

FACTS

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Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

*"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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(Signed)

DR. HENRY SLADE.

NEW YORK, the 5th October, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light* :

I wish to call the attention of the suffering to the powers of a remarkable healing medium here in Boston, who, during the past winter, has been rendering great service to the sick and afflicted.

I speak from personal experience, and when I say that I do not know his superior in our ranks, as a magnetist and healer, I realize I am saying a great deal. I have watched his methods carefully, and in every case of nervous prostration, rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, the patient has received almost immediate relief.

I therefore am happy to add my endorsement of his powers to the many already given to the public. The name of this gentleman is DR. H. G. PETERSEN, of 33 Somerset Street, Boston.

Yours for the truth,

J. WM. FLETCHER,

Boston, Mass., June 14, 1884.

2 Hamilton Place.

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A COMPILATION OF STATEMENTS

OF

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

MR. D. D. HOME, THE MEDIUM, SUSPENDED SIXTY FEET HIGH.

By MR. HENRY D. JENKEN, London, Eng.

The following interesting statements of phenomena, written by Mr. Henry D. Jenken, Esq., a well-known London barrister, for the journal *Human Nature*, were copied by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten into her new work, entitled "Nineteenth Century Miracles," from which we copy. She says Mr. Jenken himself was a witness of the facts narrated, and we may here add that Prof. William Crookes in his published work, entitled "Phenomena of Spiritualism," alludes to the seance about to be detailed, affirming that he received the narrative from the lips of three of the witnesses, namely, Lord Lindsay, the Earl of Dunraven, and Capt. Wynne.—ED.

Mr. Home had passed into the trance still so often witnessed. Rising from his seat, he laid hold of an arm-chair, which he held at arm's length, and was then lifted about three feet clear off the ground. Traveling thus suspended in space, he placed the chair next Lord Adare, and made a circuit round those in the room, being lowered and raised as he passed each of us. One of those present measured the elevation, and passed his leg and arm underneath Mr. Home's feet. The elevation lasted from four to five minutes. On resuming his seat, Mr. Home addressed Capt. Wynne, communicating news to him of which the departed alone could have been cognizant.

The spirit form that had been seen reclining on the sofa now stepped up to Mr. Home and mesmerized him. A hand was then seen luminously visible over his head, about eighteen inches in a vertical line from his head. The trance state of Mr. Home now assumed a different character. Gently rising, he spoke a few words to those present, and then opening the door proceeded into the corridor. A voice then said: "He will go out of this window and come in at that window." The only one who heard the voice was the Master of Lindsay; and a cold shudder seized upon him as he contemplated the possibility of this occurring, a feat which the great height of the third-floor windows in Ashley Place rendered more than ordinarily perilous. The others present, however, having closely questioned him as to what he had heard, he

at first replied: "I dare not tell you," when, to the amazement of all, a voice said: "You must tell,—tell directly." The Master then said: "Yes, yes, terrible to say, he will go out at that window and in at this; do not be frightened, be quiet." Mr. Home now re-entered the room, and, opening the drawing-room window, was pushed out demi-horizontally into space, and carried from one window of the drawing-room to the farthest window of the adjoining room. This feat being performed at a height of about sixty feet above the ground, naturally caused a shudder in all present. The body of Mr. Home, when it appeared at the window of the adjoining room, was shunted into the room feet foremost, the window being only eighteen inches open. As soon as he had recovered his footing, he laughed and said: "I wonder what a policeman would have said had he seen me go round and round like a teetotum?" The scene was, however, too terrible, too strange, to elicit a smile. Cold beads of perspiration stood on every brow, while a feeling pervaded all as if some great danger had passed. The nerves of those present had been kept in a state of tension that refused to respond to a joke. A change now passed over Mr. Home, one often observable during the trance states, indicative no doubt of some other power operating on his system. Lord Adare had in the meantime stepped up to the open window in the adjoining room to close it,—the cold air, as it came pouring in chilling the room, when, to his surprise, he only found the window eighteen to twenty-four inches open. This puzzled him; for how could Mr. Home have passed outside through a window only eighteen to twenty-four inches open? Mr. Home, however, soon set his doubts at rest; stepping up to Lord Adare, he said: "No, no, I did not close the window; I passed thus into the air outside." An invisible power then supported Mr. Home all but horizontally in space, and thrust his body into space through the open window, head foremost, bringing him back again feet foremost into the room,—shunted not unlike a shutter into a basement below.

