

*Prof. Wm. James, Phil 28.  
Cambridge*

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MARCH, 1883.

[No. 1.

# F A C T S

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



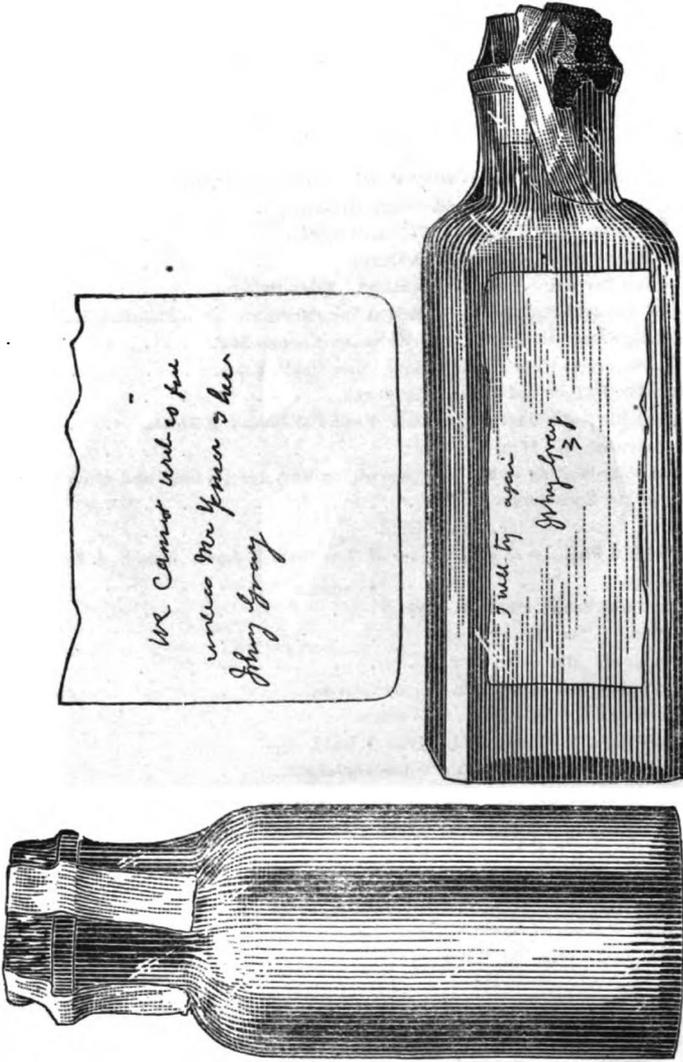
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Yours truly  
Freel' L. H. Willis.

(See Page 40.)

# FACTS.

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## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE WESLEY FAMILY.

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

Ever since human souls began to cross the river to the other shore there are evidences that the emancipated spirits of those who once lived on earth in a mortal form have sought to reach back to those they have left behind, and give some token of love and affection. These evidences are to be found far back in the twilight of the race, among all nations, whether barbaric or civilized. From the Orient to the Occident, scattered through the ages, tradition and history tell the story, unmistakably demonstrating the existence of supramundane (not supernatural) power and intelligence, originating in personalities who once were human beings, and have undergone the process we call death.

Occasionally these reachings back have been of such a marked character as to indicate an intense desire to reach the denizens of this earth, arrest their attention, evidently to clear away the mists hanging over the tomb, and demonstrate immortality. The manifestations were weird in many cases, the phenomena many-phased, occurring under such circumstances as precluded a mundane, human origin. They seem to have been designed for a purpose, but they failed in it until 1848, when the "Rochester Knockings" were recognized as echoes from the spirit world.

One of these spirit demonstrations occurred in 1716, in the celebrated Wesley family, where originated Methodism. As the *Fact* magazine is designed to put on record these occurrences of a spiritual origin, to form a spiritual encyclopædia, I have transcribed the narrations of Mr. John Wesley and others of the family. First is that of Mr. Wesley, as follows, copied from the *Arminian Magazine*:—

## NARRATIVE OF MR. JOHN WESLEY.

“When I was very young, I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances which were in his house, at Epworth, Lincolnshire.

“When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge, the sum of which was this:—

“On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father’s servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining-room, which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. ‘It is Mr. Turpine,’ said Robert; ‘he had the stone, and used to groan so.’ He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated; but still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a hand-mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said: ‘What a couple of fools you are! I defy anything to frighten me.’ After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf then below. She took the candle and searched both above and below, but, being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and ran away for dear life. The next evening between five and six o’clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk around her, then to the door, then around again; but she could see nothing. She thought: ‘It signifies nothing to run away; for, whatever it is, it can run faster than I.’ So she arose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened. She made quite light of it, telling her: ‘I wonder you are so easily frightened; I fain would see what would frighten

me.' Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron case-ment began to clatter, and the lid of the warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after my sister Hatty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; at every step it seemed as if the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as quickly as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her: 'You know I believe none of these things; pray let me take away the candle tonight, and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Hatty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall where the noise was; but then it was in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went around it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it, but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again, but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced there was no imposture in the affair.

"The next morning my sister, telling my mother what had happened, said: 'If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge.' Soon after she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room, as if it were the violent rocking of a cradle, but no cradle had been there for some

years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber in the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said: 'Suky, I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls frighten one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.'

"At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all around the room, and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was being repeated.

"Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haley (an eminently pious and estimable man), could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said: 'Robert Brown came over to me, and told me your father desired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened; particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said: 'Old Jeffrey is coming (that was the name of one that died in the house), for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather that of a wind-mill when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said: 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I, to say the truth, with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And then it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood), in which Hatty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and pulling out a pistol was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm and said: 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you

cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said sternly: 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man.' Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always made at the gate), as if it should shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night.' 'Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study (of which none had any key but himself), when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak, but in vain. He then said: 'These spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak.' She did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said: 'Nancy, two Christians are an over-match for the devil. Go all of you down stairs; it may be when I am alone he will have courage to speak.' When she was gone, a thought came in, and he said: 'If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray thee knock three knocks, and no more.' Immediately all was silence, and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration. She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the day-time when it walked after her, as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her; only she thought he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other: 'Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep.' And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, 'Hark! Vezzy, Jeffrey is knocking above,' she would run up

stairs, and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

“A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second, and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest that stood by the bed-side. My father immediately arose, put on his night-gown, and, hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down; my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother’s breast, and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after, there was a sound as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs, but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble and creep away before the noise began; and by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall it seemed as if a very large case was thrown violently upon the floor and dashed all in pieces, but nothing was seen. My father then cried out: ‘Suky, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen.’ But when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. There then was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the fore door. He opened that, but it was still lost labor. After opening first one then the other several times, he turned and went to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house that they could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house, but he constantly answered: ‘No; let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil.’ But he wrote to my eldest brother, at London, to come down. He was preparing to do so, when another came, informing him that the disturbances were over, after they had continued, the latter part of the time day and night, from the second of January to the end of January.”

This account of the noises or disturbances is very minute, giv-

ing us just those particulars which enable us to give a definite, but negative answer, or to their human origin. For a month, daily, the household were disturbed, the phenomena becoming decidedly violent near the close. Note how persistently and how rapidly each member of the family was, in succession, followed by the noises. No sooner had one ridiculed the noise, or boasted of his or her courage, than they were pursued by the unknown and unfathomed power, even to the old gentleman himself, the elder Wesley. All through there was an intelligence which cognized their acts and words, and governed itself accordingly. Now and then there seems to have been a faint idea that the phenomena were spiritual in their origin, sometimes even attributing them to evil spirits or the devil, which is, in these latter days, the refuge of those who have a cast-iron creed or a hide-bound theology. Notwithstanding this, a portion of the family did not acquiesce in the devil-theory, but believed Jeffrey, an old servant in the family, to be the author of the noises. At the outset, the servant, Robert Brown, declared that a groan which was uttered in connection with a knock came from a Mr. Turpine, whom I suppose to be the Jeffrey subsequently spoken of.

Had some one sought communication with the intelligence, as was done at Rochester, the mystery would have been explained, and spiritualism been recognized a century earlier than it was. Evidently the time had not come for the recognition; the world was not prepared for it. There must needs be more preparation, more liberality of creeds and dogmas, before the new dispensation could be unfolded. Had the spirit world then impressed itself upon that age, its agents, the mediums, would probably have met their fate on the scaffold, in the dungeon, or by the rack. The advent of spiritualism to effect a lodgment and become a wielding power in religion and civilization was reserved to a later and more fitting day, though its adherents, especially its mediums, have had to meet fiery persecutions and trials unnumbered.

There are numerous letters of members of the Wesley family touching the matters written of by John interesting in many particulars, though none give so much of detail. I append an extract from one by Mrs. Wesley to her son Samuel, showing that she entertained an ill-defined idea of the spirituality of the noises. She wrote:—

“Though I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it, yet I was a great while ere I could credit anything of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard them myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats or weasels that disturbed us; and having formerly been troubled with rats, which were frightened away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be sounded, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before; and that night we arose and went down, and I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make strange and various noises.”

Truly a most sensible conclusion; and here let the reader note that the horn-blowing was met by a counter-blast of knocks more frequent and demonstrative than before.

Though the noises ceased at the family mansion, Epworth, Jeffrey remained with one branch of the family. Emily Wesley, after her marriage, at least *thirty-four* years, as evidenced by a letter from her to John, her brother, written in 1750, after an allusion to some doctrinal points, she writes:—

“Another thing is that wonderful thing called Jeffrey. You won’t laugh at me for being superstitious if I tell you how certainly that something calls on me against any extraordinary new affliction; but so little is known of the invisible world that I, at least, am not able to judge whether it be a friendly or an evil spirit.”

Such is the brief history of the manifestations in the Wesley family, yet in its brevity containing a mine of pregnant facts which, when candidly considered, ends in spiritualism. Dr. Priestly, the eminent divine and philosopher, deemed these occurrences of so much importance, he published them in a pamphlet accompanied by a criticism combating their spiritual origin. If this idea had not been quite prevalent, the doctor would not have been to this expense and trouble. He was a materialist, and did this to vindicate his own views, and dissipate those of an opposite

tendency. He found a strong opponent in Dr. Adam Clark, an early and well-known Methodist. He calls the explanation of Dr. Priestly (which was that the matter was a trick of the girls and servants) ridiculous and absurd, closing his discussion and critique in the following words, which are as true today as when written:—

“A philosopher should not be satisfied with the reasons advanced by Dr. Priestly. *He who will maintain his creed in opposition to his senses, and the most undisguised testimony of the most respectable witnesses*, had better at once, for his credit's sake, throw the whole story into the region of doubt, where all such relations, no matter how authenticated,

‘Upwhirled aloft,  
Fly over the backside of the world far off  
Into a limbus large and broad.’

And instead of its being called a paradise of fools, it may be styled the limbus of philosophic materialists, into which they hurl whatever they cannot comprehend, choose not to believe, or please to call superstitious and absurd. And they treat such matters so because they quadrature not with principles unfounded on the divine testimony, feebly supported by true philosophy, and contradictory to the plain, unbiassed, good, common sense of nineteen-twentieths of mankind.”

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## MURDER PSYCHOMETRICALLY DISCOVERED.

Mary McGarr, Pittsburg, Penn.

A few years ago I lived in a very old house, situated on a business street, fronting the river. This house had been used as a tavern or boarding house previous to our having moved there. My father occupied a portion of this building for a store, the remainder was used as a dwelling for the family. Just back of the store was a large sitting-room.

From the first of our living in the house I noticed every time I went into that room I experienced a sensation like that of a person having their hands around my throat and trying to choke me to death. I did not speak of this experience to any of our family, as they were all unbelievers in anything pertaining to the

supernatural, and I knew they would scoff at what they would term my delusion.

After we had lived for some time in this house, I became acquainted with a spiritual medium who occasionally visited me. The first time she entered the room in which I had experienced the strangling sensation, she started back, exclaiming: "Oh, horror! there's been a man strangled to death in this room for his money many years ago." I had never mentioned my own experiences there to her.

Some time after this I thought to try an experiment, so I took a piece of stone from the wall underneath the haunted room, and sent it to a clairvoyant. I told the man by whom I sent the stone to ask if there was any money buried about the house from which this stone was taken. The messenger informed me that as soon as the clairvoyant took it in his hand he threw it across the room, saying: "My God! where did you get that stone? Let me tell you that in a room just above the place it was taken from there was a man strangled to death for his money; but there is no money buried about the premises."

Twice while we lived in that house I saw spirit forms of both sexes as plainly as I ever saw mortals.

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## HEALING WITH MAGNETIZED PAPER.

Julius A. Willard, 327 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

MR. L. L. WHITLOCK:

Dear Sir,—I will give you a few instances of healing by "laying on of hands," that to me were wonderful and bordering on the miraculous.

I first saw the effect of magnetism in 1843. Finding by experiment that I possessed the power, I applied it, more especially in the sanitary way, always gratuitously, and not as a professional healer. In 1844 the mother of a little girl about 11 years old wished me to operate on the child, who was much enfeebled by a sore spine. She had been under a doctor's treatment, but derived little benefit. I found she had two or three joints near the shoulders very sensitive; so much so she could hardly bear the pressure of her clothes. Perceiving she was very sensitive to

magnetic action, I made passes from the back of her head over the length of the spine, but without contact with the sore part. After some minutes I found she could bear a slight pressure, and finally the soreness was gone. Operating a little longer, she said her back was growing stiff. Dismissing her, I expected she would require many treatments. She returned in forty-eight hours, her back getting sore again, when I put her through the same course, and her back was cured. I soon found that I could put her into the clairvoyant state in one minute by making passes over her fore-brain. So, one evening, I sent her 100 miles to see how two members of our family — absent on business — were employed. She soon reported. On their return, after a few days, we referred them to the day and hour, and they fully corroborated her report in all things.

Afterward, when treating her for some slight ailment, she said: "You must not hold your hands on the top of my head; if you do, you will kill me!" It was not till some six years afterward that I learned the import of that caution, when looking at Dr. Buchanan's chart of the brain, in which the organ of mortality is marked on the top of the head.

A lady friend, after a severe sickness, called on us with her hands so paralyzed she could not close them. She was totally unacquainted with magnetism. Her left hand was the worst, with a constant pain in the thumb. I made passes over that hand, from the middle of the upper arm, and especially over the thumb. She soon observed the filling of the veins in her hand, and after a little exclaimed: "As true as you live, the pain is there," pointing above the place from which I made the passes. A few dispersive motions removed that, and finally her hand was as good as new. I called at her house in the evening, and set the other hand right. A few days later she called again, her hands getting stiff. A short treatment set them right, and I heard no more of it.

I have been in the habit of magnetizing papers. Becoming enfeebled by age, I have done little in the way of healing, but a magnetized paper was wanted and I felt too weak to furnish it. I am mediumistic enough for the spirits to control my hands, so I laid the paper on the table, and asked them to magnetize it for me. After a few deep-drawn breaths they seized my hands, then,

for a minute or so, spatted the paper with both hands very vigorously; but I observed that each hand was confined to its own side of the paper, and did not cross the center. Then I tried to place my right hand on the left half of it, but it was brought back with great force. They will not let me mix the positive and negative magnetisms. Is there a principle involved in this?

I have experimented much with od force and magnetism. I can take a strip of blank paper and make one pass with my right hand from left to right, without contact, and I find it polarized,—the left end negative and the right end positive. Then reversing the pass with my right hand from right to left, no poles are apparent. A second strip, polarized as the first (left negative, right positive), passing the left hand over it from left to right (the same direction as was given by the right hand) it is depolarized. Again, polarizing the third paper like the first and second, then passing the left hand (without contact as in number 2) from right to left, it is depolarized. In these cases the left hand appears to be directly antagonistic, magnetically, to the right hand. Is that why the spirits keep the magnetisms of the two hands so distinct? And yet they charge the same papers with both. I know many persons find them very efficacious. I think I have learned much about the laws of magnetism, both terrestrial and animal, through these experiments.

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## DEATH-BED CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mrs. Almena Morse, Eastford, Conn.

A few years ago a little boy of my acquaintance, George Buell, nine years of age, was hurt in the field and fatally injured. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were all watching by his bedside, knowing he could live but a few hours, when he looked up to them with a bright smile on his face, and said: "I see grandpa! There is grandpa! Don't you see him right there?" pointing upward. "He says he has come to take me away with him. He is going to take me with him now." As the little boy uttered the last word, his little spirit indeed left the poor broken body to go with "grandpa." This grandpa had died four years before.

None of the family were interested in spiritualism, and the little boy had never even heard the idea suggested that departed spirits could return to this world.

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## TABLE AND CHAIR RAPPING, SURGICAL OPERATION.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM, BOSTON.

At Fact-Meeting, Horticultural Hall, Boston, Feb. 17, 1883.

In company with Franklin Winchester, Col. Asa Wyman, John T. Ellis, Aaron D. Williams, Jr., and True Russell, I had my first sitting with my medium on the 20th of July, 1852. Then myself and several others, mostly lumber and coal merchants, on adjacent wharves, in Roxbury, were unexpectedly invited to go to a house in our neighborhood and see a spirit medium. For our amusement, and to gratify him who invited us, we went. Arrived at the house, we found there a female of modest looks and demeanor, apparently eighteen to twenty years of age, then unknown to fame,—Ada Hoyt, I think, was her name at that time,—Mrs. Coan, subsequently,—and now Mrs. Foye, known most widely and favorably as a very efficient and useful medium. After a brief conversation, she told us that if we would place a table in the center of the room, she would sit at it with us, and see what would come. Thereupon we ourselves took our neighbor's dining-table from behind the wall and placed it, without any covering, in the center of the room, took seats at it, three on each side, one at an end, and the medium placed herself at the other end, so we had a fair view under the table, and also of the medium's entire form, who sat with folded hands, motionless.

Not many minutes passed before raps resounded from the table, and shortly they were drumming out Yankee Doodle in harmony with the band attending a military company, then marching along a street not far distant. Subsequently, *worded* communications were asked for, and the controlling power rapped out willingness to try to furnish such. The medium then said to the sitter nearest to her on the right: "Ask if the communication is for you." He asked, but there was no response. The next one asked: "Is it for me?" and three raps made an affirmative reply. For this one, through the use of an alphabet-card, a few

words were spelled out, but of no interesting import, and the name given was not recognized as belonging to any known departed one. Passing on to the next sitter,—who was 62 years old, the oldest one at the table,—two or three lines, significant and affectionate, were spelled out, and his mother's name was appended. This result touched the old gentleman deeply, and it closely riveted my attention; it wore the appearance of coming from the indicated source, and prompted an instantaneous resolve, in my own mind, to watch very closely should anything be given me when my turn should come to inquire. My seat made me the last but one in the company to get opportunity to ask: "Is it for me?" When I did ask, an affirmative rapping followed. Taking alphabet-card in hand, I asked aloud if the one seeking to address me was a relative. "Yes," said the raps. Will you spell out the special relationship? "Yes." My thoughts instantly fixed definitely upon several departed relatives.

Pointing with pencil to the letters, I held on a little at B, thinking that a brother might be the relative present, but no rap came. At G I held on with considerable persistency, thinking that my saintly old grandfather was more likely to be granted Heaven's endowment with and permission to exercise supernal powers (deeming special supernal help needful for a spirit's return) than those who had passed away while less ripened in Christian faith and virtues; but *my will* had not sufficient power to call out a response at the G; nor did it at S, the initial of sister, but ere the pencil, leaving V, had reached W, the raps came, and soon *wife* was spelled. I asked for name, and Abigail was given; then asked if she would address me; the answer was yes. Fearing, or rather conjecturing, that what should come might be but some influx from my own mind, I handed the card to the gentleman at the end of the table opposite to that at which the medium was sitting, and who was separated from me by an intervening sitter, and asked him to point to the letters, saying that I would pencil down such as he should announce. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the following was obtained:—

"Dear husband, mourn not. I am happy. The spirit world is full of harmony and love. May the light of God shine into your heart, and fill your soul with joy and glory. God in His goodness has sent us, His messengers, to enlighten those who are

in darkness, and remove the dark veil of superstition in the world. More at some future time. Abby.”

Few can comprehend the forceful impress of that touching communication upon both my mental and emotional faculties. It furnished the mental powers a problem very difficult to solve logically without concession that she was the furnisher of what I then received; for she had been absent from the flesh more than eighteen years; had never been a resident within one hundred miles of Boston; had not been acquainted with, and probably never heard of by, any one of the company but myself. The reader will notice that when I first asked for names, I using the pencil for pointing at letters, she spelled out *Abigail*. That was the name bestowed at her christening, and which she used when signing deeds and the like; that was her *legal* name. But when she signed letters of friendly correspondence, and moved in domestic and social circles, her name was Abby. Such facts were all unknown by the gentleman who used the pencil when the shorter form of her name came out, differing from the form given to me. The original paper on which that record was made is extant and is prized.

I regard the facts pertaining to the double form of that name as very strong evidence of the actual presence and action of the departed mortal to whom that name belonged.

When receiving a communication from a departed relative through Racheal M. Ellis, medium, and writing down the same, I saw that a vacant chair at the end of the table opposite to me was sliding or moving on the floor. Looking under the table I saw that the chair was at least a yard from any part of the medium and also from myself, and we were the only persons in the room. (This was in Hanover St., and nearly twenty-five years ago. That Miss Ellis, for many years Mrs. Little, is now on Pembroke St.) The chair kept on moving. The room was light, very light; my view was perfectly distinct; and there, before me, the chair continued its movings.

The late Robert G. Shaw, at that time in feeble health, and myself, had several times met in that room. I had learned that, while living, he had said if it were possible for him, after death, to come to that place, he would; and also that he would try to move a chair instead of the table. Remembering this, I said:

"How do you do, Mr. Shaw?" Instantly the chair brought up its front legs at least four or five inches, and then struck firmly back upon the floor three times. "I am happy to meet you, Mr. Shaw." And three times again the chair gave its emphatic tips. "Is spiritualism true?" Three tips again. "Will it be injurious to the world?" One tip.

By this time the chair had changed its position, so that one of its legs came near a leg of the table. I next asked: "Do you, Mr. Shaw, advise me to go on with my investigation of this subject?" The chair now poised itself upon a single leg, and, by a swing or sideway motion, brought another leg forcibly against the leg of the table three times. Then, while waiting my next question, it held itself poised on a single leg; and, as successive questions were put, it, by one swing or by three, gave negative and affirmative answers. In that position it held on until ten or twelve questions had been answered,—till I had put all the questions that occurred to me, which could well be answered by a simple yes or no.

When I ceased to question, the chair bowed itself slowly and gently over to the floor, without falling, and thus bade me good-by. All this occurred in broad daylight, and extended through more than five minutes of time. It was as fairly and accurately seen by me as any object and motion ever were or ever can be. I *saw all that*, if I ever saw any thing. If I see the paper on which I am now writing, then I saw such motions of that chair. There was no mistake. The medium did not move it; and I did not. Some invisible, intelligent power seemed to be there, and to do it. This statement is carefully made. That chair spake as never man spake. Life, intelligence, and power, as seeming attributes of a chair, put forth instruction with authority greater than the tongue of any man could have wielded. I could no more doubt the action of mind in and through that chair than I can in and through your body or mine when our lips give utterance to thoughts. A moving and guiding mind was there,—must have been there,—it was not the medium's mind nor mine. Whose, then, but Mr. Shaw's?"

That tilting chair bespoke the presence, power, and action of disembodied intelligence. No embodied mind, no mesmerizing mind, has ever done the works which were done through or upon

that chair. The philosopher, the profound thinker, the strong logician, finds that some slurred tipplings are among the strongest grappling-irons by which the other world draws this one to itself. They *prove* the presence of more than man's power; they imply *spirit-agency*, and thus they become foundation-stones on which faith in the presence and communion of the departed may rest immovable,—*foundation-stones*, essential in their time and place, but which may be generally covered up, and perhaps forgotten, when the fair temple of spiritualism they are to uphold in each believer shall have its growing walls perfected.

Did animal magnetism, did electricity, did odyle, did either or all of these, constitute the *intelligent actor* in the chair which answered my questions? No; these fluids or forces of nature are *not mind*. They do not, they cannot, guide and control action so as to converse with man. They may be, and doubtless are, *instruments* through which one mind imparts intelligence to another; but they, in and of themselves, are not mind, and cannot *think* nor act intelligently. Let the most powerful embodied mesmerizer which the world contains try his will upon the insensible chair, and will the chair move at his bidding? No; not the fraction of an inch. Charge the chair, even incased in glass or coated with sealing-wax, charge it with all the magnetism, electricity, and odyle fluid imaginable, and will they all generate in it or convey into it mind enough to understand and to answer my questions? No; obviously no. *You know* that if an embodied mesmerizer should will the chair to move, and keep on willing it to move for hours, that it would not stir an inch unless he applied his hand to it. His will-power controls only living organism. *You know*, too, that neither magnetism, electricity, nor odyle, could be made to give or to generate a mind in the chair; yet its motions proved that *mind was there*. *Common sense* demands the admission of this.

I now will state a case of surgical operation by spirits in the interior of a human system. Some twelve years ago Mrs. A. L. Lambert, of Boston, a widow, then forty years old or more, had a large fungus or polypus develop within her uterus till it expanded her form to dimensions larger than is often seen; she herself was and is a facile medium, and spirits gave information that, if conditions could be made right, they could dissever the connections

of that monstrous excrescence. Two other mediums and three or four spiritualists were requested to come to her residence early on a specified winter's evening. We went there accordingly, and gathered around her where she was sitting, bolstered up in bed; soon we were assigned our several positions around her by some intelligence speaking through another medium. My place was at her left side, close to the head-board, and my business to hold her up or let her lean upon me as might be desirable during the operation. The office I was to perform permitted, and my desire to learn all that I possibly could about so unique and important a case induced, me to examine her carefully, using both eyes and hands. I had previously, on several occasions, manipulated her to some extent, and at this time did so more fully than ever before, and found that the greatest prominence of the fungus was high up, and on the left side. We were soon told that the fungus was attached at four different points. The unseen surgeons being about to commence, we were told that we must severally do promptly and carefully whatever we should be told to, through a lady medium who was present, Miss Emma Andrews. Through her was given a description of the several spirit surgeons present, and of the instruments they had in hand to operate with.

Then a strong man, J. W. Crosby, who was the medium, as we all understood, upon whose properties the operators would mainly rely for aid on the mundane side, was directed to stand at the foot of the bed, and put his hands forward, over the foot-board, as far as he could toward the woman, with fingers open. He did so, and soon the ends of his fingers began to curl slowly inward, and continued to do so till the ends of them came close to the surface of the front part of the palms of his hands. As he stood thus, every muscle seemed to indicate that he was being drawn forward by a force almost sufficient to pull him up over the foot-board. He continued in this position and under this strain for perhaps a minute, when the patient gave a sudden start: instantly she swooned. Our speaking medium soon said one attachment had been cut. Wined water was then given her, and she soon revived. Shortly after the revival we restored her to the bolstered position out of which she had fallen, and then both sight and touch told *me* at once that the most prominent portion of the excrescence had fallen downward several inches. After a little

delay a second attachment was severed, and the chief protuberance dropped still lower. The operators decided that her strength was not such as would justify them in doing more at that time. They requested us all to come there again on a specified evening of the next week. We went, and the work was finished. The fungus, deprived of its vital attachments, soon became macerated, and passed out of the system by degrees. In a few weeks the woman recovered her wonted shape and health, and has been in very comfortable condition ever since. That case was well known and studied by an extensive practitioner of this city, who I think can legitimately attach M. D. to his signature, by Mr. David Wilder, myself, and several ladies. The operation was suggested, arranged for, and performed successfully, by intelligences acting through mediums.

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## NARRATIVES OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Related at Fact-Meetings, Lake Pleasant, August, 1882.

