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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."*

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OUR FIRST CLINCHER.

By MR. SAMUEL MCCLEARY, Watervleit Centre, N.Y.

About my first experience in Spiritualism may be deservedly accredited to Old Ben Wade's direct influence, coming to me second-handed, through his nephew, "Dr. Wade," of this place, and a half-grown daughter. At this time, Ben Wade was United States Senator from Ohio; yet he considered Spiritualism something worthy of his attention, and found time to investigate it, and was thoroughly convinced of its truth and importance, so much so that he wrote a series of letters on the subject to his nephew (the doctor), and he, in turn, pitched into me, with a most persistent solicitude, to investigate it; but I smiled very sagely, with up-turned nose, about as skeptical, probably, as they make them, and told him it was only a matter of time when psychology and mesmerism would explain and explode the whole thing. But, alas, for my *blindness*,—my *ignorance*! So far from exploding, it has gone far in explaining and strengthening it. Indeed, it is a very important part of Spiritualism, and thankful am I that I chanced to give those important subjects my careful attention first.

Well, the investigation was finally commenced at the doctor's residence. An elder brother and myself were in attendance, by invitation. It was conducted in a very private, quiet manner; no others were admitted. By request, I brought my violin to the circle. Four of us were seated at a large table—two at either end—which was standing at the side of the room, against the wall. The front was left all clear, the leaf down, and a good light burning thereon. We shoved the violin under it, neck first, but the space underneath was so narrowed by both leaves being down that the tail of the instrument was visible to all. Presently it was turned bottom-side up, and thus back and forth a number of times, and at length thrust out nearly to the middle of the room. It was shoved back again—the bow with it—with a request to have it used. It was used on all the strings!

Just here I will state that only three certain spirit relatives at any time purported to be present,—namely, a son, a brother-in-law, and a distant relative by the name of "Ames"; and I feel quite sure if either of them had ever played the violin, when in

this life, they would have done the same on this occasion. Finally, I was requested to play a tune, and, as the playing commenced, rapping commenced also on the table, and in the air, like detonations. The broad leaf of the table occasionally jerked out and slapped back, my right foot meanwhile receiving sensations as if a little white devilry was being rehearsed thereon by the heel of a boot. It was heard, also, by all, and these capers were in exact time with my playing. When the music stopped, the aforesaid foot was kicked from under me quick as lightning.

Some will wonder that we were not yet believers. I have found some of the greatest skeptics among believers that I ever saw; but, as skeptical as I was, I was always candid and sincere, and in earnest in my investigations, and at length the *time* came for *poor, needy Me!*—thanks to the Great Spirit of the universe, and “Old Ben Wade.”

And this is the way it was: not from the reading of any book, or listening to any preacher (bear in mind) that a knowledge of immortality came to me. Oh, no! I had been longing, waiting, and thirsting many precious years. At the termination of one of our spiritual entertainments, the doctor asked one of the spirit guests if they intended to tarry there for the night. The answer was: “No, we are going home with these friends” (meaning my brother and myself). The next day I was quite alone at home with my wife, when, looking out, I saw a young lady coming, who was said to be a medium. I invited her in, and she accepted the invitation pleasantly. In a short time a trio was seated around a table, which very soon began to behave like a thing of life, and I, by common consent, became spokesman. Assuming the presence of an invisible intelligence, I asked what it was that moved the table, and by alphabet was told that it was done by spirits! “Are you willing to be tested?” I asked. I was answered very promptly in the affirmative. “Very well; I will now call the letters; and, first, please give us your name that we may know who we are talking to,”—and the letters, as consecutively given, stand thus: A M E S. Amazed, I asked: “Are you the relative of Dr. Wade who convenes with us nightly, and who said he was going home with us?” And the answer came: “Yes.”