The circle round the table having re-formed, a cold current of air passed over those present, like the rushing of winds. The cold blast of air, or electric fluid, call it what you may, was accompanied by a loud whistle, like a gust of wind on the mountain-top, or through the leaves of the forest in late autumn. The

sound was deep, sonorous, and powerful in the extreme, and a shudder kept passing over those present, who all heard and felt it. This rushing sound lasted quite ten minutes, in broken intervals of one or two minutes. All present were much surprised, and the interest became intensified by the unknown tongues in which Mr. Home now conversed. Passing from one language to another in rapid succession, he spoke for ten minutes in unknown languages. A spirit form now became visible; it stood next to the Master of Lindsay, clad as seen on former occasions in a long robe with a girdle, the feet scarcely touching the ground, the outline of the face only clear, and the tones of the voice, though sufficiently distinct to be understood, whispered rather than spoken. Other voices were now heard, and large globes of phosphorescent light passed slowly through the room.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ZEALAND. .

By MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

The following article we quote from Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten's new work. The circumstances were related to her by Mr. Marsden, a person who was well known in the early days of New Zealand's colonial history as a miner, and who grew rich "through spiritual communications." Mr. Marsden has spent much time with the Maoris, who are the original inhabitants, and still keeps a residence in "the King country," that is, the district of which they hold control.—ED.

Mr. Marsden informed the author that his success as a gold miner was entirely due to a communication he had received through a native woman, who claimed to have the power to bring *down* spirits, the Maoris, be it remembered, always insisting that the spirits *descend* through the air to earth to visit mortals.

Mr. Marsden had long been prospecting unsuccessfully in the gold regions. He had a friend in partnership with him, to whom he was much attached, but who had been accidentally killed by a fall from a cliff. The spirit of this man came unsolicited on an occasion when Mr. Marsden was consulting a native seeress, for the purpose of endeavoring to trace out what had become of a valuable watch which he had lost.

The voice of the spirit was first heard in the air, apparently above the roof of the hut in which they sat, calling Mr. Marsden by his familiar name of "Mars." Greatly startled by these sounds, several times repeated at the medium's command, he remained perfectly still until the voice of his friend, speaking in his well-remembered Scotch accent, sounded close to his ear, whilst a column of grey misty substance reared itself up by his side. This apparition was plainly visible in the subdued light of the hut, to which there was only one open entrance, but no window. Though he was much startled by what he saw and heard, Mr. Marsden had presence of mind enough to gently *put his hand through the misty column*, which remained intact, as if its substance offered no resistance to the touch. Being admonished by an earnest whisper from the Maori woman, who had fallen on her knees before the apparition, to keep still, he obeyed, when a voice, seemingly from an immense distance off, yet speaking unmistakably in his friend's Scotch accent, advised him to let the watch alone, for it was irreparably gone, but to go to the stream on the banks of which they had last had a meal together, trace it up for six miles and a half, and then, by following its course, amidst the forest, he would come to *a pile* which would make him rich if he chose to remain so.

