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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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 We call attention to the last PHOTOGRAPH taken at Onset, Aug. 8th, containing the pictures of the DIRECTORS OF THE ONSET BAY ASSOCIATION, and other leading Spiritualists and Mediums, which we offer as a premium for *Facts*, FREE.

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MRS. MARGARET FOX KANE.

By HON. J. L. O'SULLIVAN, New York.

Editor of *Facts*:

Sir,—Understanding that this noted medium has recently gone for a visit to Onset Bay and Lake Pleasant, I deem it a duty, both to the lady and to the numerous friends to whom an opportunity is thus afforded of seeing her, to write to *Facts* some general account of my large experience of her remarkable mediumship during the past year or two in this city.

Besides the old-fashioned but ever most-satisfactory Hydesville rappings, which come through her in profusion, her special phase of working mediumship is that of backward writing on transparent, thin paper. To this she is always impelled by a sort of electric tingling in her fingers. She then "feels like writing." The different spirits have different hand-writings; always the same for the same spirit, though not identical with their hand-writings in the flesh, except in occasional instances when, on my special request, their *signatures* have closely resembled their former ones in this life. That of Garibaldi, for instance, was closely the same, and so pronounced by some of his Italian friends.

She is one of the most satisfactory of mediums for promiscuous sitters, who want to receive convincing proofs of the presence of their own friends now in the spirit life. Some of them are almost sure to come through her writing, with their names and identifying circumstances, often to the amazement of her visitors. As my long and large experience in communication with the spirit world has placed me far beyond the need of any further evidences of this kind, I never seek them; but, nevertheless, occasionally some spirits of far-back memory will surprise me by coming to revive old acquaintance, and unchanged, though latent, feelings. On several occasions spirit friends of my own (in two signal recent instances, Charles Sumner) have brought and introduced others to me, requesting me to convey their communications to friends of their own, also strangers to me, because they could not find any other channel than thus supplied by this medium, at second or third hand, through which to reach living persons, dearly beloved, to whom they had something which they urgently desired to say. In both instances Charles Sumner must have

told that I saw this medium frequently, and that I would undoubtedly render them the required services.

She is not at all a medium for *physical* manifestations, which she indeed holds to be of a lower order, and to proceed from a lower order of spirits. And yet we have sat over a hundred times for two particular, transcendent physical manifestations, long desired and pursued by me, and which a band of spirits of high category (such as Judge Edmonds, Franklin, Agassiz, and other "scientific" spirits, including the powerful spirit called "John King,") had undertaken to produce, and were constantly holding out the expectation of success in "*our great work,*" and urging me to patience and perseverance. Eventually, however, after many efforts and "experiments," they had to acknowledge disappointment, and to give it up in despair through this incompatible mediumship. One of these efforts had been to bring over to me a copy of the London *Times*, fresh from the press, on the day of its publication. They said that they could not keep up the "power" long enough to convey it so far.

I can only recall one single instance in which, after several sittings in vain, we did obtain a certain manifestation, somewhat, perhaps, of the physical order. It had been promised me; we had sat several times, either in vain, or with only very partial success, though it seemed to be as earnestly desired by the spirit (of whom it was emblematic) as by ourselves, and other spirits united in lending their aid, and called by them "the band." But at last it *did* come, perfect and beautiful. It was a luminous cross, in the air, just in front of us as we sat alone in the dark, with hands joined. It lasted but for a moment, but was unequivocal and brilliant, though not more than a couple of inches in height. And yet from that same spirit (my mother) I had often before obtained it through other mediums, without apparent difficulty, and much larger in size, and several minutes in duration.

I may add that, in the course of the trials for the conveyance of the full sheet of the *Times* across the Atlantic by spirit power, one of their experiments was to establish a line of connection and communication through the medium's medium sister Cathy (Mrs. Jencken, then in England); and twice, in the darkened room in which we sat, there appeared a cloud of luminosity close by the side of our table, and in its midst a vague column, or inchoate

form, of a woman's light, of strong light; and on one of these occasions we plainly heard these words from it, one of which was indistinguishable, while the other two were distinctly "Cathy" and presently "Maggie." But it went no further.

