 14, 1849, the meeting was held, there being on the platform with the mediums Mrs. Amy Post, Rev. A. H. Jervis, N. Draper, and Lyman Granger, and other well-known citizens, all selected by the spirits. Mr. Capron's address was impressively delivered, and received with respectful attention. Raps were distinctly heard at intervals, specially emphasizing those portions of the address of particular merit. At the close, as dictated by the spirits previously, a committee of well-known and honorable gentlemen was appointed by the audience to thoroughly investigate the subject the next day, and report the following evening. The committee met, had the mediums before them, and made a scrutinizing examination, and tested the phenomena as perfectly as they chose, neither the mediums nor their friends interposing any obstacles. This committee publicly reported as follows:—

“Without the knowledge of the persons in whose presence the manifestations are made, the committee selected the hall of the Sons of Temperance for investigation; that the sounds on the floor, near where the two ladies stood, were heard as distinctly as at other places, and that part of the committee heard the rapping on the wall behind them; that a number of questions were asked which were answered, not altogether right nor altogether wrong; that in the afternoon they went to the house of a private citizen, and while there the sounds were heard on the outside of the front door after they had entered, also on the door of a closet. By placing the hand upon the door there was a sensible jar felt when the rapping was heard. One of the committee placed one of his hands upon the feet of the ladies and the other on the floor, and though the feet were not moved there was a distinct jar on the floor. On the *pavement* and on the *ground* the same sounds were heard. When the ladies were separated at a distance no sound was heard, but when a third person was interposed between them the sounds were heard. The ladies seemed to give every opportunity to the committee to investigate the cause fully, and would submit to a thorough investigation by a committee of ladies

if desired. They all agreed that the sounds were heard, *but they entirely failed to discover any means by which it could be done.*"

The report was made to a large audience in Corinthian Hall, many of whom were chagrined that the mediums were not declared to be frauds and the phenomena impostures. Some of the crowd became excited, and vociferously demanded another examination by a new committee, and one was appointed, selected by the audience; honorable men, though evidently they were such as would be the least likely to prove the theory of a spiritual origin. This second examination took place in the office of one of the committee, a lawyer. The sounds were heard on the floor, chairs, tables, walls, doors, in fact everywhere. A doctor of the committee used a stethoscope to test the possibility of the sounds being made by ventriloquism. After a most thorough examination the committee unanimously reported:—

"That the sounds were heard, and their thorough investigation had conclusively shown them to be produced *neither by machinery* nor ventriloquism, though what the agent was they were unable to determine."

This second report to an audience in the same hall was a thunder-clap, and raised a furious storm. The opponents of the spiritual theory had been twice baffled by committees of their own choosing, but they were determined to have a verdict of fraud and imposture at all hazards. A third committee was chosen, and good care was taken that its material should be of the right kind. All were well-known opponents, one of them in pompous, swaggering way declaring: "The girls would not have me on the committee for a hundred dollars"; and another declared that if he could not find out the trick, he would throw himself over Genessee Falls. A most rigid and searching investigation ensued. The committee called to its aid a committee of ladies which made most thorough tests, and reported to the main committee that there was no fraud nor imposture. This third committee, like its predecessors, was forced to report favorably, vindicate the integrity of the mediums, and attest the validity and honesty of the phenomena, though the origin could not be ascertained. The committee jointly say:—



"They had heard the sounds, and *utterly failed to discover their origin*. They had proved that neither machinery nor imposture had been used, and their questions, many of them being mental, were answered correctly."

Besides the general report, each member reported individually, fully corroborating each other, all emphatically declaring that the sounds were extraneous to the mediums. There was a perfect bedlam when the reports were made, and threats of lynching the mediums and their advocates too were freely uttered. Margaretta Fox was on the platform with her sister, Mrs. Fish, and Amy Post, Isaac Post, Rev. A. H. Jervis, George Willetts, and a few other friends, determined to protect Margaretta and face the storm of passion which had been raised; Isaac Post and George Willetts, the Quakers, were conspicuous. The latter declared that the mob of ruffians who designed to lynch the girls, if they attempted it, must do so over his dead body. No violence was offered though its spirit was rampant. The coolness of the few friends of the new truth probably averted any overt acts, and kept the irate crowd at bay. All honor to that noble band, especially Amy Post, Isaac Post, and George Willetts; Amy Post was one of God's anointed; she has always been in the van of the army of progress.

Notwithstanding the honor and integrity of the Fox family were fully vindicated, and the phenomena declared to be no fraud nor imposture, three times, by committees chosen by the public, the bulk of that public refused acquiescence, and continued a warfare of abuse, detraction, and calumny. Nevertheless, the phenomena continued, and in a few months were common throughout the land. As at Rochester, so opposition developed in almost every place where the raps were heard and cognate phenomena took place. Many became martyrs to this unpopular but unquestionable truth of spirit communion. Alas! this is true today, for every higher and new development of spiritual power and mediumship has its martyrs.

I have briefly sketched the opening of the new dispensation, and given the leading events connected with its opening upon the world. There are many other things which I desired to present, but space will not permit. I have given the leading facts, enough to give an understanding of the ways and means adopted by the

spirit world to obtain a hearing and open communication with our mundane sphere. It is a most interesting chapter in the world's history, the dawning light of an era wherein man shall be blessed as never before, and humanity make its utmost possibilities. The 31st of March, 1848, broke the seals of the ages, and furnished an answer to that great question of questions: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

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### MR. EDWARD S. WHEELER,

Philadelphia, Pa.

AT ONSET BAY FACT-MEETING.

Mr. E. S. Wheeler asked attention to a statement he proposed to make, which exemplified a phase of mediumship, the manifestations of which were so common as to at present hardly cause remark, but which were, however, so wonderful and so grandly and beautifully useful as to deserve the greatest appreciation.

He referred, he said, to the mother of psychometry and clairvoyance, of sympathetic diagnosis and the power of healing in all its multiform manifestations as witnessed among spiritualists, and as well among others who knew less of the operation of the disembodied intelligences in the matter or of the laws which govern in the premises.

The speaker promised to select one from the very numerous histories he could relate, and thought, perhaps, that one presented as many points of suggestive interest as any, though it would seem comparatively simple to those present who had equally remarkable, or even more wonderful, experiences of their own, with which comparison could be made if they would but report the facts of their mediumship.

Enough to say that a short time ago he received a letter from a friend resident in the south of California, in which, among other things, was the news of the illness of the writer's daughter, and the request that a lock of hair which was enclosed should be given some one, and the invalid's condition determined, and the result of the diagnosis returned to the person sending the same, who, by the way, was the mother of the sick young woman.

It happened, said the speaker, that while I was opening the let-

ter, there was in my office a very highly educated, somewhat distinguished, and quite successful physician of the old school, an eminently respectable and very worthy friend. To him I presented the lock of hair just as received, and he was urged that as he was a philanthropist and had advantage of all the discipline of the schools, he should at once proceed to diagnose and prescribe effectually in the case under consideration.

The physician was a man past the prime of life, but quite ignorant of the matter of the phenomena of spiritualism. He was somewhat startled by the appeal made to him, and of course very promptly and decidedly disavowed his or any person's ability to accomplish anything in such a manner. He was told that what he said delineated the narrowness of his horizon, but that there were those even among children who could by occult means accomplish all that had been asked of him so much beyond his comprehension. Thereat, Quaker though he was, and believer in the *inward light*, the doctor disavowed almost rudely his belief in anything of the kind stated, and his utter unwillingness to have anything to do with any such fanciful nonsense.

The result, said Mr. Wheeler, was just what I expected, but I was both edified and amused by the same. I had laid my query before the intellectual culture and humanity of a representative of the world's highest attainment in the supposed science of medicine and had failed of satisfaction. I could not take my invalid from California to the Philadelphia doctor, nor convey my doctor through the Rockies to the farther verge of the Pacific Slope, and this the medical scientist demanded as a condition before he could speak and heal the daughter of my far-away friend. Evidently, if there were no power of healing but the doctors of the schools, I was unable to gratify the desire of the mother's heart and of my own soul in aiding the recovery of the suffering young woman.

Now, it happened there was employed in my office at one of the desks, quietly watching a set of books, or otherwise engaged in such work as a quick eye and ready hand could find, another young woman who, in addition to ordinary capacities well cultured, had certain peculiar gifts not so common as the every-day accomplishments. The extent and nature of the mediumship of

which those gifts were part I did not comprehend, or I should not have ventured just as I did upon the experiment I made.

The medium was not in the office during the interview with the doctor, but later in the day I took the letter to her residence, and presenting the lock of hair asked her attention to the same. She held the hair for a moment pressed to her forehead, and she had never undertaken such a diagnosis before, and then began a fearful cough, and went on and impersonated a variety of symptoms indicating serious illness. These symptoms were accompanied by corresponding sufferings on her part, all as it were extemporized from the moment she came in contact with the lock of hair. At last her disturbance and distress became too great for willing endurance, and with a few brief words regarding the patient, and the course which should be taken with her, she returned me the lock of hair.

Of course I looked to see the medium resume at once, or very soon, her normal state, and all the disagreeable impressions and feelings disappear; but, on the contrary, the symptoms continued and the distress followed, the medium being made positively ill for several days, at which I was very much troubled, since I had brought the sickness upon her by the unwarranted liberty I had taken. At last the influence passed off, and the medium fully recovered, much to my satisfaction.

Meantime I wrote an account of what had been said to the sick girl's mother, and sent the lock of hair for examination to J. William Fletcher, the well-known medium, then in Boston. Subsequently I received a second letter from California, in which it was stated that the diagnosis of the lady medium was correct as far as could be decided from the absolutely correct account of symptoms she had given with no aid but the lock of hair, and, furthermore, that from the time of the examination the invalid, though not knowing such had been made, had grown very much better, being nearly rid of the symptoms and sufferings which had so much distressed the medium in Philadelphia. Soon after I received the diagnosis from Fletcher, which did but elaborate and fully state the same matter that had already been stated. This I also forwarded, and in time received an answer expressing perfect satisfaction with the examination, except that no prescription was ordered. Later still came another letter from California,

announcing the continued improvement of the invalid, who seems on the way to a speedy and complete recovery.

There are several things should be noted in this matter, but upon the unappreciative further remark would doubtless be lost. Enough to say there is demonstrated not only the power to follow the slightest clue, the magnetism of a lock of hair, thousands of miles, and read correctly the condition of one who once wore the hair, but that the result is scientific,—the same diagnosis from the same hair by the same process by two mediums not at all in correspondence, and each ignorant of the work of the other. And, furthermore, the possibility one person may through magnetic sympathy, or otherwise, contract the disease of another thousands of miles off, not as in ordinary contagion, perhaps, but so as to assume the disease for the time, and thus relieve the suffering and cure the sick.

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### MR. THOMAS F. BROOKE,

Boston, Mass.

*From the Banner of Light.*

Some twenty-eight years ago, when a small boy, residing at the northern part of Boston, I was one day going to the Quincy Market, and in passing through Blackstone street picked up a piece of glass, a long, narrow strip, at the door of a shop where they framed mirrors. I carried it in my hand, and when near the corner of Merchant's Row, was suddenly pushed against a case of goods standing upon the sidewalk, and the glass was thrust into my thigh. I was taken to a doctor, who kept on Hanover street, near Richmond. He examined the wound, and gave it as his opinion that there was no glass in it; that the glass must have broken when it cut me, and fallen to the sidewalk. I was then taken home, suffering severe pain. The same evening a physician was called in, who examined the cut and gave the same opinion as the first.

The wound was allowed to heal up, but I always suffered pain from it, and sometimes found it very difficult to walk. About thirteen years later a piece of glass worked out to the surface, just under the skin, on the other side of the leg. Getting into bed one evening I felt it, and called for a razor and cut it out; it

measured about three-quarters of an inch long, and about a quarter of an inch wide. I showed it to our family physician, who stated that I was very fortunate in getting it out. I had some months previous to its coming out shown him the scar, had told him the particulars about it, and spoke to him of the pain I experienced from it. He at that time said it was a serious matter, but there could not be anything done for me, as it would be like "looking for a needle in a hay-stack."

I felt the pain after the glass came out the same as before. Being engaged in selling goods in the State of Maine, about three years ago, I was on the Bangor train of the Maine Central Railroad, in the smoking-car. When we arrived at Brunswick the cars ran past the platform, and coming out of the front door of the car with a heavy valise in my hand, I jumped to the track, striking on my right foot (it was the right leg that the glass went into). The jump jarred me very severely, and I felt something snap in my leg, as if a sinew had parted. The pain was intense, and I had to rest for a time.

When I reached Boston I went and stated the case to the same physician to whom I had carried the glass when it came out. He said the glass that came out had partially cut through a sinew, and in jumping I strained and sundered it; that all that could be done was to keep the limb bandaged and be careful; but it was very troublesome.

I became a little interested in investigating spiritualism with a number of friends at that time, and calling on two of them one Sunday afternoon, about a year ago, they requested me to go with them to a circle at Mrs. T. L. Henley's, then on Albion Street, but now at 4 Bond Street. I attended several of her circles last winter. On one occasion when sitting for me she stated that she saw a piece of glass in my leg, near the bone, an inch and three-quarters long, or about that, and nearly half an inch wide at the widest part, near the center. She described its shape; said it tapered off at both ends, and that one of the ends was longer from the widest part than the other; that it was almost square at each end. She further said I was liable to lose my leg by mortification, or by the glass cutting an artery at any moment, and urged me to go to a competent physician and have it attended to at once.

I did not have faith enough in clairvoyance to go and do anything about it, though she repeated the statement several times afterwards to me and to a number of people in the house. About the first of November, 1881, I again hurt my leg under similar circumstances in Maine, upon getting off the cars, and returned home unable to attend to any business. I could walk around, though with great pain in my leg, which was very much discolored and inflamed. I felt thoroughly discouraged with doctors, so I called upon Mrs. Henley. She gave me the same warning she gave me before, and told me her guides recommended me to go to Dr. Edmond T. Eastman, at 293 Shawmut Avenue. I then called on Dr. Eastman, but he was out of town. I returned and informed Mrs. Henley of his absence. She advised me to go to a doctor on Boylston Street, as my case was more dangerous than I realized. I followed her advice, and found the doctor. He examined the leg, and gave me the same opinion the other physicians had given me,—that there was no glass in it, but that a sinew was broken. He recommended me to put on a splint and keep still for a week or more, as it would be bad to cut the leg, and make an open sore where there was none; that I might find some physician who would jump at the conclusion that there was glass in it, and cut into the leg and make the matter more dangerous, and I might lose my limb; adding that it was impossible for anyone really to know if there was any glass there, the trouble being so deep in the flesh, in the thickest part of the thigh.

I reported his statements to Mrs. Henley, when she replied that she did not care how strongly physicians asserted that there was no glass in the leg, for *she saw it*, and knew its shape and size. She declared there was no sinew broken; that Dr. Eastman would get it out for me, that I would hold it in my hand if I followed her directions, and insisted upon my going back to see him (Dr. Eastman) when he got home, or I might lose my life. Upon Dr. Eastman's return I went and saw him. He examined my leg, and remarked he thought there might be a small piece of glass in it. He recommended me to poultice it to make it show what it was, or draw it to the surface, and to keep it bathed with laudanum, rum, and salt; not to keep still, but moving, being careful not to jar it.



I followed his directions, being under his treatment for about four weeks, at the end of which time he succeeded in drawing a piece of glass to the surface under the skin, and on Friday morning, Dec. 23, 1881, he cut with a lance, and succeeded in pulling it out with the forceps. To Dr. Eastman's and my own great astonishment it measured one and seven-eighths inches in length, and nearly half an inch in breadth in the widest part, and was of the exact shape Mrs. T. L. Henley had described it to be. Dr. Eastman states that he never experienced anything like it before in his practice. There is no sinew injured.

It is now over three weeks since the glass was taken out, the leg is healed up completely, and I have not the slightest trouble with it. I feel that but for the clairvoyance of Mrs. Henley and the good judgment of Dr. Eastman I would ultimately have lost my life, as I had become discouraged by the physicians, who declared there could not be anything done for me, and that there was no glass in the leg. I told Dr. Eastman who sent me to him when I first went, but did not tell him what she saw, as I did not then have faith enough in clairvoyance to believe that there could for about twenty-eight years be a piece of glass in my leg one inch and seven-eighths long, and about half an inch wide. It is now in my possession, and I have had it put in a setting to preserve it, as I would not lose it for quite a sum.

I am not a spiritualist; I am a Roman Catholic; and I write this simple statement of facts at the request of a number of acquaintances who know all about the case.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS F. BROOKE.

5 Ashland Street, Boston, Jan. 13, 1882.

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MR. JOHN V. DUNBAR,

Kanawha Station, Wood Co., West Virginia.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

In the year 1845 I was living in the village of North Wayne; there was in this place quite an extensive scythe manufactory in which many laborers were daily employed. Among them was a young married man by the name of George Williams, who resided in one part of the large double house in which I then lived.

This man was rather more than ordinary in intelligence, a great reader, and very much interested in any sort of mental phenomena; he owned Mesmer's large work on clairvoyance, which seemed to have a special attraction for him. I had living with me at this time a little girl about twelve years of age, by the name of Roxy Frost, who helped my wife about general housework. She was naturally exceedingly stupid, her mind having been hurt by the effects of opium taken by her mother before her birth; she was not able to read a word or even to count the fingers on her hand; but Roxy was compensated for this lack of ordinary ability by wonderful clairvoyant power, and my friend and tenant, Mr. Williams, soon discovered that, from the knowledge he had gained by the study of Mesmer's work, he was enabled to induce that condition upon her; when in the mesmeric state, Roxy would read a letter folded, and in the pocket of a person, when none near knew its contents, except the owner; she could diagnose diseases correctly, often prescribing remedies that cured when all other means had failed; she would also find stolen property, even though it had been lost for years. At one time a neighbor of ours, by the name of Bessy, came to Roxy to find out where a log chain was that had been stolen from him; she told him to go into a neighbor's wood-shed and lift up the second board in the floor on the east side and he would see it. Bessy did as Roxy directed and found the chain, but she could not be prevailed upon to tell who stole it.

This man, Bessy, had been teaching a singing-school some fifty miles east that winter; before he left he asked Roxy if she could tell him anything about a letter he had lately received: "Yes," she said, "you took it out of the office on your way down here, and it is from a young lady living in the place in which you have been teaching, and she threatens to sue you for breach of promise; but you need not fear, she will not do it." Bessy admitted the statement to be every word true.

There was one peculiar feature about Mr. Williams' power over Roxy. When under his control, you could pierce her flesh with a needle and she would take no notice of it, but if you touched him, immediately she felt the pain, and would cry: "Stop pricking me." I could pull her hair and she would be perfectly uncon-

scious of it, but when Williams' hair was pulled she would quickly cry out against it, saying it hurt her.

One day when Roxy was under control Mr. Williams asked her if she could describe his former home in Callis, a place near the Canada line, some four hundred miles distant, also a certain street which he named, and church, of which his father was pastor.

She described the street as minutely as one could had they been familiar with it all their lives; then the church, which Mr. Williams said was wrong, and asked her to look again; she did so, reiterating her former statement. Again Mr. Williams declared her description incorrect. She looked the third time, still insisting upon her previous statement being true. Mr. Williams then wrote to his brother, asking if any changes had been made in the old church; when the answer came, he learned of several important ones, all of which Roxy had seen and described minutely, thus proving the perfect reliability of her clairvoyant vision.

One evening I said to my wife: "I am going out to the factory store awhile and see what is going on." I started and walked along as far as the store, but decided not to go in, but instead call on a neighbor living in the east part of the village. I had not been there long when the son-in-law of my friend came in, and we three became very earnestly engaged in a discussion about the Scriptures. We were thus occupied for two hours or more, when I finally took my departure. On returning home my wife said to me: "Why did you not go to the store this evening?" Said I: "How do you know I did not?" She then told me where I had been, named each one of the company there present, and the subject we had been conversing upon, and many other little incidents that had transpired during my absence. "Well," said I, "that is strange; how came you to know all this?" Mr. Williams answered my question by saying that he had mesmerized Roxy, and sent her after me, and she was their informant, and a correct one, too, for scarcely a thing had transpired in my presence since I had left the house that she had not seen and described to them.

The news of Roxy's marvelous gifts soon spread through all the country round; many people came to see her, some drawn by curiosity, others by a desire to be benefited by her wonderful power in diagnosing and prescribing for all manner of diseases.

One day a fine-looking, well-dressed lady and gentleman called who were strangers to all of us. The lady asked Roxy if she could see anything troubling her: "Yes, ma'am," said Roxy, "you have a very bad sore just above your ankle, and you have now for the first time put beech leaves upon it; you must take them off right away as they irritate it and make it feel badly." The lady then said: "Can you tell me how I came by this sore?" Roxy answered: "Do you not remember thirteen years ago when you were so very sick? At that time your doctor gave you too much calomel, and that is what has brought this trouble upon you." The lady then asked Roxy if she could see any particular time in the day when it was worse than at other times. She answered: "Yes, ma'am, at twelve o'clock at night it is much worse." Then she described the symptoms and particular sensations of the lady at that time, all of which were verified in every particular by the statement of the lady and her husband.

It was no uncommon thing for Roxy to give prescriptions to people who were ill, and I do not know that one ever failed to cure. I had a little son about five years of age, who, if he happened to hurt himself badly enough to make him cry, would go into fearful spasms. We had taken him up several times, thinking he never would come out of them alive. We at last consulted Roxy as to the cause. She said the boy had two large worms that came up in his throat and choked him. I asked her if she could give us a prescription that would cure him. She said: "Get a large handful of mountain-ash bark, and cover it with good Cognac brandy, let it stand a few hours, and then bottle the liquid, and give him a teaspoonful occasionally, and he will not be troubled long." We did as directed, and in a very short time a permanent cure was produced.

Another singular incident happened which I will relate. One day a gentleman from Readfield called upon Dr. Hayson, my friend and family physician, asking the doctor to come to his house to see the sister of his wife who was very ill with consumption, making a statement at the same time that every other physician in the county had been tried, and all had failed to cure her. Dr. Hayson knew of Roxy's clairvoyant power, and invited the gentleman to call with him and see what she said about the sick patient. They did so. Roxy was put into the usual mesmeric

state, and immediately began to describe the house in which the gentleman lived, then the furniture of the lower part of the house very correctly; then he asked her to go up stairs and see what was there.

Suddenly she threw up her arms, exclaiming: "Oh, I see a poor sick woman on a bed with her head on her hands and elbow on a pillow crying, and there are two curly-headed little children playing on the carpet." The doctor asked: "What is the lady crying for?" Roxy answered: "Oh, to think she must so soon die and leave her little children." Then the doctor asked: "Cannot I cure her?" "No," Roxy said, "you cannot; all you can do is to give something to soothe and make her feel more comfortable while she lives, which will only be three months." Her death occurred just at the time Roxy predicted. My wife for many years had been at intervals very badly afflicted with spinal disease caused by falling from a horse during the winter of the year 1845; she grew much worse; her physician informed me he had done all he could, and wished for counsel, which was obtained at once, and the decision rendered that my wife might live until spring, but no longer. I then asked Roxy to find me a physician that could cure her. Roxy said she would try; after a little time she informed me there was one in Hallowell, a large city on the Kennebec River, near Augusta, capital of Maine. She said his name was Smith, described his personal appearance, dwelling, the street in which he lived and number of the house, all so minutely and perfectly that when we went there we had no difficulty in finding the place without further directions. I found him to be not only an educated physician but a powerful magnetic healer; and, suffice it to say, my wife staid about six months, and was treated by him, when she was entirely cured, and was never troubled again until the summer of 1872, when she again injured her spine by falling, and only lived three months, then passed on to spirit life where I hope soon to join her, as I am now an old man nearly seventy-nine years of age. I could give you many more interesting facts relating to mental and spiritual phenomena, but I think these will suffice for the present. I became a Universalist in 1826, and a spiritualist in 1848, and am still asking for more light,—more light.

## DR. W. E. MORRIS,

Of New York.