Whilst he was waiting and listening breathlessly to hear more, Mr. Marsden was startled by a slight detonation at his side. Turning his head, he observed that the column of mist was gone, and in its place a quick flash, like the reflection of a candle, was all that he beheld. Here the seance ended, and the astonished miner left the hut convinced that he had heard the spirit of his friend talking with him. He added that he followed the directions given implicitly, and came to a mass of surface gold lying on the stones at the bottom of the brook in the depth of the forest. This he gathered up, and, though he prospected for several days in and about that spot, he never found another particle of the precious metal. That which he had secured, he added with a deep sigh, was indeed enough to have made him independent for life had it not soon been squandered in fruitless speculations.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN OF MATERIALIZATION THIS SUMMER.

By MRS. J. B. GREENE, Richland, Cal.

About seven years ago I came east on a visit, and while here was induced to go and have a sitting with Mrs. Jennie Potter, a medium of Boston. I did not expect to receive anything, but thought I would try the experiment. After passing under control, she told me many things that I could not deny, also of friends in the spirit world that I recognized. When I returned to California, I began reading on the subject, and sometimes had mediums at my house. Finally, we formed a circle at home, using a table, and sat for whatever might come to us. The table moved in answer to questions; and, by calling the alphabet, we received messages from our children and friends in the spirit world; and this summer, 1884, we came east, hoping to get more light and knowledge on the subject. Before leaving home, our children told us they would try to show themselves to us; and, while we were at Onset Bay, one of our boys materialized at Miss Berry's seances, also at Mr. Joseph Caffray's, and at Lake Sunapee. At Mrs. Bliss's seances they have come a number of times, each one alone, but at last the two came together, and talked with us, and we felt indeed paid for the long journey we had taken. Several of our friends have come to us, some of whom passed away in the western country. I will mention one in particular. I was called to the cabinet by a gentleman whom I thought might be my brother, but as I approached him I saw it was not, but could not see distinctly who it was. I enquired the name, and without hesitation it was distinctly given. My wife was then called, and we held conversation with him for several minutes, during which time he gave us messages to take to his wife and children in California. The circumstances connected with his death are somewhat strange, and, at the solicitation of the spirit, I withhold his name and the conditions connected with his death, enough of which were told at this seance to identify the spirit. He was a neighbor of mine, and one whom I thought a great deal of, and I feel sure that no one present could have known of what he told that night, except the spirit, my wife, and myself. Also at Sunapee, in Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer's seance, the same spirit manifested and repeated the request that his name should not be given to the public. At

another seance, with Mrs. Bliss, I saw and talked with my sons and friends; and I mentally wished that I might be taken into the cabinet. At last the form of a lady appeared and beckoned. Taking my wife with me, we went to her, when she took us both by the hand, and we followed her into the cabinet. My wife was led back of Mrs. Bliss, while I was at her side, and with our hands on her head. In taking one extra step forward, I half fell across Mrs. Bliss's lap. Instantly the spirit disappeared, and back of me I heard "Billy" say "She has gone," and thus ended the seance.

These experiences will never be forgotten; and my wife and I will go back to California pleased that we have been able to receive so much, and that it is the fruit of a small beginning.

(From the *Winsted Press*.)

APPEARANCE OF FLOWERS AND OTHER SUB- STANCES.

By E. B. PARSONS, Winsted, Conn.

Please allow me to give your readers a statement of some important spirit manifestations that have occurred during the past year in Winsted. Our first circle was formed July 3, 1883, and consisted of five gentlemen and four ladies. I believe them all to be honest and sincere investigators, and in search of the truth. The room used for the circles was kindly fitted up by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Palmer in their pleasant residence at No. 22 Mountain Avenue, Winsted, and has been devoted solely to the purposes of the circle, Mr. Palmer being the principal medium. The object of the members of these circles was and is to investigate any phase of spirit manifestation that might be developed, each member obligating him or herself to be present one evening each week if possible.

The circles very soon began to be quite interesting; manifestations of a surprising nature took place. The first phenomenon which I will mention was through Mr. Palmer. He was controlled by an Indian spirit. When he is under the control of these influences, he is unconscious, and has no command of himself. I think every member of the circle is convinced of this.