I believe this marvel will yet be accomplished by the spirit bands of some of the strong mediums of the *physical* order, to whose attention I commend it. The first one through whom it shall be achieved will become famous throughout the world. Without loss of an hour, so soon as the paper is thus received, *eight or nine days in advance of steam conveyance*, it should be widely exhibited, and attested by notarial and consular certificates, written and stamped on the margin of the paper, and also by the signatures of the leading editors of the locality and neighborhood. And let that first paper thus obtained be eventually deposited under plate glass in the Smithsonian Institute, after being first multiplied, in reduced photography, for the benefit of the medium.

Mrs. Kane, I repeat, is not a physical medium, splendid and great as she is in her own proper phase of mediumship. Her mediumship is for mental communication. In this, her specialty, she seems to be highly valued and beloved on the *other side*.

My most interesting experiences with her have been the communications she has written from great men of times past, which *could not possibly have proceeded from her own mind*. One evening she wrote off rapidly eight foolscap pages, which were signed "*Epictetus*." Now, Epictetus was a famous Neo-Stoic philosopher, who was born in the middle of the first century, and died (aged 99) in the middle of the second century after Christ. Some of his moral lectures (in Greek) were reported by his pupil Arrian, and in the Astor Library may be found a very good translation of them into English by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, in the first half of the last century. These eight pages, rapidly written off by Mrs. Kane, were partly prose and partly rhymed didactic ten-syllable verse, in the course of which were embodied four or five lines of *perfect Latin*. The whole is highly characterized by *the peculiar style of doctrine, reasoning, and familiar illustration of Epictetus*. The medium knew nothing about Epictetus and his philosophy, nor of Latin. Epictetus has communicated with me some half dozen times since, saying that he had joined our "band."

He told me that both he and Seneca were largely influenced by the new Christian thought then beginning to make its way into the philosophy of the Greek and Roman world. My mind could not have influenced this communication from him, since I had never read a line of his until I was thus led to examine Mrs. Carter's translation in the Astor Library, which made it impossible to doubt that it was really from the mind of Epictetus (who died about 150 A. D.) that this surprising communication had proceeded.

It would take too long time and space for me to complete this letter with the communications received through Mrs. Kane from a number of the English poets,—Pope, Byron, Moore, Scott, Shakspeare, Akenside, etc., with circumstances authenticating their genuineness.

NEW YORK, 229 West 23rd St., Aug. 2.

On the arrival of Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane at Onset Bay we invited her to the platform at one of the Facts Meetings. In the course of our remarks in introducing her, loud responsive raps were heard, and upon taking her seat at a table before the audience, answers to various questions were given by loud raps. In addition, she wrote several very interesting messages backwards, or right to left, which were easily read through the paper as it was held to the light. Some of these proved the individuality of the spirit.—ED.

MATERIALIZATION AT ONSET BAY.

By MR. ELISHA MORSE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Editor of *Facts* :

An incident occurred during my stay at the Spiritualist camp-meeting held at Onset Bay, Mass., during a part of the months of July and August, 1885, which impressed me deeply, and I deem the facts connected therewith worthy of notice.

I arrived at the camp on the eleventh day of July from my home at Minneapolis, Minn. On the next day after my arrival, a disaster occurred at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., near the city of Minneapolis, which cast such a gloom over the city as had never been known before.

Our worthy ex-mayor, A. C. Rand,—one of our honored and most enterprising citizens,—his wife, one son, two daughters, a nephew, his son-in-law, Mr. J. R. Coykendall,—the leading wholesale dry-goods merchant of the city,—his wife, who was the daughter of Mr. Rand, and their little daughter Katie, aged six, comprising the whole Coykendall family, and five members of the Rand family, were all drowned by the capsizing of the steam-yacht which they had chartered for an excursion.

The above were acquaintances of mine, and friends whom I had known for many years. Two other persons went down with them, making ten lost in the disaster. They had started out on their excursion for the afternoon, with happy hearts, little dreaming that the dark cloud coming up in the west was the precursor of their doom, and was to bring so much sorrow and anguish to the hearts of so many who loved, honored, and respected them. They had turned the boat towards home, and were nearly there, when one of those terrific squalls which sometimes precede the thunder storms of the west, struck them, and the little steamer was swamped. The boat, and all on board, went to the bottom of the lake, sixty-five feet in depth. The bodies were all recovered the next day by divers, and by dragging with grappling-hooks. One son and daughter of Mr. Rand was brought up by the grappling-hooks closely clasped in each other's arms. The funeral of the eight persons belonging to the Rand and Coykendall families occurred on the sixteenth,—four days after the disaster. The whole city was in mourning on account of the high esteem in which those men and their families were held.