BY DR. SILAS J. CHESEBROUGH, 1 1-2 OTISCO ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

In 1880 I was doctoring Miss Sarah D. Hey, of 249 Gifford St., Syracuse, N. Y. She was an entire stranger to me, and her mother came for me when she was suffering with a severe attack of asthma. The mother said: "My daughter is a medium, and says no one can cure her but you." I said: "I don't know your daughter; I cannot cure her." Upon this the mother began to cry, and I finally went with her, complaining as I did so. I went into the door, and before my hand was off the door-knob I was under control. The lady said: "My control tells me that you are the only one that can cure me." My hands were placed on the back of her neck, and in less than two minutes she was breathing as easy as an infant. She was a mass of disease. At one time, while I was treating her, her stomach seemed to be much affected, and I gave her half a glass of strongly-magnetized water, telling her not to drink all of it at once, as it was too strongly magnetized; but she took it all. As soon as she had taken it she said: "I am sorry I took that." Immediately a commotion began in her system; she began to breathe heavily, and was laboring under intense excitement, which continued to

increase till the influences told me that they and I had a pretty serious job on hand. They said: "It depends on your fidelity in lending us your assistance; but we can carry her through if you will pledge your faithfulness, but no other power could." There was great commotion in the patient's stomach, and she breathed like a dog panting, while there seemed to be a strong pressure to the head. The influence said to me: "You must guard the brain, for if it goes to the head, she is gone. If we can keep it in the chest, she is safe." I have stood by her side all night with my hand on her neck to keep the inflammation from the head, and I would fall asleep, and my hand drop down, when the pressure would start again for the head. One time the influence said I might go home for a while; I did so, but staid too long, and when I got back the inflammation had got to the lips, making a red line. The influence said: "We could not have kept her in the body if you had staid away half an hour longer." I kept this back day after day by making downward passes. Finally, one Sunday morning, the influence said through her lips: "She is worn out; we are going to try a new experiment; we are going to let her go out of the body, so that she may rest." She was sitting in a chair, and when one of these rushes to the brain came on, I put my hand on her head as usual, when something said to me: "Take off your hand." I said to myself, "It will not do to take off my hand, for this will rush to the brain." But they said: "Take off your hand." I took it off, and she threw her head back and went off into a trance, and seemed to be insensible to everything. In a few moments, she opened her eyes and said: "How do you do, Dr. Chesebrough?" I said: "Who are you?" She said: "I am a friend of Sarah's; I have come to occupy her body while she rests." I said: "Where is she?" "Her body is in the chair; her spirit rests on the bed," was the reply. This influence talked a long while, and finally said: "Now I must go. The first thing Sarah will say when her spirit comes back will be: "Oh, how rested I am!" There was a struggle with the body, and she opened her eyes and said: "Oh, how rested I am!" The gestures were entirely different; the other spirit did not resemble her at all. In a few days she went out again; and this was done several times, till one day she began to cry. I said: "What is the matter?" She said: "See how I suffer. Here I

am suffering every day, and when I go out you do n't know what beautiful things I see. I have been to Heaven and seen so and so. Oh, it is so beautiful there, I feel sad to think I must come back into this body. Now, if I go out again, I will not come back here any more." Then those tremendous rushes to the head would come on. Finally the influence came and said: "We are going to have trouble. She has got little gleams of the other world, and she does not want to come back into this body. We have difficulty in putting her back. You see this pressure on the brain has been more intense." "Yes," I replied. "It is the pressure of the spirit to get out again," they replied, adding: "Now we are going to let her get out so far as almost to snap the cord that holds the spirit to her. When we bring it down to a little fibre we can manage her. We shall impress you when to take your hand from the top of her head and place it on the left side directly under the heart, and hold it steady. There is the connection between the spirit and the body." I took my hand from the head and placed it on the spot under the heart, and she fell back as if dead,—straightening out apparently dead. I could see no signs of breathing. I said to myself: "She has gone, sure." But still I held my hand there. After a while, she moved and opened her eyes, and said: "They have put me back in the body again, but they had to work pretty hard." Then she said: "Oh, how sore my side is; how lame it is!" "White-face," a spirit control, said: "Treat it." Then she said: "It is better; the pain is gone." Then the influence said: "We have let her go out; we have almost separated the connection between the spirit and the body. That connection is right here, and she feels this soreness over this spot." "White-face" said: "She cannot die so long as we can get you into this house." He told me I should learn more from this case than from any other. It was a wonderful illustration of the power of spirits over disease provided conditions are right. Today she is a well woman.

**MONEY MATERIALIZED.**—We were all three—myself, and wife, and the boy, Joe Caffrey—sitting in the kitchen, when I said something about finances being short, and I did n't know where we should come out. In an instant the boy was controlled and said: "Mr. Chesebrough, we do n't like to hear you talk in that way. You and the boy go with me up stairs into the seance room."

We did so, and sat down to the table, when some spirit through the boy said: "What do you mean by this talk? We do n't want to have you feel that way. You never need to feel any anxiety about finances; and, to prove that, put your hand out." I did so, and felt something drop into it. I said: "What is it?" He said: "Two half dollars." "Where did they come from?" said I. He said: "I made them. If you will keep still, it will be all right; but if you tell of it, we will take it away from you." The boy was then taken down town. I was impressed to go, and was so excited I did n't know what to do. Those half dollars were in my pocket. I thought, "Could they have robbed the boy?" When he came to tea I said: "Joe, have you got any money?" "No, not much; only a few shillings," he said. "Do you carry any money?" I asked. He replied: "No, I have n't had any to carry only a few shillings for some days." Said I: "Have n't you had a couple of half dollars?" "No," he replied; "what makes you ask?" "Oh, nothing," I said. So I went to the store and passed off one, and then the other. I waited a week or two and then told Mrs. Chesebrough, telling her that they said if I told of it they would take it away. She said: "Then what a fool you are; you did wrong." Said I: "It was so immense I could not keep it. I do n't intend to tell anybody else: nobody hears it." She said: "You will find out whether anybody hears it or not." The next day up comes this boy, Joe Caffrey, from the city, walks in, and with a strange voice, says: "Mr. Chesebrough, you have broken your pledge; we heard you, and you knew well that we did. Now, then, we must have that money back. We are loath to take it from you; but you are very exacting with us and we must be so with you. If we do n't do as we told you, we might as well drop you right here." "But I have passed it off," said I. "Very well, you have \$5, go and get it changed; we want the amount." So I went to the store and got it changed, the boy, meantime, asking what I had gone to the store for. Then Mrs. Chesebrough told him. He said I was foolish to give them back the money. Said he: "I would not give them back any money." When I came in he said: "Are you going to give them back this money? You are foolish; it is some Diakka come here from pure 'cussedness.'" Then he was controlled and said: "Be expeditious,—come right up stairs." So they took him right along, I

following. He stepped into the middle of the room, and the voice said: "Drop it into this hand." I reached out and heard a swishing noise; then I turned the light up and there was the boy standing with his pockets all turned wrong side out. This was done as quick as a flash, and there he stood, with his pocket-book and handkerchief in his hands, and his watch dangling. I think it was a materialized hand that I dropped the money into. Then we went down stairs, and pretty soon he came to himself. He looked at his pockets and watch, and said: "What is the matter with me?" We never knew anything more about the money, nor where it went to.

**A GOLD WATCH DEMATERIALIZED.**—One Sunday, Joe Cafrey, under control of a spirit calling himself Texas Bill, walked in with a gold watch and chain, saying: "See what a beautiful watch." "Where did you get it, Bill?" I asked. "Playing cards," said he. "You have been in that gambling place again," said I. He replied: "Yes, I was in the street with the boy when a gambler came along and asked him to play. He told him that he had not enough money,—that he had only two dollars. The gambler said that he would put up this watch; so he went. The boy could not resist the temptation, but before he was at the top of the stairs I took control of him. I was not going to have him cheated out of his money, so I dealt the cards, and I had the four aces and all the best cards. Such a hand you never saw, while the gambler had the lowest cards in the pack. It was all done fair the gambler acknowledged, and he said the boy must have the watch; so he handed it over." Then Bill said through the boy: "I am going to keep the watch, but he can have the chain. The watch is mine." I said: "Bill, you can't stay here in this boy but a little while, and then what will you do with the watch?" He had not thought of that, and finally he said: "Well, I will give you back the watch." So he held it out, and I took it. Then I said: "Now, Bill, this will not do; you have swindled this man out of a gold watch and chain. The influences have told you not to come and gamble through him. I shelter this boy, and it will endanger him and me. I can't have any such thing. Besides, you will get yourself into trouble with the band if you persist in this way." He looked confused, and took the watch and dropped it into the boy's pocket, dropping it in with a click, then, snap-

ping his fingers, said: "It is gone." "Gone where?" said I. "Into the elements," said he. I stripped him and examined everything, but no watch was there. Then he laughed. "What have you done with that watch?" said I. "It has gone into the elements, I told you," was the reply. "Have you destroyed that watch?" said I. "No, I have decomposed it; it is down here at the end of this sofa," said he. "What are you going to do with it?" I asked. "I will take care of it," he said. "You have destroyed a beautiful watch," said I. "No, I will take care of it; I can put it together, and you shall have it again the same as when you opened and closed it, and placed it back in my hands." Three different times that watch has been brought back and put to the ear of everyone in the circle. They have been allowed to take hold of it and hear it tick, and when the light has been struck there has been no watch. They said: "By and bye, we will put this watch together and leave it,—we will materialize it and leave it with you." This has not been done yet, though they said this three or four years ago.

**INSTANTANEOUS TRANSPORTATION OF JEWELRY.**—About two years ago (that is in 1881) Mrs. Chesebrough and myself were sitting alone in our house one evening, when in walked a business man of Syracuse,—Mr. John W. Truesdell. He was brought under the influence of a spirit who belongs to my band, by the name of Trowbridge, formerly a lawyer of Syracuse,—a fine, intellectual, talented man, liberally educated, but a reckless fellow who threw his life away young; and he has carried over there the same traits that he had here in the form. He is a perfect tiger when he comes. On this night he controlled the medium and said: "Mr. and Mrs. Chesebrough, I want to tell you something: about twenty years ago, or thereabouts, I purchased for my sister a set of jewelry from Stowell and Co.'s store, that stood where the Onondaga County Savings Bank now stands. This jewelry is a little out of date, but it is very fine gold. They are jets. I paid \$27 for them, and she has not worn them much. They are very pretty. I made her a birth-day present of them, and she will never have any further use for them." My wife said to him: "You have another sister, and perhaps she would like it." He said: "I would like to make you a present of that jewelry. I come here when you do n't know it, and if you will receive it and

wear it, I can come here and see it in your ears, and enjoy it just the same as when she wore it." My wife said: "Well, that is very nice, but you have another sister living, and she can wear it; she has a stronger claim than I." He replied: "Well, I bought the jewelry and paid for it, and now that she has got through with it, I have something to say about it, and I prefer that you should have it than anyone else." "But how are you going to get it here?" she said. "I will bring the rings here and put them in your ears if you will receive them," he said. She replied: "Well, Bob, you have done many wonderful things, and I do n't doubt you can do this; and, as you put the case, I do n't know that I have any objections." He said: "Well, do n't tell anyone. Do n't tell the medium when he comes to himself; do n't tell anyone, now; if I succeed, then you can tell it." When the medium awoke he said: "Why, how did I get in here?" He had come to the house under control. We said: "You come here under control." "Who had me?" he asked. We told him Bob. "Oh, I wish he would let me alone," he said. I was just going to speak of the jewelry, when the medium was off again in a flash; Bob had possession of him, and said: "I told you not to say anything about it; now pay attention to what I say." Then Mrs. Chesebrough said: "Why tell of it?" I said it was too good to keep. Then the medium went home. Within a week, perhaps, he came again. Caffrey was there at this time. Among those present were Mr. Waldo and Mr. Lewis, of Syracuse. We turned out the light and sat down to the table, not knowing what was to come. We sang "John Brown's Body Lies Moldering in the Grave." My wife said afterwards that when we began to sing the second verse she felt a form standing behind her chair, and pressing up against her shoulders, and heard distinct breathing, and felt hands come and slip out her ear-rings, and felt some slip in as easy and naturally as she could do it herself. Then her breast-pin was taken off and another put in its place. Then we heard writing on a slate that lay on the table. Then they rapped for the light, and there were the ear-rings dangling, and the pin was in place, but they were not the rings and the pin she had before. The slate was in Mrs. Chesebrough's hands, with the following communication upon it: "I told you, Mrs. Chesebrough, that I would do it, and I have done so. From your old

friend Bob." Then the medium was controlled by Mr. Muhlenberg, and said: "This was arranged a week ago. When you sat down, this spirit, with one other, went up to the city of Milwaukee, took this jewelry, brought it here, and placed it on this lady's person. They started when you began to sing that verse, and the work was finished before the singing was finished. This is a fact. You were told the attempt would be made to do this, and it has been done. You see the jewelry as proof." My wife showed it around to her friends in the city. Capt. Austin, of the Globe Hotel, came up one day and said: "My sister Charlotte was very intimate with Mr. Trowbridge's sister, and if this is her jewelry, she would know it." So she came one day and said she would like to see it, and on examining it she said Mr. Trowbridge's sister had several sets of jewelry, and said this was one of them. Mrs. Chesebrough wears this jewelry every day. The spirit says it serves as a nucleus to give him power and strength.

At this seance, when the light was struck, and my wife found this strange jewelry in her ears, she looked around and said: "Why, where is my jewelry?" About a week afterwards I was at Mr. Truesdell's office, when Mr. Muhlenberg, speaker of the 1st and 3d United States Congress, controlled him and said: "You and your wife have been looking for her jewelry?" "Yes," I said, "we have hunted everywhere and can't find it." Then he said: "Well, I guess we have kept your curiosity excited long enough. When you go home, take your wife through several rooms into the extreme part of the house, and in such a drawer, in a particular corner, covered up with lace, you will find her jewelry." Said I: "When was it placed there? We don't go there very often." He said: "It was deposited there before the light was struck that night." When I went home I went to the drawer described, and there tucked in the corner was the jewelry. I called my wife to come and see it. Said she: "How did you know where it was?" I then told her. This jewelry was carried away through the house, without any doors being opened, and was found as here stated. I have lived right in the midst of such things for six years.

**A STONE MATERIALIZED.**—Another manifestation we had, and equally remarkable, was this: we were sitting one night with the windows and doors closed and secured. Joe Caffrey was at

the table, as well as Mr. Truesdell. We had the strongest influence that night we ever had. Among those present were Capt. Austin, of Syracuse, Mr. E. B. Waldo, and Mr. John Whittick. We were gathered around, singing, but were not expecting anything, although we had been told previously that we might soon expect some remarkable demonstrations of spirit power. In a few minutes a light as large as my fist appeared directly over the table, and about two feet above it. It began slowly to swing around, while streams of light, like the rays of the sun, poured from it. Presently something heavy fell on the slate,—which we always kept there,—and ground it to powder, all but the frame. We pushed back from the table and said: “What is that?” We struck a light, and there lay a stone weighing from 60 to 70 pounds,—a stone as large as a peck measure. The weight of it for the size is what surprises people. Prof. Boynton, the geologist, says it is no geological formation. Two of us were controlled by different influences, and each corroborated the other in saying that the stone was a materialized stone,—materialized from the dust in the center of the street in front of the house,—dust that had been ground down by the wheels of teams, and that night Confucius materialized it while we saw the ball of light swinging, and dropped it upon the table. We have it now. It is a perfect magnet; a medium cannot go by it. It will draw Caffrey or Mr. Truesdell right up to it, though they may be four feet away. Their feet will be drawn right up against it, and it is difficult to get them away. We were told it would give the influences strength. I have placed it upon my table and thrown my will upon Caffrey and Mr. Truesdell, and brought them to me from a distance. Mr. Truesdell would say to his wife: “I must go to Dr. Chesebrough’s,” and he would dress himself and come up. It would bring Joe Caffrey just the same.

**A MEDIUM DEMATERIALIZED.**—At another time a dozen of us were sitting around the table, with Mr. Truesdell and Caffrey for mediums. This was before Confucius had announced his name. He had been coming for some time, but all we knew was that it was somebody who called himself “John Long, a Chinese washy-washy,” that is, a Chinaman from California who did laundry work. He said afterwards that he concealed his own name as he thought we would not credit it if he told it to us.

On the night I refer to he was talking Chinese through the boy, when Mr. Truesdell said, in a rough way: "Oh, go away, you Chinaman, we do n't want you around here; we can't understand anything you say." Immediately the influence in a changed voice spoke up very sharp to Mr. Truesdell, and in a moment Mr. Truesdell's head was lighted as though on fire. He screamed, and we heard him fall heavily to the floor. Some one said: "Oh, heavens! he has killed Mr. Truesdell, sure." We could see the fire roll up. Then Confucius said: "I will now take the boy out of the room." This was said through the boy. We struck a light and Mr. Truesdell lay as though he was dead. We looked around, and somebody said: "Where is Joe?" We then saw that Joe was not in the room. In a minute we heard a rap on the front door. We always kept a lamp burning on the table in the hall. This was a double precaution against anyone opening the door to the room in which we sat, and which I always kept locked during our seances, with the key in my pocket. When this knock came on the front door, Mrs. Chesebrough went out and down stairs and opened it, and there stood Joe under control of Confucius. She said: "Why, Joe, how did you get here?" There was no reply. He came into the hall, and on coming up stairs turned to Mr. Truesdell and said: "Will this be a lesson to you to treat a spirit with respect when he comes into this circle, instead of saying to him, 'Go away, you Chinaman,' till you know who he is?" We said: "Won't you tell us who you are? for you made a great display of power." He said: "I will. I am Confucius, the Chinese sage, and the father of 400 millions of people." Mr. Truesdell said: "I ask your pardon." Confucius said: "Then let this be a lesson to treat a spirit with due respect."

BY MR. S. B. NICHOLS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I had two sittings with Mr. A. H. Phillips, the slate-writer, at his rooms, in New York city. The first time I called on him he was an entire stranger to me. I said I had come to see if I could receive independent slate-writing. He said he could guarantee nothing. I said I would not write any ballots, and did not. I received messages on some of Mr. Phillips's slates, and also on my own double slates. On showing them to my friend, Prof. Henry M. Parkhurst, the astronomer of Brooklyn, he said I did

not know that they were my own slates, as I had not put any private marks upon them, and that Mr. Phillips might have changed them. I decided to have another sitting with Mr. Phillips. I stamped the frame of the slates on the inside with my private rubber stamp, containing my name, street, number, and city. I also took three sheets of clean commercial note paper, with this stamp upon each of the sheets. I placed a clean sheet of this paper between my own slates, wrapped the whole in a piece of paper, put two small slates belonging to Mr. Phillips on top of my slates, and put the whole on a small shelf of the small table, and put my foot on the whole of them. Mr. Phillips took one of my sheets of note paper that I had brought with me, and placed it under a chair, some six to eight feet from me, and then a small piece of cambric over the chair. Mr. Phillips walked about the room, and did not come in contact with the slates. On the sheet of paper inside of my slates was written a communication signed James Nichols, a man whom I had known in Vermont previous to 1861. When I knew him he was a merchant in Essex, Vt. He was no relative of mine, though his name was the same. On this sheet of paper, without pencil, was written: "You do not realize how hard it is for us to do this." On the small slates was written a communication signed Martha, and on the sheet of paper under the chair was written a *fac simile* of what was on the slates. I could feel the vibrations under my foot. When the communications were being written there was no human contact except my foot resting upon them. Does not this phenomenon show independent intelligence and a continuity of life?

Years ago we had in the lecture-field Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, of Lowell, Mass., a fine trance-speaker, and a very remarkable physical medium. One evening she was giving a public lecture in trance state, in Burlington, Vt. My friend Bigelow, who was a great skeptic, in answer to some statement that had been made by the control of the medium, asked why they could not produce phenomena in the hall,—right there upon the platform. In front of the speaker upon the platform, which was raised about three feet from the floor, was a large table, and upon it a desk and Bible. The speaker stepped back, and the large table, with desk and Bible upon it, was raised up and turned over, and fell with a

crash upon the floor below. This manifestation caused much excitement in the hall, and the lecture closed abruptly. On the way home the medium fainted from excitement and the strain upon the nervous forces.

My rule in attending all circles is to place myself receptive to the truth, accepting what may be given as the very best that can be given under the conditions of the circle. And I have found it a wise rule to follow.

BY MRS. ELLA BACON, OF NEW HAVEN.

In the winter of 1878 I lost a nephew from pneumonia. But some time before this I lost a little niece named Lulu, who claims to control me, and whom I sincerely believe does at times. My little nephew was sick at our house, but was removed and went home with my sister. Some time after I received a letter stating that little Jesse would probably pass away. One day I was busy about the house, when all at once I heard Lulu say: "Aunty, Jesse is dead; no, not dead, it's what you call dead, but he's up here." Later in the day a relative came in and asked: "Have you heard the news?" "No; what is it?" "Jesse is dead." When I was by myself, soon after this, Lulu exclaimed: "Aunty, I told you so." And now comes the strangest part of this experience. When my sister was standing over the dead boy, she said, mentally: "Now, Lulu, if you do really control Aunty, tell her Jesse is dead." This was between 9 and 10 o'clock, and I had received Lulu's message some time before the telegraphic intelligence arrived.

BY W. H. VASBURY, TROY, N. Y.

In the year 1879 or 1880 I was sojourning at Cleveland. One Sabbath I attended a seance at Halley Hall. I was a stranger to all, and seated myself midway in the hall. When the seance opened, the medium, a young man, stepped to the main floor from the platform, and coming directly to me placed his hands on my shoulders and exclaimed: "My friend, a New York physician comes to you, and says you and he were friends, and that he is glad to know you are doing such a good work. He gives the name, I. G. Atwood, N. Y., and says at a future time he will tell why he comes to you." Later, at Troy, N. Y., J. Frank Baxter was in my room, and was about to leave when all at once he turned suddenly upon me and exclaimed: "There is a form here

for you. I feel a shaking sensation as from chloroform. This man says he met you at Cleveland in a seance, and that Dr. John Scott is with him here, and that they will aid your future work." Dr. Atwood is now my principal guide, and in life I knew him well.

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### A MATERIALIZING SEANCE AT MRS. BLISS'S.

From *The Evening Star*, Boston, Feb. 15, 1883.

One day last week your reporter called upon a medium who was advertised as a materializing medium; and, making his mission known, was received with courtesy, and cordially invited to attend a seance on Saturday afternoon. The medium, Mrs. Bliss, was found to be a Spanish lady of intelligence, speaking the English language fluently, somewhat above the medium size, but not tall. She expressed herself pleased to find that one of the daily papers of this city intended to give a fair and honest report of her seances. Her experiences in Philadelphia, she said, had not always been pleasant. She and her husband, she claimed, had been slandered and vilified so much as to almost drive her from acting as a "messenger for the angels," as she expressed it. In Boston, however, she had found but little annoyance, still some parties would occasionally attend who would persist in making themselves miserable, and in annoying the rest of the audience. She trusted that whatever I saw or heard I would fully and truthfully report that there was no deception, but that through her medial powers the dead can speak and show themselves to their friends.

On visiting her rooms to attend the seance, the reporter found some fifteen or twenty persons, men and women, seated around the apartment. The room was a front parlor (all daylight being shut out), and the place only lighted by one burner of the chandelier. The furnishings were slight. On one side was a sort of closet, built into the room, and styled a cabinet. It was about six feet high, four feet broad, and eighteen inches deep. The only thing in the cabinet was a chair. In front of the cabinet was hung a black curtain in place of a door. It also had a small opening each side of the door, closed by a wicket. Those openings were about four feet from the bottom. In the back of the

room was a parlor organ. There were some thirty-five or forty chairs standing around the room, and near the cabinet was a small marble-top table. These articles comprised all the furniture and fixtures of the room.

The reporter took a chair and awaited coming events. Company kept dropping in until about thirty persons were present and the hour for the meeting approached.

The medium, Mrs. Bliss, soon entered the room, clad in her every-day garments, and without ornaments of any kind. Asking all to arise, she placed the chairs in a manner to suit her, and then designated to each and all where they were to be seated. When all this was satisfactorily accomplished, she made a short address to the company, and then stepped into the cabinet and dropped the curtain. In her remarks before entering the cabinet she requested one of the company to act as chairman, whose duties appeared to be to ask questions for the company and to attend to the gas. As soon as she was in the cabinet the gas was lowered and extinguished. Near the organ was a sort of dark lantern, or one arranged in such a manner that more or less light could be thrown into the room, as should be desired. This light was under the management of the gentleman who officiated as organist. Everything now seemed to be ready. A dim light was shining,—just enough to show the outline of the cabinet. Suddenly raps were heard, and on being addressed by the chairman three raps were given, signifying yes to the question he had asked concerning the light, when a little more light was let into the room. This proving satisfactory to the powers behind the curtain, the organist commenced a familiar air, and was joined by those of the company who desired to sing.

Suddenly the curtain was drawn aside, and a form appeared clothed in military uniform, and known to those present by the title of Captain. On being asked if he desired to speak to anyone in the room three raps in the cabinet signified yes; and on again being asked whether the one he desired to converse with was in the front row of seats or the back one, the answer was again given by the same means. The first one called up was received in a cordial manner by the Captain, and had his hand shaken. The gentleman on taking his seat said the Captain had given him one of the grips of the Masonic order.

After this demonstration about everyone in the room was called up to receive either a hand-shake or a military salute. The reporter was also called, and on reaching the cabinet he found a figure of a man dressed in full uniform. There was a sort of luminosity to the figure, so that all of the features appeared distinct, as well as the complexion. The light about this figure, as well as all of the rest, appeared about the same that articles coated with luminous paint would exhibit. The face was fair, with whiskers, and the hands were of ordinary size. The reporter stood for an instant closely looking at the Captain, and on asking whether it would shake hands, the figure shook his head and made the military salute, which seemed to be the signal that the interview was over. After taking his seat many more were called, until about everyone in the room had been noticed. This figure of the Captain remained in sight nearly fifteen minutes, when it disappeared. This Captain claimed to be the guardian of the spirits that manifest through Mrs. Bliss, as was stated. It seems that there are other attendants, as the audience were informed, who are always present, and are known as supporting or cabinet spirits, whose business is to make slight manifestations while other spirits are getting power or strength enough to enable them to materialize. Among these so-called spirits there was one active sprite who, some of the audience stated, was always present. It was said he had been a boot-black in Philadelphia (appearing to be a boy about 12 years old), and now, having passed to the other side, was striving to assist all who desired to manifest. When pleased, as at all times he seemed to be, he would make statements, and when asked about them would say "c-o-r-r-ect," with a long roll on the r, stating that he had taken out a patent for the pronunciation of the word. He frequently appeared before the curtain and spoke to many in the audience. He beckoned to one lady present, who seemed to be well-known to the lad, and requested her to come up to the cabinet as he desired to whisper to her. He further requested her to be seated with her back to the cabinet, and, when so seated, the figure put his arm around the lady's neck and loudly kissed her, uttering his "c-o-r-r-ect," and disappearing in the cabinet.

He was also often inquiring about the boys, and whether they went out coasting every night.

Raps were soon after given to call attention, when the luminous figure of a lady in white appeared, and, without a sound, stepped outside of the cabinet, and signified that she desired to speak to a certain party in the circle, when a gentleman went forward; two ladies were also called with him; and on reaching the cabinet the figure moved still farther from it to meet them. The parties summoned at once recognized the figure to be, as they believed, the spirit of a sister, who saluted each one with a kiss and uttered some words in a feeble voice, which they heard and understood. Then, stepping back into the cabinet, the figure vanished. Instantly the figure of a negro woman darted out of the cabinet, and was at once recognized as Aunty Rose, who was delighted to find a bouquet on the small table. Taking it in her hand, and smelling of it, she remarked that she was fond of flowers. She also desired that there should be some music, and selected "'Way down on the Suwanee River," which was at once sung, the figure uniting in the performance with evident pleasure.

When this figure withdrew another female form came out, requesting in a faint voice the gentleman from Marblehead to come to her. After complying with the request the gentleman stated that he recognized who it was, and she, or it, requested a pencil and piece of paper, as she desired to write. The articles were handed her, and the figure disappeared. Subsequently the paper was found with writing and handed to the gentleman, who did not desire to show what was written. Another signal was given to call attention, when the voice of the boy was heard chanting "Nearer my God to Thee," and requesting the organist to play, and the company to join in singing the hymn. On doing so the curtain opened, and there stood in full view the figure of a female, swaying like a feather in the wind, when, supposing that she desired to do or say something, the music ceased. The figure immediately stepped back into the cabinet, and the curtain dropped, when the audience was again requested to sing the same hymn. They had no sooner commenced than there appeared in front of the cabinet (and without disturbing the curtain) the same figure; and, as the singing continued, the figure lifted its arms in a devotional way, joined with the company in singing the hymn, and as they reached the concluding lines the figure knelt with arms still uplifted, and with face upturned. Then, without



Handwritten text in a highly stylized, cursive script, possibly representing a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The characters are dense and interconnected, forming a complex pattern of lines and curves. The text is arranged in approximately 15 horizontal rows, filling most of the page's width. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century shorthand systems or a highly decorative calligraphic script.

Mystical Characters. See Page 35.

a motion of drapery, the figure rose again to its feet, and, like the snuffing of a candle, *vanished* without even approaching the cabinet, or making any movement of the curtain. At this the reporter was somewhat startled. He gives this as he saw it, and does not in any way attempt to explain it. But the subject has since caused him much thought. The figures of the females that were seen were all clothed in luminous white garments. Around the head of the last figure appeared a sort of turban, with a long mantle about the neck and shoulders. The white garments fell about the figures in graceful folds, and were noiselessly and gracefully handled. There was not a sound of a foot-fall when any figure was walking, and the colored person was very active, —one moment in one part of the room, and in the next bowing to those at the other end of the apartment. She passed from one to the other in the twinkling of an eye; and even if she had been barefooted she would have made more or less noise,—but there was none. The singing figure was taller than the medium, and far more delicate in form. As far as could be discerned by the reporter, she did not appear to have her eyes open; or, at any rate, there was no appearance of the usual glitter of the eye. The captain, however, had a dark eye and of full luster. The movement of the colored figure was so quick that no observation other than as to dress and complexion could be made.

The reporter was so placed that he could see into the cabinet whenever the curtain was drawn aside to let a figure pop in or out. And each time he could see the medium seated in the chair in the cabinet. He leaves the readers of the *Star* to draw their own conclusions. He will soon attend other seances, the results of which will be truthfully given, and trusts they will prove satisfactory to the readers of this paper.

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## MYSTICAL CHARACTERS AND THEIR TRANSLATION.

[The illustration on the opposite page is a *fac simile* representation of a class of mystical writing frequently received through our hand. It is distinctly independent in its character. Similar writing is communicated through the hands of a number of mediums. In another part of the magazine we offer our ideas concerning these characters, also the results of some

interesting experiments regarding them. The following is a message purporting to come from Robert Dale Owen, written in these mystical characters, and translated by Mrs. Sue B. Fales, whose interesting description regarding them is herewith appended.—ED.]

NARRATIVE FURNISHED BY MRS. SUE B. FALES.