At one of our regular circles, while we were seated around a

table in the circle room, as is our custom, with a lamp burning in the center of the table, this spirit, claiming to be an Indian, took possession of Mr. Palmer, and caused him to roll up his shirt sleeves, and made him show his hands and arms to all members of the circle, satisfying us that they were perfectly free from any foreign substance. The control then requested us to turn down the light a little, but not so much but that we could distinctly see everything that was done. Mr. Palmer's hands were then raised above his head, and rubbed together quite briskly for about two minutes, I should judge, in which time a substance was formed between his hands. This substance he rubbed on the wrist of each member of the circle. It was of a color like red chalk and seemed to be of an oily nature. It remained on our hands until we washed it off,—in my case until the next day. This manifestation was repeated at different times to our satisfaction. The coloring matter was claimed to be a substance gathered from the elements in the atmosphere. Further explanation of it I leave to others.

A few evenings later the following took place. It was the custom for the ladies to put a vase of flowers on the center of the table around which we were seated. On the evening in question, there being a small vase of flowers on the table, after the circle was formed, and after Mr. Palmer was under control, some one of the members suggested that he materialize more of this oily substance. But, instead of complying with the request, his bare hands and arms were shown to all members, to satisfy us that they were free from any substance, and he then commenced rubbing his hands over the vase of flowers, his hands being two or three inches above the flowers. He seemed to be in the act of drawing something from them. Very soon he sprinkled a substance on a white piece of paper which lay upon the table. I should think about a half of a teaspoonful of the stuff fell from his fingers. It resembled fine coal dust. This he claimed was mineral substance from the stems of the flowers. This manifestation took place with a lamp burning so brightly that every member could have detected any deception. I think that every member of the circle was satisfied that Mr. Palmer could not have produced this manifestation in the way it was done in his normal state.

Manifestations of an interesting nature took place at other times, one of which was very remarkable. Some two or three weeks previous to Christmas eve, we were informed by the controls of Mr. Palmer, while he was in a trance state, that if he (Mr. Palmer) would submit to certain test conditions which we were instructed to place him under, they (the spirits) would try, on Christmas eve, to make our circle a present of flowers. We were to build a cabinet of cloth or paper, large enough to seat one or two persons, and place it in one corner of the room, or in any part thereof we wished. The cabinet was built, and on the evening in question a committee of two was appointed from the party of nine to place the medium under strict test conditions. The committee did its duty faithfully, as will be seen. In the presence of all the members, with a lamp burning brightly in the room, the medium's coat and vest were removed. He was then examined from head to foot, so that the members were satisfied that there were no flowers about him. We even looked into his mouth. He was then tied in such a manner that it was impossible for him to move his hands to get anything from any part of his body. The room and cabinet were then thoroughly examined, and all of us were satisfied that there were no flowers in the room or cabinet. The medium was then placed in the cabinet, the lamp set in the hall joining the room, and turned down, but not so low but that we could see if anyone came in at the door. The door was partly closed, making the room somewhat dark, and it was quite dark in the cabinet.

The circle was then formed around the cabinet, the members then joined in singing some familiar tunes for about twenty minutes, after which a light was called for by a spirit controlling the medium. I say "spirit," because I have the best of reasons to think it was a spirit using Mr. Palmer's organism. Upon the light being presented, there lay on the floor in front of the cabinet three full-blown flowers, pinks, very fragrant. While we were gathering up the flowers, the curtain was pushed to one side and we beheld three flowers held by the stem in the medium's mouth, he still being under control and tied as we left him.

I have read in the *Banner of Light* about flower mediums, but could hardly believe it possible for such a manifestation to take place. But I am fully convinced that this was a genuine mani-

festation. And I think every member of the circle will testify to the same effect. Had this been the first and only time that this has occurred with this medium there might be a question of doubt. But it has since been repeated at different times in the presence of parties consisting of four to six persons who do not belong to the circle. They are willing to testify that fraud was impossible. Flowers have been dropped upon the table around which the party were seated, by some unseen agency, with the light in the room sufficient to enable them to detect any deception.

