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FACTS

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

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No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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HEALING BY MEANS OF MESMERISM.

By PROF. J. W. CADWELL, Meriden, Conn.

Editor of *Facts*:

That mind has much to do in generating and in curing some diseases, but few, if any, intelligent people will deny. Human magnetism is the motor-power of all living beings on earth. People expend or lose it very rapidly in moments of great grief, anger, fright, or all extra efforts, either mental or physical, and the exhausted system can be recharged by a good magnetizer.

A man's clothing becomes charged with his magnetism even without an effort on his part that it becomes so; and in walking he uses up this motor-power as surely as does the locomotive while running over the iron rails, and this used or expended magnetism settles down to the earth, and is the only means by which the dog is able to follow its master. And only because the master's coat has been involuntarily charged is the same dog able to tell it, as he surely can, from another's coat. The transmission of this motor-power or human magnetism is so self-evident that no intelligent man can doubt it for a moment. The action of the mind is not essential, always, in the transmission of this subtle fluid or aura; nor has faith in God or the physician much, if anything, to do with the process of being cured. One of the most remarkable cures I ever performed was while perfectly sound asleep. Previous to this, I retired one night after one of my most successful mesmeric entertainments so completely exhausted that I feared I was going to have a serious sickness. It was past three o'clock before I went to sleep, from which I was awakened about four by some one rubbing my chest and bowels in a very positive manner. As it was too dark to see anyone, I tried very hard to reach up with my right hand to find out who was working over me. To my great surprise, I could not do so, as I had lost all control of my right arm. With my left hand I soon learned that my other one was being used in a rapid and decided manner. The rubbing was continued for about fifteen minutes, when it ceased of its own accord, and I soon sunk into a peaceful slumber, from which I awoke in the morning as well as ever, and free from all exhaustion. In this case mind, or mind in the body, had probably nothing to do with the cure whatever. Possibly, a ministering spirit controlled my hand and arm. I have had a similar experience

three or four times since that night, though never in as much need of assistance as then. In this case there could not have been a transmission of human magnetism from me to myself, and yet the process completely relieved me. With this proface, I am ready to give the facts relative to, as I said before, one of the most remarkable cures of my life.

While giving entertainments in Waltham, Mass., some ten years ago, I was stopping by invitation with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lincoln. On returning to the house after the close of one of my mesmeric exhibitions, Mrs. Lincoln said that as she was about to start for the hall her father came, and as there was not time to make up a bed for him in the spare room before going, she had him occupy mine, and if I objected sleeping with him she would make up the other bed for me. She assured me that he was a quiet gentleman, and in very feeble health, and probably would not disturb me during the night. When I retired he was sleeping soundly, and when I awoke in the morning he had already left the room, and I have never seen him since. The following season I met Mrs. Lincoln at the Walden Pond spiritual camp meeting, some fifteen miles or more from Boston. She saw me first, and, on approaching, said that she saw her father a week previous, and he told her that if she ever saw me to thank me a thousand times for curing him. Astonished, I replied that I had never seen her father. Only when she referred to what she had said about making up the extra bed did I recall the incident, and replied that he must be mistaken, as he was asleep when I retired, and I asleep when he got up and left the room. She said that, previous to her father's coming to her house, he had been an invalid for many months, and given up as incurable, and came, expecting to remain with her for several weeks. She said that when he came down that morning at her house, he complained at first very bitterly of the disagreeable bed-fellow who occupied the bed with him. He said that I had kept him awake much during the night by continuously working my elbow against his lame back and sides, and that he had pushed me away several times, and had moved to the edge of the bed to get away from me. While telling her of how mean a bed-fellow I was, he commenced twisting or bending his body, and, finally, astonished, said that all the soreness and lameness had disappeared entirely.

After breakfast he said that he felt so well that he would go home, and attend to some wood choppers in his employ, and the next day he chopped and piled a cord of wood. "And from that day to this," said Mrs. Lincoln, "he has been perfectly well, and able to do as much work as any one of his hired men."

In my own case, as related, it was not transmission of my own magnetism to myself. But as I am somewhat mediumistic, my arm was probably controlled by a spirit, and it is possible that there was a spiritual influx of magnetic aura from a spirit to myself; and in the cure of the man while I was asleep, it may have been by transmission of my own magnetism to the invalid. But as I must have been at the time under spirit control, it is more reasonable to suppose that he was cured by spirit magnetism transmitted from a spirit through my physical system to him.