The power to translate the writings of the "Ancient Band" came to me at the same time with all other mediumistic gifts which I now possess. My mediumship came to me upon what was thought to be my death-bed, in 1874. The day on which I was thought to be dying,—while the shadows of eternity were falling around me, and my eyes had become blind to earthly sight; when all things earthly seemed passing away, and even the voices of friends no longer sounded in my ears.—I saw a great light in the East, and a pathway which seemed to stretch far away, winding upward toward the light. I said to myself: "Yonder are the Gates of the Morning. I shall soon know all the great mysteries of life and death. I shall know for myself, and not from hearsay." I wondered if I should see Christ, and the Eternal City, and if he would either come himself or send my own father, and my boy Elmer, who had been about seven years in the spirit land. I knew it was death, but was not afraid. I had lived for others, and not for myself. I had lived a Christian life, as I thought, doing my best at all times for the church, and felt glad that I had been a good member of the church. I did not feel either selfish or wicked. My sins did not feel heavy at all. I had done my best, and felt like trusting God for the future; let it come as it might, I was satisfied. The light grew larger and brighter, and soon it filled all space, illuminating the whole universe. I could see the pathway filled with people, and I saw many old friends over whom I had wept tears of sorrow when the grave closed them in. They seemed crowding around me eager to welcome me home. After a few moments I saw my father walking slowly toward me, leaning upon his cane. He looked and walked so naturally that I tried to realize that he had been disembodied. In the distance I saw my eldest brother, Abial, who had been in spirit life longer than father, and near him were four other brothers. I recognized them all, and felt happy over the change I saw in them. They appeared to me so bright and intelligent, so perfectly content with their heavenly conditions, that I remember thinking if I should become changed like them. I earnestly desired to be. My passionate love for the beautiful caused me to crave beauty of form and features. I thought Heaven might possibly give me a different expression or add to my common-place features a glow of immortal beauty. At least, I felt sure I should be a great gainer by the change. I am naturally philosophic, and it did not

seem at all strange that my mind should dwell upon little things. At that time my father came to my side, and laying his right hand upon my breast, he placed the left one under my shoulders and raised me up. The watchers around me saw me in a sitting position, and wondered, for I had not moved my hands or any part of my body for nearly two weeks previous to that time. "My child," said my father, "you will not die. You will live, but you will be changed." Looking around I saw the room full of old men and women, and wondered who they were. Father said in reply: "You need not fear; you will know them in the future."

Everything faded away from my sight. I remember of asking for water, and I think I slept twelve hours, and from that refreshing sleep I came back to life. In a few months I had recovered sufficiently to visit a sister of mine living in Erie, Pa. She is a spiritual-minded woman. I knew she could reveal to me many mysteries connected with the spirit world and the ministration of angels. That visit brought into action the spiritual gifts which had been developed upon the bed of sickness. My sister's hand used to be controlled to make strange characters. I laughed at her for writing letters that she could not read. She answered: "I have written this strange writing for a great many years. I wish it could be read." She took a pencil and paper and placed them on the table before her, and we waited till the control came. Soon she grasped the pencil and commenced to write. Above her head appeared that beautiful light which had appeared before me when I saw my father, and in the light stood an old man, as he appeared to me. His right hand rested on Mrs. Carrie's (my sister's) head, his left held her arm and compelled her to write. I told her what I saw, and taking up the writing I saw it strangely illuminated. Electricity seemed flashing along the lines, raising the letters as it went. I read the letters in good English. We were both startled, and somewhat frightened. The message was clearly given, and right to the point; but it was upon a matter of which I knew nothing, it being a family affair.

My sister brought out an old book of these writings, saying she had written them fifteen years before that date, and had kept them. One by one they were all illuminated, and I read them readily; and many of them were beautiful beyond expression. If they could have been read at the time when they were written, my sister, and indeed our whole family, might have been made happier and more content with our lot in life. One of the messages revealed to us the fact that a mighty band of philosophers were coming to earth as ministering spirits, and they were to be known as the "Ancient Band." They, from time to time, gave their history and when they lived, and why they were sent to earth to reveal divine truths to men. My sister has these messages among her spiritual treasures, and we look upon all facts connected with these writings as being really divine

revelations; and believe them to be communications from men and women who did live and love, suffer and die, when earth was ages and ages younger than it is now.

I do not know why the power to translate these writings was given to me. I do not know who, if any other mediums, are thus empowered. I only know the "Ancient Band" are good friends to me. They give me hope, love, and charity, and great confidence in humanity. I have seen and talked with them. I have learned all I know of art, science, and philosophy from them, and they have promised to educate all who work for them willingly, and give them power to teach others. But they demand truth and honesty in their chosen mediums.

I am acquainted with a great many who write these strange characters, and I have translated these writings since 1875. But I have never yet been deceived in regard to the writers or their controlling forces. My sister, Mrs. Carrie, of Cambridgeport; Mrs. Emily Holms, of Charleston; Mrs. S. L. McCracken, of Chicago; Mrs. Rowell, of Boston, and Mr. Whitlock, are among the most powerful mediums for the ancient spirits. There are many others, but I mention these names as I have translated many of their writings, and have always found them grand, beautiful, true, and inspiring in all their bearings. Mrs. Carrie has written for the "Ancient Band" for twenty years, and the messages written will prove interesting as proofs of spirit communications with mortals.

I write this letter to give friends some slight knowledge of the manner by which this power of translation is used, how it came to me, and who the Ancients are.

In my next letter I will give a few messages received about ten years ago, and also give the names of those philosophers who are the most active in helping humanity.

As long as I have the power to translate I will use it. I would rather not translate a bible for them; but if they will send, through their different mediums, messages for the readers of the *Fact* magazine, I will cheerfully translate the same.

SUE B. FALES.

### CLAIRVOYANCE.

"I do not come to you, my friends, as a stranger, though I am not personally known to you. I come on what may be termed a mission of love. There is at the present time, a growing need of testimony,—simple facts and proofs of angel ministrations. All phases of mediumship are being questioned, and even old believers are sometimes in doubt regarding the truth of spirit manifestations. Thank God there are a few whose faith cannot be shaken!

They still hold fast to their honest convictions of the truth. To all faithful believers new and more perfect revelations are to be given in the future. I have heard the different phases of spiritual mediumship discussed till the whole phenomena of animal magnetism would seem to have no foundation in truth, looking at the matter from a human standpoint. Men appear to have the power to create theories of their own, and will-force to defend them, even to the merciless destruction of Infinite law. Clairvoyance, or clear vision, is not a universal gift, it is not found in the possession of all who profess to be in constant communion with disembodied spirits. Clear vision can only be attained through great mental and physical suffering. Therefore, true clairvoyants should be honored and cared for with love and tender sympathy. They ought to be respected, instead of being looked upon as creatures of disgrace and fraud. They gain their mental illuminations by purely spiritual inductions, and those who seek truth for truth's sake cannot be misled when they seek knowledge from true clairvoyants. It matters not how those powers of vision are bestowed, or how those illuminations or inductions are revealed to humanity, whether through suffering, animal magnetism, or manipulation. They must unfold the truth, and proclaim their divine origin to all who have faith in immortality and progressive life in the spheres above the earth.

All persons are not susceptible to magnetic influence, and the angels cannot minister to those who dwell in a positive condition until pain or mental weariness reduces them to a sympathetic state, where the soul is compelled to look above for comfort and help. It is natural for the heart to turn to God when human love fails, when human aid fails, and the only hope lies in the unseen power of angels. The weary hearted and oppressed are brought near to the divine spirit through suffering. Their vision becomes clear, and they behold the spiritual with eyes rendered sharp and clear by internal illuminations,—in a word they become clairvoyants.

The hour of dying makes real clairvoyants of all men. I know this to be a fact. Long before my natural ears became deadened to human sounds, my eyes beheld the glory of the heavenly world, and I saw the faces and forms of those who had fallen away from my side in life's earthly pilgrimage. It was a glorious

moment to me. Looking backward, how short seemed the journey I had traveled. It seemed but a step from the cradle to the grave. It was a weary voyage,—not always free from wrecks. Overwhelmed at times, I sank beneath the billows,—at times clutched at floating straws, yet gained the shore at last with little to show but struggles and heart-aches as reminders of the voyage. How gladly I watched all withered hopes and wasted possibilities drift away from my sight when I saw the pathway to a nobler life stretch upward through countless worlds of starry splendor; and how joyfully I clasped the hands of my angel guides who were sent to lead me into that shining pathway! I could fill books with the history of my life in the spheres,—where my bewildered mental faculties became clear and deep-toned by drinking at the fountains of eternal youth. The true clairvoyant may see the glory of the heavenly while dwelling in the flesh; and, if they are pure-hearted, they may dwell among their fellowmen like angels who constantly minister to them; and men should receive intelligent truths from a true clairvoyant as they would a direct message or prophecy from angels. All men and women, and even little children, become clear-sighted, really clairvoyant, when the death-hour comes, and the shadows of eternity are falling around them.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

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## REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A HARVARD STUDENT.

From the *Banner of Light*, May 31 and June 7, 1879.

Some time ago a young man was quietly pursuing his studies in the Divinity School connected with Harvard College. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Cambridge. His maternal grandfather was one of the founders of the First Baptist Church of that city, and for a long time the meetings for religious services on Sundays were held in the large parlors of the old homestead,—at that early day quite a stately mansion.

In his boyhood he was a quiet, reserved child, sensitive to the last degree, very delicate in organization, and rather effeminate in tastes.

His mother died at his birth, and all the circumstances attending his pre-natal development conduced to make him as sensitive

to all influences, both physical and spiritual, as the mimosa is to contact.

He was reared by a devoted grandmother in the strictest tenets of the Calvinistic Baptist faith,—the real close-communion, iron-clad form,—but he was a born heretic, and before he was fourteen years old he had reasoned himself entirely away from the stern theology of Calvin; and the works of Channing and Parker having fallen into his hands, he read them with avidity. They opened up to him a new world, revealed to him a new gospel, and so filled his young soul with enthusiasm and zeal that his one aspiration was to go forth into the world as a preacher of this new gospel of love in place of hate, of tender compassion instead of vindictive vengeance.

He became acquainted with some of the prominent Unitarians of the day, who became interested in him because of his enthusiasm in his new faith, and felt that he had talents eminently fitting him for a liberal clergyman. This resulted in his preparing for Cambridge, under the supervision of the brilliant and lamented Thomas Starr King, with whom he was a student nearly four years.

Finally, when ready to enter Cambridge, after four years of preparation, his health failed, and physicians said only a voyage to a foreign clime could restore it. Bitter was the disappointment. He was examined and accepted at Cambridge, and then sailed for South America, to be gone a year.

On the voyage he was excessively sea-sick for many days, was reduced to a shadow, and brought very near to the immortal life.

During that illness on shipboard he had many strange experiences. He heard raps about on the walls of his state-room, and on his berth; saw tender, loving faces beaming upon him from clouds of mist. And on several occasions felt the soothing touch of gentle, magnetic hands upon burning, aching brow and tired, restless limbs.

On recovery, all these strange experiences were set aside as the fantasies of a sick brain, and nothing more was thought of them. And yet the young man was conscious of a subtle, mysterious change having taken place in him during this severe illness. He began to be conscious of the thought of absent friends; knew when a letter was on its way to him, just when it would arrive,

who it would be from, and in several instances its exact contents. He found, also, that he had become strangely sensitive to individual spheres. Taking a person's hand in the ordinary ceremony of introduction, he would receive a revelation of the mental, moral, and physical condition of that person that would fill him with wonder and awe, and at times make him feel that he was the victim of some satanic influence.

After a year's sojourn in the sunny, magnetic climate of Brazil his health seemed fully restored, and he returned to Cambridge: and while quietly pursuing his studies in the cloistered seclusion of Divinity Hall,—having heard nothing of spiritualism save condemnation, never having witnessed a manifestation, not knowing a person in the entire circle of his acquaintance who was a spiritualist, and sharing fully the intellectual contempt cherished by those about him toward the pitiable delusion,—he was suddenly awakened to the startling fact that he himself was its victim.

Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came the revelation that he was a medium for startling phenomena that he had regarded as fraud and delusion.

The first manifestation of this strange power was wholly unexpected. He was sitting one afternoon with some friends in conversation upon his travels. The western sunlight was shining broadly into the room. To the amazement of all present, the heavy table upon which he was resting his hands rose from the floor entirely, and remained suspended several minutes, then gently fell to the floor.

This was followed within fifteen minutes by mechanical writing. While thinking of the strange thing he had seen, against his will, stricken with amazement not unmingled with terror, trembling violently, he felt his hand seized by this mysterious power and compelled to write sentences that his mind took no cognizance of, filling the four sides of a large sheet of paper.

This writing proved to be a series of communications purporting to come from different individuals in spirit life, all entirely different in style and chirography, each addressed to some person present, and signed by the name of some friend of the person addressed who had left the mortal life. The signatures proved to be *fac similes* in several instances, and one entire communication addressed to the young man himself proved to be a *fac*

*simile* of the hand-writing of the young mother who died giving him birth, and whose hand-writing up to that hour he had never seen.

From this one accidental sitting his development as a medium went on with wonderful rapidity, passing through all the various phases of mediumship known as physical, rapping, writing, trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience, and healing.

At the house of the late Alvin Adams, large and brilliant assemblages thronged his drawing-room one night in each week for months, to witness the marvelous exhibitions of spiritual force through this frail-looking young student from Harvard. Scores of Boston's upper ten, who would have scorned the proposition to visit a professional medium, were delighted to avail themselves of the opportunity so generously afforded by Mr. Adams to witness these startling phenomena.

In the rear of Mr. Adams's spacious drawing-room stood a grand piano-forte, weighing ten hundred pounds at least. At this instrument the medium would take his seat, and, running his fingers over the keys, the whole instrument would rise from the floor and keep perfect time with every variation of the player. Four or six heavy men would seat themselves upon it, without in the least impeding its movement. Again and again have over two thousand pounds in weight been lifted by this invisible force, and swayed about as if it were a feather.

One evening a gentleman advanced the idea that the medium got his knees beneath the instrument, and obtaining a purchase lifted it by leverage. Immediately rising, the medium pushed away the music-stool on which he was seated, and knelt upon the floor in front of the instrument. Breathlessly the company, who had drawn about the piano, watched for the result; and when the heavy instrument began to rise with its burden of heavy men upon it, the lightest of whom pulled down one hundred and eighty pounds, and kept time apparently with as much vigor as ever, the medium kneeling in full view upon the carpet, they could not refrain from vigorous and hearty applause.

On another occasion a gentleman said: "Oh, this is plainly biology. You don't see the instrument move, you only think you see it. You are biologized."

"Very well, sir," said the medium; "the next time you think

you see the piano move, won't you please put your foot under the leg of it?"

The man was sincere in the advancement of his theory, and so he did as requested; but alas for his theory, it suddenly came to grief, and so also did his foot, and he limped for a week as lame as his theory.

Scores of people witnessed this, and other startling and beautiful manifestations, at the house of Mr. Adams.

On one occasion, while a circle was formed about a table, a lady present who had heard that green leaves had been presented at a seance, thought that flowers could be brought as well, and she questioned the spirit of a little son, whom she held communion with by means of the raps, if he would bring his mamma some flowers.

"Yes," was the response.

"Will it be tonight?"

"No."

For five or six successive weeks this question was put, with the same response.

Finally there came the response, "Yes, I will bring them tonight."

The seance had continued from eight o'clock till half-past eleven, in a warm room, with closed and locked doors and windows, and although the manifestations had been many and varied, there had been no sign of flowers.

Disappointed, the company rose to separate for the night, when suddenly the medium was seized with a deathly chill and sank into his seat. The members of the circle re-seated themselves. The medium grasped a pencil and a sheet of paper lying upon it, and writing something upon it very hastily, carried it beneath the table and placed it upon the floor. All eyes were fastened upon it. Suddenly a dark shadow was observed to fall upon it, and as that shadow struck the paper, the fragrance of fresh flowers filled the entire room. The medium was impressed to take up the paper and carry it to the mother, who sat at the opposite side of the table from him. On it was a large handful of heath, heliotrope, and fragrant geranium leaves, as fresh as if just cut, and beneath the spot where they lay was written the sentence: "Darling mother, Johnnie has brought your flowers."

On another occasion the medium had been to the theatre with a friend, who was also a Harvard student. As it was late, they did not return to Cambridge that night, and shared one bed. It was a bitter cold night in midwinter. At about one o'clock the medium, who had been chatting with his friend, turned from him saying "Good-night," when he was struck with the same deathly chill just described, and clinging to his friend, who was frightened, thinking he was going into convulsions, they felt something moist and cool, and charmingly fragrant, dropping about and upon them. Springing from the bed, his friend lighted the gas, and there upon the white counterpane were thickly strown rose-buds and violets. It was next to an impossibility to find these flowers in the city in any profusion, as they were exceedingly rare.

On another occasion the medium called upon a young lady, the daughter of a friend, who was dying of consumption. As he stood over her at parting, there came dropping, as if from the atmosphere about her, the loveliest flowers, that were literally showered upon her. It was a beautiful manifestation from the angel-mother of the dying girl, who in a short time was with her in the land where flowers never fade.

One very stormy Saturday night, the rain descending in torrents, a few friends gathered at the house of a well-known merchant in Indiana Place. After sitting an hour or more, a variety of manifestations having taken place, there descended upon the table, as if dropping from the ceiling above, several white camellias. Their petals were loaded with rain-drops, which fell off upon the table as they came down. It was as if they had been borne through the rainy atmosphere outside, and brought into the room covered with rain-drops.

Instances of this form of manifestation were of frequent occurrence with this medium, and often under conditions that rendered collusion utterly impossible.

At an early period in the history of the remarkable mediumship we are considering came the materialization of hands of various sizes, from the tiny hands of little children to those of brawny, muscular men. Repeatedly at the house of Mrs. Gov. Davis, and also at Dr. Benjamin Heywood's, in Worcester, the exquisitely-formed hand of a lady was seen sweeping the strings of a guitar.

On one occasion the medium was so shocked and horrified, on looking beneath the table during some of the manifestations, to see a hand, perfectly formed, streaming, as it were, from his foot that he nearly fainted.

The hand was delicately and beautifully formed, and seemed connected with his foot by long, slender, phosphorescent rays that seemed dense and elastic, so that the hand could reach to the remotest points of the circle without breaking the connection with the medium. What shocked the medium was not alone the weird, strange appearance of the manifestation, but the feeling that if anyone else should see it they would suppose at once that the medium produced this effect by means of some apparatus concealed upon his person.

These materialized hands were often so perfectly formed as to seem like human hands in every respect, save that usually they were cold as marble.

Occasionally, probably owing to conditions connected either with the medium or his sitters, they would be misshapen and deformed, so that it was unpleasant to touch them. For the most part, however, they were perfect.

On one occasion a gentleman present drew from his pocket a knife with a long, keen blade, and taking no one into his counsel, watching his opportunity, pierced with a violent blow one of the psychic hands. The medium uttered a shriek of pain. The sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through his hand. The gentleman sprang to his feet exultant, thinking he had made a most triumphant *expose* of trickery, and fully expected to find the medium's hand pierced and bleeding. To his utter chagrin and amazement there was no trace of a scratch even upon either hand of the medium; and yet to him the sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through muscle and tendon, and the sensation of pain and soreness remained for hours.

On one occasion a gentleman was present who, a year before, had lost, as he supposed forever, a beloved wife. He had no faith in immortality, and to him death was indeed the blackness of an endless night, and the grave an abyss that had swallowed forever his most precious treasure. A hand was formed and placed in his, and he started with the exclamation in thrilling tones of "Oh, my God!" and burst into tears. He recognized the hand

of his wife, and felt upon two of the fingers *fac similes* of the betrothal and marriage rings he had placed thereon in those days when life was a bright and joyous morning with him, ere death had changed it to a rayless night.

After his agitation had subsided, he received from this phenomenal hand test proofs, one after another, of the most convincing nature, that he could not resist, and the night of his sorrow became illuminated with the beautiful rainbow of hope, and before long he was a new being in his new faith. The stone was rolled forever from the door of the sepulchre, and a radiant angel had shown him that the place was empty. Oh, blessed spiritualism! the work thou hast done in this one direction reveals thee as the Comforter promised to sorrowing hearts ages ago. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," is the eternal promise of the spirit so tenderly, so lovingly, so gloriously fulfilled in the manifestations of spiritualism.

It was twenty-three years ago that these materializations of hands occurred. Did they not occur under the great law of form materialization that has been operative through all the ages from the days older than Abraham, who had three full-form materializations at one time, in his tent, upon the plains of Mamre, down to the materialization of Moses and Elias upon the mount in Judea?

And if a hand, or even a finger, can be materialized, can the workings of the law be limited to that, so that it shall be pronounced impossible for the full form to stand out in the perfection of human proportions? Is not the one the sure prophecy of the other?

Independent writing was frequently obtained at this early day by placing paper or a slate upon the floor beneath the table, all hands being joined above it.

On one occasion the medium was at the house of the late Mrs. Gov. Davis, in Worcester. It was midday. Having had a remarkable seance the night before, in the presence of a brilliant company of Mrs. Davis's friends, he was much exhausted, and was lying upon the lounge in the sitting-room asleep. Mrs. Davis sat sewing at a table at the opposite side of the room. Seeing that the medium was sleeping, she thought she would place paper and pencil upon the floor, and see if she could not get inde-

pendent writing. She placed the pencil and paper at least six feet from the medium, and as many from herself, and returned to her chair. Looking toward the paper occasionally, she, after a time, saw the pencil moving, and going to it she found, on taking it up, that the sentence "God is love" had been written upon it in a remarkable *fac simile* of the hand-writing of her father, Rev. Dr. Bancroft.

On another occasion, while at Mrs. Davis's, one morning at about ten o'clock, two lady friends of hers, who had been present at a sitting the night before, called to talk it over.

One of the ladies was a spiritualist; the other, her sister, was not; and she was advancing, with a good degree of positiveness, the theory of the reflex action of mind upon mind, or that nothing was ever obtained from a medium purporting to come from spirits that did not exist either in the mind of the medium or of the recipient of the communication.

The medium had been answering her objections by relating facts from his own experience that her theory could not be made to cover, when Mrs. Davis, who was always ready to assist at a seance, proposed that they sit at the table, saying: "We can converse just as well there, and perhaps the spirits will vouchsafe some explanation of the matter."

So saying she took a sheet of foolscap and a pencil and laid them in the center of the table, and the company took their seats about it,—Mrs. Davis, the two lady guests, and the medium. It was a large, old-fashioned, mahogany dining table at which they sat, with fall leaves, both of which were raised. No human hand within two feet at least of the pencil and paper.

The discussion was resumed. Suddenly Mrs. Davis exclaimed: "The pencil is moving." All eyes were turned toward it. Distinctly it was moving, with no mortal hand near it. Gradually it arose until it assumed the position it would occupy if held by a human hand in the act of writing, and before the astonished gaze of those present commenced to draw, with a great deal of delicacy of touch and skill in shading, a pestle and mortar. On a line with the base of the mortar were the letters en—min, separated by a blank space between the syllables. The pencil then fell to the table.

The paper was eagerly seized by Mrs. Davis, who examined it,

and could make no interpretation of it. She passed it to the two ladies, who in connection with the medium could make nothing of it. It was an enigma to all present.

At Mrs. Davis's suggestion, it was returned to the center of the table, when the letters ja were inserted, and the mystery was revealed. The pestle and mortar formed the capital B, or rather was drawn in the place of it. The missing link having been supplied, the name stood forth recognizable at a glance as Benjamin, the name of the spirit father of the two ladies present, who in earth life was a druggist, and took this ingenious method to convince his skeptical daughter that her theory could not be made to cover the facts. Nothing could have done it more thoroughly than this remarkable and beautiful manifestation.

On another occasion, at a seance on Mount Vernon street, in Boston, at which the late Hon. Anson Burlingame was present, there occurred a striking instance of independent writing. A sheet of paper was selected by Mr. Burlingame, who satisfied himself that there was no mark of pen or pencil upon it, and then made his own private mark upon it, and with a pencil it was placed upon the floor beneath the table, and the company joined hands, the room being brilliantly lighted, as was the case at nearly all the seances given by this medium. Under these circumstances, a loving message of comfort was written, addressed to a young lady present, who mourned with inconsolable sorrow the death of an only brother, to whom she was devotedly attached. The message was signed by the full name of the spirit brother, which was known to none present but herself and father, and to them it was indeed a voice from beyond the grave.

Many of the mechanical writings of the medium were very remarkable. Repeatedly, to give proof of their independence of his own mind, he would engage in conversation with those about him while his hand was rapidly writing out a message addressed to some member of the circle. Several times he took a book in his left hand, and read aloud page after page, while his right hand was engaged in writing an essay or a poem, or a personal communication.

At the house of a well-known merchant then residing in Hayward Place, on a certain evening, a large and brilliant audience

was assembled. Among the number was one of Boston's most noted physicians. The manifestations on this evening consisted for the most part of written communications. The medium was suffering from a headache, and for this reason the gas was turned down so low that, while every movement of the medium was plainly visible, it was impossible for anyone to see the rulings upon a sheet of paper. This dim light was an exception to the general rule. Communication after communication was written more rapidly than thought can be eliminated from the mind by the most rapid thinkers. Every line of the ruling was followed exactly. The movement of the medium's hand under the control was like lightning in its rapidity.

The physician already alluded to asked permission to attempt to hold the hand and arm of the medium, for the purpose of seeing how much force it would take to restrain it. Permission was granted, and he, a strong, muscular man, used all the force he dared, and not risk breaking the arm; and under those circumstances a poem, some thirty stanzas or more in length, and of marked intellectual merit, was most rapidly written, the lines of the ruling accurately followed, every *i* dotted and every *t* crossed, and the whole correctly punctuated. During the whole process he had hold of the medium's arm, endeavoring with all the force he dared use to prevent the writing, but without avail. When the poem thus marvelously produced was read to the astonished witnesses of the transaction, Dr. P., who went to the house entirely skeptical upon all such matters, exclaimed: "All I can say is, it is a miracle."

A gentleman, one evening during the progress of these mechanical writings, suggested that the medium take in his right hand by the closed blades a pair of scissors, and put a pencil down through one of the bows. He did so; and, to the astonishment of himself and all present, a communication was written out under those conditions.

Hundreds of these communications were given under varying circumstances and conditions from spirits of whom the medium never heard, many of them wonderful in their strongly-marked individuality, and containing positive and convincing test-proofs of identity; and by them hundreds of hearts have been lifted

from out of the gloom of the shadow of death, and made to rejoice in newness of life through a *demonstrated* immortality.

We have found in our intercourse with sorrowing hearts, first as priest and then as physician, that a theoretical immortality is of very little account in the dumb presence of death, when the soul sits desolate in the midst of its gloom. And outside of the demonstrations of spiritualism there is nothing but theory and speculation concerning the hereafter.

In a brilliantly-lighted room musical instruments were placed beneath the table at which the persons participating in the seance were seated, and there played upon in perfect time and tune, without contact of mortal hand. The instruments usually comprised a guitar, an accordion, several bells, a glassichord struck with cork hammers, and a small drum with the requisite sticks.

The music produced from these instruments, under the manipulation of the spirit forces, was no mere jangle of discords, but for the most part of high order, and rendered with much taste and expression. At times all these instruments would be played in unison. Again there would be solos executed upon some one instrument. The accordion was often managed as if by a master-hand. The drumming, also, could not be excelled. The medium did not know one note of music from another, and played no instrument with any degree of skill whatever. Upon the piano and organ he could play two parts of any air that he knew by ear, and also upon the accordion could render simple airs that he had at first acquired by ear.

Beyond this he had no knowledge of music whatever. The simple air with a made-up bass was the full extent of his musical accomplishments. He could not play an accompaniment to a song upon any instrument. Yet the accompaniments to the voice rendered by these instruments under spirit manipulations were marvelous.

The feats of the accordion were most extraordinary. It would imitate various instruments in a most masterly manner. It would execute difficult operatic airs that the medium had never heard with exquisite skill, and by request would give original spirit compositions, full of beauty and pathos.

One favorite manifestation that never failed to interest and impress was its responding to mental requests for special tunes.

For instance: some member of the circle, knowing that a special tune was a favorite with some dear friend in spirit life when here on earth, would mentally request that the accordion would render that tune. Almost instantly it would be given. Often an entire hour would be occupied in this way, one person after another calling mentally for some tune, the response coming promptly, and invariably proving correct.

The accompaniments that were given upon the guitar were very remarkable. They were correctly and skillfully executed, and the medium knew nothing whatever of the instrument,—could not execute upon it the simplest air, nor have played upon it an accompaniment to a song to have saved his life.

The glassichord was manipulated with skill and dexterity, and the bells chimed in always at the right moment, and with taste and expression.

Be it remembered the room was always brilliantly lighted, the instruments were often in vigorous motion, keen and skeptical eyes were often riveted upon the medium, and never could the slightest movement be seen on his part. Almost always he sat in a dreamy, semi-trance condition, rousing from it to answer questions addressed to him, and relapsing into it again when the demand upon his attention had been answered.

And yet it was the theory of the astute professors at Cambridge that all these wonderful and delicate movements, all this really exquisite music, all this responding of musical instruments to the unuttered thought of individuals, was accomplished by the feet of the medium !!!

At the time of the excitement at Cambridge that grew out of this remarkable mediumship, Rev. T. W. Higginson came out with a statement concerning his experience with this medium, to which he made oath, and published it in the form of an affidavit. It is a most interesting document, and as it bears upon the musical manifestations that form a portion of the subject of this article, and has never been seen by very many of the readers of this paper today, we feel that we cannot do better than append it in full. It is clear, concise, and to the point; and coming from a man as distinguished in the literary world as is Mr. Higginson, its appearance made a profound impression: —

## A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

*To whom it may concern :*

The public attention has recently been attracted by the alleged powers, as a medium, of Mr. F. L. H. Willis, of Cambridge, and by the singular proceedings connected with his suspension from the Divinity School of Harvard University. In justice to Mr. Willis, and to an extraordinary class of yet unexplained scientific facts, I wish to state some phenomena observed by me during two evenings spent with him at a private residence in this city. There were from nine to twelve persons present, all, except Mr. Willis, being respectable citizens of this place, including one of our most experienced physicians. We sat around a long dining-table. The room was not brilliantly but sufficiently lighted, so that every movement of every person could be distinctly watched, —and I, at least, watched them very closely.