I began to feel it was now time to be a little more polite, and said: “Mr. Ames, there is not a soul in this house that ever knew

or saw you. We have heard the doctor say he once had such a relative, and that is all we know,—‘only that, and nothing more.’ Now, if you please, we want the years of your earth life as a test that you still live. Can and will you be so kind as to give them?” “Yes.” I will now count, as you tip the table. I will not call for odd days or months,—simply your years. I commenced counting audibly until it reached twenty, when it dropped, powerless to rise; but presently was alive again. I asked: “Have you done?” “No.” “Shall we take up the count there, and proceed?” “Yes.” And so we continued until a second halt, when, by their concurrence, we took up the count as before, and went on to fifty, when it dropped again,—but this time, like a thing of lead,—but was up again in an instant. “Are you through now!” “Yes.” “Do you see that we have fifty counts?” “Yes.” “Was fifty the number of your years?” “Yes.” “Were you not more than fifty years?” “No.” “Were you not less than fifty years?” “No.” “Will you have me write it down just fifty,—no more, no less?” “Yes.” “Please, be particular, as it is a proposition of my own, and as precious to me as life itself.”

To conclude, we will say the control would consent to no other number but fifty, and, on inquiring of the doctor, learned that was just his age. That was the first decided clincher I ever had, but have received plenty of them since in various ways and forms.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

By MR. WILLIAM H. PECKHAM, Providence, R. I.

I sat with Dr. Keeler, the spirit-photographer, for a picture, March 18, 1885, at the residence of Mrs. H. V. Ross, 172 South Main Street, Providence, R. I., and received four spirit faces, which I recognize perfectly,—one of my nephew, who passed away nearly five years ago, and which is recognized by his mother, brothers, and sisters, and by many acquaintances who are not Spiritualists. Of him there is but one original picture, and three copies, which were made eight years ago.

The next, an uncle, my mother's brother, who passed to spirit life thirteen years ago, at the age of seventy-eight, and who never had a picture taken.

The next is an uncle, by marriage, he having gone to spirit life nineteen years, and there is but one picture of him in existence, and that taken in a group, with five sons, twenty-eight years ago. The picture of him, taken with mine, is recognized by his children and many friends.

The last, that of my brother, who passed to spirit life eleven years ago from Long Island, N. Y., there being but one original picture of him which was taken twenty-five years ago, and two copies which were made some seven or eight years since, none of which, I believe, have left their places on the walls where they are now hanging.

My wife, Mrs. L. E. Peckham, also sat the same day, and I consider the result wonderful, there being eleven faces,—four adults and seven children; among them is my mother, who never had a picture of herself; also a child by a former wife, of whom there was never a picture taken.

The pictures of my wife's father and mother are perfectly recognized, as are also those of a nephew and cousin. The others we do not recognize.

We consider these conditions preclude all possible chance of fraud, as even the spirit pictures are not *fac-similes* of those above mentioned.

I have taken these pictures to Portsmouth, R. I., where I have shown them to relatives, who recognize them.

DR. J. R. NEWTON HEALING AT A DISTANCE.

By MR. SIMEON PEASE CHENEY, Dorset, Vt.

In the fall of 1871 I was prostrated with a fearful sickness, which held me for many months, but in the following January I had a wonderful experience, which was, as I believe, the result of the united efforts of Dr. A. B. Child, and Dr. J. R. Newton, assisted by "the spirit world." At that time I was here at my home in Vermont, the doctors in Boston, and I had never seen Dr. Newton.

That healing brought *such a change* in me I was ever after anxious to see "The Great Healer," and, in the summer of 1875, my desire was gratified.

My home, at that time, was in Sacramento, Cal. One evening, while in the house of Mrs. Dr. Dyer, Dr. Newton came in, and I was introduced to him. He took my hand, and held it with a strong grasp. I was so glad to see him, and so grateful, I at once began to tell him about my cure by him, but he seemed not to hear me, and I ceased to talk.

He then said, still holding my hand: "*This is the hand I have been looking for for two weeks past.* I have a dear friend, Robert Dale Owen, whom I see by the papers is in the asylum, and pronounced incurably insane; but he is *not so*. He can and must be cured *now*." Then taking my other hand, he said: "I now wish you to join me, with all the power you possess, in prayer for his recovery."

