

not in Jan 23

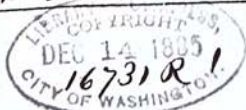
Vol. IV.]

DECEMBER, 1885.

[No. 12.]

Copyright, 1885.]

[Entered in Boston Post-Office as second-class matter.]



FACTS

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."*

CONTENTS.

Materialization. — How I Was Convinced. Mr. T. H. Bussey, . . .	177
Are Dark Seances Advantageous as Proofs of Spirit Presence? Mrs. Louise Ingraham, . . .	179
Mrs. L. L. Whitlock's Experiences with the Above Medium, Mrs. L. L. Whitlock, . . .	181
The Opening Seance of the Berry Sisters. Mr. L. L. Whitlock, . . .	183
Her First Psychometric Test. Mr. Charles W. Hidden, . . .	184
What Had the Cane to Do With It. Mr. Jacob Edson, . . .	187
Home-Developed Mediums. Dr. A. S. Hayward, . . .	187
A Spirit Knows His Friends at a Distance. Mr. L. L. Whitlock, . . .	188
A Sealed Letter Answered at Facts Meeting. <i>Banner of Light</i> , . . .	189
Diagnosis by Dr. R. C. Flower. Mrs. E. McNeil, . . .	190
An Afternoon with Mrs. Sawyer. Mrs. L. L. Whitlock, . . .	192
Materialization, as Promised. Dr. F. L. H. Willis, . . .	193
The Recognition of a Spirit, and Its Dematerialization. Dr. James V. Mansfield, . . .	194

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDITORIALS. — Will You Do It? — Facts, and Not Fraud. — Give us the Truth Always, . . .	10, 11
The Relation of "Mesmerism" to Spiritualism. Prof. A. E. Carpenter, . . .	1
What is New in Modern Spiritualism. Prof. Henry Kiddle, . . .	6
Poem. Mr. J. T. Langford, . . .	12

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS; \$1.00 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FACTS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
No. 9 BOSWORTH STREET.
P. O. Box 3539.
BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
COLBY & RICH, Publishers of the 'Banner of Light.'

FACTS PUBLISHING CO., P.O. Box 3539, Boston, Mass. L. L. WHITLOCK, Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Single Copies, 10 cents; \$1.00 per year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

\$18.00 Per page for 5000 copies.

10.00 1-2 " " " "

5.50 1-4 " " " "

\$3.00 1-8 page for 5000 copies.

1.75 1-16 " " " "

1.00 1-32 " " " "

10 per cent discount on each 5000 after the first, if the copy is not changed.
Persons furnishing us well-authenticated reports of phenomena will receive
FACTS free for one year.

To our friends, the mediums of all classes, whether speakers on the platform or in this field of labor in any way, we desire to call your attention to the advertising on our *second cover page*. Our object in doing this is to make *Facts*, the coming year, as useful to our advertising patrons as possible, at the *lowest rates*.

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR 1886, and get the December number of *Facts*, and a picture free. See list of premiums on another page.

Every medium should advertise in *Facts*.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted
for three months for \$1 per line, or \$4 per year; the three summer months alone, \$2 per line.

Carrie M. Sawyer, Materializing Medium, 4 Concord Square, Boston. Seances Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock; Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 o'clock.

Dr. J. Edwin Briggs, 70 West 11th St., New York City, is a practical physician, author, and powerful magnetiser.

Liberal Offer to All, by a wonderful clairvoyant and magnetic healer. Send age, sex, lock of hair, and 4 2-cent stamps; we will give diagnosis free by independent spirit-writing. Address Dr. J. S. Loucks, Norwood, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dr. Burk, Magnetic Healer, 4 Concord Square, Boston. Rheumatism, general debility, diseases of spine, kidneys, liver, and all nervous disorders a specialty. Consultation free. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Mrs. M. E. Williams's Materializing Seances, 232 West 46th St., New York. Seances, Monday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock; Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Seats secured in advance, personally or by letter.

Mrs. E. B. Stratton, Writing Medium, 3 Concord Square, Boston. Hours, 9 to 12, 2 to 5.

E. A. Smith, M. D., Eclectic and Botanic Physician; office and residence, Brandon, Vt. Can be consulted at the CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Friday, Oct. 16th and 30th, Nov. 13th and 27th, Dec. 11th and 25th. HAYNES HOTEL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Office hours, 12 to 5 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 13th and 27th, Nov. 10th and 24th, Dec. 8th and 22nd. ELM HOUSE, GREENFIELD, MASS.; Wednesday afternoon, October 14th and 28th, Nov. 11th and 25th, Dec. 9th and 23rd. Medicines purely vegetable, and prepared for each person separately. P. O. address, Brandon, Vt. Consultation free. Examinations \$1. All medicines to be paid for on delivery. The poor favorably considered. Catarrh cured.

J. A. Shelhamer, Magnetic Healer, room 3, 84 Bosworth St., Boston.

Charles H. Lang, Healing and Developing Medium, Reading, Mass. Magnetised articles by mail.

A. P. Huston, Magnetic Healer. Course of six sittings for development for \$4. Circles for development and test Sunday at 11 a.m. Admission 25 cents. Will give treatment at residences. Hours, 10 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 5 p.m. 488 Tremont St., Boston.