On the evening of the fifteenth — the day before the funeral — I attended the materializing seance of Mrs. H. B. Fay, held in her room on the third floor of the Glen Cove House. The cabinet was made by simply drawing a curtain across one corner of the room, and all present could see that there was no chance for anyone to enter except by lifting the curtain in front, there being but little more than room enough for the medium to sit behind the curtain. Towards the close of the seance, after as many as thirty forms of men, women, and children had come out, many of whom were recognized by their friends, "Auntie," whom many will remember as the controlling spirit of Mrs. Fay, said: "There is a large family of persons comes here. They seem to have passed out

lately. They were drowned by the capsizing of a boat." I immediately asked if it was the Rand family, as I had seen the telegraphic account of the disaster in a Boston paper. The raps came thick and fast, and I stepped up to the cabinet. A form came out and grasped my hand, shaking it warmly. The form was large, and I could see his mustache, but it was too dark for me to distinguish the features well. I asked if he was Mr. Rand, and he bowed, but seemed too weak to talk. He then withdrew, and another form came out, smaller than the other, and he assented to the name of Coykendall as he shook my hand warmly.

A few evenings after this I attended a seance of Mrs. Beste, held in her room on the third floor of Glen Cove House and during the evening a man came out of the cabinet, saying: "Rand, Rand," whom I believe was my old friend ex-mayor Rand. Soon after a lady spirit came out to me, saying: "I am Mrs. Rand." I held a conversation with her for about three minutes, audible to all the eight persons present. I asked if the others were present, and she replied that they were all present. I asked if she suffered much in drowning, and she replied: "Only for a moment as the boat was going down," when every act of her life was crowded, or seemed crowded, into that moment. She was shuddering continually, seeming to take on the conditions in which she passed out of the body. She also said that my daughter had met them, and had helped them very much in showing the way back, and thanked me for being the open door through which she had been able to come back and make herself known.

The seances of Mrs. Beste are held in the dark, but the spirits illuminate themselves so we can distinctly see the form, though cannot distinguish features. The spirits generally talk considerable through this medium, and many of them sing. One German spirit sings very finely in a deep, rich voice, sometimes in his native tongue, and sometimes in broken English. A large, powerfully-built spirit, calling himself "Apollonius of Tyana," comes out and talks to the company, showing much wisdom and ability in answering philosophical questions. The seances are deeply interesting, and the many beautiful manifestations of spirit power are beyond my powers of description.

One evening, about a week after the disaster at the lake, I was passing up to my room at the Glen Cove House, and as I

passed by the open door of Mrs. Fay's seance room, noticed that her seance was not over, so stepped inside for a moment. I remained but a moment, and passed out into the hall. While standing there conversing with a lady, the word came from the seance room that "a spirit at the cabinet wants her papa; she says he is out in the hall." I went in, and was affectionately greeted by my spirit daughter Annie. She said: "Papa, you did n't expect to see me tonight, did you?" She then said: "Papa, Mrs. Rand is here, and wants to see you." She withdrew, and a spirit came out, saying: "I am Mrs. Rand." I asked if any others were there. She replied: "Yes." I then said: "Have you any message you would like to send?" She said: "Yes; tell the folks not to be troubled about us. We are all together, and are all right." She seemed too weak to say more, and withdrew.

Another female then came out, and shook my hand, saying: "Mrs. Coykendall." She could only reply to my questions by nods, or a shake of the head. After standing a moment, she withdrew, and a little child came out, saying: "Katie;" and, as I put my face down to hers, she whispered this to me: "I held on tight to the boat when it went down." Here comes a grand test: my paper, giving an account of the disaster, said that "a diver was sent down the next day, and he found only the body of little Katie in the boat, clinging fast to the seat."

