

Prof. William James, p.
Cambridge

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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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FACTS.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1883.

No. 2.

HAUNTED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE NEWBURYPORT MYSTERY—A GHOST BY DAYLIGHT—
PANIC IN A PRIMARY SCHOOL—WONDERFUL
MANIFESTATIONS—A MYSTERY.

From the *Banner of Light*, Jan. 25, 1873.

In our issue for December 21, 1872, we adverted to the occurrence of a "haunted school-house" in Newburyport, the immediate ground of our information being a paragraph from the *New York Tribune*. Since that date developments of a highly interesting nature have arisen, which we now lay before our readers, as given by a correspondent of the *Boston Post*, under date of—

NEWBURYPORT, Jan. 13, 1873.

So far as has been heard from, Newburyport is ahead of the rest of the world in ghostly revelations. While in less favored places these shadowy visitants cling to the traditional hour of midnight to make their earthly roving, this ghost prances fearlessly about in midday, confining its visits to a school-house, where about fifty little urchins are busied in overcoming the difficulties of the primer, and the more abstruse complexities of Sargent's First Reader. And it plays mad pranks enough to set the whole fifty by the ears, and the noise it makes would be sufficient to turn any well-regulated school topsy-turvy with excitement. What whim induced it to choose this particular place for its ghostly orgies no mortal can tell, not yet understanding spiritual ways; but no doubt it had a sufficient reason, if it would only condescend to impart it. The manifestations commenced about a year ago; the first that was heard was noises from the attic, a scrambling and tumbling and dragging, as of pieces of wood. At

first the teacher supposed it to be rats, and she set innumerable traps, but nothing was ever caught, and still the noise continued. Of course the quiet of the school was sadly disturbed, but there was no alarm felt, as the teacher assured the scholars that it was only the rats, believing that it was, and annoyed that nothing could be done to rid the place of them. The first suspicion she had that it was not these mischievous vermin was one day last summer, when one of the blinds flew violently open, and, on going to shut it, another on the opposite side of the room opened as suddenly, while one already open shut simultaneously. For a few minutes the blinds had it all their own way, flying back and forth with almost lightning rapidity. There was not a breath of air stirring, so it could not have been the wind; all the children were in their seats, and it was utterly impossible that they could have played such mischievous pranks without being detected. She then stationed some of the children outside, but nothing was to be seen, and her suspicion that some boys outside were trying to annoy her was allayed, but the matter was as much a mystery as ever.

The building is an old-fashioned one, a story and a half in height, with a cellar and an unfinished attic. A wide entry opens into the school-room, and from it lead the stairs, both up and down; a window opening into the school-room from the entry gave a full view of the doors, so that from their seats the scholars can see whether anyone opens the outer door and comes into the entry. The seats in the school-room are old-fashioned single benches, that were once painted green, but the paint has worn almost entirely off, and only one little spot now and then on a seat tells that it ever had any color. The benches and desks have been polished by the rubbing and nestling of the hundreds of boys who have occupied them since the school-house was built, and their wood-colored surfaces are marvels of shiny smoothness. Overhead is a round aperture leading to the attic, which serves as a ventilator. The teacher's desk formerly faced the pupils, and stood exactly in front of the window opening into the entry, but since the demonstrations have become so marked, Miss Perkins has moved the desk so that now she can command both the entry and the school-room. A short time after the affair with the blinds, a crash was heard in the entry, and on opening the door

the brooms and dust-brushes were found engaging in a sort of war dance, and, impelled by some unseen force, the dust-pan came flying into the room, executing a series of back somersaults that would have driven a gymnast wild with envy, could he have witnessed it. The children were frightened, but she quieted them, and then commenced her search for the disturbers of her peace. Up stairs and down stairs she went, searching every corner, but there was no one to be found, and she returned to her desk more puzzled than ever, and a little startled, too. Until then nothing had been known outside of the place; the children had not mentioned it, because rats in an old building like that are nothing marvelous, and the teacher had said nothing, wisely concluding that the best thing to do was to await further developments, and not create an excitement until there was something definite to become excited over. But by degrees the story leaked out, and was received by all who heard it with amused incredulity. The thought of spiritual manifestations was not entertained even by the teacher, who has always been very skeptical regarding all manifestations of this kind, and the idea of a ghost would have been laughed at as eminently absurd, except a very substantial ghost in the shape of boys who were trying to play tricks on her. She never doubted but this was the case, and set herself to work planning how she should catch the mischief-makers.

One day, a little over two months ago, the children saw a face looking into the room through the window from the entry. They told Miss Perkins, and she looked quickly around, but there was no face there. She asked the children if it was anyone whom they knew, and they all said no, it was no boy of the town, and no one whom they had ever seen. In a moment it appeared again; all the children saw it, but it vanished before the teacher's head was turned. Turning now to face the window, she saw it herself,—a boy's face, gazing earnestly through the window into the room. She sprang quickly to the door, and threw it open, and there the boy stood,—a little fellow about eleven years old, with a pale face, and the saddest, sweetest mouth, Miss Perkins says, that ever she saw in her life, looking fearlessly up into her face out of a pair of blue eyes. He retreated into a corner. She followed him; and just as she was about to lay her hand on him he vanished. No door had opened, and yet he was gone.

Into the school-room she went again, and sat down, frightened and perplexed. An exclamation from the children made her look up, and there was the face looking down at her from the attic, through the ventilator. The frightened children huddled around her; some fainted, others cried, and the rest clung, pale and trembling, to her dress. She comforted them as well as she could, assuming a calmness she was far from feeling, and succeeded in quieting them and restoring the room to order. This appearance, of course, made a great excitement in the town, and the little school-room was besieged with visitors, until it became necessary to forbid persons an entrance. The children recovered from their fright, and now talk of the ghost as rather a good joke. It has been seen once or twice since then, and heard much oftener; but the children are so much used to the noises that they do not mind them in the least, and are seldom distracted from Primer and First Reader unless, on some occasions, the visitor becomes too noisily obstreperous, when it is necessary to humor him for a few moments by a cessation of lessons. The ventilator has been closed and the window covered, so that his appearance, unless in their very midst, is quite impossible, and as yet he has not ventured inside the school-room. His amusement at present seems to consist in turning the attic into a ghostly carpenter's shop; and he saws, hammers, and planes, whistling in the meantime to himself, but quite loud enough to be heard down stairs.

When these demonstrations are at their hight, Miss Perkins will go up stairs, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by one or two pupils, but they find nothing but the dusty old attic, as quiet and as cobwebby as old unused attics usually are,—nothing but the spiders that seem to have any life, and surely they cannot cause the terrible commotion that is always stilled as soon as any intruders appear. Nothing seems ever stirred from its place, and the most thorough search serves to reveal nothing. What it is nobody can say, although plenty are found to sneer at the whole thing, and to speak of it as the result of a diseased imagination. This theory, perhaps, might hold good were it only the teacher who heard and saw these things, but when forty or fifty children see and hear the same thing, the imagination can scarcely be the cause. The teacher, notwithstanding her former skepticism, is convinced that it is all produced by supernatural

agency, and believes that the apparition she saw was a veritable ghost. Whether she is a so-called medium or not, certainly the appearances never come to her anywhere except in this school-room; in other places she is free from all demonstrations of the kind. Probably a spiritualist would claim that she was highly "mediumistic," as they term it; very highly indeed, for it is to but very few that actual presences are seen out of a trance. Miss Perkins is a delicate-looking girl, rather pale, with a striking face, not so pretty as peculiar, the most attractive feature of which is the eyes. They are dark brown, with a sort of abstracted, far-away look, as though she were seeing out from beyond her actual surroundings. She is evidently a very impressionable girl, with an excitable, nervous temperament. She speaks very quickly, showing her intense nervous force in her manner of speech. She disclaims any knowledge of the manifestations and their causes, and is utterly powerless to control them. She can neither will them to come or go; so they are entirely out of her mental power. They no longer frighten her, but she takes them as a matter of course. Her coolness has its influence over the children, and they are now as fearless as she. The school continues with the number of pupils undiminished, and although some days their visitor is noisier and more troublesome than others, yet the sessions continue, and the pupils advance well in their studies.

Whether the mystery will ever be solved, and what its solution will be just now, it seems more of a mystery than ever, and Newburyport is still exercised over its daylight ghost.

"THE HAUNTED SCHOOL-HOUSE."

Banner of Light, February 22, 1873.

We copy the following letter from the *Springfield Republican*, written by Miss Lucy A. Perkins, teacher "at the haunted school-house in Newburyport," in answer to inquiries concerning an account of the affair which we published in detail some weeks ago:—

"The account you sent me is true, with a few exceptions. When I first saw the boy, he was neatly attired in a *brown* suit of clothes, trimmed with braid and buttons of the same color. When I reached forward to grasp him, he seemed not like the boy, but vapory, or, as I can only describe it, like a thin cloud scudding

across the room; still he seemed to have the boy form. Reports from some of the Boston papers say I fainted; such is not the case. I knew where I was and what I was about just as well as I know I am writing. One day I sent a boy out to hang up the brushes, etc. . . . He was out about five minutes. After he had taken his seat, three raps came on the door of the room where the brushes were hung. He said: 'Miss Perkins, can I go out and see who's there?' I told him: 'Yes, and leave the school-room door open.' He did so, and when he opened the brush-room door (I sat where I could see all) every one of the brushes, both long and short-handled, came falling off the nails where they were hung; some struck him in the face, some on the shoulders, and the broom directly on the top of his head. The dust-pan, hanging on a nail at some distance above the brushes, came tumbling to the floor with a vengeance. It then stood on its handle, then on the bottom edge, and continued on so till it entered the school-room, and then it was placed as nicely against the partition as if I had done it myself. Just as soon as I'd raise the ventilator, a black ball, like a cannon ball, would begin to roll around the attic, and make such a noise I would be obliged to lower the ventilator. One day the room was as quiet as it could possibly be, and all at once some one in the attic called out: 'Dadie Pike.' Dadie thought I spoke, and said: 'What'm?' I said to him: 'Can you say your lesson?' Since the boy affair took place, the attic has been fastened up. Locks and keys are of no use, however, for there is as much walking up stairs, and sometimes the hammering and nailing. Once in a while sounds as of some one walking will come down the attic way, go across the entry, and open the outside door, and be gone perhaps ten minutes; after it is quiet again, the door will open, and he, she or it will go up stairs. . . . I am not a spiritualist; never attended a sitting, in fact, never had anything to do with a person of that belief, and never saw any manifestations. Why anything of the sort should take place where I am is more than I can account for."

What will *science* say to this? What has *clairvoyance* to offer? Facts are stubborn things, however averse some people may be to believing them.

THE NEWBURYPORT "GHOST."

Banner of Light, March 22, 1873.

Notwithstanding every hypothesis except the right one has been mooted to elucidate the mystery of the physical manifestations occurring at the school-house in Newburyport, and notwithstanding the school-mistress has been set aside, and a *pious* man put in her place, still the whole matter is as far from solution today as when the raps were first noticed there. We mentioned in our last issue that raps were heard upon the school-house door by the school-master, when no person was present upon the outside of the building to make them, which statement was denied by him; but we here have a verification of it, which we copy from a late number of the *Boston Herald*:—

"The Newburyport Ghost is so far from being beaten that he has rallied his forces and carried the war into Africa, he having appeared the other day in a rehearsal of his most profane tricks right under the pious nose of a clerical member of the two-thirds committee who reported against his existence. The minister and his wife, who is said to possess 'mediumistic powers,' called at the school-house at the close of the session, and were perfectly astounded at the racket that burst on them from every part of the house. The gentleman confessed to a member of his church that he was 'as good as frightened,' but on being asked why he did n't come out and own up publicly that he was satisfied there was something in it, replied that, as he had been denouncing spiritualism from the pulpit and otherwise for years, he could not afford to go back on himself."

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD SPIRITUALIST.

I commenced in the year 1841 what was called mesmerism, first producing the mesmeric sleep sufficiently to shut off hearing all except the mesmerizer, and he had power to put the subject in communication with anyone he chose. When under the full mesmeric sleep the subject becomes insensible to feeling, as a limb could be amputated without experiencing the least pain, whereas the least sensation caused the mesmerizer is felt by the

subject immediately. The first time her finding powers was discovered was one day when my wife was getting her clothes ready for washing she missed a stocking. I at once threw my subject (a little girl about twelve years of age) into the trance, or sleep, and she immediately took me to the unfinished apartment, and pointed to a knot-hole in the boarding, and she said that a rat had carried it in there. I could not believe it, but she said I could hook it up as it lay on the sill. I took a piece of rattan, and tied on a pin, and bent it up as a hook, and to my surprise I hooked up the stocking. After that I found many things that were lost. I have mesmerized her and sent her to the post-office, a distance of a quarter of a mile or more, with closed eyes, and she would carry and bring my letters as well as though she were in the normal state. A gentleman in Marblehead took down all the pictures hanging in the room, and disarranged everything in it, and then invited the Unitarian minister, he being well acquainted with the house and room, but without informing him as to what he had done, in order that there could be no possibility of her reading the questioner's mind, and she described accurately the disordered state of the room, which Capt. Lindsey acknowledged to be correct.

A gentleman belonging in Lynn, I think his name was Alley, came to see if I would take my subject and go to his house, and see if anything could be done for his wife, as she had been suffering for years, and he had spent a thousand dollars with doctors and medicines, and she had grown steadily worse. I told him I would attend if he would pay the cost of a horse and sleigh to Lynn and back, the price being \$1.50, to which he readily assented. When I arrived at her house, the doctor (a regular M.D.) attending her was present, and desired to put the questions to her. To this I readily assented (as truth was what I was anxious to learn regardless as to where it might lead). I at once placed him in communication with her, and the doctor put all the questions he pleased without *reserve*, and after questioning sufficiently from the internal, he called her attention to the external, and she not only described the sores upon the back, but she described the color of the salve it was dressed with, and minutely the bandages, and the doctor said that although he dressed the sores yet he could not describe it better than she had.

Then the lady desired to know if she could get well, when assured that she could not be cured; then she desired to know how long she would live, assuring us that it would not alarm her in the least, and the medium told her that she could not live more than three weeks, and at the end of three weeks the lady died, thus proving to my mind that the clairvoyant could see things that we could not discern, though we had studied both medicine and theology.

The Hon. Frederick Robinson, then warden of the Charlestown State Prison of Massachusetts, came to Marblehead, and invited me to come to his father-in-law's house, to try some experiments with my subject, and invited to be present Capt. John Quiner, of Marblehead, to witness and test the powers of the medium (remember, this being done without pay of any kind). The proposition was to put pads of cotton on the eyes, and then bandage with a handkerchief. This being done satisfactorily, the question asked by Capt. Quiner, what time it was by his watch, she told correctly, when he observed that perhaps she may tell by the clock in the room. I then suggested that he should move the hands of his watch, which he did, and, after telling correctly five or six times, he observed that he thought she could read his mind, when I suggested that he could move the hands without looking, which he did, and she told the exact time, until he confessed that he could not account for it.

The next day he visited the club-room, in the old Bank Building, where the old sea captains daily assembled, and Capt. Quiner related what he had witnessed the night before, when Capt. Joshua Orne, a bright, intellectual gentleman, observed that his friend Quiner was becoming as foolish as Gregory was, for, says he to Quiner, how is it possible for a person to see without eyes; when Capt. Quiner remarked to Orne that if he, Orne, would explain to him, Quiner, how it was that a person could see with eyes, then he thought he could understand more than he ever did before, for he could not comprehend that.

Capt. Quiner was an unbeliever in all the theology of the day, and certainly one of the best reasoners in our ancient town, and he assured me long before he passed to spirit life that he did not disbelieve the spiritual philosophy, as he had many convincing tests. I once observed to him that I fully believed Paul when he

said that he had heard the spirit voice, for, said I, I have heard the voice as plainly as Paul ever did, when he remarked that he would believe my statement much quicker than he would what Paul said. The above took place previous to 1848.

Then came the Rochester knockings; and the question came up as to what constituted a spiritual medium, and this was the explanation: a person in the form possessing the mesmeric power sufficient to produce the mesmeric sleep is called a mesmerizer, whereas in case the person has passed to spirit life he then possesses the same power, and in case he uses it, it is denoted spiritualism, which is the difference between the one and the other.

We sat and helped develop Mr. Peter I. Ballard, of Marblehead, and he has made some wonderful cures, being controlled by Dr. Gall. Mr. Ballard is today one of the best mediums in the county of Essex. Many years ago a lady living in Philadelphia having been sick for years, and having spent about two thousand dollars to regular M. D.s and for medicine without any relief, was induced by a friend to apply to Dr. Ballard, and he examined and prescribed for her, and she began to improve, although at the time she was confined to her bed, but she grew better by degrees, the doctor continuing his examinations and forwarding his prescriptions, which the lady strictly complied with, and in a few months she regained her health and came to Marblehead, to see, as she expressed it, the wonderful man who had made such an astonishing cure, the parties having never been nearer than several hundred miles of each other. I listened attentively to her story, and can vouch for its correctness, astonishing as it may appear, for I heard the story of both parties.

An instance happened in town where Dr. Floto, of Salem, a regular M. D., had a patient named Chamberlin, who had lost her voice, and Dr. Floto told her that she might never recover it again, which so alarmed the lady that she called on Dr. Ballard by night, as she did not wish to be known. The doctor examined her and prescribed for her, assuring the lady that her voice would return to her, naming the day; and on the day named her voice came to her, and she has retained it ever since. This happened in my immediate neighborhood, and we know the parties well. A gentleman in Salem had a daughter about 22 years of age very sick. He had tried several doctors, and they gave her up

to die. A Mr. Pitman, belonging to Salem, urged him to try Ballard, but he spurned the idea, as he had no faith whatever in the spiritual; but Mr. Pitman said to him: "As she is given up by the doctors to die, why not try and save her?" and Mr. Pitman offered to pay the expense if he was not satisfied, and he consented; but the first, second, and even the fifth examination did not convince him, although Dr. Ballard assured him that he could cure her; and one day Mr. Pitman and the gentleman went to Marblehead to consult with the doctor, and he positively assured them that she was doing very well indeed, still the anxious father doubted the statement, but the doctor assured the father that such was the fact. After returning to Salem, he asked his wife, and she said not to her knowledge; he said, go and learn; and, to the surprise of the doting parents, they learned that it was true; and the young lady fully recovered, and I think she is living and enjoying good health today.

Dr. P. I. Ballard is a native of Marblehead, has one of the best wives in the commonwealth; he was a rope-maker by trade, has examined and prescribed to scores of people while in his factory at work spinning lines, and while the hemp or flax was secured around his waist, as rope-makers usually adjust the same. Thus hundreds have either been helped or permanently cured.

While sitting at the circle,—composed of Dr. Ballard and wife, Joseph R. Bassett, Esq., and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Orne, my wife and myself,—one night, an intelligence, purporting to be the spirit of Benj. Franklin came through Dr. Ballard, and my wife asked him if he was experimenting with electricity, to which he answered in the affirmative. She asked him if he could direct the lightning, to which he answered in the affirmative, when she replied that she would call upon him, Franklin, at the next thunder storm to direct the lightning; and a few days after a lady from Lynn was visiting at our house. After dinner a thunder storm arose, and we went to the sitting-room chamber, as the old-fashioned Franklin lightning-rod was on that end of the house; and the storm began to be terrific, when the lady said to my wife: "Do put up your work, Mrs. Gregory," and she at once placed her work on the mantel-shelf, and said: "Franklin, direct the lightning," and instantly the lightning struck on the straw carpet near my wife's feet, exploding, making a report equal to a smart mus-

ket, setting fire to the carpet and tearing one of my wife's boots to pieces, and making a hole through the sole of the other boot. The lightning showed its marks on the stove-legs, having passed down the lightning-rod part way, and, entering the chimney and knocking out the fire-board above, came through the stove down the leg, and passed out of the house on the gas pipe. My wife immediately caught a pitcher of water, first wetting out the fire, and then threw some water in our daughter's face, as she was screaming at the top of her voice. There were five of us in the room, viz., the lady from Lynn, Miss Howard, my wife, my daughter Emma, and myself; and hundreds that heard of it came to make inquiries and examine the torn boot, and none were more surprised than myself. At the next sitting the subject was brought up, and Franklin observed that he could take a tooth out without injuring her, but my wife has not had courage to request Franklin since to direct the lightning. I have the boot now; if anyone wishes to see it, he can.

In the year 1859 my son John sailed from Halifax, N. S., in the ship *Peerless*, loaded with deals, bound to Liverpool. The third day out the tiller broke, followed by the ship springing a leak; and after remaining at the pumps night and day for several successive days, the water still gaining on them, and the ship settling fast, they were obliged to send down top-gallant masts and yards, and house everything that would tend to make the ship top heavy, lest she should turn over. The anchors and chains were let go to the bottom of the ocean, and everything that tended to keep down the ship; the sea most of the time making a breach over her, and while in this situation I had been to Boston several times, and called in the Exchange Building to see if there was any news of the ship, there being one reported about half seas over abandoned, and I felt in hopes that this might be the ship, as there was a hope that all hands might be saved; but the next week my brother and I went to Boston, and on going to the Exchange for news we learned that a new ship, about eleven hundred tons, loaded with deals, had gone ashore in the English Channel, and to pieces, and all hands lost; and mark my feelings when my brother observed that he thought that was the ship, and that was the last of my son. I felt an indescribable

sorrow at the thought of my precious boy, a lad nearly twenty years of age, being lost. He was second mate of the ship.

The following Sunday evening we had a medium lecture in Lyceum Hall, and I attended the lecture. After returning home, no one but my wife, my daughter, and myself in the room, my wife observed that, if there is any comfort in spiritualism, why can't we receive it at this time? I replied that you could force nothing, but that the manifestations came of their own accord, when presently I heard a voice plain and distinct saying: "Father, I am well," in a ringing tone,—the voice of my son John, unmistakably. I immediately asked my wife if she heard the voice, but she said that she heard nothing. I then told her what the voice of our son John had said to me, and she immediately requested me to listen for more, when the voice said: "You shall hear from me next Tuesday;" it then continued that in about three weeks I should hear from him directly, naming the day. I inquired what spirit brought the message, and it informed us that it was the spirit of my wife's father, who was also a sea-faring man, and commanded his vessel. On the Tuesday above-named we heard through the owners that the ship had arrived at St. Thomas, one of the West India Islands, all hands well. The long-looked-for day arrived, but no news by the morning mail, and no news by the afternoon mail. When my wife asked me what I thought of it, I replied: "It appears to be a failure, but that is what the voice said, I am certain." Just at dusk the door-bell rang, and my wife, not feeling very well, sent Emma to the door. A gentleman asked Emma if John H. Gregory was her brother, to which she replied in the affirmative, when he handed her a letter, saying: "I promised your brother John that I would take it to his father's house in Marblehead." The gentleman left, and Emma took the letter to her mother, who soon devoured the contents, and then began to wonder where it came from. I was immediately sent for, and found that the letter was from my son John, and dated St. Thomas, one of the West India Islands.

The gentleman that brought the letter to my house came in a cab, and through the cab-driver I ascertained that the gentleman was to take the first train in the morning (I have now forgotten his name). I intercepted him, and learned that he was captain of a vessel, and was in St. Thomas when the ship arrived.

He went on board, my son wrote the letter, and he promised my son to deliver the same at my house in Marblehead. The captain stated to my son that as soon as he arrived in Gloucester he should leave for Marblehead, as he had relatives there, and should go at once to see them. Sailors above all other men in creation take pride in helping each other and doing a kindness towards all who need it; therefore, with all their faults, I consider them among the best of God's creatures. How wonderful this all seemed to me, and the relief I felt when I heard that voice; no language can describe the joys I received, for which I thank God and the good spirits.

Now came the after part, which is, at least, as wonderful as the first part. When my son came home, he brought the steward with him, named Harris; and while my wife was waiting on them at the tea-table, he began to tell his mother that on one Sunday evening, during their darkest hours, he had a communication with father through the spirit of her father, who brought the message saying: "Father, I am well;" and John added: "I know father heard the message, as the spirit of your father assured me;" and Mr. Harris stated that John told him that he had communicated with his father that Sunday evening, and repeated the words he had said to his father. The spirit that brought the message was on board the ship, and was seen every day by John and several others during their perilous situation, which lasted forty-two days in mid winter; and they were obliged to keep her before the wind all the time, as she was nearly level with the water, the deals, which is lumber, buoying her up. The ship was running last year. My son is engaged in business, assistant agent at the Norfolk and Baltimore line of steamers in Providence, R. I., and his house is No. 12 Ann St., where he may be seen at any time, if any should question the statement.

A company of us used to meet around at each of our houses for mutual benefit, and test everything that presented itself in connection with spiritualism; and we had some strong demonstrations at the house of Joseph R. Bassett, Esq., such as music of four or five different pieces, accompanied with the raps very loud, Mrs. Lefavour being the medium. Mrs. Bassett developed as a seeing medium, and has given some of the most reliable tests on record. Dr. Ballard and his wife attended the circles regularly,

also Mr. and Mrs. Orne. At Mr. Orne's house we have witnessed the spirit lights, also the table rising a foot and a half from the floor with a man sitting on it, and I tried to press it down to the floor, but could not, although I weighed upwards of two hundreds pounds. Many other demonstrations took place, all being done without money or price, and many friends were invited in to see the phenomena.

I have witnessed a piano, with a lady playing on it, lifted independently, and keeping time with the music. She then requested that a half dozen of the heaviest gentlemen in the room should be seated on the piano, and six of us took our seats on the top of the piano. No one on the instrument weighed less than two hundred pounds. Over a half ton weight was seated on the piano, and the instrument was lifted with as much ease as though there had not been placed on it the weight of a feather. The lady then requested the spirits to hold the piano down, so that parties present could not lift it; to which they, the spirits, assented, and gentlemen were requested to lift the end of the piano; and after a half dozen stalwart men had tried unsuccessfully, a stout, chubby fellow backed up to the end of the instrument, and, stooping a little, then straightened up, and raised the instrument about two inches from the floor. Being a very hard lift, people will naturally doubt such statements, still this was done in a well-lighted room, and more than twenty persons witnessed the performance.

Allow me to digress a little to speak of my war record. I was in command of different gunboats during the war of the rebellion, having enlisted Oct. 3, 1861, and assigned to the command of the U. S. steamer *Western World*, and sailed from New York for Port Royal, at Doby Sound, Georgia. We had one of the worst mutinies that occurred during the war, having nearly a hundred officers and men bidding defiance to me; and had it not been for spirit assistance I think I should not have been able to quell such a defiant set of desperadoes without shedding blood; but, thank God, we conquered them, and placed my executive officer in confinement (he being the main cause of the difficulty), had him tried before a court-martial in Boston, and condemned on all three counts, and sentenced to the State Prison with hard labor, — thus much for mutiny on shipboard.

While lying in Doby Sound, Georgia, we had a colored regi-

ment there to do guard duty, and I was in the habit of addressing them on Sundays, there being on the island about a hundred contrabands. A squad of rebels came from the main land in a boat, for the purpose of destroying the contrabands. As soon as we discovered their presence, we mustered a force of our crews and the colored people, and pursued them about three miles in a hot sun, the mercury standing at 105° in the shade. We discovered them in a house setting well back in a field, rushed upon them, but they retreated from the back part of the house into a thick woods, where we could not pursue them to any advantage. We captured their supper, tents, and all of their provisions, and burned the house, and encamped near by till the next day, when we returned to our ship. Before night the colored company fell in with them, and had a skirmish, when the rebels killed the captain of the colored company. The next Sunday morning as I landed from my gig an old gentleman met me, and requested me to preach a funeral sermon on the death of his son. Said I: "Who is your son?" and he replied: "You knew him; his name was John Brown, the captain of the colored company." I replied: "Oh, yes, I knew him well, and I will preach a funeral sermon on the death of your son." I then began to think what I could say, never having any experience in that direction. The house was filled to overflowing, and I read the 15th chapter of Corinthians, which treats on the resurrection, and I plainly remember the closing words of my address. I asked: "Who is John Brown? One of the first to run from slavery and join the Union forces; and, in consideration of his ability, he was selected as the best person to command the colored company, and one of the first to offer himself a martyr to the cause of liberty and the Union; and if the historian does his duty, he will dip his pen in the lightnings of the heavens, and engrave his name on the page of his country's history, in characters of living light; and that name shall be conspicuous on that page when the names of Napoleon and Wellington have passed into oblivion. And, now, my weeping friends, dry up your tears, as undoubtedly the Judge of the earth has, ere this, greeted him with this annunciation: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'" And then I had to shake hands with every darkey present, which

made my arm ache. After arriving in Boston, and having the vessel thoroughly repaired, we were ordered to Newport News to report to Rear Admiral S. P. Lee. We were sent around Cape Hatteras more than thirty times, and we got caught there in the August gale, which was unusually severe, and the United States brig Bainbridge foundered that night with a hundred souls on board, and only one was saved; had it been by day she would probably have been in sight of us. Our ship labored hard, the sea making a breach over her; we had to batten down the hatches to prevent her sinking; she then sprung a leak, the guards started, and our situation was perilous indeed. Had it not been for our steam pump we must have foundered; but, thank God, we escaped, the ship being so much injured that we were ordered to Washington for repairs. I then had a furlough of twenty-one days granted me, and I returned home to Marblehead. On the second day my wife and I went to Boston to spend a few days with our friend I. R. Bassett, Esq., and his estimable wife. Mr. Charles Foster, of Salem, the great medium, was at Mr. Bassett's, and on the morning of the third day, about 7 o'clock, he gave a twitch, and said that I was to be detached from my ship, and ordered to the command of another ship at once. I said: "Charles, I do not believe one word of it, as I have a furlough from the Secretary of the Navy for twenty-one days, and this is only the fourth day. He answered: "I am sure it is true, as I am never mistaken when I receive it so strong as that was." And, sure enough, my detachment was written that morning, relieving me from the command of the *Western World*, and ordering me to report to Admiral Paulding, of New York, for the command of the U. S. brig Perry, which sailed from Boston, bound to Port Royal. The crew while off Hatteras mutinied, and compelled Capt. Uran to put back to New York, and I was ordered to her, because I had managed one mutinous crew on board the *Western World*. The Secretary selected me to manage the mutinous officers and crew of the Perry.