He knelt upon the floor, holding both my hands firmly, and prayed most devoutly for Mr. Owen's "restoration to himself and to his family."

The prayer was short, but it was thrilling beyond my power to describe, and his tears went down to the floor as he prayed.

After a brief silence he said, in a soft voice: "Already he is better." After another pause he added: "He begins now to look about him, and to wonder where he is. He will not remain long in prison."

I think it was not more than two or three weeks after that I saw by some paper that Mr. Owen had recovered and gone home.

Dr. Newton was then in San Francisco. I wrote him I had a desire to write Mr. Owen, and tell him what had happened in Sacramento, and ascertain whether his recovery began at that time. Dr. Newton sanctioned my suggestion, and I wrote.

Several weeks went by, and I received no reply. Dr. Newton wrote me to inquire about it, and said: "If he never makes any reply, it will not change my conviction; I am sure he was relieved at that time."

I waited long, and finally gave up our hearing from Mr. Owen, but at length I received the following:—

"NEW HARMONY, Jan. 31, 1876.

"*Dear Friend*,—By some accident your kind letter, announcing to me the impression which induced Dr. Newton and yourself to unite in prayer for my recovery on the twelfth of August last,

was mislaid, and has only just come to light again. You ask me whether that was the time from which I can date my recovery.

"My restoration was gradual. I entered the hospital on the tenth of July, and, so far as I can judge, my return to health of body and mind may fairly be dated from about a month after my arrival, which would bring it, as near as may be, to August 12th. I am very certain that, from that day forth, I made constant progress, not only toward my usual health—for I had been for two years and a half much weighed down by dyspeptic symptoms—but toward entire recovery. These symptoms have quite left me. I am completely restored, and have not been in such good health as now for many years.

"At the termination of a severe and dangerous illness in May last, I weighed but one hundred and thirteen pounds; my present weight is one hundred and forty-five pounds.

"I feel more grateful than I can express for the sympathy which dictated your and Dr. Newton's action in this matter, and I do not at all doubt its tendency to aid in my recovery. I have long felt how much truth there is in the old text: 'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'

"I do not know where Dr. Newton is, but, if you do, perhaps you will kindly communicate to him the contents of this letter.

"If you or he should ever need help as much as I did when your prayers were offered for me, I pray that you may, in requital, be similarly aided.

"Believe me to be cordially your friend,

"ROBERT DALE OWEN."

RECOGNITION.

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

Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir,—I recently called on a lady, under process of development as a medium, who, but a short time since, knew nothing whatever of the philosophy and claims of Spiritualism; in fact, she strongly repudiated and opposed its teachings. Finally, she began to see forms and hear voices, which has developed to quite a remarkable degree. On the visit referred to I was seated near her, when she said: "Doctor, there are three physicians here with

you this evening. The first nearest you is large in stature"—and so on, giving a perfect description of one of my principal guides. I said: "Yes, I understand; it is correct." She did not give any name, nor did I make known who it was. The next day I took from my album a perfect picture of the spirit she had described, and took it to her husband at his place of business, saying to him: "I want you to take this picture to your wife; do not tell her where or from whom you received it, but simply ask her if she ever saw that face before, then return it to me."

Her husband was as anxious in testing her powers as I, so I could safely leave the matter with him. The instant he presented the portrait, she said: "Why, yes, that is a picture of one of the physicians accompanying Dr. Vosburgh last evening,—the largest one of the three." I afterwards called on the lady, and, in the course of the evening, the spirit referred to came again; and I said: "Doctor, I would be pleased to have you render any assistance in your power to aid this lady in her health and spiritual development." She says that at intervals now he is as tangible and perceptible to her, almost, as one in the material body.

TROY, N. Y., March 17, 1885.

A "FACT," WITH A LESSON.

By O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D., Boston, Mass.