In relation to the permanency of cures performed by myself, I will say that about the second week in January, 1885, Mr. Augustus Dana, of 34 Broadway, Lowell, Mass., came to me one evening at Welles Hall, in Lowell, where I had a two weeks' engagement, and showed me his right hand, which was badly swollen from a wound, a piece of flesh having been knocked off from one of his finger joints some three days previous. He said that he was not able to work, and that the hand pained him badly. As he was one of my mesmeric subjects several years ago, I was sure I could relieve him at once. I made one or two passes with my hand over his, and said that the swelling would go off, and the pain also immediately. Mr. Dana came to my next entertainment, showed me his hand, and said that the swelling and pain were all gone before he got home that night, and the wound so nearly healed as not to prevent his working as well as ever. Mr. Dana then gave me the following particulars concerning his own cure. He said that when I was in Welles Hall, in the winter of 1873-4, he had been given up to die by three of the best doctors in Lowell, who said he had heart disease and consumption. He was coughing so badly nights that the other boarders requested his removal. Two men who attended my mesmeric entertainment told him that I said that I could cure those I could mesmerize, and they persuaded him to go and let me mesmerize him. They assisted him to the hall, and he stopped to rest four times while going up the two flights of stairs. I mesmerized him, and he slept better that night

than for months previous; and from that time he had gained rapidly, and was able to work in a few weeks; and that he had increased in weight from 124 to 209 pounds; and that he had not taken a particle of medicine since I mesmerized him, and was as well and rugged as any man in Lowell. He gave me a statement of these facts in writing.

Mr. Dana said that he had no faith that I could cure him, and only came at the earnest solicitation of those two men who helped support him on the way to the hall. I was not aware then of his feeble condition as he came forward with others, and I did not mesmerize to cure, but to give the usual experiments as an evening entertainment, and neither his faith nor mine had anything to do with the cure.

A few months after I had cured Mr. Dana, without knowing that I was doing so, I engaged Mr. Waugh, a bill-poster, then and still residing at 83 Zeigler Street, Boston, Mass., to do my advertising for a course of lectures in Institute Hall, now Dudley Street Opera House. While arranging with him, his wife was on a sofa on the opposite side of the room, crying bitterly. Mr. Waugh informed me in a low voice that a physician, who had just left the house, had been attending her for many months, and, until that day, had represented that he could cure her. Finding herself constantly growing worse, she had insisted that he tell her plainly as to her true condition, and to her great surprise he said that all he could do was to ease her pathway to the grave; that, in fact, there was no cure for her. Turning to Mrs. Waugh I said: "You are a mesmeric subject, and I can cure you."

She had no faith in mesmerism, and only at the earnest solicitation of her husband, who was himself an unbeliever, would she allow me to mesmerize her, and then only because it was the only hope held out to them. I have since learned that when the physician called next day, she informed him that I had mesmerized her, and as she felt so much better he need not call again until sent for. He tried to persuade her that I would do irreparable injury. In four weeks she was able to do her own work, and dismissed the hired girl, and has been as well as any woman in Boston ever since.

Wishing to know for myself as to the permanency of my own cures, I sent letters of inquiry to a number of my former patients

on the 29th day of March, 1885, and enclosed you will find among others the answer I received a few days ago from Mrs. Waugh, corroborating the facts I have given concerning herself. I had faith to believe that I could cure her; but I do not think that my faith had anything to do in curing the lady. She had no faith that I could cure her, and I do not think her lack of faith hindered the process.

Some of the most remarkable cures that I have performed were done while I was a member of the Methodist church. I believed then in the efficacy of prayer, and, while treating people magnetically, I silently prayed that for Jesus' sake they might get well. In this way I cured, among others, one lady, over thirty years ago, who had been confined to her bed for fifteen months. A few days later the subject of curing the sick by the laying on of hands formed the lesson for discussion in the Bible class, of which I was a member. I said that I knew that faith in Jesus enabled me to cure the sick. The class leader pompously stretched out his hand toward me, saying that he had cut one of his fingers the day before, and defiantly demanded that I instantaneously heal the wound. I shall never forget in this life the insolent sneers from every member of that Bible class; and all because I maintained that that which they were being taught was true. It was my last attendance at that place forever, and thinking that possibly I was mistaken, I prayed, while performing my next few cures, that God would make my patients well, not for Jesus' sake, but for the devil's sake instead.

