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FACTS

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Devoted to Mental and Spiritual Phenomena,

INCLUDING

Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Mesmerism, Trance,
Inspiration, and Physical Mediumship; Prayer, Mind, and
Magnetic Healing; and all Classes of Psychical Effects.

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FACTS.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

MR. C. H. BRIDGE'S CIRCLE.

By Mrs. S. P. A., Boston, Mass.

Editor of *Facts*:

Among the many mediums in Boston, none has a more interesting phase than Mr. Bridge, in whose circles are shown both physical manifestations in the light, and etherealized forms floating in the dark, as well as writing upon paper pads and transportation of flowers. Mr. B. sits under strictly test conditions, being securely fastened. Many tests of spirit return are given by various means. At a circle held Sunday evening, Oct. 31st, it being the birthday of Col. Crockett, his two sons, father, mother, son-in-law, and uncle manifested their presence, bringing undoubted proof of identity, and with ability to return with congratulations to him on his arrival at another mile-stone upon the road of life. His family, who were present, also recognized all these friends who appeared.

At our first *Facts* seance, held on Oct. 13th, Mr. Bridge hung a curtain across one corner of our back parlor. In front of it, on a long bench, were seated Mrs. Wm. Crockett, of Boston, Mr. John Haines, of Cambridge, and Mr. Bridge, who was seated between the two. All were tied to the bench, and the bands sewed securely to their sleeves. Over sixty persons were present, several sitting within five feet of the curtain. Under these circumstances, the manifestations were excellent.

Mr. B. has very fine musical instruments for the use of his spirit friends, who accompanied Prof. Frank E. Crane in several selections, which he played at their request upon the piano with good taste and excellent effect. Written messages of interest to those addressed, and beautiful flowers brought to many persons in the light, all helped to make this an exceedingly interesting seance. Our experiences with Mr. Bridge have been very satisfactory.

EXTRACTS FROM A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By ROBERT DALE OWEN, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Nov., 1874.

I was spending a quiet evening at the house of the Russian minister, M. Kakoschkine. Some one spoke of automatic writing, whereby one could obtain answers to questions to which the reply was unknown to the writer. It was proposed to test this; and as the wife of the Tuscan minister, a bright and cultured English lady, who happened to be present, had expressed incredulity, she was asked to put some question the answer to which she was *certain* that no one present knew. Having consulted in the ante-room with her husband, she asked, referring to three large gold-headed pins that fastened her dress in front: "Who gave me these gold pins?"

After a time, the hand of one of the ladies present, one who had barely heard of Spiritualism, and was much prejudiced against it, wrote in a strange, cramped hand, the words: "The one that gives you a maid and cook,"—the last two words being written backward. Everyone thought the answer quite irrelevant till the lady whose question had called forth this strange reply, after carefully examining the paper, turned pale, and confessed that it was not only relevant but strictly true. The pins had been given to her by her cousin Elizabeth, then living in Florence, and that lady, at her request, had recently sent to her, from that city, two servants,—namely, a lady's maid, who had been in her service ten days, and a cook, who had arrived two days before.

The phenomena of table-moving, rapping, and the like, are not supernatural, not spiritual; they are electrical and magnetic.

Involuntary writing is a phenomenon growing out of magnetic affinity, and similar in character to somnambulism; it exhibits the electrical action of mind on mind.

There is, in certain individuals, such a wonderful electric and magnetic force, and so peculiar a combination of elements, that, in their presence, inexplicable results occur.

Aug. 23, 1856, we had a sitting at the house of an English physician, resident in Naples, all present being English or American, yet familiar with the Italian language.

The table was boisterous and unmanageable, tilting violently from side to side. At the word of command it waltzed, beat time to the polka, went into the next room, returned, and would hardly remain still. Unable to get any communication, we asked: "Is there anyone in the circle who ought to go out?"

Answer: "Sophia Iggulden."

She left the table accordingly, and, as soon as she did so, the manifestations were quiet.

July 9, 1857, again our own circle. We had ascertained by repeated experiments that, while the table could spell out any word which I thought of, it never, in any instance, seemed able to read a word in Mrs. Owen's mind, and, if urged to persevere in the attempt, would reply: "All dark," or, "No light," or some similar expression.

On one occasion, she had thought of the word *soap*, and it declared as usual that it could see nothing. Then Mrs. Owen said: "I'll go into my bed-chamber and touch what I thought of." She did so, the room being quite dark; then returned and asked: "What did I touch?"