Mrs. Bessie Huston, Materializing Medium. Holds seances Sunday and Wednesday at 8 p.m., also Friday at 2 p.m. Engagements made for seances at private residences. 488 Tremont St., Boston.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham, 450 Tremont St., suite 1, Boston. Medical, Business, and Test Medium. Private sittings daily. Answers calls for public tests Sundays.

Mellie D. Coffran, Spirit Medium and Magnetic Healer. 123 W. Concord Street, Boston. Hours, 10 a.m. until 3 p.m.

Sealed Letters Answered by Mrs. E. A. Martin, Oxford, Mass. Fee, \$1 and two postage stamps.

MATERIALIZATION.—HOW I WAS CONVINCED.

By MR. T. H. BUSSEY, Troy, N. Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

I attended a seance at the residence of Newton Cobb, at Mantua station, Ohio, Saturday evening, March 7, 1885, the result of which was so satisfactory and convincing that I thought, perhaps, it might be interesting to some of your readers.

The medium was Mrs. Cobb, a lady apparently about fifty years of age; the place, a farm-house about half a mile distant from any other. The arrangements were very simple, with no attempt at anything that looked like mystification or fraud, and no opportunity for such. The cabinet was movable, made of wood, and painted black inside; about two and a half by four feet, and six and a half feet high; the door was in the end, and opened the full width of the cabinet, showing, when open, the whole inside of the cabinet; the aperture, about two feet square, was in the upper part of the door, and covered by loose black curtains, parted in the center.

As the night was cold and very stormy, the neighbors who were expected to form the circle did not come, and, save Mr. Cobb, I was the only auditor. Mrs. Cobb entered the cabinet at about eight o'clock. The light, at first rather dim, was afterward turned up bright enough so that coarse print could be easily read. After waiting about ten minutes, the door of the cabinet opened, and a lady, dressed in white, walked out. She was about two or three inches taller than the medium, and her feet were bare. She walked up to me, so that I could see her features distinctly, and, reaching out her hand, drew from my collar what appeared to be a handful of white, fleecy stuff, which she formed into beautiful white, silky lace, which she allowed us to take in our hands and examine, then causing it to disappear. She gathered from my coat some black material, which she made into black lace similar to the white. Returning to the cabinet a minute, she came out again, leaving the door wide open, so that we could distinctly see the medium sitting in her chair. The spirit then passed behind my chair, putting both her hands on my head, the medium being still in view. She then returned to the cabinet, and, bowing gracefully, shut the door.

Next appeared at the aperture the medium's principal control,

"Jimmey," who spoke in a loud whisper, telling us to increase the light, which was done. He allowed me to go close to the cabinet and put my face to within about a foot of his, when I had an excellent opportunity to examine his features. He said that he passed away when a boy. He was now, apparently, about twenty-five or thirty years of age.

Next came my mother's brother; then my father's sister, whom I readily recognized, although she appeared not as I knew her last, but as she was about thirty years previously when in the prime of life. She appeared much pleased at my recognition. Next appeared a lady, whom I did not recognize, but who, in answer to questions, said she was in some way connected with my wife's mother (I have since been shown a picture of my wife's maternal grandmother, and recognized it as corresponding exactly with this spirit). A man appeared whom I had formerly known in Waukegan, Ill., and on my calling his attention to an incident connected with my visiting a masonic lodge, of which he was grandmaster, was greatly pleased.

My daughter, who passed away about ten years ago, when a child of nine years, then appeared, looking the same as I last saw her. She looked as natural as in life. Then came my sister, who had been in the land of spirits about twenty-five years. She smiled very sweetly, and kissed her hand to me.

Next came a spirit belonging to the medium's band, called "Sarah Dennis." She came close to the aperture, and allowed me to get close to her and examine her features carefully. She had regular and rather pretty features, light blue eyes, one of which was slightly turned inward, marring her beauty. She took my handkerchief, and enlarged it before my eyes until it was two yards long, and nearly as wide, then reducing it again to its regular size. She then transformed it into beautiful figured lace, making it successively into various sizes, shapes, and patterns,—having at one time a large, beautifully-figured lace shawl, then making a piece several yards long,—always keeping it fully in our sight. She then transformed it back again into a handkerchief, hung it in full view on the edge of the aperture, and, gathering material from the inside of the cabinet, she formed some figured black-silk lace, which she permitted us to take in our hands and examine, and which felt very soft and firm to the touch.

She then laid it over the white handkerchief to show the delicate flowers worked in it, and changed the figures one after another to several different patterns.

The last spirit to appear was my wife's mother, recently passed away. She looked perfectly natural, so much so, and so unexpectedly did she come, that it was quite startling. All of the spirits dissolved from view in our sight before the curtains were dropped.

I have attended a number of materializing and other seances, but never one before so satisfactory and convincing, and I had the last remaining doubt as to the truth of materialization of spirit forms swept away from my mind.

OCTOBER 19, 1885.

ARE DARK SEANCES ADVANTAGEOUS AS PROOFS OF SPIRIT PRESENCE?

By MRS. LOUISE INGRAHAM, Summit, R. I.

Editor of *Facts* :

You asked me to describe some of my experiences at the seances last winter. I will write an article, calling no names, except Charlie and Will, in order to distinguish the spirits apart.