A short time after this I had a private seance, with Miss Helen Berry as medium. Held a jubilee with my spirit friends. My daughter and other spirits came out and sat by my side,—sometimes three at a time,—conversing with me naturally, and would remain for several minutes without going back to the cabinet for strength. It was too dark to distinguish features, but I recognized them fully by the conversation. Once, when two females were sitting by my side, a man came out, and extended his hand, saying: "A. C. Rand," and greeted me as warmly as ever my good friend Rand did before passing over. He did not have the strength to talk, or to stay long. Soon another form came out, saying: "Rand." As the form was smaller than the other, I asked: "Which Rand is this?" He said: "Frank Rand," and said: "Give my love to mother," and withdrew.

One form came out, dressed in a surplice, and gave me the

name of Bishop Eastman, of Mass. He shook hands, and retired, evidently unable to talk with me.

At all of these seances the light was very dim, as it seems hard for materialized spirits to bear the light. Recognition must come by the conversation, or by intuition, rather than by sight. I am fully satisfied that the ones who came to me, in each of the cases I have described, were the persons they represented themselves to be, as I have had proofs beyond a question, and test after test, establishing the fact of spirit return in materialized form. Let those who are disposed to ridicule and sneer at these things investigate before condemning. The fact of materialization is as susceptible of proof as anything can be, and there are thousands upon thousands who have enjoyed the sweet communion with their spirit friends and relatives, face to face, in this way.

ONSET BAY, Mass., Aug. 9, 1885.

MATERIALIZATION UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

By Mr. JOHN H. MCELROY, Pittsburg, Pa.

Editor of *Facts* :

While spending two weeks very pleasantly at Onset Bay camp-meeting, I had some beautiful phenomena presented to me, a couple of which I will relate as best I can.

On the evening of July 24th a party was made up without premonition, to attend a seance at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Caffray, and as the party was leaving the piazza of the Hotel Onset, I asked one of the ladies who was there (Mrs. S. M. Hawkins, of Boston, Mass.) if she would accompany me to the seance, which she did without any change in clothing, as she wished to do, as we had no time to waste. After the materialization seance was opened, her mother came to her, and was at once recognized. She arose from her seat and walked with her to within three or four feet of the cabinet, and stopped, in earnest conversation. I noticed a small, bright light emanating from the bottom of Mrs. Hawkins's skirts, and requested her to please stand still, as I thought we were about to witness some strange phenomena. Her dress became illuminated some eighteen or twenty inches from the bottom with a beautiful white light, and shown resplendently.

A small, wavering light was then noticed under the edge of her skirts upon the floor; it continued the wavy motion for some time, and then commenced to ascend along (or in, as it appeared) the dress of Mrs. Hawkins until it was about a yard in height, when a full-formed young lady stood erect by her side, and, stepping over to a gentleman (Mr. Stoner, of Pittsburg), embraced him as his daughter, and was by him recognized as such.

The next evening I again asked the same lady to accompany me to Caffray's, to see if it would be repeated. She was dressed in black silk this evening, which I thought they could not illuminate as they did the white one of the evening previous. When her mother came this evening, she came to me, and thanked me for the pleasure she had in meeting her daughter. She retired to about the same place upon the floor as previously, and the same phenomenon of illumination took place, and two forms emerged from her dress, one on each side. The one next me came over to where I sat, and, throwing her arms around my neck, said: "Papa, do n't this please you?" The other form was that of the last evening (Miss Stoner). While these two forms, and the mother of Mrs. Hawkins, were still upon the floor, a large Indian, named "Tiger-Faced Jim," came over to where my daughter and I were talking, and threw his herculean arms around us with a grunt, and some Indian lingo, which was unintelligible to me. While the five forms were yet there, "Little Patience" spoke from the cabinet, and said: "There would soon be more spirits than people, if she did not keep the door shut."

During my stay I also had some good things from my friends on the other side, through the mediumship of Mrs. Bliss and others, in the way of materializations, and did I want to fill your magazine, I could easily do so, and then it would not all be told. I could truly think and say with those upon the Mount: "It is good to be here."

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 4, 1855.

A SPIRIT-RECEPTION AT MIDNIGHT.

By MRS. MARY A. COX, Malden, Mass.