Not realizing then that the gift of healing increased with use, I really believed for a time that I could do far more good in the name of the devil than in the name of Jesus Christ. Although I performed many wonderful cures, the fact that I could not cure all was so extremely humiliating that I almost gave it up; only making an effort to cure those who volunteered to go on the platform at my public entertainments, or their friends. Generally, those I cured thanked me; those I did not called me all the hard names in the dictionary.

It is more than thirty-five years since I taught my first pupil how to mesmerize, and to cure the sick, and I instructed him to exercise faith in Jesus Christ, as the only means of cure. I do not think that I knew as much then as now; yet he insisted that

I give him a certificate to show that he had taken lessons of me. I happened to see him about three years ago, and he then showed me that certificate of which he seemed to think more than of his medical diploma. He is a Christian, or claims to be, and assured me that by following my instructions he had cured many hopeless cases in the name of Jesus, and was almost dumbfounded when I informed him that I had performed some of my most wonderful cures in the name of the devil.

While in Macon, Missouri, last winter, I gave one of my books, "How to Mesmerize," to the janitor of the Opera House. Among other letters I have one from him, dated last month, in which he assures me that from the instructions in my book he has become one of the most successful healers in that State, and has already cured many that had been given up as hopelessly incurable by the best physicians there, and now devotes his entire time to that business.

As this is too long already, I will send you another communication sometime, if you wish me to, on the subject of "Healing by Faith or Mind *vs.* Human and Spirit Magnetism."

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATING WITH STRANGERS.

By MR. ELI POND, of Woonsocket, R. I.

About a year ago I was calling on my son and his wife. She had a headache, and I said to her: "Perhaps I can relieve you by making passes over your head." She consented.

I had made but a few when she was controlled by a spirit that used the deaf and dumb alphabet, but neither her husband or myself could understand it, and the spirit soon withdrew.

Then another came, and gave her name as Sarah Makepeace. She had lived out West, and was drowned. She said: "I am so glad this old gentleman has given me a chance to come."

The medium took on her conditions immediately. "Why," says she, "I shall freeze;" and she shivered and seemed to feel so uncomfortable that I asked Sarah, the spirit, to release her, and to come to me through another medium, Mrs. Annie E. Wood, at a given hour. She said she would, which promise she fulfilled at the appointed time.

I did not know anyone by the name she gave, but determined to find out if such a person had lived, and been drowned.

After several months of almost useless search, I found a man by the name of Makepeace living in Providence, R. I. But in the meantime I had several talks with Sarah, and found out that she had relatives in Providence. I asked her if they were Spiritualists. She said: "No." She said she was twenty years old when she passed away, and had been gone about three years, and also said that she was drowned under *very unpleasant* circumstances, and her folks blamed her too much. She seemed very unhappy.

Not long after this I was in Providence, and, looking over the directory, I found the name of the relative she had given me; and, as I had leisure, I thought I would call on him. I found him very busy. He invited me to call at a certain hour, which I did. After we were seated, I asked him if he had ever known a girl by the name of Sarah Makepeace that had lived out West, who had been drowned. He replied that he did, but was not much acquainted. I asked him how long since she was drowned. He was not sure; but when I told him I had heard it was three years, he thought it correct. I then asked him her age. He said about twenty years. I asked him if he would please give me her father's address. He spoke very quickly, and wanted to know what I wanted that for. I told him why. He was very angry indeed. "I do not want anything brought up that will disgrace my family," and in not a very polite tone asked me to leave. I did so, but I had gained proof that what Sarah had said was true. I have learned since through her the circumstances of her death, but she does not want it made public. When she comes now, she seems very much happier.

After the above was written, Sarah gave the following message:—

"I have just read the words this dear medium has written, and will add a loving greeting to all the dear friends that try to help unhappy spirits, as the kind old gentleman does. Dark clouds have rolled away; happiness and sunshine are all about me.

SARAH."

DESCRIPTION OF A SPIRIT.

By MR. BENJAMIN CROSS, Providence, R. I.