Of the dark seances, against which so much has been said, and towards which, generally, there has been such an aversion by the materialist, the skeptical investigator, and the ignorant of all classes, I have but little experience. I was a skeptic, and had a strong prejudice against them. But a little actual experience changed my sentiments, and a brighter light was reflected on the darker phase of the so-called "spirit manifestations" in the dark; and why not, from different standpoints, are we not always presented with different views?

But, to the facts in question. The seances I attended were not public exhibitions, but held at a private residence, with only two or three friends admitted, beside the family. The table around which we were seated was covered closely with various articles, through which the spirits were to manifest their presence and their intelligence. When all were ready, the light was extinguished, and we were in utter darkness. The slightest movement of anyone around the table could be distinctly heard, and, surely,

no human being could have passed around the room, and we not hear them. The first incidents I will relate were musical performances by spirit musicians. I will not mention the names of two of the spirits who were principal actors: one was a young relative of the family; and one whom I had known and esteemed highly,—his name was Charlie; the other was known to some of the members of the circle, but was a stranger to me,—they called him Will. Charlie came first, announcing his presence by loud, distinct raps on the table; then each in turn bade him a cordial good evening, he answering by rapping on the table, and I quickly noted the difference in his responses to the salutations of the different individuals present; to some they were faint, and apparently indifferent, while to others they were loud, distinct, and seemingly earnest. I discovered that the earnest responses invariably came to those who were his dearest friends in earth life. Did not that indicate intelligence and individual consciousness?

Next Charlie lifted the violin from the table, and, by the sound, it seemed to pass around above our heads. A gentleman said: "Charlie, rap on the ceiling with the violin?" and instantly we heard distinct raps, in the place designated, with said instrument, and immediately a loud rap was heard on the head of the gentleman who had requested the raps; then the violin touched my head gently two or three times, I sitting some distance away at the other side of the table. No human arm could have reached those distances, no human footsteps fleet and silent enough to have performed those feats in almost a second's time. Then the violin was returned to its former position upon the table, and without coming in contact with other things near it. Next the end of the violin bow touched my face, in front of my ear, passing over the top of it, around under my hair to the back part of my head, and lifted my hair playfully several times without disarranging it, just as though they knew and saw what they were doing.

Afterwards I asked the hostess and her daughter to sing "The Sweet By-and-Bye," and asked the spirit musician, Will, to play an accompaniment on the zithern, as I thought that was the most difficult instrument to play in the dark. They sang, as I requested, and the invisible musician kept time accurately, not missing a note. They also sang "Home, Sweet Home" in the same manner. Then the host said: "Sing 'Yankee Doodle' in your quick-

est time, and see if he can keep time." They did so, and the invisible spirit was equal to the emergency, not failing in one note. Then spirit hands touched ours softly.

Before I left the seance room I was convinced that those soft hands possessed a power I dreamed not of. However, I cannot relate more of those interesting incidents and experiments in this contribution. I will only say that, since attending those few dark seances, I have never believed as I formerly did, that perfect darkness was a perfect condition for fraud and deception; but, on the contrary, I am convinced that perfect darkness, in many instances, is the greatest proof that human fraud and deception is impossible.

FEBRUARY 5, 1885.

MRS. L. L. WHITLOCK'S EXPERIENCES WITH THE ABOVE MEDIUM.

In connection with the above article, I wish to relate some things that have happened in the circles with this young lady medium, where it has been my privilege to be present; also, to give some accounts that have been told me by the hostess.

It was our custom to sit every Tuesday night, and the medium always insisted that her hands be held; and that the rest in the circle join hands as well, not because they doubted each other's honesty, but for the benefit of skeptics.

On these occasions the manifestations were very marked. When we were sitting quietly around the dining table, the dishes would be brought from the sideboard and packed in the middle of it; sometimes a spoon, or other article, laid beside each person's hand, so close that it would almost touch it, and this without the least noise. Hands would touch various persons frequently, taking the spectacles off the hostess's head, or other articles from the pockets of the sitters, and carry them across the table to other persons, generally returning them to their proper places before the close of the seance. The spirit Charlie, above mentioned, would grant any request that might be made, if it were possible, and I do not remember that there was ever a failure. This showed that intelligence existed, for, if otherwise, these could not have been granted. Our little daughter, nearly ten years old, has been lifted and carried around the circle, over the heads of its members.

We have had independent writing with pencil and pen ; independent voices speaking in jest, and, again, words of comfort and love. These phenomena, and many others, have occurred in the dark, but I will speak of some that happened in the broad daylight.

The lady of the house, while sitting at the breakfast table with this medium, but entirely out of her reach, felt some one patting her on the back, and turning so that she could face her, said: "Do you see anyone behind me?" "Yes," was the answer; "it is your mother." "Then, mother, if it is you, please touch me three times,"—which was immediately done. The hands then began to work on her breakfast cap, and she said: "Try and take it off,"—which was finally accomplished, and it was laid on the table at her side farthest from the medium. The lady was very much pleased with this, and said: "Now, mother, you have taken it off, I should think you could put it on again." After trying two or three times, it was accomplished, and the lady expressed her pleasure, whereupon the spirit caressed her affectionately.

