

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."*

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Taunton, Mass.

INDEPENDENT WRITING AT SYRACUSE.

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

Our illustration is a fac-simile of independent writing between two slates, which were held by Mr. C. S. West, the medium, and myself. These slates were bought by me at a bookstore, and taken to Mr. E. B. Waldo's residence, where I washed them in the presence of a company of five persons. I then laid them at my left on the table, and not in reach of the medium. About an hour after the seance commenced, Mr. West expressed a desire to write on them. I examined them again to be sure there was no writing upon them; then Mr. West and myself held them above the table, in a good light. The scratching, as of writing, was plainly heard. I opened them, and found a communication, as shown in our illustration. This message purports to be from Mr. Bennett, the former editor of *The Truth-Seeker*. In a private seance he said to me, through table demonstrations, that he was there, but did not do the writing, although he gave a message which was not written exactly as it should have been.

The next day, about one o'clock, in my own room at the Globe Hotel, at Syracuse, N. Y., I had a private sitting with Mr. West: no other person was present. Two common slates were placed upon a small table between us, in full daylight, and we put our hands upon them. When opened, we found a card between them, as shown in our illustration, purporting to come from the same source. I had on my bureau a variety of slates, paper, etc., among which were cards similar to the one found between the slates, but whether this was one of them or not is a question. A spirit controls this medium, who gives his name as "Bob," and so strong is this control that he seems as perfectly at home when controlling by Mr. West's organism as if it were his own physical body, and yet they are entirely different in their individualities.

This spirit personated others in our presence, and, judging from some of his penmanship as written while controlling this medium, I am inclined to believe that he is the person who wrote upon the slate, and, from their resemblance to each other, upon the card also. How far these messages were dictated by Mr. Bennett is entirely another question. This, however, does not detract from this phenomena as independent spirit-writing.

These are only a few of many interesting experiments, of which

we shall speak later on, when we fulfill our promise made in answer to "Elmina" in the November number of *Facts*. We believe the spirit "Bob" to be a *trickster*, and that he would *intentionally deceive* us if he could. But we also believe that he can and does write independently between slates. We do not doubt that the slate-writing was genuine, and we have no reason to question the card being genuine spirit-writing, but we were not sufficiently sure of the conditions to indorse it.

We wish, however, to be understood as not in any way questioning the honesty of the medium, but that when he is perfectly unconscious this spirit has the power to do as he pleases.

A FRENCH DOCTOR CONTROLS AND CURES HIS PATIENT.

By Mrs. ELIZA L. TURNER, Montpelier, Vt.

In May, 1860, my husband, Curtis M. Turner, was taken sick, and all supposed he had the consumption. For two years he was able to be about, but the third year did no work, and for three months of the time was sick in bed. Four physicians were called to see him, and all pronounced him incurable.

One day he said to me: "Something tells me I am not going to die;" at the same time asked me to sit at the table with him for the raps. This I thought was very strange, for, two years before, he had forbidden me to do so, saying, "it is blasphemy;" but as he said he had changed his mind, I sat with him at a small table close to the bed. Four days we sat in this way, at about the same hour each day, and received this message by means of the alphabet and raps: "You can be cured." Then a prescription was given, with directions how to take it; but upon my going to the apothecaries in Duxbury, Vt., to get it, I found they knew nothing about the medicine. We succeeded in finding it at Montpelier, Vt. After taking it three days he felt very much worse, and said: "I guess I will let the spirit medicine go to the winds;" but the fourth morning he felt better, and we again sat at the table, and his hand was controlled, another prescription given, and also wrote that he wanted to talk. I opposed this, as I was alone with him; he readily acceded to my wishes, and nothing

more was said about it at that time. Later in the day, an uncle of my husband came in, who was a Spiritualist, and he said to me: "I did not intend to come here today, but at the corner where I turn to go home, I felt impelled to come here." I then told him of my husband, and his uncle urged him to be controlled. This was done, and the control explained his disease, saying: "This is not consumption, but heart, liver, and kidney trouble; and, furthermore, I will cure him in ten days." All this was said in broken English, and was hard for me to understand; but he kept saying: "I want a France Frenchman to talk with." Three days of the ten he was partially himself, but the remaining seven he was under the Frenchman's control all the time. Dr. Prevo, a Frenchman, was sent for, and my husband conversed with him as well as though acquainted with the French language, and also examined patients. This surprised Dr. Prevo, and he determined to test the spirits.