I shall omit the details of the phenomena, and give only the general heads:—

1. The musical instruments which had been previously placed by the company beneath the table—a guitar, a small drum, an accordion, and two bells—were moved about from place to place, lifted, and knocked against the under side of the table, and repeatedly and loudly played upon. Two were several times played in unison, at opposite ends of the table, and entirely beyond the reach of the medium. During this proceeding, the whole table was several times raised, and one slab of it (being an extension table) was lifted altogether from its support, and vibrated in the air, without contact of hands.

2. The accordion was raised into Mr. Willis's lap, and being held by him, *with one hand*, between his knees, was played very skillfully, and executed a variety of tunes, selected by us,—and even in answer to the alleged *mental* requests of some of the company, though not mine. Excellent imitations of the oboe, violoncello, and double bass were also given. It is well known that the accordion requires in playing the use of two hands.

3. Upon our extinguishing the lamps, for the sake of experiment, faint lights appeared upon the table, near Mr. Willis, two or three at a time, moving about like glow-worms, which they resembled. Other lights flickered in the air, with a more rapid motion, like fire-flies. Upon my obtaining and opening a phial of phosphorus, the lights increased in intensity, gradually diminishing when I recorked it to their original amount. Everybody in the room perceived them distinctly.

4. The room being still dark, the accordion was held on the table by Mr. Willis, and as it played in the manner before described, faint lights flickered around the keys of the instrument. During the darkness, all the phenomena were more

intense, but it seemed very disagreeable to the nerves of Mr. Willis, and he begged to have the lamps restored.

5. The room being again lighted, I proceeded to try some closer experiments. Taking the accordion in my hand, between my knees, and guarding with my feet against the possibility of contact, I found, to my surprise, that the other end was seized by an invisible force, and the different keys audibly handled, producing at last musical sounds, but quite imperfectly. Before long, however, it was pulled away from me with very great force, and dropped on the floor. Others afterwards took the instrument, but it was played in no other hands. I may add that I simply held it by the end, with one hand, and that I have no knowledge of the instrument; also, that the hands of all the company were upon the table, and that I was beyond the reach of Mr. Willis's person.

6. Looking under the table while the guitar was playing, *I saw, with perfect distinctness, the instrument lying on its back, untouched by any hand, but with faint flickerings of light playing over the strings.* I could also see the feet of the persons nearest it, and that they were not in contact with it, while Mr. Willis was entirely out of its reach. No other person looked under the table, I believe, nor did I mention these observations till the phenomena had ceased, for I did not wish at the time to share my investigations with anyone.

7. The guitar was moved slowly along, by some force to me inscrutable, and lifted between my knees, the neck resting on my left thigh. At the suggestion of some of the company, I began to sing, first placing myself in such a position as to guard the instrument from possibility of contact. *Every song I sung was accompanied accurately and gracefully on the guitar,* with a constantly increasing facility of adaption. The best accompaniment of all was finally played to a peculiar and rather difficult Portuguese song, probably not known to a dozen persons in America beside myself. I cannot myself play the guitar, but I have heard it played a good deal, and I *know* that the accompaniment was an extraordinary thing, apart from the mystery of its origin. I *know* that I was beyond the reach of any part of Mr. Willis's person, and that it was physically impossible for anyone to touch the instrument without my detecting it.

8. During all these various phenomena I felt repeatedly a delicate grasp upon my feet, precisely resembling that of a hand, with distinct fingers. Upon my slipping off my shoe, it was still more distinct, and was in all cases accompanied by a very peculiar electrical sensation, as when two persons complete the circuit of an electro-magnetic battery. Keeping my own counsel, I heard precisely the same phenomena simultaneously described by

persons at the other end of the table. Afterward, placing my hand beneath the table, I felt the same contact still more distinctly upon that. All the rest of the company held their hands upon the table, and I was beyond the reach of Mr. Willis.

I might make these statements still more wonderful by going more into detail, but have probably gone so far already beyond the credulity of my readers that I had better stop. If any refuse to believe these facts on my testimony, I can only say that I should have found it hard to believe them on theirs. Like them, I prefer to verify novel facts by my own observation. I can only say for myself further that I have been all my life a student of the natural sciences, and have earned, by this time, some confidence in the carefulness of my own observations, and the accuracy of my own senses.

The question of the spiritual origin is not now raised; it is a simple question of fraud or genuineness. If I have not satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of these phenomena, which I have just described, then there is no such thing as evidence, and all the fabric of natural science may be a mass of imposture. And when I find, on examination, that facts similar to these have been observed by hundreds of intelligent persons, in various places, for several years back, I am disposed humbly to remember the maxim, attributed to Arago: "He is a rash man who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word *impossible*."

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Worcester, ss., April 15th, 1857.—Subscribed and sworn to before me,  
HENRY CHAPIN, *Justice of the Peace*.

We have not the space to detail an hundredth part of the impressive and startling demonstrations that marked the development of this most interesting mediumship. We attempt only a few representative manifestations of each class or phase.

At the house of Daniel Farrar, Esq., in Hancock Street, the medium repeatedly gave seances in the presence of some of the finest people in Boston. Here on one occasion he was levitated, floating within a foot of the ceiling, over the heads of from twenty to thirty persons. The room in which this occurred belonged to the deceased son of Mr. Farrar, and everything in it remained just as he left it.

There was a marble-topped bureau in the room covered with *bric-a-brac*. There were many fragile and delicate things upon it that had all belonged to the son, who no longer wore the mortal body, but who, as his parents believed, still loved to linger in his earthly home. The space in front of these articles of ornament

was very narrow, scarce a foot in width, and yet the medium's body, suspended in the atmosphere by invisible force, was borne by these same forces and laid upon this narrow space without hitting or disturbing one of the objects upon the bureau, a feat that was impossible of accomplishment by any human being in the ordinary way, as was affirmed by all present. The space was not wide enough for any human being to occupy, save as he was held there by some power outside himself.

The medium, when questioned as to what his sensations were during levitation replied that his entire body felt just as a cork looks when floating upon water,—buoyant and light. At times, for a moment, he would feel nervously startled, fearing he might fall. Instantly the sensation was as if scores of hands were placed beneath his body for him to rest upon; and when all fear of falling was dispelled, then these invisible hands were apparently withdrawn.

By request of the spirit son, the medium passed the night in this room, sharing the bed with Mr. Farrar. The gas was left burning sufficiently to distinguish all objects in the room, and for the greater part of the night the manifestations were strange and startling. Raps came all over the room and all over the bed. Things flew about the room in the liveliest possible manner. The bed was moved out from the wall. The pockets of the clothes of the medium that were placed upon a chair the opposite side of the room from the bed were emptied, and their contents thrown in all directions. The clothes themselves were tied up in knots. After these playful pranks had ceased, the spirit made many efforts to reveal himself to his father. The medium could distinctly see him, but the father could see only the luminous cloud that seemed to surround him. Mr. Farrar retains to this day vivid recollections of this memorable night.

At the house of Phineas E. Gay, Esq., then residing on Harrison Avenue, many brilliant assemblages gathered to witness these wonders. Here the odic lights were often seen in all their brilliancy. Here, too, one evening a strange influence took possession of the medium. It seemed to be that of an ignorant Indian, or a half-witted child. No one could comprehend what it was. This strange demonstration culminated in one of the most fascinating and beautiful phases of spirit control a medium was ever

subject to, purporting to be Na-na-ma-kee, an Indian maiden of the Ottawa tribe. She won all hearts by her sweetness and simplicity, and by the exquisite purity and fervor of her teachings. By the marvelous accuracy of her tests she won hundreds to faith in Spiritualism. She sang and prattled in the Ottawa tongue as freely as in her broken English, and on one occasion she met an officer who had been much in the region of Mackinaw, where dwell the remnants of the Ottawa tribe, and who was familiar with their language. Here was a fine opportunity for the spirit to demonstrate the verity of her claims, and most enthusiastically she accepted it. For an hour she conversed through the lips of the medium in her own native tongue, and gave a touching history of herself; spoke of the old familiar scenes of her childhood home, and gave forcible proof of the possession by the medium of the apostolic gift of tongues,—for in his normal state he knew not one sentence of Ottawa, or any other Indian language.

Many times has the medium come out from under the influence of this fascinating little spirit, who loved to call herself "A messenger bird to the pale faces," to find the large assemblage sitting as if spell-bound, fascinated by the beauty of her utterances, and the witching charm of her manner.

Nothing could be more striking as a phenomenon than the appearance of the medium when under this control, so utterly unlike his own individuality in every respect. Her individuality was so strikingly apparent that she became a real person to hundreds, and all thought of the medium's personality was lost in the fascinating charm that attended all the manifestations of this artless child of the forest.

We have spoken of the wonder of her tests. Nothing seemed to delight her more than to go on a trail, as she termed it, in the happy hunting-ground, to find the spirit-friends of those who composed the circle, and it was marvelous to listen to the tidings she would bring from the other shore, and the test proofs she would give of the identity of those she sought and found.

She lives today in the memories of scores of persons as real a being as ever walked the earth clad in the garb of mortality.

By the medium she was often seen. By other mediums she was often described, and these descriptions were as near alike as

, it is possible for different individuals to describe the same person, even to the minutiae of her attire.

The trance phase of this mediumship was no less remarkable than the physical phenomena. At an early period the medium passed into a profoundly unconscious state, during which he was controlled by poets, philosophers, and divines. The early part of the evening at his seances would be devoted usually to physical demonstrations, and the latter to intellectual.

The poetic controls were very remarkable. They claimed to be Southey, Shelley, and Poe. The poems given by each were improvisations, and strangely marked by the individual characteristics of the alleged author. Those by Poe were marvelously brilliant, and stamped with all the peculiarities of that eccentric genius.

At a later period, when the medium was in London, one of these remarkable improvisations was given by him in the presence of a select and brilliant company. Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, who was present, pronounced it as fine as anything in the English language.

His other controls claimed to be Seneca, the Greek philosopher, Thomas Paine, the patriot, Wm. Ellery Channing, and Henry Ware, jr. The essays, addresses, and orations given from these sources, while the medium was profoundly unconscious, were of a very high intellectual order. They were given in the presence often of persons of distinction in the literary world, and the invariable testimony was that they were of a high order of literary merit.

At the close of a seance in Worcester, at the house of Mrs. Gov. Davis, in the presence of a brilliant company, the wife of one of the most distinguished literary men of our times said to the medium: "I have to thank you, sir, for one of the richest intellectual feasts I ever enjoyed." She was not a spiritualist, and did not believe in the claims of spiritualists, but she recognized and paid homage to the high order of intellect stamped upon the communications, to which she listened with wondering delight.

Still another of the apostolic gifts was possessed by this medium in a remarkable degree, viz., discerning of spirits. The first instance of this kind that occurred was wonderfully beautiful and touching.

It must be remembered he had not one friend who was a spiritualist at the time he first became conscious that he was a medium. He had never witnessed a manifestation, and shared fully in the contempt in which the subject was held by all his associates. He procured and read with eagerness all the books that at that early period in the history of spiritualism had been written against it. Mahan's work was then out, and also a work by Rogers, on the double or automatic action of the brain,—the most powerful work ever written against spiritualism.

The medium felt that he could not accept the spiritualist's theory. He had a presentiment of what it would cost him if he did,—the sacrifice of the one ambition of his life,—at that time its sole purpose and object; and the sacrifice of health, position, reputation, and friends, all of which came to him with full force and bitterness. But these persistent forces would not leave him. Day and night was he haunted by them, until at the expiration of eleven months he was driven nearly frantic by them. At that time his developments were largely of a physical character,—raps, movements of furniture, playing of musical instruments, &c., and they might have gone on to this day, and afforded to his mind no proof of spiritual origin, for he reasoned thus:—

Science, with all its boasted progress, is yet in its infancy. There are doubtless many occult forces in nature, many hidden or obscure laws. One of these days science will grasp and bring them to the light, and then these curious phenomena will be explained.

All the while he was becoming more deeply involved, in spite of his efforts and struggles, until the dread thought took possession of him that he was going mad, and these phenomena were the precursors of it.

Driven almost to madness by the thought, he went with a friend to see Rev. Dr. Putnam, a distinguished Unitarian divine, of Roxbury, Mass, lately deceased, and passed the evening with him in his study, and gave him in detail the history of his strange experiences. He listened apparently with the deepest interest. At the close of the narration the young man said to him: "And now, sir, what shall I do? Am I insane? If so, I want to know it, and be put where insane people belong."

It was very evident that Dr. Putnam was deeply impressed

with what he had heard. He talked very kindly to the young man, and said to him: "As long as this thing is so entirely beyond your control, I advise you to give yourself up to it and see where it will lead you."

And now comes his first experience in spiritual sight.

He left the good man, determined that he would accept his advice. It was late when he arrived at his room at the University. He prepared immediately to retire. As he extinguished his light he exclaimed audibly: "Take me, O ye forces, and do with me as ye will."

He felt that the long, wearisome conflict was over. As he turned toward his sleeping-room his attention was arrested by a soft, pale, phosphorescent light floating in the atmosphere about four feet from the floor. It riveted his attention. He gazed steadily at it, never having seen anything of the kind before. It was about the size and shape of a hen's egg. As he looked it began to expand, and gradually becoming larger it filled the entire room with light.

As he looked upon it with wonder and some degree of awe, it suddenly rayed open, and he beheld a vision of rare and wondrous beauty. Clad in celestial raiment, with an effluence of glory and brightness mortal language is powerless to describe, there stood before him a bright, radiant being, toward whom his whole soul yearned, and whom he instinctively recognized as bound to him by some sweet and holy tie. A smile of ineffable sweetness played about the lips as they parted to give utterance to words that fell upon the young man's ear as naturally and humanly to all seeming as he had ever heard from mortal lips.

Suddenly he discerned the likeness this beautiful being bore to the miniature in his possession of the fair young mother who died in giving him birth, the mother for whose love all through the early years of his childhood he had unceasingly yearned, for which, even through the years of his young manhood, he felt it to be no weakness to long, and he was prepared for the words that were spoken before they were uttered, as she said:—

"I am your mother. From your cradle up I have watched over you with such love and tenderness as God puts only into a mother's heart. I have known all your longings for my love, and I have striven to respond to them. But, alas! my love has not

been tempered with wisdom, and I have too often thrown upon your spirit the sadness of mine that I could not make you recognize that love. But now in the fullness of time I am permitted to reveal myself unto you, to be to you henceforth a living reality."

Even in the midst of this experience, so sacred, so beautiful, so replete with all that appeals to the holiest and tenderest feelings of one's nature, awoke the memory of all he had suffered for so many months, and he said, mentally: "Have a care. This is a part of the same hallucination that has been upon you so long, and that is threatening the utter wreck of your mind."

The spirit mother seemed to see the unuttered thought, and responded to it instantly, saying:—

"No, my son, this is no hallucination, but God's divine reality, of which I will convince you before I leave you."

She then went on to give him what he has always considered as crucial tests of her identity and of the reality of the experience. She told him of things in relation to herself that were known only to her mother, then living at an advanced age two miles from the University; facts that he could only verify by going to her when he should get an opportunity to leave his studies.

After a few moments more of conversation, in which she foreshadowed a great trial that was to come upon the medium, and bade him not to shrink from it, because the advancement of a grand truth demanded it, the vision faded, the glory departed, and he was left to solitude but not to sleep.

As soon as he could leave his duties the next day, he started for the home of his childhood, and there his grandmother verified the truth of every statement his spirit mother had made, some of which were secrets between the mother and daughter.

Thus was it demonstrated to him that these facts came into his possession by no double or automatic action of the brain, reproducing what had lain dormant in it, waiting for a chance to express itself; that it was no reflex action of mind upon mind between a medium and his victim, but that it was simply a clear and beautiful revelation of the power of spirits in the present to manifest themselves to mortals in harmony with the corroborative facts of the ages.

This experience fully opened the spiritual eyes of the medium, and from this time forth to discern spirits was as much a part of his daily experience as to discern mortals: and he has demonstrated this to hundreds and thousands of souls in his own country, and in England, France, and Italy,—seeing and describing minutely and accurately their spirit friends, portraying not only their forms and features but also their traits of character. These descriptions were of persons of whose existence he never even dreamed until they stood before him in the radiant garb of the spirit.

Suffice it to say the trial predicted by the spirit mother came in two years, and it was indeed a bitter one. It was the crucifixion of every sensibility of a keenly wrought nature, and the utter wreck of health, hope, and happiness.

*But it was for the advancement of a grand truth.*

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the most striking of all the developments of this student-medium was the gift of healing, which speedily followed in the train of his diversified expressions of mediumship.

When ignorant as a child of all medical matters, never having looked inside of a work on anatomy or the materials of medicine, and possessing but a mere smattering of physiology, he came suddenly under the control of a most strongly-individualized influence claiming to be spirit physician Dr. John Mason, of Boston.

This control was strikingly life-like. Under his influence the medium was literally changed into an old man, and in a state of profound unconsciousness,—voice, manner, attitudes, and even the expression of countenance, and the very features themselves, underwent a marvelous change.

Repeatedly, while under this influence, was the medium brought into relations with persons who knew Dr. Mason intimately while he possessed his earthly body,—old patients of his, or men with whom he had held business relations,—to all of whom he gave most convincing proofs of his identity, and of the marvelous memory he retained in spirit-life of the incidents and experiences of his earthly career.

So profound was his wisdom, so diversified was his knowledge, and so keen was his wit, that Mrs. Davis, who had passed many years in Washington during the public career of her husband,

where she was the center of a brilliant and cultivated circle, and knew personally many of the foremost men of those days, exclaimed once most enthusiastically: "I had rather converse one hour with the spirit of Dr. Mason than to talk hours with Daniel Webster or Henry Clay."

Dr. Benjamin Heywood, of Worcester, who was several years president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, conversed hours with this spirit upon the intricacies of medical science, through the lips of a medium utterly ignorant of it. These conversations took place at seances, or alone with the medium in his office, or out riding, and he several times affirmed to the medium in his normal condition that the control was never found wanting in any department of medical science.

Under this control the medium soon began to manifest surprising accuracy in diagnosing disease, and great skill in curing it. This fact seemed accidentally to develop itself. He called upon a lady who had a dear friend who had for a long time been a great sufferer from difficulties that had baffled the skill of several of the most eminent physicians of Boston. She had lain for months suffering tortures that they with all their skill could not remove. While making this call, the medium passed under the control of Dr. Mason, who told the lady that if she would procure a lock of her friend's hair, and give it to his medium, he would diagnose the case. She did so, and was so struck with the remarkable character of the diagnosis that she went to the attending physician of her friend, and begged him to meet the medium at her house. This he consented to do. He was one of the most eminent and honored physicians of Boston, of the allopathic school, and yet he was untrammelled enough to consent to meet a medium whom he knew to be unlearned in all medical matters, and was so impressed with the phenomena presented to his observation that he urged the medium to meet him and another eminent physician in the sick-room of the patient. Most reluctantly he consented to this arrangement, and on a given day, by the bedside of a poor, suffering woman, in an elegant house on Union Park, might have been witnessed a strange spectacle,—two of Boston's shining lights in the medical profession listening to the words that fell from the lips of a blind-folded young man as he sat by that sick-bed, delineating clairvoyantly the condition of

the sufferer before them. Suffice it to say that they both unhesitatingly advised putting the case into the hands of this utterly unskilled tyro for treatment by the mystic forces that controlled him. Certainly, this fact afforded positive proof that they had been profoundly impressed by the diagnosis.

In six weeks those forces had accomplished for the patient what the picked medical skill of Boston had failed to do in years.

A little child was cured of a paralyzed limb. It was much shriveled and entirely useless. It was restored whole and sound as the other.

Another child was carried through a very severe form of scarlet fever.

A gentleman was cured of a white swelling of the knee. It was a very severe case. Two of the most eminent surgeons of the country had said the limb must be amputated. Circumstances were much against his surviving the operation. This was an extreme case. The limb was flexed nearly double. It had been so for months. Dr. Mason, working through his medium, manifested the most consummate skill. In a few days the improvement was most manifest, and in a few weeks the limb was whole and sound and straight as the other.

A beautiful girl of nine years, the idol of her parents, was utterly wrecked by chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. She had been under the care of the family physician for a long time without any help. Then several of the most noted physicians in New England were consulted, but without avail. For six months she could not articulate intelligibly. She could not walk, or stand, or feed herself. The spasms were so severe that it was impossible to keep her upon a sofa or bed without protection to prevent her being thrown to the floor.

The Harvard student cured her. Through the wonderful power vested in him he made her sound and whole.

On one occasion he performed a difficult and delicate surgical operation upon a lady in the presence of her husband and an attendant. At this time the medium had never witnessed a surgical operation, and had never looked inside of a surgical book. He was profoundly unconscious during the operation, and it was with difficulty he could be brought to believe the testimony of

others, and the evidence of his own senses when consciousness returned, that such an operation had been accomplished through his instrumentality.

Cure after cure of the most brilliant character followed each other in rapid succession, until Cambridge, and Boston, and Worcester, and many other places, rang with the fame of the Harvard student medium.

And this same remarkable power of diagnosing and healing disease remains with this medium to this day. He has in his possession hundreds of testimonials of his skill in extreme cases. He has had patients in nearly every State and Territory in the Union, throughout the Canadas and British Columbia, in New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands and Australia, and in England, France, and Italy.

Though no longer medically ignorant, having graduated with honors from one of the finest medical colleges in New York City, and having occupied for several years the chair of *Materia Medica* in another medical college, he is still the medium through whom flows the skill of higher spheres, and not ashamed to avow himself the instrument of higher powers in what is now the great work of his life, healing the sick.

It is unnecessary to say that these articles refer to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, whose remarkable powers as a medium set Harvard College in an uproar twenty years ago, and led to his virtual expulsion from that venerable institution, and brought about the famous Harvard investigation, the promised report of which we are still anxiously waiting for.

Dr. Willis, for six years after his expulsion from college, devoted his time to lecturing upon the science, the philosophy, and the religion of spiritualism, always to large and enthusiastic audiences. At length it was made clearly manifest to him that his controlling influences wished him to educate himself as a physician, that they might the more perfectly control him in the great work of alleviating human suffering. He has been repeatedly urged to give all the world a full and complete history of his mediumship, together with the details of his trial and all the documents pertaining to it, many of which the public has never seen. It belongs to the history of New England spiritualism. We have never known a more diversified mediumship. It covered

nearly the whole ground of mediumship, rapping, writing, trance, inspirational, clairvoyance, clairaudience, healing, levitation, materialization, the gift of tongues, the independent playing of musical instruments, independent writing, odic lights, &c., &c.

From the position the medium occupied at the time, and from the character of the person attracted to this mediumship, embracing many of New England's most distinguished names, we do not doubt that this book would be one of rare interest.

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### ABORIGINAL SPIRITUALISM.

The Indian, savage though he was, had a more exalted and natural idea as to the spirit side of life than the pale face who boasted of his civilization and religion. The Great Spirit was imminent,—to be heard and seen on all sides. Then there was the land of souls, the “happy hunting ground,” where the wanderer on earth would eventually find rest and peace. Then, too, there was the communion with spirits, to be found in the records of the Jesuit missionaries who spent many years among the natives as teachers and preachers, and who, it must be confessed, were much more successful than Protestants ever have been. The why I will not stop to discuss. There are frequent accounts of these aboriginal spirit circles. The medium is bound hand and foot, the light is excluded from the room, the rude music is played, and in a short time the medium appears free, when he relates his visions or tells of the revelations he has had. These circles are not only described as being common among many of the tribes of our own country, but also among the natives of Greenland and Siberia as well. It might be interesting to enter into details, but my object at present is more particularly to describe a case of spirit materialization which occurred in the Ojibway tribe, Michigan, condensed from the statement of Mr. Granville T. Sproat, who was for twelve years a resident with the tribe, and acted as teacher. He resided a portion of the time with the family of Henry L. Schoolcraft, the well-known historian and friend of the Indians. The materialization occurred in 1836, and is thus recorded by Mr. Sproat:—

“Ke-che Be-zhe-kee, or Big Buffalo, as he was called by the Americans, was then chief of that band of Ojibway Indians who dwell on the south-west shores of Lake Superior, and were best known as the Lake Indians. He was wise and sagacious in council, a great orator, and was much revered by the Indians for his supposed intercourse with the Man-i-toes, or spirits, from whom they believed he derived much of his eloquence and wisdom in governing the affairs of the tribe.

“In the summer of 1836, his only son, a young man of rare promise, suddenly sickened and died. The old chief was almost inconsolable for his loss, and, as a token of his affection for his son, had him dressed and laid in the grave in the same military coat, together with the sword and epaulettes, which he had received a few months before as a present from the great father at Washington. He also had placed beside him his favorite dog, to be his companion on his journey to the land of souls.

“One morning, a few months after his death, the old chief came to my wigwam, his step light and elastic as a child’s, his form erect, and his face lighted up as if he had just received some new and joyful intelligence.

‘I have seen him,’ he said; ‘I have seen him whom we mourned as dead. I have seen him, and he is still alive.’

‘Seen him! whom?’ I asked.

‘Yesterday, in the me-te-wa (sacred dance). We were all assembled together in the great dancing-lodge of the chiefs, to worship before the Great Spirit, and On-wi came there and joined us.’

‘What! in your dance before the Great Spirit? Did you speak to him?’

‘We did, and he spoke to us.’

‘What did he say?’

‘He said it was weakness for us to mourn for him. He had gone to the happy hunting grounds, far better than these on the cold shores of the lake. He mentioned some of those he had seen, particularly Man-i-bo-zho and Ah-ke-wain-ze, who had welcomed him there.’

‘Did he join with you in the dance?’

‘He did. We all danced before the Great Spirit. On-wi danced with us. His step was as light as a fawn’s. His face was

bright as the sky overhead. I wish you could have seen him. It made our hearts glad and joyful as the birds in spring. After the dance we all sat down and smoked the pipe of peace together.'

'But how do you know it was On-wi whom you saw? May it not have been some one of the tribe who counterfeited him, with his face painted with the sacred emblems, while you were in the dance?'

'Did I not mark his form, his features, his every look? Was he not dressed in the very coat I gave him, a present from the great father at Washington? Who else in all the tribe has a coat like that? How, then, could I be deceived?'

'And you—every one of you—saw him?'

'Every one of us. Ask the aged men, and they will tell you. The wisest men of the tribe were there. Could they, too, be deceived? Have they got eyes, and do not see straight forward? Have they got ears, and do not hear what is spoken to them? Ask them and they will tell you the truth. Their tongues are not hung in the middle, speaking lies at both ends, like the pale faces. The toes of their feet do not turn outward, so that they walk two ways at once, like them. They keep straight forward in the path. Ask them, and they will tell you the truth.'

'I did ask them, and heard from them the same report brought to me by the old chief concerning his son. For many days it was the theme of conversation in every wigwam of the camp. The old men spoke of it in an undertone, with their heads bowed as if in reverence; and, one day, while walking through the camp, I saw Wah-chus-co, the great seer of the tribe, standing amidst a group of earnest listeners, and, with a great burst of eloquence, telling them how Ke-che Mon-i-to made the two worlds round, like the sun, for so the spirits had taught him; and, taking a piece of birch bark, and drawing on it two spheres touching each other, he pictured to them whole bands of spirits passing from one to the other, thus bringing together the inhabitants of the seen and unseen worlds.'

It will be noticed that this phenomenon of materialization antedates by several years the phenomena at Rochester, which goes to show that spiritual intercourse has outcropped at intervals, seemingly for the purpose of fortifying the grand spiritual move-

ment when it should, in the order of evolution, become a factor in human affairs, and effect a permanent lodgment.

In 1876, a gentleman wrote Mr. Sproat on this matter, and from his reply I quote the following paragraph:—

“The case of materialization to which you refer took place during my second year among them. I had no doubt of its reality at the time, nor, indeed, ever afterward, although at that time I had never read a book on spiritualism, excepting the Old and New Testament scriptures, from which I had gathered my belief in a future world, and the constant intercourse of spirits between that world and this. I witnessed many things among them not quite so startling, but which served to confirm my faith in this great and interesting truth.”

Many other interesting facts might be cited touching the knowledge of spirit intercourse among the Indians, and the existence of mediumship covering many phases of the manifestations. Probably for this reason we now have the constant intervention of Indian spirits, who have an important mission to perform in the spiritual dispensation now opened, and never to be closed until the Gentiles shall acknowledge the truth, and let it have free course.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 26, 1883.

## INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING

IN THE PRESENCE OF REV. JOSEPH COOK, AND OTHERS, AT THE RESIDENCE OF EPES SARGENT.

On the evening of Saturday, the 13th of March, 1880, the Rev. Joseph Cook came to my house, bringing with him four of his friends, two gentlemen and two ladies, one his wife. Watkins had promised to come at Mr. Cook's request (not mine), and he was present before Mr. Cook and his party arrived. He brought with him Mr. Henry G. White, a gentleman whose parents were well known to me, and who had only the week before become acquainted with Mr. Watkins, and tested the phenomena in his presence. Finding him deeply interested, the medium had brought him, and Mr. White had stopped at a shop and purchased five or six small slates.

I am thus particular in stating the exact relations of Mr. White to the experiments because the only important points which struck Mr. Cook as "unsatisfactory" had reference to his presence, and the fact that *his* slates were used, and not those which Mr. Cook had brought, and which were encased in thick wooden covers. I can vouch for Mr. White that he was really no more "the medium's friend" than Mr. Cook himself, and was, like the rest of us, merely an earnest seeker after the truth, and as much interested as any of us could be in detecting anything like fraud.