Capt. Uran went on board with me to deliver up the ship; and I was allowed to take with me one of my old officers of the *Western World* to go with me in the Perry. All hands were called to quarters, and I addressed the officers and men as having a bad record, but I assured them that I should receive them as

though nothing of the kind had been reported about them, and that they would find me one of the most congenial souls they ever sailed with, provided they would all do their duty. They would live in heaven with me, if they did their duty, but, if they refused duty, then hell they would get, even though I remained in hell with them.

As I knew the men were determined to run away the first chance they could get, therefore I was obliged to sail at once in order to hold them on board. We were ordered to Port Royal, made a good passage there, and on the day of our arrival nine of the crew wished to go on shore at Hilton Head. I asked them: "How long do you wish to be gone?" "About four hours" was the reply. I asked: "Will you come back sober?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. I had a cutter called away, and they went on shore. Now, let us see if there is honor in a once-mutinous crew. I was not afraid to trust them, and I found them as good as their word. In four hours the quarter-master reported the boat returning, and they were all right, when a chum of theirs said to them: "I thought you were determined to run away the first chance you could get;" when they replied: "We did mean to, but now we like the old man so well that we would not be driven away." And all this is in good management, accompanied with a mesmeric force, and a corresponding feeling of humanity, which is a thousand times more potent than either the lash or harsh language, and I must confess that they were the best officers and crew that I was shipmate with during the war, having commanded five different war vessels during the rebellion, and was on nearly every station from Washington to Florida. The war ended, and I purchased a farm of ninety-four acres in Hamilton, Mass., but soon found that I was so lame that I could not attend to the farm duties, and sold and built me a house near the depot, where I now reside.

My sons, living in Providence, R. I., had been to Mrs. Ross's seances, and our daughter Emma came to John and brought him a bouquet of flowers, gave her name, and requested my wife and myself to come to the seance, and she would manifest herself to us. We went, and then I first saw a fully-materialized spiritual form. Our daughter came to us, and we were delighted to meet her, though she had been in spirit life forty-two years, and had

grown up to womanhood. She gave her name, and I hugged and kissed her, and she seemed as real as anyone in earth life. Her mother requested her to bring her little sister, which she did at once, and we all kissed them, and in two seconds they were gone, and there stood the Hon. Frederick Robinson, as natural as I ever beheld him in my life. I said: "My old friend, how glad I am to see you," and I shook hands with him as heartily as I ever did in my life, and he had not been dead, so called, ten days. I had been intimately acquainted with him upwards of fifty years. Could I have been mistaken? Impossible. I am as sure of the fact as I am of my physical existence.

I was personally acquainted with Gen. Burnside, and I have seen him on two occasions at Mrs. Ross's seances, dressed in full uniform, and I believe that as he is so well known he will be the means of convincing thousands of the glorious truths of our spiritual philosophy, which is more precious and desirable than gold, or silver, or diamonds, or anything else that can be named under the sun. This is my estimate of the spiritual philosophy.

I had heard a great deal about its being the medium that counterfeited all that had purported to be spiritual. The account that Dr. Storer gave a few years ago stated that the medium, although fastened to the chair and floor, when he looked into the cabinet was ascertained to be dissolved; and, therefore, I was rather skeptical as to whether the medium and the spirit could be seen together at the same time; and at the seance of Mrs. Ross, near the close, the spirit controlling said she thought she should bring out the medium, and I remarked that we should be delighted to see them both together; and to our delight and astonishment they both walked out of the cabinet, and they shook hands with every person in the room, leaving no reasonable doubt as to both spirit and medium. I have seen at her circles three and four spirits at a time,—men, women, and children that had passed to spirit life.

I have also seen about the same things at Mrs. Pickering's, Boston; my daughter came to me there, and I recognized her. I also saw others that I knew. I have also seen at Mrs. Fay's, No. 14 Dover St., Boston, some very remarkable phenomena at her seances, equal to any that I have ever witnessed. My daughter came to me, making a splendid appearance; she affectionately kissed me, and I put my arm around her waist, and she appeared

like any living person, her breath and body being warm. I introduced her to a friend of mine, and she shook hands with him. She then went to the cabinet and brought me a rose with a long stem, having seven or eight leaves on it; it was so fragrant that I marveled. She also brought by request one for each of my friends. I have also witnessed with my friend, Joseph R. Bassett, Esq., his daughter Eva come out of the cabinet with hands extended, and run to her sister-in-law saying: "Jenny! Jenny!" and hugging and kissing each other affectionately, and Jenny declared that that was Eva if she ever saw her in her life. She then came to her mother affectionately, and related to her a secret known only between her mother and herself. She then paid her respects to Mr. Bassett, to my wife, and myself.

I have seen spirits materialize and dematerialize in front of the cabinet so clearly that there was no room for doubt, and I am sensible that the development is to be so far perfected, before many years, that all can have the privilege of recognizing their friends; also that murder will no longer cloak itself in mystery, but the spirits will reveal the names, with all the particulars, so clearly and unmistakably that all secrets, whether murder, arson, or theft, will be made known, so that such crimes will diminish to a very small percentage. May the light of this nineteenth century be sufficiently powerful to destroy all error, and its brilliancy so illumine our souls that both male and female may be induced to forsake the paths of vice and folly, and be led by the unerring law of wisdom to practice the better laws of virtue, truth, equality, and justice, which will elevate humanity to a more God-like condition; and that harmony, peace, and joy unspeakable may reign triumphant throughout the habitable globe.

SAMUEL B. GREGORY,
Hamilton, Mass.

CLAIRVOYANT VISIONS.

The phenomena which I am about to relate occurred through the mediumship of Miss Adela E. Lamb, of West Randolph, Vt., a young lady about eighteen or twenty years of age, possessing most marvelous clairvoyant sight, as well as other spiritual gifts.

She came to my house not only a perfect stranger to myself

but to all others in the city of Auburn, and the circumstances of her coming were very peculiar; but her marvelous gifts were such that she did not remain long in any home before she became acquainted with all the friends, whether they were in the spirit life or material body, whether they were distant or present; her clairvoyant vision penetrated the veil of the unseen realm as readily as the mortal. She communicated with the dead through her clairaudient powers as readily as with the living, giving innumerable tests proving the fact.

One day, while looking at my daughter's picture, she said: "This young lady is in the spirit world; she passed away in this house; she is here now, and says to you: 'I have come back home, mother;' but you are not her mother, are you?" It was true, I was not her mother. My husband had two children when I was married to him,—a daughter and son,—they have both passed on to dwell with their mother in spirit life.

This mother came to me through the mediumship of a stranger some fourteen years ago, giving me such tests that I can never doubt the truth of spirit return. She called both her children by name, and told me the daughter would live to be about her age (which proved to be true).

Miss Lamb told the age of this daughter, and the month in which she passed away, the room in which she was laid out, all about her sickness, the place she was buried, and many other things I need not mention.

Before coming to Auburn, Miss Lamb says she was told by the spirits that she was soon going where there was a mocking bird, and that she could see one standing before her nearly all the time. When she met me, she said: "You are acquainted with some one who owns a mocking-bird, are you not?" I told her I was. She said: "I knew you were, because I saw it alight on your head." She said she must go to the place where this bird was owned, and wished me to go with her. I promised I would do so on the following day. She also stated that this bird was now in a cage that had previously been occupied by another bird. I then thought she was mistaken, but afterward, on going to the place, learned she was right. Miss Lamb requested my daughter to sing the "Mocking-Bird." She did so, and while she was singing Miss Lamb said to me: "I follow clairvoyantly this bird

to the place that it was brought from. I see a grave, and some one is buried there who was, oh, so very sick, and who gives me at this time such a bad headache that I shall be obliged to go and bathe it."

The bird which she had described is owned by my brother-in-law, who resides on ——— St., Auburn, N. Y. It was presented to him by Mr. B. Milk and wife, who had formerly owned the house in which he resides; they removed to Florida in hope of restoring broken health. The year of the centennial they came north, bringing with them this bird. Upon returning to their house in Florida, Mrs. M. was taken sick with yellow fever, and died, and was buried in Florida, where "the mocking-bird is singing over her grave." Before going to Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Milk adopted a little girl by the name of Fanny Grant. They had her christened in St. Peter's Church, naming her Jessie Milk. Miss Lamb described this little girl, giving both her names. Who shall say that the spirit of Mrs. Milk was not prompting this medium all this time, that Miss Lamb did not feel the earthly conditions surrounding Mrs. Milk before death, and partake of her sufferings while struggling with the dreadful disease with which she died. I have no doubt in my own mind but such was the case. The next day, when about to start on our visit to the house of my brother-in-law, the owner of the mocking-bird, Miss Lamb, requested the privilege of leading the way, in order to prove to us that she had really seen the place and knew the way. She went as directly from street to street as though she had always been familiar with the route, turning in at the gate when she reached the right place. She then went fully under the control of Mrs. Milk, who said to me: "I feel now as if I had got home, and I wish to reach my son. I wish you to send for my brother and sister, too." We did as she requested. She remained entranced by Mrs. Milk all the time she was in the house, giving many tests to those who were present.

In describing Mr. Milk and his surroundings, Miss Lamb said she could not account for seeing so many window-blinds; she said they were piled clear up to the ceiling.

I could easily solve that mystery, as Mr. M. was in the sash and blind business before going from Auburn, of the firm of Milk & Guion.

These little incidents may interest me more than others, because I am so sure she did not know of these things only as the spirits told her. She prophesied of many things which have since occurred, and has proved herself to be a most remarkable medium.

MRS. JULIA M. GRANT.

71 Washington Street, Auburn, N. Y.

LEVITATION BY SPIRIT POWER.

To the Editor of *Facts*:

Dear Sir,—Complying with your request that I should furnish some of my personal experiences in spiritual phenomena for the *Facts* magazine, I will now briefly relate a few incidents out of the many which have transpired at different periods of my life, commencing in early childhood.

The power of spirits to control material things, and influence mortals, so great a mystery to many, is perfectly familiar to me, and the knowledge of such demonstrations is as fixed and clear in my mind as the noon-day sun. When quite a small child, I have sometimes been sitting quietly in a chair, when suddenly I would be moved across the room, then gently lifted and suspended in the air.

I remember that I was conscious of a presence that held me up; but to mortal sight I was simply superceding the laws of gravitation to a frightful extent, and a deep mystery shrouded the real cause.

Sometimes different articles moved about the room in my presence without any visible cause. Pieces of furniture would dance around the room as if they were alive. These strange freaks sometimes frightened me, and annoyed my friends, who at that time could ascribe no other cause for them than that some evil or demoniacal power infested me.

I could hear spirit voices in conversation with each other, and my own name spoken by them as distinctly and audibly as if spoken by mortals. As time passed on, strange prophetic scenes would pass before my vision like a panorama, which I sometimes described as they were given me. To the astonishment of my hearers they were invariably verified.

Sometimes when at school a strange feeling would steal over me, and I would find myself unable to speak and powerless to control my body. It was supposed by the teachers and scholars that I had fainted, but such was not the case, as I was perfectly conscious, and I now know it was the spirit power upon me.

I remember a strange incident that happened while I was at the academy in West Townsend, Mass., when I was about twelve years of age. A young lady, by the name of Clara Angell, who resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., attended this school. One day I was impelled to relate a vision which had been given me for her. I commenced by saying: "Clara, your mother is dead." "My mother dead!" she exclaimed; "I guess not; I had a letter from home this morning, and all were well." "I can't help it," I replied; "your mother is surely dead. I had a vision of her; she was going down the stairs at night with a lamp in her hand; I saw her catch her foot in a loosened stair-rod and fall to the bottom; her clothing caught fire from the lamp, and she died in three hours from that time from the effect of the burns." "Oh, you foolish little thing," she said angrily but tremblingly; "it is all nonsense, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for frightening me this way." She then turned and left me impatiently. My vision proved too true; a telegram soon came announcing her mother's death, and bidding her go home. Further inquiries proved my statements correct in every particular.

I was then requested by the principal of the school, Rev. Mr. Brown, a Baptist minister, not to mention anything I might hereafter see, as it caused so much excitement, and would do no good. He said he would pray earnestly that I might be dispossessed of the evil power that portrayed such dreadful scenes before me. I promised to comply with his wishes and did so, although it cost me many a mental struggle to conceal the knowledge that was daily being revealed to me through these strange pictures.

After graduating and leaving school, I was prostrated by severe illness, and reduced in weight from 135 to 95 pounds; while convalescing and in a weakened condition these invisible forces were very useful to me. If I desired to change my place to another chair or sofa, the moment I so willed I was seemingly floated to the spot without any physical effort. When I grew stronger I

was taken down stairs and into the garden in the same manner, my feet never touching the ground. These phenomena were witnessed by friends and neighbors, who declared that I was completely under the control of the Evil One.

Soon after this I passed through an experience which I can never recall without a shudder. I passed into a cataleptic state, and was supposed to be dead; I was prepared for burial, being all the time perfectly conscious, but could not manifest it, and should have been buried alive had not the kiss of a relative, at the close of the services, given me the will-power to rise, and prove that I was still alive. After that time I was more than ever determined to be delivered from this supposed demoniacal influence, which I was told would eventually destroy both my body and soul. I besought Christian friends to pray earnestly that I might be released from this power; but all prayers were unavailing, as the manifestations daily increased, and I could see those whom the world called dead; I could view the pleasant gardens and beautiful homes of the summer-land; I could hear the sweet music and language of its inhabitants. Around me seemed to gather a group or band of spirits, who tried to give me strength and comfort, and yet I was an unbeliever in spiritualism, and when told that I was a medium, and it was spirits of those who had once existed in earthly forms that were controlling me, I denounced it and said: "It is the work of Satan." Such was the influence of early education, and not until the year 1882 did I become fully convinced of spirit return.

After that time I was fully satisfied of the nature of these manifestations, and received many and undoubted evidences that they were from the spirits of those whom we had supposed dead. At one time I was visiting a sister who resided in the city of Boston. She told me she had lost an ear-ring, and giving me the odd one said: "If your spirit friends can find the mate to it, you can have it." I carried the one she gave me to my home, some forty miles distant in the country, and placed it in a small box, requesting my invisible friends to search for the lost ear-ring and bring it to me if they succeeded in finding it. A few days later, on opening the box, both ear-rings were lying side by side. I have no doubt that they were placed there by spirit power.

Later, a friend of mine, residing in Dorchester, agreed with me

to try an experiment with this power. She placed an article of clothing in a drawer, then, locking it securely, asked the spirits to take it to me. In just ten minutes the article was transferred to a drawer in a bureau at my house,—we each noted the time as agreed upon when the experiment was suggested.

I might relate many other marvelous things that have occurred just as mysteriously as those already given.

Should any of my readers share my old-time belief, that these things are of the Evil One, they will, at least, agree with me that this so-called devil, which so tenderly cared for me when I was weak and helpless, lifting and carrying me about more gently than human hands possibly could do, and who has so kindly interested himself generally in my affairs, has, to say the least, proved himself to be a very kind and considerate friend. Let us hope the time is not far distant when all shall know of the truths of spiritualism, and attribute them to the right source.

MARY L. FRENCH,
Secy. West Groton Liberal Association.

MATERIALIZATIONS AT A SEANCE OF MRS. ROSS.

On the evening of Nov. 18, 1882, I was present with my wife at one of Mrs. Ross's seances, at No. 172 South Main St., Providence, R. I. During the evening we were called up to the cabinet. My father stood in the opening with two of my little boys; one told us his name and the name of the other. While standing there I placed in the palm of my father's hand an old-fashioned seal ring he wore in earth life, requesting him to take it away with him; he nodded his head, seemed much pleased (for I could see his face light up, and his eyes shine), and the three disappeared. After the seance we examined the surroundings, but could find no ring. The next Thursday afternoon my wife went alone. My father came again, and handed her the same ring, which I now have. We have been present at a seance at the same place when seven different forms have come for us during the evening,—males, females, and little children, and an infant in its mother's arms. To me, such scenes prove beyond all doubt that we do live after our so-called death.

Providence, R. I., No. 108 Brook St.

FRANK A. PARMELEE.

MATERIALIZED SPIRIT REQUESTED HER HUSBAND TO WEAR HER RING.

About thirty-four years ago, two years previous to our marriage, I gave my intended wife a gold ring; upon the inside was engraved the initials of my name. This ring she constantly wore until her decease, which was twenty-six years afterwards.

When the body was being prepared for its final resting place, some one took the ring from off her finger and gave it to one of my children. The thought of this ring had not entered my mind for years, until one evening I attended one of Mrs. Maud E. Lord's circles, about two years after the death of my wife. I think there were about twenty-two persons in the circle, all quite harmonious, and honest seekers after truth, and especially anxious to hear from those beyond the veil.

While friend was greeting friend, mortal with immortal, my wife came to me, touched my hand, and said: "Dear husband, do you remember the ring you gave me before we were married?" I answered: "Yes." And then she said: "I wish you would get it, and keep it in remembrance of me." I replied: "I do not know where it may be found," as I supposed it was buried with the body. "No," said she, "one of the children has the ring." (This conversation on the part of my wife was quite audible, and heard by most of the circle.) The day following I sent a letter to my eldest daughter, then living in Lowell, asking her for knowledge regarding this ring. In reply she said: "Edgar has the ring." At that time he was living in New York city. I sent a letter to him also, and he answered saying he had the ring, and would bring it when he came to Boston, which he soon did.

I think this wonderful communication regarding an object which I supposed was under the sod cannot be accounted for upon the theory of mind-reading.

JOHN N. EAMES.

389 Main Street, Charlestown District.

PSYCHOMETRIC TESTS.

At 36 Hanson Street, in this city, on the evening of April 16th, Mrs. S. B. Fales, of Cambridgeport, held a test circle and gave

psychometric readings to a large and intelligent audience. A gentleman came in and took a seat near the platform; he was not only a stranger to all present, but also to the spirit philosophy. It very soon became evident, however, that the spirits knew him, for, through Mrs. Fales, they told him of his past life from childhood's hour, and then passed on to coming events, giving him strong words of hope and encouragement. He seemed almost dumbfounded, but, hastily drawing a small book from his pocket, tore a fly-leaf from it, and requested Mrs. Fales to read the question that he had written before coming into the room. The question was: "For God's sake, shall I ever get out of this hell?" A spirit purporting to be his father, whom he recognized by the description and name given by Mrs. F., had answered the question, besides giving him good advice, even before anyone present knew that any question had been asked.

While this talk had been going on numerous articles had been laid on the table, by different persons, to procure readings from. Mrs. F. took up a small parcel, saying: "I will read this first, as the lady who laid it here lives out of town, and feels in a hurry to leave." She then read as follows, viz.: "This hair does not belong to the lady, it is from a man's head. I think he is her brother. He is very sick at this time, and by the surroundings I should say he is in New Orleans. His brother, who is bending over him, administering to his wants, is feeling very anxious about his business here in Boston, that he left so abruptly when he got word that his brother was worse. They think he will not live the night out, but we are sure he will. Your mother's spirit is hovering around the bed, and it seems that she will give him strength to pull through. You will have a letter in a few days that will confirm what I tell you." Mrs. F. gave the mother's name, described her personal appearance, as well as some other spirit friends, all of which was acknowledged to be perfectly correct. The lady was a stranger to everyone present, and left as soon as the medium ceased speaking to her, as she did live out of town, and felt in a hurry to go to reach a certain train. Several days after this same lady called at Mrs. Fales's house, and showed a letter she had just received from her brother in New Orleans, containing the very statements that Mrs. F. said it would.

In conversation with the gentleman who received the first read-

ing that evening, he informed me that he came there a skeptic and an infidel, but he should go away a converted man. Tears glistened in his eyes, and deep feeling manifested itself in his voice, so that no one doubted his sincerity.

EMILY JUDSON PIKE.

53 Dwight Street, Boston, May 11, 1883.

SEALED LETTER ANSWERED BY A SPIRIT.

On October 6, 1879, I addressed a letter to a brother of mine who passed away while insane at Danvers, on August 18th, the same year, containing among others the following questions:—

1. Is it true that you still live?
2. Did you know me the last time I saw you at the hospital?
3. Were you present when I had the interview with Arthur Hodges?
4. Were you acquainted with Hodges?
5. Did you at some time receive a severe blow upon the head, or a sudden shock, by a fall or otherwise, to your nervous system, which had the effect of causing you eventually to become insane?
6. Is there any word you wish to send to mother or Tilda (his sister); or any of the boys at the office?
7. Can you tell what became of the sketch of a female head which I sent up in the little bag, but which was not returned to me?

These questions were written on a sheet of letter paper, then folded up small, and enclosed in six different coverings of paper, gummed with mucilage, and dried separately over a steam radiator in the office where I am employed; and outside of all was another envelope of brown paper, also thoroughly gummed and dried, and then tied with twine twice lengthwise and twice crosswise, and sealed with sealing wax at every place where the twine crossed,—eight seals in all. The package thus prepared was sent by mail to Dr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York city, a man whom I never saw, on the morning of October 9th. Three days after mailing the same to him the package was returned to me by

mail, the seals unbroken. I had to use a knife to get the coverings off the paper on which the questions were written. I opened it in the presence of my wife and my mother, and they were both satisfied that the package had not previously been opened. Accompanying the same was a paper containing answers to the questions in the order in which they were asked, and signed with my brother's full name, as follows:—

1. Dear brother Ed, I do still live.
2. I did know you when I last looked upon you at the hospital.
3. I was with you and Arthur at 53 Dover St.
4. I was so.
5. I did so in my fall; the injury was sustained by the fall. After the fall I saw men walking on their heads, trees' roots upward; but I am all right now.
6. Tell mother and Tilda not to worry about Charley now; the battle of life is over with me, *i.e.*, in the body.
7. I could not say what became of the sketch, perhaps I may find it by-and-bye.

The communication winds up with the following, which, considering the fact that at the time I wrote the questions I was an infidel, is certainly singular; the answer closed as follows:—

“Away, away with your infidel notions; there is a God in Israel. You and I live, and shall continue to do so with Him who created all things. Be honest and speak your feelings without reserve. Love to mother and Tilda, and much to yourself, my own dear brother. (Signed) CHAS. WM. HUNT.

If anyone will explain to me how the above answers were obtained, without admitting the claim of direct spiritual influence, I should be pleased to have them do so. Under the spiritual hypothesis the explanation is clear. Upon *no other theory* can it be accounted for, at least such is my conclusion.

J. EDWIN HUNT.

A WONDERFUL MATERIALIZATION SEANCE.

From the *Voice of Angels*, May 15, 1883.

On the evening of Monday, April 9th, we attended a seance for form manifestations, at the residence of Mrs. Andrew Bigelow, No. 3 Hancock Street, Boston. The party present consisted of Mrs. Bigelow, Judge John S. Ladd, of Boston, Mr. Joseph Kin-

sey, and Mr. James Gordon, of Cincinnati, and some six or seven other ladies and gentlemen, including Mr. Robert J. Hull, the husband of the medium for the evening. A cambric curtain, suspended between the folding doors of the two parlors, effectually excluded the light from the rear apartment, which was thus turned into a cabinet, or work-shop, for the operating spirits, in which Mrs. Hull, the medium, reclined upon a sofa in a condition of entrancement during the entire evening.

Harmony having been produced by the singing of appropriate songs by the sitters, the spirits began rapidly to appear in great beauty, and many of them displaying considerable power and strength. About fourteen materialized forms presented themselves on this occasion, most of whom were fully recognized by their friends in the circle. A lovely form, clothed in shining white garments, came to Mr. Gordon, claiming recognition as a dear friend of his early years. This beautiful spirit manipulated the head and shoulders of Mr. G., who was at the time suffering from the effects of a recent illness, thus imparting magnetic strength to his system. The spirit was identified by her friend, and was evidently much gratified by the recognition. Subsequently, another beautiful female form appeared to the same gentleman, and was recognized by him as (we think) the sister of the first spirit. This form was clothed somewhat similar to the other, save that the entire skirt of her robe, which was composed of fine illusion, was covered with large, red figures which appeared to us to be in the form of roses.

We must here state that the light (emitted from a shaded gas globe) during the entire evening was of a good quality, and sufficiently bright for the sitters to plainly recognize any object or person in the room.

Our Cincinnati friend, Mr. Joseph Kinsey, received visits from his spirit brother, Oliver, and also his mother, who came plain and strong, manifesting their presence with unmistakable clearness to his vision. The appearance of these spirits was especially gratifying to the son and brother, as they had promised, through another medium, on the morning of the same day, that they would be with him in the evening and make their presence known.

The spirit guide of a gentleman present (Mr. Walter O'Hara)

manifested with great clearness, and in a beautiful manner, to her friend. This radiant form brought with her a most delicious perfume, which disappeared as she retired from our presence.

We had almost forgotten to state that the spirit sister of Mr. Kinsey, who was at once fully recognized by her brother, appeared in the early part of the evening, and, by his request, after manipulating a portion of her long, fair hair, to give it permanency, snipped a small lock from the luxurious tresses — scissors having been handed her for the purpose — and presented it to her brother, who accepted it as a precious gift. One of the strongest manifestations of the evening was produced by a beautiful young lady spirit by the name of Juliet Mansfield, who appeared to her mother in an unmistakable manner, whispering messages of truth, and caressing her parent in the most affectionate way. A block of paper and pencil being provided, this lovely spirit wrote a message to her friends, signing her name at the end.

In an account of a former seance held with Mrs. Hull, which we published in our columns some months since, mention was made of the appearance of Miss Mansfield, who came to her aunt (Mrs. Kinsey) in the most convincing manner. At that time the spirit, who had recently passed away, walked to a sofa in the seance room, and placed herself upon it in a particular attitude, such as she was wont to assume during the latter portion of her earthly life. Upon *this* occasion it was suggested that the spirit assume the same position upon the sofa as at the previous seance, that Mrs. Mansfield, who was not present at the preceding circle, might judge of the similarity of the attitude with that habitual to her daughter in earthly life. This feat was accomplished with much success, to the satisfaction of the mother and her friends. This spirit also culled a number of sweet flowers from a basket upon a table in the far end of the room, and, arranging the lovely blossoms into a small bouquet, presented them to her mother as a token of love.

Mrs. Bigelow, the hostess of the evening, had the pleasure of receiving a visit from a beloved spirit son, who whispered words of comfort and affection to his mother in the most natural and endearing manner.

A swarthy-looking spirit, in long robes, crowned with a turban of snowy fabric, and wearing a strange-looking, metallic signet

upon his breast, beckoned Judge Ladd to the curtain; but, although the venerable gentleman recognized the form as one he had before seen, yet he was unable to identify this spirit, who was evidently an Oriental of some consequence. On the day following, Judge Ladd, while in conversation with a friend, became impressed that the spirit who had appeared to him on the previous evening was Rahmohun Roy, an ancient Egyptian who had before manifested at one of Mrs. Hull's seances; upon mentioning which, the friend produced a picture of Rahmohun Roy, taken from life, which he had in his possession, which the Judge instantly recognized by dress, general appearance, feature, and expression as the precise counterpart of the spirit who had favored him with a visit but a few hours earlier.

A special feature of the evening's manifestations occurred as follows: let it be remembered that the medium lay entranced upon a sofa in the back parlor, and that she was clothed in a dress of black silk. Many of the spirits who appeared lifted the curtain, that the medium and the manifesting spirit might be seen at the same time. One spirit, that of a young lady unknown to any of the sitters, appeared clothed in what seemed to be a garment of crimson silk, made in a most peculiar manner, somewhat after the style of many years ago. In response to the request of Mr. Kinsey to be permitted to cut out a portion of her dress, for preservation, the spirit gathered the skirt in her hands, and after manipulating it for a few moments, to give it permanency, as alleged, allowed that gentleman to snip a piece from the robe. On inspection, this fragment of material proved to be a bit of old-fashioned plaid silk, with a background of crimson shaded down to purple, and with yellow stripes running across it. It having been stated by Mr. Hull that usually, when any piece was taken from the clothing of a materialized form, a similar piece would be found missing from the medium's dress, considerable interest was manifested by our party to know if such would be the result on this occasion. Nothing of the kind was found on that evening; but on further examination of the medium's dress on the following day, a hole was discovered in one of the plaited ruffles of the skirt. Let it be understood that *we* had the bit of plaid silk clipped from the spirit's robe in our possession, and that neither Mr. Hull or his wife had touched or seen

it from the time of the seance until a few days later, when *we* inspected the hole in the black silk dress of Mrs. Hull, and with our own hands fitted the bit of plaid silk into it; when we found that they corresponded in size exactly to each other.

We have here given our readers an impartial report of what occurred at one materializing seance,—enough, surely, to convince us that, under proper conditions, our beloved spirit friends can return to earth, bearing with them indisputable evidence of their power over material things, and of their continued love and interest for their mortal friends.

MRS. FLETCHER IN CINCINNATI.

From the Voice of Angels, May 15, 1888.