I have been requested to relate a fact that occurred a long time ago. I have been an investigator in spiritualism. I never endorsed anything for a long time. Since then I have had wonderful demonstrations. My mother died in 1833; I am now in my 55th year. She lived in Seneca County, N. Y. My father was in New York city at the time. We were building a house. I was in my fifth year. My father went to New York on business to obtain money to finish building the house. While there they moved my mother into a new house. The furniture was new, and all the surroundings such as father had never seen. She passed away during his absence. He left his body and saw everything in the room where she was. He took particular notice of the time when she expired,—quarter past one. When he awoke from this dream,—for he called it a dream,—my mother put her hand on his cheek. He was perfectly awake. She called him by name. A very bright light was around her head,—bright as noonday. She looked at him a few seconds and then vanished. He got up soon after that, for he could not sleep at all. He went and ordered his horse and got ready for his departure that morning, then came back, called his brother and said: "I am going home right away." His brother said: "You want some breakfast." He said: "No; my wife is dead and I am going home as soon as possible." Said his brother: "That is nonsense." Said he: "It is true." He got as far as Ithica, N. Y., when he met one of my mother's neighbors, who said: "Mr. Morris, I have bad news for you." My father said: "I know all, and I will tell you to prove it." He told the time of night to the minute. The neighbor said: "It is all true; how did you know it?" He said: "I suppose I was there in spirit."

This fact seems to establish two points: first, that materialization was a fact then; second, that it was possible for the mind to go out of the body. A lady, Miss King, told me about her experience. She attended her sister during a severe illness. She passed away, leaving in her charge five children. It so worried her taking care of her sister that she was taken down with a fever. As soon as the fever came on violently she left the body

and went with her sister and father. For nine days everyone said she was dead. But there was a little warmth in the body, and the doctors would not allow her to be buried. As soon as the fever consumed the impurities in the body, she came back and related everything that transpired during the nine days,—all that was done for her, and everything with regard to her sister and father, which is another proof that the mind can leave the body and let the body rest. My father was strictly orthodox, but he always said that he believed the spirits of our departed friends came back as ministering angels. It was very pleasant to think we could have them around us. My father passed out twelve years ago, in his 80th year. My mother died quite young. These facts are known to many.

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MR. W. J. COLVILLE,

Boston, Mass.

[The following is an extract from a letter written by W. J. Colville, from Chicago, and published in the *Banner of Light*.—Ed.]

Before bringing my letter to a close I will give a brief account of some materializations I have witnessed recently in a private house through the mediumship of a wealthy lady, whose circumstances are such that she has never felt the want of money, has never taken anything for her services, and never allows strangers to be present at her seances unless specially summoned by her guides, as she is of a retiring disposition, shrinking from all publicity. The seances are held in her own drawing-room, those present being herself and husband, and members of her immediate family; the only others admitted being four regular sitters, in whose company the lady's powers originally unfolded. I have been privileged to sit only once with this wonderful medium, but that once was sufficient to convince me that materializing possibilities have not been exaggerated even by the most enthusiastic. We were all sitting in a pleasant, shaded light, talking somewhat listlessly on the current topics of the day, not expecting any apparitions, when our eyes were suddenly riveted to the table, at which we distinctly saw some one writing. Approaching the table the form vanished; but on examining the paper, in blood-red let-



ters, in a most singular handwriting, we found on a sheet of ordinary note paper the name of an intimate friend of one of the sitters, who had recently passed to spirit life. The medium during this was reclining sound asleep apparently on a sofa several feet from the table. Wishing to thoroughly test this wonderful phenomenon, I took a leaf out of my pocket-book, and laid it, carefully marked, in the center of the aforesaid table. Scarcely had I regained my seat when we were all startled with a bright flash of light. Turning our eyes to the table we saw a tall, handsome man busily writing and drawing. He beckoned to me to come up to him, and, patting me on the shoulder, said, in a pleasant, friendly voice: "Won't this convince you?" and, looking at the leaf from my pocket-book, I saw written out legibly and fully my uppermost thoughts at the time of placing the paper on the table, and in addition two symbols perfectly drawn, with two letters in envelopes addressed to me accompanying them. On returning home I found two letters awaiting me from persons to whom "Winona" has given symbolic names, they signing these names under their society appellations. I am told that these manifestations are of constant occurrence, and that what I have described is by no means as remarkable as the experiences of many others. The spirit who wrote when I was present was perfect in form, feature, and apparel, but his body was by no means of so solid a texture as our own.

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### MR. JAMES S. DODGE,

Boston, Mass.

*From the Banner of Light.*

On Monday, Oct. 2d, there died in Boston (to speak after the manner of the world), at his residence, 27 Shawmut Avenue, Mr. Richard R. White, aged 40 years 11 months and 17 days. I was well acquainted with the gentleman in question while in the mortal, and have received frequent visits from him at my store in Boston. The circumstances attending the last three or four days of his earth-life are so singular that it seems to me they cannot fail of interest to your readers.

I am informed by those conversant with the facts in the case, and in whom I have perfect confidence, that on the Friday, Satur-

day, and Sunday preceding his demise he passed into a mental state which his immediate friends took to be insanity, but which subsequent inquiry proved to be far removed therefrom. He began speaking of various things which appeared to his vision, finally asserting that a young lady (giving the name which he said she called herself by) was present in the sick room, although his attendants assured him positively that no such person was there in the form. As he persisted in stating that she *was* standing near him, he was asked if he had ever known such a young lady, or one bearing that name, to which he gave a decided negative, and added that he had never seen her before, but could tell how she appeared, specifying particularly the manner in which her hair was arranged across the forehead.

Her first appearance in his room was on Friday, Sept. 29th. On Saturday, 30th, he declared that she was again present, and he began to converse with her; on Sunday, Oct. 1st, when they offered him some nourishment he refused it, saying that "Nellie" (the first name of the mysterious young lady) *was there, and would not take any, either.* On Monday, Oct. 2d, he died, as above stated; and what was the surprise of his friends, on looking at the *Herald*, to find in the list of death notices, wherein his own demise was recorded, the announcement that a young lady *of the exact name* which he so frequently pronounced during his supposed delirium had died on Sunday, Oct. 1st, in Boston, in the twenty-third year of her age! Truly on that Sabbath when he refused nourishment, apparently because she would not take some, she had already passed beyond the need of all earthly sustenance.

His relatives were so impressed with this fact that they repaired to the number of the house on Hampden Street (given in the obituary notice) where the deceased girl lived previous to her transition, and found her parents to be Roman Catholic in belief, of Irish descent, and having no knowledge of spirit return and communion. The description given by the deceased gentleman while yet alive regarding the general appearance of the young lady, the arrangement of her hair, and other details, was found to be correct,—proving that the sick man, confined to his room by wasting illness, *had* seen her in some, to them, unexplainable way.

Here is a matter demanding the attention of those who deny

the capability of the spirit to express itself independently of the fleshly body. The evidence is conclusive that during the last two days of her earth life Miss Nellie's spirit left her form and visited the apartment of the sick man, maintaining for a brief season intelligent conversation with him; and on Sunday, *after* her death (and the day previous to his own), this freed spirit again visited him, refusing to countenance the use of bodily nutriment, and by her action evidently causing him to do the same. He, evidently, by his descriptions, *saw* her spirit both before and after the death of her body, while the fact of the death of her physical body on Sunday made no appreciable difference to him in the appearance of her interior self as she stood (according to his declarations), as she had at intervals for the past two days, at his bedside.

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## MATERIALIZATION.

At the Residence of Mr. William H. Banks.

In the course of a meeting held recently at the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Banks, 176 Lexington Street, East Boston, by a number of ladies and gentlemen, among whom we recognize the names of several prominent spiritualists of this city, Capt. C. P. Drisko, who is well known in this community as an able and experienced shipmaster, gave the following recital of a striking experience met with by him on shipboard, whereby he was made the recipient of a warning from a materialized spirit, by heeding which he not only saved his own vessel and crew from shipwreck, but also those of another captain, who, unacquainted with the shoals, was, by agreement, following implicitly in his wake:—

“Every man who has attained the age of fifty or sixty years has had some strange experience which, though real to himself, he cannot account for or explain to others. Therefore, when I hear people speak dogmatically that certain appearances are mere illusions, fancies, hallucinations, dreams of a diseased brain, etc., I become something of an agnostic, and ask How do you know? The unknown is greater than the known, and unless a man knows

everything, he cannot tell whether the thing I know is real or imaginary. So much for preface.

"In the winter of 1865 I commanded the ship *Harry Booth*, bound from New York for Dry Tortugas, with a cargo of government stores, and two hundred mechanics and laborers to be employed on the fortifications then in the course of construction. When the ship reached the vicinity of Abaco, the wind blew a fierce norther with heavy rain; the sun had gone down, and the weather soon became quite dark. To haul off was impossible, the wind blew too fresh to carry sail, and the only rational course left was to incur the risk of crossing the Bahama Banks. The ship drew fourteen feet, and I could not expect that there were much more than fifteen feet of water on some parts of the banks. A foot is very little to spare under a ship's keel; but I resolved to take the chance, and accordingly squared away, that is, put the ship before the wind, and took my departure from Berry Island. Having seen everything in order on deck, I left the chief mate, Mr. Peterson, a careful and trustworthy officer, in charge, and went below for a little rest.

"At ten minutes to 11 o'clock I heard a voice, clear and distinct, say: 'Go on deck and anchor!' 'Who are you?' I demanded; and I sprang on deck, for I was not a man to take orders from anyone. I found the ship going along on her true course, and everything as I could wish. I questioned Mr. Peterson if he had seen any person enter the cabin, but neither he nor the man at the wheel had either seen or heard anyone.

"Thinking it might have been hallucination I went below again; about ten minutes to 12 a man with a grey great-coat and slouched hat entered the cabin, and, looking me straight in the face, commanded me to go on deck and anchor. He left the cabin deliberately. I heard his heavy tread as he passed before me. Once more I sprang on deck and found the ship all right. Sure of my course I was not disposed, even with this second warning, to obey any man or anything else, no matter what appearance it might put on. Again I went below, but not to sleep, for I had everything on, ready for a spring on deck.

"At ten minutes to 1 a.m. the same man entered the cabin, and more imperiously than before said: 'Go on deck and anchor!' I recognized at a glance that the speaker was my old friend Capt.

John Barton, with whom I had sailed when a boy, and who treated me with great kindness. I sprang on deck, rounded the ship to, and anchored her with fifty fathoms of chain. All hands were called and the sails furled.

"Shortly afterward I felt the ship touch, but neither the mate nor anyone else noticed it. A few minutes later, however, all hands felt it. I threw the lead first from one side then from the other, and found five fathoms (thirty feet) of water. I was perplexed, and asked myself what it could mean, when the same voice sang out: 'Throw the lead over the stern!' I did so, and to my dismay found only thirteen and a half feet (the ship drew fourteen). I immediately set the mizzen topsail and spanker, and backed her clear of the reef against which she sheered every time she brought a strain upon her chain.

"The danger was past; the ship rode clear of the reef, and sustained but little damage where she struck. A ship which spoke me in the early part of the evening, and whose captain was not familiar with the Bahamas, said that he would follow me, and for this purpose I hung a light over my stern. Watching my movements closely, he rounded to almost as soon as I did, and thereby saved his vessel. No doubt the norther had shallowed the water on the banks, and that if we had continued on our course we both would have been wrecked. Will those who assume that the spirits of our departed friends do not take an interest in us, please explain? What I have stated is true. It was the spirit of a departed friend, Capt. John Barton, well known as one of the best shipmasters in the country. He commanded among others the ships Talleyrand and Superior, and was esteemed by all who ever knew him. My voyage in the Harry Booth was entirely successful."

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### LYMAN C. HOWE,

Fredonia, N. Y.

At the home of Morris Keeler, on the hill overlooking Moravia, N. Y., in the summer of 1871, I for the first time saw unmistakable materialization. I was a stranger in that county. Dr. A. Robinson, of McLean, fourteen miles from Moravia, was with me, and the only one in the house who knew my name, and he knew

nothing of my relatives or history. After an hour in the dark, during which some impressive phenomena occurred, unmistakably of a spiritual origin, delicate hands manipulated us and passed from one to another with the rapidity of lightning, as it seemed; and while we all sat with joined hands, save the medium who was in front of us, and her position was distinctly known to all, a tender, inimitable voice spoke in the air above our heads "Barbara" in answer to the question "Who is this?" I shall never forget that voice, and I know it was not the voice of the medium, nor within the possibilities of ventriloquism. Dr. Robinson acknowledged the name Barbara as that of his beloved wife, then some twenty-three years a resident of the unseen world. He was quite sure no one in the room except himself knew her or her name. Presently the same voice called for a light, and the medium retired to the cabinet. A piano occupied one end of the room, on which was a lighted lamp, the flame of which shone obliquely across the aperture of the cabinet where faces and forms appear. After about ten minutes' passive waiting the curtain lifted, and a delicate female face, *quite unlike the medium*, looked out upon us. Dr. Robinson recognized it as Barbara, his long-lost wife, not dead, but now before him. The curtain dropped and another pause ensued, perhaps five minutes, when again it parted, and the face of a man appeared, projected out into the full light turned toward the lighted lamp, then looked tenderly at me, bowed gracefully three times, and then withdrew. I was amazed and transfixed with reverent joy and unspeakable satisfaction. I know I was in the full possession of my faculties, and was wide awake. I was not dreaming. My sight was clear and my memory active. That face was unmistakable. A million masks could not represent it. I was the only person present who had ever before seen it. It was my brother! I make liberal allowance for all the possible imperfections of sight and resemblances. I will give any person, *not a medium*, \$100 to reproduce that face as then and there seen. Dr. Robinson sat at my side. He had never seen my brother,—did not know I ever had a brother. He recognized him from the family resemblance, but remarked that his face was broader than mine, his beard heavier, his head a little bald, and a scar or indentation on the right side of his forehead; all of which is true, and these were the strong marks by which all

who know him would distinguish him from me, yet by strangers he was frequently mistaken for me in my absence. Dr. Robinson remarked to me after the seance: "I should know your brother if I should meet him in the street tomorrow." I know spiritualism is true. I believe in every phase of the phenomena from the "mystic rap" to full-form materialization. I am satisfied, too, that there is much to be learned, and great usefulness in properly-arranged and well-conducted dark seances. The most impressive, sweet, and exalting music I ever heard was the spirit-voice singing in a dark seance in Mr. Keeler's room, Mary Andrews being the medium, in presence of four ladies and two gentlemen. It was a clear, soft, powerful male voice, of incomparable sweetness, and seemed to float from one end of the room to the other just above our heads. It was simply impossible under the circumstances that anyone in the flesh produced that music. And it seemed to me that no one living in the charmed atmosphere that accompanied it could feel wicked or think evil; and if our world could be filled with such music, and such hallowed presences, humanity would be redeemed.

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### LETTER FROM HELEN M. BARNARD.

*From the Banner of Light.*

The promises and prophecies that have been given in various places and at different times that the centennial year should be one of bright fruition for spiritualism seem likely to be fulfilled.

Philadelphia is at the present time the center from which the unseen forces seem to operate throughout the world. The wonders that are being wrought through the concentration of so many mediumistic forces would, if brought to the knowledge of the world, pour a flood of light upon this most important of all subjects. The cavils that are universally indulged in against the necessity of a condition of darkness for the production of many of the physical manifestations will soon yield (as has so often been prophesied they would) to the possibility of lighted rooms.

On Sunday morning, at the residence of S. P. Kase,—a wealthy gentleman of this city, who entertains mediums with generous hospitality, many of whom, like the Christ of old, have not where



to lay their heads,—during breakfast, while the family were still seated around the table, Mrs. Thayer, who has found a happy home within this household, complained of loss of appetite, and, feeling quite unwell, arose to leave the table, when she discovered by the peculiar shivering, nervous tremor that precedes her floral dispensations that there was no use to attempt to vacate her place, for the agony was fairly on her, and she must yield to its culmination. This was early in the morning, without premeditation or expectation. Presently we felt something fall about our feet. On raising the cloth, there, under the table, were a dozen or more beautiful white pond lilies, interspersed with pinks and rosebuds. Then a pine-apple dropped on the plate beside Mrs. Kase, much to the bewilderment of all present, who could not see any more of the mystery explained of the where or how the flowers are brought than when the same is done in darkened rooms; it was only a flash in the air, and suddenly, without notice or preparation, they fell as noiselessly as do the snow-flakes from the leaden winter sky.

After this manifestation the family adjourned, filled with the spirit, like the party of old, to whom the disembodied spirit of the Master came, to an upper room. The servants were called up, and all joined around the family altar in songs of prayer and praise. While thus engaged there dropped at the feet of Mrs. Kase, brushing her dress in its flight, a magnificent half-blown magnolia, set in a crown of ten wax-like leaves, completely hiding from view the nestling blossom within. It was a magnolia from the extreme south, such as do not grow in this latitude, and are not to be found in our green-houses. It seemed to bring with it the sphere of dreamy, hazy, southern skies, the land of beauty and wealth of bloom. All in the room saw it fall, and all also saw that Mrs. Thayer was sitting with folded arms some distance from the spot where the instantaneous creation of this flower seemed to have taken place.

It was thrillingly beautiful and impressive, taken apart from its surroundings, but added to its abstract positive quality was the appropriate tribute twice repeated to Mrs. Mary Kase,—Mary, a name blessed of old, and now blessed again. Even as she of old ministered to the Saviour of mankind, so does this, her namesake, minister to the latter-day saviors of the world, the sensi-

tives through whose peculiar organisms the light of happier spheres beyond breaks upon a stricken, creed-bound world. For years she has been to this reviled and persecuted class encouragement and reinforcement. Undaunted by ingratitude, and too often receiving from those she has benefited blame for the thanks that should have showered her pathway, she still pursues the mission of defender, patron, and protector of mediums.

Mrs. Thayer is certainly the most wonderful magician, conjurer, witch, priestess, sibyl, medium, or any other name she may be called by Christian, heathen, Jew, or Gentile, and each new manifestation of her marvelous gifts fills me with fresh wonder, and gives me renewed hope that beyond the veil we live again.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1876.

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### MRS. JANETTE HAGAN,

South Royalton, Vt.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

As you have requested, I will narrate a short though significant experience in spiritual phenomena which occurred at the house of Mr. George Kelley, 239 Acushmut Avenue, New Bedford, Mass.

One day, in the early part of March, 1880, I accompanied my daughter, Jennie B. Hagan, to New Bedford, where she was to fill an engagement to lecture during the month. We did not reach our destination until after dark, and were total strangers to everybody in the city, not excepting the family of Mr. Kelley, where we stopped. Soon after our arrival we were informed that a spiritual seance was to be held in the house that evening, the special phase of spirit power consisting of independent voices, and my daughter and myself were invited to join the circle. The medium was a lady by the name of Mrs. Nelson Collins, who had been a boarder at the house of Mr. Kelley for a number of years, and who only gave these seances by the request of friends, but never sat as a public medium or received any remuneration for her services. Our circle was formed by each person present sitting around a table in the center of the room, and placing both hands upon it, the medium not excepted. The gas was turned down, leaving the room in darkness. Singing was requested, in

which the medium joined others of the party. Very soon new voices were added to the choir, loud, clear, and distinct, thrilling every mortal present with their heavenly melody; truly, spirits of the dead had returned, and were contributing to the general harmony with an inspiration that thrills me even as I write. Then gentle hands patted our heads, and stroked our faces; and names of spirit friends were spoken in audible voices to different individuals in the circle.

A gentleman by the name of Mr. William Nye was present, a well-known citizen of Fair Haven, Mass., whose brother was lost on a whaling voyage in the Arctic regions. This brother came, gave his name, and a most pathetic description of the sufferings of the lost crew, saying he himself lived about three weeks after deserting the ship. The voice sounded strangely like that of a person chilled and suffering from cold, but quite distinct and sufficiently natural to be recognized at once by Mr. Nye.

Very soon after this manifestation had ceased, a strong hand was laid on my head, and a well-known voice, that had not greeted me for many years,—I well knew it to be that of my husband,—said: “Janette, Janette, Janette,” three times; then, after a short pause, spoke again, with much emotion, saying: “How glad I am to meet you again, and be able to speak to you. I hope to communicate more fully before you leave this place than is possible tonight.” Then, going to the other side of the table, where my daughter was sitting, said: “My child, you are doing a great and good work, and I am rejoiced in your success. I am often with you, always interested in your welfare, and am trying to help you all I can.”

Many other messages and tests were given during this and other seances of the same kind that I cannot recall. I know the voices were not those of mortals. I have heard them in the presence of Mrs. Collins in a gas-lighted room while the medium was engaged in social conversation; they have spoken names that no person present knew except the one addressed, and given tests that could not be disputed. The details of these experiences are numerous, but I think these are sufficient to establish my claim as witness of the great truth of spirit return, and aid you in your glorious work of announcing and proving the fact to your fellow-men.

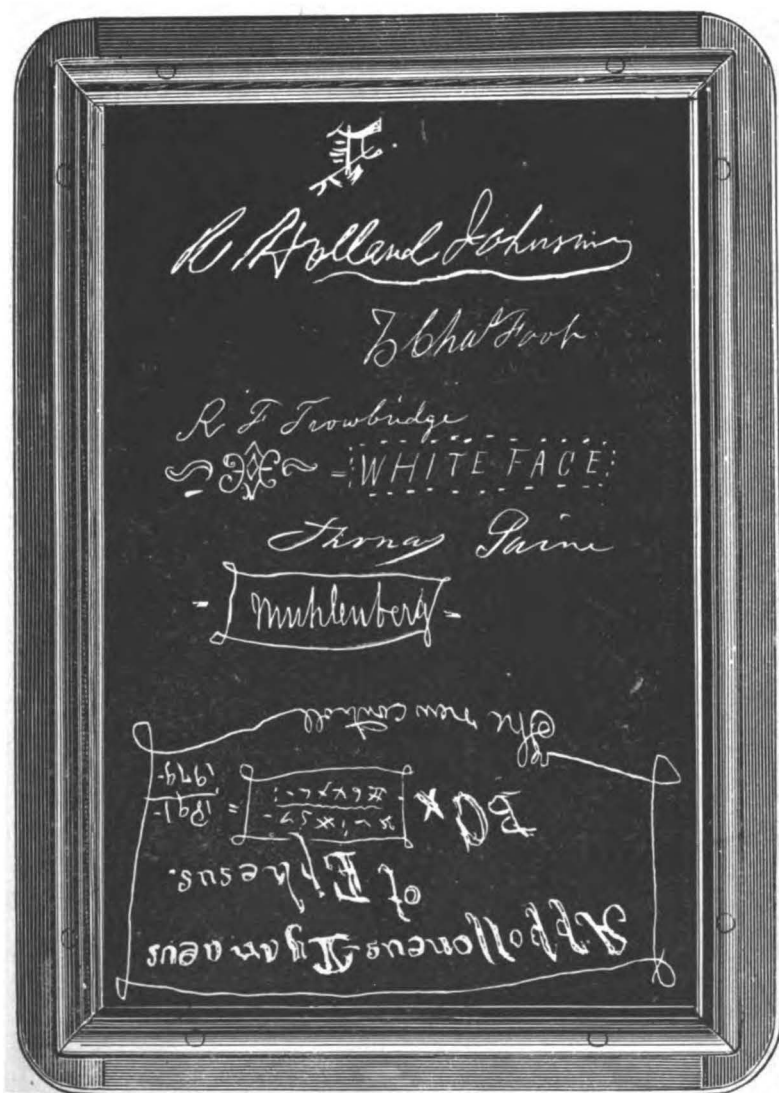
## DR. SILAS J. CHESEBROUGH,

Syracuse, N. Y.

Copy of a slate containing the names of the spirit band of Dr. Silas J. Chesebrough, of Syracuse, N.Y., obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Joseph Caffray, then a resident at Dr. Chesebrough's. The circumstances under which the message on the slate was obtained were these:—

In the spring of 1881, while the doctor was alone in his room one day, Confucius, the Chinese law-giver (whose monogram stands at the head of the slate) came to him in the person of young Caffray, and told him if he would procure a slate, and have a glass secured firmly over it, his spirit band would write their names on it for him, under the glass, so that he might know who they were. The doctor at once purchased a new slate, had a glass cut to fit it, and with some molding, screws, and putty, prepared the slate himself, as directed by Confucius. The molding is secured to the frame of the slate by ten screws countersunk into the wood, and covered with putty. The space between the molding and the glass is filled with putty, so that it would be impossible to disturb it without detection. No pencil was placed under the glass, neither was there any in the room at the time the message was written. He was then ordered to wrap the slate up in a black cloth and put it away in his seance room, taking care to lock the door and keep the key in his possession, and under no circumstances to enter the room himself, nor allow anyone else to do so, as it would disturb the conditions while they were magnetizing the slate. All this was complied with; and, after the lapse of one week, young Caffray was again controlled by Confucius, who told the doctor they would be ready that evening to sign their names, and as they intended to draw largely upon *his* power they wished him to prepare himself in the following manner:—

“Eat a light breakfast, and no dinner nor supper. Go into the dark room at 11 a.m., and remain there alone till notified that all things are ready. Take your seat at a specified place at the table. Keep as quiet as possible, and strictly abstain from speaking to anyone till the seance is over. And be sure and have no one present whose word would be doubted when questioned in regard to the facts.”