Answer: "No —"

Mrs. Owen: "It's going to spell 'no light.'"

I said: "Let us make sure of it. Please go on,"—and it spelled "s e." I urged it in vain to finish the word. I could get nothing more.

"Is that all?" I asked. "Yes." "Does it mean you cannot see?" "No." Then first it occurred to me that it had spelled the word "*Nose*."

When I suggested this, Mrs. Owen, after reflecting a little, burst into a hearty laugh, and asked: "What did I touch it with?"

Answer: "Soap."

Thereupon she explained to us that when she entered the dark room, groping about, she had laid her hands on a cake of scented soap, and smelled it, and that she distinctly recollected (but not until the table recalled the fact) that she *did* touch her nose with it. After telling us this, she relapsed into thoughtful gravity. "*The thing*," she exclaimed at last, "must have followed me in the dark, and seen everything I did."

(From *The Harmonia*, published at Waco, Texas, April, 1886.)

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN TENNESSEE.

By Mr. CHARLES CHRISTIAN, Knoxville.

Since my last communication, we have been steadily progressing

The medium, Mrs. Nancy Say, is the mother of a large family, one of the oldest settlers in the mountains, known as an honest and reliable person, a member of the Baptist Church, and the communications received through her are indisputable.

Some time since a relative of hers — Mr. Prior Say — came to see her, and to have her “call up the spirits.” After receiving communications from several of his friends on the other side of life, he denounced the whole thing as fraud, and declared there was some trick in the table. He believed the medium to be honest, but, as I had made the table, thought I had put something on or about it that produced the manifestations.

Mr. W. D. Say, the husband of the medium, advised him to go home, make a table for himself, thus being sure there was no trick about it; and after the children had retired, and all was quiet, if he and his wife would sit at the table, it would probably tip after a few sittings.

He made a table that afternoon, and when all was quiet, he and his wife sat down at it to try. After about thirty minutes the table began to tip, and continued to do so for some time, until Mrs. Say, beginning to feel alarmed, left him sitting with his hands alone upon the table, and retired.

The tipping continued, the spirit of Mrs. Say's father seeming to be the control, answering several questions propounded by Mr. Say. The answers not being very satisfactory to him, he left the table and went to bed, but it still tipped.

Suspecting that the children had slyly produced the tipping by tying a cord to one of the legs, he got up to investigate, but found nothing of the sort, and the children all asleep.

He went back to bed, but was no sooner fairly settled than the tipping commenced again, and continued even after he put the table out of doors, so frightened that he and his wife declare they will have nothing more to do with it.

I hear of circles and meetings in different parts of the mountains, and parties often come to me asking information in regard

to holding circles. At one place—at the house of Mr. Richard Morse—where circles have been held for some time, a large black dog, with a collar around his neck, attached to a long chain, appeared to the sitters, materialized, and so frightened them that no one dared go home that night, and all stayed till morning.

AN INCIDENT IN MRS. SWAIN'S CIRCLE.

By MR. J. W. DENNIS, Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor of *Facts*:

I have been for the last four or five years conscious that, while sitting in my own home, my departed wife and children come to me, and often sit upon my right knee, but, fearing to be called "a crank," I have said nothing about it to anyone.

A few weeks since I sat with my present wife in a circle given by Mrs. Swain, at the house of Mr. Leander Fisher, of this city, where a little child-spirit came to me, and, in an audible voice, said: "Uncle Jo, I tan sit on your knee." "Well, Georgie," I said, "do so." He replied: "Well, dit your boys and their mamma off." I felt the sensation of my friends getting off my lap, and, sure enough, little Georgie climbed up and sat there, talking to Mrs. Dennis and myself.

I asked him to move over, and sit on her lap, which he did, still keeping hold of me, however. Soon he got down upon the floor, and each one of the circle had the pleasure of holding him, and thus I had my impression confirmed that they, through the independent voice, really did sit on my knee.

These independent voices are a distinguishing feature of Mrs. Swain's circle, so far as I have ascertained without a parallel, and are very interesting to hear.

(From *Light for Thinkers*, Oct. 9, 1886.)

A TENNESSEE MEDIUM.

By JOHN DEVAULT, Wartburg, Morgan County, Tenn.

Dear Editor,—Here in the Cumberland Plateau we have such manifestation of spiritual power developed as causes the hearts of all true Spiritualists to exult with joy and gladness. Until the

past week we were ignorant of the fact that we were possessed, here in our midst, of a lady possessing the most marked mediumistic powers, and one whose social standing forbids the slightest suspicion of fraud or collusion.