Our excellent and popular medium, Mrs. Belle Fletcher, has recovered from a long and serious illness, and is again giving her fine materializing seances, to the delight of her many friends. On Friday evening, April 13th, a large number assembled at her pleasant home, 300 Vine St., and were gratified by a wonderful manifestation of spirit power. Many who have passed over into that no-longer unknown land returned, and were recognized by their friends who were present. How sweet and wonderful and blessed is this communion between the two worlds! The spirit of Edward Traverse came out of the cabinet, and was fully recognized by his physician, Dr. Richardson, and also by his wife. This lady likewise recognized two beautiful spirits as her daughter Mollie, and niece Maggie. Fannie Eaton materialized for the fourth time at the earnest desire of her mother. She was a beautiful young lady, eighteen years of age, and has but recently passed away. She was perfectly recognized by her friends. The last time she appeared she asked her mother to come to the cabinet. Complying with the request, the mother received from the spirit hands of her child two exquisite tube roses linked together, with the loving remark: "These are joined together as we were through life." All present noticed her loveliness. Our space forbids further mention of many others.

A notable feature of these seances is the singing by the spirits of hymns learned during their sojourn in the Summer-Land.

Especially beautiful were those sung by the dear little children who have entered the higher life in their innocent purity.

Mrs. Fletcher's materializing seances are always well attended, from fifteen to thirty-five being usually present. The class of people who attend are among our best citizens,—earnest, intelligent people who have well investigated our beautiful faith. These seances are always good, the conditions are harmonious, music good, and the manifestations numerous and satisfactory. Her test seances, Thursday and Sunday nights, are always crowded; and they well may be, for Mrs. Fletcher is one of the *very best of test mediums*. Through her mediumship spirits give their full names and personate themselves so perfectly that they prove their identity to their friends beyond a doubt. She also gives sittings daily, to the satisfaction of all who visit her. A test of her reliability is the fact that she is constantly growing in popularity, and her friends are delighted to know that she is well enough to see them again. We have had many sittings with this excellent medium, and we would earnestly recommend all who are investigating the truths of spiritualism, or wish to hold sweet converse “with the loved and lost,” to go to her, for she will give them convincing proofs and a satisfactory assurance that

“There is no death; what *seems* so is transition.”

Cincinnati, April 17, 1883.

K. G. WALKER.

SPIRIT DENTISTRY.

From the *Spiritual Offering*, May 19, 1883.

Under this caption we find the following editorial notice in the daily *Bee*, of Council Bluffs, Ia., of a dental operation performed 8th inst., an indication of what spirits may be able to do for us when we have learned enough to profit by the lesson already received. Spirits come to aid us materially as well as spiritually. The next move of the “regulars” probably will be for a law that shall prohibit any dentist from operating for the relief of an entranced patient. It would be no more absurd than the laws to prevent magnetic healers affording relief to their fellow-beings otherwise afflicted.

“A day or two ago a well-known lady in this city, who is a medium, stepped into a dentist's office for the purpose of having

two molars pulled out. In previous tooth-ache pulling experiences she had suffered so severely, and in one case had her jaw-bone broken, that she naturally dreaded the operation. She insisted on having chloroform administered, and the doctor prepared accordingly. Just as he was about to administer it, she went into a trance state, and her controlling spirit, an Indian chief, spoke through her to the doctor, telling him not to use the chloroform, as he, the spirit, would hold her in control, so that she would not move a muscle or feel a twinge of pain. The doctor went ahead and pulled three teeth, and the patient then came to herself, and expressed surprise that the operation was all over, as she had felt no pain, or, in fact, any other sensation. There are a number who express willingness to testify to the outward phenomena as related, and here it proves an interesting incident for those scientifically inclined to give theories about. The lady herself claims that this Indian is a chief who lived about a hundred years ago, and that he frequently controls her. About a week ago, while talking with another spiritualist about having her teeth extracted, the latter asked her why she did not have the Indian control her and save herself the pain, but she replied that the Indian had expressed unwillingness to do so, as in such a case he would feel the pain himself, and he did not care to suffer so. For some reason the Indian must have changed his mind, and unexpectedly put in his appearance just when he was the most needed. If spiritualism can be used for avoiding pain in surgical and especially dental operations, it is a much cheaper and less dangerous method than chloroform or other anesthetics. The Indian certainly is doing a mission of mercy."

AN INTERESTING MATERIALIZATION OR TRANSFIGURATION INCIDENT.

The Spiritual Offering, May 19, 1883.

The latter part of November, 1882, I spent a week at Terre Haute, Ind., attending the seances of Mrs. Stewart, materializing medium. It is not my purpose at this time to speak of the many fine materializations of spirit friends whom I recognized on that occasion, but to tell you and your many readers of one which interested me deeply, and afforded to my mind a satisfactory

explanation of the doubts there exist in the minds of many spiritualists as to the genuineness of materializations, and the motive which in *some cases* may actuate spirit-grabbers.

I allude to an aunt of mine who has been in spirit life many years, and whom I had no thought of meeting there. She materialized and opened the cabinet door, but, not having strength enough to step out, she beckoned me to come to her, which I did. I recognized her fully and unmistakably. After shaking hands with her, I retained her hand in mine and talked with her. She said she was not strong, and found it difficult to hold her materialization, as this was her first effort in that direction. I said to her that she had succeeded very well; that she looked very natural, as I remembered her. While I was still holding her hand, and looking directly into her eyes, in a fair light, her features gradually changed until she looked the perfect impersonation of the medium, Mrs. Stewart, whom I then saw sitting in the chair in the corner of the cabinet, and whose heavy breathing I distinctly heard. I repeatedly looked from one to the other, and knew that the medium sitting in her chair in an unconscious trance condition was a separate entity from the form whose hand I was still holding.

This to me was a scene of thrilling interest. I asked her if she was aware of the change her features had undergone? She replied yes, but she was powerless to prevent it. I felt and saw that she was dematerializing. I released her hand, and in a moment she had vanished.

There was an opportunity for a spirit-grabber to work up a first-class sensation and grand *exposé* of fraudulent mediumship. Before having witnessed this highly-interesting phenomenon, I had supposed that spirit-grabbing was always done by those who were overflowing with innate cussedness; since then, however, I believe that a person, being ignorant of the laws of spirit control, *may* grab a materialized spirit form, *honestly* thinking they are exposing a fraud.

If others have had a similar experience to my own, I hope they will write it up for publication, as in this way we may all contribute something to a more perfect understanding of this most sublime philosophy.

J. C. BATDORF, M. D.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1883.

A SPIRIT TELLS WHERE HIS FROZEN BODY IS.

The great storm of 1873 was the most violent known in the Northwest for fifty years, as the records kept at Fort Snelling showed. It was a violent electrical storm, extending over the whole Northwest, so that the telegraph wires west of Chicago refused to work. It struck Minnesota on the 7th of January, 1873, and raged for three days, the wind blowing a gale, the temperature being about eighteen degrees below zero, and on the prairies the air was filled with snow as fine as flour. Through every crevice, key-hole and nail-hole, the snow penetrated, puffing into houses like steam. The number of human lives lost in Minnesota was about seventy. But the one case, among the three fatal ones in Nobles County, which has been the subject of the greatest interest, because of the ghost story connected with it, was that of John Weston, of Seward township. Mr. Weston had been to Graham lakes, and was returning with a load of wood when the storm caught him. He drove across his own farm and missed the house; turned and went in a circle, making the same circle twice, as shown by the tracks of the sled. He then turned north to the vicinity of the place now owned by H. D. Winters, in Graham Lakes township. He abandoned his team, and the oxen, after wandering awhile, turned the yoke and choked to death. Mr. Weston, from this point, evidently concluded to walk with the storm, and made a bee line for Hersey. He walked about twelve miles, and fell forward on his face, clutching the grass as he fell, and the blood gushing from his nose. His body was found the following spring, with the hands full of grass, and the blood on his face.

The story of John Weston's ghost was first published in the *Advance*, and widely copied, so that it became known throughout the country. Weston appeared to Mr. Cosper, who is still a resident of Seward township, and was an intimate friend to Weston. A few days ago we caught Mr. Cosper in town, and had the story from his own lips. He is a practical, unimaginative man, and gives the story in a circumstantial way.

The day after the storm Mr. Cosper had been out with some neighbors searching for Weston's body. He had returned to his home, and was at the stable feeding his stock just before sun-

down. He came out of the stable, and passing around to the east end saw John Weston coming up the path from the creek. Weston had on the blue soldier overcoat which he usually wore. His hands were tucked up under the cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying: "How goes it?" Cosper said: "Why, Weston, I thought you were frozen to death!" Weston replied: "I am, and you will find my body a mile and a half northwest of Hersey!" Saying this he vanished. Mr. Cosper says that even after Weston was gone, it took him some time to realize that he had seen a ghost and to 'feel queer.'

Before this, Weston had evidently announced his death to his wife. Mrs. Weston related the incident, and it was confirmed by her son. The second night of the storm she was awakened by a knock at the door. She dozed off again, and was aroused by a second rap, when she asked: "What is wanted?" A voice answered: "Did you know that John was frozen to death?" The voice sounded like that of her brother, Mr. Linderman, who lived in the vicinity. The boy heard the voice, and, rising up in bed, said: "Mother, did uncle say pa was frozen to death?" Mrs. Weston went to the door, but there was no one there, and no tracks could be found in the snow. Mr. Linderman had not been there, and it seems that Weston, wishing to announce his death, and at the same time not to frighten his wife too much, assumed the voice of his brother-in-law.

Now for the confirmation of Cosper's story. He told it at once, and it was published throughout the country before the winter was over. Search was made for Weston's body, but in vain. When spring came, however, and the snow began to melt off, Weston's body was found near a slough where the snow had been deep, a mile and a half northwest of Hersey. We believe Mr. Erickson, who now lives in Worthington, was the first to discover the body.

So much for the great blizzard. There will probably not be another such in our day. It was a rough greeting for the early settlers of Nobles County, but they can all testify that Boreas has been comparatively mild ever since, except in putting the screws on the mercury and bringing it down tight occasionally.—*Worthington (Minn.) Advance.*

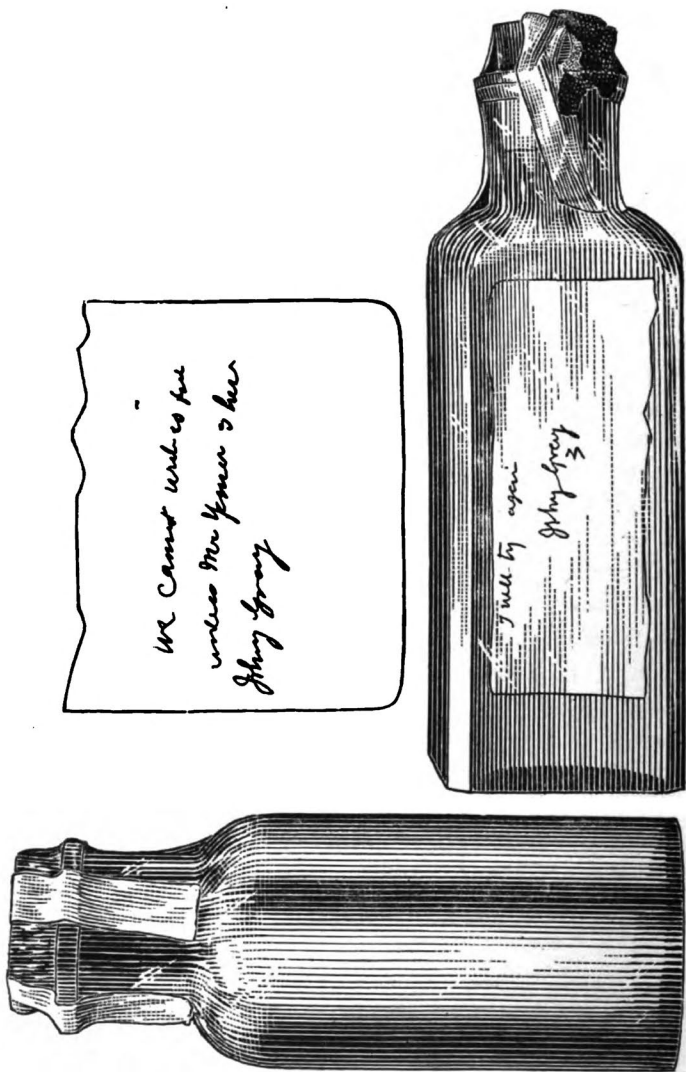
DESCRIPTION OF MATERIALIZING AND SLATE-
WRITING SEANCES AT SYRACUSE,
AND CATO, N. Y.

Fulfilling a promise made to the readers of FACTS in No. 1 of Vol. II, we give the following account of three most wonderful seances which were held in western New York on the evenings of April 15, 16, and 17, 1883, two at the house of Dr. Silas Chesebrough, of 1 1-2 Otisco St., Syracuse, Joseph Caffrey of that place being the medium, one at the house of John Knapp, of Cato, the medium being Mr. John W. Truesdell, a well-known business man, residing in the city of Syracuse.

These seances were given as experiments for the benefit of FACTS as well as for the purpose of disproving, if possible, certain adverse statements which had been made by the *Syracuse Sunday Times* concerning an account of independent writing which we had previously published. See page 20, No. 1, Vol. II, FACTS, for further explanation.

The medium, Mr. Caffrey, proposed that we should make conditions to suit ourselves,—he would have no part in the matter except to sit in the circle according to our directions. We were privileged to examine the room and all of its paraphernalia, choose our own circle, and if possible satisfy ourselves that whatever phenomena we might obtain was not trickery, either of the medium or any person present.

FIRST SEANCE, APRIL 15TH.—The following-named persons were present: Capt. Austin, of the Globe Hotel, J. D. Earle, Dr. and Mrs. Chesebrough, the medium (Joe Caffrey) and wife, of Syracuse, Mrs. E. J. Huff, of Boston, Mass., and myself. Taking a blank card, I cut it irregularly in two, so that the pieces could not be changed without misfitting the notches; one piece I put into a bottle, which I sealed, keeping the other for identification. I also took two slates selected for the occasion, fastened and sealed them together. The circle was then formed in the center of the room, all joining hands. The medium sat in the circle and joined hands with the sitters. I held the bottle, Mrs. Huff and Mr. Austin, the slates. The light was lowered a trifle, but the room was light enough to read a newspaper. Mr. Caffrey was at



(See Pages 153 and 156.)

once entranced by one of his spirit guides, named Johnny Gray, who informed us that, if we would be as passive as possible, they (the spirits) would endeavor to give us undoubted proofs of their power over material objects, and show that writing could be done independently of any human hand. Presently we heard a scratching between the slates like the sound of writing with a pencil, yet we knew none had been placed therein. After a few moments we were ordered by Johnny Gray to break the circle; we did so, and found a message written on the card inside the bottle (which had not been out of my hand). It read: "I will try again.—Johnny Gray." The seals of the slates were broken, and they were found to contain a message signed G. C. Whitlock, the name of my father, in spirit life, also one to Capt. Austin, signed Johnny Gray.

We again formed the circle, as before described, this time wholly extinguishing the light. Very soon a clear, distinct voice was heard, which seemed to issue from the center of the circle, not more than a foot from the floor. This voice pleasantly greeted each member of the party by name, in succession, then said: "I am glad to meet you all." Upon questioning whom we were addressing the answer came: "Johnny Gray." Mrs. Huff asked him why his voice sounded so near the floor, and if he could not stand up while speaking? He at once replied: "Yes, I can materialize my whole body, but cannot speak as distinctly when I do. At this time only my head and lungs are fully materialized, and that is why I can talk so well. When I have more body I have less voice." Shortly after this conversation Mrs. Huff told me a form stood beside her with both hands placed on her shoulders, the lower part of the body pressed against her, as if to prove the whispered statement: "Now I am fully materialized." This voice, although spoken in a whisper, was loud enough to be heard by all present.

I will not attempt to relate in detail the lengthy conversations held by different members of the circle, with the intelligence calling itself Johnny Gray. Suffice it to say, it spoke as distinctly and audibly as did the mortals with whom it conversed, and seemed to have no more difficulty in expressing its thoughts.

A voice entirely different in tone and character announced itself as "Hindoo Jake," said to be another of Mr. Caffrey's con-

trols, who was a juggler while in the mortal body. With his advent among us various musical instruments were played upon, which had been placed in the center of the circle, some of them being carried speedily around and around the room while the music was evoked. The strange, weird tones of Hindoo Jake varied the entertainment by exclamations to members of the circle in general. Other voices were heard in different places in the circle, said to be those of spirit friends of the sitters. One addressed Mrs. Huff, very plainly representing itself as being the spirit Clarence Wilbur, who conducts Mrs. Maud E. Lord's seances. He informed her that his stay must be brief, as he had to return to Mrs. Lord's circle that evening. Mrs. Huff (who resides with Mrs. Lord) told Clarence to give her love to all the friends when he returned. I am informed by several persons that he did as she requested on his return to the circle in Boston.

SECOND SEANCE, APRIL 16TH.—The circle was formed as on the evening previous, with the addition to our numbers of Miss Hattie Allen, Mr. William Kirby, of Auburn, and Mr. John Truesdell, of Syracuse. A blank card was placed between two slates, which were then sealed together. A bottle was prepared, with card sealed inside, as before. Being anxious to get a specimen of writing inside of a book as a test, I took a small account-book from my pocket, thinking it would be difficult to exchange that, and duplicate my accounts. The sealed slates and book were placed in the center of the circle beside the musical instruments. The bottle I held in my own hand. The light was set in an adjoining room, the door was closed, and the hands of the sitters were then joined. The circle was scarcely formed when the slates were placed in Miss Allen's lap,— the book was given to Mrs. Huff, and the familiar voice of Johnny Gray again greeted each member of the united circle. At times he would linger for some moments beside different persons, conversing as naturally as any mortal being. While speaking with me he was constantly stroking my face and beard, or fumbling with my watch chain. When I asked him if he could not exchange watches and get a better one for me, he immediately went to Mr. Kirby, who wore a very fine gold watch, and tried to unfasten it from the chain. The catch, or spring, was broken, and Mr. K. had not been able to remove it for some time himself. Johnny stood by him striv-

ing vigorously to unfasten the watch, every few moments exclaiming: "I guess I'm stuck;" but at last his patient efforts were crowned with success, and in a triumphant voice he said: "I've got it, and don't you forget it," bringing it to me as he uttered these words, but without a sound of footsteps or rustling motion like a human body moving about, but simply a voice gliding through space, and a power that had material strength to bring the watch from a distance of several feet. When it stood again beside me, it was a body with palpable hands and presence.

Shortly after this occurrence, Mr. Kirby was addressed by a very dear friend that had passed to spirit life many years before, who was entirely unknown to the medium or his friends. She gave him her name, told how and where she died, and so satisfactorily impressed him with her personality that it left no doubt in his mind about its really being the friend it purported to be.

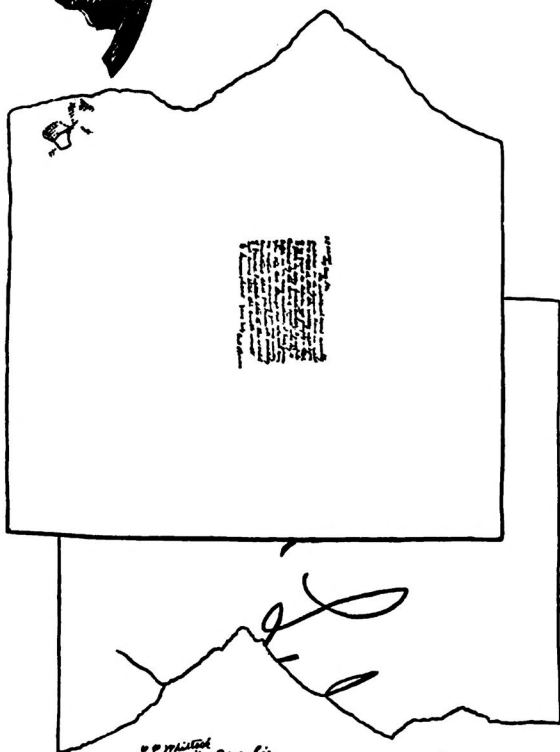
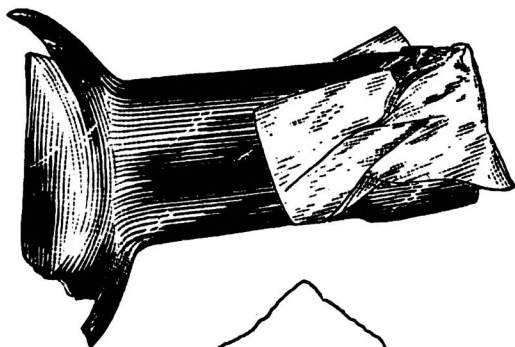
Bright balls of phosphorescent light floated around the room, some of them six inches in diameter. One or two persons remarked that they saw faces behind these lights. Several musical instruments were again carried around while being played upon, the indescribable voice of the "Hindoo Juggler Jake" accompanying; sometimes high above our heads, then darting down in close proximity to the floor, then bursting out in different sides of the circle, making a scene of weird and thrilling interest never to be forgotten.

Let it be noted that before the circle commenced the room had been thoroughly examined, nothing of a suspicious character was found therein, and if there had been confederates this phenomenon was of a character beyond human production.

At last all became quiet, and we were requested to sing, which we did. When we had nearly finished, Mrs. Huff states that a form stood behind her, two hands were placed on her shoulders, and a voice whispered in her ear: "I am here to tell you how much I like to hear you sing," then a hand gently patted her face, and all was again quiet. Soon we heard the scratching noises on the slates, which Miss Allen was holding, several feet from the medium; the leaves of the note-book, held by Mrs. Huff, were apparently being turned, and a sound like that of writing was heard. Mrs. H. tells me that at this time she put her foot out that she might discover if any person was standing

beside her, but that it came in contact with nothing; still the sound of writing was obvious, as the book lay on her lap. Soon a light was called for. Behold, the card which had been placed in the bottle had disappeared, but the seals remained intact, and the bottle had not for one moment been out of my hand. I found the missing card in the breast-pocket of my coat, with the following words written upon it: "We cannot write as fine unless Mr. Spencer is here [referring to the spirit who had written the Malcolm message previously published].—Johnny Gray." The slates contained two messages, one to Miss Allen, written on the slate, another to Mr. Austin, written on the card that had been placed between them. On one of the blank leaves of the note-book was found another.

THIRD SEANCE, APRIL 17TH.—This one was formed at the house of Mr. John Knapp, of Cato; the room was well lighted by two ordinary kerosene lamps; a large extension table was placed in the center. Around this were seated Mr. John Knapp, Mrs. Melvie Clayton, Mr. S. J. Chase, of Cato, Miss Adelle Lamb, of West Randolph, Vt., Miss Hattie Allen, of Auburn, Mr. Truesdell (the medium), Mrs. Huff, and myself. I took a card, which had been examined by each member of the circle, and wrote my name obliquely across it; it was then torn in two, leaving one part of my name on one half which I retained, the other was put in a bottle, which was laid on the center of the table. Clean slates, which all examined, were placed beside it, a tureen cover was placed over the bottle, another over one of the slates, and a hat was laid over the other. We joined hands, Mr. Truesdell with the rest, forming a circle around the table. The lights were not lowered, but burned as brightly as they had all the evening. Soon we heard the usual sound as of writing on one of the slates; this continued for some moments, not a soul touching them, if the sense of sight is proof. When the noise ceased an examination was made. Four messages were found thereon, each inscribed in a different hand and signature, some plainly and beautifully written, others irregularly and poorly. The card in the bottle was still a blank. The circle was then formed again. After a few moments, Mr. Truesdell rose to his feet entranced, and stated that, if we would examine the card in the bottle, we would find a message written in a much smaller space



E.E. MAILLARD
My Dear Sir
 The sensational report recently
 published in the American Times in regard
 to the state of the world which I was
 to my friend Mr. M. L. L. was simply a list
 of facts in very poor English. I must be
 deceived by the work of spirit who try to
 baffle me in every direction. I have given
 you this list through one who can have
 no relation in drawing you and under
 conditions that for the most part
 of France. Publish this to the world
 and show that the truth must
 be throughout your day. *Carl Hoffman*

(See Page 137.)

than any that had ever yet been given by spirit power. He also stated that adverse spirit powers, as well as mortal, were seeking to baffle the efforts of those who were trying to disseminate these truths, but exhorted all to keep good courage, and feel assured that truth could not be crushed to earth and remain there. We had heard no sound, we knew the bottle had not been touched. Almost breathlessly we broke it, as the mouth was too small to extract the card without,—some doubting, others full of faith, all curious and anxious to prove the truth of the words spoken. It was even so; the following words, in the small space of four by five-eighths of an inch, were written (see engraving

“L. L. WHITLOCK:

Dear Sir,—The sensational report recently published in the *Syracuse Times*, in which it is stated that the writing which I gave to my friend Mr. Malcolm was simply a trick, is false in every particular. Do not be deceived by this work of spirits who try to baffle us in every direction. I have given you this test through one who can have no motive in deceiving you, and under conditions that preclude all possibility of fraud. Publish this to the world, and know that this truth must be triumphant.

C. A. SPENCER.”

Soon we observed Mr. Truesdell walking about briskly, then his body seemed wracked with frightful contortions. Suddenly he took off his coat, rolled his shirt-sleeve to the elbow, and asked us to examine his arm. It was frightfully swollen, the veins were extended, and seemed almost bursting with blood. “What could be the matter?” was the general exclamation. The problem was at once solved. Before our astonished gaze the name “Clarence” arose on his arm in large letters, beautifully written, in a style something like German text, the letters being in white cord-like ridges, in perfect contrast to the rest of the arm, which had become as red as though powdered with rouge. Mr. S. J. Chase, who had never seen anything of such manifestations before, expressed a desire that a message might be written for him from some of his friends. Mr. Truesdell kindly offered to renew the experiment, not much expecting it would succeed. Mr. Chase took a clean slate, held it under the corner of the table with his hand flat, Mr. Truesdell placing his hand directly

under Mr. Chase's. After a few minutes the writing was heard as before, and on the side of the slate, next to the table, was found these words: "I am out of my trouble now, although I did wrong.—Frank Rich." This was the name of a friend who, a short time before, had committed suicide.

It will thus be seen that whatever may be the claim of those who have endeavored to underrate these manifestations, we have at least proved conclusively that the finest writing has been done under circumstances beyond question, and not in the presence of Dr. Chesebrough, Joe Caffrey, or any other person connected with the Malcolm seance, as related on page 433, No. 4, Vol. I, and page 4 of "MISCELLANEOUS" of this number.

L. L. WHITLOCK, Ed.

(From *Light for Thinkers*, May 12, 1883.)

MATERIALIZATION AND DEMATERIALIZATION.

SCENES IN AND OUTSIDE OF THE CABINET—SPIRIT LIGHTS—DARK AND SHINING SPIRITS—ANGELIC CHORUS—INNUMERABLE TESTS, SPONTANEOUS AND BY REQUEST—WONDERFUL MEMORY OF MATERIALISED SPIRITS—TRANCE—DIRECT WRITING—WONDERFUL POWER OF SPIRITS, AND THE GRANDEUR OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

On a recent tour to the North, the writer made it a speciality to investigate and convince himself of the truth of that most wonderful of all the phenomena in the science of spiritualism, known as materialization of spirits,—*i.e.*, the temporary taking on of a material body by persons who were once sojourners of earth, and are now known as dead. Whether this is to be understood as the resurrection of the body, as has been prophesied, or whether it is understood that the resurrection takes place immediately upon death of the physical body, is an open question upon which we will not argue. I will simply give plain facts as they have come under my notice, and to which I gave a most scrutinizing and calm investigation. The first medium whom I visited, in company with a friend, who is not only a skeptic but an unbeliever in immortality, was Mrs. Williams. We found there congregated

about twenty persons, male and female, many of them apparently investigators like myself. The medium is a fine-looking lady, in the prime of life, and one whom the most morose individual would pronounce a natural woman, and one not gifted with the art of playing upon the feelings or credulity of people earnestly bent on seeking the truth. At 8 o'clock precisely the medium announced that the circle would be "set." She enforced this by placing ladies and gentlemen alternately upon a row of chairs stationed in a semi-circle around a wooden construction known as a cabinet. This cabinet stands on rollers, is about eight feet high, ten broad, and about three deep,—has a door in the middle, and an ordinary-sized window about breast high from the floor. Before going into the cabinet herself, the medium said if there were any skeptics present who wished to examine the cabinet they were at liberty to do so. I walked into the same and found neither trap-doors in the floor, nor on the sides, nor was there anything beyond an ordinary cane-bottom chair to be seen. Other persons present gave it the same examination. When all were again seated, the medium entered the cabinet, closed the door after her, and in a moment after we heard her sighing heavily, almost amounting to groaning, as if in agony. Then the circle-manager lowered the lights to a dark twilight, and requested the guests to join in any pleasant song that some one would like to suggest, for said she: "Light has motion and disturbs the elements by which the spirits build up the material body; although it is not necessary to have great darkness in this room, absolute darkness must reign where the medium is sitting, for, like the growing of a seed under ground, darkness is a condition laid down by nature,—so it is with the materialization of spirits. Singing is essential in harmonizing these elements, giving the spirits more power and a more rapid mode of operating, besides preventing the audience from thinking of the mediums,—the psychic force emanating from them being detrimental to her, and preventing her from falling into the necessary trance condition, and under which condition only the spirits can draw the necessary fluids, elements, etc., to materialize."