In the summer of 1869 my wife and I called at the house of a friend on Broad Street, Providence, R. I., one evening. While there a gentleman and lady came in, and our friend introduced them as Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Allen. Finding Mrs. Allen was a medium, my wife said: "Do let us have a sitting;" to which Mrs. Allen very kindly consented. We formed a circle, five only being present,—our friend, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, myself and wife. We sat at a small table, and had a few raps; and, after a few minutes, Mrs. Allen was entranced by her Indian control, and, pointing to me, said: "There is a big, tall brave standing behind you." I said: "Can you describe him?" She said: "Yes; he is a broad-shouldered brave, six feet high or more, ruddy complexion, dark-brown hair, very thin but not bald, like you, small side-whiskers; he has on such a funny coat; one coat comes so low," indicating by her hand the length of the first, "and one so low; and the third coat so low,—showing three different lengths." I then asked what more the spirit could describe. The spirit then said: "The brave has on a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and said one sleeve was empty;"—then drawing the medium's arm back in her sleeve, said: "The arm only came so far down the sleeve." I then said: "I want you to be particular, and tell what else you see." The control then said: "He wants to show me his bad arm, and I don't want to see it." I said: "I want you to look." At that she said: "There is a little bit of a thing sticking out of the end of the bad arm, just like that,"—at the same time showing the size by the medium's finger, and said it is puckered up, and sewed with needle and thread, at the same time remarking: "It is your father brave."

My father stood six feet one inch, broad-shouldered, dark hair, very thin but not bald, had side-whiskers, wore overcoat with two large capes, varying in length as described by the control, of peculiar color (which the Indian remarked), and also described two large buttons at the waist, he had lost his left arm,—in fact, the control gave a perfect description of my father, and I would here state until that hour we were entire strangers to Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and even our friend at whose house we met did not know my father, or anything of my family.

FORETELLING AN ACCIDENT.

By MRS. S. A. JESMER, Amsden, Vt.

Editor of *Facts*:

May 6, 1884, I was in Perkinsville, Vt., and called on a lady friend, Mrs. Hammond. I was stopping a short time at Mr. Chandler Downs's, of the same place. We were engaged in conversation when Mr. Downs and Mr. Hammond entered. After a little conversation, Mr. Hammond asked Mr. Downs, he being a joiner by trade: "When do you go to work on the bridge?" He said: "Tuesday, I think, as the irons have come." They had been waiting a few days for the iron work. Before I was aware of what I was saying, I uttered these words: "As true as you go to work on that bridge, you will be hurt." He said: "Well, I shall go to work on it." I said, seeing the strange looks on their faces: "I am as sure of it as I am of life; I know it." When Mr. Hammond replied: "You may find she can speak the truth."

Friday, May 11th, Chandler Downs, in trying to help raise a timber for the covered part of the bridge, standing on a small pole, by reason of the green timber being so heavy, was swayed backward, and fell fifteen feet, striking on his back, the timber eighteen feet long, 6 x 8, falling on his stomach. He was picked up for dead, and brought home in a condition that it was said he would never recover from sufficiently to do another day's work.

My guides controlled, and said he would get over it, and in July he worked one week at Lake Pleasant. Dr. H. O. Wright, formerly of Bartonsville, Vt., manifested through Mr. Arthur Hodges, of Boston, and said: "I put the words in her mouth to say. You would have been so terribly crushed that you could not have got over it, but a strong spiritual force was brought to lighten the blow." How else, in the name of reason, could this have been done. Dr. Wright said (she had a sore hand caused by treating it) my hand was sore to the bone; the inflammation taken out of the diseased part burned it so, and the spirit, Dr. Wright, said: "I did not allow her to take care of it. I wanted to show what could be done with the human hand."

These are facts that can be proved by scores of reliable and respectable citizens.

COULD IT BE MIND-READING?

By MR. E. WATERS, Troy, N. Y.

About three years ago, I received a letter from a gentleman, in Iowa, who had lost his wife. I supposed him at the time to be a stranger, but wrote, advising him to visit a medium, and perhaps he might hear from her. Not long after, I received another letter from him, signed "Saxton," in which he thanked me for the information I had given him.