When next he came, he brought a chart of the human system, but the spirit, calling himself a doctor, was equal to the emergency, for he pointed to, and gave the names of, all the various muscles and nerves, in Latin and French, as well as Dr. Prevo could, who is an educated physician.

This experiment was witnessed by about 200 people. My husband remained under this control a week, all the time saying: "Curtis Turner would be a well man at the end of the week." Some of our friends thought he was crazy, and that I ought to have him put in an insane asylum, but the control said they had not power enough to take him.

The morning for my husband to be himself arrived, but he was very sick, and he said: "I think my friends were right, for I fear I am most through, and I am going to die; send for my mother, and you remain in this part of the house, and if anybody comes do n't let them in." His mother arrived, and said to me: "Well, Eliza, Curtis, poor boy, has got most through." I did not answer, and she walked to his bedroom door and looked in at him, and said: "Curtis, you are most through this life;" and in a half-startled way, said: "This room smells measly." As she spoke, my husband roused a little, and said: "I feel as I did when I had them." We examined him, and found him covered with a rash like measles. He remained in that condition about two hours,

and then said: "I begin to feel it leave me, going from my head and out at my toes," as he expressed it. He then called for pencil and paper, and wrote: "Curtis Turner will be a well man in one hour." He laid quiet till it lacked about five minutes of the hour, when he threw the bed-clothes off, and made passes over himself, then jumped out of bed as quick as anyone, saying: "Thank God, I am a well man!" The next day he rode twelve miles to see a sick man, and for six years, until he passed to spirit life, he practised as a magnetic healer, and performed some wonderful cures.

The spirit that controlled gave his name as Dr. Hanibal. My husband was not acquainted with the French language, nor could he play the violin, yet, under the control of Dr. Hanibal, he could do both.

Dr. Prevo, at the Waterbury, Vt., Convention, held in October, 1884, at one of our *Facts* meetings, related these phenomena substantially as here related. — Ed.

PUBLIC SLATE-WRITING SEANCE.

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

One afternoon, at Sunapee, in the summer of 1882, Mr. Charles Watkins, the medium, gave a slate-writing seance in the Association Hall. The slates were new, and were cleaned by a committee, then passed to the audience to examine, and were pronounced all right. A man who was a great skeptic (one of the kind who thought that death ended all) took them to hold, and in a very defiant manner, as much as to say: "There won't be anything on these slates." Mr. Watkins stood about ten feet from him, and pointed his finger at the slates. The man holding them was all of a quiver as he heard the scratching, as if writing between the slates. When it was finished, Mr. Watkins fell to the floor, black in the face from exhaustion, and it was nearly half an hour before he recovered. When the slates were opened, a message of a personal nature was found to Mrs. Kate Stiles, of Worcester, Mass., signed by E. V. Wilson.

MATERIALIZATION AND DEMATERIALIZATION OF
EMBROIDERY, ETC.

By MRS. JULIA A. DAWLEY, Somerville, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

Although I have not been idle nor uninterested in spiritual matters since *The Voice* ceased to exist, but, on the contrary, more than ever convinced of the practical importance of the work to be done by Spiritualists, I have not of late seen much of the phenomena, which is, I suppose, what you wish most to publish in *Facts*, and which, indeed, is as necessary to the understanding or illustration of the philosophy as the chart or diagram to the lecturer, the laboratory to the chemist, or the dissecting-table to the *non-clairvoyant* medical student.

But of one beautiful manifestation—where, as there was no money consideration, no skeptic to be convinced (or defrauded), no possible motive for deception, and no possibility of collusion,—even our materialistic Spiritualists, or the singularly-incapable would-be investigators of the “I told you so” class, might have been surprised and delighted.

The seance given by invitation to a party of nine invited guests, in a private parlor, where no public circle is ever held, and where any previous arrangement of fraudulent accessories would be utterly out of the question, occurred one evening in June last. There were present, as before stated, nine persons, all respectable and reliable witnesses, whose names are only withheld because I have not asked permission to use them, but who, I am sure, would not hesitate to assent to and affirm the truth of my description.