Editor of *Facts* :

One night when Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was at my cottage, there came up a heavy and severe thunder storm, which

lasted for hours. About eleven o'clock the instruments in Mrs. Chamberlain's room began to play; a guitar floated while playing; drums were beaten; bells rung, and other demonstrations similar to those given at her seances.

It was on Saturday night, and my house crowded. There were three sleeping in the room next Mrs. Chamberlain's; her door open, I being one of the number, and very weary. But when "Belle Wide-Awake" spoke in an independent voice, and said: "Receptions are the order of the day, and the spirit band has come to give me one," I began to feel better; and when the guitar floated out into my room, over my bed, playing, while bells and drums accompanied, in Mrs. Chamberlain's room, my weariness left me, and I felt the angels were, indeed, in our midst.

While these demonstrations were given, Mrs. Chamberlain was in her bed, not only talking with me, but asking the spirits to please stop manifesting, as they would disturb some in the house; but they kept on, and I, with the others—for all heard it—had a feast at the only reception I ever had, and I appreciate this much more than if it had been tendered by mortals. Belle talked constantly, and *all* evidently had a happy time. They kept up constant and varied manifestations for an hour or more, and did not cease until two o'clock in the morning.

When I light the lamp, Belle frequently talks to her medium and myself in the light, when we are alone. This is one more fact which others would testify to, if needed.

ONSET BAY, Mass., July 25, 1885.

MATERIALIZATION.—SEVERAL FORMS APPEARING AT ONCE.

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

On August 8th, at 4.30 P. M., Mrs. H. V. Ross, of Providence, gave a seance for the *Facts* magazine. The circle was very harmonious, and the results wonderful.

The first forms that appeared were Bright Star, an Indian maiden, and Mrs. Ross, who walked out together around the circle, Bright Star shaking hands with some of those present. She is the controlling spirit of these seances. Next came the former wife of Mr. William S. Butler to the present Mrs. Butler, of

Boston, Mass.; following her were two men, and a boy, whom Mrs. Butler recognized as her uncles, and the child as her nephew. Next a lady and baby, then a lady for Mr. A. McKinley, of Palenville, N. Y. Following were two children and two ladies, who were entirely outside of the cabinet at the same time, and the children dancing. Mr. S. B. Brown, formerly of Burlington, Vt., whose wife was present, came exceedingly well materialized. She asked me to notice particularly his face, as she had a picture of him, and wanted to know if I could recognize the resemblance, which, after seeing the photograph, I did perfectly.

We then sang "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and the two soldiers before mentioned, with the child, made their appearance. Mrs. Butler asked me to come up and see them, which I did, and kissed the child, putting my arms around him. Then, while talking with the men, I placed one of my hands on the shoulder of each. While we were talking, Bright Star, who was controlling Mrs. Ross, was also talking with those in the circle, showing conclusively that neither of the forms could be Mrs. Ross.

A grandfather of Mrs. Whitlock, a lady for Mr. Wm. Hogan, of Washington, D. C.; two lady friends of Mr. F. O. Howard, of Brockton, Mass., came to them; and Mrs. Howard's sister promised to bring the baby to Mrs. Howard, which she did; also, a lady, who purported to be the grandmother of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. Then two sisters of Mr. Brown promised to bring two children, which they did, the children dematerializing in our presence.

Every person present was invited to examine the cabinet, which several did, going up stairs, and into the room back of it. Their verdict was "all right," there being no way by which confederates could be introduced back of the curtains.

A DIVINITY STUDENT LEAVES HIS BODY.

By MR. E. SCHUYLER WARDWELL, Bucksport, Me.

My brother, who is a Methodist clergyman, now stationed at Castine, Me., relates one incident that has occurred in his life, in a manner substantially as follows:—

“While attending the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., some twelve or fifteen years ago, I left my family at Bucksport, Me. During my absence, my family had moved from the house in which I left them to another in a different section of the village, a house into which I had never entered. I retired to bed one night, and, as I supposed, fell into a sound slumber. Immediately I found myself, as it were, going somewhere, and came suddenly to a full realization that I was on Elm Street, in Bucksport. I passed by the Congregational Church, cast my eyes up at the town clock on the Methodist Church, and, it being moonlight, distinctly saw that it was nearly eleven o'clock. On the opposite corner I met three young lady acquaintances, whom I saluted with the courtesies of the evening, and passed on to the house to which my family had moved, went in, passed up stairs, looked at the children quietly sleeping in bed, and then went to the bed in which my wife slept, awoke her, and sat upon the side of the bed, and talked with her.