Mrs. Josephine Todd, the lady alluded to, is the wife of Prof. J. M. Todd, county superintendent of schools. She is a refined lady, of pleasing manners, petite in form, and a leading society favorite; still she is different from other women. One has only to look into her great strange eyes, without at all knowing who she is, to see that she is different. Her eyes have a fashion of looking through her interlocutor, and seeming to see through and beyond him, that is mysterious and almost uncanny. She deeply dislikes to make any trial of her wonderful powers, and as yet only her most intimate friends can persuade her to lay bare the secrets of the future, and give them an insight into the hereafter.

As an instance of the remarkable power possessed by her, I will give the following, the truth of which can be vouched for by many friends and neighbors. A brother of Mrs. Todd had long been prospecting in Colorado and New Mexico with but indifferent success. For six months no word had been received from him, and his mother was well-nigh distracted. Yielding to the entreaties of her mother, Mrs. Todd consented to go into a trance and see if she could learn where he was. Seating herself upon a sofa in the room, her eyes—those strange, mysterious, wonderful eyes—gradually closed, and she was in a moment in apparently profound slumber. Suddenly she said, in an easy, conversational tone: "Charlie,"—that is the name of the brother,—“you are not looking in the right place. The quartz ledge is higher up in the ridge. Look just below that stunted cedar, to the right of the ravine, above you.” This was all she said; slowly her eyes opened, and, without a trace of weariness or excitement, she regained her normal condition.

She told her mother that she had seen “Charlie,” that he was in the wilds of Arizona, in good health, but as yet had not succeeded in finding gold; “and, oh, mother,” she said, “he is so near it. I could see the gold in the rock, scarcely a hundred yards from him. I tried to tell him where it was, but am not certain that I succeeded.” This happened several months ago, and was the talk of the town. Many scoffed at it, and said that when

her brother returned with a fortune, and not until then, would they believe in her wonderful powers.

A week ago her brother returned. He had struck it, and struck it rich. He said that while in the wilds of Arizona, almost discouraged, and ready to give up in despair, his sister suddenly appeared to him in a dream, and told him to look near a certain tree. The dream made such a strong impression upon him that, immediately upon awaking, he went to the place indicated, and was rewarded by discovering one of the richest lodes yet found in all that region. Disposing of a half-interest to a New York company for \$750,000, he immediately started home to see his friends in Tennessee, and share with them his fortune.

I only give this as one of many instances showing the rare power she possesses. For a long time the neighbors have been accustomed, when losing valuables, to consult with "Sister Josie," as she is invariably called by her friends, and rarely has she failed in locating them. For the past week seances have been held nightly here, and some of the manifestations are startling to a degree rarely witnessed. Meanwhile, the Spiritualists are triumphant, and the unbelievers are fast becoming converted. In my next I will give you a full account of one of these seances.

A COINCIDENCE.

By Mrs. C. E. K——, Boston, Mass.

On Sunday afternoon, September 19th, I was sitting alone in my room, in the full light from the window, writing a letter. Suddenly a confused feeling came over me, and my hand shook, and the pen refused to make an intelligible mark. I paused a moment, wondering what could be the reason, when it seemed as though a great wave of cold water came rushing in, dashing into my face, and taking my breath away. I sprang up, shivering and sobbing with the shock, rushed up stairs to a friend's room, and sunk, half fainting, into a chair, exclaiming, when I could get breath: "Oh, Mrs. B——, somebody I know is drowning somewhere." When I had sufficiently recovered to return to my own room, I made a note of the date, and waited for news. Four days

later, a letter from Nova Scotia reached me, *announcing the death, by drowning*, of a relative of whom I certainly had not been thinking, *at the very hour and day* of my strange experience.

This lady is well known to us, but desires not to have her name appear. — ED.

STATUVOLENCE.

By MR. MARK W. PETERS, of Lafayette, N. Y.

The occurrence I am about to relate took place some time about the year 1860 or 1861, in a large town in the northern part of this State.

I was boarding with my sister, not more than a block away from whose house lived my uncle, in whose home I spent much of my time evenings, sometimes to the express displeasure of my sister, who looked well to my comfort and welfare, and did not like to have me remain out so late as I often did.