For more than two years I have been in communication with spirits, through George Cole, of 15 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and have had many wonderful tests, some given inside a sealed envelope, and, *in no case, a failure*. The following communication was given in a sealed envelope (Mr. Cole not knowing I had put paper there), and my questions were answered on paper put in by Mr. Cole. Witnesses confirm the statement of the spirit that she wrote it herself, as does the hand-writing:—

"*My Dearest Husband*,—It is now some time since I have enjoyed the privilege of communicating with you in this manner, involving as it does the presentation of my thoughts through the instrumentality of my own spirit hand.

"Before proceeding to answer your questions, I wish to make a statement which I desire you to make known, as it will facilitate

the manifestations of spirits, and bring their mortal friends closer relation to them. It is of tests I would speak.

“Mortals erroneously imagine that by insisting upon tests are determining the qualities of mediums. Nothing could be further from the facts than this. Tests are not for mediums to overcome, but for spirits. Tests, so called, are merely obstacles in way of spiritual manifestations. And though some spirits do overcome them, there are many who cannot, or will not trouble themselves with the exertion.

“Hence the disappointment on the part of mortals, and the skepticism and doubt arising from supposed failures, and, lastly, the ridicule and contempt for spiritual messages and phenomena by non-believers in Spiritualism.

“Mortals should never presume to exact conditions under which spirits shall manifest. Nor should mediums allow themselves to be influenced by such conditions, for the reason that mortals have no control whatever of spirits, and spirits may or may not manifest, as it shall please them.

“Spiritualists are themselves to blame for the failures they experience, by the presumptuous and illogical conditions and tests they put a medium under, and expect spirits to manifest through.

“This has exercised me very much of late, as spirits who failed to gratify their earthly friends seemed saddened by the occurrence. Permit spirits to give their own tests in their own way, and mortals will receive more than they know how or what to ask for.

“I have used mediums for media to strengthen my diction. I will now answer your questions on the paper furnished by the medium Cole.

“Your loving wife, GUSSIE WELLINGTON.”

SEALED LETTER ANSWERED.

By MR. JOSHUA W. REYNOLDS, Stoughton, Mass.

The following questions, addressed to my spirit wife, were written by me, then inclosed in a sealed envelope, and answered, without being opened, by Dr. J. V. Mansfield:—

Question. Have you seen Walter since he passed away from mortal life?

Answer. Bless you, my dear Joshua, I am so pleased to meet you, and, withall, tell you our unfortunate boy, Walter, is safe over, and, after awhile, he will materialize to you at Mrs. Fay's. Our dear one left all of the bodily ailments and deformity in the grave. He is as erect and nimble as his brother Ellery. But more of that by-and-bye. Yes, I have, as above said. He is so happy to find his home so beautiful!

Ques. Is he happy in the spirit world?

Ans. Yes, yes; almost to perfection. He jumps and runs about like a young deer.

Ques. Does he live with you?

Ans. His home is not with me, but we can meet almost at will.

Ques. Have you seen my father, mother, brother, or sisters in the spirit world?

Ans. Yes, yes, yes,—one and all; but our homes are not the same.

Ques. Did I do all my duty in the care I took of Walter?

Ans. Yes, all, *all*,—and the dear boy is so thankful for what you did.

Ques. Tell Walter to send us some word, if he is able to write.

Ans. He says: "Tell father he will, just as soon as he has strength to write you."

Ques. Is it your spirit, materialized at Mrs. Fay's, that comes to me? or am I deceived? Answer me these questions, dear Sarah.

Your husband, JOSHUA W. REYNOLDS.

Ans. Yes, yes. Yes, it is, and please not doubt it; but the company there assembling is so great I am not at all times able to come fully,—and then you doubt. What you received today at Mr. Keeler's was not favorable, or more so than other attempts; but I am bound to satisfy you after awhile. "Practice makes perfect." My love and Walter's love to you and all the dear ones.

Your wife,

SARAH.

WAS IT THE SPIRIT OR MIND-READING?

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

Friday, May 22d, I invited my aunt, who was visiting at my house, to call, with my mother and myself, on a Mrs. Henry Stone,

saying, at the time, that she had lost her son; whereupon my aunt said: "I did not know that she had one."

Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, who was in the room, said: "Why, yes, and he is here now, and says his name is Howard Henry."

My aunt then said: "Where does Mrs. Stone live?" and I answered: "On Wilson Street," supposing, of course, that I was right; but again Mr. Stiles said: "No, she lives on Warren Street. The boy says his body was carried from the house on Warren Street." I then asked how long he had been gone, and he answered: "Less than a year, and he stops around home most of the time," said Mr. Stiles. "I should think he was about fourteen years old. No, the boy says thirteen years." As I did not know, I sent for my mother, and she said it was right. To prove it still further, I told his mother, and she said it was correct in every particular.

MATERIALIZATION WITH MRS. FAIRCHILD.

By MRS. H. V. CHAPIN, Albany, N. Y.

While I was in Boston last May, I was invited to attend one of Mrs. Fairchild's seances. I arrived at her rooms quite early, and improved the opportunity to examine her cabinet, which was simply a box built between the two rooms, and extending into the back parlor about four feet. I feel sure there was no outlet into the front parlor.

The circle consisted of about fifteen persons, and Mrs. Fairchild stated her conditions, after which the light was lowered, and while she was sitting in an easy-chair outside the cabinet, an Indian rushed out, giving at the time a loud whoop. This was done twice before the medium under control entered the cabinet.

Many forms appeared that were recognized. I was called to meet a form that had requested to see me, but I did not at first recognize her; but she put her arms around me, and I felt it was a small woman, the medium being large, and, by the shape of the shoulders, I thought it might be my mother, and so stated, but asked that I might have some sign by which I might feel sure. The spirit then took me by the arm, and walked nearly half way to the circle, as though she was very lame. That was enough; I felt it was my mother, but she could not speak to me.

I was afterwards called to meet a gentleman friend, and, while talking with him, two others appeared, but I failed to recognize them; but the one with whom I was talking put his hand in mine, and I held it until it almost touched the floor before it seemed to slip from mine. Afterwards another friend came, who proved his identity.

During the seance there were at times as many as three and four forms, besides the medium, out of the cabinet talking to friends in the circle.

There were also many illuminated forms. One, in particular, who held in each hand a star, which she placed close to her face that the friends might plainly see her features.

This seance was to me very satisfactory, for the forms were of so many sizes, and the medium was seen many times outside the cabinet with the spirits.

Others seemed to be as well pleased as I; but I have given to your readers only that which was especially my experience.

PRIVATE SEANCES FOR MATERIALIZATION.

By MR. WM. D. BREWER, 36 South Market Street, Boston.

Editor of *Facts* :

Dear Sir,—I received yours this afternoon, asking me to send you a description of Mrs. Fay's seances, held at her house.

I would say that, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 18, 1885, I thought I would go to Mrs. Fay's residence, and attend a seance that was to be held there that evening. I had not sent my name previously, nor did I give my name that evening. Mr. Fay said I could stay at the seance. I did so. Saw forms purporting to be spiritual. Nothing satisfactory to me. January 20th attended, with same results. January 25th, also, a form came out to me; gave me her name,—Sarah. I did not recognize the form as one that I had ever known. After this, I attended almost every evening seance up to and including May 17, 1885, making, up to that time, forty-three seances I attended, with an increase as to the number of forms,—always two of an evening, and sometimes five or six. On Sunday, May 17th, my spirit wife made quite a stay outside the cabinet, talking with me; and upon my saying to her:

"This is something like, instead of your going away so quickly!" She said: "Why don't you have a private seance with Mrs. Fay? Then I could stay out a long while."