Another time there were two in the dining room, beside the medium, where, in the bay window, stood an urn, in which was a growing vine. The medium said: "Look! What is the matter with that vine?" Upon turning toward it, they saw that one spray was swaying back and forth. This was continued until it was broken off. It was then brought and given to the medium. They then passed into an adjoining room, and were talking on the subject, when the lady of the house remarked: "I should think that spirit could bring me a piece of the plant." Hardly was the request uttered before it was granted. Again, one morning, in passing from one room to another, she saw a folded paper coming slowly toward her, about the height from the floor that a hand would naturally be. As it approached, it was laid gently in her hand. On looking, it was found to be addressed to her, and contained a message, with the name of the spirit signed.

For several months a block of paper, with a lead pencil, was kept under the dining table, and frequently long messages were found upon it, when it was known that no person in a physical body had entered the room since the paper had been examined and found free from even a mark. Sometimes the writing was in poetry, and, at others, words of advice on matters of importance,

being personal communications addressed to some one, with the writer's name signed. Frequently, they were for persons outside the immediate family. Articles of various kinds have been seen to come through the air; or, if lost, and carefully looked for, be found in a place that had been searched thoroughly.

To me she is one of the most wonderful mediums I have ever seen, for manifestations occur in her presence of the most marked character, at all times, and when least expected,—morning, noon, and night, in the light and in the dark. Besides what I have mentioned, her mental mediumship is quite as startling as the physical manifestations. She has held seances for invited friends, all of whom admit that she is a fine medium, many of them having become Spiritualists. She is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and four years ago knew nothing of Spiritualism, although she had been conscious for years that strange things had taken place in her presence.

I have described only a few of these manifestations, and were I to use all the space of this magazine I could not tell half I have seen; and, even as it is, I have not related the most marvelous, on account of their personal nature.

THE OPENING SEANCE OF THE BERRY SISTERS.

By MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, Providence, R. I.

Our recent visit to the Berry sisters, Oct. 30, 1885, the opening night of their seances for the season, was one of pleasure and profit, not alone because it was a very remarkable one, but for the fact that we found these gifted ladies so pleasantly settled in their new home.

The large front parlor, some forty feet in length, was used for the seance room, and upon the carpet stood a cabinet six feet long and four feet wide, made of a strong frame, covered outside and in with dark cloth; this was placed about eight feet from the back end of the parlor, and in about the center, as far as width was concerned. Under these conditions persons could go around and examine it, which everybody was invited to do.

Miss Helen Berry was introduced, and went into the cabinet, and form after form appeared, frequently two at a time, talking

with their friends, and in one or two cases materializing and dematerializing outside the cabinet.

When the seance was nearly finished, and we were having more than one form at a time, Mr. Albro, the manager, said to me: "I have just thought that you might like to sit back of the cabinet." I replied: "I always accept good offers," and did as I was told. So saying, I walked back to a rocking chair which was standing near the side wall, and sat down in a position where most of the audience could see me, and where I could see the folding doors and the cabinet, neither of them being over six feet from me. Under these conditions the forms appeared, two at a time, walking and talking with their friends,—“Charlie,” the controlling spirit, at the same time talking in the cabinet, showing conclusively that the medium was not one of them.

After the seance was ended, Miss Berry passed out at a side door into the hall, and the gas was turned on. Until this, I kept my position; then I went into the cabinet, and found no human being. The cabinet was then moved off from the spot where it had stood, but the solid carpet presented no place for confederates to come in.

This seance was a very convincing one, as nearly all had visits from personal friends, whom they claimed they recognized. Mr. Ed S. Wheeler, with whom I was well acquainted, came as perfect as I ever saw him in earth life. In all, over fifty forms made their appearance under conditions beyond question. Should any person suggest that some of them might have been personations, then I would ask: What are you going to do with the second forms, who walked and talked like human beings?

HER FIRST PSYCHOMETRIC TEST.

By Mr. CHAS. W. HIDDEN, Newburyport, Mass.

On the afternoon of Aug. 5, 1885, I finished reading *Buchanan's Manual of Psychometry*, and, remarking to my wife that she answered the description given of persons possessing the highest psychometric gifts, proposed putting it to the test. After she had placed herself in an easy position, I darkened the room, and, taking a letter which I had just received from Prof. A. E. Car-

penter, then at his summer home at East Gloucester, Mass., I placed it on her forehead, keeping it in position by binding it on with a silk handkerchief. With scarce a moment's pause, she began the reading:—

