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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."*

OFFICIAL
FILE

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FACTS.

(From the *Banner of Light*, Dec. 6, 1884.)

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN COL. R. G. INGERSOLL AND GEORGE CHAINEY.

CHICO SPRINGS, N. M., Oct. 26, 1884.

MY DEAR CHAINEY,—I see by the papers that you have become a Spiritualist. Of course you did not reach your present position by a simple course of reasoning upon facts common to the world. You must have seen something or heard something that satisfied you not only of the existence of spirits, but that these spirits were once human beings, and can and do communicate with the inhabitants of this world. I read your speech that you delivered at the Convention, but you did not give an account of the evidence you had received. I should like to know what facts caused you to embrace Spiritualism, and, if not too much trouble, I wish you would write me an account of your experiences. We are all well, and all send regards. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

I need not tell you that I join in no hue and cry against you.

310 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS., }
Nov. 4, 1884. }

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL: *My Dear Friend*.—Your letter is an oasis in a desert, and most sweet surprise, though I had already declared that I knew no word of disparagement or mockery would ever pass your lips. In a naturally serious life, the event you refer to has been the most serious experience that has yet befallen me. I have been greatly pained and shocked at the amount of illiberality shown by former associates. Tortured and stung by all manner of jokes and jibes and unjust accusations of false motives, I fear I may have been less discriminating than I ought

obituary notices from the spiritual papers, coupled with mind-reading. I was invited to a seance. Most striking and exciting things were done. It was in such company and under such conditions as made the thought of trickery impossible. We had not sat in the circle a minute before each one was patted on the face, hands or knee, by hands not belonging to any one of us, while beautiful star-like lights flitted like fireflies about the room, and a guitar was taken from the lap of one of the sitters, and passed all around the room beyond the reach of any of us, and all the time discoursing sweet music. Though startled and perplexed, this would not have convinced me. I next met Mrs. Anna Kimball, a celebrated psychometrist. As Prof. Denton, who made a special study of this subject, gives her the palm in this field, I gave her a ring I had been wearing to hold. She soon made me feel like the woman of Samaria, who said of Jesus: "Come see a man who told me all that ever I did." As a seer or clairvoyant she described the spirits of two young ladies, standing by my side, who gave their names, and said I visited them when they were sick, and preached their funeral sermons,—all of which was true. She also described another spirit standing by, who was my guardian angel. But more of this anon. I began to be somewhat shaken, and to catch myself saying: "Great heavens! is it all true?" But, then, I thought of all the trickery and fraud that has been exposed in Spiritualism, and all that I must undergo should I proclaim myself a Spiritualist, and said quietly to myself: "No, it won't do. I have changed around enough. It seems to be true, but I will just keep this to myself, and say nothing about it." Being under engagement, I attended another seance. This time the manifestations were still more wonderful. The room seemed crowded with spirits, audible voices speaking all around us, giving names and messages fully recognized by some of the sitters. Next I saw the phenomenon of independent slate-writing. To deny that it was the work of an invisible agency was utterly impossible,—that it was done by spirit friends seemed probable, as in most instances the message was written in the hand-writing of the person signing. I was, of course, still more excited by each additional marvel. Still I persisted in my purpose not to be converted.

At this time I had been on the grounds a week. It was Sun-

day. I had arranged to leave next morning bright and early, and so went around bidding the new friends I had made good-by. This kept me out until eleven o'clock. When I reached the hotel I found the door locked. Just as I was about to knock at the door, I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Go and sleep with Jack." Now Jack was a very nice fellow, the musician of the camp, and husband of Mrs. Lillie, a most interesting inspirational speaker. They lived in a lovely tent, and, as Mrs. Lillie was away, I knew that Jack would like my company, and so went. We lay awake talking some time. It was a bright, beautiful night, and the tent, in consequence, almost as light as day. Finally, Jack fell asleep. But there was no sleep for me. I was going away in the morning. All that I had seen and felt the past week resolved itself in my mind. I felt more sure than ever that it was true, and yet I resolved more firmly than ever that I would not be a Spiritualist. Suddenly I became aware that some one was there in the tent besides Jack and myself. It was a most strange feeling. Words were put on my lips to the following purport: "You have been brought here to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Those who love you see that this is all that can now make life for you worth the living. You must stay here until every cloud of doubt and haunting shadow of despair is cleansed from your mind." Long I reasoned against it. Finally, in despair, I yielded the point, and fixed upon a plan by which I could stay. The moment I did so, I felt a soft hand placed upon my brow. I cannot tell you how I felt. It was at once the strangest and most beautiful sensation I ever experienced. It thrilled me through and through with indescribable ecstasy. I can assure you that it was no dream, but a most sweet reality, amply confirmed by many subsequent experiences.