Fac simile of Slate-Writing. (See page 362.)



In the evening ten persons assembled, viz., Col. J. W. Fall, No. 62 South Salina St.; E. B. Waldo, No. 24 Shonnard St.; Capt. S. H. Austen, of the Globe Hotel; Stephen Lewis, No. 124 Jackson St.; John W. Truesdell, of the firm of Blain and Truesdell, Note and Exchange Brokers; Joseph Caffray, and Mr. and Mrs. Chesebrough, all of Syracuse. In addition to these, there were two who were not residents of Syracuse, viz., Col. W. E. Degan, New York State Arsenal, corner 7th Avenue and 35th Sts., New York city, and a gentleman friend of Col. Degan's, from Brooklyn.

All were seated around an extension table, with a lamp burning full head, placed in the center of the table. Dr. Chesebrough was on one side of the center, Mr. Truesdell at one end, Mr. Caffray at the other, and the rest filling up between. When all were seated, young Caffray, under the control of Confucius, arose from the table, went into the dark room adjoining, and brought out the slate, and asked all who desired to do so to examine it. After it had been examined it was placed upon the center of the table, glass side down, and almost immediately the sound of writing was distinctly heard by all present. In two minutes (not exceeding that) three distinct raps were heard, indicating that they had finished. On taking up the slate it was in its present condition. No pencil was put under the slate, neither was there any in the room.

[The following, supposed to be a translation of Dr. Chesebrough's slate, was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Sue B. Fales, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug., 1882.—ED.]

"There comes one before us who is so far above the earth spheres that I stand silent and awed by the grace and dignity of his bearing. Even Antiorus of Ephesus, and his companion, Apollonius, veiled their eyes and stood with bowed heads before him. A Sun-God from the Temple of Light, kingly in grace and beauty, and attended by a band of majestic spirits, comes through the Gates of the Morning, bearing uplifted banners, and vessels of silver and gold. They stood for a time at a point where Heaven and earth are blended,—where divinity is incarnated. They stood upon that sublime eminence where man becomes the Sun of God, and a perfect union takes place between the Creator and the fallible creature called human. The same spirit which rested upon Jesus at his baptism spoke in a voice which sounded through space like the rhythm of a great anthem; and this



prophecy was uttered in the sublime language of the Hebrew kings: 'Before Christ the souls of men were dark, and there was no medium between the human and divine. Another Christ is coming in 1891 whose face will illuminate the earth till 1979. He will be the glory and harmonizer of the new century.'

APOLLONIUS TYANÆUS OF EPHEBUS, *Scribe*."

"This testimony was given in the presence of six ancient spirits who acted as apostles to the Sun-God Polycletus. Philosophers of the ages and the wonder-workers of by-gone worlds were there. Archytas, a cotemporary of Plato, Cicero, Pliny, Elian, and Homer, Myrmecides (the Milesian), and Callicrates, of Lacedæmonia, were among those who attended the High Priest from the Temple of the Sun, who will soon return to earth and become embodied in human form, and for a season become like a god for humanity to cherish and hold sacred.

"'White Face' is the Sun-spirit Polycletus, who will become a Christ to the spiritualists in 1891. Other names may be given to him, but all who live will know that these things are true.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT."

### MRS. ABBIE BURNAM,

Boston, Mass.

A complimentary seance was given at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 23, 1882, by Mrs. Abbie Burnam, the well-known medium and psychometrist, for the benefit of the *Fact* magazine.

For the information of our readers who are not acquainted with these phenomena we would say that handkerchiefs and other articles belonging to persons present were placed in a chair together, Mrs. Burnam not knowing to whom they belonged, and, by holding each of these in her hand, gave the following delineation of the character of its possessor, which in each case was satisfactory, as well as spiritual tests. The following is nearly a verbatim report:—

No. 1, Handkerchief.—I have here a handkerchief that makes me feel like sitting down. I simply give the feelings of the party who owns it. I am very tired. This person has a large frontal brain, bright eyes, and full chest, and I feel as though I wanted to inflate my lungs with air. This individual is one of marked characteristics. Now I see overhead the word "sister." I want

to take her by the hand and say: "Look up, dear one, we are ever near thee." Now I am counting one, two, three,—at the cemetery, three graves. This person is weak across the back, which has a tendency to inflammation. You should have your back rubbed, and get up an action. You have the marks of a long life. Now I am walking over weeds and brambles. I come at last upon a firm, sure footing. I hear the words: "I will reach the summit." You are ardent in your nature. I feel now as if I were going a long way in the cars. A bright hand comes up here and I hear the words: "It is all right you came here, but you left some things unfinished; you will make a new discovery before you go that you do not expect. You shall see brighter days in the future than in the thirteen years past. Now I see lights. You are a clairvoyant. You are strongly magnetic, and very impulsive. You are very strong in your likes and dislikes. If you once take a dislike to anyone, you can never learn to like them.

This handkerchief belonged to Mrs. Elvira Griswold, of Brandon, Vt.

No. 2, Handkerchief.—I am going a long way with this handkerchief on the railroad. This person is traveling and changing about a great deal. I don't know hardly what to do. I feel like tying myself up and being belted tight to keep soul and body together. I am very nervous,—not what the doctors call a diseased nervous condition, but in a nervous active condition. This person thinks a great deal. I feel like saying: Let the world wag on; two or three years will make a great change with you, and something will occur to modify things largely. She is quite a believer in spiritualism, clairvoyance, and mediumship. This person wants everything in order; seems to have a great deal to do with moving things around; cannot keep still. Will be long lived, provided she takes good care of herself. When January comes, look out for yourself; and next summer will find you in the enjoyment of health and strength. Be very careful and not get cold through the lungs and back. Next summer you will be better, and will have your wishes granted. You will step on another platform. Now I hear some one say "sister." Three crapes wave toward me for this handkerchief, and some one says: "We have been working for you long and earnestly; we have

been carrying many burdens for you to what is called the 'throne of grace,' but what we call the throne of patience."

This handkerchief belonged to Mrs. Eliza P. Morrell, Springfield, Mass.

No. 3, Handkerchief.—I have a handkerchief now that impresses me peculiarly and strongly with the feeling of its owner. I love somebody awfully,—somebody I can't do without. I am just going to love him until I get to be ninety-five. I hope I shall not be sick. Oh, I hope in the Lord's world I won't be sick. I am drifting all about, but I tell you I have got love in my heart, and I am going to have somebody love me. Two are good company, forty are none at all. I have had vivid experiences in life. Eight years ago I did n't know whether I was coming out all right or not; but I fixed myself right at last. I do n't like people to tread on my toes, for I won't stand it. I was brought up under peculiar circumstances. If I possibly can, I shall carry out my plans. I have a pretty good head-piece, and a pretty good heart-piece, and a fair education. I am self-educated, or rather experience has been my teacher, and my lessons have made a woman of me, and I shall never forget them. If anybody gets in my place, though, it will be worse for them than the hells.

I am not a public actor, but when I get out and see all the oars going, I feel like doing something. I have a great deal of order; am extremely sensitive. The blankets don't fit right. I can't get fixed to suit me (pulling her dress, and trying to arrange it). If I were in a room with a looking-glass, I should break it. This dress does n't set good (giving it a twitch). This person says: "*I will look to the life here, not hereafter; I would n't give a cent for a faith that won't wash.*" She has a heart full of love for somebody; and can love better than attend to household duties; but I do n't mean by that she is neglectful of work, but she places a higher estimate upon love than work. She is larger in her capacity to love than to drudge. She is worth more to her husband to love him than to work for him. She feels the beauty of love without which we should not be worth much.

The handkerchief belonged to Mrs. N. Geer, of New London, Minn.

No. 4, Glove.—I have here a glove that is owned by a person

who is very magnetic. My arms ache to my shoulders. I feel nervous, quick, and active in mind. You would be amused in shaking hands with this person; you would think you had hold of a battery. I would say to her, she must be very careful of herself; things are about as agreeable as they can be for her, considering surroundings.

Over the head of this person I see a bright light, and the loveliest wreath is handed down, and I feel a sweet peace resting upon her. An angel says: "A crown of life I give you for your earth plane." Her perceptions are quick, but she is timid in expressing her convictions. I feel as though I should like to hide away where nobody will see me. Just wait for me. Bye-and-bye, I will come out and do my duty as I ought, and with all the significance and power of my whole being. I am not too positive; I am yielding as sunlight. I feel the day will come when I shall know more about this, and shall give to others as the angels give to me, and shall not be afraid.

Glove belonged to Mrs. Nettie Dexter, Auburn, N. Y.

No. 5, Handkerchief.—I have here a handkerchief that attracts me, and then is thrown right away from me. You will find whoever owns this has strong magnetic healing power; but he feels hampered, bound, and environed by his surroundings. I feel as if I should like to place my hands on my hips and breathe deep, long, and free, and brace myself through and through; then I should be all right. This is the way he feels many times. He is a man that thinks a great deal, sees all sides of a subject, watches and waits, and says to himself: "I am going to do my work, if I can, when they give me time enough; if others are in a hurry, let them go along; I may be a 'slow coach,' and you may not want to wait for me. I don't intend to stand still, but I'm going to look all around before I take a step."

This person takes things easy, and appears slow because he is cautious and don't want to get off the track; goes steady, and thinks the income will be all right. This man has many years to live, his hair will be pretty gray, his purposes are good, and will be accomplished; but he has been misunderstood; people have got in his way, hence he has had to spend half his time clearing away rubbish; the world has not been wholly in sympathy with his work, is not understood by a large per cent of those who profess to be

his friends, will soon make another move that will be entirely successful. Has many friends in the summer-land that are very much interested in him; and, if people will only let him alone, will do well enough.

This handkerchief belonged to Mr. Wm. A. Kirby, of Auburn, N. Y.

No. 6, Mitt.—I have in my hand a mitt that makes me feel like saying: "Do you think I look well today,—am I better?" I look in the glass. I don't know whether I am better or not. I believe I need a change of air. It is force of circumstances that has aroused me. I am weary, tired, and uneasy. I wonder if I shall live long. The person who wears this mitt has strong individuality, a good nerve, but it is weakened. I don't know whether I am talking to them as they were in the past, or as they are now. I take in big breaths of air, and think I am better, but don't know. This lady wants a change every day, not only magnetically, but socially; is a very nice person, with good habits and principles; one that I feel unusual interest in and desire for her welfare. I have much I would like to say to her in the near future if possible.

Mitt belonged to Miss Hattie Allen, Auburn, N. Y.

No. 7, Handkerchief.—Here is a handkerchief which, every time I take it up, I hear sweet, heavenly music,—so sweet that the very air is filled with it. I feel like saying: "Hush,—listen." Still I hear the music. What strains! They fill my soul with harmony. I hear gentle whisperings. Again the music. Now the feeling comes that I must not stop to listen; I must go to work. Saturday night finds me with only about two-thirds of my work done; the rest must be done on Sunday, if I die; does n't make much difference if I do; I can't be very religious anyway. I had a good deal of religious instruction when I was young, but now I do n't care, have no time. This person is one of taste, culture, and refinement, very self-reliant, and always reaches the good side of people. There is a refinement and culture here that I like. I feel like saying: "It is well with thee." You will excuse me, but it is not altogether well. I wish it were a little better. Overhead I see the words: "Forget me not; live to please me." I feel as if I were talking to some one who possessed great power and large reasoning faculties,—some one I like and

want to encourage to be faithful. I want to say: "Peace and love shall again be yours." Now I hear the music again; clouds flit over me, but there is light on yonder plain. A voice says: "When you go home and lay your head on your pillow, think of us and what we have done." Two crapes wave here; but peace cometh for the family circle and sympathy for you. Before you go to bed take a crash towel and rub your body until you get up a freer circulation to make your head feel better. Get the blood circulating down to your feet.

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MRS. MAUD E. LORD,

Boston, Mass.

Many years ago, in fact it was during the early years of my mediumship, I was playing by a creek some 200 yards from the house with my brother, when I heard a voice exclaim in my ear: "Roy's in the well; tell mother." And I ran to the house and asked for Roy. Mother said: "I guess he's in the bedroom;" but I looked, and he was not there. I then ran around to an old unused well from which I heard cries arising, and, with an elder brother's assistance, Roy was saved. Later the same year I saw the spirit of my uncle Henry, who had been killed in Virginia. He said he had been killed while passing through a laurel thicket by a man with whom he was walking, and that people would try to make out that it was an accident, but such was not the case. We afterwards received news of his death, that he was killed while driving sheep near a laurel thicket, by being struck on the head with a stone thrown by a companion while driving the sheep from the thicket. He died within two hours after being struck. A year ago last October, while in East Boston, I came into communication with spirits about me, and was commanded to write. Said the voice of my uncle: "Write your father that he is soon to pass into spirit life." I took a pen and wrote to my father, who had been drinking quite hard and doing badly. I wrote him that his brother Henry said there was but a hair's space between him and the grave. And I said: "Father, won't you try and do better? It is not months but only weeks between you and eternity, and I hope you'll reform."

My father received the letter, but would not read it, nor allow it to be read to him. He was in Leadville at the time, and one day while drunk he fell on a sharp wire which cut his knee and laid him up. While on his bed my letter was read to him, and within six weeks from that time he died. I had friends in Leadville who were in communication with me, and they wrote that the doctors talked of amputating the limb. I wrote them not to do so; that he would die any way, and there was no need of making him suffer extra pain. Just before father died, he saw the form of a little boy, named Willie McCabe, who had died a few days before, unknown to father. When he saw the form in his room, he thought it living, and exclaimed to an attendant: "Give Willie a chair." But the form did not accept the proffered seat, but walked over toward the bed, when father exclaimed: "Why, Willie is dead"; and the spirit answered: "Yes, and you are coming over soon."

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### MR. J. FRANK BAXTER.

Tests at close of Lecture, Sunday, Aug. 27, 1882.

INVOCATION.—Almighty influence of life, stealing so gently on us from above, felt in the spirit, felt in the form, felt throughout all nature, as from God's sun of life and love, universal and omnipotent, which casts out all fear of envy and of hate,—whence art thou? From whence dost thou come? From God, the giver of all life. He doth bestow life upon all, both foe and friend. And, oh, our Father, wilt thou give unto these, thy children in truth, the keys to unlock the mysteries of life, as seemeth to Thee best. And to Thee be the power forever. Amen.

In giving this invocation, I would say that it is not mine. I simply voiced an invocation from some spirit, and while I was giving it to you, I saw distinctly before me represented the form of a young lady. She seemed to come nearer and nearer, with one hand raised, and the other upon the bosom,—coming nearer and nearer, as if an influence may have come from her to me,—as if possibly the words may have been given from her to me. At any rate, I felt in these words something significant. Be that as it may, this is one who is invited by Attica, and I will say here that Attica is the assumed name of my spirit guide. This



spirit, I say, comes at the invitation of Attica to open the seance. Being still here, she says: "You may announce me as Lucy Alcott, who is far from home. My father will be remembered as William Alcott, a man now quite advanced; one who was devoted to spiritualism, but who was once more devoted to it than now, at least, so far as public work was concerned, but no less devoted to it now, so far as entertaining it as a principle is concerned. He is known in his vicinity as the Rev. William Alcott." It is written differently from what I should have spelt it, for it is here spelt Alcott, whether incorrectly or not I cannot say.

Recognized by some one in the audience.

Mr. Baxter.—There comes now a spirit all excitement, and says: "Mr. Baxter, you did a glorious thing for me last night; you made me happy; and not only me, but a large circle of spirits. We cannot all come, because it is not necessary; but there is one I long to reach,—a lady whom I want to carry back in mind and thank her for the kindness she exercised towards me and mine in the years that are gone,—yes, years before I passed to spirit life." This claims to be the spirit of Remick Amsden, one who manifested to a lady last night. He says: "I am gloriously happy." But now a word for Carrie. And here comes the beautiful spirit form of a young lady, twenty or twenty-one years of age. But the moment I say that, a background of cloud seems to roll up and envelop that picture. Then I see a woman along in years, near forty I should say. Then that rolls back and discloses this young lady. This form floats over me here (pointing), floats out here directly in the range of those three trees; going about two-thirds of the way up the aisle to that lady (pointing), and she says to her: "Do you remember Carrie? I am Carrie Townsend." And she presents the lady a roll on which is written the word "Love," in quotation marks; also the initials "C. E. T." She says: "Now go away back into the years of the past; I don't remember exactly when, but I think it was in this very month (August), but earlier in the month, if my memory serves me, it was on the 9th day of the month, sixteen years ago. I particularly want to reach you in those years when I was so sick, which preceded those times when you sat by my bedside, took my hand, and talked as no other could. I come now to thank you for it.

I am Carrie Townsend, and I want you to tell who I am, for their sakes,—please tell them now.”

A lady in the audience—Mrs. M. Townsend Wood—says she understands it all.

Mr. Baxter.—“When you said that, there came the name of ‘Almond.’”

Mrs. Wood.—“That was the name of my husband’s father.”

Mr. Baxter.—“These names are given: ‘Carrie,’ and over that I see ‘Bridgewater,’ and over the name of ‘Almond’ I see the name of ‘Reading.’ He says: ‘It will be almost twenty-seven years ago.’”

Mrs. Wood.—“He passed away from Reading, Vt., and Harry Townsend from Bridgewater.”

Mr. Baxter.—I want the parties to say, if they choose to, just how much collusion there has been between them and me. Sometimes I have tests for parties that I have met before, and that very fact is the cause of their spirit friends coming to me. I have not been with this lady except last night, when I was with her in a circle where this spirit manifested. Upon these grounds, on Thursday, I met, to my surprise, a friend of mine from Winchester, Mass. He was visiting in Orange, when a spirit came and gave the name of Hattie Fisher, and a voice was heard singing in the distance, accompanied by an organ in a large church. It was fully recognized. What was my surprise when I met my friend here to have him ask me: “Did you know anything about that? Did n’t you know that my wife was stopping at Mr. Fisher’s?” I said: “Why, no.” “Did n’t she ever tell you that Hattie Fisher died? I think I remember hearing her tell you in Winchester that she died.” I said: “Possibly so;” but later, I remembered that I left Winchester in 1878, and the lady died in 1880. So that was offset. I believe this: that by coming in contact with that man, who had come directly from that family, he naturally brought that spirit to me. I give this merely as an illustration of many similar cases.

I see now two spirits, a man and a woman. The man seems to be much annoyed at what he has heard this afternoon. He says: “I am a spiritualist because I am on the other side, and I know that spirits return; but, somehow, I would like to have my views presented in a different way. Every man in his own way.”

He seems to be exercised that there should be a gathering here, and no prayer or ascription of praise to Deity. He says he finds himself in my sphere, and projecting an influence upon me without volition on his part. He says: "Our names are Girard and Silicia Bushnell." These parties lived on beyond their three score and ten, and reached almost eighty years side by side, and then passed out side by side, for the time between their leaving was reckoned by hours and not by days. The lady passed on first, the 26th of February, a year ago last February. The next day followed the reverend old gentleman. Girard Bushnell and wife.

A gentleman in the audience.—"Every word of it is true. The old gentleman was a Universalist minister. He and his wife were both buried together."

Mr. Baxter.—The spirit of a boy comes now. He has been in spirit life so long that he has grown quite to manhood. He says: "It may be that under the circumstances she will not want to speak to me, but I think she will. My father is not here; but, oh, how many times I have reached my father through some one I am glad to find here. You may say that it is Willie Jones." This spirit now throws such a positive influence upon me that it seems as if I must be taken off in this direction,—away off. He takes a turn in this direction, then comes directly to the lady by the tree,—the lady with her head on her hand. He says: "You know that is Auntie Cutting."

The lady by the tree.—"It is my spirit control. I asked him to come this morning through you. There was nothing said to Mr. Baxter about it."

Mr. Baxter.—Now a little child seems to be brought here, two or three years of age. It appears to be brought by a lady who is anxious to reach certain parties. The feeling with me is that of searching, or looking around. The child says: "I want my papa, William Wheeler, and my mamma, Althea Wheeler." I do not get the idea of reaching for anyone; it is something I get by sound. The name comes: "Alice Belle Wheeler." If this child were living in earth life she would be in the neighborhood of five or six years of age. She passed out quite young. It seems now as if a damp cloud surrounded me, and I hear a roaring and rushing sound, like that of holding a shell to my ear; and it seems as

if I could hear the dashing of water. It seems as if this were some one who had been drowned. I want to say to some parties that are going that, when they get up to go, some one reaches out to the shoulder of a gentleman as if anxious to be recognized. "Mary," Attica says; but no, "Not exactly that," says Attica; "say Marie." My mind goes away, and it seems as if I were in a large city, as large as Philadelphia or New York. But now I am back again, reaching out to you. But it is not Marie or Maria,—it is Marian. It seems to be some one older by far than I had thought. Perhaps this was because of the influence of the child. It is that of a young lady, and I have the name of "Marian,"—"Marian Gough." And something is said about Charles Stuart. One, two, three,—a little more than three years ago; go back to the winter that has gone three years ago. I have the name of "Emma Stuart," and a name that looks like "Gough." (It is recognized by some one in the audience.) Now Attica says: "What did you want to say winter for? I can't see where you got such an impression as that." That would not seem to be a correction, either, so I don't want to correct it. I said: "Go back two or three years ago,—to the winter." Then Attica says: "Why did you say winter? In July it was."

Fully recognized by some one in the audience.

Mr. Baxter.—"Is this Charles Stuart in spirit life?"

Gentleman in the audience.—"Yes, he is my brother."

Mr. Baxter.—I now get a strange name,—"*Oretta*,"—as if they would have you speak of this there. Does anyone recognize that child?

Person in the audience.—"Yes, it is fully recognized; the child was Alice Belle Wheeler, and she was drowned in a barrel of water."

Mr. Baxter.—Here is a cloud-work represented again, and right off here I have the name "*Kitty Wyman*." Now they immediately say that the name is not given right; but, if the name is given right, they will see why the choice is made in spirit life of Kitty. Now I see the name "*Mr. Wyman*." I don't know whether it has to do with him or not. He sits right under a picture, and his name is Wyman.

A man in the audience recognizes it.

Mr. Baxter.—"Suppose it were put *Katy*?"

Gentleman in the audience.—“It is Nelly.”

Mr. Baxter.—“No, it is Kitty. Do you recognize Rufus Cateby?”

Gentleman.—“Yes, I was with this Kitty Wyman when she passed away.”

Mr. Baxter.—Now it seems as if I heard the noise of cars in motion on the track. I go back, and it seems as if I were again counting, counting. I go back ten, twelve years, to the summer time. “Ho!” I hear some one say in a rough way; “ask them if they don’t remember Loughbridge down here? Go back to the June of 1870,—don’t you remember when those cars went down into Mill River? I could show some of these folks something that would make them know me.” This seems to be a jolly man. Now he says: “Tell them it is George Johnson, and have it done with.” And now here is a hand very distinct,—two hands, heaped with popped corn.

This was recognized by half a dozen. One lady said: “I knew George Johnson; he lived close to our house.”

Now there seem to be two old people here,—a man and woman. They stand in that open space where there is nobody,—where the seats are vacant. They seem to be in earnest conversation with each other, as if trying to decide something. I get: “This is old Joseph Clark.” Now I am taken into the woods. I can see tables spread out with refreshments, and I see a great many elderly people there. It seems to be a sort of family picnic in honor of these old people. But that was the last real good time they had, for in a little while after that this old man passed on. He says: “No matter; if they don’t recognize me there, then there is nobody else that will, for I never had anything to do with such people as these; but not that I would not have had if I could. There is old Beckwith that talked to me about these things, but after all I thought it all moonshine. But now that I have passed to spirit life I have found it all true. Old Beckwith has met me here; and here is Lester Parker—Lester C. Parker,—with Beckwith from New Haven, and the Clarks from Southington.”

A gentleman in the audience recognized the parties named, and says Mr. Merrick Parker is present, a son of Lester Parker.