I was in Boston a short time after, and had a sitting with Mrs. Wildes. As soon as she was entranced, she reached forward and took from my pocket the last letter I had received from my unknown friend, saying my husband wrote this. Then thanked me for being the means by which he had gained the knowledge that she still lived. She gave me some directions about answering the letter, and I found him to be an old school friend of mine.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATES WITH ANOTHER.

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

An Indian spirit, who is one of our ever-present friends, desired to make an experiment with Dr. J. V. Mansfield. He suggested that he control his "Sunshine," a pet name he uses for his medium, "as," he says, "she brings so much truth and happiness to mortals," and write a communication which I should send or take to the doctor. I consented, and gave him paper and pencil. He then requested me not to stand where I could see the writing, and accordingly I retired, but not from the room. He finished and sealed the letter, making it so he would know it, and handed it to me.

The medium was perfectly under control, and as unconscious of what had been done as though she had been far away. I took the letter to the doctor, in company with Mrs. Whitlock, and both of us had several questions answered very perfectly, and, among others, I presented this one, of which Mrs. Whitlock knew nothing. Doctor Mansfield said he could not answer it, and wanted to know if we had either of us written it. To which we answered: "No." He kept it, and in a day or two we received the original unopened, and the answer.

The sealed letter was signed "Owasseeka," although he says another wrote it for him, and was addressed to my father. Its contents were of a personal character, and the questions asked perfectly answered, to which was signed my father's name, Geo. C. Whitlock. This answer told me of a previous communication to another person, of which I knew nothing.

Our readers will see that in this phenomena a disembodied spirit communicates to another, who answers through Dr. Mansfield's mediumship in reference to a subject no mortal understood.

MATERIALIZATION.

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

On Thursday, April 30th, we attended one of Mrs. Bertha Fay's seances at her residence, 156 West Concord Street, Boston, Mass.

I will not attempt to give a description of the fifty or sixty forms which made their appearance, and who were generally recognized by their friends,—I presume as perfectly as were those who came to Mr. Whitlock and myself.

When the seance was nearly finished, a spirit came and talked with Mr. Whitlock, and, in a moment, she disappeared, and her place was filled by his father, who called for me. His features were almost perfect, but Mr. Whitlock thought not quite as much so as the last time we met him at Mrs. Fay's seance. Following, with scarcely a second's interval, another form appeared, who was an old friend of mine. I did not recognize him at first, but from certain manifestations peculiar to him his individuality was established. After which he gave his name. Immediately following came a gentleman very much taller, and entirely different in form and features, who gave Mr. Whitlock the masonic grip, and who, while he recognized his face as one he had seen, he could not think of his name. As he retired to the cabinet, a boy, apparently about ten or twelve years old, appeared, round and well developed, rushed out, exclaiming: "*How do you do, cousin Lew!*" addressing Mr. Whitlock. Before he had time to think who it might be, the form disappeared; and when the curtains, a moment later, were again parted, the form of a cousin of mine appeared, and gave his name.

As he retired, and almost instantly, Mr. Whitlock's sister, Sarah, came, and, after talking a few moments, kissed us, and retired.

All of these forms were different in size and appearance. The change from one to the other was very rapid, the most so I have ever seen, and while we were standing at the cabinet.

VISIONS.

By MR. CHARLES W. SULLIVAN, Boston, Mass.

Eleven years ago I left home to travel. The last person I visited was my grandmother, to whom I carried a new cap. As I tied it upon her head, a strange feeling came over me. I had been gone about three months, and was sitting in my room at Washington, D. C., with a gentleman friend, mending a coat, when it suddenly felt like lead. I let it fall, and turned my head to the left, when a cloud seemed to float into the room. It grew brighter and brighter, then parted, and I saw a pillow with my grandmother's head resting upon it. In a short time it gradually passed away. My friend, noticing my strange appearance, asked the cause. Then I told him what I had seen. He then asked me if she was dead. I answered: "Not when I came away, but I think I have seen her spirit." My friend made a minute of the time. We then went to Baltimore, and I felt my grandmother's presence with me.

We then returned to Washington, where I found letters which had been forwarded to me. I broke the seal of one, which contained the following: "Dear Brother, at last, the old oak has fallen;" also, a line from the housekeeper, saying: "I thought she would come to you before a letter could reach you."

My friend then compared the time of my vision in Washington with that of my grandmother's death at Boston, and found that she had appeared to me in about twenty-five minutes from the time of her passing out.