It had been publicly announced that Mr. Cook would, in his lecture the following Monday, give the result of his experiments at my house. The Old South Church in Boston was crowded to repletion on the occasion. The seance had taken place in my library, nine persons, including myself and the medium, being present. Three of the party were ladies. Here are the public statements of Mr. Cook, contained in his lecture of March 15, 1880.

The following were the satisfactory points:—

1. Five strong gas jets, four in a chandelier over the table and one in a central position on the table, were burning all the while in the library where the experiments took place.

2. At no time were the slates on which the abnormal writing was produced taken from the sight of any one of the nine persons who watched them. The writing was not done, as was Slade's in London and at Leipsic, on slates held under a table.

3. The utmost care was taken by all the observers to see that the slates were perfectly clean just before they were closed.

4. During the first experiment, nine persons clasped each one hand or two, over and under the two slates. The psychic's hands were among the others, and he certainly did not remove his hands from this position while the sound of the writing was heard.

5. Each observer had written on a scrap of paper given him by the psychic the name of a deceased friend and a question, addressed to the person named. All the scraps were folded into tight, small pellets and placed in a group on the table and then mixed until I could not tell my pellets from others in the collection. Half a dozen of the names were correctly given by the psychic, while the pellets remained unopened.

No opinion is ventured here as to the method by which he obtained this knowledge. One of the two pellets which I had thrown into the group contained the following words: "Warner Cook. In what year was my father born?" I put in one question which could be answered by any one who could read my

thoughts. I put in another which could not be answered, for I did not know the answer to it.

The psychic, who certainly had not seen me fold or write the pellet, for he was not in the room at the time, told me correctly the name it contained, which was that of my grandfather. He told also correctly the name in the second pellet. I thought this perhaps merely a case of mind-reading. The psychic wrote on a slate: "I wish you to know that I can come. I do so long to reach you. W. C." I judged that this perhaps was fraud, although I was told it came from a spirit.

The psychic, however, began to suffer, or assume singular contortions, and said they were the results of the efforts of a spirit to communicate through him. I very much doubted whether he was not acting a part, and watched him, as all the rest of the company did, very closely in every one of his motions. He placed two slates on a table before him, and a hand, palm downward, on each slate.

He seemed to be making a strong effort of will, and said he could not tell whether the experiment would succeed. Biting a small fragment, not much larger than four or five times the size of the head of a pin, from the top of a slate pencil, he placed the bit on one of the slates, and called on us all to see that both surfaces were clean. This we did in the full light of five gas burners to our perfect satisfaction. The psychic then shut the slates with the fragment between them, and required us all to grasp the edges of the slates. He drew my hands into a position near his, and made several strokes over the back of one of them. Meanwhile, his face showed strong efforts of will; his whole countenance energized; he seemed to be in an agony of volition; his features changed their expression to one of great vigor and determination; and yet, while this look was kept up, he was shedding tears. It was in this mood of the psychic that the audible writing began and continued.

6. While a dozen hands in full light were tightly clasped about the slates, we all distinctly heard the peculiar grating sound of a slate pencil moving between them. I said "Hist!" once or twice; and, in a nearly perfect silence, we every one of us heard writing going on between the surfaces. Afterward we saw the fragment of pencil which was used, and noticed that it was worn by the friction of writing.

7. The writing found on one of the slates when they were opened was in response to my question, and was as follows: "I think in 1812, but am not sure. Warner Cook."

This date was correct. The doubt expressed in the reply did not exist in my own thoughts, for I knew what the date was. During the writing, I was not thinking of the date, however, but very cautiously watching the psychic to detect fraud.

8. In a second experiment the psychic closed the slates in our sight, after they had been washed with a wet sponge which I had myself procured from one of Mr. Sargent's chambers, and had also been heavily rubbed by my handkerchief in presence of us all, as they lay on the table. We were determined that no invisible writing should remain on the slates if any had been put there by sleight of hand, or previously to the gathering of the company. After they had been shut upon the pencil, the psychic, at my request, placed on them two strong brass clamps, one at each end. [Mr. Cook here exhibited to the audience the clamps, holding together the slates in question.] Thus arranged, the slates were placed by him in my right hand, which I extended at arm's length over the back of my chair into the open space of the room, while I left my other hand on the table. The psychic, twice or three times, turned the clamped slates over in my hand, and then returned his hands to the table, where, with the rest of the hands of the company, they were kept constantly in sight. In this position I held the slates a few seconds, and watched both them and the psychic. He appeared to be making no particular effort of will. When the slates were opened, these words were found written on one of their surfaces, in a feminine hand: "God bless you all. I am here. Your loving friend, Fauny Conant." I had never heard of this person, but the name was recognized by several in the company as that of a psychic now deceased, and lately well known in Boston.

9. One of the observers who assisted in the experiments at my request was my family physician, Dr. F. E. Bundy, of Boston, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School,—a man of great coolness and penetration of judgment, and by no means inclined to adopt any spiritualistic theory. Another of the observers was Mr. Epes Sargent.\* . . . Of the nine observers, a majority were not only not spiritualists, but thoroughly prejudiced against the claims made in behalf of the psychic who led the experiments. Written notes of the facts, as they occurred, were taken without an instant's delay by Dr. Bundy and myself.

10. Among the names correctly read in the closed pellets was that of an officer in the regular army, shot dead in one of the preliminary skirmishes of the battle of the Wilderness. The editor present knew the officer well, and the circumstances of his death. The instant the psychic pronounced the officer's name, he fell backward with a quick, sudden motion, like that of one shot through the heart. After a few seconds he wrote the word "Shot," in large letters on the slate.

11. The hands of the company were so placed on the slates in the first experiment that the theory of fraud by the use of a mag-

\* The omission here is merely a personal compliment.

netic pencil is inapplicable to the facts. One of the observers held an open hand tightly against the bottom, and another on the top of the slates, which were perhaps six or ten inches above the surface of the table as it was clasped by the hands. Any magnet concealed in the sleeves of the psychic could not have been so used as to move the pencil.

12. At the close of the experiments, the company unanimously endorsed a paper drawn up on the spot, and were agreed that the theory of fraud would not explain the facts. While they differed in opinion as to whether the slate pencil was moved by the will of the psychic, or by that of a spirit or spirits acting through him, the observers could not explain the writing except by the movement of matter without contact.

*Report of the Observers of the Sargent Experiment in Psychography in Boston, March 13, 1880.*

At the house of Epes Sargent, on the evening of Saturday, March 13, the undersigned saw two clean slates placed face to face, with a bit of slate pencil between them. We all held our hands clasped around the edges of the two slates. The hands of Mr. Watkins, the psychic, also clasped the slates. In this position we all distinctly heard the pencil moving, and on opening the slates found an intelligent message in a strong, masculine hand, in answer to a question asked by one of the company.

Afterwards, two slates were clamped together with strong, brass fixtures, and held at arm's length by Mr. Cook, while the rest of the company and the psychic had their hands in full view on the table. After a moment of waiting, the slates were opened, and a message in a feminine hand was found on one of the inner surfaces. There were five lighted gas burners in the room at the time.

We cannot apply to these facts any theory of fraud, and we do not see how the writing can be explained unless matter, in the slate pencil, was moved without contact.

F. E. BUNDY, M. D.      EPES SARGENT.      JOHN C. KINNEY.  
HENRY G. WHITE.      JOSEPH COOK.

BOSTON, MARCH 13, 1880.

Notice now the unsatisfactory points in these experiments:—

1. My attention was several times diverted from watching the psychic by his requiring me to put my pencil on the pellets and pass it slowly from one to another of them.

It ought to be stated that he required Mr. Sargent to do the same, and if it had been his object to divert the attention of those most opposed to admitting his claims, he would have done better to have selected Dr. Bundy instead of Mr. Sargent as another

gun to spike. Dr. Bundy's attention was not diverted for an instant, nor was mine at any instant that seemed to me important.

2. Two or three times the psychic and a friend whom he had brought to the room,\* left the company and went into the hall together, and I did not know what they conferred about. It is supposed that they left in order that the friend might not be regarded as a confederate.

3. The psychic was easily offended by any test conditions suggested by the company, although he finally adopted the brass clamps which he at first refused to use.

4. The psychic's friend brought to the room the slates which were used, and my slates were not employed at all in the experiments.

The alleged objection to the use of my slates was that they had wood on their backs, and were poor conductors of electrical influences. Although clamps on the slates are no greater guard than one's hands may be, still they amount to something in stating the case to the public. If I had suddenly fallen into a trance, or been mesmerized, while holding the slates, the clamps would have held their place, and some one in the company might not have been in a trance, and would have known what happened.

On the whole, the unsatisfactory points did not appear to outweigh the satisfactory ones. In spite of the former, the observers agree in professing inability to explain the writing unless there was here motion without contact.

In these experiments, as I beg you to notice, there is nothing to decide whether the force which moved the pencil was exercised by the will of the psychic, or by a spirit, or by both.

We do not presume to say how the motion was caused, but only that we do not see how the writing can be explained unless matter in the slate pencil was moved without contact.

Of course the latter fact, if established, and even in the absence of knowledge as to whether the force proceeds from the psychic or from spirits, overturns utterly the mechanical theory of matter, explodes all materialistic hypotheses, and lays the basis for transcendental physics, or a new world in philosophy.

Here is the very freshest pamphlet from Germany on psychical phenomena. It is written by Leeser, a medical candidate at Leipzig University, and defends unflinchingly the theory that the psychic force explains all these phenomena, and is under the control of man exclusively. I came out of Mr. Sargent's library fully convinced that the stress of debate is between that theory and the theory adopted by Zoellner and Crookes, that the force is under the control of both men and spirits. Whatever the ultimate result of experiments by experts in the study of psychical

\* This refers to Mr. White, whose relations to the experiments I have already explained.

phenomena may be, it is pretty nearly certain today that research should concentrate itself upon the double lines of investigation indicated by these two rival theories.

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### MR. CHARLES H. FOSTER.

The following narrations are taken nearly verbatim from my notes of the incidents written at the time of their occurrence. The facts were observed with care,—I may say with judicial scrutiny,—and accurately recorded.

I first met Mr. Charles H. Foster in 1861. Calling at his lodgings in Boston, I asked for a sitting. Without further introduction, and we were certainly unknown to each other, he courteously invited me to his chamber, in the center of which stood a large, square table, on which lay several sheets of paper, and, tearing off nine strips, said: "If you will write the names of any spirit friends on these strips, and fold them up, I will be back in a few minutes." I accordingly wrote the names of relatives, and also of others with whom I had had pleasant relations, and whose names readily occurred to me, and folded the papers compactly. Mr. Foster soon returned, and, taking a seat at the table opposite to me, asked: "Are there any spirit friends present?" This was followed by raps on different parts of the table. "Please touch these papers with the pencil," said he. All the pellets had remained directly under my hand. As I touched the third one a volley of raps was audible. "Take that," said he, "but don't open it yet." A convulsion passed over his face, as if from sudden pain, and hastily unbuttoning his shirt sleeve, he rolled it up, exclaiming: "See! See!" I stepped to his side. Letters about an inch in length were forming on his arm in scarlet lines, evidently by the aggregation of points beneath the skin. In thirty seconds, extending nearly from the elbow to the wrist, in bold chirography, the word "Caroline" was written. I passed my hands again and again over the surface while the letters were forming, and after the name was completed, without any apparent effect upon the process. In less than a minute all had disappeared, leaving no mark or abrasion. "The sister greets her brother today," said Mr. Foster; and grasped my hand fervently.

The pellet which I had retained unopened contained the name of my sister Caroline, who died more than twenty years before. "I now see," said Mr. Foster, "a tall man with short, curly hair, through which he passed his fingers thus," imitating the act he was describing. "He was acquainted with you, and will write his name on this paper." Placing a pencil on a sheet of paper, and grasping them between his thumb and finger, he held them a moment under the table, and then threw the paper before me. The whole proceeding was a continued action, and could not have occupied six seconds. I examined the paper and said: "I see pencil marks but no intelligible word." "Hold it to the light," said he; "they sometimes write backward." Reversing it, I read thereon the name of a distinguished person, whose signature once seen could never fail of recognition, and specimens of whose writing were in my possession. Mr. Foster reached his hand across the table, saying: ". . . . . wishes to shake hands with you." His name was written on one of the folded papers still unopened. Mr. Foster looked intently above my head, saying: "There stands behind you a person, not tall, but broad and massive,—and what is that I see? I see above his head a wreath or fan of oak leaves, and within it is written in letters of gold. . . . ."—slowly spelling the name of an eminent man, whose death was then recent, and who had occurred to me in writing the names. Then followed a communication from the deceased, entirely in accordance with the relations we had respectively held. Mr. Foster looked up to the ceiling, exclaiming: "What is that I hear? Julia, Julia; no; wait, they will give it,—Profinda, Profinda. Who is Profinda?" This is an exceedingly uncommon name. It was that of my mother. I was addressed with marked affection. It would be difficult to conceive of proof of identity more convincing.

Again an expression of sudden pain passed over the medium's countenance, accompanied with a sibilant sound. He rolled up his sleeve, exclaiming: "Look! look!" I placed my hand on his arm. No marks or discoloration were then visible. Suddenly, small red disks appeared in different places beneath the skin, rapidly forming till the name "Adelia" in brilliant, crimson letters became plain. It was that of a friend who died long ago.

Every name I had written was responded to by the intelligence

which it designated; and the presence of other deceased friends, more numerous even than those whose names I had written, was also confirmed by such facts and characterizations as in the estimation of any mind, qualified to form an intelligent judgment upon the elements and quality of proof, would have place in the highest domain of moral evidence.

I did not again meet Mr. Foster till four years later, in the spring of 1865, when he sent me an invitation through a gentleman of the Suffolk bar, who had become greatly interested in spiritual science, to call upon him at his rooms in Suffolk Place, in Boston; and, upon a repetition of the courtesy, I visited him there, when he assured me that I should at all times be welcome, and that his spirit guides informed him that in my presence flowers could be brought into his room, a phenomenon, I understood him to say, which had never occurred through his own mediumistic powers. I accordingly availed myself of a privilege so exceptional and valuable; and through the season, during his residence in Boston, I was accustomed in the leisure of my afternoons to visit his apartments, where I witnessed hundreds of communications to numerous visitors, characteristic, impressive, and largely in the line of the affections. In my study of the manifestations, and of those to whom they are specially addressed, I have always found that it is in the realm of the affections that irresistible proof of the identity of the departed, and of the facts of superior life, is usually obtained. Of the large numbers who had sittings with Mr. Foster, when I was present, no one to my knowledge failed of receiving messages of acknowledged significance, and often exciting deep sensibility from departed kindred or friends, and these were often supplemented by incidents and tokens as novel as expressive.

One afternoon, in April, two ladies from Lowell called for a sitting. Mrs. J.— sat opposite Mr. Foster at one end of the table, placed against the wall between the windows, the other lady, with a parasol in her hand, at the front of the table. I was sitting on a sofa just behind Mrs. J.—. After giving several descriptions and messages, which appeared to be satisfactory to the visitors, Mr. Foster suddenly seized the parasol of the lady sitting at his left, and, raising it nearly to the ceiling, exclaimed: “Look! look!” At that moment an artificial wax tulip became

visible, hanging for a moment on the top of the parasol, then dropping on the corner of the table near Mrs. J——. I reached over and caught it before it fell to the floor. The day was warm, and I had lowered the window near which I sat a few minutes before. Mr. Foster said that this was the first experience of the kind that had occurred in his presence, and, after we all had examined the flower, he rolled it in a sheet of white paper and gave it to Mrs. J——. The ladies had retired from the table, and while conversing about the incident I had a desire to examine the tulip again. On opening the wrapper I observed some writing in pencil, and read aloud the words: "From Aunt Jane Jennings." "Oh! is it possible," said Mrs. J——; "how wonderful that she should come; I never thought of her." "Then you knew her?" I remarked. "Why, certainly," she replied; "she was my aunt, and has been dead more than twenty-five years."

One afternoon, in the same month, I called at Mr. Foster's rooms, and found there, among others, Mr. Jonathan Buffum, of Lynn, an intimate and highly-esteemed friend, who, addressing me, expressed his regret that I had not called a few minutes earlier, as Miss Wilde, a young lady of Philadelphia, and whom we highly valued, had just left; that while she was present there came into the room through the window, which was slightly lowered at the top, a flower which she had taken with her. "It sailed right in over the window," said Mr. Foster. It was yet early in the season. The first flowers I had observed growing in the open air were some fine, white crocuses, which, on removing some leaves from my garden border that very morning, I had found in full bloom. I asked Mr. Foster what species of flower it was. He replied that he did not know. "Did it not," I continued, "have four long, white leaves, variegated near the center?" He assented to the accuracy of the description. I said: "It was a large, white crocus, and probably came from my garden." He appeared to be controlled, clapped his hands with energy, and said: "That is it." Mr. Buffum rose to depart,— "Don't go yet," said Mr. Foster; "they are going to remove that thing from your eye-brow, and that is the reason they made me ask you up here this afternoon." Mr. Buffum expressed his gratification, and said that the large wart upon his eye-brow had

given him great trouble for two or three years, and those whom he had consulted had not succeeded in removing it. The excrescence was half an inch in length, and quite prominent. Mr. Foster said that this was the first surgical operation that he had ever attempted, and proceeded to pass his hand slowly over the tumor, which, as I closely watched the proceeding, slowly diminished, and soon totally disappeared. Mr. Foster exclaimed: "What has become of it?" We all expressed our surprise and admiration at a result so extraordinary.

One day Mr. Foster was rapidly making several characters with a pencil, saying that he did not know the meaning of them. I replied that I understood them. He instantly wrote: "Herodotus." The characters he had made were Greek capitals,—the first four letters of the name of the great historian. But what is worthy of note, and its significance will be appreciated by anyone acquainted with the language, that the first character, Eta, with the asper, has its equivalent in the two first letters of the name in English. This is one of the numerous incidents that have dropped into my experience, indicating the probability at least that persons from other spheres may be drawn to our own by association or sympathy, and find with us pleasure and companionship. I had recently been reading the travels of Herodotus.

Two gentlemen had a sitting. They were specially reticent while Mr. Foster described certain events of the war, in which one of the visitors was represented to have taken part. Suddenly Mr. Foster took a rosary which hung on the wall, to which a golden cross was appended, and handed it to the sitter, saying: "They tell me to give you that, that you will understand it." The gentleman replied: "I do," and confirmed the accuracy of the communications. He bore the name of Cross, and was a distinguished officer from another State.

These relations might be greatly extended in number and variety. Mr. Foster was a seer with open vision,—an instrument of many cords,—on which the intelligences could play in divers strains. He was then in the prime of manhood. He had luminous blue eyes, clear complexion, and a fine physique, an endowment which appears in a remarkable degree to accompany superior mediumistic capacity. He has rendered a service to this generation, as yet but slightly comprehended, the value of which

can only be measured by the sorrows his mission has soothed, and the consolations and joys it has brought. JOHN S. LADD.

CAMBRIDGE, March 3, 1883.

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### SINGULAR PHYSICAL PHENOMENA AT THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. MAUD E. LORD.

Residing as I do at this time in the house of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, one of the most gifted mediums of this country, I feel it a pleasure to offer the readers of the *Facts* magazine a synopsis of the phenomena daily occurring in this Mecca of spiritual forces.

The atmosphere is literally filled with invisible living intelligences which, at times, seem to supersede material law, and not only subject inanimate objects to their will, but reveal their power and presence in outbursts of human language of a character so well individualized as to leave no doubt about its origin, seemingly defying death and the grave, and even conditions heretofore supposed to be necessary for the production of such phenomena, as they are liable to occur at any time or place about the house when Mrs. Lord is at home.

Mrs. Lord, as is well-known by most spiritualists, has stood as medium between the seen and unseen worlds from her earliest childhood. Spirits have seemingly taken full possession of her, educating, guiding, and controlling at their will. In various and most complex ways have her wonderful mediumistic powers been developed, until she is as familiar with the so-called dead as the living, seeing and communing with the former at any time as readily as with the latter.

She tells me that there are several bands of spirits, composed of almost every nationality, and who have lived in both ancient and modern times, that have control over her. Each band having special care of a different phase of her mediumistic development and manifestations.

Among those who seem to be most familiar and active in material demonstrations, and who are always regarded by her as members of the family, are two brothers by the name of Clarence and Jesse Wilbur, and a little Indian girl who is called Snowdrop. The special function of these spirits is that of helping other

spirits to materialize and communicate with their friends who visit the circles of Mrs. Lord.

Clarence says that materialization, both as an art and a science, is difficult even for spirits to learn, and in which they are constantly seeking to improve. Many spirits are bungling and awkward in their efforts to manifest themselves, and it requires great skill and patience for the band controlling to teach them how to bridge the chasm from the spiritual to the material realm. Many spirits come that cannot make their presence felt at all for want of adaptation to these subtle laws. It is his mission to speak for them and deliver their messages to the friends present, which is often done in an independent audible voice, giving names, dates of their death, and various messages,—the tests of their identity being manifest in the words uttered. The little daughter of Mrs. Lord, ten years of age, is occasionally entranced by the spirit Snowdrop, who speaks through her very prettily in a sweet, childish manner that would be at once recognized by anyone having heard the spirit speak independently in the circles.

The name of the spirit Clarence is spoken as frequently as that of any member of the household. Already I feel acquainted with him, and regard him as a friend. He is very gallant and quite domestic in his proclivities, often calling attention to matters that are going wrong about the house, and sometimes helping Mrs. Lord in various household duties. At one time the cork in a bottle of pepper-sauce seemed to baffle the efforts of the entire family in its extrication, by reason of not having a corkscrew at hand; some one proposed to ask Clarence to take it out. It was set in a dark closet, off the dining-room, by order of Mrs. Lord, who then asked Clarence if he would try and remove it. The family was then seated at the breakfast table, upon which loud raps were soon heard, supposed to indicate the removal of the cork which, upon going to the closet, was found to be entirely free from the bottle. A milk can that had given trouble that morning in the same way was tried with equal success, the top being quickly removed after setting it in the closet, the same signals on the table giving information of the fact.

The table manifestations are of frequent occurrence, and sometimes consist of lifting the entire table, with all its paraphernalia, several inches from the floor, and gently letting it down again

without ever doing any damage ; at other times moving it about accompanied with raps which convey intelligence when conversed with in the ordinary manner.

I had been a member of the household but a short time when, at dinner one day, Mrs. Lord complained of having a very severe headache. Excusing herself, she retired to the back parlor, one flight above. But a few moments had elapsed when loud, hurried raps were heard on a door near the table, so loud and rapid that each person present looked with astonishment and wonder at each other. Mrs. Lord's little daughter was first to interpret the meaning of this demonstration by saying: "That's Clarence; he wants us to go to mamma. She's worse." We all went to the parlor at once, and found Mrs. Lord lying on a sofa almost in spasms, with the pain which had changed from the head to her heart.

The following incident was related to the writer by Mr. G. W. Cottrell, well known as one of the old Boston publishers of the past decade. His veracity will not be questioned by any who know him:—

"One evening last December, after passing a couple of hours in pleasant conversation with Mrs. Maud E. Lord, and a member of her family, we all adjourned to the kitchen for a little cold lunch; after leaving the table the other party went up stairs first; and, while Mrs. Lord was turning off the gas, Mr. Cottrell went to the door which led out of the kitchen and immediately up stairs. The door being closed by a spring, Mr. C. held it open for Mrs. Lord to pass out, who, on reaching the door, said in a startled manner: 'Clarence has hold of me, pulling me back; perhaps I've left a window open.' Turning to see if this was so, she found the doors leading into the back yard open."

The occurrence seemed so astonishing to Mr. Cottrell, who is a good doubter when proof is not strong enough, that he, while Mrs. Lord was passing through the door which he yet held open, asked aloud: "Clarence, was it you who pulled Maud back?" The answer came speedily in a strong, palpable whisper from *inside* the kitchen, and at what seemed to be fifteen feet off: "Yes, Mr. Cottrell, it was Clarence." Then, turning to follow Mrs. Lord, who was two or three steps in advance, Mr. Cottrell saw plainly a form shoot past Mrs. Lord as she went up the stairs, the light from the burner in the hall being sufficiently strong to

remove any doubt as to its being a reality and not an optical delusion.

Mr. Frank Galloupe, a United States detective, who is at this time occupying rooms in the house, gives the following statement corroborated by other witnesses. He was preparing to go out with Mrs. Lord to spend the evening; she already had on her wraps; several persons were standing in the room. Suddenly strains of music were heard issuing from a little music-box that was lying on the mantel-shelf. Mrs. Lord exclaimed: "Oh, that's Snowdrop. I can see her there now just as plainly as I do the rest of you." The music continued at intervals for several minutes, as Snowdrop was urged to prolong her entertainment, which occurred in bright gas light. ✓

As they were going out that evening for the purpose of holding a circle at the house of a friend, Mrs. Lord requested Mr. Galloupe to put the music-box in his pocket, it being one that is commonly used in her circles. He did so, and while walking to the street car, and even after being seated therein, did the sprightly spirit Snowdrop continue at intervals to play, somewhat to the chagrin, as well as amusement, of the young man from whose pocket issued the untimely strains. Even while I am writing an incident of unusual interest occurs, which I here relate. I had occasion to go up stairs into the hall, off Mrs. Lord's room. My attention was arrested by hearing her speak in a voice of such power and vengeance that it chills me as I recall it. I very soon ascertained that she was under control and addressing some one there present. Presuming it might be a personal matter, I went away without attempting to gain admission to the room, as I was strangely impelled to do. Shortly afterward she went down to the parlor, and was playing on the piano. I followed. Overcome with curiosity, and the impression made upon me by that deep-toned, terrible voice, I went to her and said: "Maud, who was that spirit controlling you a little while ago, and speaking in that dreadful manner? Why, it is enough to curdle one's blood to think of it." "I do n't know;" she hastily and excitedly replied. "Tell me all about it." I repeated to her what I had overheard, when she replied: "Oh, it must have been that Spaniard who controls me sometimes. He seems to come to me as an avenger; if anyone wrongs me, he is

swift to deal with them." "Oh, he is *terrible in his power.*" Just as she uttered these words the piano, at which she was sitting and I standing, was raised from the floor at least six inches, and came down with a heavy thud. It seemed as though there was a force in that room that might have shaken the whole house had it so willed.

The electric chills ran like lightning through my body as I stood gazing with awe-stricken wonder at the medium before me, while she exclaimed: "Yes, it was he, and he is here now. Let us get away; I believe he can do anything. I don't like him or want him around, and it is not very often the other spirits let him come. Something has been going wrong, or he would not be here." While uttering these sentences, we were both making our exit from the room where this spiritual blizzard had so suddenly burst upon us. The cause of his visit, and the direful anger manifested by him, was afterward ascertained.

When this manifestation occurred no person in the body was in the room excepting Mrs. Lord and myself. She was not touching the instrument at the time it was raised from the floor, as she had turned around on the stool while speaking to me. And when she assures me that it was the power of spirits which accomplished the feat, and that she saw them do it, I am bound to believe it, trusting not only in her womanly veracity but in the amount of evidence heretofore accumulated corroborating the statement.

Mrs. O'Grady, a lady who has the business charge of the seances at this time, says it is no uncommon thing for Clarence and Snowdrop to hold conversation with Mrs. Lord and herself while in their private room together, usually in a loud whisper, but perfectly audible. They also shower with raps different parts of the room, move various objects lying about, turn down the gas, open trunks and drawers; and, as Snowdrop is very fond of bright-colored ribbons, bits of silk, flowers, perfumery, etc., she often is seen by Mrs. Lord rummaging after them, but to all others the objects are simply moved about without any visible cause.

The circles which are held several evenings each week I will not attempt to describe in detail. The manifestations are varied and exceedingly interesting as well as convincing.

Voices of spirit friends are heard, names given, dates of death,

and messages of such interest as none others could give but the ones from whom they purport to come. I have heard spirits speak in several different languages, understood by those addressed who were present in the circle, while the medium was wholly ignorant of the meaning of a word uttered.

The music-box before mentioned, as being used in the circles by the little spirit Snowdrop, was constructed so that the music was formerly evoked by turning a little crank, which has been removed, so it is now impossible for any human being to produce more than a few notes without a crank. Snowdrop plays the tune regularly upon it, passing it around and around the circle at the same time more rapidly than a mortal encumbered with flesh and bones possibly could do. A guitar is floated in the air high above the heads of the sitters, while notes are struck vigorously upon it. At this time it is very easy to determine the position of Mrs. Lord, although the room is dark, as she is constantly spitting her hands together, and talking to the people in the circle, often describing and naming friends who are visible to her clairvoyant vision, but not able to independently manifest their presence.

If any mistake is made by her in these descriptions, she is speedily corrected by Clarence, who is very watchful, critical, and vigilant in the performance of his duties.

Bright lights frequently float around the room with electric rapidity. Sometimes illuminated faces peer into those of the sitters, whispering: "See me! see me!" Occasionally full forms of light are seen and recognized, for an instant flashing into being, then as suddenly going; one moment in full view, the next impalpable to all external senses, until the thoughtful soul, while yet in the glow of gladness over the meeting of some loved friend, can but with sadness reflect upon this spiritual paradox: "So near and yet so far." So near us all the time, they say, yet requiring a medium to span the abyss, and even for a moment to bring us a glimpse of the loved dead. Surely an incentive to struggle for the attainment of a more spiritual condition ourselves, that we may meet them on the way, thus overcoming death by merging Heaven and earth in one.