I am shown here now an old-fashioned stage and horses, with a

man sitting in the box all muffled up, as if it were cold weather. That picture is taken away, and the name of "Brattleboro" is given. Then the name of "Jacksonville," and now the name of "North Adams." And now it seems as if I were alone, but, oh, so cold,—so bitter cold! I seem to be thrashing my arms, in this way, to get warm, and wrapping myself up in a blanket. Now I seem to be warm, and then a stupor comes. And now I get this: "It is old Barney Gallup." I don't know but that name may refer to the galloping of the horses.

Man in the audience.—"No, it does n't refer to the galloping of horses; his name was Gallup. He was a stage-driver in Brattleboro, and froze to death in his sleigh."

Mr. Baxter.—I feel now as if both my legs were growing weak, and I want to sit down. There is something very peculiar about this. I get three initial letters: "E. W. C." Then I get the name of "Harriet Davis," spread right out across here. It is all I get. But here is this peculiar feeling. This is some one who had no intention of manifesting, but became thoroughly interested, and allowed the manifestations to go on. Perhaps some parties around Orange, or from Bernardston, may remember who this is. But "You can tell them it is Ezekiel Coffin. On the 2nd day of November, I think it was in 1879, only a few weeks before I passed on to spirit life, I sat there in my chair and gave them my last talk. But that is enough. It was on the 11th or 12th of the next month that I passed out."

Gentleman in the audience.—"I recognize it. Ezekiel Coffin was a Universalist minister who preached in Bernardston, and also in Orange."

Mr. Baxter.—"He says: 'Ask him how I had to preach? and if I did n't show my liberalism? I felt it my duty to get there as long as I could, and I did n't preach anything but liberalism either when I got there. I could have endorsed most everything here today.'"

The gentleman in the audience.—"He had to be carried into the church the last year, as his limbs were paralyzed."

Mr. Baxter.—Now there is an old man here who has been in spirit life a long while,—ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-six years, and over. He says he would not come today under these circumstances if he could only have the barrier cleared away from the

home, so that he could come there. And the barrier is the great anxiety that exists, because so many have gone over. He says: "And there is my son, himself getting along in years, who has recently lost one that was the light of his life. He thinks if she would only manifest right here, he would accept it, but yet he is feeling that it would not be her." This old gentleman's name is Jonathan Greenwood, and he passed away on the 24th of October, away back in 1846. He comes to speak for her. She is all right, and will reveal what you desire.

A gentleman in the audience.—"It is my father. He died the precise day and year as stated."

Mr. Baxter.—"There appears now an old man with long, white beard, and wearing glasses. Then comes the form of a large lady, in a painting which will recall a strange line of circumstances, which need not be spoken of here. You wanted a special painting, and you used every endeavor to get it. You remember the day you put it on the wall, and you remember, also, the day you could not find it. The picture was a Venus, with the form of this lady. Do you remember it?"

Gentleman in the audience.—"Yes, yes."

Mr. Baxter.—"It was gone, and you never knew what became of it, but I know. But I don't know that I ought to tell you. But you know how you were situated. There were some that were more prudish than wise. It is not worn out; that picture will come back. I have the name 'Lucretia.'"

Gentleman in the audience.—"It was my wife."

Mr. Baxter.—"Was it her picture?"

Gentleman.—"Yes."

Mr. Baxter.—"Here is the significance. Attica says it is all right, and that you will remember it on the door. You mistrusted the family that didn't like to see such a picture around. This woman, Lucretia, was your wife?"

Gentleman.—"Yes. It was a full-length picture on the door. After her death some one stole it in the night. It was a Venus painted from life. The outline was taken from my wife."

Mr. Baxter.—"I get the name 'Lucretia Chandler.' Is that right?"

Gentleman.—"Yes, that's the name."

Mr. Baxter.—"I hear Attica's voice saying that I ought to stop."



I will say here that the spirit that came the other day for Mrs. Dwight is here. Attica wants me to say that it was not an intimate acquaintance in the earth form; but if she will go back, she will remember her among her controls as Charlotte Hamilton. The spirit says: "I represented myself as making passes in this way. It seems it was no intention on my part so to do, but such was the impression upon Mr. Baxter, and he so represented me." There was a white swelling, and the trouble was there. It seems as if some judge was connected with this case. Was it Judge Hamilton?"

Party in the audience.—"Yes. More than twenty years ago this Charlotte Hamilton was one of my controls."

Mr. Baxter.—I want to point in that direction. It seems as if I wanted to say: "*He* knows who Brown is,—H. E. Brown." It seems as if somebody were connected with him by the name of James Sawyer. It seems as if they were father and son. He wants to be recognized here. H. E. Brown, and his son-in-law, James Sawyer.

Now two old ladies come, and it seems as if there were something very peculiar about them. They seem to be willful, but not in the sense of being saucily so. They were bound to do all they could for themselves. I say it as it comes to me. One of them says: "Tell him we are going to give him a buss,—two busses, in fact. It means you, Mr. Stuart. We come to give you a buss,—two busses, in fact." Who are these two old ladies away over you there? "Nabby, Nabby, Nabby," I hear. Then I hear: "Well, ask him the plain question: Did he ever know anybody by the name of Buss? Don't you remember those two old ladies?"

Party in the audience.—"I remember them well. They were located in the vicinity of my childhood's home. Nabby Buss was Aunt Nabby all over the country about there."

Mr. Baxter.—She says: "Now, I gave you a buss, and you did n't recognize it."

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### A FACT IN MATERIALIZATION.

William Foster, Jr., Providence, R. I.

Let me give a fact in materialization of spirit forms, which is as conclusive as a fact well can be. Tuesday evening, Dec. 19th,

at a materializing seance held by Mrs. William H. Allen, at her house, No. 268 Washington St., Providence, R. I., a form came from the cabinet with an amputated leg. It was that of Mrs. Pond, wife of Mr. Eli Pond, of Woonsocket. She had appeared at several seances previously, and was fully recognized and identified by her husband. There was a slight limp when she walked out and passed along the circle of sitters. The first time she came, Mr. Pond, after recognizing her, stated that she lost a limb at thirteen years of age, but did not state where the amputation was made.

A few days ago the thought was suggested: "Is the limb perfect, the amputated part being restored, or does she come with some apparently artificial appliance to compensate and enable her to walk?" Tuesday evening, before the seance commenced, I asked Mr. Pond if he could tell how it was. He said he could not, but would endeavor to ascertain that evening. When the form, Mrs. Pond, came, I noticed that she remained between the curtains, not stepping out as usual. Mr. Pond stepped out at her call, and asked her if she was coming out. She replied that she could not; that her limb was cut off. He replied: "I wish you could." She then reached out for my cane, standing near the cabinet by my side. I handed it to her; with that and the aid of Mr. Pond she advanced two or three steps, then indicated she wished me to examine the limb. I did so, and found that the amputation had been performed some three inches below the knee, leaving a stump. *There was the amputated limb* beyond any dispute, or a chance for a dispute. She then called up Mrs. Arthur Read, of Pawtucket, who examined the limb, and found only the stump below the knee. Mr. Julius Carroll, of this city, was also called up, made an examination, and found the same *fact* that Mrs. Read and myself had.

Now, a word by way of improvement, and a logical conclusion. Here was a form, human to all intents and purposes, fully identified, not only then and there but on several previous occasions, as the wife of Mr. Pond by Mr. Pond himself, the person above all others capable of making the identification, the lady appearing with an amputated limb, corresponding exactly to the limb as it was in mortal life for many years. The logical, inevitable deduction, therefore, is this *fact*, that the form standing before

us was not the medium, Mrs. Allen, but another form, Mrs. Pond, as averred and testified to by her husband. This, therefore, clearly and unmistakably settles the question of fraud as to Mrs. Allen, and fully vindicates and establishes her mediumship and honesty. It settles the matter as to the claim that the manifestations come through transfiguration and personation, those shuttles so vigorously and persistently thrown backward and forward by the opponents of materialization. The coming of the form with the amputated limb is an *absolute test*, furnished by the spirit itself, so perfect and far-reaching that its bare statement is both an argument and a conclusion.

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### I. P. GREENLEAF,

Of Boston, Mass.

At one time I had a sister very sick with fever, but the physicians held out hopes of her recovery. One night, while I was preparing for my seance, my leading control, an aged minister, exclaimed: "Your dear sister has passed on. You will never listen to her voice again on earth in kindly greeting, nor give her the fervid hand-clasp." The next day I received the news of her death.

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### DR. WILLIAM TOWNE

Of Springfield, Mass.

One night, after retiring, I made a request that if spirits did come back to their friends on earth I desired to be given a test. That night I heard raps on the headboard of the bed. I awoke in an instant, and a form was standing near my bedside arrayed in a white drapery, but transparent. It did not seem to touch the floor, but rather to float in the air, and I heard a voice exclaim: "William, your mother still lives." I thought possibly I was asleep and dreaming, when the specter struck my face with the edge of the sheet, and a small, hard substance on the seam came in contact with my face. My hands were closely tucked under the clothes, so I could not have done it myself. In the morning I found in the sheet the hard substance that had struck me during the night.

## JAMES WILSON,

Of Bridgeport, Conn.

Among my first tests, over fifty years ago, was one from Apollus Munn, editor of the *Spirit Messenger*, the first spiritualist paper published in the United States. As he lay upon his death bed we conversed about the spirit life, and he promised, if spirits were allowed to return, he would come back to me and give a symbolic word. We were both Odd Fellows, and the word was arranged between us. Three weeks after he had passed on, the spirit of Apollus Munn called for me at a seance. I asked for the symbol word. He answered he could not at that time give it, but would at a future time. Again I met the spirit, and I asked the word, which was privately given. That word was: "Our Father's legacy is love"; and it was correctly given me.

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## MR. WALTER HOWELL,

Of Manchester, England.

About five years ago I attended a seance at No. 61 Lambsconduit Street, London, at which Mr. Williams, the materializing medium, was the medium. I hung my overcoat and hat on the pegs in the lobby, and went up stairs, where I found a number of ladies and gentlemen, entire strangers to me, consequently I cannot give their names. However, I am an honest man. We were taken into an inner room where the seances were usually held. The doors were locked and the lights were put out. Everyone around the table joined hands, the medium being placed between two strangers, each of whom held his entire hand,—not a little finger, but his entire hand; and they were strictly charged not to let go without giving information of the same to the circle. A number of peculiar phenomena took place, such as twanging of the guitar, floating of the banjo, and lights about the room. Presently I heard voices in different parts of the room. Of course, a skeptic would have said they were produced by the art of ventriloquism. The voices talked more and more rapidly till half a dozen voices became simultaneous,—jangling in the air as though quarreling. We saw in the air luminous forms as though

they were phosphorescent. Presently a voice came behind me and said: "You are a medium; I can do something for you. I can bring you something." I said: "I don't want you to bring me anything wrongfully, but I would like to have you bring me something." I mentally wished that a pocket-book in my overcoat pocket, down stairs, might be brought if possible. I had scarcely wished it when the pocket-book dropped upon my hand. I put it into my pocket, kept it there, and examined it at my leisure. I knew it was not hallucination. The voice then said: "Are you satisfied?" I said: "I am much pleased." He then said: "Will you wish for something else?" I then wished that my high-crown silk hat might be brought in the same manner. I had scarcely wished it when the blessed thing came clattering about my head, and I wore it during the seance. Inside of it are my initials. This shows that matter can pass through matter instantaneously, providing conditions are favorable.

Now, another fact. I was down in Doncaster, in Yorkshire, four years ago. I was about to take a ticket for London by the express train called the "Flying Scotchman." At the book-office I heard my mother's voice saying: "Walter, my child, you must not go by this train." So impressive were her tones that I did not take my ticket but went by the next train, and the express train upon which I went was actually stopped because the "Flying Scotchman" was smashed up near Peterboro.

I have had so many demonstrations of this kind that I could talk all day. Now I will relate a fact that will raise this phenomenon above mind-reading. I am not here to advertise myself. I am not a test medium, but I will now tell what was tested through my own organism. About two years ago I was visiting in the town of Oldham, Lancashire, near Manchester, England, at the house of Mr. Kirshawe. A man by the name of Mr. John Firth was there at this time, who was an entire stranger to me; one day he said to me: "I have been investigating spiritualism a long time, but have yet found no positive evidence of its truth. I like the teachings; they interest me; but when I go to my Wesleyan friends it is always: He says, and she says. Now what do you say about it?" I saw he was like a hard nut that you could not easily crack, but I answered: "Mr. Firth, I should be glad to be of use to you if I could." A few weeks after this con-

versation Mr. Firth came one day into the shop of Mr. Kirshawe. I suddenly passed under control, and exclaimed: "Hallo, John, is that you?" He said: "Yes, my name is John, but who are you?" The control then answered: "My name is William Blackbreth." Mr. Firth said: "Where did you live?" The control said: "I lived in the same village you did forty years ago,—in Illingworth, Yorkshire. You lived in the chapel-house close by the chapel." To test him Mr. Firth asked about the classmates, and he narrated things that occurred forty years ago perfectly correct. Then stated when he passed away, and under what circumstances. He gave other information relating to his wife, and many other things of a personal character, all of which were perfectly correct. This controlling intelligence held me tight until he had established his identity perfectly. Mr. Firth had at last got sure evidence of immortality. When I came to consciousness he came to me with tears in his eyes, put his arms around my neck and thanked me, saying he could not doubt any more.

There were facts given in this communication that Mr. Firth did not know about, and was instructed to write to other persons for confirmation, which he did, and it was given, showing that the controlling spirit, William Blackbreth, knew of that which John Firth did not, proving these thoughts were not reflected from the mind of John Firth through my organism.

One morning I went to Dr. Slade, the slate-writing medium. I took my own slates. I entered the room, examined the table, and we placed our hands upon it. Immediately there came knocks under the table and upon the chairs. Presently we placed a piece of pencil between these two slates and closed them.

The room was light. The slates were laid upon my shoulders,—the medium's hands were in view. It was not many seconds before I heard scratchings inside the slate. At the same time knocks were heard upon the table, and we felt touches. From the other side of the room a chair was lifted up till the seat was visible upon the table. All this while the writing was going on, and I kept my eyes pretty sharply upon the slates. When the writing was completed, this communication was upon the slate. The individual's name, "J. Clark," at the bottom, I did not recognize. But though it is not a proof of spirit identity, yet it

is a proof of the genuineness of the phenomena. This is the communication: "My friend, as another prominent principle of spiritual science may be recognized the endless progress of the soul in the pathway of eternal life. If the principle of progression is established in the physical world, causing the forms of earth to rise, expand, and bloom in their perfection; if it is manifest in the opening of the bud, and the gradual unfolding of the fragrant flower,—this is also exhibited in the growth, experience, and development of man."

About three years ago I was in the town of Macclesfield, Chester, England, staying with a lady whose name is Mrs. Sutton Woolham. I was to stay a few days. On Monday morning, about 11 o'clock, I felt myself going into a swooning condition. I received a message, the result of the condition of a lady in Monton, near Manchester. I received a message that my presence was required, for I was at that time under the same spirit guidance; my spirit doctor was treating her. I went to Manchester to the office of Mr. Davis, solicitor. I said: "How is Mrs. Davis?" He said: "Oh, she's jolly nice." I said: "That is strange: I have come all the way from Macclesfield, as it was said that she needed me." We both took the train to Eccles, and walked to Monton. When the servant came to the door, he said: "How is Polly?" The reply was: "She is very ill." As he went up she said: "I wish Mr. Howell were here." Mr. Davis said: "He is here. What time were you taken worse?" She said: "Just at 11 o'clock I fell down in a swoon while getting out of bed."

Two years ago I was lecturing at Goswell Hall, London, and while lecturing I seemed, as to my consciousness, to be passing through a street in Manchester, called Daythorne St. I saw four persons, a Mr. and Miss Goodall of Manchester, and two gentlemen named Theklow. Mrs. Goodall was walking with Mr. Theklow, sr., and Mr. Goodall was walking with Mr. Theklow, jr. The conversation of the senior and the junior Theklow was in reference to myself, as to how far they could influence me through my sympathy with them. They thought if they wished a thing, I was sure to bring the very article. They said this must be through a control of mine, "Old Dick." The conversation went on, and I overheard it, and absolutely saw the persons.

After my lecture I went home to No. 70 High St., London, and through that address I sent a letter to one of the parties, giving the details, and asking if it was a delusion, a dream, or a reality? The reply was that it was absolute reality; that it was word for word what his daughter had said to Mr. Theklow, sr. I was 200 miles distant.

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### JOHN WETHERBEE,

Of Boston.

I am a great believer in materialization. I can endorse all that has been said about Mrs. Bliss and Mrs. Ross. I do n't like to accent that particular phase very strongly because people see with different eyes. I remember in old times there was a court-house bell which sounded as if it said: "Liar, liar, come to court; liar, liar, come to court." I say it seemed to say that, but it did n't. We do n't all see alike, therefore, I am always particular about my senses; therefore, I do n't want to accent this phase of spiritualism. I have seen them all, and I am satisfied of the truth of materialization. As I have been switched off the track, I will say that I went down into Waltham Street where Mrs. Bliss was giving materializations, where is a block of buildings I am putting up. In the parlor was a perfect alcove. The room was light all the time. Nobody entered that alcove, and could not; there was nothing there but a cane-bottom chair. A spirit came, and they all asked: "Is it for me?" So I said: "Is it for me?" They said: "Yes." I went up to the cabinet. I am a modest man, but I felt that if I said: "Is it Hattie? Is it Hannah?" it would have said "Yes." But I did n't say so. I never took hold of a more real, knuckly hand. It was not a corpse. I would not pull a spirit form out of the cabinet, but I said: "I have got the grip, and I will never let go." After a while the spirit began to draw the hand from me,—a sweaty hand. I went in and felt of the medium's head and nose, and heard her breathe, and I holding the spirit hand too. In a little while I looked, holding the hand in my hand tight, I looked and found I had *no* hand,—it had vanished into circumambient air.



## DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE,

Of Milwaukee, Wis.

I want to relate what I saw twenty-two years ago, before materializations were heard of. This occurred in 1860, when I was living or boarding at a place on a farm. We had a couple of mediums; one of them was a young man eighteen years of age. We had him in the family for six weeks. We had a room fixed up for seances. We had no skeptics among us,—as skeptics, I suppose you are aware, make a difference in the manifestations. One night we were having remarkable manifestations; it was a dark seance, and they were bringing articles from the outside. How they got there we did not know, but after a light was struck we would find the article there. They were also talking to us in audible voices. We asked if they could not show themselves to us, and they said that possibly they might,—they would try. When we called for the light a voice said: “If I can materialize I shall stand beside the medium. You may see me, but I can’t hold myself more than a moment.” When the light was called for we saw a man weighing a hundred and ninety pounds, with heavy black beard, broad shoulders, and very plain to us all. There were ten or a dozen persons beside myself in the room. In a moment this form became indistinct and vanished.

I want to speak of the seance in Philadelphia that has been referred to. I was in the cabinet, and had hold of the medium’s hand with my right, and my left hand was on the medium’s head. The spirit was dressed in white, and we could all see it very plainly. The first I knew the spirit settled down into the floor, and I soon had nothing in my hand. I could not feel it going, but it was gone.

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## COL. J. M. ROBERTS,

*Of Mind and Matter, Phila.*

The fact I am to relate has reference to the possibility of departed spirits looking after the disposition of their own remains. It was in the year 1877, the exact date I do not remember, that I attended a seance given by Mrs. James A. Bliss, in Philadelphia. On going to the seance room I learned that Chauncey Barnes, a

very peculiar, remarkable man had that day died, and was at the residence of a lady who, with her two children, was living in the lower part of Philadelphia, the name of the street being given, but no one being able to give the number of the place where his body lay. During the evening, and soon after the seance opened, the form of a fine, tall, portly man, of advanced years, appeared in the cabinet and called me forward. I thought I recognized the form, but to make sure I asked for the name, and, repeating the alphabet, the initials "C. B." were given, making it evident that the form was the materialized form of Chauncey Barnes, who but a few hours before had passed out. All present were acquainted with him, and were called up to the cabinet. He seemed to be rejoiced to be recognized. At the close of the seance I started for my home, seventeen miles out of Philadelphia. On my way down Chestnut Street to the steamer I was wheeled around, as if somebody wanted me to go away from the steamboat landing. I tried again to go, and again I was wheeled around. Supposing there was some requirement for me to remain, I went to the hotel. I got the impression that I must remain and see after the body of this man, who had, by the bye, no claims upon me whatever. I made up my mind, although I had a strong call to go home, that I would remain and see what I could do. I went down in the morning to find the place. To my great surprise I was taken to the very house where his body lay. I went in and inquired as to what arrangements had been made. The lady said that Dr. Rhodes had been down and made all necessary arrangements, and that I would not be needed, and that the body would be buried on the following Monday. This was on Friday morning. Supposing that I had done all that was necessary, I was about to leave when the lady said: "Mr. Roberts, would you not like to look at the remains?" I am very much averse to looking at dead bodies, and generally avoid it, so I was about to decline the invitation when the impulse came over me: "You must see these remains." The lady had not been up stairs; she slept on the lower floor. I went up, and on opening the door was almost knocked down by the odor. I went down and told her she could not keep the body till Monday morning. She said Dr. Rhodes had gone off, and she could not alter the arrangements. I asked: "Who has the body in charge?" She could not tell,

and directed me to the undertaker. I found him, and he said it was impossible that the body could be in that condition. He said: "I put it in ice, and it cannot be in a state of decomposition." I told him it was, and that he must go and attend to it. He went with me and found that it was even worse than I had represented. The result was I ordered the casket, went to the receiving vault, purchased the right to lay the body there, got the undertaker to attend to it, and got the friends to have the funeral services on the following day. Afterwards Mrs. Cullen went into a trance and told me that Chauncey Barnes had appeared on the previous night, and told her to thank me for yielding to his influence.

I would add that his death was caused by rupture of the aorta. Whether this had any connection with his sudden decomposition or not, I do not know.

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### DR. H. A. BENTON,

Troy, N. Y.

I would like to state a few facts. In the first place, it is a fact that I believe that this meeting this year is far more spiritual than it was last year. In the second place, it is a fact that if I could not get the second number of the *Fact* magazine presented to me, I would be willing to pay \$5 for it. In the third place, it is a fact that these facts may be taken down in your own neighborhoods and sent to the *Fact* magazine, and be the means of doing more good than almost anything else. When it is understood that they are taken down verbatim, they must be received as truth. I am called by my Trojan friends one of the worst of skeptics, but as fast as I learn a thing I will own up.

In my lecture career of thirty-four years I was long associated with Dr. Dodd; he was my teacher. He knew more in a minute than I in a month, but magnetically and psychologically he was subject to me perfectly. He has told it to more than fifty thousand people. In the early days of the Fox girls I was at the Troy House, where they made their *debut*. We thought we had learned all about the matter, and said all that the spirits could do we could do by psychology, and I went out to teach the world all about it. But these little raps finally converted him and me;

we found we didn't know so much about it as we thought we did. Once when he was in Pennsylvania and I in New Hampshire, I wrote him a letter telling him that we had better let all this business drop, this business of talking against spiritualism, and not throw any obstacle in the way of it. We then talked on the conservative plane till he became a spiritualist and passed away.

Then came the question: If it is not spirits, what is it? And so it has gone on till I have ascertained thoroughly that the spirits do control, and can take a subject from the best operator in the world. I had a subject in Brooklyn,—a lady who had spinal curvature and fits. I cured her on the stage. When working at the business of polishing silver pencils she fell off a high stool; but I cured her, and my wife said: "Why not take her as our seamstress and nurse?" We did so, and she became one of the best subjects I ever knew. Through her we found several watches that had been lost, and one horse that had been stolen, as well as a great many other things. She was a splendid subject; by making a few passes over her, I could throw her into a clairvoyant sleep, in which she would be as rigid as a crowbar, and then give information to those who wanted it; and as soon as the spirits got through with her, I would make a few passes over her and throw it off.

Then came the question: If a person can be influenced by an operator in the form, can not that person be still more powerfully influenced by a spirit out of the form? Now, from my experience with my old friend Dodd, I think I can say yes to that question. When I came back from California, I went to his house and rapped at the door. The old man himself came to the door. I can see him now, with his long white whiskers. He was a large, heavy man. He said: "God bless you, Benton." And he took me by the hand and led me into the parlor, where he took me into his lap and kissed me like a child. He passed away twelve years ago. Within the past year an influence, claiming to be J. B. Dodd, controls me. It takes me as suddenly as if a thunder-bolt had struck me; my eyes are closed, and I know nothing that is said or done till he has done talking. Every gesture is perfect; that man controls me thoroughly. That is the condition I find myself in, and I cannot help it, and I don't know that I want to.