One cold December night, I was at my uncle's house, and I spoke of going over home. I walked to the door, and stood leaning my shoulder against the edge of it, looking out. While standing thus, I suddenly lost myself, or lost consciousness, for a brief instant only, but during that moment I thought I was passing through the gateway of my sister's house, walking along past the window, and as I neared her particular window (for the family had retired), I whistled a lively air, thinking as I did so: "Now sister will hear me and think I am feeling well, and will not scold me in the morning for being out so late." I immediately "came to myself," shut the door, and, after a little urging by my aunt and cousin, remained there all night.

I arose early, went over to my sister's, where no one was up yet, except my brother-in-law, who was starting a fire in the kitchen stove. I was standing near him, looking absently at the kindling fire, when I again lost all sense of my surroundings, and was aroused by hearing my own voice saying: "Did you hear me come in last night?" Now, I had no recollection of going into the house at all.

"Yes, we heard you whistling along about 11 o'clock." "No, I did not come home last night," I said. My sister said she could

not believe me, for she distinctly heard me walking along past her window, whistling merrily, and that I came in and walked through to my own room.

So firmly did she believe this that it was only after she had examined my room, and found everything undisturbed as she had arranged it, and heard the statements of my aunt and cousin who also related to her the story of my loss of consciousness at the door, that she could realize how perfectly she had been deceived in thinking I was really at home.

A PROMISE FULFILLED.

By Mr. JOHN H. HERMAN, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Sent us with names of eight witnesses, which we withhold at the request of the writer, though we would much prefer to publish the authority for the facts sent us. It is gratifying to learn however that private circles are being held in all sections of the country, and results obtained which show the power of the unseen operators to control hitherto unknown forces, and bring about such results as set men thinking of the subjects to which *Facts* is devoted.—ED.

On the evening of Sunday, March 8, 1884, my wife, daughter, and myself visited a friend who is a Spiritualist.

During the visit, my daughter was controlled or entranced by an Indian calling himself Black Cloud.

We had just read an account in the *Banner of Light* of spirits bringing flowers, so I asked the control if he could bring us a rose. "Me do n't know," he said. "Me try. Chief, me tell you what me do. Me bring you a curl from your little Charlum's head."

Charlie, my son, passed over about eleven years before, aged four months.

I assured Black Cloud I would rather have the curl, and asked: "When will you bring it?" "Me bring it on next Thursday night," he said.

On the following Wednesday, before tea time, my daughter, who fell asleep in her chair in her own room, was controlled by Black Cloud, who told my youngest child, aged five, to call me.

So I went up to her room, and the control said: "Chief, me got a curl, and you must have a dark piece of silk, so the curl can be magnetized, or it won't keep." My wife asked him if he had it tied together. "Yes," he said, "me took a piece of ribbon out of the dresser drawer this afternoon." I asked him how we would know when to have the silk ready. He said: "When the medie holds the slate [for independent writing] she will say: 'Oh! papa, it feels as if they are tearing my arm out.' Then you know I put curl in slate. Now you go, and my medie won't know you were here."

I went down, my daughter soon followed, and while we were at supper she said: "There must be mice up stairs, for I heard one in the bureau drawer. I took a poker to hunt for it, but could not find it."

Black Cloud told us afterwards that it was himself getting the ribbon.

When I came home on Thursday night, I was told that daughter was not feeling well. Going up stairs I found her lying down, spoke a few words, to which she replied, and then took a book and began to read.

In a short time she sat up, being entranced, and said: "Are you Great Black Eagle?" That being my Indian name, I said "Yes," and asked: "Who is this?" "Me Black Hawk," was the reply. "Black Cloud sent me to tell you be sure and have silk ready. He try get rose." "Now," he said, "me lay medie down and cover up. Good-by." I replied: "Good-by," and resumed my book. In a few minutes my daughter said: "Papa, I see little Charlie, Tou-lum-shai [a squaw], and a strange Indian. Charlie has a curl in his hand, and says: 'I am going to bring it to papa.' Now they are going."

At the usual circle, an hour and a half later, ten or twelve persons were present. I asked my daughter to hold the slate, to see if our spirit friends had any suggestion to make. We received the following message: "All sit and wait for the next development." I had been in the habit of sitting outside the circle in order to read messages for the rest.

I sat opposite the medium, and she held the slate, and said: "Oh! papa, it feels as if they are tearing my arm out." She then laid the slate on the table. I opened it (being a double one),

and there lay the curl as promised, with this message: "We have kept our promise, but could get no flowers." I laid the silk on the table; the medium, controlled by Black Cloud, took the curl, and laid it in the silk; and, after rubbing it about a quarter of a minute, said: "You now can take him," meaning the curl.