The medium sat in a comfortable arm-chair, just beyond the *portiere* dividing the dining and drawing-rooms, the dining-room doors being locked, the room examined, and left in total darkness, but the parlor in which the sitters grouped themselves in a circle, or, rather, horse-shoe, near the *portiere*, was lighted by an ordinary drop-light from the gasolier, the light being softened, but not made dim, by a tissue-paper shade.

I think the first form which appeared was that of a tall, youthful figure, a blonde, beautifully dressed in a perfectly-fitting, totally unornamented white corded silk, making her simple, girlish beauty the more apparent, as well as the total want of resemblance to the medium (who is brunette), or to the sitters,—all

elderly. She stood a moment holding back the curtain, then advanced a step or two into the circle toward the light. No one spoke, or seemed to recognize her, until, something seeming to prompt me, I said: "Is it spirit Violet?" This is the name adopted by the beautiful spirit daughter of a very dear friend of *The Voice of Angels*, the spirit having been a very frequent contributor to its columns, through the mediumship of Miss Shelhamer, for some years.

The beautiful form instantly came and knelt down beside me, and, putting her arms about me, laid her soft cheek against mine, and seemed very happy. Rising, and stepping behind me, she motioned with her hands a desire to write. The gentleman beside me furnishing a pencil and an old legal envelope, I handed them to her. She took them, walked around behind us to the head of the line, came into the circle, stood in full light, and wrote a message, which she put in my hand, desiring that I should send it to her father. Retiring to the room in which the medium sat, she was out of sight only a moment when she reappeared, bringing a clove-pink, which she also gave me "for my papa," as she said. She spoke to me of *The Voice*, of my work upon it, my anxiety about it, etc., etc., and, assuring me of her sympathy and appreciation, withdrew. Form after form followed in quick succession, all being recognized and welcomed by some one in the circle.

But it is of one particular phase I intended to speak, which I have never seen elsewhere. Later in the evening, when the power of the unseen chemists seemed even greater than at first, a female form, larger and more matured than the one I have described, appeared clothed in a close-fitting white silk, which was covered with a beautiful puffy drapery of finest lace, with a mesh like brussels, the front breadth, and a long lace scarf worn about the shoulders, being covered with embroidered bouquets of pansies, rosebuds, and leaves, nearly a hand breadth in size, and set at regular intervals. On our exclamations of surprise, the figure stepped to each one of us, allowing us to feel as well as see that it was really raised embroidery, exquisitely wrought, apparently of silk floss and chenille, each thread seeming to lie upon the surface of the lace like the most perfect hand embroidery. Walking deliberately around the circle, and passing under the drop-light, she stood beside it, where the light, falling directly

upon her, showed the rich coloring and perfect shading of the colors, and the luster of the silks. Then coming around behind me, stood with her hand resting lightly on my shoulder.

We were speaking, my neighbor and I, of the wonderful power of these so-called chemical spirits to gather material evidently from the atmosphere, when this one, with a little pressure of her hand on my shoulder, said: "Look, now!" I turned, as did the rest, to look at her, and, behold! every trace of embroidery was gone. She stepped into the center of the circle again, the drapery, scarf, and all about her as before, but perfectly white and smooth. Then, at the request of one of us to have the wonderful embroidery restored, held above her head, a yard or so at a time, till all had been passed through her hands in this way in plain sight of everyone of us, and in less time than I have taken to tell it, the same beautiful colored embroidery covered her dress as before.

Again, allowing us to examine it as closely as before, she stepped again to the middle of the circle, out of which she had not been one instant, and threw off piece after piece of the lace, which fell upon the floor at her feet, and vanished like a soap-bubble, and, in falling, gave out sparks, and crackled as one's clothing or hair will do on a cold night, if one is electric. Finally, standing there, with a beautiful smile of acknowledgment for our expressions of delight and wonder, clothed simply in the plain white silk princess' robe, she bade us good-night, and retired to the darkened room in which the medium sat in her usual street costume of black, deeply entranced, dripping with perspiration, and utterly exhausted, when, a few minutes later, we crowded about her to thank her for allowing herself to be used for so beautiful an exhibition at such cost of temporary nervous exhaustion.