Upon investigation I saw that there was light enough to recognize my friend across the room, and tell the time by my watch. Under these circumstances I felt sure I would be able to recog-

nize any spirit friend that may perhaps show himself at the aperture of the cabinet. While the singing was in progress, the curtain covering the cabinet window raised, and the face of a pretty young lady, dressed in white, bowed to the audience. This appeared to have been a sign to cease with the song, as quietude reigned immediately after. Then the circle-manager, also a lady, by the way, remarked that this was a cabinet spirit, a friend of the medium, who merely came to greet the audience. While this explanation was being made, she disappeared, and a male spirit took her place. This one spoke for himself, but in a rather hoarse voice; bade the audience "good evening," and other pleasantries. So, different forms of all sizes continued to come to the aperture for about two hours, and when recognized by persons present they would be called to the window by the spirit, and there held converse, some assenting to recognize their mothers, others their daughters, sons, acquaintances, etc. During the course of the evening, the cabinet window was thrown open, and a spirit, leaning out, extended its arms to me, and to my surprise cried in German: "My dear son." Now, I know the medium could n't speak German, and I also felt assured that the medium did not know that my mother was dead, and if she was, the medium could n't know how tall or how small she was. I went up to the cabinet, but, being somewhat agitated by the suddenness of her appearance, she dropped the curtain and continued to whisper something which I could not understand. Then she threw the curtain open wide, and I recognized my mother's figure, if not the face,—this being almost entirely covered by the white drapery with which she was dressed. My friend, although a skeptic, seemed to feel more assured of her identity than I was. But, as it is generally known that spirits in their first attempt to materialize cannot hold the form over a half a minute, I had n't much time to scrutinize closely, and she disappeared before I could assure myself of her identity. Although I was called up by other forms that appeared at the aperture, and felt, saw, and heard them, at one time, the circle-manager, whose business it is to step to the cabinet window every time a spirit appears, and ask whom he or she wants to see, informed me that a gentleman wished to speak to me. I walked up, and a person whom I had never before seen began by saying: "I am H——; you know me,

although you have never seen me, etc." I recognized the name immediately, and everything of which he was speaking and in relation to myself. He proved himself to be the spirit who had been worrying me a great deal a year previous, and whom I had almost forgotten, and a circumstance of which the medium knew not a shadow. Although the alleged appearance of my mother did not fully satisfy my own mind about the truth of materialization, this circumstance came nearer to it. All that he said to me in the few moments that he could hold the materialization was perfectly true,—the whole amounting to an apology, with the promise that he was now my friend. At another time, a tall spirit, decorated in a richly-ornamented ancient costume, and bearing the masonic emblems on his breast, and calling himself Hiram Abiff, called me up, gave me the masonic grip, and, after a short lecture on Masonry, said I would hear from him again shortly. I paid but little attention to his remark, regarding it merely as a piece of flattery or pleasantry, and in a few minutes forgot the circumstance. On the whole, the seance proved satisfactory, and apparently very gratifying to others that I met there, some of them firm in the conviction that the spirits by whom they were called up were those whom they represented themselves to be, and either a relative or friend, who gave them tests, either by name, by recognition or otherwise. From what I experienced later, it is almost impossible for a spirit to perfect itself in a first materialization so as to be instantly recognized,—some requiring at least a dozen trials, and these trials cannot be made except the relatives of the spirits themselves be present at the circle,—the cabinet spirits, and others who make materialization a speciality for the benefit of mankind, of course excepted. However, I saw for the first time what is known as materialization, and I was bent on giving it further investigation, and through other mediums,—not wishing to confine myself to one. My friend appeared very much puzzled at what he saw and heard, and confidentially told me that he began believing in immortality. I felt an inward gratification to think that he had made one step forward in the order of progress, even if he did not receive as much of a test as I had.

The following evening I took the train for Boston, and arrived there on Friday morning. After informing myself of materializ-

ing mediums and their hours of holding seances, the morning had passed, and I was reminded of the *Banner of Light* free circle, which I had promised myself to visit. I found in the second story of the *Banner* building a neat little hall, prettily decorated with paintings, wreaths, flowers, and ornaments, and a long row of settees, holding about eight persons each, arranged in comfortable order. Facing the audience, which was then composed of sixty or seventy persons, male and female, old and young, was a pretty stage, on which stood a cabinet organ, a large table, and half-a-dozen chairs. The medium, a young lady with a pleasant countenance and sweet expression, sat behind the table, but facing the audience; at the sides of the table sat the chairman and a stenographer. At 3 o'clock precisely the organ was played and a spiritual song sung, announcing the opening. During this performance the medium gently fell into the trance condition, and when the music ceased, she raised one hand and made an invocation. Then she announced that the band was ready for the questions. Several questions, which had been handed in by the audience, were read, and very ably answered by the medium. Then she was controlled by different spirits, speaking through her in distinct and clear expressions, and at the close of each message gave their names,—the stenographer taking it down as uttered. In about an hour and a half the medium awoke, which was an announcement of the close,—the organist playing while the hall was being vacated.

On Saturday morning I visited Parker Memorial hall to participate in the 35th anniversary of modern spiritualism. The hall was crowded, and I had the good fortune to hear W. J. Colville, Allan Putnam, and Dr. J. R. Buchanan speak. The second and third parts of the anniversary were to take place in the afternoon and evening, but having made the discovery that Mrs. Bliss had two seances in contemplation for the afternoon and evening, I turned my mind in this direction and forgot the anniversary.

Arriving at Mrs. Bliss's, I found about forty-five persons present. My first impression was to examine the cabinet. Like Mrs. Williams's, it was a wooden construction of about the same size, only that it had two windows, and the door in the middle, and instead of standing on rollers with a separate floor, it rested open on the carpeted floor of the room. I saw the inside and outside,

examined every crevice minutely, walked around it and found that its position was directly over the stairway, making trap-doors in the floor an utter impossibility, and noticed that the carpet of the cabinet was simply a continuation of the room-carpet with not a flaw, rent, or seam, beyond the regular one, in it.

At 3 o'clock precisely, Mrs. Bliss,—by the way, a very pleasant lady, and apparently beloved by all who knew her,—announced that she would “set the circle.” The medium generally does this by “impression,” *i.e.*, according to the dictates of the spirits surrounding her,—she being able to hear them, as her eyes rest on any one of the audience, they whisper how and where to place them. I was first shown to a back seat, which I expected to retain for the seance, but when the medium arranged the circle and her eyes rested on me, she requested me to come to the front row, which I joyfully accepted. Then she invited anyone who felt doubtful about the cabinet to come up and examine it, but when they saw the honest expression of the medium, no one seemed to feel any doubt about the genuineness of the manifestations that were to come. She also said that she promised nothing,—she could not tell beforehand whether the seance would be successful or not,—that it depended on conditions, and on the sitters themselves,—if they were earnestly bent on receiving the truth, they would probably obtain it,—if they came to sneer at what we know to be spirits, they would obtain no proofs whatever, as nothing but a lower order of spirits follow such mortals, and the band controlling her would do their utmost to prevent such from materializing,—consequently the best condition for every investigator to be in was a passive one, and to simply observe facts as they presented themselves.

Hereupon she requested the window-curtains to be drawn, in order to exclude all sun-light; instead a lamp was placed inside a high box covered with colored paper, transforming the illuminated condition of the room into that of a bright moon-light. In a few moments our eyes were accustomed to the semi-darkness, and we could recognize one another easily. Mrs. Bliss then took her stand before the cabinet door, placed her hands upon her brow, and went into a trance while standing. During this I heard, or imagined I heard, a rustling in the cabinet. When fully entranced, the medium withdrew into the cabinet, and hardly had she

dropped the door-curtain over her own dark form when at the next instant a beautiful female figure, arrayed in the purest white, issued forth and greeted the audience. At the same moment several voices whispered "Lucille Western." She withdrew again into the cabinet for more strength; this lasted but a moment, when she reappeared and walked out, passing along the front row of sitters, and, as she flitted by me, I made a grab for the lace veil that hung from her head, to convince my senses that it was real, and it was as tangible as matter. She shook hands with those she knew and retired again. Then an uproar took place in the cabinet by a boyish voice singing rather boisterously. Suddenly "Billy, the bootblack" darted out, rushed up to a gentleman sitting near me, took him by both hands, and pulled him by main force into the cabinet. A moment afterwards he came forth again, and said he saw nothing, as the boy spirit had dematerialized the moment he got inside. But as he walked out, Billy threw open one of the windows, and leaning out gave the gentleman a smart slap on his back, proving that he could re-materialize as quickly as vanish. The next moment another voice was heard, and the knowing ones recognized "Blueflower," a rather talkative spirit, responding to the remark from the audience and cried: "Yes, I here!" "No, you ain't," answered Billy, "I've come up again," and it proved so, as she was no more heard for sometime. Then other spirits came from the cabinet, some walking out and going up to their friends and shaking hands, and others, who could not gain the necessary strength to do this, merely stood in the aperture and beckoned to and were recognized by parties in the room,—some stepping up to the cabinet-door and holding a few minutes' converse. Others would cry out: "Oh, it is Mary, or mother, father, brother John," as the case may be,—and among these meetings some very affecting scenes were enacted, caused by the reunion of loved ones from the mortal and spirit worlds. Stronger spirits would permit themselves to be led around the circle and introduced to friends, then retiring again to the cabinet-door, where in view of the audience they would dematerialize without retiring into the cabinet,—I being able to fully realize this phenomenon from where I sat,—some vanishing slowly, others very quickly,—some, as it were, going through the floor, the head, as if decapitated, being

the last to go through ; others, as it were, or appeared, falling to pieces like a card house, and "melting into thin air," and I must say it is a sad sight to behold. One moment you see a beautiful spirit, standing in all the glory of material life before you, and suddenly sinking, then, apparently with an agonizing expression, vanishes. Then a voice in the cabinet would cry out: "She's gone to nothin'!" and in which we recognized Billy's. Occasionally a spirit would rush out, among them men, women, children, old and young, large and small, stout and lean, and rush in again ; then reappear, and with anxious look scrutinize the audience as if looking for some friend or relative. After satisfying itself that no one is present whom he or she recognized, would sigh and whisper "Not here," and either retire into the cabinet, or dematerialize in the aperture. Once a female spirit, attired in white satin, and the whole dress apparently studded with brilliants, came forth and beckoned to some one across the room. Several persons asked: "Is it I?" but to all she answered in the negative by a shake of the head. Finally she withdrew ; then the voice of Billy was heard (who seemed to have mastered the art of speaking thoroughly), crying out: "She wants to see that little boy!" There was a lad of about eight summers in the audience sitting in his father's lap, and who, upon being questioned if he was afraid of spirits, said "No." Being told to go up to the cabinet door, he did so. Upon arriving there, the female spirit reappeared, and catching the boy in her arms, took him into the cabinet, placed him first upon the lap of the sleeping medium, then lifted him up, and shoved him through the cabinet-window. While the circle-manager was catching him, the spirit reappeared at the door, and the voice of Billy was heard to cry out: "That's goin' to be a great medium—he is—korrekt!" I was called up several times, shook hands with spirits, felt, saw, and heard them, and saw them vanish before my eyes. Upon questioning some of them if any of my friends were endeavoring to materialize, they said: "Yes, but not sufficiently to be recognizable, it taking some spirits weeks of trial before accomplishing it." In all, some thirty different forms appeared during this seance, but none that I recognized. I knew and felt that this was no show, yet I had received no evidence to which I could testify in court that these were really what they represented to be, spirits. There were

many others present who seemed assured of the identity of friends, and whose testimony I could not gainsay, from the undoubted proofs that were given to them by their spirit friends, — giving names, dates of death, circumstances of the same, all of which must have been unknown to the medium; and, to crown this testimony, the majority of the persons present were strangers in the city, having only arrived that morning to be present at the anniversary, and, like myself, accidentally having heard of the seance, presented themselves spontaneously, without any notice whatever. The medium could not possibly have been aware of these persons' coming, and prepared spirits in advance for their special benefit, and accidentally meet with all the requirements necessary to prove identity, size, age, dress, names, circumstances, etc. In this case she must have had at least a thousand spirits of all kinds ready on hand, and then be able to read every person's mind in order to ascertain who and what kind of a looking spirit that party came to see, and then each of these pseudo-spirits must be gifted with mind-reading so, as to be able to answer family secrets correctly on the spur of the moment. Such and other devices would have been necessary to produce these things correctly, if it was not genuine. Whatever it was, to me it was something wonderful and investigating, for as yet I viewed it as an unexplored realm of science, and one that was well worth while investigating. The simple dematerialization of tangible matter before my eyes was a grand phenomenon in itself, even if I had never recognized in these forms some one to whom I could testify to as having known in earth life.

For that evening, another seance was arranged for two mediums and two cabinets, an experiment, as I understood, never before tried. The second was arranged by simply drawing a curtain from one end of the regular cabinet to the nearest wall, and behind which the other medium, Mrs. Whitney, was to be placed. The usual preliminaries were undergone at the evening circle, where some thirty-five persons had assembled. No sooner had the mediums retired to their respective places when, at each aperture, a spirit appeared. The "new medium," as Mrs. Whitney was styled, produced a genuine Arabian Bedouin, arrayed in all the habiliments of the wanderer of the desert, and Mrs. Bliss, one of her sweet, gentle-looking female forms. From the latter's

cabinet appeared a beautiful lady (not being much of a judge of dry goods, the reader must accept my explanation as I am able to give it). This female figure was tall, well formed, beautiful. She was arrayed in what appeared to me as white tarleton, trimmed with white satin, the latter glittering like phosphorus on the dark ocean waves. Her head-dress was composed of white laces, amidst which glittered what appeared to me like large brilliants; just above the forehead, on the lace, illuminated a bright star, flickering like an *ignis-fatuus*. A general murmur of exclamations made itself manifest among the audience, all giving expressions of praise and joy on account of her exquisite beauty. Several recognized her as "Lilly." She bowed gracefully to the circle, and smiled sweetly. She then came forth from the door, and, passing the front row, shook hands with those she knew. Upon her return to the cabinet, she noticed the Arabian standing calmly in the aperture of the other cabinet. Raising her head, as if somewhat surprised at the apparition, she turned and faced the audience as she reached her own door, then, coquettishly pointing to the Arabian, whispered: "A ghost." She then withdrew, and immediately after Billy appeared and cried: "Where's the ghost? I want to see him, too!" When he beheld this spirit, he said: "Why don't you come out like us? Ah, you're afraid!" to which the Arabian, with stolid indifference, answered nothing. When Billy retired, a spirit recognized as "Alice, the opera singer," came forth and began singing "Nearer my God to Thee." Her voice was sweet, though faint, and when finished she dematerialized before the circle. I saw her go down, as if through the floor. The next moment Billy's voice was heard in the cabinet, crying: "Gone to nothin'," and then stepped out, walked up to me, and said he wished to show me a trick. "All right," I answered, "what is it?" "Come to the cabinet and you'll see," he answered. I stepped up, and Billy called for a chair. "But a heavy one, not one of those feathery ones," said he. A wooden chair was then brought to him, and, taking it by the top of the back, raised it over his head, exhibiting great strength. He told me to try it. I did so, but was unable to raise it as he did. "You see," said he, "sometimes we spirits gather great strength." "Yes," answered I, "and I congratulate you on this feat," and extending my hand to him he gave it a powerful squeeze. At

the close a female spirit appeared in the aperture and whispered: "Good night;" and while standing there we heard the medium sighing and moving her chair, as if rising. The next instant we saw the medium issuing from the cabinet, and brushing by the spirit that stood in the door, the latter going in, while the former was coming out, yet in the trance condition. A chair was placed at her disposal, and a glass of water handed to her, and in a few moments she was in her normal state again. This ended the seance.

Before leaving Boston I had the pleasure of meeting the old veteran editor of the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Luther Colby. I found incarnated in a seventy-year-old body a bright, genial, and vivacious spirit, full of life and animation, and still able to vitalize his old body with a youthful magnetism that many a man in the prime of life could envy. He appears in his editorial chair like a young lion chained, ready to pounce upon and give his personal opinion of those who occasionally let fly a dart at him, but a voice behind him whispers: "Be conservative, brother, it lasts longest in the race," and, hearkening unto the voice, he takes advice, and fetters his youthful spiritual ardor. In conversation with him, one only sees the lively spirit, and the influence cast out by his soul vivacity would enliven the most peevish individual. His mediumship is of a high order, and he is the right man in the right place. On Wednesday I buckled on my armor and proceeded to invade Providence, R. I., for more tests, if my invisible friends would grant them. When I found a retired spot, I took my note-book, and, pretending to be making memorandums, I let the pencil do its own writing, and it wrote "Uriel," the name of my guide,—so baptised by mutual understanding, and one who helps me out of my difficulties. I asked if any of my body-guard were present, and, in response to this, one of them took the control. I asked if they would give me more tests that evening, and they answered in the affirmative. I then requested to be taken into the cabinet and be permitted to touch the materialized spirit and the medium at the same time. They said they would confer with Mrs. Ross's band and crave permission. I then awaited results. At 7 p.m. I made my appearance at the medium's house in order to procure a front seat. This was allotted to me, and I found in Mrs. Ross a lady of about thirty, of matter-

of-fact but pleasing disposition, and somewhat indifferent as to whether anybody attended her seances or not, and did not make proselyting an object. She gave me to understand that she merely sat on account of the urgent request of her friends and acquaintances in Providence. Instead of a cabinet, I saw merely a black curtain, overcast with white lace, drawn across one corner of the room, and at the same time thrown gracefully over the top, thereby exposing the whole inside to view. I examined the floor and walls and found them solid,—other investigators did the same later, and were apparently satisfied that no manufactured spirits could gain access from the outside. At 8 o'clock Mr. Ross arranged the circle, and the medium entered the cabinet, dropping the curtain upon her as she went in. In about two minutes a white female form showed itself, walked out, and immediately following her an Indian, nearly seven feet high, and measuring fifty-two inches around the waist, appeared at the aperture, and, grinning from ear to ear, with a good-humored expression, greeted the audience. He seemed somewhat abashed, whether on account of the large circle or on account of some pretty young ladies that were present I am unable to say. However, while standing there, the female spirit passed into the cabinet again and disappeared. Then, to my surprise, the Indian called me up. I went, and taking his outstretched hand he pulled me into the cabinet, placed my hand upon the head of the sleeping medium, and then withdrew to the other corner of the cabinet, leaving about three feet space between himself and the medium,—I not letting go his hand though. While in this position he threw back one curtain with his other hand, so as to admit all the light, and I now felt and saw both. Then, to my astonishment, I noticed something growing beside the medium, as if issuing from her side, and in a moment another form was standing beside her. I quickly took my hand from the medium's head and placed it on the shoulder of the other spirit. It was tangible, and I then ran my hand down the arm until I reached the spirit's hand. I then raised this, and, scrutinizing it, I saw it was that of a delicate female. Then it appeared as if the other curtain was raised also, and I could see still more plainly. Thus I could feel, see, and hear the medium breathing and the Indian jabbering something which I could not understand. When fully satisfied, I drew nearer to the

Indian, and reached up to his head to see how tall he was, but I could only touch the top of his ear. Then I tugged at his hair to feel if it was genuine, and no wig, but it held fast, and he, only looking me in the face patiently, and smiling good-humoredly, said nothing. He seemed to know that I was investigating so minutely more for the benefit of my friends than for myself. Not wishing to consume any more time, I thanked the stalwart man of the forest and took my seat. Following this, three spirits issued forth at the same time and quickly retired. Then Dr. Grinnel made his appearance, and, his good lady being present, introduced me to the spirit. Dr. G. is the control of a well-known spiritualistic newspaper writer. Following this a scene ensued which would soften the heart of anyone. A gentleman present was called up by his spirit mother. While standing there his wife issued forth, followed by an eight-year-old daughter. He stooped to embrace and kiss his child, then his wife, and then his dear old mother. His wife then requested him to bring his guitar and sing the "old song" that he used to sing for them in by-gone days. The circle-manager having a guitar, which was used to accompany the singing, handed it to the gentleman. Placing a chair near the aperture of the cabinet, he sat down and commenced singing. During this his mother placed her arms around his neck, his wife knelt beside him, and the sweet little spirit child leaned on her papa's knees. This scene brought almost the entire circle to tears,—it was sublime, sentimental, and wonderful, and something not met with anywhere else except in this glorious and beautiful science and philosophy of spiritualism. Similar scenes to this one were enacted, and among them a spirit chorus inside of the cabinet. In the midst of a song by the circle, voices were heard in the cabinet joining in. When this began the circle lowered their voices and those in the cabinet raised, and it appeared as if a dozen voices were singing in the distance,—the same was melodious, sweet, and charming, and reminded one of a fairy chorus in a ballet; but my crowning test I received at this seance towards the middle, which erased every possible doubt in my mind as to the truth of materialization. Lizzie H——, a sweet young lady of about eighteen or twenty, and one of the cabinet spirits of Mrs. Ross, called me up and whispered that there was a spirit present now materializing

for me. Thereupon, she closed the curtain. Taking this as a hint to resume my seat I did so. But hardly was I seated when the curtain was raised again, and Lizzie reappeared holding another spirit by her arm. Immediately, and to my greatest surprise, I recognized my mother,—this time unmistakable. I walked up and spoke a few words to her, which she faintly answered. Even if I had not recognized her face, I would have known her by her figure,—a peculiarity about the shoulder, which made her identification unmistakable. But her features in this instance were perfect, and everything pertaining to it. I took her hands and held them a moment, then kissed her on the cheek, and, seeing that she was about to dematerialize again, I closed the curtain on her. This was her first materialization in full form. I saw her again at another materialization where I also recognized her as fully as at this one. Altogether I saw her on four different occasions, on two of which her materializations were perfect, and to which I can give testimony.

I took the midnight train for New York, as I wished to attend to some business during Thursday, and also visit Wm. Eddy's materializing seance on the same evening. In this medium I found a plain, easy-going individual, about thirty-five or forty years apparently, one who "did not care whether anybody believed in spiritualism or not," and taking him on the whole I should judge him to be a good, square, honest-dealing man. Instead of a cabinet, he very independently used his back parlor as such, as he did not seem disposed to perspire in a hot cabinet for the benefit of skeptics. I however made up my mind to say nothing, and see what was to be seen. After the usual preliminaries the seance begun, and instead of bright and shining spirits, as I had been in the habit of seeing, they were of a different order,—of the earth earthy. One young lady, bearing a star on her breast, appeared for some party in the room, who recognized and spoke to her. The contrast is so great that persons investigating materializations should also visit this order to obtain a full comprehension of the meaning of spiritism. It is a science that does not come alone for the elect, or the wise, or the aristocratic, or the low-born,—it can suit itself to every department of life, and it develops its mediums for every station of spirits and mortals. Although I expected nothing, I obtained two tests spontane-

ously. Towards the close a bright spirit suddenly made its appearance at the aperture and beckoned to me. I recognized her by the white tarleton costume, trimmed with white satin, and the most significant, just above her forehead, shone the star, apparently more brilliant than I had heretofore seen it. I stepped up close to her, and, although I knew who she was, I asked: "Who are you?" The answer was "Lilly." She then retired, and was followed by another spirit whom I recognized fully. Another female spirit came out during the evening, and exhibited the feat of "lace-making." She simply took a handkerchief from her neck, and by shaking it, as if drying it, the same began to spread, and finally became almost as large as a blanket,—showing that by mere will power they are able to manufacture clothing,—and this bright or dark according to their spiritual development.

On my way home that night I began to think of Robert Dale Owen, and his experience with a materialized spirit,—somewhat similar to what I had experienced, and I wondered what would be the result. But, being worn out, I retired to bed as soon as I arrived at my domicile, and slept my troubles away. The next morning at 10 o'clock I called on Mrs. Hindley, the trance medium in New York. She showed me into a neat little parlor, and placing a small table, with an extra under lid, before me, requested me to place my hands on the same. I did so, and immediately it resounded with raps. Then she tied a table-cloth around it to exclude all light from the middle, and asked me if I had any writing paper in my pocket, and if so, to place a sheet on the lower lid of the table, as she was impressed that I would obtain a message in direct writing. I tore a sheet of paper from my note-book, wrote my name and date on one side of it, and after assuring myself that there was no paper under the table-cloth, or on the underlid, I placed my sheet of paper on it. The medium during this took a seat in an easy chair, about three feet away from the table, and went off into a trance. She was controlled off and on by different spirits, who told me a great many truths about myself, my family, and my surroundings; they also described my family spirits correctly, and while at one time speaking, I heard something moving inside of the table-cover. I looked downward and could see underneath, and was

convinced that no hand could be thrust through the floor to make the scribbling noise, as if writing, that was manifesting itself. While this was going on the medium's eyes suddenly brightened, and she cried out: "Hear? spirit writes to you,—from somebody who knows you." When the noise ceased, she cried: "Take it out,—a message for you." I did so. I saw that it was full of writing, and, looking at the signature, I was nearly knocked off my equilibrium,—it was from Robert Dale Owen,—answering my question from the night before, when I was thinking of him while on my way homeward. Now, the medium knew not a word of this, nor had I thought of it again that morning, nor was I thinking of it during the whole time that I was in the medium's house, as I was then interested in that which was to come through her, and consequently was not thinking of past experiences. I might almost call this the crowning test,—and it was the last, for I was now satisfied.

On the same evening I attended my last materializing seance at Mrs. Williams's. Two spirits called on me whom I recognized, and one of them gave me some points which were of a private but interesting nature.

The reader will no doubt compare my experience to a romance, or a tale from the later edition of the Arabian Nights, but I can assure them if they have the earnest desire to know the truth, and will only seek it as I did, they can obtain and experience the same with very little cost, time, and trouble. And when they have found the truth, they would not take millions for it. Hoping that this will induce many to seek for themselves, I bid the reader adieu.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES RELATED BY BISHOP BOWMAN—PHENOMENA WHICH ARE UNEX- PLAINED BY PHYSICAL LAWS.

In conversation with a *Republican* reporter yesterday afternoon Bishop Bowman said:—

"I am not a believer in modern spiritualism, and do not believe that spirits upset chairs and move tables, but I can say that I have never been able to account for many remarkable experiences

I have had during my life under different circumstances. We are much nearer the spirit world than we think, perhaps, and the spirits of the departed dead, I believe, have a certain influence over our minds.

"When voyaging on the Red Sea, I made it a practice to pray every night and morning for my wife, from whom I was absent, and who at the time was an invalid. One evening I knelt down as usual and tried to pray for her, but found I could not do it. This worried me very much, but I attributed my incapacity to pray for her to nervousness, as I had preached a sermon to the passengers on board that afternoon. On the following morning I again tried to pray for Mrs. Bowman experiencing the same difficulty that prevented me from accomplishing my purpose on the evening previous. I wondered what had happened. Was I losing my senses? At length the thought occurred to me: 'Your wife may be dead.' But this I considered improbable, as I had received a letter a few days before, stating that she was much better than she had been for a long time. However, I was anxious to reach a point where I could expect to receive additional tidings relative to her condition. Finally, on my arrival at Rome, I found a letter awaiting me, conveying the news that Mrs. Bowman was dead and buried. She had died on the same evening that I found myself unable to pray for her while voyaging over the Red Sea. This experience I was never able to account for, yet I shall never forget it.

"About the same time my daughter had another extraordinary experience, but it was not similar to mine.

"When in Paris, she would shut her eyes, and could then see her mother's face distinctly. On the evening of her mother's death she attempted to do this, and was so terrified at not seeing the face as usual that she ran out of the room into another apartment. She felt that something had happened, but her friends told her that her fears were all imaginary. Subsequently, she received news that her mother had died about the time she found it impossible to see her face with her eyes closed. In this house (referring to his residence, where the conversation took place), about this time last year, I was lying sick, at the point of death, the physicians being unable to predict whether I would live or

die. Then I had some very happy visions, as I stated in a sermon delivered recently in Music Hall, at Boston."

These visions were published a short time ago in the *Republican*. In them the bishop was transported to the threshold of the spirit world, where he saw and conversed with the spirit of his deceased daughter, who told him his wife was waiting for him in Heaven.—*St. Louis Republican*.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

BALLS OF LIGHT CHANGING TO HUMAN FORMS IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

It was a lovely sunny day in April, 1868, that I was spending with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parker W. Stevens, of No. —, Main St., Providence, R. I. The room in which we were sitting was quite large, and had three windows opening out of it. There were several persons present, and, as it was about dinner time, all were collected in this room chatting pleasantly while awaiting the noonday meal. Suddenly our attention was arrested by hearing the baby, Walter, who sat on the floor the other side of the room, screaming and laughing in great glee. Looking toward him we saw him reaching out his little chubby hands after some bright, luminous balls, which seemed to elude his struggles to catch them, by bounding away, then returning again as though attached to a rubber cord. * These balls were six in number, each of a different color, with a name written upon it of some deceased friend. We sat spell-bound as the balls began to float all about the room, at times coming in contact with each person present; if touched by anyone, the hand seemed to be submerged, and could be seen through the substance of which the ball was composed.

The colors of these balls were pink, red, blue, yellow, green, and white. On the pink one the name of Eva H. Stephens was plainly to be seen, the name of Mr. Stephens's little daughter, who died two years before, when about ten years of age. (It is a remarkable coincidence that pink was her favorite color in life.)

On the red ball were the words "Grandmother Stephens;" on the blue one was the name "Risper." At first there was no name visible upon the green one, but finally the name "McCrayan" appeared. The white ball bore the name of "Jonathan Stephens," the yellow one "Uncle Jotham."

After floating about for some little time, imagine our consternation as some of them began to assume the semblance of cloud-like human forms. None were so well developed as little Eva, whose identity could not be mistaken by anyone who had ever seen her in earth form. She was clothed with a pink gossamer-like substance, that was too thin to conceal her faultless form as it floated around the room. Her hair hung loosely, and her face seemed glorified and beautiful beyond description. As she began to fade away, she whispered loudly enough for all to hear: "Papa, have I pleased you? This is the surprise promised."