If to any these narrations seem incredible, let them remember that those spoken of as occurring in the circles can be proved by

multitudes of witnesses who will assure them that my story is but briefly and incompletely told, that there are constant and undoubted proofs given of spirit identity, of which I have not even hinted for want of space. The ones mentioned as private can be affirmed by enough persons to more than complete evidence in a court of justice. Concluding, I would say to each of my readers, investigate for yourself, if you never yet have done so.

MRS. E. J. HUFF.

26 East Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

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### MOLDING SEANCE.

[The following article was published in the *Boston Herald* some years ago. The gentlemen spoken of as being on the committee can each be addressed at the office of the *Banner of Light*, Messrs. Rich and Wilson being connected with that paper. Mr. Willis is well known as the medium of Harvard College notoriety.—Ed.]

About 100 persons assembled in a hall over the *Banner of Light* office yesterday afternoon to witness a molding seance given by Mrs. Hardy for a charitable purpose. The medium sat on a platform at one end of the hall; and in front of her was a frail wooden frame covered with dark cloth, the latter reaching to the floor. A quantity of paraffine was immersed in a wooden pail nearly full of hot water, and the whole was placed under the skeleton frame at some distance from the feet of Mrs. Hardy, so that had she been disposed to perform any legerdemain with her feet it would have been impossible for her to do so without changing her position and being detected. Three gentlemen, named Rich, Willis, and Wilson, were appointed a committee to examine the paraphernalia and surroundings, and to note anything that might require explanation. Everything being in readiness, the drapery was dropped, and the pail containing water and paraffine was obscured. Mr. Colby, editor of the *Banner of Light*, then asked the invisibles if they were ready for work, and three soft but distinct raps were given in response. He then read a lengthy statement covering the history of Mrs. Hardy's discovery of her peculiar agency in obtaining molds of spirit faces and hands, and her development in that sphere, together

with references to criticisms to which she had been subjected, and comments on the course pursued toward her and other mediums by skeptics. He also stated some points relative to discoveries made and results obtained by Prof. Denton in experimenting for molds. In the meantime the committee took seats at the canopy or covered frame under which was the pail and paraffine, but in such a position that the audience could plainly see the medium and the canopy in front of her, the curtains of the four or five large windows being raised and the light unobscured. The medium sat quiet with her hands in view of all, and made no movements indicating a change of position sufficient to place her feet in contact with the pail; in fact, no movement of her body was observable except an occasional twitching or tremor, and this was only slight. After waiting some twenty-five or thirty minutes a slight noise was heard under the canopy. The invisibles were asked if they had completed their work, and three raps were given in response. The committee promptly raised the drapery, and at one side of the pail, on the carpet, was a fine mold of a man's hand, and on the opposite side was a delicate mold of a woman's hand, the word "Fanny" being plainly written on the latter, and said to be in the handwriting of Mrs. Fanny Conant, the once well-known, now deceased, medium. The molds were slightly warm and not entirely dry when taken up; and the question among the auditors was: "If spirits did n't make those molds, what did make them?" This seemed to be a poser to all, for with plenty of light in the room, and by the closest scrutiny, no one present was able to detect any trickery or anything suspicious in the conduct of Mrs. Hardy or others. The orifices at the wrists of the molds were so small as to preclude the possibility of a human hand having been withdrawn from them, and even skeptics, who were not willing to accept the spiritual theory, were forced to admit that the production of the molds was a science or a mystery entirely beyond their comprehension.

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### SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

Witnessed by Mr. P. V. ALVY, Pittsburg, Penn.

Early in the year of 1882 a group of friends had gathered together and formed a circle for spiritual manifestations, expect-

ing a lady to be present who professed to have the gift of independent slate-writing. After waiting some little time, and finding ourselves disappointed, we were all at once surprised by a lady of our party, who had never supposed herself to be a medium, suddenly falling back in her chair deeply entranced. After a few moments of silence she commenced to speak, being controlled by the child of a Mr. Fleming who was present in the circle. It was a test to him, as neither the medium or any person there knew he had ever lost a child.

The friends being desirous of meeting again and hearing further from this lady, I supposed that they come to my rooms for this purpose, and an evening was then decided upon. I afterward found my wife and myself could not be at home at the time appointed, but suggested they should hold the circle as previously arranged, and asked them, if any of my spirit friends came, to write for me what they said and leave it on the table. When we returned the friends were gone, but lying on the table was the following message:—

“A young lady was here who said she was your sister Polina, and wished to see you. She said: ‘Tell him Harrison was here, too.’”

I was greatly surprised, as I had forgotten all about this person Harrison, but well knew who was meant when reminded of him. This was a test to me, as none of these people knew anything about my friends or relatives.

The next week we met together again; the medium went into a trance, and several spirits communicated who were friends of the different parties. Presently we were requested by a spirit control to place the medium in the corner of the room with her back towards us; the room was light enough to see plainly her every movement. After a few moments a delicate little hand, much smaller than that of the medium, appeared on one side of her, then another on the opposite side, then both were clasped together. This manifestation surprised us greatly, as it was wholly unexpected, being done without a cabinet. We were not two feet from her; the room was fairly lighted, and there was no mistake, we saw genuine materialized spirit hands. Soon after this we formed a cabinet out of a little hall that extended from one room to another by shutting the door at one end, and hang-

ing a curtain over the other. The medium was seated in this cabinet in a low Mexican smoking-chair, which was so constructed that after once sitting down it was difficult to rise without the help of one's hands. Her feet were placed so that they were visible below the curtain to all present, and were not moved for three hours. While she sat entranced spirits came and talked to all of us; two of the party had tests given them which no one living knew anything about except themselves. My son Harry came, also a nephew of the medium, and a host of little children, singing, and all trying to talk at once. Little hands were thrust through the curtains to the number of sixteen at one time, all as perfect as human hands could be. They were placed on our heads and held near our faces that we might see them perfectly. Little voices sweetly said: "See, mamma, and see, papa. See my hand? See Frankie's?" At one time Harry tried to materialize in full form. My wife and myself were allowed to look behind the curtain. The medium was sitting in her chair, and we could see Harry at the same time, though not very perfectly materialized. He would move forward, then recede toward the medium, asking us if we could see him.

The control of this medium is a sister who died in a convent, and for a number of years before her death had charge of little children. I have seen her materialized standing before the curtain, and heard her speak twenty minutes at a time. The medium at the same time could be distinctly seen sitting in her chair.

I have given but a brief description of the many different manifestations witnessed through this medium, but I deem them sufficient to prove the marvelous fact of materialization, of which I am perfectly convinced through these experiences.

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### SPIRIT TELEGRAPHY.

To the Editor of *Facts* :

On the 15th inst. a seance was held in one of the parlors of my residence by a small, select circle, Mr. Rothermel, of Brooklyn, being the medium. The materialization of hands, and the writing by them of numerous messages on small sheets of paper, torn

from a pack which had been placed behind the curtain previous to the commencement of the manifestations, with also the playing upon a zither of such tunes as were called for, constituted the most prominent incidents of the sitting.

The genuineness of the manifestations, as those of extra-human origin, was established beyond question in the mind of every person present by numerous tests. The medium's hands were securely tied to his limbs as he sat in his chair. The bands being sewed to his pants by a lady member of the circle; but, let it be observed, this test condition was voluntarily assumed by the medium or his control, not dictated or enforced by the circle.

The hands appeared at different distances from the medium, some altogether too remote to admit the supposition under any circumstances that they could have been his own. They were of varying size and shape, and, moreover, were thrust through the texture of the curtain, which was without any aperture or slit to admit the passage of an ordinary human hand.

The writing was executed invisibly behind the curtain, and the messages were in different styles, some containing test expressions. The most remarkable was one received by Mr. T. D. Pease, of Springfield, Mass., which was written in telegraphic characters, with which no one present was acquainted. In regard to this Mr. P. wrote to me, a day or two afterward, as follows:—

“I gave my telegraphic communication to an operator, who read it at once. When I explained how I received it, he could not believe my statement, as it was written so perfectly. The communication was from the spirit Hattie, the operator, as a test of her power and knowledge of telegraphy.”

Another interesting feature of these manifestations was the following: every member of the circle, by request, handed his or her handkerchief to the materialized hand, passed through the curtain to receive it, and all having been thus taken were kept behind the curtain for a short time, when they were thrown out, tied in various shapes, each to its owner, and each having an inscription upon it written with an indelible pencil. The *cabinet*, in which these things were done, was formed by stretching a curtain about four feet high in front of a recess in the room. The medium's head was visible all the time, as the manifestations took place in the light

I think these facts, though perhaps in this age of wonders not very extraordinary, may be worth reading, to add to that accumulation which is now growing so vast as to overwhelm the opposition of arrogant materialism and bigoted theology.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1883.

HENRY KIDDLE.

### BABY MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of *Facts*:

Dear Sir,—About four or five years ago, when Mrs. Carrie Twing was in Boston, my husband and myself attended a materialization seance where she was present. During the manifestations Mrs. Twing was called to the cabinet. On looking in she was heard to exclaim: “Why, is this Julia?” Being answered in the affirmative, she at once said: “What is that in your arms, Julia? Is it my baby?” Then, lifting herself to her full height, and reaching her hands up, and almost into the cabinet, she exclaimed with great energy: “Oh, oh, isn’t there somebody here who can help this woman to show me my baby?” Quicker than thought, and before the exclamation was wholly off the mother’s lips, a spirit glided from the side-opening, touched each sitter on the forehead as she passed, until she reached my husband, whom she took by the hand, kissed him, and led up to the cabinet, and stood him beside Mrs. Twing. She, the spirit, glided away as quickly and as silently as she had come, but she had accomplished her purpose. The baby began to be materialized from that moment, and soon assumed the form and perfect appearance of a flesh-and-blood child of that age. Their interview lasted several moments, ten at least, they cooing to and caressing the child, and it caressing them. Its little hands patting their heads and faces could be seen by some of the sitters, and heard by all.

This was at a private seance at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Boston Highlands. The medium was Mrs. Brightman, formerly Mrs. Seaver.

The ministering spirit was well known to us as Wynoona, the familiar spirit or control of one of Boston’s best mediums, J. W. Fletcher.

MRS. JOHN LOW.

CHELSEA, MASS., 1883.

## WONDERFUL PHENOMENAL LIGHT.

A few years ago my nearest neighbor, Mr. E. Burkett, was precipitated from a wagon and killed. The night after his burial was exceedingly warm, being in the month of August. The family of the deceased were sleeping in the second story of the house, in different rooms, with the windows all open.

About one o'clock the eldest son was suddenly awakened. A bright light of a very peculiar character entered one of the open windows in his room. He described it to me as being about five feet long, a little over a foot wide, and as bright as the noonday sun, and yet emitting very little light. It passed directly through his room, without stopping or pausing, into another adjoining, in which lay the disconsolate and agonized widow with a lady friend who was visiting the family at the time. This lady, Mrs. Shean, saw the light as it entered her room, and her description of it corresponds exactly with that given by the young man.

Mrs. Shean also said that as the light entered the room it came directly toward the bed upon which Mrs. Burkett and herself were lying, and that upon reaching the foot-board it paused for a moment, then rose about a foot above the bed, moved forward horizontally until it arrayed itself directly over the body of Mrs. Burkett, its length corresponding to the length of her body. It remained in this position for about one or two minutes and then vanished. At that instant Mrs. Burkett rose up in bed, exclaiming: "I wonder what has come over me? A little while ago I felt as though I could not live through my trouble, but now I feel really happy." "Did you not see that wonderful light hovering over you just now?" asked Mrs. Shean. "No," replied Mrs. Burkett, "I did not see any light. I have had my eyes closed, although I have not been sleeping; but, oh, I feel so much better; is it not strange?" Suffice it to say, from that hour her mental agony ceased. The family regard this phenomenon as the special work of Divine Providence. It certainly is a most marvelous demonstration of occult power, call it what we may, or ascribe to it whatever source we choose. **KERSEY GRAVES.**

Richmond, Indiana.

## FLOWER MANIFESTATION.

On the evening of Oct. 17, 1881, I was fortunate enough to be admitted to a private seance at the house of Mr. S. P. Kase, of Philadelphia, though a stranger both to himself and wife. Mrs. Beste, the artist medium, conducted the materialization exercises. After the usual cabinet examination, the party, numbering about twenty, were seated to await results. Mrs. B., dressed in some dark material, passed through our midst and entered the cabinet, the room being light enough for all present to distinguish each other without difficulty.

After a short sitting, figures of varying size and appearance emerged singly from the curtained door of the cabinet, and walked, danced, or sat down, as inclination seemed to prompt. After this had continued for some fifteen minutes, we were individually allowed to approach and look within the cabinet window. I must acknowledge having felt a degree of surprise as I advanced at seeing three female faces at the opening. All smiled, and otherwise showed signs of life. I knew none of the faces; the lady next me recognized one as that of a deceased daughter. Being truthful myself, I feel loath to charge her with duplicity. Soon a change in the manifestation occurred. Different members of the circle were called to the cabinet (by some distinguishing appellation), and each received a flower or flowers, apparently newly broken, not cut from the stem, and with a dewy freshness still upon them. These were bestowed by a spirit calling herself Olga. I, in my turn, received two rosebuds, a white and a red one.

I left before the seance closed, feeling that there are some things which my philosophy cannot explain. During my solitary ride home I concluded to keep the whole transaction secret. The next day I visited a private medium in my own neighborhood, and was informed by writing that I had been to a seance at Kase's, Mrs. Beste being the medium, and had received two buds, a red and a white one, with these words: "M—— picked them, L—— brought them. Olti gave them." I cannot account for the difference between Olga and Olti. The other names were those of my two children, deceased. I am not a spiritualist, and my sanity, truthfulness, and intelligence have never been questioned. I want more light.

MARIA N. WALLACE.

## INCARNATION.—MATERIALIZATION.

## FATIMA.

The person in whose presence the phenomena which I am about to relate occurred is a lady whom I have known for many years, and in the cultured society, in which she moves, has always been held in the highest esteem. She has never, so far as I am aware, sought any public recognition, professional or otherwise, except that several years ago she appeared a few times as a public reader, a profession for which her excellent education and personal accomplishments eminently qualified her, and to the complete success in which a voice of sufficient power to fill a public hall alone was wanting. I have ever considered it, to say the least, a grave question of propriety to use in relations like these, without the consent of the owner, the name of any person, to whose friendship and hospitality I had been admitted, and, therefore, I do not give the name of this excellent lady. She will be readily recognized by many persons, justly esteemed prominent among the intelligent and well educated in Boston and other cities of the Union, who, like myself, have been admitted to witness and enjoy the indescribable beauty and fullness of the manifestations which have occurred in her magnetic sphere; and no one of whom, I feel justified in saying, but admires the moral beauty and transparent character of this lady, qualities which, united to a remarkable sensibility and delicacy of organization, furnish, as every intelligent investigator knows, a perfected sphere—psycho-physical—for the display of the gifts of the spirit, and in which wise and gifted intelligences can control matter in its more subtile modes, and, clothing their organisms with the most refined elements that can be drawn from human bodies, assume a temporary mortality. But let it be understood as a primary truth that the highest manifestations of spiritual power cannot occur in the presence of those whose natures, especially in their moral aspects, are low and degraded. They are not, in the sublime language of the Apocalypse, of those “who have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city,—for without is . . . . .  
 . . . . . whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” The purpose for which these narratives of observed spiritualistic phenomena are intended does not admit of the presentation of any extended

views of the philosophy of that portion of the subject relating to space to which Zoellner, and especially Helmholtz, have directed their investigations. Suffice to say, my own observations, however difficult to present them in scientific formula, all tend to the conclusion, which will hereafter be universally accepted, that spheres or spaces other than the Euclidean exist, into which things and persons as well may be instantly transferred, and become invisible and intangible to our ordinary senses, and then as instantly restored to their former position in space without in the slightest degree changing the form of the body itself or its chemical constitution. That the medium, or mode of establishing a communication between our own and other spaces or spheres, is found in the peculiar element of which the spleen is the laboratory, and which will probably be ultimately determined to be the formative principle in its first expression, and to which the genesis of life will be referred. It is, I infer, through persons thus physically endowed the intelligences are able to act upon matter through the modes and laws of our sphere.

Through the friendship of a most excellent lady, at whose house I was always a welcome guest, and to which this accomplished medium was a frequent visitor, I had the privilege of being present at various sittings with her, often at her request, as she was pleased to say that my presence supplied an element or vital aura which rendered the sitting less exhausting. When the number present at the sitting was very small, limited to one or two guests only, the intelligences appeared in such numbers, and in such verisimilitude and beauty of form and adornment, that any just description of the manifestations could not otherwise be regarded by those who have never seen the like than as extravagant and visionary.

I purpose, therefore, to present a few instances, not the most remarkable, which will present to candid investigators of spirit agency the nature of the proof of the incarnation of the spirit and the production of materialized fabrics. I made full cotemporary notes of the incidents which I relate. The intelligent friends who were present will recognize the accuracy of my statements.

My first acquaintance with the remarkable person whom we came to know as Fatima was on the evening of Dec. 3, 1878. In

the interview that followed I was often in contact with her person and garments, when the medium was also visible. Beyond question this radiant being had a firm, tangible, well-organized incarnated personality. She informed me that she is of Moslem descent, having lived in the early period of the empire, and died at an early age. Nine visitors were present. The sliding doors between the parlors were drawn back, and the space filled by a green curtain, directly behind which, at the distance of a metre, in the back room, the door of which was closed, the medium sat half reclining on a small sofa. The company was seated directly in front of the curtain,—my own position at the right, next to the curtain. The room was lighted by a shaded drop-light from the central chandelier, sufficiently for ordinary observation. I read words on a card at the time. After a number of persons had appeared and been recognized, a feminine form drew back the curtain, exposing the medium upon the sofa, about one and a half metres from me, and stepped to my side. In person she was graceful and tall, of dark complexion and with black hair. Her robe was glossy white,—like satin to the touch,—and ornamented with crimson bands, half a decimetre in width, forming irregular figures. Around the bottom of the skirt were crimson crescents, perhaps ten in number, whose arcs were about the fourth of a metre. Over her shoulders, and nearly enveloping her person, hung a veil of white, fine lace,—a gossamer-like substance which, I have observed, usually infolds the forms of the most highly-developed intelligences, and which they appear to have the power to form from the elements in the atmosphere around them, and which is probably the only portion of their brilliant costumes actually materialized. Upon her head she wore a small turban, in which were small golden disks. As she stood directly at my side, I was able to examine her person and costume. Extending her hand, she placed in mine a small silk scarf, or handkerchief, still retaining her hold of one end of it. When I asked if I could take it, she dissented by a sign, but intimated I could examine it. I called the attention of the lady seated next to me to the beauty of the fabric. She was an excellent judge of such things, and expressed her admiration. It reminded me of the description, by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, of the embroidered handkerchiefs used at the court of the Sultan. The

intelligence then, still standing so near me that her garments came in contact with my person, extended the scarf in her hand, folding it over and over. It momentarily grew larger and larger till, in perhaps two minutes, it became a large shawl, which she threw over her shoulders. It fell on either side below the waist, but showing no ends. She next threw it from her shoulders, and placed a portion of it in my hands, when the ends became visible. I drew it out to the width of two-thirds of a metre. The end I was holding had a heavy silk fringe of the length of a decimetre at least. She walked forward into the room, unfolding the fabric, and placed the other end, similarly fringed, in the hands of a lady who sat in the extreme front. All examined and admired this magnificent mantle. It was of a fine texture, with many figures ornately wrought or woven in gold on a red ground, and above two metres in length. To my inquiry the lady near me said that she had never seen in the shops of London or Paris anything comparable to it, and that its value must be large. We were informed that this mantle was brought from the East.

Sept. 2, 1880, four persons were present. Fatima appeared with a brilliant shawl, about three metres long, the ground work of which was yellow silk, ingrained with flowers and figures in white. Standing before us, she spread it on our laps for our examination. Then gathering it in her hands, she walked behind us and laid it carefully on our heads, and next, gathering it up, and placing one end of the mantle on a sofa behind where we sat, she unfolded it. It reached nearly the width of the room,—more than three metres. She next gathered it up in narrow folds, and standing directly behind me, and calling attention to the proceeding by touching our heads, she held the mantle in her extended hands. It gradually diminished till her hands were empty. Then she came directly in front of us, and instantly a large mass of fine, white lace became visible, which she tossed out and threw before us on the carpet. Then raising and shaking the mass, the shawl appeared as if falling in a cataract of lace. She then extended them apart in her hands, and both disappeared. And, lastly, while standing directly before us, she herself slowly withered up, gradually diminishing in stature and in bulk, till, in the space of one or two minutes, the last vestige to disappear was a patch of gossamer on the carpet.

At a subsequent sitting, when the only guests present beside myself were two ladies and two gentlemen from Cincinnati, among the apparitions of great beauty, who were recognized, Fatima also appeared, and, to the great admiration of these cultivated persons, presented the same or a similar shawl. In the front of her turban was a crescent-shaped golden disk, in the center of which was a stone, which emitted a pale light. Folding the shawl in a compact mass, and holding it between her extended hands, she stood directly before us motionless. In two minutes the shawl had gradually disappeared. She next took off her turban, and without relinquishing it entirely, as in case of the shawl, allowed us to examine it. The stone was of the size of a small grape, pale, luminous, and opalescent, probably a white opal. She then held the turban between her extended hands a few minutes, when it slowly vanished. What I have related forms but a portion of the history of my acquaintance even with this intelligence,—one of the class I am accustomed to call representative spirits, who appear to have special power or gifts in presenting certain kinds of phenomena. This class, in my experience, has been greatly extended, and has its representatives who claim to come from ages and nationalities which might well be supposed could have no relation to our own. But the proof of these visitations will be found entirely credible. I should deem it an almost unworthy thing to hold correspondence with these intelligences merely for my own entertainment, or even for the larger knowledge of which their power over matter is the demonstration; and I should also find it difficult to conceive how beings so intelligent and radiant could leave their exalted spheres to gratify our curiosity or the vanity of exhibiting their power. But it is not so. These manifestations are tentative, experimental efforts of intelligent beings devising methods of controlling matter analogous to our own attempts at adaptation and invention. They all tend, even in their crudest forms, to the evolution of a grander life on the earth than has yet been conceived,—the intimate association of the spiritual spheres with our own. Beyond the demonstration of the persistency of life, its conditions and modes in other spheres, is that great fact of the correlation of the intelligences of other ages with us, expressed in the last verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the force of

which is obscured by the feeble translation, but which implies that the illustrious dead could not be initiated into the spiritual mysteries, *teleiotosi*, and enter the higher degrees of existence without association with those still living upon the earth.

JOHN S. LADD.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 21, 1883.

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### TESTS BEYOND THE REACH OF MIND-READING.

From *The Spiritual Offering*, March 3, 1883.

I stepped into a fact meeting,—Mr. L. L. Whitlock has held them every Saturday afternoon in Horticultural Hall for the past three months, the same place that is occupied Sundays by the Spiritual Temple Society, which W. J. Colville is now conducting. The venerable Allen Putnam was on the platform relating some of his experiences. He mentioned an incident at one of Ada Hoyt's circles in the long ago; she is better known as Mrs. Coan, the medium of San Francisco. The mentioning of her name recalled an experience of my own; and being called upon by brother Whitlock to follow him, I related it. The circumstance was always interesting to me, as it seemed to have covered the whole ground both of the action of departed spirits and the identity of the spirits also, and a circumstance that mind-reading does not by any possibility reach. I am rather reluctant to relate experiences of any length, as spiritualism is not a matter of argument but a matter that one must experience for himself; what is a fact to me may not be a fact to anybody else; still there are some who have had experiences and will therefore put their trust in the fact that I relate.

In the latter part of the last century, or very early in this, Patty Gray, a member of one of the first families, committed suicide by hanging herself. She was or had been a school-mate of an aged aunt of mine; and before she committed suicide she attempted it by jumping out of her chamber window on to the pavement, breaking her leg. Looking up to the window from which she had jumped, and seeing something invisible to others, she exclaimed with extended hand: "Ah, devil, you have deceived me!" This house was a large wooden three-story one, situated

on what was then called Pemberton Hill, now Tremont row, opposite Hanover Street. My aged aunt and still more aged grandmother had pointed out to me the spot she struck and the circumstances so many times that I was as familiar with it and them as if it were an experience of my own. With this as an introduction, I can now intelligently relate the circumstances referred to in connection with Mrs. Coan.

There was a gathering at the house of that well-known spiritualist, Daniel Farrar, of some forty or fifty friends; it was a social as well as spiritual affair; a portion of them were engaged in social converse, I being among that portion. A few were seated at a table having some manifestations, the medium being Ada Hoyt, now Mrs. Coan. There was room at the table for me, and I was urged to take it, though I was pleasantly situated where I was. I learned afterward that, as I was somewhat lively, the move was strategic, thinking the company would be more quiet if I got seated at the table. The form of manifestations was for each one to write about four names of deceased persons on small slips of paper and roll them into pellets and put them in the pile; we all did so, some six or eight, and from some cause I took a notion of writing the names of suicides, so I wrote down the name of a cousin, John Smith, who blew his brains out with a pistol; then wrote the name of Henry Jacobs, a distant relative who cut his throat with a razor, and the name of Thomas W. Hooper who hung himself in the Merchants' Bank cellar; and trying to think of another to write on the fourth piece of paper, I thought of Patty Gray, and wrote her name, though I only knew traditionally. Stirring the pile of pellets, some fifty, more or less, so as to get them mixed, she took one out and shoved it towards me with her pencil, and then wrote Patty Gray, and that was the name on the piece of paper, which I knew when I opened it. At her request, I wrote seven or eight diseases and modes of death and included suicide among them, and she wrote *suicide*; then I wrote several modes of suicide, including hanging, and the medium then wrote *hanging*; and then I wrote a dozen places, the towns around Boston, including the latter city; and the medium did not write Boston, which I knew was the place where she died, but she wrote *Cambridge*. I remarked that I thought she died in Boston. I knew she did, but said thought, feeling that she had

been right twice, and I was courteously disposed to give her the benefit of the doubt, but she wrote quite heavily in reply to my remark: "*No, Cambridge;*" and I let it go at that, not wanting any argument, but being as sure it was Boston as I could be of anything. Did I not know where she died, and the very spot she struck when she jumped from the window?

A few months after this manifestation my aged aunt, then over eighty, came to Boston on a visit, she living then in Sharon, and remembering the seance, and wishing it possible that I might have been mistaken, said to the old lady: "Aunt Caroline, where did Patty Gray live when she died?" She said: "You know the house on Pemberton Hill?" "Yes," said I, "I remember that, but I did not know but she might have died somewhere else." "Well, she did," said Caroline; "her father, after she jumped out of the window, said he was sure she would kill herself, and so he boarded her in Cambridge and hired a lady to be with her all the time as her companion and watcher. In the course of a few months she, watching her chance, slipped out of the house. The lady hunting for her, found her hung to an apple tree."

Now, is not this good proof of spirit intelligence, and that it must have been the identical spirit, and that no mind-reading spirit and no mind-reading medium could have gathered that fact, for it was otherwise in my mind. If I had been on the witness-stand, I was so sure, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I would have sworn Boston.

I have extended this incident to such length that I must curtail the matters that were in my mind when I began this letter. I will only say that if ten or twelve meetings on Sunday, all well attended, is any pointer, modern spiritualism must be in a flourishing condition in this vicinity, and such is the fact. Attention is already being directed to the coming anniversary, in which considerable interest will be taken; whether it will be one or divided as has lately been the case, this scribe does not at this time know; but this he knows, the Ladies' Aid Society, which is in quite a flourishing condition, will celebrate the coming 35th anniversary, and has secured Horticultural Hall for that day, the 31st of March; the promise and expectation is that it will be no second-rate affair, and the hall will be crowded; and if, like last year, it should take the form of a "double header," and another

hall be secured by some other organization, that will be filled too. We presume, however, from the efforts being made and the central situation of the hall, that the Ladies' Aid Society's celebration will be a creditable one any way. JOHN WETHERBEE.

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### MINISTER AND MEDIUM.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE MEETS MRS. R. C. SIMPSON.

*From the Religio-Philosophical Journal, March 24, 1883.*

On Friday, the 9th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m., Rev. M. J. Savage, accompanied, at his request, by Mr. Sanford B. Berry, and the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, had a sitting with Mrs. R. C. Simpson, at her residence, No. 45 North Sheldon Street. Before retiring to the seance room the following scene occurred:—

Mr. Savage.—I have brought a couple of slates, and should be greatly pleased to get writing on the inner surface after I have fastened them together, if you have no objection to making the trial.

Mrs. Simpson.—Anything you please we will try.

Mr. Savage.—(Untying the string and removing the paper wrapping.) These have a cloth covering over the frames; which kind do you prefer?

Mrs. Simpson.—I prefer the cloth-covered frames, though it makes no difference with the experiment.

Mr. Savage.—I will clean these and drop a bit of pencil between them, then sew the two slates together by a thread on two sides, and also tie them together with a string.

Mrs. Simpson.—Very well, I will get you something to wipe them off with. (She goes to the hydrant, wets a rag, and approaches Mr. Savage who is holding his slates.) Stop, if I give you this wet rag, some one may say it contained a chemical preparation. I prefer you should clean them without any intervention of mine. If you will step to the hydrant, turn on the water, and wash them yourself, it will be better.

Mr. Savage.—Certainly, that is a good point. I will wipe them with my handkerchief. (Goes to the hydrant, washes the slates,

wipes them, and places two small bits of pencil, each about the size of a pea, upon the surface of one, places the other over it, takes a needle and white thread, sews the frames together on two sides, then ties a string around them.) I think that will do.

Mrs Simpson.— Now, please mark the under side of the bottom slate, without allowing any of us to see you do it.