No suspicion of the medium being brought out for these manifestations could be harbored for a moment, since the forms were so unlike each other in all respects, male and female, large and small, and in this case of the embroidery, all was done in full view, the form standing entirely alone at arm's length from every one of us. It was in some respects the most *beautiful* seance I ever attended, though not more convincing than those "test circles" in which you and Mrs. Whitlock and myself have sat together ere now.

UNEXPECTED MATERIALIZATION.

By MRS. C. P. PRATT, Providence, R. I.

Editor of *Facts*:

I should like to give you an account of some interesting manifestations which occurred at our house, No. 9 Vinton Street, Providence, R. I., early in November, 1884, with Mrs. Allen, the materializing medium.

As such manifestations, given without preparation, and so entirely unexpected, are always very pleasing, we had invited Mr. and Mrs. Allen, with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Peyser, to take tea, and pass the evening with us. And while we were at the table the conversation naturally drifted to experiences, etc., in which the spirits pleasantly joined by rapping; but when questions of more importance were asked, they replied by raising the table, which was a heavy extension, entirely from the floor several times, much to our delight.

Tea being over, we retired to the parlor, when *our* little spirit friend, Blossom, pleased with the prospect of some fun, asked Mrs. Allen (who was controlled by Mego, a bright, intelligent spirit, with whom many of your readers are already familiar) to come into our circle-room, and then into the cabinet. Presently Mego said: "There is a spirit here that will materialize if you will form a circle," which we gladly did. Suddenly there appeared at the door of the cabinet a tall form, giving the name Lizzie, the wife of a brother of Dr. Pratt, and almost instantly a baby form, saying, "That is my mamma," which was true. Also, another tall female form, an aunt of Dr. Pratt, giving her name correctly. And so they continued to come, one after another, in quick succession, until fifteen forms had appeared, some of them passing us and going out into the parlor where the gas was burning brightly, while we sat scarcely three feet from the cabinet, all of them giving names that were recognized.

Previous to this, at a time when Dr. Pratt and Miss Grace had gone to Mrs. Allen's to attend one of her regular seances, our little friend Blossom, who had made continued efforts to materialize, came to us, and said: "Now, I am going over to Mrs. Allen's to see who is there," telling us the number of persons, which we afterwards found to be correct. Then she said: "I am going to ask Mego to show me how to materialize, and I will show myself

to Grace." We noted the time, half-past nine, and waited the result.

When Miss Grace returned, she bounded into the room, her face all aglow, saying: "Mamma, who do you think came to me? Blossom; she is very pretty, and her head just reaches my shoulder. She sent you this pink,"—at the same time giving me this sweet flower. I asked: "What was the time?" She replied: "Half-past nine;" and the dear spirit was more pleased, if possible, than we that, at last, after persisting in her attempts to materialize, she had accomplished her purpose.

MRS. EATON'S TEA-PARTY.

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

Last fall, William Eddy stopped for a short time with Mrs. Onthank and myself, of South Boston, and I arranged for a private seance with him for the afternoon of Oct. 19, 1882. The day proved very rainy, but eight of us attended, and felt ourselves amply repaid. Many personal friends came to us, and, in addition to these, Mrs. Eaton (who is the prominent spirit of Mr. Eddy's seances). She had previously said she would have a tea-party sometime, and the hostess, judging this a good opportunity, set a table, with fruit, cake, etc., cups and saucers, sugar and milk, placing it about two feet from the cabinet, with boiling water near by. Mrs. Eaton came out finely materialized, inspected the table, and asked Mrs. Onthank to make the tea, which being done, the spirit (Mrs. Eaton), taking the tea-pot, poured out, and handed to each, took a cup herself, and drank it. Passing the fruit to each as they came up to the table, she partook and ate freely herself, with apparent relish. After she retired, three other materialized spirits came at different times during the seance, who ate and drank, one carrying a heavy dish of fruit across the room to a friend. This can be attested to by eight living witnesses, besides Mr. and Mrs. Onthank, and their family.