“My return to Cambridge appeared much to me as my going away. I was going somewhere, and soon realized that I was wide awake. The experience was too real to forget, so I wrote my wife the next day a full account of it. Now, my wife *had had a dream the same night*, and a most singular coincidence connected with it, and wrote to me the next day an account of it, our letters relating to the same affair crossing each other on their way to and from Bucksport. She wrote that I came home, and she found me standing beside her bed, as she awoke, and that I seated myself on the side of the bed, and we talked; that the next morning Annie H—— came in, and the first thing she said was: ‘Where is V——?’ ‘In Cambridge, I suppose,’ replied my wife. Miss H—— playfully remarked: ‘I know better; he saw me coming, and has hid himself to give me a scare.’ ‘Why,’ said my wife, ‘he certainly is not home.’ ‘I do n’t care what you say,’ continued Miss H——, ‘I know he is at home, for N—— S——, G—— H——, and myself were returning home quite late last night from a call, and we saw V—— down here on the corner of the street, and spoke to him, and I’m going to find him if he is in this house.’

“Well, she did n’t find me, because I was n’t there. But I would like to have this matter explained. I *dreamed* I was in

Bucksport, Me., at least two hundred miles distant from where I actually was. I spoke to three persons on the street; these three persons recognize me, and one speaks of it to a fourth, who *dreams* she saw and talked with me. Was I there, or was I not?" I always reply to my brother: "*You were there!*" And a fellow who can go wandering around like that while asleep, and be fully conscious of it, will surely be doing something just like it when he lies down in his *long sleep*, and may make himself seen and recognized, and communicate his thoughts to his friends in the mortal form.

This same gentleman witnessed a brutal murder committed in this State (Maine) a few years ago, while soundly sleeping in his bed, and awoke his wife and related the matter to her. He could n't give her the name of the town where it was done, nor the names of the parties, but he described the premises, the weapon, the manner, and repeated the words uttered by the victim when struck, and gave a full description of the murderer, whose first name was given in the words uttered by the murdered man. In relating the incident, some time afterwards, to the officer who arrested the man, subsequently convicted for the crime, the officer remarked to the gentleman: "Your description of the man is perfect." My brother said: "At that time I could have recognized that murderer anywhere."

Did he witness what he said he *dreamed* he did? I say, yes, he did!

Editor of *Facts*:

Dear Sir,—The inclosed I have written for the *Facts* magazine by request of several parties. I half think I have spoiled the incidents by too much condensation and haste. If convenient, I would be pleased to have you send a copy of *Facts* containing the within (if you judge proper to print) to Rev. V. P. Wardwell, Castine, Hancock County, Maine. It might stir him up to give you a clearer and better statement of the incidents here related. And these are not a tithe of what he can relate, if disposed to do so. Although a Methodist clergyman, and I a Spiritualist, our relations are very brotherly and cordial, and his treatment of those differing from him in belief is of the most generous kind.

E. SCHUYLER WARDWELL.

A PHYSICAL SEANCE IN THE LIGHT.

By MR. WILLIAM HUDSON, West Hingham, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

Last winter I volunteered to read an article, written by Mr. John Wetherbee, descriptive of a spiritual seance held in his own house, in presence of his family and friends, at an early date of his investigations. I had for my listeners the proprietor of the store, and others who happened to come in. The article contained his statements of a materialized hand within reach of those sitting in the circle and under the table, which was listened to with interest. When I had finished, one of the gentlemen who had quietly listened thus far, emphatically declared, with an oath: "That's a lie!" "Hold on a moment," I replied; "it's my impression you are a little too fast. I am prepared to corroborate this statement of Mr. Wetherbee's as my own experience and observation, and now do you tell me I fail to state the true fact?"

A few days after, meeting the gentleman on the street, I found him desirous to investigate for himself, if I would point the way, and he could accompany me. After repeated solicitations I consented.