As soon as it was known that I had changed my mind about leaving, I was again invited to lecture. A voice seemed to come and whisper in my ear: "This is to give you an appropriate chance to confess what you have seen and felt, and swear allegiance to this faith." I resolved to do so. The manner in which it was received was as great a miracle as anything that had happened. I never dreamed that such an effect could be produced by a simple recital of my religious experience. It gave me new ideas about oratory. From that time on the revelations have continued to increase in power. Through three different mediums

my guardian spirit claimed to be the one who had touched my brow in the tent. From the fact that she was seen one time to place a bunch of lilies on my breast, and another time a dove, I called her Lily Dove. I have had the strangest and most wonderful dreams, in which I have been with her in a most beautiful country. All that I have done of importance since has been foreshadowed in dreams. These dreams are unlike anything I ever had before. But this letter would stretch out to a cyclopædia should I tell all.

Two of the leading persons attending the camp-meeting were Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, of Fredonia, N. Y. Mr. Skidmore is a successful railroad contractor, and a man of large brain and heart. His wife is a most sweet and royal lady. Several years since they lost a beautiful daughter by consumption, just as she had blossomed into womanhood. Her name was Kitty. The love between her and her parents must have been much like that between your own sweet daughters, Maude and Eva, and their parents. But they lost their Kitty. She was married to the man of her heart's choice a week before she died. They were beside themselves with grief. Life hardly seemed bearable. They had all that money could buy, but the pride of their hearts and light of their home had gone out in the darkness of death. Think for a moment how you would feel if Eva were your only child, and you should lose her. As you would feel, so felt they. They had no faith in the teachings of the church. Your lectures have a more honored place in their home than the Bible. But they turned in their despair to Spiritualism. They received message after message on closed and locked slates, in her own familiar hand, full of the perfume of the same loving nature she revealed in earth life. They saw her materialize, felt her arms around their necks, and then saw her simply fade from their sight without moving from the spot. Since then she has come to them in so many ways that they feel that she makes one of the home circle almost as much as while in the visible form. They have a lovely little seance room, and whenever a medium passes that way, he or she is called in, and they commune with her as of old. The tent that I occupied in camp was furnished me by their kindness. The easy-chair I sat in was the one Kitty was married in a week before she died. She was seen several times by clairvoyants to come

into the tent and sit down in that chair. During life her favorite flower was a white rose. Mr. Prang, of Boston, kindly sent me a package of picture cards; on one of them were some white roses; I gave it to Mrs. Skidmore, saying: "That is for Kitty." That night, while I was talking with Mrs. Skidmore, Kitty was seen by a medium to enter the tent, kiss her mother, and then come and place a bunch of white roses on my breast. After the camp Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore invited myself, Mrs. Anna Kimball, and Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the slate-writing medium, to spend a few days at their home, during which time we had two circles, with only ourselves and two relatives and members of the family present. Just as soon as we sat down the first night, Mr. Mansfield was entranced, and the most startling phenomena commenced. Kitty came and covered her father and mother with tender caresses; things were taken out of our pockets and passed around the circle; I felt two soft hands touching my forehead, and toying lovingly with my hair, while all the others in the circle were being touched by other hands.

When I felt them on my forehead, I said, *mentally*: "If that is you, Lily, please touch my lips with your fingers." It was done immediately. The next day I went into Dunkirk and bought a box of flowers,—white roses, a lily, some jessamine, heliotrope, sweet peas, and carnations,—appropriate presents, I think you will say, for such sweet angel visitants. When we sat down, the box of flowers rested in Mrs. Kimball's lap, whence it was immediately taken and placed in mine. I then asked if that was to indicate that they knew I had brought them the flowers. At once I felt three gentle touches on my forehead, while at the same time three distinct raps were made on the box, which in spirit telegraphy means yes. I then formed the mental request that, if Lily were present, she should put the lily in my hands. It was done as quick as a flash. I then said, *mentally*: "Kitty, if you are here, I brought the white roses for you, and would like you to put one where you placed the spirit roses." Immediately I felt something placed in my bosom, and when the light was turned on there was seen the white rose. Ever since I had the experience already related, of the hand touching my forehead, if I happen to be mentally tired, I am almost sure to have it repeated. At the first touch of those magical fingers the pain and weariness vanish!