I am fully aware how the public looks upon this matter, but I have been an honest investigator of the philosophy of spirit return for the last twenty years, and have become fully satisfied that the above manifestation, as well as many others, do occur, proving to us mortals that we exist after this life, and that departed spirits take an interest in our welfare, and not only return but manifest themselves to us when they have an opportunity.

Still greater manifestations than those described above are promised us in the future. I do not ask the public to take my statements alone in regard to these manifestations. I think I can if necessary bring forward at least fifteen well-known citizens of Winsted who will substantiate my above statements.

I assure your readers that this is a serious matter with me, and think all will agree with me that this is a grand truth or a stupendous humbug which calls for a candid investigation by every one. If we can be convinced to a certainty by any manifestations that our departed friends do exist in the future, it is a great blessing to us. I myself am fully satisfied. E. B. PARSONS.

Winsted, July 1, 1884.

ANSWERING A SEALED LETTER BEFORE 200 PEOPLE.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 11th, at the convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association, which was being held at Waterbury, Vt., Dr. J. V. Mansfield gave a very interesting account of his development as a medium; and, when he had nearly finished speaking, a gentleman stepped forward who appeared to

be a stranger to the audience, and presented a sealed letter, saying, as he did so: "I would like a test, if the doctor is willing." The Doctor replied: "This properly belongs to a private sitting, but I will not refuse to try it after all I have said," and, taking the letter, he placed it on the cover of a blank book, and asked the gentleman to hold one end while he held the other, passing the fingers of his other hand over it a few times, he addressing the gentleman, saying: "Nora, do you know such a person?" "Yes, I know such a person," *very indifferently*. The Doctor then remarked: "Nora wrote this letter;" and proceeding to answer the letter, he said: "Your mother is not here, nor within calling distance. Let Emma go to Boston and remain to perfect herself in telegraphy. Never mind; it will be all right. Tell father and Roy that mother is with them. Your aunt EMLINE."

The gentleman, on being asked, gave his name D. A. Farr, of Springfield, Ohio.

In answer to the question: "Do you know what is in the letter?" he answered that he did not; that he promised to get it answered, if possible, and return it to the writer, and therefore he declined to open it. The next morning, however, everybody was so anxious to know its contents, Mr. Farr consented, and, at the close of the morning lecture, he opened it upon the platform, before the audience.

The following is an exact copy, made from the original letter by the Editor of *Facts*.

Dear Mother,—Will you tell me if it is right for Emma to go to Boston to finish telegraphy? And tell me what to do about father and Roy. Should Emma stay there, can you help me any, or tell me from an unknown world to me what to do or have them do? Your loving daughter, NORA.

Either yourself, David, or Aunt Emeline.

INDEPENDENT WRITING IN A CLOSED BOX.

By DR. W. H. VOSHUNG, Troy, N. Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

Dear Sir,—I was visiting New York city in July last, and one day, having a few hours' leisure, it occurred to me I would go over to Brooklyn, and call on Mr. Miller, editor of the *Psychometric Circular*. Never having had the pleasure of an acquaintance with

him, I desired a personal interview. The lady in charge of the office bid me be seated, saying Mr. Miller would be in soon; on his arrival she said: "This is Mr. Miller, sir." I then made myself known, and, after conversing together for a few moments, a gentleman came in whom Mr. Miller introduced as Mr. Cole, of Brooklyn. After a pleasant chat of three or four minutes, Mr. Cole said, his attention being directed to me: "This gentleman brings with him a very powerful influence, and his guides desire us to retire to the back room, Mr. Miller, as they wish to say a word to him if possible. Leading from the room in which we were seated was a very pleasantly-furnished one used for circles, business, &c.