I have received four different communications through Mrs. Fales, and I would not take a thousand dollars for that paper. Why? Because there is talk about a band of philosophers who are going to control me. They say I am going to have a new phase of mediumship. Then there is my old friend Dodd, my wife Lottie, and my friend Lewis Butler, the stock broker,—they all come to me. Every day now I have patting upon the cheek, and Lottie is there talking. Twenty-eight years ago my friend, Lewis B. Butler, came to me in Brooklyn, and said: "Henry, give me all the money you have, to operate with, and we will divide the spoils by and bye." He was then steward in a hospital, where he got a fever and died suddenly. It was three weeks before I heard that he was dead. I was so busy that I could not get to him. His business was all in checks. His pass-book was taken from him by somebody, and there I was \$1800 out of pocket. At the time I refer to he asked me for all the money I had. I said: "I can't do it, Lewis." But I went in and got a roll of bills; then I went into another room and got another roll, and then another. On the third day he sent me a check of \$750. At the seance with Mrs. Fales he came and described himself, then said: "Henry, you shall have all that money with compound interest, by and bye." He then spoke of my son in Denver, Colorado. Mrs. Fales said: "That fellow is Lewis B. Butler, and this one is Marcus L. Butler. He has got the money." The thing had gone out of my mind entirely; I had not thought of it for twenty years. Now, then, I am promised this money through my son; they said they would help him to make the money, and he would pay me.

Mr. Whitlock.—"When you get the money, let us know, and we will publish it in the *Fact* magazine."

I feel that these things are too sacred to be trifled with. If we can get any light whereby, we may know that we have an immortal spirit, that is the thing for us to do. I believe every individual with a brain is a medium; if they have not any brain, it is no matter whether they are a medium or not. I know we can see things without going into a cabinet. I know when I get a word that sinks deep into my spirit; when I see sailing in the air the form of my wife, who has been gone thirty-four years, when she says: "Stop, or take the other road," I call that materialization.

My life was saved once by spirit power. At that time, being troubled in mind, I cared not how quick I might be in the eternal world. Going across the river from Brooklyn to New York, I made up my mind that life was not worth living. I was going home with the unpleasant consciousness that I had some \$25 or \$50 due that I could not collect. I said: "My wife is well enough off." Then, like a fool, I wrote on a card: "Whoever finds this box will deliver it at such a place." I walked off deliberately, expecting to walk into the East River, when up came this sign with the face of my wife, and I heard the word: "Stop." At once I turned around like a dog that had been kicked, and tore up the card. My wife came the other day at my request to see me, and told me there was a fine lot of duties here for me to attend to. Right here is Mrs. Cushman, a musical medium. We went into her seance and got table tips and raps of every kind, answering all our questions positively. The music was beautiful. I asked if my father was there. He said: "Yes." I said: "Father, can you play the Jews-harp?" He said: "Yes." I asked him to play Yankee Doodle, and he played it as I have not heard it played in many long years. I said: "Will you sing as you used to sing after tea?" He sang:—

"I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care."

It was beautiful. I say these things cannot be controverted.

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### DR. H. B. STORER,

Boston, Mass.

I have been asked to briefly narrate my experience with Mrs. Compton. Of course, the facts have been published, but they are sufficiently marked to narrate here.

I visited Havana, N. Y., after reading the accounts given by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, and others, concerning Mrs. Compton's mediumship. After sitting in her circles I desired to institute absolute test conditions. I asked her if I could do so and not have her know what they were. She said she had no objection, so I went up to Watkins, to Dr. Lewis's, and asked him, his wife and

daughter, and a lady friend from Providence, to come down. I asked them to take some black silk and some black gloves. I had noticed that spirits, with the exception of the Indian, were usually clad in white. I wanted to make sure that the garments that the medium wore were not employed by them in the production of the spirit garments. I said to these ladies: "I want you to put her into a pair of pantaloons; I want her encased in black; and I want the gloves sewed to her sleeves." We did not have the pantaloons, so I asked the medium if her husband had a pair we could take. She said: "Yes; what do you want to do?" I said: "Perhaps for once you might as well wear the pantaloons." She laughed. We encased her in black as I desired. On ascending the stairs she began to tremble. "Where are you going?" she said. "Oh," I replied, "up to the seance room; there is nobody there but those I have named." "Oh, I can't go unless you are there," she said. "You won't hurt me?" "Oh, no," I said. When we got up there, she passed into the cabinet and became quiet. The cabinet was a small partition across a corner of the room, which was lathed and plastered. There was no entrance except through this one door. The top of the door was sawed off about a foot. There was a small chair in the cabinet. You might have touched the walls on either side by extending the hands. I took some common twine and fastened her to the chair, tying it in double knots. So there she sat. I stepped out, and we formed a semi-circle in front of the cabinet, and began to sing. Presently there was a sound in the cabinet, and soon the little curtain was pushed aside, and some half dozen little hands began playing over the door. These could not have been Mrs. Compton's, which were encased in black gloves sewed to her sleeves. Soon a voice said: "Doctor, we are afraid we shall not be able to send Katy out; the medium is not well." I said: "Do your best." "We will do the best we can," said the voice, "but we are obliged to conform to conditions." At last the door opened, and a white form emerged, and there was the young girl called Katy, about eighteen years old. She stepped out slowly, reached her hands out to me, and sat down on my knee. She was dressed in pure white,—some gossamer fabric, and a veil about her face. There was a fine aroma wafted about. There she was, showing some *avouirdupois*. In a little while she arose

and walked to the cabinet, almost fading out before she got there. Soon she came out again, and requested me to enter the cabinet while she was passing around the room. I did so, and everything was gone,— Mrs. Compton, pantaloons and all. Then I heard a voice say: “Doctora, Doctora?” “Yes, Seneca,” said I. On that a tall Indian came out, wearing cap and plumes. I said: “Seneca, I want you to stand up against the side of the wall.” He did so, and gave three resounding blows. Then I said: “Won’t you take that wreath from the top of the door?” “No,” he said. “Medie be mad.” Then a little voice said: “Somebody gave it to mother; she would not like it.” “Oh,” I said, “she would not care.” Upon that he took it off. I had measured Mrs. Compton’s height by this door, and could now see the difference in the two. I then stepped into the cabinet, and there was no medium there. I stepped out, and immediately after stepped in again, and there was the medium.

Desiring to continue these investigations, I went to the grocery store, purchased some cloth, had a bag made, put the medium into it, and drew it up with strings around the neck and feet. She sat in a chair. I sealed the strings to the side of the walls, warming the wax with a match. I sealed her to the walls and floor. Then we formed a circle. By and bye, out came Katy. I requested that Katy step on the scales and be weighed. Mr. George A. Bacon, now of Washington, then of Boston, took her weight. He had her adjust her dress so that it would not touch the floor. He weighed her once, and then had her step off and then on again, to see how much the weight varied, and there was a difference of ten or fifteen pounds. Apparently she weighed what she chose. When she came out of the cabinet I went into it, and there was nothing there. We weighed Seneca, Mr. Bacon taking a record of the varying weights, which is all published. We found the medium in the cabinet with the wax intact,—nothing was changed. I simply give you the facts.

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### MRS. SARAH F. FREE.

FACT MEETING, Aug. 24, 1882.

Last spring I attended in Reading a seance of Mr. Shears. Before I went I was controlled by an uncle of mine, who said:



"Tell Sis to go to the circle and we will all materialize." I went, hoping to see that uncle. We sat for half an hour, perhaps, when a figure appeared. I recognized it immediately, and asked permission to go into the cabinet. I went up, but did not see my uncle, but saw a cousin of mine. He stood before me, but his form was like Mr. Shears'; it was so in earth life. Mr. Shears had a smooth face; my cousin had a beard and mustache, and the upper part of his face was sunken. He has been gone two years. He came back very weak; he could not raise a finger. He stood there; I had no evidence only my eyes, but I know I saw him. In two weeks I went again to Reading, to the house of Mrs. Merrill. The first seance was made up of skeptics; they did not get evidence enough to convince them. The next evening, at the house of Mrs. Charles Merrill, I saw my cousin again. With me on the grounds are two ladies to whom this gentleman is nephew, and of course they know as well as I. I took them to Mr. Shears' to see for themselves; we went yesterday afternoon. When I went up to the cabinet, I did not see my cousin as I expected, but the uncle I went to see before. I felt overcome for a few moments. The light was dim, but I stood pretty close, and I know I saw him.

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### MR. G. W. DAVENPORT,

Leyden, Mass.

I can hardly call myself a skeptic. I have been to Mr. Shears' circle twice. The first time I went to investigate. I was not nervous, and I do n't know that I wanted to see anybody in particular. The second time I did not see anybody I recognized, though plenty of forms came out of the cabinet. A friend of mine built the cabinet, and before I went I called on him and he assured me it was all right. The second time I went to this circle was night before last. I did not go to see anyone in particular. But to go back a few years: six or seven years ago I lived in Brattleboro. I was in business there with my brother. His wife thought a good deal of me, and we rode out together frequently, and we used to go to circles. She used to say: "George, I am coming to see you if I pass over." Night before last I was in that circle, and had not thought of her. A form came out and

motioned to me. I went up, and she came out of the cabinet. I know positively it was she. I know just what I am talking about. When she passed away she was very weak. I asked her if she could not speak to me. She put her fingers to her lips, meaning no. I asked her to come a second time, and she came. I should know her by the braiding of the hair, and the way she stood. She came a third time. Shortly after that a male form came out. My brother passed away last spring. They said it was he. I went up, but could not fully recognize him, because he was not as tall. He had a bushy head in the earth life, and I should have been likely to recognize him. But he said it was he.

Now another fact: there is a medium upon these grounds, — Mrs. William H. Adams, of Brattleboro, Vt. A man by the name of John Childs, of Wilmington, Vt., had what we Yankees term a racket with his wife. Now, when this racket came, as it was claimed that he was owing his father \$2000, he got his policy transferred to his father to secure him from an indebtedness. Soon after Mr. John Childs died in Wilmington, Vt. The insurance company wanted to be ugly, and would not produce the transfer papers. A man named Warner, of Dover, Vt., was visiting this John Childs' father, Mr. A. B. Childs. Mr. Childs says to him: "I am pretty blue, Mr. Warner; I can't get my insurance money; the transfer is lost." This Mrs. Adams was visiting Mr. Warner's house, and he was telling his wife about it, when Mrs. Adams went into a trance, and this Mr. Childs appeared and told through the medium where the papers could be found; it was somewhere in a drawer down at the store where he, the younger Childs, had laid them away carefully. Mr. Warner said he did not believe a word in it, but said he would go down to Mr. Childs' the next day and tell him what he had heard. He did so, and Mr. Childs, on hearing the place described, went to a hook, took down a key, marched out to the store, went to the drawer, and came back with the papers.

But I have had a test that far outstrips that. I think Dr. Beals, who knows the Davenport blood, knows that I don't lie. This is the fact: my brother, Charles M. Davenport, of Burlington, one of the most prominent lawyers of Vermont, passed away the 14th of last April. It was a great blow to us all, and was the first break in a circle of six boys. We all felt it very much. I

and one other are the only ones that have a slight belief in spiritualism. For two long months after his death there was a sort of pressure, as though he desired to talk with me. Some two months after that my mail brought to me a letter from the Vernon, Vt., post office. I have the letter here; it was read by the president from the stand yesterday. That letter stated—now, mind, he had made his will—there was property he desired me to have. The spirit of my brother appeared to his niece and directed her to write to me personally, but she did not want to write to a gentleman she did not know, and got him to write. This is the letter:—

VERNON, VT., June 25, 1882.

MR. DAVENPORT,—

Dear Sir, I suppose you will think strange that a stranger should address you on a subject of no importance to himself, but I think you will excuse me when I say that the spirit of your brother, C. N. Davenport, requested me to say to you that there is property that belongs to him that he wishes you to have; and if you will go to some medium, your brother will tell you about it. Please let me know the result of your interview with your brother's spirit, for I feel interested in spiritualism, and wish to know more about it.

Respectfully yours,

CHESTER LEE.

I went to a medium, Mrs. Maggie Nelson, day before yesterday. She told me to go to Maud Lord. I went down in front of the speaker's stand, and she gave me a free test. Just as soon as I held up my hand Mrs. Lord said: "I see a tall, large man stand up before me. He has some papers in his hand,—papers that he wants you should get at. I should think he was a lawyer." There was the key to this letter. But I have not got all I want. I went last night to Mrs. Lord's circle. I know my brother by the way he came. He put both hands upon my head and said: "Those papers shall be all right." A little while after he got down and took hold of my knees and said: "Wake up, George, wake up!" just as he used to. A little while after he put his hands upon my head—the Davenports don't take much stock in this vicarious atonement—and said: "George, this knocks theology all to thunder!"

## MRS. SARAH F. BREED,

North Reading, Mass.

We had a beautiful flower seance at my father's in the spring of 1879. On the 13th of June, 1878, I lost my only child, a little boy, who was suddenly taken to spirit life. We began immediately to investigate the phenomena of spiritualism, and progressed finely. Prof. Cadwell was the one who told us what to do; he kindly came and read his book to us. We sat at the table, and went on from one degree to another till my sister was developed as a test medium. In the spring of 1879 we read of the exposure of Mrs. Hatch, of Boston. We had read so much of these things that we did not believe she had been exposed, but we thought we would test her. We wrote to her asking her if she would come to our house. We received a reply saying she would come on the following Tuesday. I think she resided then in South Boston. She reached our home at a quarter to five, and must have left hers at three o'clock, so any flowers she could have brought in the crowded stage would have been crushed. Our seance was at 8 o'clock. She was obliged to go without supper, because if she ate anything she went into convulsions. All at the circle were believers with one exception, this one being an orthodox person and a member of the church. She had called to know if she might come. We took our seats at 8 o'clock and joined hands, the medium taking her seat in the center of the circle. A light was left burning for awhile, and was then blown out. The windows were not closed because it was so warm, but every window was guarded with netting to keep out mosquitoes. The blinds were closed and the shades down, and heavy draperies were over all. The doors were closed and locked. We joined hands, and the circle was not broken throughout. We sat thus twenty minutes, perhaps, when flowers began to come. They would fall from three or four different directions at the same time; the air was full of fragrance. We had no flowers in our house, for we had taken pains to remove every one. When these flowers touched our faces, they left them wet with dew-drops. When the lamps were lighted there were six varieties of evergreens, four of roses, beautiful grasses, and clover blossoms. The Sunday before, through the mediumship of my sister, at a little seance in my sick room, where I had been confined some time,

these flowers were promised. At that time my grandmother sent this message to my mother: "I will bring my favorite plant." That was tansy. My father was a shoe manufacturer, and had a partner, an old gentleman, who was very fond of flowers. He came that day, and said he would send an African lily. We had six of them, and a spray of tansy from my grandmother. My sister's control said the little Indian would bring her a wreath; she found at her feet a wreath of smilax a yard long. One gentleman had a bunch of walnuts. His skeptical son said the walnuts had been picked off a long time, as the husks were black; but he went into the woods afterwards and got some off the trees, and in a little while they were as black as these. We saw Mrs. Hatch when she got out of the stage, and we know she could have had no flowers concealed. She is a genuine medium, though I understood later that she had not courage to breast the storm.

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### MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD,

West Newton, Mass.

Twenty years ago I lived in the town of Taunton, Mass. For one year I was the settled minister over a spiritualist society there. I lived with Mrs. Sally Bosworth. One evening we called on Dame Hodges, who lived alone. She had fallen and broken her fore-finger right between these two joints. It had swollen so much that the doctor said he could not set it till the inflammation had abated, so she had got it wrapped up, and was suffering terribly. While we were conversing, and she groaning, I said: "Mrs. Hodges, let me take your finger." She laid her finger in the palm of my hand, and I took my other finger and held over it. We sat thus awhile, when all at once there was a noise like the snapping of a pistol. We jumped and screamed, and she took her finger from my hand. The bone was set and the finger was straight. I know I did not do it because I never was a surgeon, and should not have understood how to do it. I did not press upon the finger for I was afraid of hurting it. I don't know anybody else to lay it to but the spirits,—to some surgeon who had passed to spirit life, and understood the delicate work, and just stepped in at the right time and did it. There may be some one here from Taunton who remembers this fact.

## MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD,

West Newton, Mass.

I want to say in regard to the phase of mediumship described by Mrs. Breed that I witnessed similar phenomena in the presence of our good brother, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, who was kicked out of Harvard College. His address is the *Banner of Light* office,—his place, Leonora, N. Y. There was a grand piano in the house, and that piano was literally covered with flowers,—fresh-cut flowers, all sprinkled with dew. That is a fact.

One more point. I once heard a gossiping story. Did you ever hear one? (Laughter). I wish I could see the person who had not. I would walk a hundred miles with peas in my shoes to see such a person. After hearing this story, I sat down and wrote just as fast as I could this poem.

Mr. Whitlock.—“Is it inspirational?”

Mrs. Wood.—“Yes, it is. I will read it.”

## THE SLANDERER.

If a man is down, crush him;  
 Never help him to arise.  
 If a woman falls, kill her,  
 No matter how soon *she* dies.  
 Then unfurl your glorious banner,  
 With its shining stripes and stars,  
 And shout your nation's motto,  
 From behind your prison bars.

Then upbuild your gaudy churches,  
 With their gilded domes and spires;  
 And forget the striving millions  
 With no cheerful, warming fires.  
 There's a creeping, slimy serpent,  
 With a deadly, poison sting,  
 Crawling, cringing, hiding, biting,  
 Killing birds upon the wing.

No one ever yet has seen it,  
 Still its poison thousands feel,  
 And its common name is slander,—  
 None can crush it with the heel,—  
 This it is that woman kills;  
 Through society it creepeth,  
 And its dew of death distills.

Worse than murder, worse than fire,  
Is this enemy abroad;  
And a punishment severe  
It deserves from justice,—God!

He whose base insinuation  
Ruins reputation, fame;  
Causes man to bow in sorrow,—  
Womanhood to bow in shame;  
Stands a criminal in justice,  
Never learns the golden rule;  
And must reap his retribution  
In eternity's great school.

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### GEORGE A. BACON,

Of Washington, D.C.

Spiritualism must rest upon facts. Accumulation of facts is always in order. I had a friend who is one of friend Robert's special antipathies. He is one of those so-called fraud-hunters with which I have no sympathy. He believed he was a self-appointed spiritual detective. I was relating to him some incidents that occurred in my life. He with great disdain turned up his royal nose. He disbelieved them. The man is somewhat exclusive, and has no spiritual perception. He is a lawyer, and is full of doubt and suspicion. He has not sufficient spiritual insight. This distrust and suspicion will, undoubtedly, prevent him from enjoying spirit realities. Twenty years ago I was employed in the Boston post office. One Saturday afternoon, after leaving the office, I felt impelled to call upon a lady for an interview with one of my ascended friends. She had seen me but once or twice before, and did not know my name. I sat in her room an hour or two. The sun was shining. There was ground glass in the windows, and you could not see through them. Among other things she told me that I was going to the councils of the nation. I said: "Please be more specific; tell me when I am going." "My dear child," said the Quaker voice, "the time has arrived that we should tell thee that before snow comes thee shall be on thy winding way." On leaving the lady I went out and it was snowing. Remember that this was Satur-

day. On Monday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, Senator Wilson, afterwards vice-president, called and wanted to know if such a person as myself was there. I went out. He said: "Who are you?" I told him that I was the son of my father and mother. He said: "Your friends have been making a devil of a fuss about you. They want you to go to Washington. Just before leaving Washington, Secretary Stanton put a paper in my hands with your name on it." That prophecy was literally fulfilled. Ten years after that I was located in the city. Feeling that there must be a change in my business, I wrote to this old Quaker friend through Mr. Mansfield, sealed the letter strongly, and sent it to him. My letter was returned unopened. The six questions I had asked *seriatim* were answered *seriatim*. Among other questions I asked when I should leave my present place of business. The answer was: "You are to leave. Out thee must go." I threw the communication into my trunk. It was several years before I discovered it again. On the first day of September a gentleman from Worcester came to the city and said to me: "Last week I received an impulse to engage you to go on the road to travel for us." I did so. And there was a second literal fulfillment, six months ahead. The third time was a year ago, when I received word from this same Quaker friend. I asked: "When shall I see daylight?" It was answered: "Before the expiration of the next month." I waited patiently. Two demonstrations having been given, I accepted this one. I received word three days before the expiration of the following month, making a third fulfillment.

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### MR. LUCIAN CARPENTER,

Of Providence, R. I.

I lived in the town of Putnam, Conn., forty-six years. On the Sunday when Lee surrendered to Grant I sat in a circle, when all at once the medium exclaimed: "Lee has surrendered to Grant." The next day the news of that surrender filled the papers.



## MRS. MELVIE A. CLAYTON,

Cato, N. Y.

I have a photograph of some independent slate-writing that occurred at the house of Mr. John T. Knapp, of Cato, N. Y., through the mediumship of Mr. John Truesdale, of Syracuse, N. Y. He often visits us at the house of Mr. Knapp, of Cato, N. Y. We carried into the parlor a long dining table. On the table was a lamp burning brightly, and another one burning brightly was hanging from the ceiling. Mr. Truesdale was seated with his hands joined to ours. We having procured the slates, all the conditions required were that they should be placed upon the table. He bit off bits of pencil about the size of a grain of wheat. The slates were placed on the table with a tureen-cover over them to secure the requisite darkness, we being in perfect light. Upon joining hands the influence was so strong that Mr. Truesdale was obliged to get up and move about the parlor, while the slates remained upon the table. Upon these slates came four different communications, the writing of one of them being characteristic of and also a *fac simile* of Dr. J. H. Parker's, a son-in-law of Mr. Knapp's, and, at the time he passed on, a scientific spiritualist, and one is characteristic of the writing of Mrs. Knapp, the wife of John T. Knapp, who died from the effects of paralysis. There is her trembling hand. Mr. Parker left a little son, only seven years old, whom Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, grand-parents of Johnny Parker, brought up. The communication said:—

“Let me say, follow the advice, for you cannot always have the courage, of your grandfather. It is easier to drift down the tide than to row up the stream; it is easier to spend a dollar than to earn it. Your affectionate father, HENRY PARKER.”

On another occasion, when he visited us and we had a circle, Mr. Truesdale said: “Friends, we will not call this spirit but simply odic force.” Dr. Parker wrote upon the slate in a message to his father-in-law, Mr. Knapp: “Dear father, don't worry about Johnny, he will come out all right in the end. Tell Mr. Truesdale that simple odic force cannot write, but with it must be coupled spirit power. Your affectionate son, HENRY PARKER.”

Mr. Truesdale is a banker, of Syracuse, N. Y. Dr. Parker's

Your affectionate  
Father Henry

I have a string  
 at you home  
 C.H.T.  
 I have a string  
 at you home  
 C.H.T.  
 I have a string  
 at you home  
 C.H.T.

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wife (Mr. Knapp's daughter), died when Johnny was five weeks old, and his father when Johnny was seven, Mr. and Mrs. Knapp taking charge of him. His grandmother, Mrs. Knapp, died in 1874, one year to a month after celebrating their golden wedding. Mr. Knapp is still living, and attends the camp at Lake Pleasant each summer. We celebrated his eightieth birth-day last May (1882), a party of friends from Auburn, Syracuse, and Cato being in attendance. Among the number was Mr. Truesdale, and we enjoyed a seance at which we obtained independent slate-writing. Mr. Truesdale surpasses any medium I know, in that all the messages are written in each spirit's familiar hand, and our own spirit friends communicate each time. The communications are all the more satisfactory as Mr. Truesdale is not a professional medium. At his last visit in Cato, a few weeks since, Mrs. Knapp wrote upon the slate in her own handwriting, the writing being much improved, and just as she used to write before having the three strokes of paralysis. She wrote: "My dear friends, Mr. Truesdale will write instructions whereby you can all learn to be your own mediums. —THEADA KNAPP."

Mr. Truesdale informed us that he was about to write a book upon the subject of mediumship, and how to develop it, and Mrs. Knapp's statement was a grand test to him personally.

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### JUDGE SIMMONS,

Bennington, Vt.