I feel now so sure that much sweeter experiences will follow death than can come to us in this life that I think of that otherwise gloomy event with the most joyful and intense expectation.

But this letter is growing too long. If I had far greater marvels to relate I should expect you to reply: "I might not this believe without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes." So far as I am concerned, I can say: "My life upon the ghost." She has told me many things, and never played me false. She inspires and strengthens me constantly. I would not part with the joy of this experience for all the gold of earth. I do not think I shall be any more sure of immortality when I have attained the other life than I am now. I wish I could have seen you face to face, or sat in the dear family circle while I told my strange story, and answered all the questions which might arise, and seen just how it affected you. I have not written it in such fullness before from a feeling that some of it was too sacred and personal, that it would be almost sacrilege to give it to the general public. Your letter, however, shines so grandly and beautifully alongside of most of the comments of my old friends, and inspires me with such perfect confidence, that I cannot resist the temptation to give both the question and answer to the public. I feel sure that it will do much to restore the good feeling marred by the unjust censure of others, and my own somewhat strong remarks under the intense excitement in which I was thrown, first by my experience, and next by its unfriendly reception. If you will write a short reply, and say just how it presents itself to your mind, I am sure that also will do a world of good. If you can explain it away on any hypothesis that does not demand more credulity than the theory of spirit return, please do so.

I have no wish to be deceived. Spiritualism is not Christianity. It courts investigation. If you think I am insane, please say why. If you have any questions to ask touching the possibility of my being deceived, I shall be glad to answer them. You may put me on the witness stand and cross-examine me in this trial, and I shall be delighted to take any pains to give you all the light I can. If your confidence in my sincerity causes the star of hope your loving eyes saw gleaming above your brother's grave to shine with a steadier ray, and brings to your ears, so thirsty for the grandest and sweetest music, the sweeter music of the rustle of a

wing from a world that conquers death, and gives back to the heart all its desire, then I know that thousands through your help will be cheered by the same hope and thrilled with the same sweet music.

With ever faithful love to you and yours, I am, now indeed, yours always and afterward. GEORGE CHAINÉY.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR, SUPPOSED TO BE IN EARTH LIFE.

By MRS. P. C. TOMSON, Philadelphia, Penn.

I was sitting in the reception room of the Glen Cove House, at Onset Bay, July 25, 1884, conversing with a number of ladies. Among them was Mrs. Perkins, a fine medium. Suddenly she said: "I hear the name of Alfred, and I don't know any more. It comes to you, Mrs. Tomson." I immediately said to her: "That is my father's name, but he is not dead." She said: "It is your father." I said: "He is living." But her answer was: "You'll see, you'll see." Nothing more was said at the time; but the next day, when looking over the mail, I found a letter for me, and, as soon as I took it in my hand, I said: "My father is dead." Upon reading it, I found that my father had passed away ten days before, in Michigan. His spirit came to me before the letter reached me.

READING GREEK WITHOUT TAKING THE BOOK.

By HON. WARREN CHASE.

Many years ago a gentleman from Louisiana had a slave boy who did not know his letters, yet was controlled to talk upon subjects, and in language, wholly foreign to him. At one time, to try an experiment with him, a physician, who did not believe in spirit manifestation, was present. He had with him his Greek testament, he being a Greek scholar. After supper, we went to the parlor; the boy was called in, and became controlled. We asked him who was there; he replied: "Your father," pointing to the physician; and giving his name. "Prove it," at the same time opening the testament. "Read a certain chapter," naming it. *The boy read correctly in the Greek, as well as English, the chapter named, without taking the book in his hand, and proving to the doctor that his father was there.*

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

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

We had a pleasant sitting for independent slate-writing with Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, the medium, at his residence in Boston, December 19th, at 2 P. M., under the best conditions, and in full daylight.