“I sense a place near the water. I see the water. I am near the ocean, but cannot see it. I sense a house. A piazza runs part way around it. The piazza faces the water. I look, and see a point of land extending into the water; it has a light-house on it. The point connects with the main land. I can look across the water to the main land. The water makes in here (looking from the cottage) like a little bay. I am going into the house, into a room leading off from the piazza. I can see the water from the window. The room is plainly furnished. I think it is designed as a sort of study. I dimly sense a table, with something white on it, shaped like a globe. I see a dark object near the table, like a large dog. Now I sense a presence: it is a man: I cannot describe him. The letter makes me feel as if I had been taking ether; the feeling grows stronger as I look at him, and prevents me from seeing him clearly.” [At this point, the letter was removed, and *a piece of white paper*, upon which was written “*Can you see and describe Prof. Carpenter?*” was substituted.] “Now I see the man again. He is sitting in a large arm-chair; it looks like a modern chair, made in imitation of an old-fashioned arm-chair. He is dressed in what looks like a dark-grey suit; his hair and whiskers seem a dark grey; the light strikes on them queerly. He sits in an easy, don't-care sort of a position; his hair drops carelessly down over his forehead. He seems like a pretty solid sort of man, intellectually, but would not be so regarded generally by those who look at him. He is not an egotistical man. He has considerable hair and whiskers; he does not seem bald at all. The general feeling which comes over me, in connection with him, is that of an easy, quiet, perfectly-at-home sort. I should feel like trusting him; I feel that in an emergency he could be depended upon. He seems to be thinking deeply; his eyes are closed, but I get the impression that they are dark blue, or dark hazel. Now the light strikes differently upon his clothing, hair, and whiskers, and I should call both a dark brown. His face does not look unlike Grant's,—that is to say, it is a sort of square-cornered, solid-looking face. His hair is trimmed off about the neck, but is so heavy on top that it does not part easily, and falls down on the forehead. His clothing seems to fit him loosely; he is a family man; if he was a single man, he would pay more attention to dress. His hair feels soft and fine. From his general appearance I should say he was about forty-five years of age; he cannot be much over that. General *résumé*: He is a

deep thinker; a scientific man. He is a family man; lacks egotism; is very pleasant and friendly, and a man to be trusted."

My wife has never seen Prof. Carpenter; has never been at East Gloucester, and had no means of knowing who the letter was from, or where it was from, save psychometrically. I never saw Prof. Carpenter in my life until Friday afternoon, Oct. 23, 1885, more than eleven weeks after the reading, and even then at his Boston home. Finding the reading so correct as to his personal appearance, I ventured to tell him about it entire, and he surprised me by bringing from a closet several photographs of his summer home at East Gloucester, and surroundings, in which I saw for myself the cottage with the piazza running part way round it; the river making in like a little bay; the main land across; the point with the light-house on it; the door leading from the piazza into the room where the letter was written; the imitation old-fashioned arm-chair. From the windows, as stated, the water can be seen, and the sound of the "deep and dark blue ocean" heard; the white, globe-like article, Prof. Carpenter stated, was a large globe lamp; the dark object his large Newfoundland dog,—there when the letter was written. All who know Prof. Carpenter's calling—that of a very successful mesmerist—will appreciate the delicate suggestion of a feeling like taking ether in gazing upon him. Those who know him well will bear me out in the statement that when the light strikes directly upon his hair and whiskers, they assume a greyish color; but, as afterward correctly stated, both are a dark brown, and soft and fine; the suit he wore, when the letter was written, was also dark brown. His friends will also appreciate the correct description of his personal appearance, as well as his physical and mental characteristics, and, above all, the especially neat reference to that indescribable something which wins all who come in contact with him.

In closing, I take the liberty of quoting from a letter just received from Prof. Carpenter, in response to a copy of the above (sent him at his request), as follows:—

"Thanks for your note containing the examination. I regard it as a very fine thing indeed, and I am certain that your wife has very marked psychometric gifts. I hope she and you will go on and develop your powers in the higher mental gifts, and add

largely to the great mass of evidence that there is something in the constitution of man that rises superior to his physical senses, and relates him to a spiritual world."

WHAT HAD THE CANE TO DO WITH IT?

By MR. JACOB EDSON, Boston, Mass.

Sunday afternoon, November 15th, I made a few remarks at the Fact Meeting held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, and stated that, personally, I did not often receive from the spirit world those messages or tests that were satisfactory. The meeting was about to close, when Dr. Mansfield, who had spoken before me, asked to say a few words. He said that he knew nothing of me whatever, whether I had lost friends or not, but he saw standing by my side, while I was speaking, the form of a lady, and he thought that, perhaps, he could get her whole name if I would walk up to the platform. The doctor then asked me to let him hold one end of my cane, and I the other, which I did, Mr. Whitlock putting his hand on my wrist. Standing thus in full view of the audience, he said: "I get the name of Maria Fowler." I recognized the last name as belonging to a family that I knew, but not the first.

The Wednesday following I had been down town, and, on going home, I found a postal card from a Mr. Geo. Fowler, whom I had known many years ago, but had not seen for thirty years, stating that he was in town, and would come the next day and dine with me. Turning to my wife, I said: "What was Mr. Fowler's wife's name, who passed away about six years ago?" And her reply was: "Maria Fowler." While I knew her husband, I had never seen her, and, coming as it did, I consider it an excellent manifestation. I would like to state that she was, I am told, a Spiritualist, but her husband is a deacon in the Baptist Church.

HOME-DEVELOPED MEDIUMS.

By DR. A. S. HAYWARD, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

To show that mediumship is coming to the front with many persons who have never attended spiritual seances or meetings, I

will relate two cases that have recently taken place, which will illustrate the fact of a continued growth of mediumship without the use of the hot-house powers of development.

A lady afflicted with eye trouble saw the name of a person written out on the wall in very large block letters. She could not understand why such a manifestation occurred, but the following day she received a postal card from the individual of the name written. At another time she heard a voice say that, on a certain day, she would hear of a death. She did not dare to speak of this to her friends, as some of them were sick at the time. The night before the time specified she declares that she slept but little on account of the statement; and, sure enough, she received a letter containing the sad intelligence of the death of a beautiful young lady who had lived in the next house to her in an adjoining town.