AUG. 10, 1883.

A SPIRIT KNITTING A STOCKING.

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

During our month's stay in Terre Haute, Ind., in May, 1875, the band controlling at that time seemed anxious to show the

power and strength of materialized spirits, to the exclusion mostly of the individual friends of the sitters. Some instances of their power I will give you.

It was not uncommon for Belle (one of their controls) to hold her materializations from one-half to three-quarters of an hour by the watch, without being out of our sight. On one occasion she walked out to the music-box, a large one, weighing seventy pounds or more, lifted and carried it into the cabinet, sat down with it in her lap awhile, returned with it, a distance of about seven feet, raised it at arm's length above her head, and sat it down in its accustomed place,—a feat that not many of the sitters could have accomplished. I should have mentioned that their cabinet was constructed with two wooden doors, opening in the center, one always standing open, and often both, disclosing both medium and spirit. On another occasion, the spirit, Belle, announced her intention of knitting a baby's stocking. She walked out to the sitters, took a chair inside the cabinet, the door being open all the time, seated herself in plain view of all, when suddenly appeared in her lap a ball of white knitting-cotton and four knitting-needles, when she instantly proceeded to set up and knit a little stocking, which, when completed, I think was about a quarter of a yard long the entire length. Several guessed the time occupied to be from fifteen to twenty minutes. When it was done, she handed it out for inspection, and it looked like any knit stocking, even to a stitch being dropped in the foot. She was not out of our sight for an instant. We watched closely, and saw the stocking grow, and the ball diminish in size.

The committee was so pleased that they had a frame made for it, and hung it up in the seance room. These facts can be verified by fifteen or twenty persons.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Jan. 28, 1884.

Editor of *Facts* :

Yours received, and in answer would say that Mrs. Eaton's tea-party was held in South Boston at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Onthank, in presence of them and four or five well-grown children, together with Dr. W. Goddard and his daughter, of Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. Myers, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs.

G. A. Sanborn, of Somerville, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hunt, of Somerville, Mass.

At Terre Haute, Ind., there was present Mrs. Stuart's committee, and generally some of their wives, said committee consisting of James Hook, Samuel Conner, and Dr. Allen Pence. In addition, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hunt, and fifteen or twenty persons whose names I do not know. I may at some time send you some more facts, gathered in our thirty years' investigation of this subject. We have spent a great deal of time and money in prosecuting our inquiries, and now feel that we are reaping our reward in the full assurance of angel presence guiding, care, and love, feeling it to be the crowning glory of our lives, and guiding star to our brighter home.

Very truly,

MRS. J. C. HUNT.

MR. EDGAR W. EMERSON'S DESCRIPTIVE SEANCES.

During the month of December, 1884, Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham and Mr. Geo. A. Fuller lectured for the Providence Spiritualists Association. After each lecture, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson gave a descriptive seance from the platform. During these four Sundays a great many wonderful evidences of individual spirit presence were given, describing on several occasions things which could only be known, under the circumstances, by the spirit who professed to be present.

The following are a few statements from persons who received communications. We would like to give many others, but our space will not allow.—ED.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 19, 1885.

MR. L. L. WHITLOCK: *Dear Sir*,—On Sunday, Dec. 14, 1884, at Blackstone Hall, Providence, R. I., while listening to descriptions of spirit presence, given by Mr. Edgar W. Emerson from the platform, he suddenly pointed to me, and said: "An old gentleman stands by your side, and says he is old Deacon Horace Jerome, and used to know you in Springfield. He says: 'I was Deacon of the Double-Barrel Church on the hill.' And now another gentleman comes here, and says he is Erskine Allen, and

was master armorer at the U.S. Armory before passing out, and that you worked in the milling-shop at one time,"—all of which was correct in every particular. The Double-Barrel Church referred to is the Olivet Church on Springfield Hill, having two bell-towers, from which the nick-name was derived, and with which all who live in that vicinity are familiar.

After this, another spirit came, and called herself my aunt Mary Dunham, and, to prove her identity, related incidents and circumstances which occurred more than thirty-five years ago, and had gone from my memory. Among these she described an old-fashioned secretary, and an old-style profile-picture of herself hanging on the wall near it. These were very satisfactory tests, as Mr. Emerson was a stranger to me, and could not have known of my former residence in Springfield, and these details.