After attending the Facts Convention at Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, the afternoon of March 6th, also the evening session, and seance by Mrs. Nellie E. Whitney, I addressed, the following week, a note to Mrs. Whitney, 123 West Concord Street, asking her to reserve me two seats for the following seance. Saturday, March 21st, I received a favorable reply, and met the gentleman at the seance room a half hour in advance of the one advertised to commence. About fifteen ladies and gentlemen were present, among whom were Mr. W. A. Hovey, and Mr. Snow, president of the Revere Copper Company, both of Boston.

Punctually at three o'clock the medium, seating herself in a chair several feet in advance of a small, frail cabinet, located in a corner of the room, all of which we had inspected while the room was lighted, Dr. Crocket passed around a dish of ordinary wheat flour, I placing some of it in my mouth, so there could be no mistake afterward, and as much was placed in both the medium's hands as they would comfortably hold, and her hands shut upon it, the flour being held through the entire seance, and then her

whole figure covered with a cloth of dark material, only her head and face remaining in sight.

I will describe in brief only the most pronounced of the manifestations: guitar, tambourine, and bells were provided for the spirits' handling, and some smaller articles; a block of writing paper, pencils, etc. The guitar, after being handled in the cabinet, was placed on the floor, under the cloth covering the medium's person. By special request of one of the company, a simultaneous movement of the instruments at the door and window of the cabinet, and the guitar was thrust out from under the cloth on the floor, sliding towards the company seated in front.

The ring test was equally satisfactory, the company contributing six finger-rings, my companion furnishing one of good size. All were taken by a spirit-materialized hand at the window of the cabinet. In a short time the company were called up to see and identify them, as they were found on the fingers of the medium, and not an atom of the flour had been scattered, but all intact within her grasp.

A partly-filled tumbler of water was handed around for inspection. At my suggestion, Dr. Crocket made it quite full, and then passed it in through the window of the cabinet. The hand was seen to take it, but soon returned it empty, and again it was filled as at first, and returned, with three pansies floating in it.

Being called to the cabinet, a hand grasped my own, and disappeared after a friendly pat. At my request, it reappeared, so that I could, and did, return the compliment. I could see plainly, in looking down into the darker recess, that the hand had no visible arm connecting it with a body.

I received a communication, evidently written on a leaf torn from the block of paper. The paper presents interesting characteristics. It is very finely written. On the back of it is an embossed appearance, as if the paper received a blow, or semi-puncture, at the making of every letter.

The communication addressed to me I think will be found to carry its own weight of evidence as to the source from whence all these marvels can be rationalized. The spirit communication I copy *verbatim*:—

“We are pleased to see the earnest spirit you put forth to know of spirit phenomena. It is well worth the time of the most pro-

found to know of the power of disembodied spirits. My life is forever. I did not believe this when in the form, but belief does not change natural law. We hope you will get evidence in your own household. Yours for truth—W. H.”

WEST HINGHAM, Mass., June 18, 1885.

We have seen wonderful manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. Whitney, a description of which we shall publish in a future number. She is certainly a fine medium.—ED.

WAS IT A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT?

By T. P. BEALS, Portland, Me.

At Lake Pleasant, in 1844, I was at Mrs. Maud E. Lord's seance, and she said to me: "A young man comes here, and shows me a wheel and a coil of wire. He says: 'I am John Ennis, and I want to thank you for what you did for my mother, and also thank the men in the shop for what they did.'" This young man had been employed by me before he passed away, and the coil of wire and wheel, of which he spoke, are used in my business. I am sure that the medium could not have known what the spirit spoke of, and if it was not the spirit of John Ennis that gave me the message, I want to ask some one who professes to know who it was?

DEMATERIALIZATION.

By MR. H. F. MERRILL, Hartford, Conn.

Friday evening, July 24th, while at Onset Bay, I called upon Mrs. Helen Fairchild for the purpose of attending one of her materializing seances. As she was very tired, and there were so few present, she decided not to hold it. As we were sitting in her seance room, pleasantly chatting, a form suddenly came from the cabinet and unfolded a large piece of lace, and then took my hand, which, while I held it, dematerialized. Six other forms, all different in appearance, came from the cabinet while Mrs. Fairchild and myself were sitting at some distance from the cabinet, with the outside door open.