In another instance, a young lady, who knows nothing of the philosophy or facts of Spiritualism, was playing on the piano in a room alone, to all material vision, but she felt her hair pulled, and her name called three times. She started for her sisters' room, frightened, and related the fact to them. I would be pleased to give the names, but as they are not known as Spiritualists or mediums, I will refrain until they are willing to have their names made public in this regard.

Mediums are being unfolded in all parts of the world without any exertion on their part, and in this way they become practical.

A SPIRIT KNOWS HIS FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

By MR. L. L. WHITLOCK, Providence, R. I.

The following very interesting story was told me of a fishing-party, by Mr. W. D. Packard, of Boston, Mass., who was one of the number. They had sailed only a few miles from that charming summer resort, Onset Bay, and while lying at anchor, fishing, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, of Boston, said: "I see a man who, I think, was an actor, and he gives me the name of Tyler, and says he passed out by an accident. He is waving his hat at the boat,"—pointing to a yacht which was sailing towards us some miles in the distance; "he says he has friends on board." As she passed,

we hailed her, and asked if any person knew a Mr. Tyler? To which came the query: "The one killed at the Pemberton?" The spirit, through Mrs. Butler, answered: "Yes;" which, on being announced, a gentleman on the yacht replied that he not only knew him but was a friend of his. The yacht proved to be the *Thespia*, which, we understand, is owned by theatrical people of Boston.

Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it shows how wonderful is the clairvoyant vision which enables a spirit to make his presence known to strangers, and designate his friends when they are miles away.

A SEALED LETTER ANSWERED AT FACTS MEETING.

The following experiment was reported in the *Banner of Light*, Nov. 7, 1885. After Dr. J. V. Mansfield had finished his remarks at the Facts Meeting, November 1st, upon the subject of "Answering Sealed Communications," Mr. Whitlock handed him a letter, and asked if he would try and answer it in the presence of the audience. Dr. Mansfield said he would endeavor to answer it, and calling Prof. A. E. Carpenter to hold one end of it, proceeded to do so as follows:—

"*My Dear Son*,—Let me say in reply, continue the *Facts* magazine as heretofore. I could not advise any change whatever, unless the addition of music. Such a contribution would, no doubt, reach a class of customers that the magazine in its present state would not. You need have no fear, my son; the enterprise is a success. Your father, GEORGE WHITLOCK."

Nov. 1, 1885.

Mr. Whitlock then opened the letter, and read the following:—

"BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1885.

"*My Dear Father*,—What do you consider the prospects for the *Facts* magazine, and would you make any change?

Your son, L. L. WHITLOCK."

Mr. Whitlock, in explanation, said that he wrote the question, and sealed it, about one hour before going to the hall, and that no person had any idea what it contained. The question of music he had thought of, but had not decided to add it to the *Facts* magazine.

DIAGNOSIS BY DR. R. C. FLOWER.

By MRS. E. MCNEIL, 58 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts* :

In my examination of your monthly portrayal of *facts*, I have been strongly impressed with the thought that there was one phase of mediumship (and, in my opinion, one of its noblest phases) which was almost entirely neglected. I refer to medical clairvoyance; and a recent experience with one of its most powerful exponents has induced me to pen these few lines, hoping they may be found worthy of a place in your next issue.

For the past four years I have been a constant sufferer from a serious liver trouble which baffled the skill of some of the best physicians of my native city (Philadelphia). At frequent, but irregular intervals, I would be seized with terrific pains in my right side; these paroxysms of pain would continue for from thirty minutes to an hour and a half, and would leave me so completely prostrated that, for hours, I would lie unable to move hand or foot.

The physicians, one and all, had no difficulty in attributing my troubles to a diseased liver, but from that point their opinions diverged as widely as their treatment, some pronouncing it "gall stones," others "inflammation," others, again, this, that, and the other thing.

Finally, with hope almost gone, my husband (a little over a year ago) induced me to come to this city and consult Dr. R. C. Flower, in whom he had unlimited faith.

I arrived here; and, going at once to see the doctor, was shown into his reception room at 1762 Washington Street, which I found occupied by about thirty patients, some, like myself, consulting him for the first time, and others who had been under his treatment for some time.

I wish I had time to write, and you had space to print, the wonderful tales of those patients, as told in that room; but as I have started to tell you of my own case, I will confine myself to it.

When my turn arrived, and I was called into the consulting room, the doctor recognized me at once, he having treated my husband in Philadelphia some five years before, and seemed surprised to see me, as at that time I was, apparently, a perfectly healthy woman. I commenced at once to tell him my ailments, but, with a gesture, he stopped me, and told me that he did not want my opinion, nor that of any other physician, but preferred

to make his own examination. Taking one of my hands in his, and holding the other to his ear, he gave me a history of my physical condition, described my pains and aches, located the trouble, and told me my condition was due to a cancerous growth about the liver, which would, in a short time, prove fatal unless immediately checked. This was news to me, for, in all the various opinions of the "regulars," no intimation of cancer had been given. However, as Dr. Flower had shown himself, without any previous knowledge, so familiar with the effects, it was but fair to presume that he was right about the cause. I at once placed myself under his treatment, and the result has proved that in so doing I made no mistake. From the first week my paroxysms became less frequent, and, very shortly, less severe. In a little over four months they had ceased entirely, and, from that day to this, I have had no recurrence.