I left the curl in the silk about a week or ten days, when I found that it did not seem to be as large as when we first received it; so I made a box, lined it with some of the silk that the curl was in, and, after putting the curl in the box, fitted a glass over it, and sealed it up. And at this writing, Oct. 24, 1886, the curl seems to be in as good a condition as when it was sealed up.

From the *Banner of Light*, Aug. 28, 1886.

EXTRAORDINARY SEANCE.

"The most wonderful seance ever known, in this part of the world at least, took place at Onset, Mass., on the evening of Aug. 16th, at the house of Mrs. H. V. Ross, the materializing medium, herself being in the cabinet. A seemingly accidental but strangely systematic array of circumstances (as seen in the light of results) succeeded in bringing to her rooms at that time Miss Helen C. Berry, of the Berry sisters, Mrs. M. Eugenie Beste, the voice medium, and Mrs. Diss Debar, who has obtained so many pictures in a remarkable manner this summer, thus forming a most powerful battery by which to accomplish the astonishing manifestations of the evening.

"It is quite impossible for words to convey any adequate expression of these experiences; still we have but this poor vehicle, and we must employ it. It seemed to us as if the gates of Heaven were flung wide open, and that the angels descended freely and again "walked with men,"—for the spirits remained a long time materialized. The seance commenced, and was accompanied by music upon the organ; and the first form, that of an ancient dame of our own olden times, was accompanied by the medium, Mrs. Ross (entranced by "Bright Star"), who supported her a little around the room, taking back with them to the cabinet the oldest gentleman present. There were four or five full-sized spirits out to the extreme end of the room at a time in a light strong enough

to distinguish their faces plainly. What purported to be a high official of the church with five adult spirits by his side appeared, and prostrated themselves upon the floor, while the organist, Mrs. Bennett, played and sang a chant and the Gloria,—the whole of which was exceedingly impressive and solemn. Five angelic forms glided, for they did not seem to use their feet, to the furthest side of the room and back,—and the news from the cabinet was that “the angel world were holding jubilee” tonight.

“Two adult persons came out together, each leading a little child of perhaps six years by the hand. A spirit form presented a veritable baby, as testified to by a number who handled the baby’s head, and found it to belong to a warm, breathing child. A small boy of about four years presented himself, and was so natural that a little boy present threw his arms about him and kissed him.

“A great number of ancient spirits were present, and manifested both outside and inside the cabinet to their own mediums and to friends. Mr. John L. Severance, the controlling spirit of Mrs. Beste’s seances, called his medium and then Mrs. Sayles to him, expressed his pleasure at meeting them and all the friends, in his manly and beautifully modulated voice,—the perfect voice of his own seances. He is a fine-looking gentleman, as has been testified before by his old friend, Mr. Lyman, of Washington, who knew him in Cleveland thirty years ago. As Mrs. Sayles turned to go away he said: “Take your chair, and come back to the cabinet, and we will try to get a picture on your head. There are spirit artists inside the cabinet, and the great medium for these things, Mrs. Diss Debar, is present,” etc. Mrs. Sayles complied, and Mr. Severance lifted her chair, placed it in front of the cabinet, seated her in it, and called for a card, which was handed to her. Mrs. Sayles placed this, according to direction, upon her head, and all except herself saw the operation of the appearance of the picture upon the hitherto perfectly blank card, and the accompanying manifestations.

“Mr. Severance held closely to the hand of his medium all the time, and seemed to lose his power of voice when not touching her. Upon each side of him stood two fully-materialized female forms, and the scene in the cabinet behind them resembled, in the words of Mr. A. B. Brown, of Worcester, who was present, “a



CARRIE LIPPITT.

mass of human beings crowding forward intently, to look upon the operators who were engaged at the card-board." Several hands were seen protruding through the curtains, at a little distance below the top, and seemingly manipulating the picture. The forces called for more light, and Mrs. Diss Debar hastened to light a large lamp which had been extinguished at the commencement of the seance. This she held in front of the picture, which had then commenced to form indistinctly. In doing this a strong light was cast directly upon the central figure of the cabinet, Mr. Severance, and three times during the picture the curtains were widely separated, showing plainly the eager spirit faces within, who were just as interested to view the affair as were those in the body. The picture grew to perfection in the full sight of those present, and it was announced to be that of General Lippitt's daughter Carrie. It is the sweetest and most perfect picture which has thus far been given in this manner, and is recognized by the general as a likeness of his daughter, who passed to spirit life about four years ago.