After entering this room, Mr. Cole took me to a table, and, handing me a package of papers, all cut the same size, said: "Take off one, examine it closely, please see that there is nothing on it." I did so, and it was positively new and clean. He then took from a shelf in sight a pine box about seven inches long by six inches wide, and, I should say, one inch and a half in thickness, with the upper half hooked to the lower part. I found it to be simply an ordinary pine box. "Now," he said, "we will both hold this piece of paper for a moment, the object being to magnetize the paper before it goes into the box." We did so; then he folded the paper several times, making it small in size. "Now," he said, "put your name on it," which I did. I wish to remark here that this paper did not leave my sight from the first until it was deposited in the pine box. "Now," he said, "we will walk to the box," which we did, and I placed the paper in it, he placing a small piece of lead pencil in the box. He said: "Now close the box," which I did, hooking it tight. Then he said: "We will place it on this shelf," after which we took our seats, about twelve feet distant. After we had been seated for a moment, he said: "I see a large, broad-shouldered man enter here; he is quite tall, heavy build, large brain, hair mixed with gray, dressed in black. I should think this man was a farmer, or had been in his life-time. He stands right by the box, and is looking me straight in the eye. Now there is a lady walks in here. She approaches this man, but does not quite join him. I do not get any names. Now the man puts his right hand on the box. 'Now, I must get out of here,' he said. I asked him why. 'Oh, I do not know,' he said, 'but I

have got to go.” He then withdrew to the office, where we first met, leaving Mr. Miller and myself sitting alone. He was gone about two minutes, when he came back to the door and said: “The spirits have gone; you can now see what you have received.’ I approached the box, and opened it, removed the paper with my name on it, unfolded it, and there to my great pleasure and astonishment was written legibly the following message.

I am glad to see you here, friend of the cause, continue on, we are all with you.—E. V. WILSON.

I returned home, and when the meeting commenced at Lake Pleasant, I, as usual for the last four years, camped there through August. One afternoon I was seated in the grove, listening to tests given from the platform, at the close of the lecture, by a Mr. Mathews, an English gentleman now in this country, and located in Brooklyn, N. Y. He pointed to me in the audience, and said: “Sir, I see a spirit standing by you, and he holds up a writing which he has given you, or wants to give you. I can almost see the writing, he points down to your side. He gives the name of E. V. Wilson.” I then drew from my side pocket the communication received in Brooklyn, and explained it to the people. I wish to state that Mr. Mathews, the medium, and also Mr. Cole were both strangers to me before meeting them on these occasions.

Troy, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1884.

MATERIALIZED SPIRITS PARTAKING OF FOOD AND DRINK.

By MRS. J. C. HUNT, Concord, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

Knowing that you are desirous of obtaining well-authenticated facts of spirit power, I send you the following.

In 1875, my husband and myself spent the month of May in Terra Haute, Indiana, for the purpose of attending Mrs. Anna M. Stuart's seances. Near the close of our stay, desirous of doing something to show our appreciation of what we had there witnessed, we took a small bouquet, with a few verses of poetry, prepared for the occasion, to the seance with us, and when the spirit Bella came out strongly materialized, as she was very prominent there at that time, I presented her with the bouquet and verses, which she took, much pleased, remarking that she should take

them home with her. She stood in the door of the cabinet, and read the verses, which indicated that the flowers were for the whole spirit band. Standing in full view of all, she manipulated them a few times, then walked out to me, asking me to examine them, which I did, and found them two-thirds diminished in size. She returned, and passed her hand over them a few times more, when, behold, they were gone, and no after search could find them, but Minnie, who holds control of Mrs. Stuart during the materializations, called out to me, saying: "The flowers are over here, and they are dividing them, and I shall have one." The spirit Bella was not out of our sight during the time.