A few months ago, however, I was reminded by sundry sharp twitches, and pains in my joints, that I had better pay the doctor another visit. As he came into the room where I had been shown, I greeted him with: "Well, Doctor, I have had to come back again." Taking me by the hand, he almost instantly replied: "Yes, but not with the old trouble; that is all gone. I'll tell you, though, what you want now. The climate of our water-surrounded city has been too much for you, and Old Father Rheumatism has got his clutches on you, but we'll soon drive him out,"—and drive him out he did.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me say one word to the readers of your magazine. You cannot blame me for saying that while Dr. Flower lives there can be but one physician in the world for me. Yet I cannot think that this God-given power is confined to one man, and I fully believe that if we were to throw away the physicians of the schools, be they allopath, homœopath, or what they please, and give the care of our bodily health to those who are not limited in their treatment of disease by their ability to judge of cause by the visible effect, but who, on the contrary, can and do see the cause itself, we should not only all be richer in both body and pocket, but would at the same time materially aid the spirit forces in their struggle to uplift the mortal race from the depths of ignorance in which they have been so long groping.

AN AFTERNOON WITH MRS. SAWYER.

By MRS. L. L. WHITLOCK, Providence, R. I.

Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 17, 1885, I attended Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer's seance. I will not describe her cabinet, except to say that it has been moved into the room, so that persons may pass entirely around it, and that strips of paper have been pasted over every place in the back where the boards are joined together, and the folding doors back of it have been sealed in the same manner. Under these conditions, which were to all, I think, satisfactory, Mrs. Sawyer entered the cabinet; almost instantly Maudie spoke to the company, and soon appeared at the curtains, while over her head were seen hands of different sizes,—four, five, and six at a time. Many forms appeared, both male and female; some coming from the cabinet, others from either side, and one appearing over the top of the organ, at which Prof. Longley was seated, playing. While some of the forms were out conversing with their friends, Little Maudie, in her sweet voice, chatted pleasantly with her friends in the circle.

The daughter of a physician from Lynn came, and found a bunch of flowers that her father had purposely hid under his coat, to see if the daughter was really cognizant of what he did. There was but one present, besides the doctor, that knew of the circumstance, and he was a skeptic, and so not in league with the medium, as some might suggest. The father expressed himself as greatly pleased with the manifestation.

A lady came to Mrs. Reuben Tower, who many years ago lived in her family, then moved to California, and upon her return to Boston did not come to see Mrs. Tower. This she thought very strange, and could assign no reason as to the cause of the slight; but on this afternoon she appeared at the cabinet, gave her name, and asked to be forgiven, saying that she would sometime explain.

The former wife of Mr. Wm. S. Butler came to his present wife, and they conversed affectionately together. She was elegantly dressed in a very nicely-fitting satin garment, which she allowed persons to handle as much as they liked.

A lady, who sat next to me, was pleased to see her mother, saying, as she took her seat: "She was perfect."

When the seance was nearly through, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and a Mr. Mansfield—a stranger to me—were called to enter the

cabinet and hold the medium, and while doing so, a young man appeared, walked directly to the lady occupying the seat on my left, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the cabinet. While mother and son, as it proved to be, were conversing, Maudie was enjoying herself with her friends in the cabinet, and neither Mrs. Butler nor Mr. Mansfield knew that there was a form outside until they were told of it, not having seen it in the cabinet. When the young man passed behind the curtains Mr. Mansfield was told by Maudie to go around the inside of the cabinet, and search closely to find him; but he testified, upon coming out, that he found nothing.

I was called to talk with Maudie, and, while kneeling to do so, felt the hands on my shoulders, arms, hands, head, and face,—seemingly all at once.

Many others came to their friends, and among them I will mention Mr. Ed S. Wheeler, who was well known to several in the circle.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to say that Mr. Wm. S. Butler has entertained Mrs. Sawyer at his house a week at a time, and received wonderful and convincing proofs of materialization, under conditions that were beyond the possibility of fraud, she using a small closet as a cabinet, to which there is but one entrance.

MATERIALIZATION, AS PROMISED.

By DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, Boston, Mass.

During the winter of 1884 and 1885, my wife heard of Mrs. Fairchild, and suddenly determined to attend one of her seances. Before leaving the house, she addressed an ancient spirit who had been near her for eight years, and who has refused to give his name, except that he be called "Bonani," meaning wisdom and power, saying: "Bonani, you have promised to come to me; will you do so today?" My wife went to the seance a perfect stranger. A voice from the cabinet said: "There is a spirit here who wants to see *Love*, and he is very determined,"—that being the name of my wife. She responded. A form stepped from the cabinet, and she said: "Do I know you?" The spirit, instead of speaking, traced in my wife's hand the name "Bonani." Thus, you see, her request was answered by the spirit.

THE RECOGNITION OF A SPIRIT, AND ITS DEMATERIALIZATION.

By DR. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts* :

I have thought it expedient to give you a fact that came under my personal observation in August, 1885, while attending the camp-meeting.