One year ago upon this ground I attended one of Mrs. Ross's materializing seances. Twenty-five forms came out, but in only one or two instances were they recognized by those present. My sister, who passed away five years ago, I recognized distinctly. She appeared to me just as she did the day she passed out. She passed behind the curtain and I took my seat, but was called up again, and she came out a second time. This time she materialized stronger and conversed with me, and requested "Sweet Home" to be sung. I stated her request to the circle, and it was sung. She stood beside me as close as I am to this gentleman, and I saw her lips move and heard her voice as she sung "Sweet Home." Last March I visited Mrs. Ross at her residence in

Providence, and staid there from Friday till Monday, and attended several seances. My sister came and materialized more fully than at the first seance here a year ago. At that time her touch was not as natural as in life; but at this seance in Providence it was. She took me by the hand as naturally as ever, and kissed me as naturally, and told me that in a few moments she would try to come out from the curtain. Presently she came out and took my arm, and walked out in front of all present. The first form of that first evening in Providence was a young lady. I was beckoned up to the cabinet, and she held the curtains one side. I was requested to walk forward and take the medium's hand. I did so. Mrs. Ross spoke, leaning forward, while the form stood holding the curtain aside. On another occasion, Bright Star, one of Mrs. Ross's controls, came out, and I was asked to take hold of Mrs. Ross's hand. I did so, while Bright Star held the other; and with Mrs. Ross in deep trance we all three walked into the room. My little boy came perfectly natural at one corner of the curtain. I had stooped down and was talking with him. At the same time a large gentleman came at the middle aperture, calling his friend up, and from the aperture was asking him about some little boy of theirs; immediately another boy stepped out, and they were conversing with theirs and I with my friends, and all in view of the whole circle. At this circle twenty-five or thirty forms came out distinctly, and no two alike. They were of all ages and sizes, and both male and female. Miss Hatch, of Astoria, L. I., who comes there, comes also through Mrs. Ross; and she came that evening and was recognized. She was a blonde, quite tall, and attired elegantly. I was allowed an introduction to her. The buckle upon her belt was quite large and very brilliant, and seemingly composed entirely of diamonds, it was so bright. Immediately after she retired a form came out, quite short, a brunette, elegantly attired. Immediately on her retiring my sister came again. She seemed to be so strong that she could come out at any time. She called a gentleman on my right, and told him that Hattie would appear presently. He came back and told me. I asked him who Hattie was. He said; "A friend of mine." Presently Hattie appeared.

In regard to Mrs. Pickering I wish to say something. Two weeks before this seance at Mrs. Ross's I attended a seance of

Mrs. Pickering's, in Boston, with Mr. Dudley. A form appeared fully materialized, with sandy whiskers and hair, and dressed in brown clothes. He pulled my beard and patted me upon the shoulders, but I did not recognize him. He gave me the signs of Odd-Fellowship right there. Two weeks after that the same form appeared there. It was to me a pretty good evidence of Mrs. Pickering's genuine mediumship. It was identically the same form.

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J. D. MOORE,

Boston.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir,—If you have space in your valuable periodical, I would like to relate a few phenomenal facts which occurred at two most wonderful seances which I recently attended.

The evenings were Christmas night and New Year's eve; the place, 18 Arnold Street, Boston; the medium, Miss Helen C. Berry; the occasions, the presentation to her of a gold watch and chain as a Christmas gift, and the presentation to Mr. G. T. Albro, her manager, of a gold chain on New Year's eve.

A few of her warm spiritual friends, wishing to express in a substantial manner their esteem for her as a lady, and their high appreciation of her gifts as a medium, assembled at her house on Christmas night and presented her with a gold watch and chain. The matter was managed so quietly that she was entirely unaware of their intention till the chain was actually placed about her neck at the seance table, just as the seance was about to commence, by one of the friends who made a brief presentation speech. Miss Berry, being taken wholly by surprise, very briefly but eloquently and feelingly responded. Then followed several appropriate, pithy speeches by Prof. Hummiston, John Wetherbee, Esq., and Mr. Albro, the gentlemanly and efficient conductor of Miss Berry's seances.

Then commenced one of the most remarkable seances ever witnessed by any of the twenty or more ladies and gentlemen present on that occasion.

These seances are held in the dark, and the manifestations are physical, embracing almost every known variety. With these

few words of explanation as to their nature, I will proceed to relate what took place on that memorable evening.

We all took seats at an extension table, and joined hands, including the medium. She prefers thus to join hands with the rest, that skeptics may know that whatever phenomena may occur she performs no part of them. The medium sat between Prof. Hummiston and myself, we holding her hands securely. Lying on the table was a book of block paper and a lead pencil.

Scarcely was the light extinguished when Charlie, the leader of her spirit band (and formerly a very dear friend of Miss Berry's), seized the pencil with his materialized hand and wrote an appropriate and eloquent speech of several pages in length, in response to what had been said, which I wish I could give in full, but only a few lines of which I can give verbatim. Thus: "Friends, it will be expected that on this interesting occasion I shall contribute my mite, but I can say nothing which has not been already better said." He was cognizant of the fact that we were intending to take the medium by surprise, and was as much interested in having it so as we were, but probably did not anticipate the result, as the following communication to the conductor of the seance will readily show: "The medium is so excited I fear we shall be unable to fulfill our promise" (which was to show us a full form on the occasion). All seemed somewhat disappointed, and the medium more than anyone else at this announcement.

Mr. Albro then requested her to sit in one corner of the room, and the audience to sit near to her. The light was put out, and all waited some ten minutes for something to turn up, during which time silence prevailed,—anxiety, especially on the part of the medium, being on the increase. Finally, Charlie rapped for the alphabet and spelled out: "Let the medium sit in the front parlor." As soon as the gas was lighted, she took her seat in a rocking-chair in the center of the parlor. The light was again extinguished, and almost immediately the medium exclaimed: "Why, they are illuminating my chain." An astounding fact which all in the room at once beheld. We could see the links distinctly. Both watch and chain remained visible for several minutes, during which the medium passed near to us all. On reaching her chair again she exclaimed: "They are materializing

a bracelet on my wrist," a still more astounding fact, made palpable this time to the sense of touch as well as sight, for the medium passed so near to some of us that we felt of it. To me it felt like heavily-chased metal; to others, including the medium, as if made of large gold links. After several minutes it dematerialized. On again reaching the chair, a sash of what appeared to be self-illuminating silver lace was placed about her neck, the ends resting in her lap. This shone so that her form was indistinctly seen. A Mrs. Lincoln, from an adjoining town, then sat near the medium, and almost immediately she (the medium) exclaimed: "There is a little child going to Mrs. Lincoln." When it reached her, being seen by the audience, it disappeared. Hardly had the child dematerialized when the medium again exclaimed: "Why, there is mother coming toward me" (her mother is one of her spirit band). And then commenced the most wonderful sight of all. Drapery, self-illuminating and looking like silver lace, was formed about the shoulders of the spirit mother until it reached nearly to the floor. All in the room could see it distinctly. As she approached the medium, Mr. Albro, who had now stepped into the room, called Gertrude, the sister of the medium, who at the time was sitting by my side, to come up to her; and, guided in the dark by the self-illuminating robe of the mother, approached to her sister's knee, and, as she did so, the mother placed her hand upon her head and pressed gently, indicating that she wished her to kneel. She obeyed; then the mother sat down in the medium's lap, and, placing her enrobed arms around Gertrude's neck, kissed her. The latter sobbed aloud, exclaiming: "Oh, mother!"

Thus the heavenly and the earthly, the mother and daughters, the tenderest relationship known to God, angels or men, formed one grand trio-tableau. There were but few dry eyes in the room; and, as for me, I felt like exclaiming: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

But the climax of these manifestations was reached on New Year's eve, on which occasion some of the friends of Mr. Albro, who knew how arduously he had labored to make the seances of Miss Berry a success, as also in extending generally the gospel of the new dispensation, presented to him as a New Year's gift an elegant gold chain.



It was watch night, and these friends were invited to assemble at 18 Arnold St., to watch the old year out and the new year in. Some twenty invited guests were present; and after partaking of some refreshments, and enjoying a social chat, at half-past eleven we commenced our seance; but, instead of sitting around the table, Mr. Albro requested the medium to take a seat at one side of the parlor, and we formed a semi-circle, three deep, around her, the nearest being some six feet distant from her.

Just before extinguishing the light, Mr. Albro requested Mr. Cobb, the conductor of the Eagle Hall meetings, to place his (Albro's) gold chain, just received, upon the neck of the medium, remarking: "Perhaps they will light it up as they did her chain and watch." He then put out the light, and in less than a minute it was illuminated, but not as brilliantly, for the band reserved their power for what was to follow.

After this several forms were seen with brilliant drapery. And just here let me say that this materialization is entirely different from the full-form materialization so often described, for the drapery of the latter appears to be of the common kind of material, and seen by a very faint, borrowed light, whilst the former, as I have several times said, is brilliant and self-illuminating.

Wild Flower, the control of one of our best-known mediums, Mrs. Maggie Fulsom, showed herself with sufficient distinctness to be readily recognized by her. Then came apparently a mother and child (not recognized), with very full drapery, who, after moving back and forth several times, settled down upon the floor in a shapeless mass, and remained there for several minutes, gradually dematerializing, and looking like a small pile of brilliant lace. It was within two feet of me. Just then I struck up the good old-fashioned watch-night and prayer-meeting tune "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove"; and, before we had sung the verse, out of that mass of drapery flew what appeared to be a dove, and it flew several times part way across the room and back in front of the audience.

After this the medium's mother came under circumstances very similar to those of Christmas night. Were it not that a multitude of intelligent ladies and gentlemen saw the dove, and witnessed that which I am about to describe, I would not expect

that you, Mr. Editor, with all your large and varied experience, would credit my word.

And now came the climax,—the grand *finale*. After sitting a few moments in perfect silence and utter darkness, quick as a flash, there appeared some six or seven feet from the floor a clock dial or face, some twelve inches in diameter, with the hour and minute hands pointing to twelve o'clock, indicating the death of the old and the birth of the new year. All that could be seen was the figures, some two inches long, and the hands; these looked like self-illuminating gold. It turned so that all could have a front view; and, after remaining thus for the space of two or three minutes, suddenly the diameter of the circle increased to some fifteen inches, still the dial remaining a perfect circle; and just then a pendulum of the same material dropped down some two feet, and continued to vibrate while the vision lasted.

If there was really any dial to which the figures and hands were attached, it must have been perfectly transparent, for the medium could see them as distinctly from behind as we could in front (it was about half way between her and us).

After remaining some five or eight minutes, it suddenly vanished; and in a moment there appeared a beautiful wreath of the same color and brilliancy, and in the center were the figures 1883.

Thus ended two of the most remarkable seances that ever occurred in Boston. Language fails me to express the intense feeling of wonder and delight with which that audience left 18 Arnold Street, at one o'clock a.m., 1883.

BOSTON, Jan. 7, 1883.

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### HON. MOSES A. DOW,

Waverley, House, Boston, Mass.

[Our illustration (see frontispiece) is a copy of a spirit photograph, taken by Mr. Wm. Mumler, of Hon. Moses A. Dow, and the spirit of Miss Mabel Warren, in the year 1870.

For this engraving we are indebted to Messrs. C. R. Miller & Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y., the publishers of a new and beautiful magazine, entitled the *Gallery of Spirit Art*, in which it first appeared.

We are also under obligations for a description, from Mr. Dow's own pen, to Mr. Mumler's work, entitled "Personal Experiences in Spirit Photography."

As is well known, Hon. Moses A. Dow is editor and proprietor of *The Waverley Magazine*, and a large real estate owner in the Bunker-Hill district of Boston, Mass.—ED.]

Having some time since become somewhat interested in the subject of spiritualism, and being urged to do so by a request which I do not feel at liberty to decline, I have, according to the best of my ability, noted down the prominent items of my experience, hoping they may give encouragement and increase the confidence of those whose minds have not yet become settled on the subject.

I well remember the time when the phenomena of spiritual manifestations were first introduced by the Misses Fox, of Rochester, N. Y.; and I did not, even at that early day, when spiritualism was so little known, and its promulgation so new and wonderful, do, as many others did and do now, scout its pretensions, for I saw the germ of a new era,—one in which the human mind would become more free and more expanded, and that it would do away with many false and cruel tenets in most of the popular creeds of the day. I was desirous, however, that others should study its reality and its claims to public confidence, as I had neither the time nor the inclination to search into its mysteries, for I had some fears that I might go too deep, and that the subject might so involve my meditations as to unfit me for the actual duties of life, of which I had many responsible ones.

It was in the early part of 1870 that circumstances brought me in contact with some spiritual manifestations, and what I saw and heard at those meetings set the doors of my understanding “ajar,” and the probability of the truth of such manifestations was indelibly impressed on my mind; and it was not very difficult, for the results of my observations, in after researches, made me a sincere believer in the doctrine that the spirits of our departed friends come back to us, and, through proper media, communicate hope and consolation to their nearest friends and those whom they loved on earth.

It has not yet become sufficiently popular for a man somewhat known in a community to step forth and avow himself a believer in spiritualism, much less to advocate its promulgation. But, if he truly, consciously, and understandingly believes *anything* that courts investigation, especially one so important as is this, and

dares not acknowledge that belief, he is not imbued with the spirit of liberty and free discussion which our institutions should have implanted within his bosom.

It has been my privilege, during the last twelve months, to enjoy the most positive tests of the truths of spiritual manifestations that anyone ever had, and I propose, in this imperfect narrative, to give the results of my experience in plain and unequivocal language, that shall neither confuse or mystify those who may honor me by their perusal.

I am the publisher of a literary paper in Boston; and in the year 1862 there entered my office a young lady, apparently a recent graduate of our high schools, who offered me some manuscripts for publication in my paper. She was reserved and dignified in her speech and manners, and she seemed the very ideal of what the most imaginative mind would deem almost perfection.

Her writings made a favorable impression, and I received several specimens of them during that year. After having become acquainted with her intellectual ability, and having seen the probability of the rapid advancement that she would make by a little experience, I made arrangements with her to take a permanent place in my office as an assistant on my paper.

The situation which she was to fill was that of assistant editor. She was a fine writer of both prose and poetry, and her good taste proved to be a valuable acquisition to my editorial circle. Her amiable disposition, unselfish nature, and graceful deportment, as well as her faithfulness and honesty in performing the duties allotted to her, made her an object of admiration to all her acquaintances. She filled the place to my satisfaction for eight or nine years.

Mabel Warren, as we will call the young lady's name, was taken ill on the 12th day of July, 1870. After nine days of severe suffering she peacefully and quietly passed to the spirit land. I will not attempt to give language to the grief which I felt at her death. She seemed like a dearly-beloved daughter, her natural father having died in her infancy. Her funeral was attended by a large circle of weeping friends, who felt that a vacuum had been made in their circle which could not be again filled.

On the seventh day after her death, while riding, I met with

an accident, which caused me to keep my house for several weeks. An arrangement had been made with Mrs. Higgins, a spiritual medium, to take tea with my housekeeper (who was a spiritualist), my family being away on a vacation. Several other friends of the cause were present. Before the company had assembled I had a short time to talk with the controlling spirit of the medium, which was that of an Indian girl, who said that there was a beautiful spirit present to see me, but she could not talk then as she was so weak, having been in the spirit hunting-grounds so little while; but that she would talk to me another *moon-time*, or another night. This Indian spirit was called Mary, and was generally the first to communicate through this medium at her sittings.

Later in the evening another little spirit took control of the medium,—that of the son of an ex-mayor of one of the suburban towns of Boston. After some other remarks, he said:—

“The beautiful spirit, Mabel, is here. She is sitting on the banks of a beautiful river, and she is surrounded with flowers, and has a beautiful flower in her hand, and *that is for you*. She loves you because you were so good to her. The banks of the river look somewhat like the river Nile, but the river Nile had people who were mourning and weeping, but here all are happy.”

At another time, on the same evening, Mabel took control of the medium herself, though weak and hardly able to sit in her chair. She requested paper and pencil that she might write. They were brought to her, and she proved almost too weak to take the pencil from the table. She at last succeeded, and made an effort to write, and with much difficulty wrote the following, which was in the handwriting she used during her life-time:—

*“And it was my fate to be taken beyond the——”*

When the pencil dropped from her hand, she fell back in her chair, unable to proceed any further.

On another evening, a week later, Mrs. Higgins, the medium, made us another visit; and being anxious to have a private interview, in hopes of obtaining some test that would prove to my mind the reality of Mabel's presence, I had a sitting half an hour before the time set for the rest of the company to meet. Mabel immediately took possession of the medium, and in a friendly manner took my hand and said:—

"You felt very sad when I passed away, didn't you? But I shall *always be near you*, to console you. I used sometimes to feel as if I did wrong to think so much of you, but I do not think so now,—it was all right."

I will not attempt to relate all that was communicated to me at these sittings. My object is only to give prominence to such points in my narrative as shall enable the reader to trace a harmonious line of evidence from first to last of my experience, and, if not very nicely expressed, I hope there may be seen a consistency in my arguments in favor of the truth.

About a month after the meeting above alluded to, Mrs. D. and myself made a trip to Saratoga Springs. It was about the first of September. The season had passed away, and we rambled over the almost-deserted fields of gayety, unmolested and unnoticed. The shops and hotels were being closed; the *hidden machinery* (as it seemed), which forced the briny waters of the Geyser needed repairing, no doubt, and there seemed to be a move among the towns-people toward such improvements as were necessarily laid aside for the better convenience of the throng which had just left. We had ample room for driving about, and plenty of gay teams at our call. We visited the Lake, the Fishery, and the Springs, the waters of which we freely drank.

I took a stroll up Broadway one pleasant afternoon, and casually stopped in front of a palatial mansion, which was being improved and fitted up by Lord Willoughby, an English nobleman, who I believe intends to make it his permanent residence. While admiring the place, with its beautiful garden of flowers, I noticed approaching me an elderly gentleman, who gave me a pleasant greeting. He informed me that his name was Baker; that he made Saratoga his abiding place; that his family were grown up and scattered over the world, and that he found pleasure in the subject of spiritual manifestations, in which he was a firm believer. He said he was then on his way to the Waverley House, to meet Dr. Slade, a very powerful medium; that he performed wonders on the slate. He asked me to go with him, to which I consented, remarking that I had witnessed some manifestations, and had received communications from some of my friends.

I found Dr. Slade to be a delicately-constituted gentleman, of a remarkably fine countenance, and of genial manners. After

introducing the subject which we called to witness, he seated us around a common, fall-leaf table, about four feet square. The doctor sat on one side, I sat on another side at his right, and Mr. Baker sat on my right, opposite to the doctor. We placed our hands on the center of the table, touching each other, to form an electric circle. Raps came thick and loud under the table, as well as on my chair. The medium asked the spirits:—

“Are there spirits here who wish to communicate?”

Three raps answered yes.

“We will see what you desire to tell us,” said the medium.

He then took a common school slate, and placed on it a small slate-pencil about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and held it under the leaf of the table with the four fingers of the right hand, his thumb resting on the top of the table for support. His left hand remained on the center of the table in connection with both those of Mr. Baker and myself, as before said, to keep the circle unbroken. There was no space between the frame of the slate and the table, and only about one-sixteenth of an inch between the slate and the table for the pencil to work in.

Soon was heard the sound of the pencil writing on the slate. It moved with great rapidity, and the sounds of dotting the *i* and crossing the *t* were distinctly discernible. Three distinct raps on the slate with the pencil said: “*that is all*,” and the slate was taken out. On it was written:—

“*Have no fears for the future? This is a beautiful place.—*  
C. Dow.”

I remarked that I lost a brother Charles about thirty years ago. He died a member of the orthodox church, and believed in all the *peculiar* tenets of that creed. He expressed a fear to me that my Universalism was not true; but, said he, “*I hope it is.*” And now to have him tell me in his first communication from the spirit world to “have no fears for the future,” was very gratifying, for it confirmed my previous convictions that the idea of pain or sorrow after the death of the body, as a punishment, was only the fabrication of a false theology.

I then said that I had lost a friend in Boston a few weeks before, and had communications from her, in which she said she should always be with me; and that I would like to know

whether she had come to Saratoga with me. The slate was held under the table, and when taken out these words were plainly written on it:—

*"She is here.—C. Dow."*

Then I said: "I should like to have *her* write to me." Instantly there was written on the slate:

*"I am always with you. —MABEL."*

The medium then held the slate on the top of my head by his right hand, while his left remained in the center of the table, and on it was written, in Mabel's hand-writing, as follows:—

*"I am glad you are interested in this beautiful truth. Ask Mrs. D. to come, and she will be convinced.—MABEL."*

During this manifestation the medium said he felt a hand take hold of his wrist and pull his cuff. I expressed a wish that she would manifest herself to me in that way, and soon the side of my coat was jerked quite hard, and a hand gently patted me.

The medium took an accordion and placed it under the table in the same way he had held the slate. He took hold of the back part of it, and let the bellows and keys hang down loose. The bellows were raised to a horizontal position, and began to move backward and forward to take in wind, and the tunes of "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer" were played as sweetly as they could possibly be executed on that instrument by mortal fingers.

The medium also took a silver fruit-knife and laid it on the slate with the blade closed, and held the slate under the table. Instantly the knife was thrown across the room on the floor, with the blade opened to its full extent.

On the last evening before our leaving Saratoga I called with another gentleman to have a sitting with Dr. Slade. After witnessing more phenomena, I said that I was going to leave Saratoga on the next morning, and I would like to know whether my friend Mabel was present. The slate was held under the table, and on it was instantly written:—

*"I am glad to meet you; you are so very dear to me.—MABEL."*

Mr. Baker informed me that if I wished to know of a good medium in Boston on my return home, I had better call on Mrs.



M. M. Hardy, No. 4 Concord Square, as she was one of the best mediums he had ever seen. I arrived home in about a week, and a few days afterwards called on Mrs. Hardy. As almost every hour of the day is previously engaged, I could only engage to call three days later. I did not see the lady at this time, as she was occupied. At the time appointed I called and saw her. I had never before seen her, neither had she ever seen me, though she may have read my name in my paper. She did not know what I expected to learn, nor whether I wished to meet father, mother, wife, or children. I did not tell her my name, or give her any information in regard to myself.

I was invited into the sitting-room, and took a seat opposite to her, about six feet distant. In a few minutes she was in a trance, and controlled by a little spirit called Willie, who is generally the first that appears to one who has never been there before.

After his telling me that there were several spirits present who knew me, I asked him if I had any friend present, when he answered with the voice and accent of a child of four years:—

“Yes, you have a beautiful spirit here, and she has got flowers for you. Mary is here, too. Who is Mary?”

The Indian girl who first spoke of Mabel, and told me of her presence through Mrs. Higgins, came to my mind, and I asked Willie if it was the Indian girl.

“Yes, it is the Indian girl, and she has got flowers; they have both got flowers for you. The beautiful spirit gave you *positive demonstration* of her presence in Saratoga, through Dr. Slade, by writing on a slate. She is always with you.”

I asked Willie if my friend would speak to me, and he said she would, and that he would go and let her come to talk with me.

The medium remained silent for a moment, when a deep sigh indicated a change of influences, and both hands were extended toward me, a manner of greeting a friend which was habitual to Mabel when in the earth form. I took a seat nearer to her, and took her hands, which she clasped in a manner that indicated pleasure in meeting a long-absent friend, and with great earnestness of language gave me a hearty welcome. The reality of her presence was so sensibly felt by me that I could not speak for some time. Her wishes seemed to be to impress me with the fact that she was really my friend Mabel.

"My dear friend, I am so glad to meet you," said she. "Promise me that you will not use the word *death* when you speak of me, for I am *not* dead, but alive, and am always with you. It is so beautiful to pass away from earth; I do not wish to come back unless it were to die again, it is so beautiful. I am with your father, mother, and brother; they all love me, and are waiting for you when you come over the river, and will meet you half way over the bridge. It is only a breath long; when the breath is gone you are here; and it is such a beautiful home, and we are all so happy here. I will go now, and let your friends come to you."

After she had gone I had a talk with father, mother, and brother. They all spoke of the *beautiful spirit* which had recently come among them. My brother Charles said:—

"Brother Moses, I am glad to meet you. You are the first one I have ever communicated with. We are very happy. The *beautiful spirit* is with us, and she can teach us our alphabet in spiritual progress because she was so good and pure when she came. I will go now, and let our mother come. Give my love to your daughters, and tell them their uncle Charles lives."

I would remark that my brother died about thirty years ago. My father died about fifteen, and my mother about forty-six years ago. My mother next came to meet me. She said I should find a beautiful home when I came to the spirit land to meet my friends who were waiting for me. My father talked pretty much in the same manner; and, altogether, the good things they told me make life here seem not very desirable, and take from death all its terrors.