There was a little negro boy that materialized with great power, and he asked me to bring him a bouquet, which I promised to do at the next seance, but, being unable to do so, I took an orange and gave him, which he received, and, standing in full view of all, proceeded to pick open the skin, and began eating it. When about half the inside was gone, I asked him to give it to me, which he did. I examined it and passed it around the circle, then returned it to him. He sat down on the floor in front of me, and finished eating it, casting away the peel, saying it was first rate. This all occurred in a good light, and in the presence of fifteen or more persons.

MORE MICROSCOPIC WRITING FROM THE SPIRIT A. C. SPENCER.

By CAPT. S. H. AUSTIN, Syracuse, N. Y.

In the spring of 1883, while attending a seance at Mr. Chesebrough's, in company with a friend of mine, Mr. E. D. Lewis, he expressed some doubt as to the genuineness of the writing obtained through spirit power, remarking at the same time that, if he could obtain a private sitting, it would be more convincing, and he would feel better satisfied. Accordingly, I made an appointment with him to have a private sitting in my room at 4 p. m. the following day. Meantime we provided two slates, and put a blank card between, sealing them with six seals and binding them securely together with twine (see illustration), Mr. Lewis retaining possession, and bringing them to my room at the hour appointed.

See No. 4 1852 and Nos. 1 and 2 - 1859 of Facts magazine

write for them when Mr. Wishes
 you will go down at the corner
 of your block at half past 5 o'clock you
 will find Mr. Mallonee there
 and for the first time in 3 weeks
 you will find him himself
 talk to him and see what he says
 Yours as ever
 J. Gray

The card is now written upon Sealed Slates
 which breaks and between these

See Description of this Experiment in OCT No. of Facts 1854

Mr. Wishes
 to today for you and we wish to know
 how you are getting on
 with Mr. Wishes the same
 and show him all the long
 fruits of spiritualism take him to
 some good waterbury medicine
 as we will moderate for him
 and show him all the long

In the presence of State writing with Mr. Joseph Coffey at presence
 in the presence of Capt S H Austin and Mr. S D Stewart (Mr. G. Spence)

Friend Austin

I have come at the
earnest solicitation of Conjurors
to give you this communication in
my own hand-writing as a further proof
of the genuineness of the writing received
through this medium at the house of Dr
Creighton and at-cats through Mr
Truesdell you will do well to comply
with the request of our leader Conjurors

For my part - will do all in my power to show
the people that there is no trickery connected
with this writing. The evil influence that has so
long controlled Whittiers will be unable to resist
this grand truth I remain Yours Truly

A. C. Spencer.

Meantime I made arrangements with the medium, Mr. Joseph Caffray, to come to my rooms at 4 p.m., he knowing nothing of my engagement with Mr. Lewis. At the appointed time, the medium came, followed in a few moments by Mr. Lewis. As the latter gentleman entered, the medium remarked: "Brought your slates, Mr. Lewis?" Mr. Lewis replied "Yes; and they don't leave my hands either." Neither did they until after the sitting was over.

We entered the seance room, and seated ourselves around a small table, putting the slate on top, with a hand of each placed on it. The gas was burning half light. Almost immediately we heard writing inside the slates. In a few moments the spirit Johnny Gray spoke in an independent voice, saying the writing was now finished, and further remarking: "Captain, we have given you fine writing on the card [see illustrations]. Cut your seals, and see if it is satisfactory." It was satisfactory in every respect. On the card we found the following,—the slates showing for themselves.

"FRIEND AUSTIN,—I have come at the solicitation of Confucius to give you this communication in my own handwriting as a further proof of the genuineness of the writing received through this medium at the house of Dr. Chesebrough and at Cato through Mr. Truesdell.

You will do well to comply with the request of our leader, Confucius. I, for my part, will do all in my power to show the people that there is no trickery connected with this writing. The evil influence that has so long controlled Mallonee will be unable to repel the grand truth.