About three years ago I was at Schroon Lake, New York, and one evening retired early. About half-past ten o'clock I heard a noise like the report of a gun, and, looking up, I saw my sister in an arbor of flowers, beckoning to me. I felt she had passed away,

and had come to me while I was asleep. The next morning I received a telegram, stating she had passed away the day before.

(From *Mind in Nature*.)

THE INWARD SIGHT.

By R. WALTER HEURTLEY, M D., River Forest, Ill.

Zschokke, the German writer, in his autobiography, speaks of "a singular case of prophetic gift, which I called my inward sight, but which has ever been enigmatical to me. I am almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but lest I should strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our soul experience, and, therefore, I will confess. . . .

"It has happened to me, sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected — or, frequently, some particular scene in that life — has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers which before served as a sort of commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories.

"By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; — people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal truth*. I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life had passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain

confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified; not without consternation on their part. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke.

"Instead of many, I will mention one example which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine) in company with two young student foresters. We were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man, who sat opposite to us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life,—I, knowing as little of him, personally, as he did of me. That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I was correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me; and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school-years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of a brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, and a dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I, alone, occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained talking till past midnight. He is probably still living.

"I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form, as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions

and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those *trifling accessories* which nowise concerned me, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, or desired to have, any connection? Or was the whole matter a constantly recurring *accident*? Or had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life, very different views to give of the whole, although, in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet, impelled by this very doubt, I have sometimes given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things, which my waking dreams had revealed to me."

The interest of the foregoing narrative is, I think, largely increased by the caution, candor, and transparent sincerity of the narrator. It seems to suggest the idea of an involuntary autobiography,—a veritable "Book of Life," wherein all we think, feel, or do, is indelibly recorded,—wherein we read, and call it remembering; and which, in rare cases, may be open also to the inner eye of the seer.

APRIL 11, 1885.

MENTAL MEDIUMSHIP AND SLATE-WRITING.

By MRS. NELLIE WEBSTER, Corry, Pa.

On April 30th, Dr. W. Harry Powell, of Philadelphia, Pa., came to Corry to fill an engagement. He is a gentleman of refinement, and truly a medium of merit. He held a private seance at my house, three persons only being present. We wrote the names of deceased friends, asking them some questions, signing our names in full. We then folded these pieces of paper as nearly alike as possible, the doctor not being in the room at the time. As he entered, he directed these to be laid upon the table, and for one of our number to hand him one at a time; when, with a rapid movement, he would touch it to his forehead, and immediately drop it on the table if it were the wrong one, and if the right one, he would say: "Hold that in your hand;" then he would listen for a moment, and give the initials of the writer, and also the question. If it was to be answered verbally, he would do so, giving the name of the spirit in full; if by slate-writing, he

would be entranced, and show his hands, that they might be inspected by those present, to be sure there was no substance about them that could produce writing. When all were satisfied, he would make a few passes up and down the slate, and then begin to write with the index finger of his right hand, without any pencil or substance, except that furnished by the spirits. In this way I received communications from my husband and sister in spirit life, and I know the medium had no possible chance to know anything about them.

I consider his manifestations the most wonderful I have ever witnessed, all being done in a bright light where everyone present could see for themselves. Long may Dr. Powell live to be a blessing to the world.

A FICTITIOUS NAME.

By DR. J. V. MANSFIELD, at a Fact-Meeting.

A number of years ago, a Mr. Hall, from Milwaukee, Wis., called for a sitting. After writing and sealing his message in the usual way, he passed it to me to be answered. He received the following:—

“*My Dear Husband*,—What have you been doing that you are ashamed of your name? A good Judge should never be, and while I lived, you were not then signed a name entirely different from the one he had given.”

I passed the message to him, and, after reading a part of it, he burst into tears, and acknowledged his fault. My advice was to him, as it is to all, go honestly to see a medium, and you will be satisfied.

CAUSE OF APPARITIONS.—We find that in 7 out of 19 cases a sudden death, often either a murder or a suicide, appears to be connected with the cause of the apparition. In 7 other cases long residence in the locality, or a peculiar attachment to some special house or room, seem to be similarly connected with it; whilst in the remaining 5 cases no explanation of its origin is suggested to us.—*Society for Physical Research*, July, 1884.