The reader can well imagine that our appetites for the meal awaiting us were very small, but we concluded to sit down and go through the routine of eating. We were scarcely seated around the table when a chair, which was always placed at the table for Eva, turned completely around, and then resumed its former position without any visible hands touching it. The table was raised entirely from the floor, then gently lowered without even spilling the tea which had been poured into cups. This manifestation was repeated several times in compliance with our requests, accompanied by loud rappings, which we conversed with in the ordinary method of communicating with spirit rappings. The child Eva Stevens had some time previous promised her parents, through the entranced lips of a medium, a surprise in the way of manifesting herself when all the conditions should be right. Her promise was indeed fulfilled at this time, as it was entirely unlike any demonstration they had ever seen or heard of. Who can account for this most wonderful phenomenon in any way but that the spirits of their dead did appear? Who can say there was any chance for collusion or trickery, in the bright mid-day, with not a blind closed or a curtain drawn to dim the perfect vision? These statements are as true as they are marvelous, and form a picture in my mind never to be forgotten. They can be verified with other evidences than my own, that will assure the reader they are not exaggerated. After witnessing such a

demonstration who can doubt the power and presence of disembodied spirits? Verily, the dead are alive and in our midst, and Heaven and earth fast becoming one. MRS. A. MEDBURY.

No. 23 Spring St., Providence, R. I.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING SLATE-WRITING ON RECORD.

I spent the month of May just past in the city of Washington, D. C., and while there became conversant with the following facts: an aged lady, Mrs. Harriet Compton, of Dayton, Ohio, had been spending some months with her grandson, Mr. Geo. W. Richards, chief clerk in the Census Bureau, and having received three or four slate-writings, with Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler as medium, went to him one day with a book-slate containing two leaves, and, placing it between two school-slates, held it in her lap, Mr. Keeler, without having touched it, sitting on the other side of a large circular table. Almost immediately writing was heard, and inside of one minute the old lady thinks the slate was opened by her, and four of the pages were covered with writing and drawings, executed in seven different colors. On one page was a bush with buds and flowers upon it; on another page was a rough sketch of a train of cars, with the words written underneath: "Here we go to Ohio.—Caleb." (Executed in three different colors).

This was but a few days before she left for her home in Ohio. On a third page was a sketch of a "steam propeller," side view, with sails set. Written over it in capital letters was the following: "I expect to be at the meeting tonight.—Cpn. Kidd." (In five colors).

On the end of the same leaf, in bold hand-writing, in deep blue color, this: "How happy we are. Your westward trip shall be pleasant.—Julia Moore."

On the fourth page were seven short lines in a very large hand, with some small, comic figures, executed in seven different colors. This to me was so astounding that I borrowed the slate of the old lady to copy, and on my way to my rooms I went to Ryneal's

color store, and purchased a box of crayons containing over four dozen different colors, and, opening the slate to the writing in seven colors, asked the merchant to match the colors. He tried, but soon "found his match," for, to his surprise, he *could not match a single color*. He remarked: "That is very singular; those must be mixed colors." Think of it, reader, where is the artist who can execute fine work in "mixed colors" upon two opposite surfaces lying in close contact? I took the colors and slate to my rooms, and, not being able to match one of the colors, copied them as closely as I could.

Now comes the climax in slate-writing. Mrs. Compton's grandson, Mr. Richards, a very wide-awake intelligent gentleman, and a worthy member of the Unitarian Church, residing at 1500 Kingston Place, having seen these slate-writings obtained by the old lady, became interested in this wonderful phenomenon, and said to her one day: "Let me do up one of the slates, and then see what the spirits can do with it." So he and his wife, a beautiful, intelligent young lady, took the same kind of slate, and with a piece of common wrapping paper and mucilage completely encased the slate, making it specially secure across the opening; then they covered it all over with private marks, so that, as he said, there was no possibility of its being opened without his knowing it. On receiving the slate thus secured, she and Mrs. Compton took a tin-type likeness of Mr. Keeler, about two inches square, and put it into a little paper bag made for the purpose, and doubled the end over. This she placed upon the encased slate, and put the two into a black muslin case, which she had also prepared for the purpose, and thus equipped went to Mr. Keeler, placing this package between two school-slates as before, and sat with Mr. Keeler at the table. The old lady, possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, had just been reading Prof. Zöllner's work, "Transcendental Physics," and the object of putting the tin-type in will soon appear.

On this occasion Mr. Keeler took hold of the slate, and just at the close of the sitting was terribly convulsed, so much so that the old lady became frightened, but it was all over in a moment, and, unfolding the end of the cambric cover, she put her fingers in and found the tin-type was not in its paper case.

Leaving the slate unmolested in its two wrappers, she hastened

home with joyous step; and, on the return of Mr. Richards from his office, she handed it to him with the request that he would see if it was just as when he gave it to her. He and his wife found it all right, or, in other words, not a private mark was obliterated.

Astonished at what he saw, he went out and called in two gentlemen,—his neighbors,—and, after fully explaining the matter to them, took his pen-knife and severed the mucilaged cover, and, opening it, the first thing that met his astonished gaze was the likeness of Keeler looking him smilingly in the face, and turning, with astonishment, he exclaimed: "Grandmother, where did this come from? I did n't put it in here." His surprise was as complete as was his grandmother's joy. Prof. Zöllner's great phenomenon of "passing matter through matter" was repeated before her eyes. Her experiment with the tin-type was triumphant.

Two or three pages of this slate were covered with communications, one of which was from her daughter, and reads thus:—

"Dear mother, tell my boy not to hesitate to accept this great truth on the question of identity. Let him rather question handwriting, which is often beyond our control.—ELOISE BOWEN,—
'ELLA.'"

Ella was the name her mother called her by.

DR. J. D. MOORE.

20 Dock Square, June 14, 1883.

REMARKABLE SLATE-WRITING.

In the little village of Riversville, some six miles north of Port Chester, N. Y., lived an old gentleman by the name of Abraham Rowell, who, when he "passed over," at the age of eighty-seven years, some eight years since, had been a resident of the place upward of sixty years, and had raised a family of seven children,—six sons and one daughter,—all of whom, the daughter excepted, together with himself and wife, were members of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches in the village. He was likewise a member of the masonic fraternity, and was high up in the degrees of the order.

The daughter, whose conversion I am about to relate, is the wife of Prof. D. C. Chapman, connected with the U. S. Coast

Survey Department, Washington, D. C., who, with his wife, have been intimate friends of mine for the past ten or twelve years. Prior to the death of her father, Mrs. Chapman often conversed with him on the subject of "life after death," expressing her belief that "death ends all."

Three years before his death, conversing upon the subject one day, she handed him a lead-pencil, requesting her father to write something, seal it up in an envelope without her knowledge of its contents, and give it to her, with the further request that, if he still lived after the change called death, he would return and tell her what he had written, as a test to her of his continued existence.

Mrs. Chapman and her husband have carefully preserved this letter, "lo, these many years," during which time they have repeatedly taken it to sealed-letter readers and other mediums, each and all of whom admitted, after manipulating it, while entranced or otherwise, that they could not reveal its secrets. One of the greatest experts in sealed-letter reading, after a vain effort, said he could not, nor could anyone else, tell what was in it unless Prof. Chapman or his wife should first open and read it, and then reseal it.

I have been acquainted with the circumstances connected with this letter for some eight or nine years, and have often discussed the subject of mind-reading and sealed-letter reading, which to me are nearly synonymous terms, and which the above admissions go far to prove, with Prof. Chapman and his wife, and we came to the conclusion that, if the contents of the letter should ever be revealed while yet sealed, it would be proof positive that it was not a case of mind-reading, but would be a very positive proof that it was a case of spirit communion,—father with daughter.

Thus did this letter remain a case of "hope deferred" till April 26, 1883. Prior to this time, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler had been giving seances for physical manifestation in Washington, and Prof. Chapman and his wife, accidentally hearing of them, attended one, and, though not convinced that the phenomena which they witnessed were produced by spirits, they were sufficiently interested to attend several subsequent seances.

From this point I give the narrative as related to me by Mrs. Chapman herself:—

A few words here as to the nature of these seances are necessary, in order to a full understanding of what follows. They are termed curtain seances, and the arrangement for them consists of a piece of black muslin drawn diagonally across the corner of the room upon a piece of cord or wire some four and one-half feet from the floor, leaving room for a small table behind it, upon which are placed several musical instruments. In front of the curtain stand three chairs, one of which is occupied by the medium; next to him sits a lady, upon whose arm both his hands rest during the manifestations, and upon the other side of the lady sits a gentleman holding her hand with one of his, while the other is outside of a second curtain placed in front of them all, covering them up to the neck. The gas is left burning sufficiently to see to read messages written with a lead-pencil by a materialized hand, which writes several in the course of the seance. At the close of one of these seances, Mrs. Chapman asked Mr. Keeler if he ever gave private sittings, and if his control attempted to read sealed letters. (Mr. Keeler's leading control is George Christy, formerly of the famous Christy Minstrels, in the early days of negro minstrelsy). He replied: "No, I have never attempted it, but would like to try and see what we could get." Mrs. Chapman then told him about the letter from her father, which had never been opened.

At an informal sitting, a day or two after, Christy wrote through Mr. Keeler's hand, saying that he could not tell what was in the letter till he magnetized it; and requested her to bring it to the next public seance for that purpose. She did so; and when the materialized hand was writing messages, she held the letter up to the curtain, and the hand was passed over it several times.

At the next private sitting Christy told her, writing through Mr. Keeler's hand as usual, that he would be obliged to find her father, and, if he could remember what he wrote, he or the father could tell her what the letter contained. He also told her to put the letter, as it was somewhat worn, into another envelope, keep it near her person, and in the dark, and bring it to the next seance, as he wished to magnetize it still more, and when he

passed out a slip of paper from behind the curtain with the words "all aboard" upon it, she must immediately present the letter as before to be magnetized. She asked him if he wished her father's name. He replied: "No, but I want your magnetism and some general directions," which she gave him thus: "Go to Port Chester, N. Y., thence north about five miles, and go into every house, and if you find an old man ask him if he wrote a letter for his daughter before he died, and promised to return, if he could, and tell her what he wrote." She directed him to the old homestead, as she said, thinking that, if her father still lived, he would naturally be attracted thither, as her mother and one brother still reside there.

At the next seance, when the writing of independent messages had nearly ceased, the gentleman who was accustomed to read the messages to the audience, and whom the control, on that account, had given the name of "clerk of the heavenly court," remarked: "Here is a message which I think must be intended for fun, as it has no signature, and all there is on it is "all aboard." She at once recognized the signal, arose, and held the letter up to the curtain, and immediately the hand came forth and magnetized it on both sides, turning it over for that purpose. The magnetizing both times was done in sight of the entire audience.

The next day Mrs. Chapman had a private sitting with Mr. Keeler, taking with her a quartz book-slate (double), the inner-surfaces of which, when shut, were in contact. At this sitting Christy wrote with Mr. Keeler's hand: "I have found your father. Now get ready, for I have the old gentleman with me." "Where did you find him?" she asked. He replied: "Just beyond the crook in the road, at half-past seven in the evening." "There," said Mrs. Chapman, "is just where the old homestead is, just beyond the crook in the road."

Mrs. Chapman immediately took her newly-purchased slate, placed the letter between the covers, which closed tightly upon it, placed this slate between two school-slates, and held them in her hands, Mr. Keeler taking hold of one side. Immediately the sound of writing was heard, and when it ceased she opened the slates, and upon the inner surfaces of the inner or quartz slate the following communications were found written in two entirely dissimilar hand-writings,—on the one side a large, bold hand,

signed Geo. Christy, and on the other a feeble, trembling hand, signed A. R., her father's initials, and a perfect *fac-simile* of his hand-writing, as was shown on opening the letter in question, written eleven years ago. The following are the communications:—

“I am with Mr. Rowell. I found him in the eighth sphere. [Eighth sphere referring to his progressed state.] He was aged about eighty-three when he came here. He is well and happy, and sends respects to daughter. He says Eph is with him.—
GEO. CHRISTY.”

“With that last sentence, ‘He says Eph is with him,’” said Mrs. Chapman, “came the first sanguine hope that my long-cherished desire would at length be realized.”

The following is her father's brief communication, and it shows, as do his original letter and subsequent communications, that he was an illiterate man, though so prominent and influential in the village where he had resided more than sixty years:—

“Dear daughter, I have something to rite you again. Wen I rote this I was sick.—A. R.”

“Wen I rote this I was sick” refers to his original letter, *which was then lying flat upon the very surface upon which he was writing*. On the next day Mrs. Chapman had her final sitting with Mr. Keeler, on which occasion his brother and Mrs. Levy, a well-known medium in Washington, sat with them. On her way to the sitting Mrs. Chapman entered a store and purchased another book-slate, which was wrapped up and tied up. When they were seated at the table, Mr. Keeler remarked: “How strong the influence is, the room seems to be full of spirits; I think you must have brought them with you.” Mrs. Chapman replied: “If there are so many spirits here, can't you give me the names of some of them?” Immediately Christy wrote the names of six or eight of her near spirit friends. Mrs. Chapman was about to remove the wrapper, when Mr. K. said: “I am impressed not to have it taken off; let us see what George says about it.” Immediately George wrote: “Don't remove it.” She then put the wrapped-up slate between two school-slates as before, and placed her hands upon them, the brothers Keeler and Mrs. Levy placing each two fingers upon them. Soon writing was heard, but it

ceased in a few seconds, when Mrs. Levy said: "Keep still, another is going to write." Hardly had the words escaped her lips when writing was again heard. As it ceased, Mrs. Levy said: "That is all, you have two communications in there." Let me here give Mrs. Chapman's own words: "I opened the slate; my letter was answered, and thus was my prayer answered; and I am a converted woman. Now do I know that my father liveth; and that, as Christy said in the slate, we shall all meet by-and-by." On the one side, as before, was the following from Geo. Christy in bold hand:—

"DEAR LADY,—

The old man is here, but is very weak. When he comes back to earth conditions, he has to take on the same conditions as when he was here, thus you see he is very old, and has a feeble hand to write with. He can't write much at a time, but does the best he can. He is so glad of the chance to let you know that he still lives and can return to you. You will all meet by-and-by.—GEO. CHRISTY."

In a feeble, trembling hand, on the opposite page, was the following from her father, with his characteristically bad spelling, but he was eighty-four when he wrote it:—

"usd to wonder if we lived after deth but dear dauter it is fact. I promised you I woud come back if I could well her I am now I dont rember wot I rote in that letter but as ner as I can rember I gave my name and age 84 I rote on riting paper with pen ink. Your affe father, A. R.

I go to old home every nite."

Following is the brief original letter, *verbatim et literatim*:—

"Abraham Rowell do Be Lieve that the Spirit ism Is bout Right I am Bout 84 year Old wen I Rote This."

There are many very interesting incidents connected with this wonderful demonstration of modern spiritualism, of which neither my time nor your space will allow me to speak.

Mrs. Chapman says she handed her father a pencil to write her letter with (see her statement), and she had always supposed that he used it, till he said, as above, "I rote with pen ink," and the original letter corroborated his statement.

Mr. Keeler's slate-writings are produced without any pencil or other substance being put between the slates.

DR. J. D. MOORE.

June 4, 1883, 20 Dock Square.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION AND STIGMATA.

To the Editor of FACTS:

I see by the *Banner of Light* a request for those who may be in possession of facts of spiritual phenomena to forward them to Facts Pub. Co., Box 3539, Boston. I have a few of those facts which I will briefly write out as near as they occurred, as I can remember.

Some few years ago I chanced to be at a spiritual gathering, and Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, from Boston, was present, as an entire stranger. There was an old gentleman who was out of health, and, wishing to consult a clairvoyant medium, he was referred to Mrs. Carpenter. She gave him an examination and prescription, when she said to him: "There is a young man standing near you, and I should judge he is some connection of yours. He has on a soldier's uniform,—I should think a lieutenant's, in the union army. His name will appear on my arm." Her last remark attracted my attention. Mrs. C. shoved up the sleeve of her dress, showing an arm perfectly clear and free from any mark whatever. Presently there began to be a discoloration, apparently under the skin at first, but soon came to the surface in the form of letters, and of a bright scarlet color; and the name of Samuel B. Fox, in letters full one-half inch in length, appeared. The old gentleman said: "That is the name of my son who was killed before Petersburg, Va., and he was a lieutenant in the Union army." The letters, after remaining for two or three minutes, gradually paled out, and disappeared. I would here state that the old man Fox and Mrs. C. were entire strangers, having never met before.

Two years ago last February I invited Henry B. Allen to my house, and he gave several of his seances while he remained, which was about three days. As he was about to leave, I said to

him: "I want you to give me a private sitting in the day-time." He unhesitatingly replied he would, and named that afternoon. Accordingly, about 2 o'clock on that day, we selected a small bed-room about 10 feet square for the purpose. There was one window in the room, through which the sun was shining brightly, where we hung up a shawl to deaden the glaring rays of the sun. After placing three chairs in front of a bed, that was about two feet from it, I took a perfectly clean sheet of paper from my desk, together with a common lead-pencil, and placed them on the floor just under the edge of the bed. This done, I took the left-hand chair, Allen the middle one, and my wife the right-hand one, with our backs towards the bed; and I, taking Allen's left hand in my right, my wife taking his right in her left, then she and I joined our left hands, forming a triangle. We had not remained in this position much over a minute when we heard the rustling of the paper as of writing. At the expiration of two minutes or thereabouts the writing ceased, and, on taking up the paper from the floor, there was a communication of 164 words, and I herein enclose a copy of the communication:—

"Dear Father and Mother,—I have been trying ever since the medium has been here to write, but I do not get sufficient power. I want to tell you, and all my loved ones, that I am not dead, but am still living, and am with you all, doing all I can to assist you. I am happy in my home, it is beautiful, and by-and-by you will be with me in my spirit home, where we will be forever together, free from all sorrow and pain. Georgie is here with me, and sends a kiss to you all. Dear mother, do not doubt, for it is true we do still live, and are happy. I want you all to know this fact. Do not miss an opportunity of sitting in a circle, and your Alice will ever be with you trying to manifest to you. Oh, I wish I might write all I wish, but can no more now.—Your ALICE."

Alice was a daughter of ours, who passed away three years ago next June. Georgie, whom she speaks of, was an infant child of hers, who passed away some time before.

There is a double test in this. My wife, when she took her seat beside the medium, asked this mental question: "If this is Alice, will she tell me if it is right to sit in circles?" See her answer in the communication above. In giving these facts, it

becomes necessary that they may be understood to occupy considerable ground in relating them. Fraternally thine,

Z. GLAZIER.

Northfield, Vt., May 20, 1883.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AND PROPHECY.

Editor of FACTS:

Dear Sir,—Knowing that you are pleased to receive well-authenticated facts that prove the continuity of life beyond that change called death, I will send you one or more.

I made an engagement with Annie Lord Chamberlain for a private seance for myself and some very skeptical friends at 45 Indiana Place, this city, in May, 1882. There were five persons present besides the medium, one of whom was Mr. Chas. F. Richards, of 468 Tremont St., who was then managing my mesmeric entertainments, and very skeptical about spirit manifestations. We all sat around a small table and joined hands. My left hand was in constant contact with one of the medium's, and her other hand was continuously in contact with one of Mr. Richards's. There was no possible chance for deception, and immediately after the light was extinguished a number of musical instruments were played upon by some invisible agencies other than any of us mortals. Bells, tambourine, guitar, and other things were carried around the room many feet from the medium, and at one time the guitar rested on my head while being played upon by spirit fingers. It was then placed on the table directly in front of Mr. Richards, and he, thinking that possibly some one had gained an entrance through some secret door, leaned over and touched the guitar strings lightly with his nose, and then moved his head from one end of the instrument to the other several times, expecting that his face would come in contact with a human hand. The fingers, or whatever it was, played on the strings, first one side then the other of his head, furnishing most positive proof that there was something or somebody present that could see as well in the dark as we can in the light. During the seance a dear spirit friend materialized sufficiently to write a message for me with pencil on paper in her own well-known

hand-writing, and on a subject of which no one save her and myself could have known anything. The most skeptical persons present soon became thoroughly convinced that the spirits did return, or at least that a number of individuals other than any of the company who sat down at the table were present in bodily form; and everyone became convinced that they were truly our own spirit friends, who but a brief time since were with us as mortals, and still lived as intelligent beings in the spiritual world, which they assured us was as real and tangible to them as spirits as was the earth life before they lost control of their physical body. I called to see Mrs. Chamberlain last week, but she had started for Onset Bay camp-meeting. Mr. Clark, the well-known spiritualist, in whose parlors Mrs. Chamberlain has held her seances for the last two years, related to me some of the facts that converted him to a belief in spirit return, which he gave me permission to send you, and which may be interesting to your readers. He said that he formerly resided in Belchertown, Mass., and while a member of the Baptist church of that town became interested in spiritualism. At a seance which was given by a Miss Aldridge, which he attended, an intelligence that claimed to be the spirit of the deceased wife of the Baptist clergyman, Mr. Fay, controlled the medium's hand to write a message to her husband, requesting him not to preach his hell-fire doctrine any longer. She also wrote that she should soon take to her spirit home the babe to whom she had given birth at the time of her decease. Mr. Fay was shown the letter, which appeared to offend him very much. A few weeks later the child died, and Mr. Fay received a second letter saying that he too would soon join them in the other life if he did not stop preaching that doctrine. Not long after that his health failed him, and, as he had a brother in Minnesota, the society raised a sum of money to defray his expenses there and back, hoping that the journey would improve his condition. A few days after his departure, Mr. Clark's hired man became entranced, and said that Mr. Fay had died in the city of Chicago that morning at three o'clock. It seemed as though the spirit of the deceased clergyman soon got control of the medium, and said to Mr. Clark that his spirit wife did indeed write those letters through the hand of one of the Aldridge girls, and that spiritualism was true. The

spirit, or controlling intelligence, said that the people where he had stopped for a few days in Chicago had telegraphed to Springfield, Mass., twenty-one miles distant, to inform the friends by mail from there of the fact, and requesting them to meet the body at Palmer depot. Mr. Clark says that he immediately told a number of people of what the spirit had said through the entranced medium, and that a telegram was sent to Springfield, as stated by the spirit, and forwarded by mail the following day to Belchertown, which contained a request for the friends to meet the body at the time and place, as given by the spirit. Some of the tests given me through a medium at Mr. Clark's residence, and many interesting events at Mrs. Chamberlain's seances in the same place, will soon appear among my other "experiences" with spirits in the *Banner of Light*. Respectfully,

J. W. CADWELL, *Mesmerist*.

Boston, June 10, 1883.

SOME OF JOHN BROWN'S EXPERIENCES.

I had but recently returned from the mining region, about forty miles distant when, one evening after retiring for the night, I was taken suddenly and violently ill. My family physician was at once summoned, and every possible effort was made for my recovery, and he did to a great extent relieve me of my extreme suffering. He remained with me several days, and did all that mortal flesh could do. But in a few days I was reduced to a mere skeleton,—a sight to behold. The slightest noise was to me like a clap of thunder. No one was allowed to speak above a whisper. My physician, thinking he could do no more, left, and would only call occasionally to see if he could do anything for me. In this condition I remained for several weeks, and while my body was being fed with a spoon by my family to keep life in it, I felt that other help was near, and I called Bros. Loveland, Potter, Kenworthy, and also Bro. Boyd. They came, but for want of concentrated action, by way of organization, could only give momentary relief. One night, when all had retired, and I was alone in my room, I heard a voice saying: "John, come here." I looked away in the distance and saw my

body, and beside it stood my spirit guide, who has been my companion for many years. They (my body and guide) were in a tunnel like that of a railroad passing through a hill. I stood at the mouth or end. And, as I looked at them, I drew nearer till I stood close beside them. Reader, I was not asleep. I did see, standing beside this earthly tenement, which now writes these lines, that noble spirit, my guardian angel, keeping a vigilant watch over this my earthly form. In his left hand he held a ball of round substance which shone like the sun, the light of which seemed to penetrate into all things, making them transparent like clear glass, so that I could see the inside of things as clearly as I could the outside. He was pointing with his right hand at my body, his finger nearly touching it. His eye was fixed upon me, and, with a wistful look, he said: "John, you have a close call, and you are near passing over; and you have not finished the work we have for you to do. You are indebted to the spirits for the watchful care they have bestowed upon you; and now is the time to work. Now is the time to plant good seed. John, come with me,—I will show you our new temple of truth and liberty." In less than one minute I stood with my guide beside the Iowa Spiritual Organization, which to me seemed to be a large circle of light extending over many miles in circumference, and getting larger, in the center of which I saw the foot and part of the leg of a man to above the knee, standing. The leg, above the knee, was bent, as though the body, if there, would be in a sitting posture. Not a word was spoken; my guide had gone, and I was alone. In a moment I was in my own room, and there stood my guide beside the tenement that now writes these lines, and, with wistful look, said: "John, you are now near the spirit land. You must call for help. Write at once to our *Offering*, it will send your petition to those who will restore you to health, and enable you to finish the work we have for you to do. We have commissions or bands organized for the purpose of visiting and healing the sick, as well as for other purposes, and you are now requested to call on them. We want you to help finish the highway already begun, and to help bridge over the dark valley and shadow called death.

My brother, you know me; you know that I have been with you nearly all the days of your life. Had I not, the dark waters

of the Missouri would have swallowed you up in your youthful days, and your young spirit would have come over here to live with its mother, who left it at an early day. You know that I never told you an untruth; you know that during your mountain life I was with you often; that for three years of that time I was with you each night, not missing one. You remember that I would come to you and say: John, come with me, and I will show you how people live after they are dead. You remember you felt no heat, no cold, no stomach-craving for food, and how easy we would glide over the dark waters, and over the forest trees, the fields of grain, the desert waste, and once we settled down on top of a high mountain and there mapped out the valleys, the hills, the streams, the groves, the plains, and the wild cattle that roamed thereon, all of which you related to Mr. J. Button (a neighbor of yours today), who lived there, and he declared that you had been there, or you could not have given the description you did of a place which was nearly 2,000 miles distant. You remember I took you on to the dark, blue waters of the Atlantic, and showed you the cable just laid, and pointed to the crevice in the rock in which it was chafing, and that it would soon be severed. I told you it made no matter, it was feasible, and the art of telegraphing across the ocean was a success. This you wrote to the Los Angeles *Star* newspaper, but coming from a spiritual source it found no place therein. I am now reminding you from this little book of the things I want you to write about as soon as you are restored to health, and new life given to you, which you will have if you make the application for it. This is the book you saw me writing in at the time you left your body, of which you have written to the *Offering*.

I would often take you and show you the game you and the men in your camp would kill the next day; and I would show you where the ball would strike it, and I would tell you word for word what each man would say; and I would also show you the time of day, and would say to you: "John, tell all I say, and what I show you,—take nothing from and add nothing to the things I show you, and I will stand responsible for all." You know the great efforts made by all in your camp to prevent from coming true the things I told you. But you know they always came true. These are important facts, and should have a place in

spiritual teachings. You remember I would take you with me, and we would move slow or fast according to our will. The communications I had for you would sometimes be given in writing, but more often by showing and telling you. I showed you John Talbert coming from New Mexico. I showed you James Beckworth and Chas. Kinney coming to your camp with articles of trade. I took you over the high rocks and tall bushes, and showed you the tall pine nearly burnt off at the bottom. I took you to the Puebla, on the Arkansas river, and showed you that Jas. Waters had arrived at that place with goods from the States, and I called your special attention to Mr. and Mrs. Washburn and children, who came with him. You remember I called your particular attention to the dresses the lady and children had on. I also showed you all the articles of trade that Mr. Waters had taken to that country, besides other things. I showed you the fatal stone you would throw, which broke your mule's leg, and I influenced the men in camp to stand guard over you to prevent the prophetic words from being fulfilled, in order to convince them of its reality. I told you regarding the bear you would kill, and the conversation with Stone and Estes. I took you up through the dark foliage of the forest trees and settled down with you, in what seemed to you open space, beside the monument in front of our Spiritual Congress, where you registered your name, by consent of the sentinel stationed there for that purpose. I raised the curtain; I led you down the aisle where you saw the stern, gray-haired statesmen devising plans for new republics, and watching the destiny of your own. In that congress your declaration and constitution were first written; and from that congress emanated the inspiration which led the American army to victory. My brother, knowing these things as you do, why hesitate to ask for help, and once more stand upon your feet and be able to finish the work we ask you to do. When I say *we*, I mean the band you saw, mentioned in your first letter to the *Offering*. I am the one who approached and talked with you on that occasion. You know I would often take the tobacco from your hands and throw it into the fire; and would take you a long way from your home, and show you letters directed to you as they moved along the road in the mail bag. You would read them and tell all to those around you. It was I that placed the

mantle on you, and assisted in bringing to life the little girl you wrote of. And in the case of Carter, Dickey, Williamson, yourself, and many others, I dictated all. I have taught you that there is no death, and no earth large enough to hold one soul when once set free from its earthly tenement. I have also given you a knowledge of the resurrection of the body,—that from the moment the spirit leaves the body, decomposition commences; bury it where you will the resurrection law will bring it forth and place it in the grass, the rose, the forest tree, the ocean's wave, the granite rock, and other bodies like that in which it dwelt. And thus, slow but sure, it finds its equilibrium in all things which tend to make up matter, of which it is, and thus it lives,—it is not dead, it only changes to other forms. With propriety I can say: "Man, learn thyself."

• My brother, we have traced the body from its first conception to the rose, the beautiful, the good, and now let us look for the spirit, the all-good, the all-wise, the all-powerful, the great motive power, that wields the destiny of worlds. The first lesson we get teaches us that spiritual, spiritualism, or spirits, the three in one, is as old as time. Trace it back, and we find it centered in divinity, and contains the true essence of the Deity filling eternal space, and being the soul and life of all things. And we may say that God fills immensity of space, for we find him in all things.