I remain yours truly,

A. C. SPENCER."

You will observe that written on the slate was a request that, if I went to the corner of our block at half past five p.m., I would meet Mallonee. I did go to the corner of the block, and, to my surprise, I found Mallonee standing there. After a few moments conversation, I perceived he was indeed himself. He denied all knowledge of writing to Boston, saying he knew of no one in Boston that he could write to,—and, furthermore, that he had nothing to write about, *as he was convinced that the fine writing on the card, written by spirit Spencer at Mr. Chesebrough's, was genuine.*

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above statement is a true one.
S. H. AUSTIN, E. D. LEWIS.
Syracuse, N. Y.

It will be remembered by many of our readers that we published in No. 4, Vol. I, 1882, *Facts*, the statements of Dr. Chesebrough in reference to some fine microscopic writing in a small blank book, which was bought and held by Mr. Wm. Malcome during a seance with Mr. Joseph Cafray, in which was found after the seance a communication from the spirit Mr. A. C. Spencer, a well-known astronomical instrument maker of Geneva, N. Y. This description was written for Dr. Chesebrough by a young man named Mallonee, to whom the above independent writings refer. After having written the statements for Dr. Chesebrough, and they had been published in the *Facts* magazine, Mr. Mallonee and Mr. Malcome both having been present at the seance, and both principles in the experiment, denied its genuineness, and pronounced it a trick, in the *Syracuse Sunday Times*, April 1, 1883, and also in a letter written to Boston. On the 14th of April we started for Syracuse, determined to know the truth, not only as to the past experiments but to investigate for ourselves, the result being that we received independent writing in *sealed bottles*, descriptions of which were published in the first and second numbers of *Facts*, 1883.

The above is again, under the strictest test conditions, another endorsement that *what we have printed was correct*, and we return our hearty thanks to Capt. Austin and Mr. Lewis for their kindness in this matter, and feel especially under obligations for the original slates and card.—ED.

TWO COWARDS CAUGHT AT LAST.

By DR. JAMES A. BLISS, Boston, Mass.

At Philadelphia, Pa., during the Centennial, large numbers of people came to our seances. One day a man came in a great hurry, and said: "I want to come here tonight, but not until it is time for the seance to commence." I told him I would keep a seat for him, and he went away. About half an hour after, a lady

came closely veiled, and she wanted to come early. The lady was seated in the farther corner of the room; and when the gentleman came, I put him near the door. After a little while, the form of a lady appeared at the cabinet, and beckoned for the gentleman; but he, upon going to the cabinet, failed to recognize her. She then beckoned for the lady, in the corner of the room, before mentioned. The two proved to be husband and wife, and together recognized the spirit as his sister. Both had been for years investigating modern spiritualism, each without the knowledge of the other.

GO AND SEE MAGGIE'S SPIRITS.

By DR. O. H. WELLINGTON, Boston, Mass.

Twenty years ago I had a patient by the name of Mrs. Williamson. She was opposed to spiritualism. She had in her employ some twelve girls who worked on sewing machines. One day her little grandchild annoyed her, and she called one of the girls, named Maggie, to amuse him. Maggie said to him: "Come and hear the spirits rap." The next day, being again annoyed by the child, Mrs. Williamson said: "Go and hear Maggie's spirits again." Three loud raps were given. These girls each at her own place had all the time formed a nice circle, where the spirits could manifest, and among those twelve girls five were developed as mediums. One day, while they were singing, a male voice joined theirs, and sang with them. At another time they gathered around the table and laid down their work, when it was taken by the unseen forces and thrown into the corner of the room. Mrs. Williamson at one time missed her thimble, and, upon looking up, saw it swinging in the air above her head. At another time, while preparing dinner, a male voice, which they afterward designated as that of Willie, said: "I want some of that jelly." "But," said Mrs. Williamson, "you can't eat it." "I know I can't, but I want it for some one who is sick." But *you* can't take it, said Mrs. Williamson. "Well," said he "put it on the bureau and see if I can't." It was done, and the jelly disappeared.

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