After this seance, I made arrangements with Mrs. Fay to have a private seance the next afternoon, Monday, the 18th, at half past two P. M. Mrs. Fay's mother sat near the music-box. I sat four or five feet directly in front of the cabinet, with Mrs. Fay in the cabinet, and there was no other person in the room beside us three persons,—I mean persons with physical bodies, like ourselves. The first form that came out of the cabinet was the spirit form of a domestic that had formerly lived with my family a number of years, and departed from the body about two years since. I recognized her, for the features resembled hers when she lived with us. She was formerly a slave at the South, and was made free during the war. She staid five minutes conversing with me. After that came another very dark-colored African, whom I did not know, who called herself Topsy; she staid about two minutes. After that came my spirit wife, who staid from twenty minutes to half an hour, seated in a chair by my side. I reckon the time she staid with me to be about one-quarter of the time that the seance lasted, namely, two hours.

There came to this seance seventeen different forms that I can remember, and have noted it down in a book that I keep for that purpose. Since this I have had three other private seances, and each more wonderful than the other.

To those who know me (for I have lived in Boston all my life) my word would be sufficient in any business transaction; but I do not think they can comprehend these things, and I do not feel hurt in their not believing about the wonderful manifestations I have seen. I have had Emma, the medium's control, sit by my side and sing for me, and with me,—her voice not so strong as if she had a physical form, but keeping time and tune; have had Socrates and Plato come and talk to me in language I am satisfied was Greek, although I do not understand that language; have had a spirit, purporting to be my spirit guide, rise slowly from the floor, and as slowly descend.

I have attended fifty-three seances altogether since January last, and have made arrangements for one more, to be held tomorrow afternoon. I have started to investigate these phenomena for

myself—to *satisfy myself*—and am entirely satisfied that Mrs. Fay is an honest and a reliable medium, and that I have not been deceived in any way, shape, or manner, at any of the seances I have attended at her residence, 156 West Concord Street, Boston, Mass.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS AND MATERIALIZATION.

By THE EDITOR OF *The Rostrum*.

Tuesday eve we attended a seance, Dr. Rothermel, medium, 130 Hall Street. The cabinet was arranged between two rooms, with folding doors and curtains. The medium sat in front of the cabinet, with a light curtain over his lap, reaching to his neck. His arms were fastened to his thighs with string and tape, sewed to prevent untying. Some bells, a German zither, paper, pencil, etc., were placed in the cabinet, and, with a good light, hands were shown grabbing the cap from the doctor's head, and throwing it with greater precision and rapidity than was in the power of mortal. These hands showed intelligence, though they seemed detached from any form. The zither was played, bells rung, paper billets were written upon, and handed over the curtain by these hands. Intelligent messages were written, and hand-writing acknowledged by some. Mrs. R—— was requested to stand near the curtain, and her ear-ring was taken from her ear and taken several feet away, and placed in the nostril of the doctor. All at once the doors closed behind the medium, and the hands played the same. There were some eight inches in depth between the doors and the curtain, and the zither, by request, was placed there, and held by some power, partly in sight, and played upon.

The seance changes, and the medium was placed inside the cabinet, and in a moment he came out with each hand on each thigh as when tied, closely followed by a form in white. The medium was controlled by his familiar, called Jim, who purports to be an Irishman. He is intelligent and comical. The door to the room was locked, with the key in our possession. Forms came, frequently two at a time, mostly in white, whether male or female. Some of the forms appeared very lithe, and danced gracefully. One form stayed out and delivered flowers, wound up the

music-box, stroked the heads of nearly all, and seemed intent on paying attention to everyone. One peculiarity we noticed was that every form, with perhaps two exceptions, although moving rapidly, did not make any noise with the feet. There was no shuffling of the feet, or sound of weight on the floor. One form appeared with a black sort of a wrap, and another in white. The one in black spoke strongly, and said he used the vocal organs of the medium. The question, whether these forms do not always use the vocal organs of the medium, we propose to discuss some other time. This character is known as R. S. T., and refuses to give any other name. He requested several of the parties composing the circle to go out through the cabinet into the other room, and while out we could hear him talking, and two forms entered the room where we were. It was said by those who went with R. S. T. that he turned up the gas himself. About this time the voice of Jim from the cabinet says: "How is that for high?"