We have in our investigations been present when hundreds of independent slate-writings have occurred, and most of them under conditions beyond question, so far as genuine manifestations are concerned.

This, however, for its substantial advice and teachings is especially valuable, and, for its phenomena, we venture to say there are few independent slate-writings more beautifully executed on the same size slate.

I washed five slates, four of which I tied together in pairs with our pocket-handkerchiefs, and laid them on the table before us, the fifth to be used for any purpose desired. In a moment afterwards Mr. Keeler wrote a message upon this single slate, purporting to be from my father, in which he requested that we be as harmonious and quiet as possible, and not get in a hurry, as he intended to write.

Together we held, with both hands, the pair of slates which I had tied with *my* pocket-handkerchief. In a few moments we heard a scratching sound between them, similar to that made by a pencil when writing. This continued about three or four minutes, I should think, when it was announced by Mr. Keeler that they had finished. I then opened the slates, and found the following message, which contains 433 words. (See illustration opposite page 1):—

“I am present today, and though I personally am unable at this first sitting to wield the pencil by my own hand, yet I wish by a few words, presented through another, to most emphatically refute the now too prevalent assertions coming from the mouths of the opponents of the truth, to the effect that, if spirits do exist, they fall into such a low condition of life, after the dissolution of the mortal body, that they, in returning to earth friends, cannot pen a legible communication, or give a connected sentence which does not savor of greater ignorance than is ever manifested in mortal children. Indeed, since my ascension to the spirit spheres, I have observed about me, on every hand, all the

culture and refinement and education of which the mind, in its loftiest flights, ever dreams of. To those who reach out towards progression, it seems as if the rays of a thousand suns, in all their effulgent glory, were beaming in the innermost soul, lighting it up with a Heaven-born inspiration.

"This life is *not* one of ignorance and discord, but rather of enlightenment and love. We do not here fall in supplication and humiliation before the shrine of the revered God of Moses, but we do hold up our heads in proud thanksgiving for the great expanse of freedom and enlightenment to which, by our acts, we are justly entitled. We do not here gaze down into the blazing depths of the sinners' hell, and listen to the moans and cries of its victims for a drop of water to cool their burning tongues; but we do look into the yearning, loving, aching hearts of loved ones left behind, and feed their longing souls with the bread of consolation and affection. We do not gather around any *great white* throne, as we read that old Elijah did, and there adorn our heads with Bible-mentioned crowns, and finger harp-strings for all time and eternity. But we go about among the spirits, good and lowly, and help them upward to higher spheres, and, by our loving kindness, we waft sweeter music into their noble souls than all the melodies of a thousand harps combined. Yes, this is a life of labor and study, and education and progression. We have no time here to waste in prattling about the ignorance of those in a higher or lower sphere, for our moments, which have no reckoning here, are expended in doing all the good we can. I will write more sometime. Tell all the folks I came.

Affectionately,

GEORGE CLINTON WHITLOCK."

After this, we tried the other pair of slates, and received the following message:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—We cannot do more this time; will some other time. Say good-bye, and go.—GEORGE CHRISTY."

OUR EXPERIENCES WITH MRS. ROSS, MR. EMERSON, AND MRS. BESTE.

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

On December 14th, Mr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured at Providence, R. I., for the Spiritualist Association. After each lecture Mr. Edgar W. Emerson gave descriptions of spirits, and their surroundings, from the platform. Some of them went back forty

or fifty years, and described old homes, furniture, pictures, and many other things which must have been known to the spirit manifesting, and which, upon investigation, proved true, and also the individuality of the spirit.

These gentlemen accepted our invitation to meet on Monday evening a few friends at our residence. About fifty people gathered to welcome them.

Mrs. Ross came early to tea, and about seven o'clock we went into the seance room. Mrs. Ross and Mr. Emerson entered the cabinet together. They had been there but a few moments when independent voices were heard outside of the cabinet. In a few minutes forms began to appear. The conditions of this seance, which are described by Mr. Fuller on another page, make it especially valuable.