At another sitting I asked Mabel if her father would speak to me, as she had told me that he was her guardian spirit while she lived on the earth, and that he was ever present with her. She said he would, and went away to let him come. The voice of the medium was changed from feminine to masculine, as he said:—

"I am glad to meet you, sir. I passed away when this child [Mabel] was in her infancy. It was my doings that she was placed under your care and protection. Had it not been for that care and protection she would not have been the bright and pure spirit that she now is. I thank you for what you have done for her. I thank you for what you have done for her mother and sister. Good-by."

At another time, when I was holding converse with Mabel, she said, voluntarily, without such a thought coming to me :—

“I shall give you my spirit picture some time.”

I supposed that it would have to be done with colors by a medium artist; and, not comprehending her meaning, the matter dropped from my mind. I now reminded her of her promise to give me a picture. She said it would be a photograph, and it must be taken by a medium artist. I asked her when we should have it done, and she said she would tell me the next time I came. I called again in just one week, and she voluntarily spoke of the picture first :—

“Now I am ready to give you my picture. I met the spirit of Rufus Choate, and I asked him if he could tell me where I could get a picture taken for a friend, and he told me I could get it at No. 170 West Springfield Street, in Boston, of Mr. Mumler. I went there to see if that was the right number, and found that it was. I went in to see how they did it, and I got so near the instrument that I was taken on the glass. They didn't know who I was, and so they rubbed it off. Now, when you leave here, you must go there and make arrangements for us to go at one o'clock, a week from today. You call here at twelve; then we will go there at one.”

On arrival at Mrs. Mumler's, I told her that I had called to see about having a picture taken,—that a spirit friend had said she would give me one.

“When will you come?” asked she.

“I will call a week from today, at one o'clock.”

“What name shall I put down?”

I did not like to give my true name, as I had heard that Mr. Mumler was an impostor, and told her she might call me *Mr. Johnson*, which she did; then I came to my place of business.

Just a week from that time I called at Mrs. Hardy's to have a chat with Mabel previous to our going to Mr. Mumler's to get the picture. When I first came, Mrs. Hardy gave me a letter which Mabel had written through her mediumship, from which I will make an extract or two :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I again come to you. I am never absent from you so but what I can hear you speak. I promised you my picture. I am ready to give it you any time when you may try

to get it. I will bring you flowers of beauty, and the Great Spirit will paint for you the lily with whiteness and the rose with blushes. We can trust that Great Spirit through the infinite future. I am one of his ministering spirits to you. Grasp death with a smile when it comes, for we will meet you and lead you through the valley. I will meet you again soon.—MABEL.”

The meeting alluded to was no doubt that at Mr. Mumler's house to get the picture.

Mrs. Hardy then went into a trance, and Mabel was present in fine spirits. The first thing she said was:—

“How do you do, *Mr. Johnson*? I did not know that you were ashamed of your name. I was there when you gave them the name of Johnson.”

I told her I did so because I hardly believed that Mr. Mumler could take *her* picture, though he might take my own.

“Oh, you skeptic! oh, you skeptic!” said she, and laughed at my lack of faith.

At two different sittings Mrs. Hardy has seen the spirit of Mabel standing by my side, with her hand on my shoulder, dressed in a light, striped dress, which was the last dress she wore on earth. Just before going to have our pictures taken, she asked:—

“What dress shall I wear?—a white robe, or my light, striped dress?”

I told her I should prefer the striped dress, as that would distinguish hers from other spirit pictures, but I did not care much for the dress if I saw the face of my friend there.

“You wish to see Mabel, don't you?”

“Yes, I wish to see my friend Mabel.”

“Well, I shall wear my striped dress, and I shall stand by your side and put my hand on your shoulder, and I shall bring you many beautiful flowers. Now we will go for the pictures. Good-by.”

I left and went directly to Mr. Mumler's house, arriving there before one. He said he had no one in, and would proceed with my sitting for the picture. I was seated in a chair in the center of the back parlor, about ten feet from the instrument, which was placed near the window, to take in as much daylight as possible,

as it was a cloudy day. The first time I sat about two or three minutes, when he took the plate and went out of the room to wash it. In a few moments he returned and said it was a failure, and that sometimes it required half a dozen trials before a picture could be secured.

The second trial was not much better, though he said he saw traces of something, but rather indefinite. I told him I had just conferred with my friend, and she said she would be there.

"Well, then, we must persevere," said Mr. M.

The next time I sat just five minutes by his watch, which he kept his eye on, with his back to me all the time, with his left hand on the instrument. He took the plate out as before, and Mrs. Mumler came into the room. She looked as if she was under spiritual influence. I asked her:

"Do you see any spirits present?"

"Yes," said she, "I see a beautiful spirit"; and immediately she was entranced, and under the control of Mabel, who said:—

"Now, I shall give you my picture; it will be here in a few moments. I shall have a wreath of lilies on my head, and a *dress that will not be positively striped, but the lights and shades will indicate stripes*. I put into it all the magnetism which I possessed."

Mrs. Mumler then came to herself, and at the same moment Mr. Mumler entered with the plate.

"Have you got a picture now?" asked Mrs. M.

"Yes, I think I have," said he.

I took the plate and looked at it, and saw on the glass my own picture distinctly given, and close to my side was that of a lady with a wreath of flowers around her head, as she had promised. Mr. Mumler said he would send me proof the next day. It did not come, however, till two days after. The picture was small, but by the aid of a microscope it was magnified to the natural size of the human face, and in that face I saw the *perfect* picture of my friend. I was both surprised and delighted, and wrote to Mr. Mumler and told him I was *perfectly satisfied*, and gave him my true name.

The next time I met Mabel at Mrs. Hardy's, she said she wished I would get it enlarged while the conditions were favorable for doing so. I suppose if Mr. or Mrs. Mumler should die the conditions would be changed, for I think the combination of magnet-

ism is the source of the remarkable power which they have of taking this kind of pictures.

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I have given here a simple and condensed account of my experience in spiritual manifestations. Should I write them out in detail, they would fill a large volume. I wish to say a word about spirit pictures, and then I have done. It is often said that such pretensions are an imposition, *because* Mr. Mumler was prosecuted in New York for making them. It may do for rival photographers to denounce him, for it places him in a position which they cannot attain. But when the spirit of a friend, whom I have known for years, tells me that she will give me a picture of herself on a particular *day*, and at a particular *hour*, and tells what shall be the dress and decorations, what she will wear, and what position she will take, and the picture is then taken and thus costumed, where is the *humbug*?

The picture presents me as sitting upright in a chair, with my legs crossed. My hands lie on my lap, with the fingers locked together. Mabel stands partially behind my right shoulder, dressed in a white, well-fitting robe. Her hair is combed back, and her head is encircled by a wreath of white lilies. Her head inclines forward so as to lay her cheek on my right temple, from which my hair is always parted. Her right hand passes over my left arm, and clasps my hand. Her left hand is seen on my left shoulder, and between the thumb and forefinger of this hand is held an opening moss rosebud, the exact counterpart of the one that I placed there, while she lay in the casket, at her funeral. Her head partially covers my forehead, showing that my picture was not taken on a previously-prepared plate.

That picture contains in itself a volume of proof of the reality and reliability of spiritual manifestations. I have indubitable evidence that in *this* instance it is true; and if *this* is true, may not other similar pictures be *bona fide*? It also proves the truth of all that Mabel has told me in her communications, as she has sealed the document with her honest and truthful face.

It also proves the immortality of the soul of man, and that that immortality is a blissful one. It also negatives the idea of there being any misery for the soul after it has left this body of clay, in which alone are garnered all the seeds of temptation and sin.

Freed from that body, it is a spirit form, and is free to act itself; and that it will advance in brightness and glory during the endless ages of eternity.

The picture also assures me that we have our friends about us, watching over us at all times; and the influence of such thoughts is to warn us in the hours of temptation, and also to reconcile us to the trials of life, and open our hearts to deeds of charity.

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### MR. STUART CUMBERLAND'S THOUGHT-READING,

London, England.

I was present at his entertainment at Tremont Temple, Boston, Jan. 11, 1883.

His first experiment was with a gentleman whom he requested to place his mind intently upon some one particular person in the audience. Mr. Cumberland was blind-folded, and taking the gentleman's hand led him down the center aisle, then returning to the fourth row from the front, designated a person sitting there as the one thought of, which proved to be correct.

A gentleman from the audience was then asked to touch any two places in the hall with a toy-donkey, and then give the toy to any other gentleman in the audience, who should hide it where he pleased. Mr. Cumberland was in an ante-room with the committee while this was being done. When he returned, blind-folded, he led the first gentleman to the two places which he had touched with the toy; then, still blind-folded, picked out the gentleman to whom he had given the donkey, and finally, after some difficulty, led this latter gentleman to the place where it had been concealed by him. He then, while blind-folded, discovered a pin which one member of the committee had been asked to hide, and which he had stuck in the coat of another gentleman on the platform, of course without the knowledge of Mr. Cumberland.

At Infantry Hall, Providence, R. I., Jan. 16th, he made the following experiments: a route was marked out on a piece of board which it was proposed he should follow in a walk around the hall. Mr. Cumberland then asked a gentleman having a knowledge of this route to keep his mind intently fixed upon it; then,

taking his hand, made a circuit of the hall according to the diagram. Another test in thought-reading consisted of one of the committee thinking of some person, also thinking of some object he wore that could be removed, and, lastly, thinking of a second person to whom he would like to have that object taken. Mr. Cumberland went down the aisle with the gentleman, took a pair of eye-glasses off Mr. Win. Filler's eyes, and carried them and placed them on Mr. John Vernon's nose. This was just what the subject had thought of and wanted done. In each of these experiments Mr. Cumberland demands the positive concentrated thought of the individual with whom he is experimenting to be fixed directly upon the subject or object. When these conditions are not complied with, as was the case in one of his experiments in Chickering Hall, New York, where two bank-bills were rolled together and placed in the vest-pocket of a gentleman, he was unable to tell the number of either; also in the case of Mr. Max Strakosch, when a Mr. Luby was accused by Mr. Cumberland of not having properly concentrated his thought. There is a pleasant amusement called parlor psychology, which is usually played by blind-folding some person who is expected to find an object, the whereabouts of which he knows nothing, simply by contiguity with a person who does, and whose thought is intently upon it. I have seen those who were successful in this experiment without physical contact with anyone. To those who have witnessed these experiments Mr. Cumberland's thought-reading will not seem strange; and those who are acquainted with the mental phenomena of mediums will readily discover the difference; therefore, we do not admit any *expose* of spiritualism, as advertised so prominently by him.

That which Mr. Cumberland calls mind-reading, which we do not admit to be, as he would have us believe, due only to the organic qualities of the mind, is, we will admit to most minds questionable, and may, with great propriety, be doubtful as to origin. But this does not for one moment either injure spiritualism or do this would-be exposé of spirit phenomena any good. No scientific spiritualist doubts mind-reading or thought-reading, or the influence of mind over mind, so, therefore, there is nothing gained by discussion, as all agree that such phenomena are what Mr. Cumberland calls them. But in these experiments he does not



for one moment touch upon the vital point of what the most enlightened investigator would call spirit phenomena.

He does not go into the class of phenomena which causation brings outside of the realms of thought in the physical body, but is very earnest to be understood as able to expose all classes of spirit phenomena. The portion he seems disposed to let alone, and of which he does not even speak, viz., that part of the spirit of an individual which can demonstrate its existence as an independent entity, and in that way, if dead to the physical, is alive in the spirit and capable of making itself known. We do not wish to be misunderstood. Any phenomenon which clearly shows intelligence must have an author; and if that intelligence proves to be the individuality of one not in the physical body, then Mr. Cumberland's theory of what he understands, or wishes the public to understand, as mind-reading does not by any means that he advances prove that its causation can be within the limits of the physical organism; therefore, until Mr. Cumberland chooses to reach above the question of limited psychological influences, and from all sides view the science of spirit control or influences in a broad and comprehensive way, we are not disposed to put him on the list of investigators. And while we are disposed to give all credit due him for the power which he really does possess, we do not therein see any superior talents; for if, as he professes to believe, mind-reading does explain these physical phenomena, then he would have to admit that we have a great many mediums who could far exceed him in the power of mind-reading, telling, as they frequently do, one's history through a long life, also one's friends' names, and when they died, and how; therefore, if Mr. Cumberland claims these manifestations to be mind-reading, he must admit, if he has ever investigated this subject, that those mediums are to say the least his peers; and, if he takes the other side, he must admit they have a power which his philosophy or theory of mind-reading does not explain.

Let us for a moment consider what the circumstances will substantiate; first, that the spirit in the physical and the one in the spiritual body are both in every way the peers of each other. You may find in each the same ideas which, through education, they have adopted. You will find by experience that the same reasons you have for knowing your physical neighbors you have

for knowing your spiritual friends, and that at the least all you can ask is that they give you the same characteristics by which you know them. A blind man does not say he does not know a person with whom he is acquainted because he cannot see him, and so we might go on with illustrations. The many engaging points where the phenomena of the two worlds may be seen and accounted for by both physical and spiritual power make it exceedingly difficult for any person to say where one begins and the other leaves off: the truth seems to be that all phenomena suggest work for earnest investigators.

The cabinet and dark circle phenomena are not worth notice. All know that tricks are performed which closely resemble the genuine, but this does not make the one untrue or the other true, so whatever we do should be with earnest desire to know the real truth, whether it is in our favor or not.

L. L. WHITLOCK.

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### MR. JOHN WETHERBEE,

Fact-Meeting, Boston.

I am very certain that in many cases slate-writing is produced by will rather than mechanical power. Usually the contiguity of the pencil is necessary, and of course oftentimes it is used, but not always.

On one occasion when sitting with Charles E. Watkins, medium, after some writings upon two new slates that I had brought with me, which were closed and remained unopened after I left the store where I bought them, those writings were unmistakable spirit work, with no possible human contact or manipulation. Wishing to preserve these slates with the communications on them, I continued the sitting, using the medium's slates. I will mention an instance as an illustration of the point, showing that this writing was the result of will rather than any mechanical power.

I took two of the slates on the table and washed them clean at the sink, held them together, and placed on the top of the other at arm's length, and some five feet away from the medium, for he was sitting at the opposite side of a table from me, and did not touch the slates during the operation. While holding the slates

as described at arm's length there was a perceptible pressure upon them ; I heard nothing like writing though, but felt a palpable weight. Three raps were made upon the slates, and then I opened them and found two messages, one filling the face of the under slate, and one filling the face of the upper one. There was no writing on the two exposed sides of the slates. These messages or letters were quite full and intelligent, and from two different persons or spirits, both former friends of mine. The messages were written so quickly that the execution of both must have been simultaneous.

They were both on different subjects, and the hand-writing of each was different, one being quite fine, the other rather bold, but both distinct and clear. I do n't see how in the nature of things they could have been executed mechanically, each being upside down to the other. It pleases me, therefore, to find a possible *rationale* on the theory of will-power. The fact that I state is unmistakable.

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### JOHN WETHERBEE,

Fact-Meeting, Boston.

The gentleman who has just sat down related an experience of the spirit of a living person manifesting itself. I question if such things are possible. I do not fancy the fact at all, but we must not shrink from truth, but follow wherever it leads.

The incident I propose to relate has always interested me. Mrs. Palmer, the eloquent trance-speaker, who lives in Portland, Maine, said she was sitting in her parlor perfectly awake and conscious that she heard a knock on the door ; and, thinking it some one from the kitchen, said : "Come in." Two persons entered ; one was Theodore Parker, *spirit*, and he had with him another spirit, who was still in the form, and she said it was the spirit of John Wetherbee. Some conversation was held that need not be related, as it had no bearing upon the singular fact of a departed spirit coming in company with the spirit of a man who was still living.

Mrs. Palmer did not know me, but she knew of me and wrote to the *Banner of Light* to have a photograph of Mr. Wetherbee

sent to her, which was done, and she recognized the same person who came with Theodore Parker.

I am in no way conscious of that visit by my spirit at that or any other time, but I see no reason or motive for anyone to say such a vision occurred unless it actually did.

Mrs. Palmer is the wife of Dr. Palmer, of high social position, and of such a reputation that she need not resort to deceptions of any extraordinary scenes to obtain celebrity,—hence I believe the statement.

The object of this invisible tramp of the better part of my personality in making the visit unknown to me is not so clear, neither do I like altogether to take the consequences of such departures unbeknown to me.

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### MRS. IDA ANDREWS,

Providence, R. I.

Having heard unfavorable criticisms made by several persons concerning the materializing seances of Mr. France, of Oswego, which were held in this city, I feel that I would like to say a few words relating to what I witnessed, which I deem but justice to him. On the evening of December 25, 1882, I attended one of Mr. France's seances, which was held at the house of L. L. Whitlock, 9 Vinton St.

On entering the front parlor I found Mr. France in the act of putting up his cabinet in the presence of perhaps thirty people, already seated by Mrs. Healy, of Bridgeport, by request of Mr. Wheelock, the conductor of Mr. France's seances at that time.

The cabinet was made of four posts or sticks, about one and a half inches long in diameter, and about eight feet long, with braces of the same thickness about four feet in length. These were put together, forming a frame, which was covered over with black cambric curtains, an aperture being left in front about two and one half feet square, I should judge, which was concealed by a curtain of the same material as the cabinet. After all was prepared Mr. Wheelock stated the conditions to be maintained by the persons forming the circle. Saying also that Mr. France would remove his collar, cuffs, pocket-handkerchief, watch and

chain, after which there could be found no white material about his person, as his shirt was colored, and the suit he wore had been dipped in dye. Mr. Wheelock also stated that at the close of the seance, and before the medium should leave the cabinet, he would submit himself to an examination of his person and cabinet by a committee of gentlemen chosen by the audience, thus hoping to prove beyond all question the genuineness of any manifestations that might appear, promising nothing however but a return of the money which had been paid in case there were none. Mr. Wheelock claimed Mr. France to be wholly irresponsible for anything that might occur, as he was senseless, being in a deep trance during the entire seance.

The medium, after having divested himself of all articles and apparel before mentioned, took his seat in the cabinet. The lights were adjusted, and all earnestly awaited results.

After singing for a few moments by the audience, numerous hands began to be seen issuing from the cabinet; some at the aperture, others parting the curtains on each side of the cabinet. Soon a very symmetrical hand and arm, draped in a deep, flowing white sleeve was seen in the aperture, the ends of the fingers holding three beautiful calla lilies which were not withdrawn, but remained in our presence until dematerialized. Next the head and shoulders of a man appeared with dark hair, eye-brows, and beard, announcing himself, in a kind of hoarse whisper, as Dr. Lavette, one of Mr. France's guides. He then spoke some moments in an audible voice with Mrs. Healy and Mr. Wheelock, the face of the medium appearing beside that of the spirit several times during the conversation. Then a form, the features of which were not well defined, arose from the top of the cabinet, while the pale, entranced face of Mr. France was peering through the aperture several feet below. Several other faces were shown each side by side with that of the medium, and an Indian girl, who answered to the name of Pocahontis, caused some merriment by loud smacks sometimes called kisses which she impressed on the cheek of Mr. France, sounding as natural as any fervent demonstration from human lips, fully as resonant in tone, and in full view of all who were in range of the aperture. A little later the curtains were parted and a small child dressed in snowy white was seen sitting on the knee of the medium; it was said to

be his spirit daughter, Nellie. By request, she jumped down from his lap and stood between the curtains. I would here state that at this time the light was turned very low, and those in the back seats declared they could not distinguish a child's body, only some white material substance; but those sitting in front and near the cabinet saw it plainly enough to feel assured of its being the genuine form of a child which, arrayed as it was in ghostly white, produced a weird picture standing beside the black curtains and vanishing slowly before our gaze,—sinking down, down, until not a vestige of anything was left. I saw many other similar manifestations; but those already mentioned I think are sufficient as testimony of the facts. The committee was then appointed, and gave Mr. France and his surroundings a thorough looking over, returning the unanimous verdict of "not guilty," assuring the sitters nothing in the shape of masks, extra clothing, or white material could be found anywhere about his person or cabinet. Still, this was not enough to satisfy the demands of one wary detective of the investigating committee, who was so shocked at finding himself nonplused, that he was overpowered, and it seems rendered his verdict prematurely, as he afterward declared he believed he did see something on the colored shirt of Mr. France that he now thought might be a chalk-mark, claiming he forgot to speak of the discovery to the other members of the committee at the time, an absence of mind most unaccountable and unpardonable under such circumstances. This reconsidered verdict was very soon quashed, however, by the statements of all the others; but this incident reveals the persistence of the bigoted in clinging to their old ideas and forms, a good excuse for mediums refusing to sit under test conditions, on the ground that nothing is gained thereby, and that "a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion" any way he may be favored.

I would here state that I believe Mr. France to be a truly honest medium, and a noble, self-sacrificing man, or he would not suffer all the indignities heaped upon him, which are really more than ordinary by virtue of the strict test conditions under which he sits. All I can say is I wish him God speed in his noble work of proving the truth of spirit materialization.

[I would say Mr. France was in my house several days holding seances in my parlors. I closely examined all of his paraphernalia: there was no

place of concealment for anything. I would also state that after each seance he was closely examined by a committee, sometimes including every gentleman present. I am willing to give testimony of my belief in his entire genuineness.—ED.]

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### MRS. SARAH BURTIS,

Rochester, N. Y.

While the city of Rochester was yet excited over the advent of modern spiritualism, and when persecutions and bitter denunciations were being hurled at the few devoted hearts who stood firmly by the cause, and sustained the persecuted mediums, it was my privilege in the winter of 1851 to visit one of the first seers known,—Mrs. Draper, of the city of Rochester, who, while giving a sitting to a stranger gentleman in my presence, saw for him the spirit of a beautiful boy. The doting parent in bitter tears replied: "We mourn him the more for we had no picture of him." Mrs. Draper replied: "The time will come when you will be able to get the pictures of your spirit friends." This statement was astounding to us at that time, but has since been verified through the mediumship of Mumler, Hartwell, and others.

In 1856, while sitting in a circle in a hall with strangers present, J. F. Coles, late of New York, medium, was entranced and said: "The lady at my right should go and live with Mrs. Burtis; she would then have phases of mediumship developed she knows not of."

At the close of the circle I asked the lady her name, and if she would come and live with me as directed. She assented,—a plain, uneducated servant-girl, Mary Comstock by name.

In a very short time, to our surprise, the beautiful phase of spirit-writing appeared on the arm of Mary, which continued under favorable conditions while under our roof; at these times the arm would redden to a deep pink color,—feeling, she used to say, like a warm breath passing over it, then the letters would begin to form in white cord-like ridges, so that all present could see them run together in legible and perfect letters and sentences, sometimes lasting twenty or thirty minutes, according to the harmonious condition of the medium, or of the company present.

The cord-like ridges which formed the letters I think could easily have been read by the blind accustomed to the blind alphabet; sometimes the ridges appeared on both arms at the same time. Being with her most of the time I endeavored to test the power of the spirits in producing these manifestations, and questioned them closely concerning them.

One day, alone with Mary, both of us sewing side by side, and talking with the spirits by raps (by the way I have never found a more correct rapping-medium than Mary,—the Fox sisters not excepted), I questioned them in regard to their writing on her arm. I said: "Would it be possible to produce this writing elsewhere on the body of Mary?" "Yes," was the answer given. In a few moments she laughingly said: "I feel those same sensations on my limb"; and we found above her knee the same appearance, and a sentence answering my query. I continued in many ways to test the power so signally displayed. I could come to no other conclusion than that it was the spirits of the so-called dead, thus singularly manifesting their power and presence. Among the numerous messages were the following:—

A grand-child passed from earth by accidental poisoning. On the arm of Mary came this stanza to the unbelieving parents, with his signature:—

Oh, that I was where I would be,  
Then I would be where I am not;  
Here I am where I must be,  
And where I would be I cannot.

CHARLES BURTIS.

Before the burial of the child the following descriptive stanza:—

Yes, he is like the lovely flower,  
Blooming and fair,  
When refreshed by dew and shower,  
Will perfume the air.

To the late Dr. Hallock, of New York, the following appeared on the arm of Mary: "Glorious our good works on earth;" "Let your light shine."

In the presence of Frederic Douglass, the kneeling slave chained to a post, was represented with the words: "A poor old slave."