Now, it is well known, and has been for several years, that I have been incredulous as to the phase of mediumship known as materialization, not but that I believe such exists, but that all that is claimed to be materialization I have, and now do, question very much.

I do not say that which I do not accept is fraud, but I do say it is not to my mind, and, from my searching investigations, do not believe all to be materializations. It may be transfiguration or personation; I am inclined to the belief that it partakes largely of the latter.

While at Onset Bay the past summer, Capt. Cabel and lady called upon me one morning, and urgently solicited me to attend a seance that evening to be given by Mrs. H. B. Fay, of Boston. I thanked the captain for such an invitation, and then told him I would not be permitted in that or any other materializing circle, as it was well known I was a skeptic on that phase. The captain assured me that there could be no such feeling existing toward me in that circle, and, as he had secured a chair for me, he should feel much disappointed if I did not avail myself of such an opportunity. I told Captain Cabel that I would accompany him only to show him I would not be allowed to enter the seance room. So, accordingly, I was ready to attend the Captain and Mrs. Cabel when evening came. Arriving at the house in which the circle was to be held, I found several there ready to be admitted, and, as they rushed in, I crowded myself in with them, and found the chair awaiting me. I must confess I felt guilty from knowing I had crowded myself into company where I was not wanted. But I had not been seated more than three minutes before I heard whispering, saying: "Dr. Mansfield is here; there he is; that is him, sure!" Well, you may imagine my feelings. I knew my trouble had come. I looked about to see where my friend, the

captain, was, that, in case of some one laying violent hands upon me, I could say: "Captain Cabel, did I not tell you so?" And I said to myself: "Now, Mansfield, this no place for you. You had better excuse yourself, and get out before you are forced out." I then made a short speech, as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am convinced I am not in my proper place. I did not come here by my own choice, but rather by the earnest solicitation of my highly-esteemed friends from Washington City, viz., Captain and Mrs. Cabel. Now, feeling I am an intruder, I beg to be excused; and wish you every success in your investigations."

At this the company, including the medium, Mrs. Fay, remonstrated by saying: "Stay, doctor. We are pleased you are among us."

What could I do but stay after such an assurance from the remaining thirty-four persons that composed the circle.

I told them I was an honest skeptic, but that I was not there to detect fraud, but simply as a looker-on. If I remained, I would promise them I would act the gentleman as far as I knew how. As soon as I had concluded my speech, and taken my chair again, I was touched on several parts of my body, my hair pulled, and this in a room so light I could recognize every face as though it was at noonday. I could not see any collusion, or any chance for such to be perpetrated. I knew it could not have been produced by the medium, for she was in plain sight, and at the other side of the room. Soon the medium announced that the time had arrived that the circle should come to order. The lights were slightly subdued, and the medium took her place in a cabinet, manufactured by hanging, as it appeared to me, two dark-colored shawls across one corner of the room, where the company of thirty-five were seated. In a moment a form, much smaller than the medium, appeared outside the curtains; that left, and then another appeared, and then several at the one time, but not one that I could recognize. I said to myself: "Just as I expected; nothing for Mansfield." But I was as dumb as the sheep before the shearers, and I opened not my mouth. You will recollect I was upon my honor. Then, after a while, a voice from the cabinet said: "Doctor Mansfield!" I answered, by saying: "Is that call for me?" The voice responded: "Yes; come forward." I answered by saying: "Yes, I will." Rising from my chair, I

walked toward the cabinet, perhaps half way, when I was met by a form who walked out of the cabinet, and met me nearly in the middle of the seance room,—a full-formed lady, to every appearance, dressed in white. She took me by both of my hands. She was holding me, and not I her. She was seen distinctly by everyone in the room. She said, looking me straight in my eyes: "Do you know me?" Now, this was not in a whisper, but in an audible voice that all in the circle could hear and understand. Holding me by the hands,—for she had both,—she said: "Do you know me?" drawing me closer to her. I looked her straight in the face, and I thought I did recognize one I had often written for, or one that had often controlled me, but had never beheld in the form. She said: "Are you sure you recognize me?" I could no longer doubt, so I replied: "I am very sure I do." That did not seem to satisfy the spirit lady, and she requested that the lamp then burning in the room be brought, and that I take it and come closer and examine her features more minutely. I took the lamp and held it within four inches of her face, then walked behind her, put my hand upon her shoulder and on her head, and walked entirely around her. She then said: "Are you now satisfied?" I said: "Yes, as much so as that I have mortal existence." I then placed the lamp on the floor. The spirit lady took in her right hand my left, and I took her left hand in my right. Thus, you see, we were equally holding each other. Then, looking her straight in the face, I said: "Now, to make sure doubly sure, give me your name?" I knew no one in the room ever knew the lady, or her name. She replied in a clear voice, that all in the circle might not be mistaken as to the name she was about to utter. Said she: "My name is Sarah A. Reynolds." "Yes," was my reply; "Sarah, I am now satisfied." At this she commenced to sink down until about two feet in height. She then let go my hand; and, while I retained my grasp upon her left hand, I followed the form down, down, down to the floor. My hand touched the floor, and all that was a moment before Sarah A. Reynolds had disappeared not only from my grasp but from my sight.

Where did she go to? and was it Sarah A. Reynolds? I say "Yes! yes! a thousand times, yes!"