About eight o'clock, and after the company had assembled, Mr. Emerson complained that his arm pained him, and, taking off his coat, we found written in large, red letters "Sarah Whitlock," — this being the name of my sister who passed to spirit life about three years ago. After a few remarks by Mr. Fuller, Mr. Emerson entertained the company for about an hour, by describing spirits, and incidents connected with them, many of which, as before mentioned, were details of such a character as could not have been known to the medium.

The following Saturday, December 20th, Mrs. M. Eugenie Beste, spent Sunday with us, on her way to Philadelphia. On Saturday evening she consented to go into our cabinet; the lights were put out, leaving us in darkness. From the cabinet we soon heard Tom's familiar voice, as he controlled the medium, and spoke to us. Then form after form came nearer us, and gave their names, etc., but none of them were well enough illuminated to be seen distinctly; but voices — such voices — singing in perfect time and tune independent of the medium, and several feet away. These voices had not a trace of the medium's; and ever and anon Tom would say something to the spirits or ourselves that would assure us that he was controlling the medium. This singing, from the lowest bass to the high soprano, was executed by persons entirely different in their individualities.

We cannot in this brief sketch mention all, but could not pass without speaking of Daisy, — a bright little girl, one of Mrs. Beste's

band, who was buried at sea, and whose father lives at Boston; nor should we have described one of the most important features should we omit to mention Mr. John Severance. This gentleman must be considered as a marvelous representative of spirit life; such power both in vocal and intellectual strength seems impossible. During nearly two hours he was present, answering questions and instructing us as though in his mortal body; his individuality is distinct, characteristic, and strong,—a man who ought to be utilized for higher scientific investigations than the ordinary social circle allows.

Sunday, about 3 P. M., we again, under similar conditions, held another seance. We will not attempt any description of those things, which were similar to the evening before. The independent voices, singing and talking, were as beautiful as on the previous one. But the crowning effort was the illuminated forms. These spoke and acted like human beings, and their robes and ornaments were as brilliant in some parts as the most beautiful diamonds. The most of these forms gave names of special, personal friends of the sitters, while a few ancient and foreign spirits came and talked in various languages.

Please remember, reader, that this seance room was so dark you could not detect white from black, and yet these robes were pure white, and brilliantly illuminated. After about thirty of these spirits had appeared, we were again entertained by Mr. Severance, who, as on the night before, offered to answer any questions we desired to ask. At this seance Mr. F. M. Andrews and family, Miss McLeod, Mrs. Whitlock, and myself were present.

A SPIRIT CHILD PROVING ITS IDENTITY.

By MRS. SARAH G. BARRETT, Stoneham, Mass.

Four years ago our little granddaughter passed to spirit life, after a short illness. I had believed for about 25 years that spirits could and did return; but I had never known of any so young as seven years doing so, and as that was the age of our lost one, I felt that I should not hear from her very soon. But one day happening to be in the presence of a medium, who was entranced, she said to me: "There is a little black-eyed, curly-headed girl standing beside you, so anxious to be recognized. This gave me cour-

age, and I decided, in my own mind, to make an effort, and give her the best opportunity that I could to come to me. My daughter went to the *Banner of Light* office, in Boston, to be directed to a good test medium. Mrs. Ella J. Kendall, of Berwick Park, was recommended, and to her my daughter went, and made an appointment for a lady the next week, but did not give my name.

The day and hour arrived for my seance, and almost as soon as the medium was entranced, I was called "Gamma," as my granddaughter had done while in earth life. She said to me: "You thought I did know I was dying." I answered: "I hoped you did not." "But," said she, "I thought I was; but I did not feel badly, for I saw many little girls, and heard nice music." Then she said to me: "I want to tell you about a little rose bud, so you will know it is me." I told her I did not know what she meant. Said she: "I mean one little rose bud, a white pink, and some fine green leaves that were put around my body;" but of this I did not know.

I then asked the child if she could tell me of any change that had taken place in the cemetery. She answered, in a surprised way: "Why, yes; they have moved my body, and little Lizzie's (a younger sister), nearer Grandpa Barrett." I knew that orders had been given to have this done, but I did not know whether it had been done or not.

Upon returning to my home, I inquired, and found it had been finished about three hours before I had the sitting. I wrote my daughter, asking her what flowers had been arranged around the body of the child,—not telling her why I wanted to know,—and in answer she said: "A pink rose bud, a white pink, and some fine smilax," which the child called "fine green leaves;" but to me it proved that the child knew, and could return, and tell me of things that I did not know, and that the medium could not have known.