I have taught you how *we* telegraph to *our* spirit friends, and that telegraphing is one of the high orders of spirit force, and by using this force by way of converse you bring your friends nearer you, till they enter into rapport with you, which creates a oneness from which that brotherly affection or love-principle emanates. I have shown you that death, so called, is just as necessary for man's development as breath is for the body. Death should be esteemed as one of man's best friends. The fear of death is only the opposite to the bliss, enjoyment, and happiness it brings. I have shown you that man is God (or good) according to the knowledge he has of him. I have shown you that for nearly all things you have on earth we have a similarity. I have called to my assistance the attribute which go to prove to you the absurdity of man's being made of clay, or coming through the Darwinian fallacy, and have shown you that man is the outgrowth of worlds developed to that standpoint. I have shown you that

man was the finest particles of the crude elements, and needs culture and refinement, which he can only attain in the school of progress. We have taken you up the stream of time, where we visited other planets, and saw the different races of men on different worlds. Then, we have brought you back and requested you to look and see if you could perceive a similarity on this earth to those you saw on other planets. And I have also shown you how each different race or tribe took possession of this earth to which theirs was congenial. These are some of the things I want you to write that the children of earth life may be the better prepared to meet the great excursion train that is on its way hither.

Why has delicate and tender woman been called from her home and placed upon the watch tower, ready to give her life for a principle, and knowing that the fiery darts of the wicked would be hurled at her,—will some one tell?

My brother, there are many things I would like to say, but I must go and make my report to the council. Good-bye."

I then moved back into this earthly house, too cowardly to ask for help, and suffered on for two weeks more; and would often feel the hand of some kind friend upon me, and would hear a still, sweet voice saying: "Ask and you shall receive." My friends, you can hardly imagine how new and strange it was to me to ask through a public journal to be restored to health, and that by a spirit. But I surely did, and by spirit agency I have been restored. My hands and flesh are soft and tender, and sometimes almost transparent, yet I am well. I had no sooner made the appeal than I felt that my prayer was being answered, for immediately there came to my relief a band of five spirits from Dr. Campbell, and a band of nine from Drs. Thatcher and Dobson. They came in conveyances propelled by their own force of will. You have read in the *Offering* what was done, and I will omit further comment, as this article is already too long, and yet I have not written half I was told. I feel grateful to all for their kindness, especially to the good *Offering* for its kind efforts and the good influence it brings; and I hope to be able to devote more of my time to the good work we have to do.—*Spiritual Offering*, March 17, 1883.

JOHN BROWN, SR.

NARRATIVE OF SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

About ten years ago a friend of mine went to New York, and while consulting a prominent medium there one of her Indian guides came and controlled her and said: "There stands by your side a little Indian girl, who says she is going home with you, and will come to the black-eyed squaw and talk through her." About one week thereafter I was suddenly made aware of a new and strange influence, and a childish voice spoke in a language unknown to all present. She was requested to return to her spirit home and learn to speak in English, that they might converse with her. After a few days she returned, and spoke a few words quite intelligibly, since which time she has been with me, improving in language and intelligence until now. Her words are those of wisdom, and in the gift of prophecy she is indeed wonderful. She gave us her history as belonging to the Chipeway tribe, and that when five years of age she was drowned in the upper Mississippi River. She was so anxious to return to earth that she sought me out as the instrument through whom she could live her most natural life. She is now sixteen years of age, and is a bright, merry-hearted child of nature.

On an occasion in the home of the materializing medium, Mrs. Andrews, of Cascade, N. Y., she was distinctly seen by all present,—again she came to the cabinet and conversed in her own natural voice to the audience.

In 1876, in company with friends, I visited Philadelphia to witness the Centennial Exhibition. While there we were invited to attend a seance at the home of Col. S. P. Kase,—Mrs. Maud E. Lord was the medium. A large company gathered, and the power of spirits was plainly manifested. We had all joined hands except the medium in the center of the circle, who was distinctly heard patting her hands together while her feet were held to the floor by those of a skeptic. Instantaneously many voices were heard, among the rest that of my little Indian girl, spoken just in my ear: "Do n't you go home till you get my picture." The significance of the words will become apparent when I state that for three days in succession I had been to the spirit artist, J. J. Hartman, who was then staying with Dr. Rhodes, in Spring Gar-

den St. I had been disappointed each time in gaining a sitting with him, owing to indisposition of the artist, and I had resolved to return home the next day, when the voice in my ear assured me that my fourth effort might prove a success. Accordingly I went the next day, and Mr. Hartman consented to give me a sitting, and what was my delight to see imprinted upon the plate this childish face (see frontispiece) that had been promised me the evening before. The picture represented is from the original photograph. I have had it enlarged and finished in oil, and it hangs upon my wall, a priceless treasure. In corroboration of this fact, I can refer to most reliable parties in this place, also to friends in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Syracuse.

Yours for the truth, HATTIE E. ALLEN.

Auburn, N. Y., June, 1883.

DIAGNOSING AND HEALING OF DISEASE.

In 1853 I was stopping in Rutland, Vt. A gentleman residing there had become very much interested in my mediumship, especially the trance and rapping phases. He had a sister who resided in Ruport, some forty or fifty miles distant. In April he received a letter from her saying one of her children was very sick, and requesting him to come at once to her home. He went and found the child as he supposed beyond all hope of recovery, but said to the mother: "I will take a lock of his hair and return at once, and get Dr. York to examine him in a trance tonight, and return the report by the first mail tomorrow morning." It was quite late when he (the gentleman) arrived; I had been having a seance that evening. All the company had not yet gone, and when he requested me to be entranced again, I was loathe to comply, but as he informed me it was in behalf of a sick person, and that he wished to send the results in the morning mail I consented, and sat down without knowing who it was, or where the person resided. After being entranced, he says that he handed me the hair, and that my guide, through me, gave a minute examination, stating the cause of the child's illness and location of the pain, also saying they (the spirits) would relieve him

by a slap, using my hand to slap my own chest and shoulders where the pain was most severe in the child. My guide informed the gentleman that the child felt the blow, and asked his mother why she struck him. She answered: "I did not strike you." The child said: "Then that doctor did." When I returned to consciousness the gentleman informed me that the diagnosis was perfectly correct, and wished me to be ready to go and visit the child in case I was called soon. The next evening's mail brought me a letter to come on the first train. The next day found me in Rupert at the house of Mr. Green, the father of the sick child. I found the statement of my guide to be correct, that the child had felt the blow, and exclaimed against it in the exact manner described. The child was nearly drawn double backward by playing with others in the snow. Three of his playmates who were taken ill in a similar way from the same cause passed to spirit life. The life of the boy was saved by the ministration of my guides, but his health is still poor I am informed by his sister, whom I met last summer at Lake Pleasant.

C. C. YORK,
Milford, Mass.

LOST HORSE FOUND.

Last Christmas afternoon a friend of mine residing in Cambridge had a horse stolen from him. Every effort had been made to recover it, but without avail. At last I proposed to visit the medium, Mrs. F. H. Drew, of Stoneham, Mass., believing in her power to find it. I took with me a blanket which had previously been worn by the horse, thinking it might assist her in tracing him out. As soon as she was entranced, and took hold of it, she told me the name and color of the horse, which she had never seen or known anything about. She also informed me that the man who had first taken it from the owner was not the one who had possession of it now. After describing the man who now had it in charge, she informed me that he had found the horse walking alone by the side of the road, having been driven as far as was required by the man who first captured it, and then left alone in the road. She said we would now find the animal in Brighton or Arlington in a private stable with another horse,

and that one shoe was so loose that we would be obliged to have it nailed on before bringing him home. We went to Arlington and found the horse had been there, but had been taken to Brighton. Upon going there we found it in charge of the very man Mrs. Drew had described, and every particular of her statement concerning it verified even to the loosened shoe.

MR. EDWARD M. BRYANT,
Maplewood, Mass.

TEST AND PROPHEPIC COMMUNICATIONS.

About thirty years ago I became acquainted with a very talented and accomplished young lady, whom I will call, by way of more completeness to my story, Miss Ellen G——, but latterly as Mrs. M——, a resident of the city of Lawrence, in this State. I became acquainted with her by means of association with a company of six or eight others, gentlemen and ladies, in an ever-circulating *Phonographic Magazine*, as it was called, a kind of manuscript magazine, circulated alternately between the members of the circle, devoted to the cause of advancing the art of phonography. The leader of the magazine would propose a certain subject for discussion, write his or her own views upon the matter, then transmit it by mail to the next one in the order of arrangement, and that one would read and give his or her opinion as the first had done, all in the phonographic character, and then forward it on to the next, and so on through the whole. We would by this means encourage each other in the practice of this beautiful art, and at the same time acquaint ourselves with each other's views.

In the course of this circulation it became my turn to propose a subject for discussion. I took that of spiritualism,—I gave my own views upon it, as did the others of the circle, Miss G—— among them. At that early day it was *not quite* as popular as at present. But we two were so interested in the subject that we continued between us the discussion outside of the circle. She was wonderfully talented and skillful in her treatment of it, and in fact of her treatment of every subject that she wrote about.

She was platonic, *i.e.*, she believed in no future conscious human existence beyond death,—believed that all human souls at the death of the body were absorbed into the Deity, without any individuality, and I remember that she illustrated her ideas something like this: “There is the Tremont Temple, for example,” she said, “you see all those beautiful lights in the upper ceiling, lighted by *one* torch through the different openings by some *invisible hand*, and then they burn for a while, until they are put out for their present burning,—they were lighted from the same burning element by the *Great Manufacturer*, to be lighted again from the same source of light. So with us,” she argued, “human souls,—here for a little while on earth, lighted by the Great Illuminator of the world, and then pass back absorbed into the Deity.” Such were her dialectic methods of presenting her ideas on that subject. I made reply, after expressing my disbelief in these platonic doctrines, to her brilliant illustrations, that they were very fanciful and fascinating, but they reminded me of some of my early boyhood fancies about the extinguishment of the light of every candle,—that every flame, when put out, went, or was taken, far away to some great boundless realm of flame, to be ready to ignite some millions more of candles in the world when wanted, but that I never expected to live, grow up to years of reasonable reflection, and listen to an earnest illustration of my boyish fancies by a well-informed and cultivated lady to sustain her not well-founded imaginary belief of the character of immortal existence in the deific realm.

Nevertheless, she was talented and brilliant as I have said. She had a brother in Harvard College about the time of this correspondence between us, who was also a young man of ability. He used to go around to different places in the vicinity of Boston, giving lectures at lyceums, &c., on the subject of “The Manly Man,” and she, true to her instinct and capacity, would follow after him in the same places, and give lectures on “The Womanly Woman,” and you may be sure that she handled the subject with the skill of a master. I heard her deliver it once in the Town Hall of Watertown, where she stood up before a crowded audience, which frequently applauded her address,—and I took notice of one peculiarity about it, that, though accompanied by appropriate expression and gesticulation, *there was not*

one single word of hesitation or repetition in it from the beginning to the end. At the close I waited to congratulate her on her success. As she approached she handed her manuscript to me, saying: "Do you think I did well?" Replying in the affirmative, I took the manuscript and saw, to my surprise, that it was *written entirely* in the phonographic character. I said: "Miss G——, you do not mean to say that you delivered your unhesitating and unembarrassed address from this manuscript?" "Yes, indeed, I do," she replied, "every word of it." "Well, then," I said, "perhaps you memorized it?" "Not one line of it," she answered. And I believed it; she was truthful. I was doubly astonished. Here was a young lady from eighteen to twenty years, in her normal powers, before a crowded assembly delivering an address on the character and mission of her sex, *without one single word of hesitation* from the beginning to the end, from an unmemorized phonographic manuscript. I could not refrain from expressing my surprise and admiration of her accomplishment.

I have mentioned the above-named incidents that you may the better understand the character of the heroine of my story in the subsequent but more interesting part of it in connection with the subject of spiritualism.

Not long after the above circumstance took place Miss G—— came on a visit from Lawrence to Boston, and called on me at my office, No. 3 Winter St., where I was at that time acting as Assistant Treasurer of the New England Emigrant Aid Company. After a pleasant salutation and allusion to our friendly correspondence on the subject of spiritualism, I bethought myself that I would invite her to visit the office of J. V. Mansfield, which was on the floor just beneath that of mine, to see if she might not be able to recognize some of the spirit portraits hung around his room. With a little hesitation she accepted my invitation, and we went to his room, and while I was showing her these, and other pictures there, Mr. Mansfield himself quite unexpectedly came from his little office room toward us, to whom I introduced her to him as Miss G——. He at once asked her if she would not like to write some message to some deceased person, and see if she might not be able to receive some message in return. After some hesitation, in deference to her incredulous-

ness, she finally replied: "Oh, yes, I consent. What shall I do?" Reply: "Just take your seat there at my desk, and write your message to your departed friend as though you were writing to a living one." Understanding that direction, she proceeded to his desk, while we were at the other end of the room, and with the quickness of a facile writer soon produced her message, and then inquired: "What shall I do with it?" Mr. Mansfield replied: "Fold your paper containing your message over and over and over again, so that when I go there to my desk I cannot see its contents." "I have done it," she answered. He then came and took his seat at the desk, placed his hand on the folded paper, and awaited the spiritual dictation. As she stood watching his action with much curiosity, I said to her in a very pleasant but yet earnest manner: "Miss G——, I advise you to keep your eyes sharply on Mr. Mansfield, and not let him by any sly manner open the paper, read its contents, and then give you a pretended genuine answer." "Oh, indeed I will," was her quick response.

Mr. Mansfield was then put on his skill as a spiritual instrument to produce the convincing evidence. For a long time we waited,—ten minutes perhaps,—until I myself began to apprehend a failure for this anxious occasion, and so I remarked to him: "I am afraid you are not to succeed this time." He replied: "No, I feel the impressions are coming." And then his hand seized a pencil, and wrote the message to her, and then passed it over to her to read. I watched with some interest her countenance as she perused it. Her face, naturally very white and colorless, suddenly assumed a deep crimson shade. Conjecturing that something quite striking had been given in the message, I said to her: "What is the matter, Miss G——?" "Well, this is wonderful," she answered; "I'll tell you about it. I wrote my message to a very dear friend of mine who died two or three weeks ago. Among other things, I said to her: 'Do you know that I was *dreaming* about you the other night?' and this is her reply." I cannot recall but a few parts of the answer, as she read it to us, commencing: "My Dear Ellen" (take notice, I had not in the introduction given any Christian name), "I am glad," she continued to read, "that you have come and tried to get a communication from me. It is extremely difficult to control the medium today. But I want you to give your attention

to this subject. I know that *you were thinking* of me the other night," &c. This *thinking* of her had reference to what Miss G—— had said about her *dreaming* of her friend, and to me it was a certain significance that what we consider often times as the merest dreams are well known by our spirit friends, or are impressions made by them.

It was evident that the message under the circumstances was making some decided impressions on her mind. After thinking of it, however, for a short time, she suddenly exclaimed with great pleasure, as though she had made a great and glad discovery: "Oh, I see how it is, you have got this all from *my mind*; oh, yes, that is it. I see how you did it,—oh, yes," and she had a continued gleeful laugh at her discovery. Mr. Mansfield himself laughed with her, not in acquiescence at the correctness of her position, but to think that she was only reflecting the position of hundreds of others. And so after a moment he replied: "Oh, you greatly mistake, Miss G——. I know no more about it than a man in the moon. But let me tell you of a circumstance, however, that took place here this forenoon, and then see if you think it was in my mind. A gentleman, who was an entire stranger, called on me and said: 'I hear a great deal about this subject of spiritualism, and I have come here to see if you can tell me something about it.' 'Very well,' I said, 'come and take your seat here, and we will see what we can get for you.' So the first thing represented was this, I was controlled to take a pencil and make four short straight up and down lines. 'What are those for?' inquired he. 'I am impressed that those lines represent the number of letters in your first name,'" said Mr. Mansfield. The man thought and then said: "That is so." Then Mr. Mansfield again took his pencil and made seven other similar lines on the paper, and the man again inquired: "What are those for?" Mr. Mansfield replied: "I am impressed that those represent the number of letters (seven) in your *father's name*." The man waited a moment to count them, and then said: "Yes, *that* is true." "Then," said Mr. Mansfield, "my hand was controlled to commence writing as usual, but instead of a brief one like your friend's to you," said he to Miss G——, "it was one of considerable length. In fact, I did not know when I would stop. Finally it was finished, and I took it up to read it to him, as I

sometimes do to parties, but to my surprise I myself could make nothing of it, and I passed it over to him, and told him that there was the communication, he could have it, if he could understand it, for I could not. The man took it and looked it over hastily, and then said: '*Well, well*; I am astonished. Here is a message to me in the Swedish language, for I am a Swede, purporting to come from my father, who has been dead for a good while, and he says some things in this message that I know are true, and some things that I believe are not true, and among the latter he says my mother is dead. Now I have received letters from Sweden within a short time, and she was alive and well then as ever. I don't believe it is true. But I hear that some of my folks in the city have just got letters from home, and I will go down at once and inquire if they have heard anything like it.' And he went out, and do you believe me, in about an hour he came back and said the statement was true. His other relatives had more recent news than he had received, and I must confess it is too sadly true.' Now," said Mr. Mansfield to Miss G——, "how did I know anything about these circumstances? In the first place, the message itself was in a language of which I know nothing; next, it told of things of which I had not the slightest impression, and, third, the message contained some statements which the man himself believed were not true, but afterwards ascertained to be absolutely correct. And do you, Miss G——, say that they are obtained from my mind? You cannot believe it.'

As we left Mr. Mansfield I told Miss G—— that she had received some evidences that day that ought to go far to *modify*, to say the least, some of her platonic opinions.

Soon after the above interview with Miss G—— she was married to Mr. M——, one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, and she moved to that city, and I did not see her as often. But I became further personally acquainted with some other incidents in her history in connection with communications from her departed friends, one or two of which I will mention.

One day, late in the summer of 1865, as I was passing along in Court St., near Scollay Square, who should I unexpectedly meet but our old friend Miss G——, now Mrs. M——. Saluting her, she inquired about passing events, and, among others, concerning

the recent death of my brother, Dr. J. W. S., with whom she was well acquainted, and by whom I was introduced in the phonographic incidents before alluded to. She inquired if there was no possibility of saving his valuable life, &c. Having satisfied her inquiries, the thought suddenly occurred to me to ask her if she would not like to go to some good medium to see if she could not obtain some message from him to us. So I proposed it and obtained her consent. I went to Mrs. Snow, or to Mrs. Rockwood, I am not now sure which, both on Court St., and made arrangement for the next day. To make the incidents as short as I can well do so, we met as by appointment, but we did not receive what we hoped for, but perhaps something more instructive. There was presented to us by the clairvoyance of the medium a young man who gave his name, which, however, I have forgotten,—described a former clerk in some mercantile establishment, who had before him a great pile of account books, on the top of which was an open sheet of paper with some deadly poison on the top of it, and further that the scene was just over the water. I had no recollection myself of the person named, or of the scene described, and I asked Mrs. M—— if she could give any information. She gave me none.

Then another scene was presented to us, on a large canvas as it were, whereon was prophetically represented that something of very great importance would transpire within three days, and would be of intense interest, and come from the West. "To me, to me?" I asked. "No, not to you," was the reply. "To this lady?" I again inquired. "Yes, yes, to her," was responded. I vainly endeavored to obtain more particulars concerning this last representation. The declaration was in relation to the deep importance of the event to the lady, and to occur within three days, and from the point of direction named, and that they *would not* give any further information beyond these. Other incidents during this seance were given, but were unimportant.

As we left the house I said to Mrs. M——: "I do not know but that you are disappointed as I did not receive what I expected. Tell me, please, did you know the young man in the first representation who gave his name, who was a clerk, had a pile of account books, with a paper of poison on top of them?" To my surprise, she said she did. She said the young man's

name was given correctly, that he was a clerk, that he was an old lover of hers, whom she discarded, *in consequence of which he committed suicide by taking poison*. She further said that this transpired at East Boston, or "*just over the water*," as was named in the seance. I expressed my undisguised astonishment at the announcement.

And now tell me, pray, Mrs. M——, what you know about the second representation." "Not one single thing do I know or can I divine about it any more than you do," she answered.

Upon these responses, and the two remarkable representations that we had received, I thought with deep earnestness as we walked along, when suddenly the whole panorama was presented to my mind. "Stop a minute," said I to Mrs. M——, "I will tell you the meaning of these representations." I am no prophet, though my name is Joseph. "The first representation of such a vivid character you know all about, and if the scene and accessories as represented to you at that seance had been confined to that alone you would have said, perhaps as you did to Mr. Mansfield a few years ago, that the whole was taken from your mind, and you would have parried off the force of it, and hence it was necessary to have the second representation or scene of which you say truly you do not know the least thing. Now," said I, "it remains to be seen what will transpire within these three days, which 'will be of such intense importance' to you, and you may be very sure, in my opinion, that it will be irresistably convincing to you. Be prepared for it."

On the second or third day after this, while I was attending to my duties in the office as treasurer of the savings bank, on Summer St., one of the clerks came to me and said that there was a lady wishing to see me in the directors' room. On entering the room I found Mrs. M—— in a state of deep grief and tears. I said to her: "Pray, tell me what is the matter, Mrs. M——. Has anything befallen you? anything happened to your husband or children?" "No," she said, "nothing to *them*; but I have just received a despatch from Missouri saying that my brother had been killed by the guerrillas as he was getting off from a train of cars, and that his remains and effects had already been forwarded on their way East." I said: "What brother was this, the same one who was in the Harvard ten years ago, and who I

remember gave his lyceum lectures in various places when in college, and you followed him in yours?" "The same one," she said. "He had gone out to Missouri on business for the law firm of Gooch & Copeland, of this city, in the collection of debts for Messrs. Palmer & Bachelder. This brother I loved more than any mortal,—more than my husband, my children or my father or mother,—and, oh, I would give anything if I could only have one word from him. Will you tell me if I cannot find some one by whom I might possibly hear from him?" I tried to calm her greatly-agitated feelings. Having in a measure done so, I remembered the prophetic declarations of the three days before, and gently reminded her of them as being a very convincing, if not quite undisputed, evidence of spirit communication, though perhaps to her a very sad or serious one. She in her grief admitted its remarkable character and strong evidence. She desired most earnestly that I would give her the names of several reliable mediums, to whom she could go to get some communication from her brother. I told her that she was in such a great anxiety and excitement of mind at present that I feared from those very circumstances alone she would fail to receive what she desired. But not content, so earnest was she, but I must give them, which I did, and asked her to report to me her success or otherwise. A few days after this interview, she came to me and told me that she had been to them all without being able to get a single word, except through the last one." I think Mrs. Willis, on Winter St., through whom she said she got an important communication from her brother, which she gave, but which I do not recall, except this, that he told her that he wished her to have his gold watch in loving remembrance of him, concerning which wish Mrs. M—— doubted very much as to the willingness of his wife to consent to her so doing. "Yes," he said, "she *will be* willing; give yourself no uneasiness about it." "And they will even laugh at me," she said to him. "No, no, they will not," he replied. "To my great astonishment," she said, "when I told his wife and the rest, unequivocally, all about my communication from my brother, they at once consented."

I saw Mrs. M—— but a few times after this, when she gave me some other incidents of an interesting character, but I cannot recount them further, as I am extending these remarks far

beyond my intention when I commenced, and I think I have already given you sufficiently interesting evidence to show that no preoccupation of the mind of an investigator with or without supposed facts is necessary to account for the origin of spirit communications,—and that very frequently those very same communications are quite contrary to the convictions of all parties present, and, in fact, are quite unknown to any living mortal.

A. J. STONE.

82 Devonshire St., Boston.

CABINET PHENOMENA.

As you have kindly asked me to contribute some facts to your most valuable magazine, I have selected the following from the many that have come under my own personal observation, and have appended as far as I could names, dates, &c., to make them as authentic as possible.

I think, in England most of the manifestations are upon the purely physical plane, because the people, instead of desiring to be *instructed*, are only seeking to be *amused*, and spiritualism is accepted as an entertainment forbidden by the Church, and condemned by the State, and therefore all the more inviting, as “forbidden fruit” always is. This lack of spirituality on the part of the investigator (?) attracts spirits of a purely mundane character, who play their part, and doubtless laugh at the folly afterwards.

At a large seance assembled in our own drawing rooms, in Garden St., some remarkable manifestations took place, worthy of more than passing notice. Mrs. Florence Corner (*nee* Cook) acted as medium on this occasion, and was seated in the back room, which was separated from the front by hanging velvet curtains; the company were ranged in front of the curtain.

Several forms appeared, and, as the light was very strong, could be clearly seen and recognized. Some were short, others tall, the costumes varied, and the languages of not less than three nations were spoken fluently. There was a lull for a moment in the manifestations, and the curtains were drawn aside, and out stepped a very tall spirit. He moved across the floor with rapid motion,

clad in the long, flowing robe of the East, and finally stopped in the center of the room. He was, by actual measurement, six feet two inches. Madame Leonard, wife of Gen. Leonard, of San Francisco, said: "It is *too* marvelous. If I could see Mrs. Corner now, I would believe." She had scarcely finished when the spirit returned to the curtain and brought out the medium, whose face looked so thin and wan as to be almost past recognition. The spirit and medium stood in the center of the room for a few seconds, and then the medium seemed to be sinking to the floor. I at once sprung to assist her, when the spirit waved me back with one hand, and with the other raised her, and in one instant was back to the curtains, saying: "Look to the medium," and both disappeared from view.

We hurriedly drew aside the curtains, and there, on the floor, lay Mrs. Corner, but the tall visitant had vanished. In half an hour the medium was one with us again, while we were left to discuss the whys and the wherefores of it all.

The same medium was one evening giving a sitting at the residence of a noted Evangelist, W. Hogg, Esq., who was once instrumental in bringing Moody and Sankey forward in London. The company were of a high order socially, and were about to have the matter "tested," whatever that may mean. So they tied Mrs. Corner in every way into a large easy chair, and then covered her and the chair with mosquito netting, which they secured with seals, and put the whole into a large box and nailed slats across the opening. This done, we were ranged before a curtain, as in our previous seance. The medium was a stranger to everyone except myself. They sung the *good* hymns Hold the Fort, and Ninety and Nine, &c., when we heard raps, five minutes having elapsed. These raps spelled out this message: "Look to your medium, we laugh at all tests." The host drew aside the curtain, and there sat Mrs. Corner (the medium) on top of the box, in the easy chair, all untied, and the box with the netting and twine in it, nailed as it had been left. "How did you get out?" exclaimed the company. "You explain," she said, turning to a Reverend. We have not yet heard the explanation. I need scarcely add that all the power was exhausted in counteracting the test, as is often the case, and that nothing more was received.

There are no more wonderful mediums for this form of manifestations than the Eddy brothers. While at Lake Pleasant, in the summer of 1880, with some friends, one of the party desired a sitting at one o'clock that day, and said that it was of so much importance that other enjoyments must be put aside for it.

The Eddys being consulted said the time was taken, but after some urging they finally arranged the sitting. There were but five in the party. We had taken our seats before the cabinet at about a quarter to one o'clock, in a good light. Shortly, the curtain began to move, and presently an arm was put forth, followed by a tall figure, faultlessly attired in black, as the old clock over the door struck the hour (one o'clock). The spirit pointed to it and whispered "Pau," the name of a watering place in central Europe. I was asked to advance to the cabinet, and in doing so I saw an entire stranger standing before me, but of a type of feature I recognized. He motioned to a lady present, whom he called sister, and spoke to her in French and English, giving his name, a peculiar one, unknown to a person in America, and then faded from view. It was the brother of the lady, who had died a year ago, at one o'clock, at Pau. I do not know how that anything could be more positive.

These are a few out of the many that suggest themselves to my mind.

Yours, &c., J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

2 Hamilton Place, Boston.

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

This society, formed for the collection of the facts of spiritualism, in its broadest sense, has published the second part of its proceedings, an octavo pamphlet of 160 pages, containing a very able address by Professor Sidgwick, the President, and reports of the Committee on Thought-Transference, with very curious illustrations, the Richenbach Committee, the Committee on Haunted Houses, and the Literary Committee, the latter containing testimony as to a variety of what are usually called "supernatural manifestations." Some of the latter are so interesting, and so carefully authenticated, that we gladly add them to our collection.

A DYING MOTHER VISITS HER CHILDREN.

This narrative is abridged from the words of the late Mrs. Chas. Fox, of Trebah, Falmouth (a lady well known to one of us), who had heard the story from her grandmother, one of the children who witnessed the apparition. Few families could be named in which such traditions were likely to be at once more sacredly and more soberly preserved.

"In 1739, Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill and died at Cockermouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone, her husband and three children, aged seven, five, and four years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements, as to time as well as place, was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other.

"One morning, between seven and eight o'clock, the relation to whom the care of the children at Settle had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual, and found them all sitting up in their beds in great excitement and delight. 'Mamma has been here!' they cried, and the little one said, 'She called, "Come, Esther!"' Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother on her return home. That same morning, as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said: 'I should be ready to go if I could but see my children.' She then closed her eyes to reopen them, as they thought, no more; but after ten minutes of perfect stillness she looked up brightly and said: 'I am ready now; I have been with my children;' and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minutes were the same.

"One of the three children was my grandmother, *nee* Sarah Birkbeck, afterwards the wife of Dr. Fell, of Ulverstone. From her lips I heard the above almost literally as I have repeated it. The elder was Morris Birkbeck, afterwards of Guildford. Both these lived to old age, and retained to the last so solemn and

reverential a remembrance of the circumstance that they rarely would speak of it. Esther, the youngest, died soon after. Her brother and sister heard the child say that her mother called her, but could not speak with certainty of having themselves heard the words, nor were sensible of more than their mother's standing there and looking on them."

A SOLDIER KILLED IN BATTLE APPEARS TO HIS BROTHER.

Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N.B., allows us to publish the following narrative:—

"I was at home for my holidays, and residing with my father and mother, not here, but at another old family place in Mid-Lothian, built by an ancestor in Queen Mary of Scots's time, called Inveresk House. My bedroom was a curious old room, long and narrow, with a window at one end of the room, and a door at the other. My bed was on the right of the window, looking towards the door. I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him he must let me know by appearing to me in my room, where we had often as boys together sat at night and indulged in a surreptitious pipe and chat. This letter (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the fact to me. Having done this, he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place, and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him on the right temple, and he fell amongst heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or rather he *fell*, though he may not have died immediately, on Sept. 8, 1855.

"That night I awoke suddenly, and saw facing the window of my room, by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphor-

escent mist, as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak, but could not. I buried my head in the bed clothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts or apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and indeed had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy, and the moonlight playing on a towel, or something out of place. But, on looking up, there he was again, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced through the window, and saw that there was no moon; but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sound against the panes. I turned, and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it, and reached the door of the room. As I turned the handle before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned around his head slowly, and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple, with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent-looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it is almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went into a friend's room and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know. On the Monday following he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house in Athole Crescent, in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said: 'I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect;' and he said 'Yes.' Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death wound was exactly where I had seen it. But none could say whether he actually died at the moment. His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later his small prayer-book *and the*

letter I had written to him were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of the tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now."

Mr. Colt mentioned several persons who could corroborate this narrative.

A WOMAN DYING IN ENGLAND APPEARING TO HER NIECE IN
THE WEST INDIES.

The Rev. W. S. Grignon, Hanbrook, Bristol, writes to us as follows:—

"I give the annexed narrative of the apparition of a deceased or dying person on the authority of my mother, the late Mrs. Elizabeth A. Grignon, wife of the late William Stanford Grignon, Esq., of Upton, near Montego Bay, Jamaica, and youngest sister of the well-known counsel, Sir James Scarlett, afterwards the first Lord Abinger. I received the account from her, and have had it confirmed by my late sister, Miss Elizabeth Scarlett Grignon, who had often heard it from our mother. I may say that my mother was a cool-headed, accurate person.

"About the year 1820, she was resident at Upton, in Jamaica, and had as an upper nurse in her family a Mrs. Duchoux, an English woman, who had married a French man. With the exception of this nurse, every servant in the house was black or brown. One morning my brother observed that this woman seemed much depressed, so much so that she pressed her for the reason. She said she was sure she should hear of the death of an aunt of hers resident in England. Her statement was as follows: she had got into bed, but not yet fallen asleep, and had before this locked the door of her bedroom. A negro girl was sleeping on a mattress on the floor of her room. Near the foot of her bed was a small table, on which stood a candle under a shade. Looking up, she saw a female figure in a night-dress, standing with its back towards her at the foot of the bed, near the table with the light on it, and holding a roll of paper in its hand. As she looked, the figure turned its face round towards her, and she at once recognized an aunt then living in England. The figure then moved towards the door, and seemed to pass out of it or disappear. Mrs. Douchoux was not at all frightened, but jumped out of bed and

found the door still locked on the inside, and the negro girl asleep. She was quite sure it was her aunt's and no other face which she saw, and that she should hear of her death. My mother told her that she must have dreamed the whole scene; but, nevertheless, was so far impressed at the woman's reiterated assurance that she had been wide awake that she at once made a note of the statement, with the date. On the arrival of the packet which left England shortly after the date of the apparition, a letter reached Mrs. Douchoux, informing her that her aunt had died just about the date of the vision, and had in her will left her £100. I cannot say that the time of the apparition coincided exactly with the last moments of the deceased. I doubt if this was inquired into at the time. But I remember that my mother stated that the woman had not previously heard anything to make her anxious about her aunt."

A WOMAN APPEARS TO HER CHILDREN AND GRAND-CHILDREN.

The following account is by Mr. C. Colchester, of Bushey Heath, Herts:—

"Forty-two or three years ago my father was with a detachment of his regiment, the Royal Artillery, stationed at Montreal, Canada. He had left his mother some months before in England in an indifferent state of health. One evening he was sitting at his desk, writing to her, when my mother, looking up from her work, was startled to see *his* mother looking over his shoulder, seemingly intent on the letter. My mother gave a cry of alarm, and on my father turning around the apparition vanished. On the same evening my brother and I (aged about six and five years) were in bed watching the bright moonlight, when suddenly we saw a figure—a lady with her hands folded on her breast—walking slowly between the bed and the window, backwards and forwards. She wore a cap with a frill tied under her chin, and a dressing-gown, of the appearance of white flannel, her white hair being neatly arranged. She continued to walk, it seemed to me, fully five minutes, and then was gone. We did not cry out, and were not even alarmed, but after her disappearance we said to each other: 'What a nice, kind lady!' and then went to sleep. The children mentioned what they had seen to their mother next

morning, but were told not to talk about it. The news of their grandmother's death on that same evening arrived a few weeks afterwards. 'I may add,' Mr. Colchester concludes, 'that neither my brother nor I had ever seen our grandmother till that evening, nor knew of what my mother had seen till years after. The apparition I saw is as palpably before me now as it was forty years since.'

PERSONS WARNED OF THE DROWNING OF FRIENDS AT SEA.

The Rev. R. B. F. Elrington, Vicar of Lower Brixham, a friend of one of us, vouches for the fact that the following occurrence in his parish was described hours before the arrival of the news confirming the fears which it occasioned; and he certifies to the good character of the witnesses:—

"(xxix.) In the early spring of 1881, Mrs. Barnes, of Brixham, Devonshire, whose husband was at sea, dreamt that his fishing-vessel was run into by a steamer. Their boy was with him, and she called out in her dream: 'Save the boy!' At this moment another son sleeping in the next room rushed into hers, crying out: 'Where's father?' She asked what he meant, when he said he had distinctly heard his father come up stairs and kick with his heavy boots against the door, as he was in the habit of doing when he returned from sea. The boy's statement and her own dream so alarmed the woman that early next morning she told Mrs. Strong and other neighbors of her fears. News afterwards came that her husband's vessel had been run into by a steamer, and that he and the boy were drowned."

It is, perhaps, the first time that a learned society composed of university professors, and men belonging to the learned professions or engaged in literary and scientific pursuits, has entered upon a serious and scientific investigation of spiritual facts, and this small sample of their work in one department must, we are sure, greatly interest our readers. The members deserve every credit for their exercise of moral courage, as if psychology were not as legitimate a subject of scientific inquiry as geology. We believe the time is at hand when the importance of such investigations will have a wider recognition.—*The Spiritual Record*, June, 1883.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

The following experience I had in the winter of 1848-9, which is as clear today as when it occurred. I was then living in Michigan, a short distance from a sister and brother-in-law.

After retiring one night I passed from a natural sleep into a trance, when a man came to me having his throat cut and the blood flowing from the wound, a most horrible sight to look at, and said: "Come with me, I have just been murdered and wish to show you the house." I seemed compelled to follow him,—we both appeared to rise and float over a strange part of the country until we reached the house where the murder was committed, when he said: "Look at the house carefully, and count the rooms; notice the character of the people who are here; the landlord, who killed me, be sure you can describe him so as to bring him to justice." Then he again said: "Follow me," and proceeded to go down a pair of stairs leading into a cellar, where he pointed out the spot where his body had been buried but a few hours before. The intense agony depicted upon his countenance, the bleeding, and almost dismembered head, made such an impression on my mind as can never be effaced in this life.

When I came out of the trance I awoke my husband and told him all. We then determined to tell my brother-in-law, which we proceeded to do the next day. After giving him a full and detailed description of the house and inmates and their occupation, &c., he said: "You have described the house, the character of those who meet there, the man and his business, even a correct description of the location of the rooms, also where the cellar door is, &c., and now I tell you I am a member of a vigilance committee, and we are watching that house, and we believe counterfeiters, horse thieves, and perhaps murderers, have their rendezvous there." I would not consent to have anything done for fear of their vengeance. Twenty years after that terrible experience I read of the complete destruction of a gang of counterfeiters, horse thieves, and supposed murderers who had made *that* place their headquarters for the past twenty-five years.—*Spiritual Offering*, June 30, 1883.

MRS. L. C. H. S. TRACY.

MITCHELVILLE, IOWA, June 17, 1883.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1883.

NO. 2.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

The *facts* of modern spiritualism, in the words of Alfred R. Wallace, may be considered as fully established by the unimpeachable testimony of numerous reliable observers, among them some of the most illustrious scientists; and yet these very facts, and the truths deduced from them, are scouted by preachers, editors, newspaper and magazine writers, and other ill-informed or prejudiced persons, as if they had no other foundation than ignorance or superstition, or as if an acceptance of them argued mental imbecility, or an aberration of reason. The accumulation of these "facts" has gone on for more than a generation, and is still progressing, apparently with but little effect in removing, or even abating, the general hostility of the popular mind toward everything pertaining to what is conceived as "supernatural" or "ghostly," or to what is stigmatized as "dealing with the dead." The notion of very many people is: spiritualism ought not to be true; therefore, it is not true. "The idea that the spirits of the dead can, or would do such things! Preposterous! Against common sense!" Or, as the editor of the *Charleston Sunday Times* recently remarked, when logic and facts failed him in sustaining his hostility to spiritual truth, "Nothing that has been said will be likely to convince the public that spiritualism is other than a delusion. The public may be wrong, but *we incline to the belief* [against unanswerable facts] that, *in this case*, the *consensus humani generis* may safely be trusted." What ignorance and infatuation! If the general consent of the human race could be trusted, the truth of spirit intercourse and manifestation would most certainly be established; for there never was a people

among whom the belief in it—nay, a positive conviction of it—did not to a greater or less extent prevail, however strongly denied by materialistic, sensuous Sadducees. The strongest facts fall on such impervious minds without making any impression. Testimony is thrown away upon them; even the evidence of their own senses fails to convince them against the intensity of their bigotry and prejudice.

What is especially needed at present is a *systematic* array of facts,—facts so classified as to show the special truths which they support. Unthinking, untrained minds are unable to interpret the spiritual phenomena constantly being presented; and the bigoted foes of truth are constantly perverting them, and attributing them to impossible agencies. Promiscuous facts have been given to the public year after year, and, it is true, have served to overcome a vast deal of intellectual opposition, since all minds are not incapable of reasoning fairly and justly,—are not absolutely enslaved by religious, scientific, or social prejudice, or kept in bondage under the “law of opinion,”—in a contemptible thralldom to Mrs. Grundy. With *some*, to think and speak freely is indispensably requisite to make “life worth living.”

After the accumulation of facts, science demands a careful and accurate induction of principles; and this requires an order of mind quite different from that concerned in the observation and collection of the facts. The patient, painstaking, accurate observer of facts is not always the most competent to construct from them a philosophical system,—to show their relations and the principles which they prove. Spiritualism now needs very much this latter work. Its record of facts should be explored; a scientific induction should be made from them; and an exposition of spiritual principles thus obtained. In this way did the illustrious Kepler deduce the great laws of planetary motion from the rich stores of facts collected by the patient observations of Tycho Brahe.

Let me in this brief article suggest a few of the propositions for the clear demonstration of which these inductions should be made, as a preliminary work:—

1. That the manifestations referred to the agency of disembodied spirits are *not* attributable to the action of (a) physical forces, or (b) the psychic forces of the living. It is on one or

the other of these two hypotheses that spiritualism is now strongly assailed, especially by Protestant pulpiteers and materialistic scientists. And in connection with this a clear principle of discrimination should be laid down between the phenomena due to the psychologic influence of human beings in the flesh, and the physical, as well as mental and psychic action of disembodied spirits. For, some time ago, it was cogently remarked by an acute writer on spiritualism: "The psychological influence theory has spread of late to such an extent that it is practically made to cover all phenomena—provided they do not happen as we think they ought to happen."

2. That the *intelligence* manifested in so many ways in what is believed to be spirit intercourse *cannot* logically be imputed to any embodied mind under the circumstances. The principles of this induction, partly included in the foregoing, need a very careful elaboration.

3. That the spirit intelligences communicating with us at this time *are* the departed spirits of human beings, who once lived on the earth,—not "elementary spirits," or "devils," or a distinct class of spiritual beings called "angels;" and that, therefore, by the fact of their communication and manifestation, they demonstrate conclusively the continued existence of human beings after the change called death. It is against this proposition that all the power and learning of the Roman Catholic Church, and of the Jesuit Order, are now being arrayed, the force of which spiritualism has scarcely commenced to feel.

4. That the *personal identity* of some, at least, of these intelligences can be satisfactorily, and undeniably (in a logical point of view) established; and thus that departed relatives and friends can be recognized as still living, and communing with their relatives and friends in the material life.

These are the fundamental propositions which "facts" have most clearly established; and the evidence which they present should be systematically, logically, and scientifically arranged, so as to oppose an impregnable bulwark against the attacks of ignorant presumption, learned conceit, and rabid bigotry. Upon these, as a foundation, can be erected the magnificent temple of the New Revelation, within the *arcana* of which shine in superlative splendor the most brilliant gems of spiritual truth.

The work done by the *Facts* magazine is filling the laboratory of the philosophic spiritualist with the requisite materials for the attainment of this *desideratum*; but collection and collation should go on *pari passu*. Every fact is as a stone that can be fitted into the structure of spiritual science, either for strength or adornment; and is, therefore, a valuable contribution to this the greatest glory of the nineteenth century, destined to be illustrious in human annals for both material and spiritual progress.

I hope in some future articles to illustrate these points by a citation of appropriate facts, and thus, perhaps, to prompt to a branch of spiritualistic literature which, though not wholly neglected, has certainly, I think, not as yet been cultivated as effectively as it might be. Of course, in the early stages of the investigation, it was impossible; but, year by year, materials for it are becoming more copious and complete.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1883.

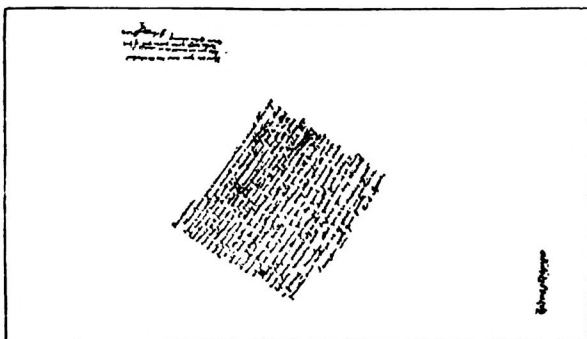
HENRY KIDDLE.

MR. WM. MALCOLM'S POSITION

IN RELATION TO THE MICROSCOPIC WRITINGS OBTAINED AT THE
CHESEBROUGH SEANCE.

We have ascertained that Mr. Wm. Malcolm, of Syracuse, N. Y., has made statements concerning the article on page 433, *Facts*, No. 4, Vol. I, to this effect, that the writing there noticed was done by a Mr. Mallonee, one of his employees, and that they (Mallonee and Malcolm) imposed this trick upon the circle for the purpose of "testing the credulity of spiritualists."

We here intend simply to state the facts in the case, and our readers will judge for themselves how much is false or genuine. Again we wish to inform them of our position in gathering statements of phenomena. Our purpose and endeavor is to secure experiences from honorable, responsible, and trustworthy parties with as many witnesses and vouchers for the same as possible. If at any time we learn that these statements are not as they have been represented to us, and the parties not reliable, we shall at once inform the public of the exact truth as nearly as we can learn it. Hearing of the manifestation before mentioned, and wishing to publish it if true, I took special pains to make inquiry



Dear Malcolm,

When I gave you a communication a short time ago I gave you credit you honestly in your inner self. You have not acted with your usual integrity in this matter for you have suppressed certain facts which would go to prove that the communication brought to the world was genuine spirit communication. When the glass was reflected as I felt told from the world as to why did you not proclaim the fact instead of trying to hide the fact quiet and thereby have an excuse for not admitting that the truth of it is proved. This is a terrible thing that the truth of it is proved. Just as a whole world of him of people and the other. And you will find great trouble in making any conclusions as strong as we cannot give you writing. I am sorry that after the proof which we have given you you are still inclined to doubt. But can convince you by your favorite modern metaphysics. Can you doubt both your reason and your senses? If so the your case is certainly hopeless. Consider well before you say that all is forced. Remember that you are deciding a great question and which is of great importance. I remain ever your friend C. F. Evans.

How do you now see the situation? I am sure you will see that you are in a very bad position. I am sure you will see that you are in a very bad position. I am sure you will see that you are in a very bad position.

Very truly yours,
C. F. Evans

of Mr. Malcolm concerning it. Apparently, in all sincerity he assured me that although he was not a spiritualist this manifestation was beyond his comprehension, and he was satisfied that there was no trickery played in producing it. Mr. Mallonee was then employed by Dr. Chesebrough to write an account of it for publication in *Facts*. After the appearance of the article in the Syracuse *Sunday Times*, mentioned in No. 1, Vol. II, page 21, I again interviewed Mr. Malcolm in the presence of Capt. Austin, of the Globe Hotel, whose sworn statement I now possess, that again Mr. Malcolm assured me the article in *Facts* was correct, there was no trick performed, and the manifestation was genuine. Since that time, however, we have unmistakable evidence that to other parties he has made contrary assertions. We do not know his object; whatever it may be, the principle is ignominious and the man unwise, and his word in the matter is good for nothing, for or against this phenomenon. We therefore purpose wholly to ignore his statement, and draw the attention of our readers to other points in the case, and let them be their own judges.

By reading article on page 156 it will be seen that similar writing has been produced by spirit power under most perfect test conditions. Read also the description of bottle seance on page 21, Miscellaneous department, *Facts*, No. 1, Vol. II. (See cut on opposite page this number.) Note the severe rebuke in the following quotation from the message there given:—

“Dear Malcolm, when I gave you a communication a short time ago, I gave you credit for honesty in your investigation,—you have not acted with your usual integrity in this matter, for you have suppressed certain facts that would go to show that the communication written in the book was genuine spirit manifestation, &c.
C. A. SPENCER.

Unknown to Mr. Malcolm, the bottle in which this message was written was marked by Mr. E. D. Lewis, of Syracuse, who stated in the presence of Mr. Austin and myself that he could take an oath that the bottle containing Mr. Malcolm's message was the one he (Lewis) had marked, which contained a blank card at the beginning of the seance, and was not changed as was afterward stated by Mr. Malcolm. This message, its import, the manner in which it was written, the one received by me at Cato (see page

156), and its signification form a strong chain of evidence to my mind that the writing at the Chesebrough seance was from a spiritual source, and that Mr. Malcolm, through cowardly fear of being thought a believer in spiritualism, or perhaps some adverse spirit influence preying upon his weakness, denied the same, proving nothing to the world but his own irresponsibility and deficiency in moral strength.

Thank God, the great and glorious truth of spirit communion rests not upon so slender a foundation, and does not depend upon weak or impious hearts for its promulgation or advancement. **False** or unholy hands can no longer bar the doors of the sepulchers of the dead, or **stay the** great tide of love in human hearts, which earnestly calls them forth. **The** angel of progress has answered anxious and agonized pleadings, and rolled **away** the stone,—again the voices of loved ones greet us in soft whisperings, aye, loud intonations, assuring all “there is no death what seems so is transition,” and the love that seemed lost in midnight darkness again bursts into beauty, giving its own fullest expression.—ED.

DEGREES IN MEDIUMSHIP.

A class of writers who reflect on a subject, if at all, after they have indulged in expression rather than before, are specially given to the easy habit of demolishing the theory of spirit communications by pointing to the manifest discrepancy, or disproportion, between the character of many of the communicating spirits and of their reported communications. They do it, too, not in the way of criticism in any just sense of the word, but as a taunt and fling, which appears to stand them in the stead of analysis and argument, and is always the readiest and cheapest support for a preconceived prejudice. Spiritualist as he is, whether consciously or not, Mr. Beecher at the period of seventy years is not above resorting to the use of this patented method of seeking to lower the claims of spiritualism and disparaging public belief in its reality. A very thoughtful and somewhat keen writer in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* has seen fit to take the Brooklyn preacher up and offer him an elucidation.

He undertakes to account, on simple and rational grounds, for the existence of different grades, or degrees, of mediumship, by which we mean, of course, different grades of spiritual powers shown by mediums. He lays it down at the start that there is an urgent need of a more analytical investigation of the spiritual phenomena, which would do away with many of our misconceptions of them by better understanding their methods. And this need, he insists, is more strikingly apparent in the psychological branch of the phenomena, or what we usually denominate the control. He believes, and frankly confesses his belief, that the frequently inferior degree of intelligence indicated by some minds purporting to control the medium, as compared with their manifestations while in the form, requires further and deliberate explanation. He sets out with comparing spirit control to mesmeric control, the same phenomena manifesting themselves in each case, except that in the case of the medium the operator is a disembodied spirit, which is the reason why it is called spirit control.

Instead, however, of accepting and employing the word "control," he would use the word "quicken," which he thinks would carry with it a more analytic and accurate implication, as it would likewise more accurately designate the method. The controlling mind, or will, he explains, must control the subject, or medium, in precisely the same way, and through precisely the same avenues, and by precisely the same processes, as the medium's will would operate if *not* subject to the will of another. So, he says, in explanation and illustration together, the process is but the quickening of a faculty, the pushing or urging it under the power of a stronger will to a greater state of activity; and thus the thought of the controlling mind must take shape through another organ, and through the ideas and images which that organ contains. This explanation he regards as the philosophy of what was termed "different spiritual gifts," in the case of the mediums in the time of the Nazarene.

One medium having natural clairvoyance, it is quickened by psychic control. Another possesses a philosophic cast of brain; under spirit-control, or quickening, he discourses on philosophic subjects. Another has a good business brain, and through him we get instructions in relation to business matters. Another

delineates or diagnoses disease successfully, while still another prescribes more successfully than the first, but cannot diagnose as well. Another has by nature the gift of healing. Now, reasons our writer, a mind in spirit life, with a positive and strong will-power, and capable of great concentration, comes to one medium, other things being equal, and we get spiritual clairvoyance. He goes to another, and we get directions concerning business; to a third, and we have tests that identify; to a fourth, and he speaks in various tongues. And this, he claims, is an illustration of the truthfulness of the New Testament concerning spiritual gifts, when it says: "By the same spirit." It is thus shown how it is all of the same spirit.

As before stated, the thought of the controlling mind must take shape through another organ, and through the ideas and images which that organ contains. And hence we readily observe the limitations that must necessarily intercept the full and exact thought of the controlling mind. And we likewise see that, when different minds successively purport to control the medium, the same style of expression is generally used, although the facts communicated enable us to completely identify the spirits. He would have us further observe how the controlling mind must adopt the method now explained. Here is a medium, he says, with large ideality, fine language, a mind possessing beautiful and bountiful imagery; under quickening, or control, is given a symbolic vision, and the symbols will be of great temples, or ruins of imposing architecture, of enchanted grottoes, of gorgeous scenery. Should the same spirit give a vision through another medium, the symbols would be of the most plain and practical character, and might be intended to convey, or desire to convey, the very same thought, instruction or purpose. The classics illustrate in ideal the real philosophy of psychological revealments.

Thus: Aurora is represented under different aspects, according to the poetical make-up of those to whom she appeared. Sometimes she breathes wind before the rising of the sun. At other times she wears a flowing veil, which she gracefully throws back to denote the dispersion of the darkening shadows of night. Again she opens with her rosy fingers the gates of the day. Again she is a nymph crowned with flowers, with a star above her head, standing in a chariot drawn by winged horses, scattering

roses, watered with tears from her eyes. A clairvoyant physician, continues the writer, sits beside his patient, the spirit seeing as clear as the noon-day sun; but just how much of the case the spirit will be able to present depends upon its ability to inspire or quicken that faculty in the medium. And this is the limitation point in respect to the power and knowledge of spirit intelligences. The knowledge which to them is like an open book is limited, as it comes through us, by their inability to get it wholly and really through us. This is readily and more commonly shown in the case of impressions, apprehensions, and forebodings. Whenever there is a great railroad accident, or any other calamity befalls which entails a large destruction of human life, some have stepped on board the boat or train with a vague apprehension; others, a little more impressible, experience much restlessness and have a sense of something going wrong; others, still more impressible, forebode impending calamity, and turn back after having left home; and some individual of the entire number may possibly have seen in vision a complete picture of the fearful disaster, even to its details. The intelligences impressing the several individuals may have equal knowledge of what was about to transpire, but their power to give the warning they were eager to impart was necessarily limited to the condition of the faculties which they sought to quicken; and it is only to the extent to which they can be reached that their earth friends can be warned of their danger. This is an excellent common illustration of the theory which the writer seeks to establish and enforce. It is commended to the consideration of men like Mr. Beecher, who profess to be dissatisfied with spirit communications because they are not up to their estimate of some of the professed communicating spirits. No mere ridicule can set aside what certainly appears so strictly consonant with plain reason.—*Banner of Light*, June 30, 1883.

SPIRIT RETURN.

BY WM. BAKER FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

The idea that there is no return for the spirit, or as the poet expresses it,

“The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns,”

is a great mistake; and, although false in fact, is still adhered to by many, who cling to the orthodox doctrines, as taught by the various Christian ecclesiastics, notwithstanding the book which they profess to believe in teems with details of spirit return from beginning to end.

Let us refer to a few chapters in the Bible, and ask who was it that appeared to Hagar, in the 16th chapter of Genesis? How many spirits appeared to Abraham in the form of men, in the 18th chapter of Genesis? How many appeared to Lot, in the 19th chapter of Genesis? Who appeared to Hagar, in the 21st chapter of Genesis? Who prevented Abraham from committing murder, in the 22nd chapter of Genesis? In the 30th and 31st chapters of Genesis, what visited Jacob? and the 32nd chapter of Genesis what appeared to Laban, and who wrestled with the messenger, sent to his brother Esau, "all night until the break of day?"

In the 3rd chapter of Exodus, who appeared to Moses but an angel, who gave strange advice? In the 14th chapter of Exodus an angel preceded the Host of Israel in their final exodus; and in the 22nd chapter of Numbers an angel met Balaam; in the 2nd chapter of Judges an angel or spirit is said to have spoken to all the people at Bochim; and in the 6th chapter an angel appeared to Gideon, and satisfied his incredulity. In the 13th chapter of Judges an angel appeared to Manoah and his wife, and conversed with both, as a man, and disappeared in the flame of their burnt offering. Angels or spirits in the shape of men, women, and children appear to mortals now, and disappear before their eyes.

In the 5th chapter of Joshua, a man, who was an angel of the Lord, appeared to him, and said he would fight for him. In the 19th chapter of 1st Kings an angel appeared to Elijah more than once, and fed him with material food. In the 21st and 22nd chapters of 1st Chronicles, and 21st chapter of 2nd Chronicles, things occurred which cannot be detailed here for want of space, but which please see. There is too much in the Bible to refer to all, and we will quote but a few more that are found in the New Testament; and first, in chapter 1st of Matthew, an angel appeared to Joseph, and in the 1st chapter of Luke, an angel visited Zachariah, and also Mary, and in the 2nd chapter of Luke an angel visited the shepherds. In

the 9th chapter of Luke, while Jesus and John and James and Peter were visiting the Mount, during the Transfiguration of Jesus, they saw Moses and Elias talking with Jesus. In the 12th chapter of Acts, Peter, through the instrumentality of an angel was released from prison, etc. All these things are believed by those who profess to be Christians, and yet do not believe the same phenomena of spirit return that now take place in our midst, every hour of the day and night, and why? simply because they do not understand, nor make the necessary efforts to learn, the reason why they have and still do take place. Spirit return, like everything else, is the effect of a certain cause, or of a peculiar condition, natural to some persons, from birth, that spirits can take advantage of, whether to appear to them in their sleeping or waking moments, and it is impossible for spirits to do so at all unless the individual is mediumistic or capable of entering the sensitive, statuvolic, or somnambule condition. Many who lived in former ages were natural sensitives or mediums, and the only difference between them and most of these of the present day, who have not been educated up to the statuvolic standpoint, is that they did not, and do not, understand the true nature of their condition, nor their powers while in it, and as a consequence were, and are, obliged to suffer pain and disease; while the educated statuvolic suffers neither pain nor disease, mentally or physically, unless he desires to do so. We also contend that if Peter had not been mediumistic, or in a somnambule condition, it would have been impossible for the angel to have relieved him of his chains, or to have opened the prison doors for him to depart. In proof of this it is stated that when Peter escaped from prison, and went to visit his friends at the house of Mary the mother of John, he was obliged to rap at the gate until it was opened for him by the girl Rhoda. The question here naturally arises, why could not Peter gain admittance to his friends in the house of Mary as freely as he had escaped from prison? The answer is simply because he had come out of the somnambule condition by the time he had reached the house of Mary, consequently, it was then (under his changed condition) impossible for the angel to aid him further, and he was obliged to rap at the gate until he was admitted.

Spirits cannot appear to those who are not sensitive or clair-

voyant unless the spirit has power to materialize, which can only be accomplished by absorbing and blending materiality enough from the medium to supply that which was lost when they left the earth sphere; and when that which is obtained from the medium is blended with that which they possess in the spirit world, they are able to render themselves visible to all who are present, and as they have power to do this perfectly or not, so will they be visible or not.

We are credibly informed that some spirits are so perfectly materialized that the pulse is felt at the wrist; and this being so, when the spirit is perfectly separated from the medium, will go very far to prove that all the organs of life, as well as their functions, must, at least, be temporarily restored to their natural capabilities; and the time may not be very far distant when a correct knowledge of all the laws in regard to materialization are understood, that the time for borrowed materiality will be much extended.

If Saul had not been mediumistic, and naturally clear-minded, he would not have seen the light which is said to have prostrated him, nor heard the voice which addressed him. Thus physical demonstrations have always taken place, and spirit power and return have often occurred in many places throughout the world; whether it has been by rapping, ringing door bells, opening doors, or throwing stones, etc.; the same power caused them, although the authors of them could not be seen independent of clear-mindedness.