The Sunday following I invited him to my house, and while there he gave me such evidence of the presence of those who had gone before that, had I been the rankest materialist, it would have obliged me to acknowledge the truth of the life beyond the grave.

Yours truly,

E. H. DUNHAM.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., No. 6 Lake St., Dec. 28, 1884.

Editor of *Facts*:

Mrs. Joseph West, formerly Mrs. Dawson (an English lady), received a grand test from Mr. Emerson. Two of her former husband's brothers, who were never in this country, came and gave their names,—John and Thomas Dawson; also, Hannah Dawson, a son's wife, gave her name, and with her came Mr. West's former wife, who said: "Tell Mrs. Joseph West that we are doing all we can to make her home comfortable and happy." Mr. Emerson never saw Mr. or Mrs. West, and knew nothing whatever of them either in their present or former relations.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH WEST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 28, 1884.

Editor of *Facts*:

At Blackstone Hall, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1884, Edgar Emerson, the medium, said: "There is a spirit here for Josie Wood. 'I

am her mother''"; gave a message for her sister Emma, and was taken to a fancy and periodical store where my sister is engaged in business. His control, Sunbeam, went to my room, and gave a minute account of the furnishings, mentioning a picture of Mary Anderson, on a small easel, and above it, on the wall, the picture of another actress; she could not pronounce the name; said it was a French name, which was Mdlle. Rhea. She spoke of my work-table, covered with fancy-work of all kinds, and of a fanciful ornament in the center of the room, an umbrella with ribbons of different colors, being interwoven through it, which was all truthful. She spoke of a shadow which was around me at the time, all of which I was fully aware of.

The medium was wholly unacquainted with myself and my house, or surroundings. The test was verified the following Tuesday at a dark seance, held by Mrs. Maud E. Lord, my mother speaking in a plain, independent voice, said: "God bless you, my daughter, for progressing as you have," she placing her hand on my head while conversing with me. Then I asked her the following questions: "Mother, when did you speak to me last through a medium?" She answered: "Sunday." "Where?" She answered: "At the meeting-house." I then said: "Through what medium?" And she quickly replied: "Edgar Emerson." Several in the circle near me heard the conversation plainly, Mrs. Lord talking in another part of the circle in an audible voice, giving tests to others, while my mother was speaking to me in her own voice. I wish that all could be blessed with as good evidence of the return of spirit friends as I have been.

JOSEPHINE M. WOOD.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., No. 77 High St., Jan. 7, 1885.

MR. L. L. WHITLOCK: *Dear Sir*,—My daughter tells me you wish to know if Mr. Clough is willing that the tests given by Samoset and Sunbeam, through Mr. Emerson, Sunday evening, December 28th, should be published in *Facts*. Certainly, *yes*. We think they are too good to be lost. We regret that none of the family were present at the hall to hear them; but as we were not, I must leave to your more able hands the task of preparing

them for publication. No one outside of the family *can* appreciate the full value of them.

In the first place, there is not one of us who knows Mr. Emerson by sight, and, it seems, he named us all, even to the fact of Nellie being Mr. Clough's step-daughter. As to the pipe he mentioned. Mr. Clough keeps a pipe for Samoset, which he fills and lights every evening as regularly as he lights his own; and in regard to the pipe he mentioned, that he did not wish Mr. Clough to buy, as he preferred his old one, certainly no one outside the family circle knew that Mr. Clough had seen a pipe in a window in Providence that he wanted to buy for Samoset. It was quite expensive, and he was hesitating about it, for although he wanted it very much, he did not feel as though he could quite afford it.

Then, the picture he mentioned hangs exactly where he said it did. It is a picture of Margaret Mather, which Nellie cut from an advertisement and mounted on a card, and dressed it with a red-velvet cap, making quite a pretty picture. We think very much of Samoset and Sunbeam, and are constantly getting proofs of their presence with us. We place the most perfect confidence in all they tell us, and they have never yet misled us, but, by following their directions to the letter, they have taken us safely through many dark places.