It appears to us that illusion, personation, and collusion cannot account for all this. We do not think there was one who believed the manifestations were otherwise than genuine. This medium is expecting to go to Philadelphia to give some seances the first of April, and we expect he will visit Vineland for the same purpose.

EXPERIMENTING IN PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

Desiring to know how far those who profess to read psychometrically, by a lock of hair, would agree under similar conditions, I induced a lady to give me some of her hair. Letters were written to several, as a test, the hair being placed in them by the lady herself.

The following persons favored us with answers: Mrs. A. B. Severance, of Whitewater, Wis.; Mrs. Julia Schroder, of Omaha, Neb.; Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa; Prof. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Dr. J. S. Loucks, of Norwood, N. Y.; Dr. J. C. Batdorf, of Jackson, Mich.; and Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Boston, Mass.

In all these readings the leading symptoms of disease were given

correctly, and agreed substantially with each other, Dr. A. B. Dobson and Dr. J. S. Loucks giving the age correctly. Mrs. Severance also gave a very perfect psychometric delineation from childhood, stating at what ages marked events had occurred.

Prof. Severance also gave a similar reading, with a limited diagnosis of disease.

It would take more space than our limited pages will admit to give in detail each one of these readings. We therefore have only given the results,—another reason being that the lady in question does not care to have her name mentioned, as it necessarily would be if they were published in detail. The result, however, of these experiments was very satisfactory, proving beyond question the ability of these persons to give correct descriptions without acquaintance with the individual.—ED.

A SPIRIT PROVING HER IDENTITY.

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

The following communication was given by Mr. Edgar W. Emerson before the Providence Spiritualists' Association the last Sunday of April, 1885:—

“I see an arbor of flowers; also a lady, surrounded by a strong light. She has proved the saying: ‘Hold fast to the good.’

“The arbor now passes away, and the spirit gives me the name of Mrs. Charles Weaver. She sends love to those she has left behind, and will try to prove her identity. She says the presence of dear ones here makes it easier for her to come. She shows me now a very beautiful ring that was worn by her, and which some one in earth life now has. I hear this: ‘Sallie, I want you to feel that the ring is a magnet, and the light from it a reflection from my spirit life.’”

The ring spoken of, and the conditions under which it was presented by Mrs. Weaver to her daughter, made this a remarkable test, as the circumstances were known only to the family, and of which Mr. Emerson knew nothing.

BY WHAT POWER DID SHE KNOW THE CHARACTER OF THE WRITING?

Among other psychometric readings, we have received the following from Mrs. E. A. Martin. Having within the last few years written peculiar characters, resembling those used in shorthand, and of which we have no idea as to their meaning, neither have we found anyone who understands them from a scientific standpoint, we sent a sample of these, firmly stitched with a sewing-machine, and sealed, and received the following answer:—

“OXFORD, MASS., April 16, 1885.

“MR. L. L. WHITLOCK :

“*Dear Sir*,—I cannot get an answer to your sealed letter. I have no control who is conversant with the short-hand, or characters, used in the inclosed letter. I have waited, hoping my own guide could find some one in the spirit world who could communicate to her, and she to me, but I have not yet succeeded.

“Yours respectfully,

“MRS. E. A. MARTIN.

WHAT I DID NOT SEE IN THE CABINET.

By MR. W. C. TALLMAN, Somerville, Mass.

A party of seven gentlemen, I being among the number, arranged for a private seance with Mrs. H. V. Ross, of Providence, R. I., who was then in Boston, during which only six or seven forms appeared.

I was requested by one of them to enter the cabinet, and, while there, placed one hand on the medium's head, and with the other held her hand. Her cabinet was small, made of wood, and stood against a solid wall. I saw a few small lights, but nothing that looked to me like a form, and expressed a desire to go out, saying: “I do not think there will be anything while I am in here.” But my friends said: “Wait; there is a form out talking with us.” Although I was in the cabinet, I saw nothing of it. After passing out, I stood beside an Indian, who was four or five inches taller than myself. To me it was a wonderful experience, and the seance very satisfactory.