Everything being in readiness, Mrs. Simpson opened the door of the little seance room, and invited the party to enter and inspect it, and to examine the table. The room has an east window; the curtain was raised, and the bright morning sun shone full upon the table which stood within eighteen inches of the window. The table is the same simple affair which the medium has used for years, and at which Hermann met his Waterloo some two years ago. It is nothing but an unpainted pine plank, about twenty inches wide, thirty inches long, and one and a half inches thick, with four rough sticks for legs, and shows by various marks the evidence of having been examined by many curious and skeptical investigators. Over the top was spread, as usual, a common table cover. Mr. Savage then seated himself at one side of the rickety table, opposite the medium, who seated herself with her right side to the table, her whole person in full view of the three observers. A goblet, two-thirds full of water, was then placed upon Mr. Savage's slates, the medium then placed the slates upon her extended right hand, raised the table cover with the left, and passed her right, on which rested the slates and goblet, under the table, dropped the table cover, and placed her left hand upon her head. Here it may be said that in this and all subsequent experiments the medium's left hand was constantly upon her head or left side, and always in sight while the slates were out of view. Sounds were at once heard, indicating that the top of the goblet was in contact with the under side of the table. After probably five minutes the medium showed symptoms that her arm was tired holding the rather heavy weight, and begged Ski, the spirit operator, to hurry up. She also said to Mr. Savage: "You marked the slate in the middle. I know the mark is there, for I can feel my hand burning where it covers the place you marked. You should have done it in a corner." Mr. S. said the mark was in the middle. Finally she seemed to get the signal to take out the slates. When placed on top of the table, Mr.

Savage untied the string, cut the threads, and opened them. Result: The letters S. and J., poorly formed, and a word standing by itself, so crudely written as to be illegible.

*Second Experiment.*—The slates were again prepared as before, the medium requesting Mr. Savage to again mark the under side of the slate, while she retired from the room to avoid seeing him do it. Returning before he had completed it, and seeing the situation, she exclaimed and shut the door again. Upon entering immediately after, she said: "I saw you marking, and thought it would spoil that part of the test, but Ski says 'It do n't matter, he has marked two places.'" This Mr. Savage admitted was true. The slates were again placed beneath the table under the same conditions as before. After a minute the medium said: "You marked the slate in the corner and in the middle too." To which Mr. Savage assented. The experiment ended. Result: Several marks, but nothing intelligible.

*Third Experiment.*—Mr. Savage prepared his slates as before, when it was suggested by one of his companions that he hold his slates and let the medium proceed with the sitting according to her usual custom, and see what would come. To this Mr. Savage readily acquiesced. The medium then took her own slate, which had been lying on the table, and which all present saw was clean and free of writing; she dropped upon it a tiny bit of pencil, about the size of the head of a common pin, placed the goblet of water over the pencil, and carried the slate under the table in the usual manner. She then asked Mr. Savage to make some remark upon any subject. "I left Boston," said Mr. S., "in the sunshine, and"—before he could utter another word, the medium, looking toward the corner where she seems to see Ski, said, as though repeating the words of the spirit: "Take it out," and, suiting her action accordingly, brought the slate to view. Upon the slate, and under the goblet, was found, plainly written: "And you found sunshine here." "Remarkable," said Mr. Savage, "and done as quick as a flash. Absurd to say she could have done it."

*Fourth Experiment.*—This time Mr. Savage's slates were used, with a bit of pencil and the goblet of water placed over it as before. After the slates had been carried under the table, the medium again requested Mr. Savage to say something or ask

some question. "What is Mrs. Savage doing?" inquired Mr. S. To which the medium replied, claiming to repeat the words she heard from Ski: "Sitting; eating." Mr. S. looked at his watch, set to Boston time, and found it to be six minutes past twelve o'clock. Whether or not the information was correct the writer does not know. The medium again requested Mr. S. to say something. "I was out," began Mr. S., "at a queer dinner last night"—instantly the slates were brought to view, and under the glass was written: "Not very queer."

*Fifth Experiment.*—Mr. Savage's slates, with the pencil under the goblet, were carried beneath the table, the top of the goblet being in contact with the under side of the table, as in each preceding trial. Mr. Savage then spoke of not having slept much the night before, and intimated that possibly a cup of coffee was the cause. The medium said that a part of the last word written would extend beyond the base of the goblet. On bringing the slates to view there was found written: "No, you do n't sleep much at any time," half of the last word being beyond the base of the glass.

*Sixth Experiment.*—Mr. Savage's slates, with the goblet of water, were used to see if he could again get writing inside of the closed slates, which were sewed together and tied as before. After the usual process, Mr. Savage cut the threads, untied the string, and opening them found the word "Savage" written in a crude manner.

Thus ended the experiments with his slates. Mr. Savage expressed himself as fully satisfied that the results were beyond the power of Mrs. Simpson or anyone else in the flesh, and were not accomplished by trickery. He said that a single letter or word under such conditions established the fact as completely as would a slate full; a statement with which every expert will agree.

*Seventh Experiment.*—The medium's slate was placed in position, and awaiting results; conversation was carried on, Mr. Savage constantly keeping his attention upon the medium.

During the talk, Mr. S. quoted from Adam Bede one of Mrs. Poyser's sharp sayings, whereupon the slate was instantly brought upon the top of the table, and under the glass was found written: "Mrs. P. was a smart woman."

*Eighth Experiment.*—The medium's slate and usual conditions. The conversation turned upon children and their ability to confound their elders at times, owing to their familiarity with studies in which their parents had grown rusty. At this point the medium brought the slate upon the table, and the following sentence was found written: "We think you better listen at children, as they are better posted than you are; they are fresh in memory.—Ski."

*Ninth Experiment.*—In this trial Mr. S. requested that the writing extend outside the base of the goblet, and toward a particular corner of the slate. Upon exposing the slate the request was found to have been complied with, and this sentence written: "Brave Savage, there is a great deal in this; me go now.—Ski."

Mr. Savage emphatically declared there was a good deal in it, and expressed himself as well satisfied with the results of the sitting. From first to last Mrs. Simpson was most kind, polite, and anxious to comply with every suggestion tending to add strength to the evidence sought by the experiments. She showed no nervousness, trepidation, or undue anxiety, so that the seance was as pleasant as profitable.

The sitting was, as a show, much less interesting than usual; but the reader should bear in mind that the investigator came for one specific purpose, namely, to obtain writing upon the inside of closed slates, which he had brought and prepared for the experiment, and to this end were the efforts directed with gratifying success. The results, slight as they were, if measured by quantity, involve a law and cover facts of stupendous importance to man, and this Mr. Savage fully realized; hence his extreme but justifiable caution.

Mr. Savage had intended to leave for Cincinnati Saturday morning, but was so well pleased with the sitting that he determined to postpone his departure until Saturday evening and meet Mrs. Simpson again. At the second sitting the writer was not present, but he has received a note from Mr. Savage, who says: "I had a sitting at eleven o'clock today with Mrs. Simpson. It was a most remarkable one,—not so much for quantity as it was for quality. The tests seemed to me to be perfect."

## NOTE FROM MR. SAVAGE ENDORSING THE FOREGOING REPORT.

To the Editor of *The Religio-Philosophical Journal* :

The above article, entitled "Minister and Medium," I have just read in proof. It is more than true; for Col. Bundy has made a careful *under*-statement of the facts.

At the second sitting, referred to at the end of the article, I was accompanied by a well-known business gentleman of Chicago. So many and so remarkable things occurred that I cannot undertake to deal with them now. It very much surpassed the first day's sitting. The conditions seemed to be perfect. All was in plain daylight. The medium was frank and open. I got writing, over and over again, *on such subjects, with such rapidity, and under such general conditions*, that all talk of fraud or trickery appears to be absurd.

I refrain from all further comment at this time, for the simple reason that I have no time to write anything satisfactory before this proof must be returned. I may have something further to say hereafter.

M. J. SAVAGE.

BOSTON, March 15, 1883.

## A LADY UNDER MESMERIC CONTROL FIVE YEARS.

Dr. C. C. YORK, Milford, Mass.

In Sept., 1851, I was in Lebanon, N. H., giving sittings for spirits to communicate by raps. One day, on picking up a Canadian paper I noticed an account of a young lady who had been mesmerized about eighteen months previous, and no one had then been able to bring her back to normal consciousness, and that she seemed to be in great distress at times, and was in a condition most deplorable. A caution was given to the public and warning against all persons possessing the power of mesmeric control.

As I had considerable knowledge of the subject, and had used mesmeric power effectively in curing disease, I believed I could help this lady, and prove at the same time that this force, if rightly understood, might be an agent for good, and not as detrimental to the interests of the people as was supposed by those who had been so unfortunate as to have had it misapplied. But

how to find her I did not know, as the paper stating the case had given neither the name or place of residence. I wrote to several postmasters, receiving but one answer, and that did not give the information desired. I then enquired of my spirit guides about her. Their answer was: "We do not know of the case, but will find out if we can." I did not cease in my efforts to find this unfortunate lady, and always asked those whom I had occasion to put under my own mesmeric power, when they were in the clairvoyant state, about her.

At last I was told by the spirits that they had found the person, and that she resided in Pictou, Canada West. Time passed by until some time in the fall of 1852. I was one day called to mesmerize a lady by the name of Mrs. Lilly, whom I had controlled many times before. After putting her in a clairvoyant state I sent her to Pictou. She soon found the lady who was in the mesmeric sleep. I asked my subject to look in the Bible at the family record, and see if she could find her name. She did so, informing me her father's name was Robert Johnson. The spirits corroborated the statement, and urgently requested me to write to Mr. Johnson. I delayed doing so until some time in Sept., 1853. I then wrote a letter inquiring into the case, and addressed it as I had been directed.

After the letter had been sent a short time, I again mesmerized Mrs. Lilly, and sent her to see if Mr. Johnson had received it. She told me he had, and had answered it on the 13th day of the month, and that I would soon receive it. The letter came in due time, dated as Mrs. Lilly had foretold, stating that his daughter was in a mesmeric sleep, and that he would like to have some one bring her out if possible, but that he had spent so much money in fruitless efforts to have her restored that he had no means to pay me for coming, but would board me free, and secure several patients for me if I would come. My spirit friends told me if I would go they would find the money to pay my expenses.

On Dec. 22, 1853, I was stopping at the house of Mr. Ballard, in Burlington, Vt, holding circles, when, one evening, the spirits requested him to go to some of his friends and ask them for money sufficient for Dr. York to go to Canada and restore that lady. He did so, obtaining the means sought, and on the 31st of Dec. I started, as I had been directed, and so long besought to

do by my spirit guides. The journey was wearisome and long, but the fifth day of Jan., 1854, I arrived at my destination, finding all the information I had received from spirits and clairvoyants to be true. By the aid of my guides I succeeded in four days in bringing her to perfect consciousness,—she not having been in that condition for five years and some months. It was, indeed, heart-rending to listen to the record of her suffering and the trials of her friends during this time. The details are too lengthy to relate here, but can be given to anyone interested in knowing the particulars of the case.

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#### NOT "MIND-READING."

In the month of April, 1881, after having had one interview with Charles E. Watkins, the independent slate-writing medium, at No. 2 Lovering Place, Boston, I was narrating my experience with him to a friend of mine, an educated and liberal-minded man, but one who, like many others, looked upon spiritualism as something beneath his notice,—the answering of pellets containing questions, and the giving of the names correctly, was the subject of our conversation. My friend, whom I shall call Mr. C., said to me: "I do not doubt your statement that the medium answered the question correctly, and, although I will acknowledge that it is something very wonderful, yet I am satisfied that it is mind-reading; now, if you will let me write a question to some person whom I know *you do not know*, and you take that with yours to the medium, although you will get answers to those you write, you will get nothing from the pellet which I have written." I said to him: "As you have suggested the thing, and I am interested in testing the matter, I will try the experiment." He accordingly wrote a question which I did not see him write, and folded the same up. I took it and placed it with several others which I had written, and went to No. 2 Lovering Place to have another sitting with Mr. Watkins. I found him in, and seating myself at the table, I tipped all the pellets I had written, together with the one written by Mr. C., out of a little box in which I had placed them three days before, on to the table in

front of me. Mr. Watkins then said: "Take a pencil and point slowly to each pellet." I did so, when he said: "Stop! there is a question here which you did not write; you do not know what it is; it is a hard nut for me to crack; I will tackle it first;" upon which he picked up one of the pellets and gave it to me to hold. I took it in my hand and held it fast. Mr. Watkins then said: "Now you write down what I tell you," which I was about to do when he said: "No, I will write it myself." He then took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote as follows:—

"Tell the party who sent this here that if he is not ashamed to come himself, instead of sending somebody else, I will try and give him the whole family genealogy. I am,

GEORGE H. HUMPHREY."

I then opened the pellet for the first time, and saw in my friend's writing the following: "George H. Humphrey: please tell me when you died, where you died, where you were buried, and, if in a cemetery, please tell me the number of the lot." I never knew any person by the name of Humphrey, and, when the pellets were opened upon the table, could not for the life of me have picked out the one written by Mr. C. from my own. I would like to have the skeptic or the materialist tell me what intelligence it was that answered that question. Whatever it was that enabled Mr. Watkins to answer that question, one thing I think is certain, it was *not* "mind-reading."

J. EDWIN HUNT.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, City Hall, Boston.

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## MATERIALIZATION AND DEMATERIALIZATION.

Mrs. J. A. BLISS, Medium.

Dear Sir,—I reply to yours for brief statement of facts as related by me at your meeting, Dec. 30, 1882, at Horticultural Hall, Boston.

On Dec. 27th I attended at 34 Worcester Street, residence of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, an evening circle, for full form materialization. The second spirit coming out from the cabinet was my sister, who called me to the cabinet and spoke to me and kissed me, all the time holding my hand. After talking with her,

I asked if she would speak with other persons in the circle. She answered by calling Mrs. Charter, who came forward to the cabinet; then sister put her arms around Mrs. Charter's neck, kissed her, and said: "God bless you; I love you;" then, turning to Mr. Ayer, requested him to come; she then turned to Mr. Bliss, who was sitting near the cabinet, asking him to come too. We all joined hands, that is, Mr. Bliss, Mrs. Charter, myself, and Mr. Ayer; Mr. Bliss and Mr. Ayer resting one hand on the cabinet, sister standing outside in full view within our circle. Presently she began to shrink to the floor, and passed from our view outside of the cabinet, down to the floor, dematerializing. Some doubting Thomas may say it was Mrs. Bliss. Let me here say my sister has light complexion, light hair, with a sparkling blue eye, a very slender form, and is within a few inches of my height. Mrs. Bliss, the medium, is the direct opposite in every particular. I have often seen Mrs. Bliss sitting, and my sister standing, in the cabinet at the same time, and my sister has taken from my hand my tablet and pencil, and written me a message, then passed them back to me again.

I know we meet our loved ones here on this side of the river.

S. S. GOODWIN.

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## DEATH BY ACCIDENT FORETOLD.

Dr. C. C. YORK, Milford, Mass.

At Lake Pleasant camp-meeting, Aug., 1881, a young lady called upon me requesting me to read her future. I did so, saying to her: "I see you going away on an excursion which is sure death to you, as an accident will happen to the train you will go on." I exclaimed three times in succession: "Do n't go for your life. You will be impressed not to go."

In 1882, being at Lake Pleasant again, I met a lady who told me this lady, whom I had predicted for, was the bride from North Adams that came to her death in the Spuyten Duyvel Railroad disaster, and that she was very uneasy the morning she started from home, and gave the cause as the prophecy of Dr. York, which her friends laughed at and made light of, so she hastened on to a most untimely, dreadful death. Her spirit came to me about one month after her death acknowledging her uneasiness about going.

## MATERIALIZATION OR ETHERIALIZATION—WHICH?

New York, 69 Union Place, Jan. 25, 1883.

Mr. Miller,—I send a short account of what I saw at Mrs. Grey's. The spirit was transparent; it was different from anything I have seen before. Respectfully, H. E. BEACH.

A lady took form outside of the cabinet. A light appeared at first on the floor, then gradually increased until the whole form appeared to the view of all present in the circle; she retired to the cabinet, returned again, and gradually disappeared outside of the cabinet, sinking downward to the floor; appeared twice. This seems to be a higher form of materialization; appears like etherialized matter acted upon by spirit will.

A gentleman present remarked it was worth a thousand dollars to him to have seen it.

Witnessed by Mrs. H. E. Beach, 69 Union Place, New York City.—*Psychometric Journal*.

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 A CLAIRVOYANT TEST.

While Mrs. Abby N. Burnham was delivering a lecture in Exeter, N. H., there was seated near the platform an old lady. Suddenly Mrs. B.'s attention seemed turned towards her, although without any interruption to the inspiration which fell from her lips. At the close of her lecture she addressed the lady as follows: "While speaking I saw the figure 2 over your head; I now see two boys apparently standing just outside what looks like a cloud or mist" (also describing their appearance and dress). "I now hear them say: 'Grandma, papa's gone; grandpapa's gone; and you're left all alone.'" The audience was hushed to stillness as the old lady replied: "Come a little nearer, dear; let me hear it again" (same repeated). She then said: "Yes, dear, but who told you? You don't know me, nor I don't know you either. It's every word on't true." Every eye was moistened as she continued: "I have attended divine service many years, but never knew before my friends could come back." In the evening she was on the front seat, hoping to receive more from angel friends.

IDA F. BURNHAM.

## FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

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### PROPER METHODS OF INVESTIGATING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

The truths of spirit life could never have been arrived at except through mediumship; and, therefore, we owe to mediums a debt of gratitude. Looked at from a purely selfish standpoint, as one would treat the questions of physical life, we owe them our best support. We may never have considered the subject sufficiently to feel its importance; but, if we will stop to think for a moment, we must admit that these are facts worthy of our consideration. The proper course to pursue in order to get the best results ought to be the vital question of every spiritualist and investigator of the phenomena connected therewith.

We cannot afford to treat with unkindness, or in any way cause unhappiness to, these instruments through which spirits communicate. We may, as far as possible, request their honest and candid co-operation in bringing within the range of our external senses the knowledge of the invisible world; but to demand that unreasonable conditions shall be acceded to is not advantageous to any.

Although we believe that this great science should be investigated from the standpoint of reason, yet, while in ignorance of its subtle laws, let us not be too exacting or assuming, but patient, modest, and watchful, keeping ourselves in the attitude of calm and earnest seekers after truth,—not mentally mailed in the panoply of a detective, with the whole mind centered upon the idea of exposing fraud.

The truest and best mediums are often persons who are most easily influenced by the conditions surrounding them. If the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust predominate, they, being negative, become at once imbued with this spirit. Thus, that condition carried into a circle is likely either to defeat our purpose entirely, or else produce a reflection of itself.

Spirits and their co-workers, the mediums, understand best the conditions necessary for their work, and it is unwise to attempt to dictate to them, as seems to be the disposition of some earnest and well-meaning but materialistic individuals, who do not realize that if a medium should hold a seance under their conditions the sphere emanating from their positive, demanding individuality would at once raise a barrier to a high order of manifestations. Ignorance may dictate the chemical substances to be placed in a crucible, but the result of such a mixture it cannot demand.

We, however, take no stand against any class, even of spiritualists, in their manner of seeking knowledge from the invisible world, but our course will always be that which shall bring about the best results, and at the same time secure harmony, and give protection to our greatly-misunderstood and much-abused mediums.

That some are led by poverty, or too great desire to please, to do at times questionable things, we do not doubt, but that one man or woman who is true should be forced to bear the stigma of suspicion is far more to be regretted than that those who are guilty should go on for a time unmolested. Deception carries a long list of appendages in its train, and it needs more tact than a soul filled with deceit possesses to conceal them all any length of time.

There is an ease, a symmetry, and uniformity in truth which is self-convincing; there is effort, incongruity, and inharmony in fraud which an individual filled with honest purpose will very soon detect, no matter how deftly practiced.

So investigators of spiritual phenomena, if they will only stop to think, will see there is no necessity for demanding harsh materialistic conditions in their researches after spiritual knowledge if they will only arm themselves with the spirit of love and truth, which is not only God-like in its attributes but in its perception also.

Error and duplicity, standing before such a power, will fling away its own mantle; the Mokanna veil will be rent by the holy force that resists not evil but overcomes it with good.

Believers in genuine spiritual phenomena should have no fear of tricksters; if any weight is attached to their performances, it only serves to excite a more universal investigation of the subject; and tricks which may resemble the genuine are quickly detected by the scientific mind for want of the vital and potential elements predominant in the one and wholly lacking in the other. Therefore, modern spiritualism seems so far to be the gainer by each attempt at its disproof, as it always will be by anything which draws attention to the subject, for no person possessing reason and judgment, who will diligently investigate and patiently wait for the evidence which surely exists, can help being convinced of this great fact.—ED.

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THE REV. DR. JOHN P. NEWMAN,

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF AN AGED LADY, TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1883, AT  
561 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

And thus ends another life! In what sense does it end? Not in extinction, but rather in change of condition, in the invisibility of the body to us, but in the perpetual consciousness of the departed.

Individuality is indestructible. Death is a removal and not an annihilation. All that is immaterial and spiritual continues forever. The spirit is a unit and is indissoluble. The integrity of personal identity is a sublime fact. We can never be less than ourselves, nor more than ourselves, nor other than ourselves. We must be ourselves with all the integrity of our intellect and moral being. Memory holds the past. The imagination prophesies the future. The judgment, the reason, and the understanding remain intact, while the affections hold fast the tender objects of domestic life.

This venerable woman has gone to the bosom of her God, not to sing songs nor to be idle nor indifferent as to the scenes of earth and time. These sons and grandchildren, over whom she

watched with tenderest love here, she will continue to love and guide hereafter.

How sad must be that heart that, returning from the grave, feels all was buried there! Earth, indeed, would be poor were the departed forever separated from us; but reason and revelation combine to lead us to the belief that those who have passed to the other side are still working for the interests of those who remain on earth. Humanity is ever asking the question: "Have we heard from beyond the grave?" "What is the proof?" It is two fold: the testimony of persons in all ages, in all countries, of all religions, and the record of facts contained in the Bible, and in personal experience. The belief is all but universal that the spirits of the departed have returned to earth. It is so in China. The best of the Greeks and Romans were strong in this opinion, and those eminent in the Church for learning and piety have cherished this common faith.

Two worlds met in Bible times. The communications were as real then between earth and Heaven as between New York and London today. From Adam till John there was frequent intercourse between those who had gone and those who were left behind. God spake to Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Solomon. Angels dined with Abraham; led Lot out of Sodom; were companions of Daniel in the lion's den; they conversed with Mary; they delivered Peter from prison; they visited Cornelius, the Roman centurion. Celestial visions were given to Isaiah and the prophets, to Paul and the apostles, to Stephen and the martyrs, while Samuel and Moses and Elias were returned to earth. And why should we suppose that there is less interest in Heaven for earth now than in the glorious past? We have the inspired record of the return of five persons to our earth, three of whom entered the spirit world through the portals of the grave. One was translated and returned, and one was caught up into the third Heaven. The first to return was Samuel, the prophet. When a lad in the sanctuary he had heard from beyond the grave, and conversed with the Lord. He died at the advanced age of 98, and was buried at Ramah. When in great distress, King Saul invoked the spirit of Samuel to return to earth, and the request was granted. Samuel re-appeared in the form and garments most familiar to Saul. What Saul saw was not an apparition, not a

semblance, not a confederate of the witch, not an emissary of Satan, but the veritable and venerable Samuel, wearing the same majestic look which Saul had seen before, and speaking with the same authority as when judge and prophet. This is indicated by his intimate knowledge of Saul's past life, by the predictions which were fulfilled, and all this was for the benefit of the nation and for the world. And what information did Samuel give of the spirit world? That sainted souls are there at rest. "Why hast thou disquieted me?" That they have a knowledge of earth. "The Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thy hand as he spake by me." And that they have information of the future. "The Lord will deliver thee into the hands of the Philistines, and tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

From a scene so sad let us turn to one that is cheerful. Let us stand on the summit of Tabor. The Lord is transfigured, and the voice of His Father is heard: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and to attest the divine mission of Jesus to visit us from the present spirit world returned to earth. They stand on Tabor and converse with Christ. One of the two is Moses, who had died on Mount Nebo 1,500 years prior to His return. The other is Elijah, who 900 years before the transfiguration had been translated. Moses appeared as Moses, Elijah appeared as Elijah. Moses represented the disembodied, Elijah represented the embodied. Have we heard from beyond the grave? Yes. What do Moses and Elijah say of the spirit world? That they are there as they were in their personal identity, consciousness, and knowledge here; that they know what we are doing and have a deep interest in our spiritual welfare. "They spake of His death which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Time does not lessen their interest in earth. The center of their joy is the suffering and glorified Jesus. They are permitted to do in their glorified state what they were not when on earth. Moses treads the promised land from which he had been excluded. The two worlds meet. "They appeared in glory." Peter, James, and John are our witnesses to this communication. How did they know them? By revelation? By spiritual intuition? By conversation? It matters not; they knew them, and thirty years after the event Saint Peter recorded the fact.

The fourth person who came to us from beyond the grave had always lived there. That was His native land. He was there long before any had arrived from our shores. He then came in bodily form into this life. He is always represented as coming. Having lived thirty-three years he returned to the spirit world, and remained three days. And what does Christ say of that world? There are many mansions there. The inhabitants live forever. They are in a garden of delights. During those three days between His crucifixion and resurrection Christ was in the spirit land. He first entered Paradise with the trophy of His redemption, for He had said to the dying thief: "Today thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." He then descended into Gehenna, and, according to I Peter iii. 19, He preached to the unhappy spirits, to the antediluvians, to the Sodomites, to all who had died prior to His crucifixion. Did they accept Him? We are not informed. It is reasonable to suppose they did. He then returned to earth, and, after a residence here of forty days, passed into Heaven, and from His throne communicates with his people on earth.

And there was another who was born here and went to that spirit land and returned to us and remained with us from June, 44, till June 64, A.D., a period of twenty years; and six years after he made this declaration public. He said: "I was caught up into the third Heaven." This is levitation, as taught in I Kings xviii. 12, Ezekiel iii. 14, in Acts viii. 39 and 40. He went not only to the place of departed spirits but to Heaven, where he heard unspeakable words. What he heard in successive detail he could not find language adequately to express, and no mind on earth could intelligently receive the exalted thoughts contained therein, for they were designed for him alone, and hence it was not lawful for him to utter them. What report does St. Paul bring us from the spirit world? That there is a power to convey us there; that great thoughts are there communicated to the mind, and that his journey thither begat an ardent desire to return again: "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ." It was to him a perpetual inspiration, it was like Peter's recollection being with the Lord in mind.

Do you say if only one of our own race and time would go and return and witness to us it would be sufficient? Most lawyers

are satisfied with one good witness. The law is that two witnesses are sufficient to confirm a fact, but here are eight: Samuel, Moses, Elias, Christ, and four apostles. These eight witnesses are as good as eight hundred.

But does the communication between the two worlds continue to this day? Let us not be deterred in answering this question, because a great Bible fact has been perverted for lust and lucre. Let us rise to the sublimity and purity of the great Bible truth, and on this day of sorrow console our hearts therewith. It was the opinion of Wesley that Swedenborg was visited by the spirits of his departed friends. Dr. Adam Clark believed that the departed spirits returned to earth. Hannah More, when dying, extended her arms to embrace some one, and calling the name of a dear sister long before departed, exclaimed "Joy," then expired. That was an interesting case of Carnaval, whose reason became disturbed by the early death of his intended bride. He would not believe that she was dead. He mourned her absence and chided her long delay, but when dying reason regained its throne, and the dying lover in sudden joy stretched forth his arms saying: "Ah! there thou art at last," and then went to her. That was an extraordinary case when the eloquent Buckminster of Boston died suddenly. His father, who in New Hampshire and in a dying state, exclaimed: "My son Joseph is dead," and soon thereafter the father expired. It was St. Paul who said: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." In his work called "Man All Immortal," page 208, Bishop D. W. Clark writes thus: "There are seasons when the soul seems to recognize the presence of and to hold communion with the departed. They are like angelic visitants. We meet them in our lonely walks, in our deep and solemn meditations, and in our closest communions. We meet them when the lengthening shadows hallow the even tide. Mysterious and solemn is their communion. We meet them when sorrows encompass us around about, and hallowed is the influence their presence imparts. Who shall say that at such times there is not a real communion between the living and the dead! Who shall say that there is not then a real presence of the dead with the living!"

PRODUCTION OF PERFUMES.—FORMATION OF  
HANDS.—AERIAL JOURNEYS.—

The phenomena which I am about to relate occurred nearly twenty years ago, in the presence of a young girl, Lucy J. They were in some respects so extraordinary, even among the marvelous manifestations of the time, that while I perceived the value that must attach to them when the advancement of the physical sciences, and a broader intelligence, should make a candid and rational examination of such phenomena possible, and which I could not fail of anticipating in some degree the grandeur and nobility of the truths, of which they were the precursors,—and felt that I ought not to neglect to gather the fruit of a great opportunity so favorably opened,—and consequently recorded the facts derived from a great number and variety of observations, covering a period of nearly three years,—nevertheless it seemed to me that the immaturity of the general public intelligence upon the subject of spiritual relations, and of the intercourse of the living with the dead, rendered the publication of a narrative of these occurrences at that time inexpedient. There were then, with a few eminent exceptions, no prominent scientists who, by their scientific candor and breadth of knowledge, were competent to examine the phenomena and pronounce upon their value, or to intelligently discuss the transcendental problems which they suggested or explained. In the estimation of many, even of large erudition in special sciences, and of candid tempers, they would appear to contravene the laws of nature as known to general experience, and hence fall within the sweep of Hume's argument. I have met with persons of deservedly high scientific reputation who have assured me that they could far easier reconcile the phenomena of apparitions and spiritual eidola with the fairy tales of science than conceive of the possibility of the transference of one body through another without changing its form, or destroying its identity. The more spiritual forms of manifestation find precedents in Judea and Galilee, and undoubtedly hold a coigne of vantage in the faiths of mankind. Spiritualism, however, has borne the trial and the test of all great scientific movements in its march to recognition. It has already gone up to the high places of the earth, followed by representatives of

much that is best in the science, philosophy, and religious sensibility of the age, and is gradually evolving that sublimer science in which the correlations of matter and spirit—of the physical and metaphysical cosmos—shall become intelligible.