Respectfully,

MRS. CHAS. W. CLOUGH.

We do not think it necessary to add to Mrs. Clough's letter, as it explains sufficiently the description given by M. Emerson.
—ED.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., No. 8 East Ave., Dec. 31, 1884.

MR. L. L. WHITLOCK: *Dear Sir*, — I promised to send you something for *Facts*, and, in fulfillment of that promise, and in compliance with your request that persons who had received tests from Mr. Edgar W. Emerson during his stay in Providence, would write them out for your February number.

I will commence the account with the tests my husband and myself received from that medium. I am glad to be of service to the great cause of Spiritualism, for it is very dear to me, and has afforded untold comfort and consolation when all else failed. .

On Sunday evening, December 7th, we attended the meeting in Blackstone Hall. Soon after Mr. Emerson became entranced the control described the spirit of a lady, who came, bearing in her arms a beautiful boy, of whom she had the care, and she wished his parents to know that he was growing and learning. "I was a stranger while on earth, but I was deeply interested in and loved little children, and I have the same interest now," she said. The control then said: "She tells me to say the baby's name is Harry A. Whitney." We immediately recognized him, when Sunbeam added: "They say I must say Albert, — Harry Albert Whitney. Is that right?" We answered: "Yes," when she said: "I can see into that home, and I see there on the mantel-piece a picture of that baby, and it has been there ever since he passed away. Am I right?" I shook my head, saying to Mr. Whitney: "Not that baby." Sunbeam then said: "If it is not that baby, then it is one that looked just like him." I answered: "That is right." She then added: "I also see a picture which has been enlarged." I did not recognize this at the time, nor did Mr. Whitney, but, after our return home, my own control said: "That was Mamie's picture that Sunbeam saw." We had already recognized Mamie, she being the lady who brought the baby. Her being a stranger, as she said in her message, applying only to myself, as she has been a friend of Mr. Whitney's from early childhood, and he, soon after her translation, had made two crayon portraits of her, — one of them has always been in our home. When little Harry left us, she came and said that she would take care of him, which she has done.

The picture of the baby was one of a little brother, which looked as if taken for Harry; and we said, when he passed away: "We will not have a picture taken of him, he has fallen away so much. This one of Georgie looks more like him when he was well, and it has always been kept on the mantel."

These things must have been unknown to Mr. Emerson, as he had never been in our home, nor had Mr. Whitney nor myself ever seen him until we saw him at Blackstone Hall. The tombstone theory will not apply in this case, as little Harry's form is not buried in Providence, nor is his name on a stone in any cemetery.

The next Sunday evening, December 14th, we were again in

Blackstone Hall listening to the descriptions given, and after the seance was ended, seemingly, Mr. Whitney said to me: "I think we had better go out during the singing, so as to get the ten o'clock car." My own control said to me: "No, you cannot go yet." I repeated this to him, and we remained, wondering why we could not go. After the singing, it was announced that Sunbeam was not through, and she immediately began describing the spirit of a colored man, saying that he had been a powerful medium while on earth, and was well-known in this city; that he had friends here, and that there was some one in the audience who would tell them he came, giving the name of George W. Brown. We recognized him immediately as the husband and father of persons in our house. The wife having said to me only the week before: "I wonder George does not come to you at the Hall," I replied: "Wait, perhaps he will sometime." I am sure that Mr. Emerson could have known nothing of this, as I never saw him save in public, nor did any of the family.

God speed you and all others who are so faithfully laboring for the great cause, and may our mediums be better known and appreciated.

In the light of a living faith, I am, very truly yours,

MARY E. A. WHITNEY.

A one of Mr. Emerson's evening seances, his control, Sunbeam, said: "There is a young man comes here now; I should think he was between twenty-four and twenty-seven years of age; he is tall, very erect, positive in his nature, but reticent. He is very anxious about some one, and he says there are those in this hall that will know what he means. He says some have felt his influence, and are positive of his return, but others doubt; but he says *they* will *know* in the future." He tells me to say that he is progressing in spirit, and that his name is Charley Waterman.

This spirit was recognized as a young man who passed to spirit life in May, 1883, and the circumstances were all correct.—ED.