IMPROMPTU SEANCE WITH MRS. ROSS.

By MR. GEO. A. FULLER, Dover, Mass.

The best things in Spiritualism come unsought and unexpected. Of such was the character of an impromptu seance held by Mrs. Ross at the residence of Mr. L. L. Whitlock, 19 Parade Street, Providence, R. I., Monday evening, December 15th. While in

that city filling a lecture engagement, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson and myself were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock; and, after our engagement with the society was completed, we were invited by our host and hostess to remain over and meet with some of our friends on Monday evening. Mrs. Ross was invited to take tea with us. After tea, we all adjourned to the seance room, in the upper story of the house, from whence emanates the *Facts* magazine, in materialized form, every month, Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock ostensibly being the mediums for said manifestations. A cabinet, composed of black cotton-flannel curtains, has been made in one corner of this room, and after we had been comfortably seated for a few minutes, Mr. Whitlock suggested that Mrs. Ross and Mr. Emerson should take seats in the cabinet, and see what might occur. They readily complied with the request, and soon after they entered the cabinet both were controlled by their guides. For a few minutes, independent voices outside of the cabinet were distinctly heard. Some of these voices came from locations apparently ten feet from the cabinet. While these voices were being heard, the curtain on the side of the cabinet, very near where Mr. Whitlock was sitting, was lifted, and a form, draped in white, was plainly visible. Soon a voice called me from the cabinet, and, stepping to the front, opposite the opening in the curtains, I was met by a form draped in the purest of white, with some kind of soft, fleecy material thrown over her head. The light was not bright enough for me to distinguish the features; yet, while this form was standing outside of the cabinet, and holding my hand in hers, I spoke to both Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Ross, and was answered by both of the mediums from within the cabinet. Four other forms appeared, and many independent voices were heard, and all these manifestations took place within the short space of fifteen minutes, and we were obliged, reluctantly, to discontinue the seance on account of the arrival of many friends.

There were only four persons present at this seance,— Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, and their daughter Fanny, and myself. This I consider a very remarkable seance from the conditions under which it was held, precluding all possibility of aid from confederates, or fraud of any kind on the part of the mediums, and also from the remarkable and conclusive manifestations produced.

WARNING OF DANGER.

By MR. J. MADISON ALLEN.

Editor of *Facts*: An incident in my experience may be worth relating, *apropos* of the query sometimes put by doubting ones, "What good?" It is but one of many that might be culled from memory, illustrating the care and protection of our angel friends.

I was in Richmond, Va., about eight years ago. Desiring to take the fast train for the far South, to fill a lecture engagement in New Orleans, I arose early, and departed hastily to the depot,—in ample time, as I supposed, having cast a glance at my watch before dressing. But the train was gone,—I was an hour too late. Reason, the watch had not been wound the previous day, and so concluded to stop an hour before I awoke, and thus make me believe I was in time. But I was bound to go, whether the watch did or not, and, therefore, took the next train moving southward,—not an express. After riding 150 miles, more or less, we approached Danville, when I began to feel uneasy. The strange feeling, a peculiar and unaccountable *dread*, grew upon me, and finally took definite form, until it seemed as if it were desired by some over-ruling power that I should get out at Danville. I had not intended to do so, but to leave the train some thirty miles ahead, where, after a few minutes, the next fast train would arrive. But the words "Get out! get out!" kept ringing in my ears, and would not cease until, as the train was about moving on from Danville, I jumped off, wondering. The uneasiness immediately left me. After some hours of "delightful" employment (waiting for the train), the express arrived. We had proceeded pleasantly for some distance,—I do not remember just how far, 20 miles perhaps,—when suddenly the whistle shrieked the alarm "Down brakes!" and we quickly came to a halt just *behind the wreck of that train I had been so faithfully warned to leave!*

After some delay in the transfer of passengers and baggage to the train waiting for us on the further side, I proceeded gratefully onward, and, with several minor but vexatious delays, reached the "Crescent City" on Sunday morning, a few hours after the departure of Bro. J. M. Peebles for Yucatan, and barely in time to refresh myself with a bath, and make my appearance, travel-worn, before the good friends assembled at the hall.