In the spring of 1865 Lucy had just completed her thirteenth year. She was a handsome child, of medium stature, full habit, regular features. Her eyes were dark, with a shade of dreamy introspection, often observed in sensitive persons. Of her disposition I cannot speak too highly. During the three years in which I had daily opportunities of observing her, and the phenomena constantly attending her, I always found her gentle and amiable, physically and morally sensitive,—qualities which made her a favorite with her teachers and companions. Her veracity is beyond question. She was a transparent witness. In a multitude of instances I found her statements, corroborated by independent and contingent facts, never controverted. She lived with her aunt, Mrs. N., an excellent woman, who at this time kept a shop for the sale of fancy articles, in which her neice, while not at school, was accustomed to assist her. Their lodging rooms were at the house on the same street, occupied by Mrs. H. M. S. and her sister, Mrs. P. N., widows, ladies highly esteemed. Mrs. H. M. S. still survives.

A few weeks previous to the time to which I have referred Lucy had had an attack of disease, attended with clonic convulsions, which had excited the anxiety of her friends. But immediately her mediumistic powers were developed, and her hand was controlled to write directions for her treatment and diet, and the unfavorable symptoms soon subsided, and her health soon seemed fully restored, with the exception of an unnatural expansion of the left hypochondrion. At this time it was observed that aromatic fluids collected in the vases and glasses in which Lucy kept her flowers, of which she was very fond, and of which she was accustomed to have considerable collections, and the intelligences directed that this essence should be used to bathe Lucy's chest and the part affected. From this time the production of perfumes was a common occurrence. They frequently fell upon her person in showers or spray. I have asked Lucy, while standing before me, to hold my handkerchief a moment, when instantly it would be dripping with an exquisite essence.

These perfumes were obviously condensed from aromas in the atmosphere, or extracted from the flowers. On one occasion, when Lucy returned from one of her aerial excursions, with a large quantity of pond lilies in her hands,—twenty-six in number,—Mrs. N. put them in a vessel of water. In a short time the flowers were withered and perfumeless. In the room was a bottle in which the essence of lilies was found. I have several phials now in my possession, which I furnished the intelligences at their request, and which they filled with most rare essences, and dropped them down upon the table before me, apparently from the ceiling. These were of remarkable strength and delicacy,—apparently composed of aromas of various flowers, but the dominant odor always indicated the advent of the flowers in the procession of the seasons. In May it partook of the balsamic nature of early blooms, in June of the fragrance of roses, in July the perfume of lilies. Lucy seemed to walk in a sphere of perfume. Her teacher in the grammar school, Miss J., often expressed her admiration at Lucy's extravagance, and wondered where she could obtain varieties so exquisite. Lucy, however, was always silent on the subject, as also on the appearance of the beautiful bouquets frequently placed by her guides upon her teacher's table, to the great pleasure of Miss J., who tried in vain to ascertain to which of her scholars she was indebted for presents so costly and beautiful. The guardianship exercised over Lucy's diet is paralleled only by the pertinacity of Governor Sancho Panza's physician. It often happened at the table that if, either from her own choice or at the solicitation of her friends, she was about to partake of anything which her guides disapproved, and the raps on the table indicating such dissent were not heeded, the article, whether viand, condiment, or liquid, instantly disappeared, leaving no trace, not even any moisture in the glass or cup, which a moment before was full. In several instances, while walking or sitting with her friends, powders and compositions, apparently of a medicinal character, were put into her mouth by invisible agency.

In considering the physical condition to which spiritual mediumship is specially related, I have been led to attach great importance to the function of the spleen, the use of which, from the earliest times, seems to have eluded the research of the most

intelligent investigators. Dr. F. G. Lemerrier, one of the most eminent physiologists of France, in a brilliant course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, in 1869, said that of this gland nothing was really known,—that he had removed it from the side of a dog without apparently affecting the health or habits of the animal.

This viscus in the case of Lucy was abnormally large, and this development may have caused the clonic convulsions to which I have referred. It will be found that this form of neurosis, known as emprosthotonos, quite frequently precedes or accompanies the appearance of mediumistic powers, especially in young persons. In the economy of nature the law of parcimony would seem to indicate that the potencies of this organ, so far as science has explored, are still in abeyance. And while the ancient speculation, that it might be the seat of the soul, the anima or sensorial spirit, as the illustrious Erasmus Darwin terms it, has been pronounced by the celebrated Dr. John Bell, perhaps not unjustly, as the lowest absurdity, nevertheless, is it not possible that, in the future development of the race, through it may be elaborated the elements or principles by which the connection between the spiritual and physical spheres may be established?

It is early in the evening of June 14, 1865, when I call at Mrs. N.'s shop. She asks me to walk into her sitting room, adjoining the shop. Miss P. E., a friend of hers from Maine, is present. Lucy is sitting quietly in front of me. We are speaking of the phenomena, now of daily occurrence, when three pinks, a syringa, and a moment after a cherry with a long stem fall perpendicularly from the ceiling into my lap, accompanied with raps upon the table standing at my right. Taking the cherry in my hand and saying: "This is from A——, I guess?" affirmative raps are made. "Will you look here a moment?" says Mrs. N. I go to the window. She puts into my hand a plate on which lies a piece of butter of excellent quality, about an inch square. "I made this," says Mrs. N., "from the cream which I took from the milk which the spirits brought me this morning. I churned it in a bottle." While I am making the examination Lucy is standing near at my left, and, as I turn from the window, I observe a luminous appearance, as of a hand, for a moment behind her. At first I think it an illusion. But immediately the phenomenon is

repeated, and spectral hands are momentarily darting from behind her. I do not speak of what I am observing, but say: "Sit down here a moment, Lucy," placing a chair for her at the end of the dining table standing against the wall, while I occupy a seat at the front. Mrs. N. has just lighted her lamps,—one stands on the mantel just behind Lucy, another inside the glass door opening into the shop, and throwing a strong light upon the table. I am scarcely seated when the folds of the damask cover upon the table are agitated, and my hand is grasped from beneath the table by a large hand infolded in the cover. I extend my hand. It is touched again and again by smaller fingers, which elude my grasp. The cherry, which a moment before lay upon the table, is removed and put into my hand. Scarcely have I replaced it on the table when a fancy toy-cake is projected from under the table. "They must have taken that from my cake-box in the shop," says Mrs. N., who, with Miss E., is sitting at a short distance from the table, witnessing the proceedings. "Let us see," I remark, and I follow Mrs. N. into the shop. On a shelf is a large tin box closely covered, containing fancy cakes of the same description. Resuming our seats, a large number of cakes are put into my hand, which I place on the table. During this time Lucy's hands are fully in view. She is delighted with the novelty; none besides ourselves are within reach of the table. In the meantime, the hand, as yet invisible,—at first vagrant, cold, and clammy,—becomes firm and warm, and is repeatedly placed in mine, but melts away as I grasp it. I at last say: "I will not attempt it again," when the hand is laid quietly in mine. I feel a ring on the third finger. It gives a metallic sound as the intelligence knocks it against the table. All this time raps respond in affirmation or dissent to my questions. The intelligence is identified. And now a small, delicate hand is projected from under the table cover, of a pale, filmy consistence, the fingers exceedingly attenuated, the nails unnaturally elongated. It momentarily appears, touching my hand, and vanishing, constantly acquiring form and consistence, till in a few minutes it has become warm, firm, and symmetrical,—a perfect hand. It is again and again laid in mine, and pushed forward as if with an effort to reach something. To my inquiry: "Do you wish to do something?" affirmative signs are given, but all my suggestions are nega-

tived. At length the hand, now projected a few inches above the edge of the table, grasps my hand with a sort of infantile uncertainty, evidently striving to point my finger towards some object. "Is it the light?" I ask. "Yes." "This light?" says one of the ladies pointing to the lamp on the mantel. "No." "That?" referring to the one shining through the glass door. "Yes." This lamp is removed. The remaining lamp is not shaded,—it affords ample light. Lucy's person alone casts a slight shadow across the table. The hand and wrist of the intelligence are now fully visible and under my control,—it is apparently that of a very young lady,—refined and symmetrical. I readily recognize the person. She died quite young, in 1847. I take Lucy's hand, which has been gently resting on the table, and proceed to compare it with that of the intelligence which I am holding; and, in attempting to place the thumbs and fingers of the two in apposition, I perceive that I am holding two right hands. The one incarnated before us has the softness, delicacy, and pale pink color seen in the hands of infants, in size smaller than Lucy's, yet with larger fingers. I then say: "Now, child, I want to see if this is a real hand, and I am going to make an anatomical examination." To this there are assenting raps, and I proceed to make a thorough examination, the details of which it is unnecessary to transcribe here. Suffice to say, no bone, muscle, integument, or articulation appeared to be wanting. Small veins seemed visible under the skin, but I could not discern the beating of the radial artery. "How far," I inquired, "can you form your arm?" An effort is made, and the form is projected beyond the table cover so as to be visible to the middle of the fore arm, and then pushed up my sleeve, and the elbow placed in my left hand. Beyond this there was no body, and no possible connection with any visible form. The hand attempts to reach my face; and as I stoop, its fingers pass caressingly over my countenance and through my hair, and then vanishes amid a fusillade of raps.

In the following month, July, 1865, commenced those extraordinary aerial journeys, the relation of which, I am aware, will to many appear incredible, although they have their analogues in the flight of Philip to Azotus, and that of Apollonius, of whom it is related that, his destruction having been already determined upon by Domitian, he was still allowed from motives of policy to

make his defense before the Emperor and the Roman Senate, and that, when he had delivered the noble address that has come down to us, instantly, to the astonishment of all, he vanished from the presence, and at the same hour appeared among his friends at Puteoli, seventy miles from Rome, whither he had directed them to precede him. Nevertheless, these flights in space in the case of Lucy can be substantiated by the testimony of intelligent and credible witnesses, and by a concurrence of proof adequate to establish any proposition. These occurred almost daily, except in winter. Her spirit guides by writing, sometimes by Lucy's hand, often without visible agency, made known their wishes that she should accompany them. If her aunt assented, which was always, I believe, by oral expression, she was returned punctually to the minute to which her relative had limited her absence. She was never seen to depart. Her reappearance was instantaneous,—in the twinkling of an eye she stood before you,—fresh and blooming, and without any indications of exhaustion, although her absence may have been from the morning into the evening, and sometimes during heavy showers. Usually in summer she reappeared with her arms filled with flowers or fruit, and at other seasons with bouquets of rare flowers, which she said the intelligences had placed in her hand. On these excursions she appeared to have fully retained her consciousness and powers of observation, and expressed her surprise why she was not noticed, while she, in the full exercise of her senses, saw and heard what was occurring in the places, and among the people, to which she was carried,—even to noticing the striking of the hour and reading the figures on the dial of the clock of a distant city, or witnessing of an afternoon a dramatic performance in the theatre, into which she had been floated, as she described it, and given a prominent seat, and had a programme put into her hands by the intelligences who accompanied her; such play-bills she always retained. I have examined them on her return.

When absent on these adventures she appeared always to have been entertained with ample hospitality, with the means obtained of course from terrestrial sources. Mysterious as these translations of persons and things may appear, the solution will be found in the demonstration of the existence of other spheres or spaces,

whatever these terms may imply, to which we may become even physically related.

On Sunday, July, 1865, a lecture by a distinguished inspirational speaker from the West was announced to be given at the City Hall in Charlestown, which I attended, but I anticipated the time of meeting half an hour, supposing it appointed at 2.30 p.m. On entering the hall, which was nearly empty, I saw standing between settees, near the platform, Mrs. S., Mrs. E., and Mrs. N., and Lucy with a branch of oak leaves in her hand,—all in a state indicating some recent ground of astonishment. Addressing me, Mrs. S. said: “We had just entered the hall and looked around for Lucy, whom the spirits promised to leave here in season for the lecture, but she was not here. We walked forward to this seat, when instantly Lucy stood before us. We all cried out: ‘Lucy, how did you get here,’ and she said: ‘I came right down through the roof.’” Standing in front of Lucy, I asked: “Where did you get this oak branch?” “At Mount Auburn,” she said. “Grandmother broke it off, and the baby put it into my hand.” Her grandmother was interred in the Cambridge cemetery, adjoining Mount Auburn, as was also a child, Florence M., her cousin, whom she called the baby. “At what part of the grounds?” I inquired. “Near the gate,” she replied. “From what part of the tree?” “The top.” This accorded with the appearance of the shrub. Mrs. S. made some conjecture as to the distance they must have carried her. She fumbled a moment about her dress, and then extended her hand to me tightly compressed, in which was a piece of paper, on which was written in a firm, upright hand, altogether different from Lucy’s, and which no one present recognized: “Twenty-eight miles.” Subsequently, Mrs. N. informed me that the spirits had written in the morning that they wished Lucy to accompany them, and that she had consented on condition that they would leave her at the City Hall in Charlestown at 2.30 p.m., and this they promised, and Lucy left at ten o’clock. This is Lucy’s narrative: “As I walked down the street, I was suddenly carried up in the air over the trees and houses. I then found myself seated on a seat,—soft, like velvet. It was not round, but square with the corners rounded, of a pink color.” “What did your feet rest on?” “I do not know,—I did n’t think of it.” “Did you see anyone?”

“I saw a little girl who was sometimes by my side, and sometimes before me, floating in the air.” “Can you describe her?” “She had long, curling hair.” “What color?” “Yellow,—shining.” “How were her eyes?” “Bright blue.” “How dressed?” “In white.” “While you were riding, what else occurred?” “Nothing that I remember till I was set down by a pond, and a girl undressed me and put me into the water.” “How large was the pond?” “Pretty large.” “As large as that in the public garden?” “Not quite.” “How were the banks?” “All covered with grass.” “Long or short?” “Long, it bent when I sat down on it.” “How did the water look compared with other ponds?” “It was brighter and clearer. I could see the sand at the bottom.” “What color was the sand?” “Yellow.” “Did you see any rocks?” “No, sir, the shore was smooth and grassy.” “Did you see the sun?” “No, sir.” “How was the light?” “It was very light and clear around,—like the early morning. I could see about half as far as I can here.” “Describe the girl you saw.” “I did not see her face; by her size she seemed to be about sixteen. She bathed me all over, and rubbed me with something that looked like a sponge.” “What color?” “Pink.” “Why did you think it was a sponge?” “Because it was full of little holes,—she soused me up and down in the water for sometime.” “How deep did the water appear?” “Very deep. I could look down and see the sand at the bottom.” “What was then done?” “She wiped me all over with some soft thing she had in her hand.” “Like a towel?” “No, sir, it looked like a bunch of lace.” “What color?” “White. She then dressed me, and a man gave me some soda, flavored with pine apple.” “What in? Describe the vessel.” “I can’t.” “Perhaps you can make its shape on the slate.” She took the pencil and drew a bowl-shaped vessel with a single handle. “How large was this?” “It would hold about two quarts.” “How did it compare with soda you have drank before?” “It was a great deal better. I drank as much as I could.” She described the man she saw as “not very tall, with a round face, light blue eyes, and a pleasant countenance.” Her description accords with other evidence as to the identity of the person. The girl who attended her at the pond was a daughter of Mrs. N., who died five years previous. Lucy proceeds to relate that she was then

carried to a place where she had her dinner. A small, round table, covered with a white cloth, was set before her, "with a plate, a knife with a pearl handle, and a silver fork, on which were the initial letters of her name. On the table were three slices of boiled corned beef, two tomatoes, a home-made biscuit, about half a pint of milk in a cup, and an ice cream." All the dishes were of porcelain. She saw no one around. After this entertainment, she says: "I was carried through the air swiftly, sitting on the cushion. Part of the time, when it was hot, something was drawn up over my head like an awning. I did not see the sun." She saw on her journey small trees, and on some of them fruits of a golden color, which she tried to reach as she glided by them, but did not succeed. On my requesting her to describe the trees, she said she could not, that she never saw the like, but on being asked to liken them to something, she said "the leaves were of bright green, and the edges glistened like leaves trimmed with golden paper." She next found herself floating over Mount Auburn, where she saw her grandmother, who broke off the oak branch, and Florence, her cousin, who put it into her hands. She was next carried towards Charlestown. She was able to see what was taking place below her, and recognized her friends who were on their way to the hall. And that, directly they had entered, she found herself descending through the roof and standing before them. She seemed to wonder at the novelty of her adventures, and, notwithstanding she was timid and sensitive beyond most persons of her age, and could hardly be induced to visit strange places or persons without an attendant, such was her confidence in her invisible friends, she uniformly said that she felt no fear on these excursions, although exposed in situations, as subsequent relations may show, which might well appall the most intrepid.

JOHN S. LADD.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 29, 1883.

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### SPIRIT PLAGLARISM.

On page 243 of *Facts*, No. 3, is the cut of a slate which was claimed to have been written upon in Cincinnati through the mediumship of Dr. Sour, under conditions stated in an explanation following the cut, and in the presence of several witnesses

whose names are appended, which we took pains to get by writing to each separately, requesting a statement of that event. We are informed that there has been an accusation made that this writing was fraudulently accomplished from the fact of its being a quotation from the writings of Mrs. De Kroft. Can anyone tell us why a man disrobed of his material body has not the same power to communicate an idea by quotation as one existing therein? Why a spirit might not be as justly accused of plagiarism as a mortal? We do not say that Dr. Sour did not write that message himself, but under the conditions which existed at that time, which were certified to by so many reliable witnesses, it certainly seems to us more sensible, as well as more charitable, to accuse the spirit of plagiarism than the medium of fraud.—ED.

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#### THE *BANNER OF LIGHT* RECORD.

We find in the *Banner of Light* of March 24th an editorial entitled "Banner Record." By it we are informed that this is the twenty-sixth year of its existence, and we take pleasure in giving our testimony to the usefulness and importance of this publication.

Mr. Luther Colby, who, from the beginning, has stood at the head of the editorial department, deserves the best and heartiest good wishes of all lovers of truth and progression. He is a firm believer in spiritual phenomena, having a knowledge thereof based upon the strongest foundation,—reason and facts. Few have so carefully investigated as he, and that without malevolence or unkind criticism. The course pursued by him in researches after spiritual knowledge is highly commendable.

The proprietors of this journal have ever shown a disposition to assist in all worthy contemporaneous efforts. We acknowledge the receipt of many favors extended to us by them in our new enterprise, *Facts*, which we are grateful for, and shall endeavor to transmute to the general interests of humanity.

We consider the *Banner* an exponent of the very highest type of spiritualism, that of practical demonstration of its principles; and well does it exemplify its teachings by entering into all the

vital questions of the day from a standpoint of conviction rather than popularity, presenting ideas and assuming positions adverse to current thought with a persistence and assurance that only those clad in the armor of spiritual power and knowledge of its truths are able to do.

This paper has been a torch-bearer to people in many lands, lighting up darkened places, exposing fraud and corruption, and revealing precious truths and potent principles that lay hidden for many ages.

It has been a strong hand that has smitten the rock of spiritual knowledge, and clear waters have gushed out, rushing like a swift-rolling river down through the valleys of ignorance and superstition, and many creed-bound souls have drunk from these waters, which have satisfied and made them immortally free.

The cause of the sick, poor, and oppressed has so far enlisted the attention of its proprietors as to induce them to make special efforts of relief by soliciting aid through their columns, collecting contributions and distributing the same.

The *Banner* has done a great work for mediums, those greatly-misunderstood agents of the invisible world, always giving credit for knowledge derived through such instrumentality. It is earnest in efforts to encourage and strengthen them, slow to condemn or censure, yet never upholding fraud.

It has made it a special duty to advocate justice to the much-abused red man, striking valiantly at the wrongs perpetrated upon them by those having charge of their affairs, until they, with others, have succeeded in arousing the attention of the people and the government to the urgency and justice of the subject, which, at first, was met either with contempt and ridicule or stoical indifference.

Equal educational advantages for both sexes is another topic consistently advocated by the *Banner*; it has also exerted itself to secure freedom from the medical monopoly, which insists upon infringing the rights of intelligent citizens by not allowing them to choose their own physicians.

It has brought comfort and cheer to many sad-hearted people through the innumerable tests of spirit return that are given from time to time in the message department, and which are read with

anxiety, as well as intense interest, by many who watch and hope for a message through its columns from some lost, loved friend.

In conclusion we would say that the subjects upon which it treats are too numerous and varied to admit of special mention. We predict continued success to this great enterprise, knowing that the basis upon which it is founded will warrant it, as its proprietors are men possessing wisdom that has been outwrought from long and varied experience, stern discipline, and severe trials; and they are ably reinforced and supported by a band of philosophers, poets, historians, and theologians from the ranks of the disembodied.

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### INVESTIGATION OF MICROSCOPIC WRITING,

OBTAINED AT DR. SILAS J. CHESEBROUGH'S SEANCE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

In No. 4 of *Facts* magazine, page 433, we published an article certifying that at the house of Dr. Silas J. Chesebrough, of Syracuse, N. Y., through the mediumship of Mr. Joseph A. Caffrey, a spiritual message of over three hundred words, on the space of about an inch by a half inch, was written to Mr. Wm. Malcolm in a blank book, and was signed C. A. Spencer.

A short time after this occurrence I was in Syracuse on business, when I heard of this wonderful phenomenon. After making a careful investigation as to its genuineness, I requested Dr. Chesebrough to give me a written statement of the circumstances under which it occurred. This he consented to do. The following day when I called for it, he told me that Mr. Mallonee, who was present at the seance, had written the statement for him; producing the manuscript, he (Chesebrough) asked me if I required his signature. I said: "Yes, if we publish it as your article."

I called on Mr. Malcolm with Dr. Chesebrough. I found Mr. Mallonee, who is employed by him, also present, when Mr. Malcolm made a statement of his experience at this seance, which substantially agreed with the article written by Mr. Mallonee, and signed by Dr. Chesebrough.

He also allowed me to take the book in which this message was written, for the purpose of obtaining an illustration for the *Facts*

magazine, which was afterward made by the Photo-Engraving Company of Boston, and printed opposite page 434.

I am told that Mr. Malcolm, still desiring to carry his investigations further at the Chesebrough seance, procured a bottle in which he placed a blank card, then sealed the bottle, and submitted it for examination to the parties present. The seance was then formed, Mr. Malcolm holding the bottle in his hand. At its close, examination was made, and a message was found as closely written as the one that had previously appeared in the book. It would seem that these two experiments, under such conditions, and in the presence of so many witnesses, might have been sufficient to preclude the possibility of fraud or trickery.

The proprietors of the *Sunday Times*, Syracuse, desirous of creating a sensation for the purpose of selling their papers, made a statement that the whole thing was a trick, and that the book and bottle were changed during the seance for similar ones that had the messages already written therein. The acknowledgment that the article in the *Times* was written purposely for a sensation was made to Mr. John Truesdell by Mr. Weed, the man who wrote it, saying he had received some of his information from Mallonee, the man who wrote the article published in *Facts*. After reading the scurrilous statement, I resolved to go at once to Syracuse and sift the matter to the bottom.

I first called with Capt. Austin, of the Globe Hotel, to see Mr. E. D. Lewis, who was present at the bottle seance. He told me that when the said bottle was passed to him for examination he, unknown to anyone, broke a piece of the sealing wax in such a shape that if it were changed he could detect it at once. He also said that he could take his oath that the bottle containing the message at the close of the seance was the identical one enclosing the blank card at the beginning, and therefore had not been changed, as was stated in the *Sunday Times*.

I called twice to see Mr. C. M. Meggs, whom I did not find at his office, but was informed by Mr. Truesdell and Capt. Austin that he says he knows the book was not changed. I then had an interview with Mr. Malcolm in the presence of Capt. Austin and Joseph A. Caffrey, the medium. Mr. Malcolm again assured me there was no trick performed either with the book or bottle, that the manifestation was genuine, and the statement made in *Facts*

correct, and to which he said he was willing to swear before a justice of the peace. "This," I said, "I do not require, if you will sign a paper to that effect." The following is a copy of the certificate attached to the article cut from *Facts*, and signed by Messrs. Malcolm and Mallonee:—

Syracuse. April 17, 1883.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above account of a seance held at the house of Dr. Silas Chesebrough is literally true.

WM. MALCOLM.

J. D. MALLONEE.

The next step was to go to headquarters and test the spirits themselves. Mr. Caffrey kindly consented to grant me any conditions I chose, and Sunday evening, April 15th, was the time agreed upon. The circle was composed of Capt. Austin, Dr. J. D. Earle, Dr. and Mrs. Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. Caffrey, of Syracuse, Mrs. E. J. Huff, of Boston, and myself.

Taking a blank card I cut it irregularly in two, notching it so that the pieces could not be changed without misfitting the notches; one piece I placed in a bottle, which I sealed, keeping the other for identification. I also took two new slates, selected for the occasion, fastened and sealed them together. The circle was then formed, the medium sitting with the rest, I holding the bottle, Mrs. Huff and Capt. Austin holding the slates; the lamp was lowered a trifle, but the room was light enough to read a newspaper. Presently we heard a scratching between the slates like the sound of writing with a pencil, yet none had been placed therein. After a few moments we were ordered by Mr. Caffrey's control to break the circle; we did so, and found a written message on the piece of card within the bottle, signed Johnny Gray; another between the slates signed Whitlock. Where was the possibility of fraud in that case? It was agreed that we should have another circle the following evening, at which time Miss Hattie Allen and Mr. Wm. Kirby, of Auburn, N. Y., were added to our numbers; as before, we were allowed to experiment according to our will. Being anxious to receive a message written within a book, I placed a small account book which I had in my pocket within the circle, thinking that could not be changed without my knowledge, as it would be difficult to duplicate my accounts. I arranged a bottle as I have already described, on

the night previous, also another pair of slates. Again I held the bottle. The slates were at once taken from the center of the circle and given to Miss Allen, the note-book handed to Mrs. Huff. Very soon the sounds like writing were again heard between the slates. After they had ceased, a light was called for by the spirit Johnny Gray (who speaks fluently in an independent voice), and to my surprise the paper had disappeared from the bottle, which had not gone from my hands; the fastening remained intact. Within my coat pocket I found the missing card, with a message written upon it, and the signature of Johnny Gray. The slates contained several others; the book another not as closely written as Malcolm's had been. Johnny Gray informed us that the spirit of Mr. Spencer was the only one he knew who could write in that manner. The message in the book informed us that they would try and write at Cato, a place where we were intending to go the next evening in company with Mr. Truesdell, who is a most wonderful medium for slate-writing. The next evening found several of our company assembled in the village of Cato, at the house of Mr. Knapp. The seance was formed by the members of the circle sitting around a table and joining hands. The slates were prepared and marked in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of their being exchanged without detection, then laid on the table with a tureen cover placed over them. The bottle was fixed as before described, laid flat upon the center of the table, and another cover over that. Soon the same noises were heard in bright light on the slates, lying right before our eyes, and upon examination several messages to persons present were found thereon, but nothing within the bottle. But the crowning test was yet to come. We again joined hands, and in silence awaited the moving of the spirits. Mr. Truesdell suddenly jumped to his feet under the influence of his control, Mr. Muhlenburgh, and said that a message had been written in that bottle by the spirit of Mr. Spencer, much smaller than the one given to Malcolm, and he hoped that was sufficient to prove true the statement made in *Facts*. The bottle was broken, the paper carefully scrutinized. Eureka! the last point was gained. It was even as the spirit had said,—a message was there, so small that not a word could be read without the aid of a powerful lens, which was obtained at once.

This is but a mere outline of the manifestations occurring during these three seances. A detailed account with illustrations will be published in No. 2, Vol. II, of *Facts*.—ED.

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### EMERSON *vs.* SPIRITUALISM.

*The Liberal*, published at Sydney, N. S. W., at the close of a review of a biography of R. W. Emerson, says:—

“One thing, however, that is especially remarkable about Emerson’s career must not remain unnoticed; it is this, that one so open to conviction with regard to all truths that came within his own sphere of thought and environment should have been utterly blind to the great spiritual awakening that was going on around him in New England, in the advent of modern spiritualism. It shows how apt we are to overlook what is happening in our midst as something too small and contemptible for the notice of spiritual-minded men; and as Jesus, the great medium, was neglected in his day, so our mediums and spiritual phenomena generally are comparatively neglected now.”

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### RIGHT *vs.* MAMMON.

BY LUTHER COLBY.

Oh! Mammon, thou on earth hast mighty power,  
 Entrenched within a strong and lofty tower;  
 Thy worshipers by millions seek its base,  
 And starve their souls to gain an envied place.  
 Thy reign is brief! Thy votaries pass away!  
 Thy golden calf must erst be turned to clay.  
 But the true worshipers are those who scan  
 The works of Nature in its perfect plan;  
 Whose aspirations mount beyond the skies,  
 Whose inspirations flow from Paradise!  
 Those who here worship naught but golden dust  
 In spirit life from spirit joys are thrust;  
 In homes of poverty they ’re forced to dwell,  
 Which to their senses is a living hell!  
 While the down-trodden of earth’s numerous throng,  
 Who ’ve borne their burdens patiently and long,  
 Reach the glad clime where all is peace and joy,  
 Where sorrows come not, pleasures never cloy;  
 Where God is seen in attributes of light,  
 Blessing all those who ’ve striven for the Right.

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