Many of the phenomena which occur now are even more extraordinary than those detailed in the Bible, and we feel warranted in saying that the day is not far distant when all that seems mysterious will be made clear, and that spiritualism will soon be as much courted as it is shunned and neglected now.—*Light for Thinkers*, June 30, 1883.

If a fool hears in a conversation of people together good discourse and bad, he will take up for himself the bad, as the swine does filth. If, on the other hand, the wise man hears both good and bad discourse, he will take up the good, as the swan extracts the milk from the water.—*Hindu*.

The spirit of the wise attains to higher possession even through what annoys and offends. A glowing coal shines all the brighter through the ashes.—*Hindu*.

OAH SPE.

As few of our readers have had the pleasure of reading the new bible, we offer the following pages of extracts to show its style and teaching. In succeeding numbers of *Facts* we shall present further matter from the same source. These selections are taken from the first Book, similar to Genesis in the Old Testament.

BOOK OF JEHOVIH.

CHAPTER II.

1. Jehovih said: By virtue of My presence created I the seen and the unseen worlds. And I commanded man to name them; and man called the seen worlds Corpor, and the unseen worlds Es; and the inhabitants of Corpor man called corporeans. But the inhabitants of Es he called sometimes es'cans and sometimes spirits, and sometimes angels.

2. Jehovih said: I created the earth, and fashioned it, and placed it in the firmament; and by My presence brought man forth a living being. A corporeal body gave I him that he might learn corporeal things; and death I made that he might rise in the firmament and inherit My etherean worlds.

3. To es I gave dominion over corpor; with es I filled all place in the firmament. But corpor I made into earths and moons and stars and suns; beyond number made I them, and I caused them to float in the places I allotted to them.

4. Es I divided into two parts, and I commanded man to name them, and he called one etherea and the other atmospherea. These are the three kinds of worlds I created; but I gave different densities to atmospherean worlds, and different densities to the etherean worlds.

5. For the substance of My etherean worlds I created ethe, the most rarefied. Out of ethe made I them. And I made ethe the most subtle of all created things, and gave to it power and place, not only by itself, but also power to penetrate and exist within all things, even in the midst of the corporeal worlds. And to ethe gave I dominion over both atmospherea and corpor.

6. In the all highest places created I the etherean worlds, and I fashioned them of all shapes and sizes, similar to My corporeal worlds. But I made the etherean worlds inhabitable both within and without, with entrances and exits, in arches and curves, thousands of miles high and wide, and over-ruled I them with all perfect mechanism; and in colors and movable chasms and mountains in endless change and brilliancy. To them I gave motions and orbits and courses of their own; independent made I them, and above all other worlds in potency and majesty.

7. Neither created I one etherean world like another in size or density

or in component parts, but every one differing from another, and with a glory matchless each in its way.

8. Atmospherean worlds I also created in the firmament, and I gave them places and orbits and courses for themselves. But atmospherean worlds I created shapeless and void of fixed form, for they are in process of condensation or dissolution, being intermediate in condition betwixt My etherean and My corporeal worlds. Of three degrees of density created I them, and I commanded man to name them, and one he called A'ji, and one Ji'ay and one Nebulæ.

9. But all of them are composed of the same substances, being like the earth, but rarefied. Nor is there on the earth or in it one thing, even iron, or lead, or gold, or water, or oil, or stones, but the same things are in My atmospherean worlds. As I have given light to the earth so have I given light to many of them; and all such have I commanded man to call comets. And even so named he them.

10. And I also created atmospheres around about My corporeal worlds; together made I them.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Man perceived the general formation of the world, and he prayed that his eyes might be opened for a sign in heaven; and Jehovih answered him, saying:

2. The clouds in the air I bring into view suddenly; by different currents of wind make I thus the unseen visible and tangible to man's senses. In like manner do I cause etherean currents to bring forth a'ji and ji'ay, and nebulæ, prior to making corporeal worlds.

3. In all the universe have I made the unseen to rule over the seen. Let the formation of the clouds stand in the view of man on earth that he may bear witness to the manner of the unseen becoming seen.

4. Man perceived, and he prayed for a sign of duration, and Jehovih answered him, saying:

5. Behold the tree which hath sprung up out of the ground and fulfilled its time; it falleth and rotteth, and returneth to the earth. But, lo! the wind, which thou seest not, never ceaseth to blow. Even so is the comparative duration of all things. Think not, O man, that corporeal things are annihilated because they disappear; for as a drop of water evaporateth and riseth in the air as unseen vapor so do all corporeal things, even earth, and stones, and gold, and silver, and lead, become as nothing in the firmament of heaven in course of time.

6. Things that man seeth created I with a beginning and an end; but the unseen I made of endless duration.

7. The corporeal man made I belonging to the seen; but the spiritual man made I as one within the unseen, and everlasting.

8. As the corporeal man beholdeth corporeal things, so doth the spiritual man follow upward the evaporated corporeal entities of things. As corporeal things are tangible to corporeans, so are es things tangible to the spirits of the dead.

9. As I cause water to rise upward as vapor, and take a place in the air above, let it be a sign and testimony of other places in atmospheræa whereon dwell the spirits of the lower heaven.

10. As I made a limit to the ascent of the clouds, so made I a limit to the places of the different kinds of substances in atmospheræa; the more subtle and potent to the extreme, and the more dense and impotent nearer to the earth.

11. According to the condition of these different plateaux in atmospheræa, whether they be near the earth or high above, so shall the spirit of man take its place in the first heaven; according to his diet and desires and behavior so shall he dwell in spirit on the plateau to which he hath adapted himself during his earth life.

12. For I made the power of attraction manifest in all things before man's eyes that he might not err, that like should attract like made I them.

13. Man sought to know the progress of things. Jehovih answered him, saying:

14. Open thy eyes, O man! There is a time of childhood, a time of genesis, a time of old age, and a time of death to all men. Even so is it with all the corporeal worlds I have created.

15. First as vapor the vortex carrieth it forth, and, as it condenseth, its friction engendereth heat, and it is molten, becoming as a globe of fire in heaven. Then it taketh its place as a new-born world, and I set it in the orbit prepared for it.

16. In the next age I bring it into se'mu, for it is ripe for the bringing forth of living creatures; and I bestow the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

17. Next it entereth ho'tu, for it is past the age of begetting, even as the living who are in dotage. Next it entereth a'du, and nothing can generate upon it. Then cometh uz, and it is spirited away into unseen realms. Thus create I and thus dissipate planets, suns, moons, and stars.

18. My examples are before all men. My witnesses are without number. I raise the tree up out of the ground; I give it a time to bring forth fruit; and then barrenness, and then death and dissolution. I prepare the new field with rich soil, bringing forth, and the old field that is exhausted, and man shall weigh the progress and destiny of a whole world.

19. Let no man marvel because of the size of the mammoth and the

ichthyosaurus, for there was a time for them as there is a time for the infusoria of this day.

20. I have given thee a sign, O man, in the queen of the honey bee; because of the change of the cell cometh she forth a queen, even from the same manner of germ as the other bees. Be wise, therefore, and remember that the earth is not in the place of the firmament as of old. Let this be a testimony to thee of the growth, the change, and the travail of the earth.

21. Nevertheless, O man, the seen and the unseen are but parts of My person; I am the Unity of the whole.

CHAPTER V.

2. O Thou, All Highest! How shall I hide my insignificance! I cannot create the smallest thing alive! Nay, nor change the color of a hair on my head. What am I that Thou hast seen me?

5. Jehovih said: Because of My presence quickened I into life all that live, or ever have lived.

6. Because I am male and female, even in my likeness, thus made I them. Because I am the power to quicken into life, so, in likeness of Me thus, made I them, and with power to bring forth.

7. According to their respective places created I the living; not in pairs only, but in hundreds of pairs and thousands, and in millions.

8. According to their respective places and the light upon se'mu, so quickened I them in their color, adapted to their dwelling places.

9. Each and every living thing created I new upon the earth, of a kind each to itself; and not one living thing created I out of another.

10. Let a sign be upon the earth that man in his darkness may not believe that one animal changeth and becometh another.

11. ¶ Thereupon Jehovih gave permission for different animals to bring forth a new living animal, which should be unlike either its mother or father, but he caused the new product to be barren.¶

12. Jehovih said: And this shall be testimony before all men that I created each and all the living after their own kind only.

CHAPTER VI.

12. I looked over the wide heavens that I had made, and I saw countless millions of spirits of the dead that had lived and died on other corporeal worlds before the earth was made.

13. I spake in the firmament, and My voice reached in the uppermost places. And there came in answer to the sounds of My voice myriads of angels from the roadway in heaven, where the earth travelth. I said to

them : Behold ! a new world have I created ; come ye and enjoy it. Yea, ye shall learn from it how it was with other worlds in ages past.

14. There alighted upon the new earth millions of angels from heaven ; but many of them had never fulfilled a corporeal life, having died in infancy, and these angels comprehended not procreation nor corporeal life.

15. And I said, go and deliver Asu from darkness, for he shall also rise in spirit to inherit my ethereal worlds.

16. And now was the earth in the latter days of se'mu, and the angels could readily take on corporeal bodies for themselves ; out of the elements of the earth clothed they themselves, by force of their wills, with flesh and bones. By the side of the Asuans' took they on corporeal forms.

17. And I said : Go ye forth and partake of all that is on the earth ; but partake ye not of the tree of life, lest in that labor ye become procreators, and as if dead to the heavens whence ye came.

20. Fruit of your seed have I quickened with my spirit, and man shall come forth with a birth-right to My ethereal worlds.

CHAPTER VII.

4. And Jehovih gave this sign to man on earth, which is to say, in the beginning of the light of dan'ha, the spirits of the newly dead shall have power to take upon themselves the semblance of corporeal bodies, and appear and talk face to face with mortals. Every three thousand years gave Jehovih this sign on earth, that those who learned the powers and capacities of such familiar spirits might bear testimony in regard to the origin of man on earth.||

5. || In the time of the earth, when man was brought forth from mortal to immortal life, the earth passed beyond se'mu and the angels of heaven remained with corporeal man, but not in the semblance of mortals, but as spirits ; and, by virtue of their presence, strove to make man wise and upright before Jehovih. Upon the earth the number of such angels was millions. To these angels spake Jehovih, saying :

6. Behold the work ye have taken in hand ! It was commanded to you all to partake of all the fruits of the earth save of the fruit of the tree of life, which is of the knowledge of the earth and heaven, lest ye lose your inheritance in etherea.

7. Behold, ye now have sons and daughters on the earth ; by your love to them are ye become bound spirits of the lower heaven. Until ye redeem them in wisdom and power even to the sixth generation ye shall not again arise and inherit My emancipated heavens.

8. To which end ye shall be co-workers with one another in system and

order. In My name shall ye become an organic body and known as the heaven of the earth, or lower heaven, which shall travel with the earth.

9. And I will allot unto you a Chief, who is wise in experience in founding heavenly kingdoms; and he shall appoint from amongst you officers, and messengers, and ashars, and asaphs, and es'enaurs and ye shall be numbered and apportioned unto your labors and places like unto My other lower heavens on other worlds.

21. Jehovih said: I condemn ye not because ye have become joint pro-creators with the asuans; for ye have done two services unto Me; which are to teach yourselves corporeal things, that ye may understand and sympathize with corporeans, and, secondly, because ye have caused the earth to become peopled with such as are capable of immortality.

24. This also do I put upon you: That to rule over mortals to virtue, by your own wills governing them in all things, is contrary to my commandments. For what honor hath any man if made to do a thing?

25. But ye shall give mortals of My light, leaving them to choose. Better is it for them to suffer some than to grow up in ignorance of the stings of disobedience.

26. Behold, I make this a willing service on your part; because ye have bound your affections on the earth, to your own kin, ye willingly become guardian angels over mortals. Yet I made not a separate law unto you; as it is with you, so shall it be with the spirits of these mortals when they are born into the es world,—they will also desire to become guardian angels over their mortal kin.

30. Therefore such of you as are appointed by My God and My Lords as guardians over mortals shall be called ashars, and ye shall report to your respective Lords, according to the section of the earth where ye may be. Of many watches shall be the ashars.

31. And such of you as are appointed to receive the spirits of the dead into heaven shall be called asaphs, and ye shall report to your respective Lords and their kingdoms.

32. And the ashars shall make a record of every mortal, of the grade of his wisdom and good works; and when a mortal dieth, and his spirit is delivered to the asaphs, the record shall be delivered with him; and the asaph, receiving, shall deliver such spirit, with the record into such place in these heavens as is adapted to his grade, where he shall be put to labor and to school, according to the place of the resurrections which I created.

CHAPTER VIII.

3. Think not, O ye angels, that the resurrection of your heirs, and their descendants that come up out of the earth, is an easy matter and of steady progress, devoid of mishaps and woeful darkness.

4. The angels under you shall become at times rebellious and defiant; disregarding your laws and decrees; and they shall desert your heavenly places and go down to the earth in millions and hundreds of millions. And they shall drive away the ashars, and then assume guardianship over mortals. But they shall develop no righteousness under the sun, but they will inspire mortals to war and destruction. And these angels will themselves take to war and evil on every hand within the place of your heavens.

8. And the work of your heavens shall become as nothing. And ye shall turn to, going about delivering hells and the spirits of chaos. And your labor shall be exhaustive; verily shall you cry out because ye came and peopled the earth.

9. This also have I created possible unto My creations; for both angels and mortals shall learn to know the elements of the heavens and the earth, and to know the trials of love and misfortune.

10. Nor have I made wisdom possible unto any man or angel that knoweth not My elements, and the extremes of evil and good which I created.

MR. LUTHER COLBY AND THE ORIGIN OF THE FREE CIRCLE.

When we have accomplished our object, and made this magazine more valuable for its statements of truth in spirit communion, we shall hope to make it also interesting for its history of especial events of interest, and biographical sketches of its leaders and mediums. Two of these objects do we seek to notice in the following, viz., the free circle of the *Banner of Light*, and its originator, who stands today as firm as a rock for the truth. No words we could write would do Mr. Luther Colby justice for his noble labors for truth, liberty, and progressive thought.

We are indebted to the East Boston *Advocate* for the article from which we quote, and also to the biography of Mrs. J. H. Conant, one of the most wonderful mediums of modern spiritualism:—

LUTHER COLBY, ESQ.

“Some twenty-six years ago Mr. Colby founded the *Banner of Light*, and has been its leading editor ever since. Slowly but surely he has labored, and has made his paper the leading organ of spiritualism in the world. There is not another weekly spiritual paper like it published anywhere.

“Spiritualists differ as widely in their opinions as religionists, not because they are spiritualists but because they are human. Think of the numerous modes of manifestations from table-tipping to materialization and transfiguration! Of all these Mr. Colby has to keep an intelligent record, and to prevent as far as possible the advocates of the numerous theories making his paper appear ridiculous. There is not this day connected with the American press a gentleman of more commanding influence. His paper is read by thousands, and circulates in every civilized community; yet he is personally little known outside of his office; he rarely attends public meetings, and never makes speeches, or intrudes himself upon the notice of the public, but confines himself to his editorial duties. With an instinct born of genius he has risen above the petty annoyances of those who are inimical to him, of those who have tried to injure him, and is known to his friends as a warm-hearted, generous gentleman.

“He was born in Amesbury (Mass.), and received a common school education. He learned the art of printing at an early age, and was connected with the *Boston Post* for twenty years previous to the issuance of the *Banner*. His knowledge of printing has enabled him to make the *Banner of Light* the best arranged and most neatly printed weekly paper published in the country. Mr. Colby is now about sixty-eight years of age, is a gentleman of commanding presence and pleasing address, and is a great favorite with those who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

“As there are many spiritualists in East Boston who do not know Mr. Colby personally, I have written this brief notice for their information, and can add that I regard him as a public benefactor, as well as a man of rare genius and many accomplishments. His ethics may be summed up as follows:—

‘Hath any man wronged thee, be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is punished. He is beneath himself who is not above an injury.’”

In speaking of the work accomplished for spiritualism by Mr. Colby in the years now gone, it seems but just that we additionally emphasize two of the most important points in his life-line, viz., the founding, in conjunction with spirits in the higher life, of the *Banner of Light* (already mentioned by the correspondent just quoted from) and of the Free Circle Department of that

paper,—subsequent service in the editorial conduct and preparation of the one, and the practical and unflinching endorsement and advocacy of the other, he has since continuously accomplished. For this purpose we make the following extracts from a volume brought out by William White & Co., Boston, 1878, and embodying a biography of Mrs. J. H. Conant, the first medium for the *Banner of Light* seances, who, after her decease, was succeeded at the circle room by Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, and Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the present instrument. These excerpts will be found to set forth interestingly some of the principal incidents attendant on that important epoch in the life of Mr. Colby:—

“Time in its course brings to us great and unexpected changes, which result in the total re-arranging of life’s plans, or the turning of the current of existence into new and undreamed of channels. The great world of spirits had earnestly considered the question of establishing a printed organ for the enunciation of its ideas on earth, which should be ruled by it *in toto*; and the individuals who were to become the pioneers, and subsequently to carry into successful operation the wishes of the invisibles, were being gradually though insensibly drawn toward each other, as atoms upon the surface of the water, and were soon in a most unexpected manner to become aggregated into working order. Luther Colby, who had for years been connected with the *Boston Post*,—a morning paper, at that time, and also at the present, a leading daily in the city,—had become satisfied that his ‘long night’ employment was injurious to his physical health, and was preparing to withdraw from it, having, however, no definite plan for the future. He became an investigator of the new philosophy, and, in November, 1856, met and became acquainted with Mrs. Conant at a circle held at the residence of Mrs. Stearns, on Cambridge Street. He at once became interested in her as a remarkable medium for the manifestation of spirit power, and recommended her to the attention of William Berry, afterward his business partner. * * *

“And now ensued a remarkable fulfillment of one of her [Mrs. Conant’s] prophecies, which at the time of its enunciation was hardly believed to be practicable. Mr. Colby and Mr. Berry visited Mrs. Conant to ascertain whether her medical control was willing she should accept the position of regular medium at Mr. Berry’s

residence in North Cambridge, where he held his Wednesday evening seances. On that occasion (which was in the winter of 1856) Dr. Fisher told Mr. Berry that he was soon to change his business; that before long he would commence the publication of a paper in the interests of spirit communion,—gave its name as the *Banner of Light*,—told him who would be associated with him in business,—when he would issue his prospectus, etc., etc.; and all these predictions in time proved true. Mr. Berry went away from the presence of the doctor deeply impressed with what had been imparted to him. Certain vague ideas which had been revolving in his mind for some time here appeared to take shape, and before long developed into a determination to carry out the project so remarkably traced for him.

“The first number of the *Banner of Light* bore date of April 11, 1857, and was issued by a firm bearing the style of ‘Luther Colby & Co.,’ at No. 17 Washington Street, Boston. At the time of its first appearance in the literary world, as is the case with every new venture in the field of periodical literature,—especially when the matter to be treated is an advanced thought,—the publishers of the *Banner of Light* found the pecuniary hill hard to ascend, and were often much disconcerted at the want of means to carry on satisfactorily the project undertaken; but on such occasions application was immediately made for spirit direction through Mrs. Conant, which never failed to be of the most practical sort when given, and was implicitly followed by them; they were thereby led in safety through the most threatening dangers. The history of the *Banner of Light* as a bold, honest, and unselfish exemplar of the truth of spirit return and communion is before the world, and can speak always for itself.

“ * * * The *Banner of Light* being brought before the material and mental world through the efforts of its energetic publishers, and conducted by the agency of the spiritual, through the organism of Mrs. Conant they inaugurated during the summer of 1857, in the city of Boston, a series of circles preliminary to those which in after years have become so prominent a feature of that journal. At first, in his ignorance of the laws of spirit communion (in common with the great body of the spiritualistic believers of that date), Mr. Berry conceived the idea that the seances must be held strictly in private, only himself and

Mrs. Conant being at the table, with now and then a mutual friend (Willard Wheeler), introduced by way of experiment; but, finally, at the suggestion of Mr. Colby, a certain number of visitors—to act as a ‘battery’ for the furnishing of magnetic supplies to the medium—were regularly brought in. These small circles of three or four persons prepared the way in time for an increase of numbers, which continued till the room became too small, and Mr. Berry was directed by the spirits to prepare another, for the better accommodation of the audiences assembling. Therefore, the firm, in the spring of 1858, fitted a room at the (then) office of the *Banner of Light*, situated at 3½ Brattle Street, Boston.

“* * * To gain an adequate conception of the strong claim for credence and belief set up by the message department of the *Banner*, it is only necessary to examine the files of that paper from its earlier issues to the present hour. The skeptical reader will be astonished at the mass of testimony furnished there in letters received, through the mails, from entire strangers in all parts of the country, acknowledging the truthfulness of the communications. These living verifications of the ‘letters of the dead,’ if published, would of themselves make a large volume.”

As certain parties, for reasons best known to themselves, are persistently declaring, on every opportunity that offers, that Mr. William White was the editor of the *Banner* during his connection with the firm of “William White & Co.” (under which style, as to publishers, that paper was for a number of years brought out), it is but justice to Mr. Colby to state that *such was not the case*. Mr. White never was, at any time, nor under any circumstances, nor within the most strained construction of the term, an editor or the editor of the *Banner of Light*. His connection with that paper was at first purely of a financial nature, in which sphere of duty he won the public esteem by his kindness and probity. During the latter portion of his life, Mr. White also presided with quiet dignity and universal approbation as chairman of the Public Free Circles of the *Banner* establishment.

Mr. White was State printer for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at the time when the *Banner of Light* was founded by Messrs. Colby and Berry, under the style of “Luther Colby & Co.”; and he, White, did not come into the establishment until

these publishers, owing to the stringency of the times just previous to and in the opening years of the late civil war, were forced to succumb to the wave of financial ruin then sweeping over the country. When the affairs of the paper were legally adjusted, Messrs. William White, Isaac B. Rich, Charles H. Crowell, and Luther Colby composed the new Company, under the style of "William White & Co.", Mr. Colby retaining his old position of chief editor of the paper, which position, we repeat, he has ever since filled, thus being editor of the *Banner of Light* from its first number.—ED.

DUTY OF MEDIUMS AND SITTERS.

All mediums should defend the cause of spiritualism and their own character as far as possible against accusation of fraud, deceit, or unkindness, by making all reasonable conditions for the benefit of their sitters. This will help to convince the skeptical of the honest intentions of the medium, and also conduce to the harmony of the circle. Unpleasant remarks, and a desire to have the best place, all have a tendency to destroy the conditions which are necessary to the best results, therefore, a medium should always be careful to avoid not only these things, but also refuse to allow any person to be present who is known to be inharmonious, as the presence of such a person, whether any overt act is committed or not, is always felt by the medium and other sensitives.

For the good of the majority of the sitters, and also the medium, all such persons should be kept out except where the circle is for their express scientific investigation, then if their conditions are such they cannot get satisfactory results, others are not annoyed by them.

To the class of people who investigate honestly and candidly, having a common object in view, the best possible conditions are generally granted, and the wonderful success of those who are willing to know the truth under such conditions as the spirit world can manifest are doubly paid for their trouble, while the anxious, dictatorial, or materialistic investigator causes a mental if not a physical condition which so affects the mind of the medium and the harmony of the circle to such a degree as to

make it impossible for the spirit world to communicate anything satisfactory; the medium is then slandered and abused by the parties who were looking for fraud and found just what they expected, that nothing could be done in their presence.

Every true medium should understand that a failure is sometimes better than a questionable success; and if conditions are not favorable, it is far better to give up the circle and say why, even though the cause rests on some doctor of divinity of the church, or materialistic spiritualist, many of whom would rather have the physical manifestations, and, in fact, judging from their actions, all spiritual phenomena, proved untrue.

Considering these antagonistic forces on every side to injure this work and the sensitive natures of our best mediums, is it not the duty of every spiritualist to do all he can to surround mediums with pleasant conditions, and also use his influence for the production of reliable phenomena, which we claim cannot be accomplished without harmony?

Again, let us urge mediums to do all they can to make conditions beyond the question of fraud if possible, and then demand in their seances the respect due to ladies and gentlemen. In this way the spirit world will soon convince the most hardened skeptic that there are still secrets in the spiritual science of which they are ignorant.—ED.

DE LANCIE'S REVELATION.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOCK.

One silent autumn evening,
Within his mansion grand,
In attitude of sorrow,
Saw young De Lancie stand.

The softly-falling moonlight,
The scenes he gazed upon,
But woke the sad remembrance
That one he loved was gone.

Some unseen, unknown terror
Had torn her from his side;
With lonely heart he mourned her,—
His loving, lovely bride.

"I've fought in many a battle,
I've won the world's renown;
But, oh, with none to share it,
It weighs my spirit down.
I'll cast away the laurel,—
Its glory pains me now,—
And bind the mournful cypress
Upon my aching brow.
Oh, world of sin and sorrow!
Oh, world of untold woe!
Thou hast no ray of brightness,
No gleam of hope canst show.
Oh, fate, how hard, how cruel,
To take my love away!
My good sword shall release me;
I care not here to stay."
Then, quickly came a vision;
Unearthly fair it seemed.
De Lancelot waited, spell-bound,—
He fancied that he dreamed.
About the vision lingered
A halo of its own;
It spoke in softest cadence,
And strangely soothing tone:
"Oh, heart all torn and bleeding.
Crushed 'neath its weight of woe,
Too weary of earth's wanderings
To longer wait below,—
Know there's a world of beauty
Not very far from this;
Strive here to do thy duty,
And there awaits thee bliss.
Poor heart! hast never heard it,
This truth to us so plain,
That loved ones, when they leave you,
Do unseen come again?
Oh, heart of noble goodness,
Do not a rash act now!
Thy bride would weep in sadness,
If crime should stain thy brow."
De Lancelot dropped his sword-hilt,
And spoke in eager tone,
"Can it be true,—does Clara know
How I have mourned alone?"

Oh, vision, couldst thou mock me
 With such a pleasing dream?
 I pray thy words are truthful,
 Though strange and wild they seem!"

He paused with look half fearful,
 And half-expectant air;
 Then once again and clearly
 Replied the vision fair:

"Thy Clara lives and loves thee;
 She standeth by thy side.
 To prove my words are truthful,
 We'll come next eventide."

"Oh, thank thee, beauteous vision,
 For all that thou hast said!
 I trust thee, I believe thee,—
 My Clara *is not dead!*

Then I'll not wear the cypress,
 With bending weight of gloom;
 But rather hope's sweet emblem,
 Whose flowers in brightness bloom.

I'll toil with strength unceasing,
 And patiently I'll wait,
 Until my darling calls me
 At yonder golden gate."

Oh, best of all the teachings
 To weary mortals given,—
 This faith so clear and perfect,
 Which makes our earth a heaven!

CALLING THE DEAD.

My little child, so sweet a voice might wake
 So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a sake:
 Calling your buried brother back to you,
 You laugh and listen — till I listen, too!

Why does he listen? It may be to hear
 Sounds too divine to reach my troubled ear.
 Why does he laugh? It may be he can see
 The face that only tears can hide from me.

Poor baby faith, so foolish or so wise:
 The name I shape out of forlornest cries
 He speaks as with a bird's or blossom's breath.
 How fair the knowledge is that knows not Death!

Ah, fools and blind,—through all the piteous years,
 Searchers of stars and graves,—how many seers,
 Calling the dead, and seeking for a sign,
 Have laughed and listened, like this child of mine!

THE MILKY WAY.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF TOPELIUS.

Lo, now is quenched the lamp-light; the night is still and clear;
And now rise up sweet memories of many a vanished year;
 And quaint old legends flit around, like cloud-streaks in the sky,
 And wondrous are the feelings then that make our hearts beat high.

The bright-eyed stars look downward through the sheen of wintry night,
 Calm as though death had fled from earth before their holy light.
 Canst understand their silent speech? — I mind me of it still
 That legend once they taught me. You shall hear it if you will.

Far up amid the afterglow he lived upon a star;
 And in another world, another clime, she dwelt afar.
 Now she was called Salami, he Zulamith, by name;
 And they two loved each other dear, and each loved each the same.

Whilom, they both had dwelt on earth, and loved already there,
 But cruel death had parted them, and night and sin and care;
 And on them, in the sleep of death, white wings had grown apace,
 And they were doomed on distant stars to seek their dwelling place.

Though each dreamt of the other in their azure home above,
 There lay a fathomless abyss of suns between their love,
 And worlds, whereof the very least God's potency displays,
 Lay, in their hosts, 'twixt Salami and Zulamith ablaze.

And then, consumed of his desire, did Zulamith one night
 Begin from world to world to build himself a bridge of light,
 And then did Salami, like him, from her sun's glowing shore
 Begin a bridge from pole to pole, as he had done before.

One thousand years so built they, with faith that wavered ne'er;
 And thus was built the Milky Way, the starry way so fair,
 That fathoms Heaven's farthest depths, and links the planet brand,
 And spans the mighty sea of space with light from strand to strand.

The Cherubim were seized with fear, and flew to God's white throne;
 "O Lord, see thou what Salami and Zulamith have done!"
 But God Almighty smiled and said, while glory spread below:
 "*What in my world true love hath built I will not overthrow!*"

And Salami and Zulamith, so soon their toil was done,
 Leapt forth into each other's arms; and straight a brilliant sun,
 The brightest in the vaulted sky, shone out where they had been,
As through a thousand years of grief a heart may bloom again.

For all who in this dreary earth once loved aright and true,
 And fall apart through death and care, and sin and night and rue,
 So that their love be strong enough to link the stars with love,
May trust such love for sure to find their longing's rest above.

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