In the presence of a sea captain, an anchor on one part of the arm; on another part, a flag, with a sentence under each: "The Anchor of Hope."—"The Flag of Freedom."

On June 12, 1856, I was called to pass through a severe ordeal from opposing relatives, when the following was given me as a compensation for duty performed:—

DEAR SARAH,—

When thou layest down thou weary head,  
Calmly sleeping,  
Guardian angels near thy bed  
Watch are keeping.

I can affirm that in no instance while Mary was with us were there any collusion, tricks, or efforts made to produce these writings, except harmonic passivity on her part, and the same on the part of the sitters.

How it was done is known only in the spirit spheres. Mary was a girl of lymphatic temperament, not energetic or forcible, but passive and quiet, not capable of any art or strategy, and every time these manifestations occurred was in the presence of witnesses. Occasionally we were obliged to wait some time for the spirits to give us what they desired to. Hundreds of intelligent people were witnesses to these facts, among them the following, some of them well-known publicly:—

The late Dr. Hallock, of New York; Emma J. Bullene, of New York City; Mr. Galusha, now living on Elizabeth Street, Rochester, N. Y.; R. D. Jones, of the *Democratic Chronicle*, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Amy Post, 36 Sophia Street, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. S. G. Moore, 65 Chestnut Street, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. M. B. Logan, 3 Fitzhugh Street, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. H. B. Shermau, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Cook, West Avenue, near St. Mary Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Dr. Justin Gates, Brighton Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Jason Seward, Alexander Street, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Tillie L. B. Dickinson, 78 Court Street, Buffalo.

Reports of the same were given at the time in several papers. A full account in the *Age of Progress*, printed in Buffalo, Stephen Albro, editor, and, I think, in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, New York city.

## DR. SILAS J. CHESEBROUGH,

Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Editor,—At a seance held at my house, No. 1½ Otisco St., Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1883, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, of No. 1 Slocum Avenue; John W. Truesdell, of the firm of Blair and Truesdell, brokers, No. 1 Bastable Block; John D. Gray, of the firm of Gray Bros., shoe manufacturers, corner of Walton and Franklyn Sts.; Stephen Lewis, of No. 124 Jackson St.; Wm. Malcolm, manufacturer of telescopes, No. 20 Malcolm Block; Mrs. Royal H. Thorn, No. 31 Seymour St.; Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Soule, No. 98 Warren St.; Gurney Lapham, city editor of *Syracuse Courier*, No. 5 Burnet St.; Chas. L. Meigs, foreman news department of *Syracuse Courier*, No. 93 Burnet St.; J. D. Mallonee, reporter of *Evening Herald*, 59 Montgomery St., and several others whose names I do not recall, making a total of eighteen, including myself and wife, and the medium, Joseph Caffrey.

After the dark circle had been formed, and a number of manifestations had occurred, the spirit, Johnny Gray, came and spoke to various persons in the circle, and said to Mr. Malcolm: "I am glad you have come, and we will give you writing upon the books you have in your pocket." Johnny Gray is a spirit who controls Harry Bastain. He materializes his vocal organs, and speaks in an independent voice. Mr. Malcolm is a manufacturer of telescopes, has been in business thirty years in this city, and is known over the entire country as a gentleman of integrity. He is a strong materialist, and has for some time past declared his entire disbelief in all spirit-writing, and had proposed the test of holding a blank book in his hand while the spirit wrote upon the closed page.

The lights were brought in, and Mr. Malcolm produced from an inside pocket *two* small memorandum books, one of which opened upon the end, and the other opened upon the side. After explaining to the circle that he had come to make a test under his own conditions (which were as before stated), and to guard against any *possible* deception, he had bought *two* books at *two* different stores and at two different times, and that he had only *now* decided to use the smaller of the two (a small vest-pocket memorandum in red morocco); he asked the company to examine

it closely, to see that there was no writing upon any of the pages. After all had examined it, he carefully turned every page over, and then signified his readiness by resuming his place in the circle, still holding the book tightly in his right hand in such manner as to preclude the possibility of its being opened. The lights were removed, and after an interval of a few moments the sound of writing was plainly heard, and Mr. Malcolm exclaimed: "This book is getting hot." The voice said: "When it gets too hot to hold say so, and I will open the door." After five or six minutes, as nearly as I could judge, the sound of writing ceased, and the voice called for a light. I got up and opened the door and brought in the light, when Mr. Malcolm, still holding the book, came forward and opened it, and found a communication from a Mr. Billingham, late of Rochester, N. Y. He has been dead about two years. The communication was written and signed in his own peculiar hand-writing, and was recognized by Mr. Malcolm and others as being genuine. But the grand proof of spirit power was yet to come. Further examination disclosed the fact that upon another page there was written a communication in characters so small as to be indistinguishable to the naked eye. There being no microscope in the house, Mr. Malcolm was dispatched to another part of the city to procure one. When he returned, bringing a powerful lens, it was discovered that this letter was from a celebrated optician who formerly resided in Geneva, N. Y. He was a personal friend of Mr. Malcolm. Below is a copy of the transcribed letter:—

DEAR MALCOLM,—

Do not be surprised at anything you may see or hear, for we will show you things more wonderful than anything you have ever dreamed of. We have been trying for years to so influence you or to *compel* you to believe this great truth; and, at last, through Mr. Mallonee (over whom we have a limited control), you are placed in a position to investigate fully all the phenomena of the spirit world. Now, it remains for you to decide whether you will continue to fight against your own reason, or begin a candid investigation of the phenomena you have witnessed. You have made some discoveries in optics during the past year, but you are indebted to *me* for the greater part of your success.

We, who have passed into the spirit world, are enabled to know all the laws of the universe; and many of the problems which perplexed me while in the flesh are now made clear. You

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Do not be surprised at anything you may hear, for we will show you through means whereby it shall come forth. You have now discovered we have been trying to reveal to the world some of the things you have been hearing, but of last though we shall have no more to reveal in this connection. You are placed in a position to investigate fully all the phenomena of the spirit-world. I desire for you to determine if you will continue to seek equality of treatment on a world-wide basis, or if you will continue to be nationalistic.

[illegible]

E. A. Spencer.



were right about the intermediates; keep on using them, but do not fall into the error of using too long a focus. The last glass you made will come back to you on that account; that needs a 24" instead of a 28" which is now in it.

I heard you and Mr. Mallonee talking about grinding a lens to save the light. You are on the right track; go on, and you will succeed.

I write this so fine to show you that we are not limited by any of the laws of optics, of which you are cognizant. I could write so fine that you would be unable to read it even by the aid of the most powerful microscope you are able to make according to your limited knowledge.

At some future time I will give you more information which will be of great value to you in your business. Persevere and you will come out all right.

Yours truly,

C. A. SPENCER.

This entire letter was written upon a space of  $\frac{1}{4}$  x 1 inch, and is clearly written, and can be readily seen by the aid of a good glass.

During the time this writing was being done the medium was seated near one end of the circle, his hands being held by two gentlemen, who also placed their feet upon his feet, thus rendering it impossible for him to move without being discovered.

Mr. Malcolm is emphatic in his avowal of the fact that there was no trickery practiced upon him. The fineness of the writing precludes the idea that it was done by human hands. Let him who can explain this remarkable phenomenon upon other grounds than that of an intelligent force outside of visible matter do so. Any of the parties who were present will bear testimony to the truth of my statements.

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L. L. WHITLOCK.

On page 142 *Fact* magazine, No. 2, I gave my experience with the materializing medium, Mrs. Ross, of Providence, R. I.

Since then the experiments of others as well as my own have convinced me the position I then took was a correct one. Knowing, however, that there are those whose judgment and sincerity I cannot ignore, who believe Mrs. Ross's cabinet to be the center

from which emanate some of the most gigantic frauds connected with modern spiritualism; I have again taken especial pains to satisfy myself on the points at issue. By referring to my former statement it will be seen the debatable question is that of accomplices, which are said to enter the cabinet through the door No. 1 (diagram No. 2, p. 142), which is eighteen inches from the cabinet, in full view of all in the circle, and made especially conspicuous by the location of the light which falls directly upon it. Said door is left slightly ajar for the purpose of ventilating the cabinet, which is formed by dark curtains being drawn across one corner of the room. On the opposite side of the cabinet from the door is a window, the shutters of which are necessarily closed to exclude the light. It is claimed by some people that Mrs. Ross, disguised as a spirit at the beginning of the seance, comes out of the cabinet and stands in front of the curtain, in close proximity to the partially-open door, thus making it possible for dexterous accomplices to creep through the aperture, and, passing behind her, gain access to the cabinet, which performance is repeated near the close of the seance to enable them to pass out.

Admitting the feasibility of such a plot, it certainly would involve the wider opening of the door than ordinarily occurs, which could be plainly seen at the top by all in attendance, careful observations of which have been repeatedly made.

Again, were it possible to admit the long procession of confederates necessary to represent the men, women, children, and babies that appear, to the number of twenty or thirty, it would be quite impossible to afford them standing room in the narrow precincts of the little cabinet, to say nothing of the ready recognition which they receive from friends, a large proportion of them total strangers to Mrs. Ross. But I know that this particular manifestation which does sometimes occur is not stereotyped,—that many times the varied forms appear before any similar position is taken by anyone, thus making the claim absurd and unreasonable.

I am convinced that to admit the possibility of confederates under such conditions requires a greater stretch of credulity than to accept the theory of genuine spirit manifestations.

Hoping for evidence to substantiate my previous convictions, or rather arrive at the exact truth concerning these manifesta-

tions, I asked Mrs. Ross and Mr. Henry France, a materializing medium, of Oswego, N. Y., who was stopping at that time in Providence, if they would sit together for me in Mrs. Ross's cabinet, under her usual conditions, which they consented to do, the time being fixed for Jan. 3, 1883. There were about twenty persons present in the circle. Both mediums took their seats in the cabinet, Mr. France on the side nearest the suspicious door, Mrs. Ross sitting nearest the window. The curtains were scarcely closed when a full-sized figure draped in flowing robes of white was seen standing outside the cabinet next the window, then disappeared; and instantly the curtains were thrown aside, revealing both mediums, sitting as at first dressed, in dark clothing. Soon a lady dressed very different from the first appeared standing in the center between the folds of the curtains; then before her exit another stood before the open door who beckoned to a lady, Mrs. Hull, of Providence, to come forward, which she did, and claimed to recognize her sister; next a young girl, the daughter of Mrs. Day, of Providence, also beckoned her mother to her; then a young lad, recognized as Georgie Pierce; following was the figure of a large man, recognized by Mrs. Hull as Capt. Thomas Hull, her husband; at the same time a lady was standing between the folds of the curtains whom Mrs. Hull seemed to know. Following this manifestation was the appearance of another gentleman, entirely different in form, features, and dress, who parted the curtains sufficiently for many in the circle to see both mediums sitting in their places, then beckoned me to come to the cabinet, which I did. I saw the two mediums, shook their hands, also shook hands with the old gentleman who had motioned for me, and a young lady who was standing there dressed in white, and apparently about twenty years of age. I then proceeded to look behind some curtains which hung back against the wall; nothing was there or in the cabinet excepting the two mediums and two spirits.

I had hardly taken my seat when another man stood before us, who was at once greeted by Mrs. Weaver, of Providence, as the father of her husband, also a lady somewhat older than the one I had just seen whom she called Lizzie. Soon the genial, merry countenance of a young man, perhaps twenty years of age, stepped forward from the cabinet several feet, advanced to the circle, and



addressed his mother, Mrs. Hull, who said it was Frank, her boy, and that he would dance if he could have music; a young lady present played the guitar while Frank danced as lively and gracefully as anyone with natural body and well-developed muscles, stopping at intervals and entering the cabinet as if to recuperate his material forces; also, at the request of his mother changing his clothes and appearing in entirely different garments several times, once coming outside of the curtain with his coat and vest in his hand, and stepping forward two or three steps gave the coat to his mother to hold while he put on the vest, the mother then holding the coat while he put his arms in the sleeves, the act as naturally performed as might be by any human being. I would here state that while Frank was dancing other spirits appeared near the cabinet; one lady who was recognized as sister of Capt. Dayton's wife; also a gentleman not known. Following was a large, fleshy lady who wore a drab-colored dress, with an apron tied about her waist, very marked in her appearance and characteristics. Mrs. Weaver seemed to know her at once, and went to the cabinet, when the spirit took her arm, and together they walked to the circle, the spirit shaking hands with several friends present. I was told that this was the former wife of Mr. Weaver, that it was no unusual thing for her to materialize at the circles of Mrs. Ross, that she has been undoubtedly recognized by many different friends and acquaintances, whose statements I do not doubt, and whose judgment I respect. Mrs. Hull's sister again came, bearing an infant in her arms,—her own it was said, that it had died when five weeks old. Mrs. Weaver still remained standing between the folds of the curtains, another spirit standing there also called Mrs. Fisk. Mrs. Hattie Carr, of Providence, was next to greet a very dear friend who had passed to spirit life some years before,—Mrs. Rena Schofield, who now stood before her as real and tangible as when in the earthly form; then two ladies, one recognized as a Mrs. McMillan, who was quite tall and slender, the other quite delicate in appearance. A lady, recognized as Miss Matilda Heron, walked to the center-table, which was a few feet from the cabinet, and bent over as if to inhale the odor from a bouquet of flowers standing in a vase upon it. Next three children presented themselves, called their mother, Mrs. Hattie Carr, and conversed with her, one of them saying: "Kiss us

all, mamma." Another said: "Havn't we grown, mamma?" The next spirit, a tall, well-dressed man, was recognized by Mr. Blackler, both mediums being seen at the same time; then, as if to cap the climax, and prove the almost unlimited power of materialization, four spirits stood before us, two gentlemen and two ladies, again exposing to the full view of the audience both mediums, each spirit speaking to Mrs. Weaver, who seemed familiar with them all, and stated that they were her friends.

Miss Lizzie Hatch, formerly of Astoria, N. Y., most elegantly and tastefully attired, wearing many jewels, which sparkled like diamonds, and to whom I had before been introduced at the circles of Mrs. Ross, was next to part the dark curtains of the mysterious cabinet, leaning on the arm of Mr. France. I then requested the spirit to allow me to approach and shake her hand, which she smilingly granted as I stood beside her; the pert, childish voice of Bright Star was speaking through the entranced lips of Mrs. Ross, as she sat behind the curtains in her accustomed place. The spirit Frank reappeared, but did not dance quite so vigorously as before; also, a lady, recognized by Mrs. Ida Andrews, of Providence, as her friend Cora Hubbard.

I was again called to the cabinet; there was now one spirit materialized, and no more. I saw the forms of the two mediums again; I thoroughly examined the cabinet; there was nothing behind the curtains which were hanging against the wall excepting the bare wall itself. Spirit or mortal had not stood before the suspicious door since six persons had been plainly visible. Where were the other three, there were now but three? and I can assure the reader there were none concealed in that cabinet. If they went out, it must have been in full view of all present; and many of us were as wary as detectives in our attention to the door.

Mr. Alexander, of Pawtucket, was also called to the cabinet by a lady whom he did not recognize, but reported he saw the features distinctly. The sister of Mrs. Weaver again appeared, standing by the side of the cabinet nearest the door, again holding an infant in her arms, conversing with friends who must have seen any person making their exit from the cabinet and through the door, but somewhat obstructing the view from those who were sitting in the circle, but who were watching the top of the door.

I questioned Mr. France very closely as to the nature of the

performance behind the curtains during this seance. He says he did not see the first form that appeared, and had no knowledge of its egress from the cabinet, or of its return thereto, only knew of its presence by hearing remarks outside; he says it must have materialized and vanished just where it stood. He held at that time the hand of Mrs. Ross, who was sitting by his side, and did not release it during the seance, except when led outside by the spirits. He knows Mrs. Ross did not rise from her seat at any time, or help in any way to produce the manifestations seen.

Mr. France said the first manifestation that he realized was the clasping of his hand by another one very large and bony; that although he knew well enough it was nothing like the hand of Mrs. Ross, still he reached forward and found her other hand and clasped the two together, at the same time retaining that of the supposed spirit. After this he felt the presence of many persons. Innumerable hands stroked his head and face, patted his shoulders, and demonstrated their presence very powerfully, then suddenly were gone. At times he would only be aware of forms present by their parting the curtains and appearing to the audience.

Mr. France stated that when the four forms appeared they were as tangible to him as Mrs. Ross, sitting by his side, yet, as they receded from the audience, and closed the curtains, they seemed to occupy no space in the ordinary sense. He said: "I hardly know how to describe the sensation; the cabinet at times seemed to be full of living human beings, yet the space was not occupied." He stated that whisperings and voices seemed to float in the air above their heads, and animate life seemed to pervade every nook and corner at one moment, the next nought but vacancy. There was no noise or bustle in their coming and going, like that of walking in and out of a door, but simply an instantaneous presence and absence which baffles description.

Mr. France thought the excuse for leaving the door open was a valid one, as he said at times it seemed almost impossible to get a breath, and when the curtains were parted, and a draught of fresh air was wafted within, it seemed indeed refreshing.

He exonerates Mrs. Ross from any attempt to produce what was seen at that time, and says he knows that no person entered the cabinet from the door during this seance, and is satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations.

JESUS THE CHRIST.—HIS WORKS OR SPIRIT  
PHENOMENA.

## ST. MARK, CHAPTER XVI.

1 And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the *mother* of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint them.

2 And very early in the morning the first *day* of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

3 And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

4 And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

5 And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

6 And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

7 But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

8 And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any *man*; for they were afraid.

9 ¶ Now when *Jesus* was risen early the first *day* of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

10 And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

11 And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

12 ¶ After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

13 And they went and told *it* unto the residue: neither believed they them.

14 ¶ Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

15 And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

16 He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

17 And these signs shall follow them that believe ; In my name shall they cast out devils ; they shall speak with new tongues ;

18 They shall take up serpents ; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them ; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

19 ¶ So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

20 And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with *them*, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

St. Matthew, Chap. xxviii. St. Luke, Chap. xxiv.

#### ST. LUKE, CHAPTER VIII.

49 ¶ While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's *house*, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead ; trouble not the Master.

50 But when Jesus heard *it*, he answered him saying, Fear not : believe only, and she shall be made whole.

51 And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden.

52 And all wept, and bewailed her : but he said, Weep not ; she is not dead, but sleepeth.

53 And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

54 And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid arise.

55 And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway : and he commanded to give her meat.

St. Matthew, Chap. ix : 18-26. St. Mark, Chap. v : 21-43.

#### ST. MARK, CHAPTER IX.

2 ¶ And after six days Jesus taketh *with him* Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves : and he was transfigured before them.

3 And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them.

4 And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus.

5 And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

6 For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid.

7 And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.

8 And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

St. Matthew, Chap. xvii: 1-9. St. Luke, Chap. ix: 28-36.

#### ST. MARK, CHAPTER VI.

48 And he saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them: and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them.

49 But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out:

50 For they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.

St. Matthew, Chap. xiv: 22-36. St. John, Chap. vi: 16-25.

#### ST. JOHN, CHAPTER IX.

6 When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay,

7 And said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation Sent). He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

#### ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER XII.

22 ¶ Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind, and dumb: and he healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw.

#### ST. LUKE, CHAPTER XXII.

12 And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off:

13 And they lifted up *their* voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

14 And when he saw *them*, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass that, as they went, they were cleansed.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER XX.

30 ¶ And, behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, *thou* son of David.

31 And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace: but they cried the more, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, *thou* son of David.

32 And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you?

33 They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened.

34 So Jesus had compassion *on them*, and touched their eyes; and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him.

St. Mark, Chap. x: 46-52. St. Luke, Chap. xviii: 35-43.

ST. MARK, CHAPTER VIII.

22 ¶ And he cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him.

23 And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw ought.

24 And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees walking.

25 After that he put *his* hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly.

ST. LUKE, CHAPTER XIV.

2 And, behold, there was a certain man before him which had the dropsy.

3 And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day?

4 And they held their peace. And he took *him*, and healed him, and let him go;

ST. LUKE, CHAPTER XXII.

50 ¶ And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear.

51 And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him.

## ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER XVII.

14 ¶ And when they were come to the multitude, there came to him a *certain* man, kneeling down to him, and saying,

15 Lord, have mercy on my son: for he is a lunatic, and sore vexed: for oftentimes he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water.

16 And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him.

17 Then Jesus answered and said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him hither to me.

18 And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour.

St. Mark, Chap. ix: 14-29. St. Luke, Chap. ix: 37-43.

## ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER XV.

22 And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, *thou* son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.

28 Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great *is* thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.

29 And Jesus departed from thence, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee; and went up into a mountain, and sat down there.

30 And great multitudes came unto him, having with them *those that were* lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them:

St. Mark, Chap. vii: 24-37.

## ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER IX.

32 ¶ As they went out, behold, they brought to him a dumb man possessed with a devil.

33 And when the devil was cast out, the dumb spake: and the multitudes marvelled, saying, It was never so seen in Israel.

St. Luke, Chap. ix: 15.

## ST. MARK, CHAPTER III.

1 And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand.

2 And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day, that they might accuse him.



3 And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth.

4 And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace.

5 And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched *it* out: and his hand was restored whole as the other.

St. Matthew, Chap. xii: 9-14. St. Luke, Chap. vi: 6-11.

#### ST. MARK, CHAPTER V.

25 And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years,

26 And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse,

27 When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment.

28 For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.

29 And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in *her* body that she was healed of that plague.

St. Matthew, Chap. ix: 20-22. St. Luke, Chap. viii: 43-48.

#### ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER IX.

2 And, behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy; Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.

3 And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This *man* blasphemeth.

4 And Jesus knowing their thoughts said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?

5 For whether is easier to say *Thy* sins be forgiven thee, or to say Arise and walk?

6 But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house.

7 And he arose, and departed to his house.

St. Mark, Chap. ii: 1-12. St. Luke, Chap. v: 17-26.

## ST. LUKE, CHAPTER VIII.

27 And when he went forth to land, there met him out of the city a certain man, which had devils long time, and ware no clothes, neither abode in *any* house, but in the tombs.

28 When he saw Jesus, he cried out, and fell down before him, and with a loud voice said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, *thou* Son of God most high? I beseech thee, torment me not.

29 (For he had commanded the unclean spirit to come out of the man. For oftentimes it had caught him: and he was kept bound with chains and in fetters; and he brake the bands, and was driven of the devil into the wilderness.)

30 And Jesus asked him, saying, What is thy name? And he said, Legion: because many devils were entered into him.

31 And they besought him that he would not command them to go out into the deep.

32 And there was there an herd of many swine feeding on the mountain: and they besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them.

33 Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake and were choked.

St. Matthew, Chap. viii: 28-34. St. Mark, Chap. v: 1-20.

## ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER VIII.

14 ¶ And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever.

15 And he touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose, and ministered unto them.

16 ¶ When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with *his* word, and healed all that were sick:

17 That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare *our* sicknesses.

St. Mark, Chap. 1: 29-34. St. Luke, Chap. iv: 38-44.

## ST. JOHN, CHAPTER V.

2 Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep *market* a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

3 In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

4 For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

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

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

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

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

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

#### ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER VIII.

5 ¶ And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him.

6 And saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented.

7 And Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him.

8 The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.

13 And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour.

St. Luke, Chap. vii: 1-10. St. John, Chap. iv: 46-54.

#### ST. MARK, CHAPTER I.

23 And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24 Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25 And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him.

26 And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

St. Luke, Chap. iv: 30-37.

## ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER VIII.

1 When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him.

2 And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

3 And Jesus put forth *his* hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

St. Mark, Chap. 1: 35-45. St. Luke, Chap. v: 12-16.

## NUMBERS, CHAPTER XXII.

22 ¶ And God's anger was kindled because he went: and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass and his two servants were with him.

23 And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field: and Balaam smote the ass to turn her into the way.

24 But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall *being* on this side, and a wall on that side.

25 And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall: and he smote her again.

26 And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where *was* no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left.

27 And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff.

28 And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?

29 And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me, I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee.

30 And the ass said unto Balaam, *Am* not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I *was* thine unto this day? was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay.

31 Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the

angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand : and he bowed down his head and fell flat on his face.

32 And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? behold, I went out to withstand thee, because *thy* way is perverse before me :

33 And the ass saw me, and turned from me these three times : unless she had turned from me, surely now also I had slain thee, and saved her alive.

34 And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned ; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me : now, therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again.

35 And the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam, Go with the men : but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak. So Balaam went with the princes of Balak.

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