"After the supposed completion of the picture, General Lippitt's son materialized, and took his father up to the cabinet, saying: "Don't you remember my telling you at Miss Berry's that before you left here something would take place that would give you great pleasure? This is what we intended, and have succeeded in." While he was talking, his sister Carrie appeared by his side and said she stood at Mr. Severance's right during the forming of the picture. In reply to his expression of surprise at the number of mediums present, she replied: "Yes, papa, but it was all brought about by us."

"Mrs. Diss Debar has always supposed that the sunlight was absolutely necessary to the taking of these pictures; it is therefore a new departure in this art. At the close of the seance, when the portrait was being viewed, some one called attention to what seemed to be a church spire forming on the right side, and at the same time Mrs. Diss Debar said quickly: "Look!" and a light spot was observable in the background of the left side of the portrait. Mr. Brown held the card-board on General Lippitt's head, and in a few seconds this developed to a miniature full form of a human or a spiritual being upon what had just appeared but a dark cloud.

"Altogether, it was a symposium we may hardly hope to see again. And yet, if the mediums would combine their forces, and come together in harmony, we may not set bounds to the power of the spirit world. We know not what wonders we may expect if we give the proper conditions,—the aggregation of spirit power and the harmonious conditions of fraternal love. With the spirit world, as with God, who is over and around and within it, "nothing is impossible." Through this entirely impromptu affair (so far as mortals are concerned), we may derive a lesson in the power of spirits, and learn their great pleasure and intense desire to do all they possibly can for us and the world, even through the meagre conditions we have yet learned to give them. And mediums will realize, if they will consider the subject, that all such combinations must result in added powers to each,—powers gained by the contact of influences. We hope this was an initial meeting of a long series in the future.

"We, the undersigned, having been present at the above seance, certify that the above description of phenomena is faithful and true to the best of our recollection.

H. C. BERRY,	LITA BARNEY SAYLES,
A. B. BROWN,	FRANCIS J. LIPPITT,
J. H. DISS DEBAR,	MRS. E. J. L. BENNETT,
MRS. E. L. DISS DEBAR,	MRS. M. EUGENIE BESTE,
J. C. McMULLIN.	

Mr. Lippitt has kindly furnished us with his own account of the above seance, at our request. We publish this also, and append a copy of the picture referred to, the original of which we examined closely and found to be beautifully colored, apparently in crayon, and of which we had a negative taken a few days later.—ED.

At Mrs. Ross's seance at Onset, on the evening of August 16th, instant, I witnessed the production of a beautiful and artistically finished picture in pastel under the following circumstances:—

Mrs. Ross sat in the cabinet; and there were present in the circle of sitters Mrs. Beste, Miss Helen Berry, and Madame Diss Debar, all well known mediums, as was also Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles. Mme. Diss Debar sat very near the cabinet. I heard something said about an attempt to be made to obtain a picture

through the mediumship of Mme. Diss Debar. Then I saw Mrs. Sayles seated in front of the curtain, holding with both hands a blank card on her head in an upright position. I remember that a lamp was then lighted at Mme. Diss Debar's request for "more light." Then I saw several hands pointing downward toward Mrs. Sayles from over the top of the cabinet. They were almost constantly in motion, as if to help the process by their magnetism. I sat but some six feet, more or less, from Mrs. Sayles, and there was sufficient light to enable me to see distinctly a picture gradually make its appearance on the card she was holding. At no time did Mme. Diss Debar touch the card, or, so far as I noticed, even approach it until the completion of the picture. During the whole time she was walking about the room, occasionally stretching forth her arms, apparently "under influence." The entire process may have lasted from three to five minutes. Up to this time I had not paid strict attention to what was going on; my next neighbor being an old gentleman who had never before witnessed materializations, and who was constantly asking me questions while some of the sitters were admiring the picture, Mme. Diss Debar, apparently under control, advanced toward me exclaiming: "Carrie! Carrie!" She then informed me that the picture was that of my spirit daughter. On examining it I thought I saw a *general* resemblance to my daughter; but, as I remarked to Mme. Diss Debar, the hair was a light blonde, which was not the color of my daughter's hair. Mme. Diss Debar instantly exclaimed: "It was auburn!" which is true. Besides this, the eyes were not hers, and the forehead was not high enough. But the next morning, on closely examining it by daylight, I found that from the middle of the eyes down it is a good likeness of my daughter; and as to the neck, shoulders, and bust, they are very like hers when she was in robust health.

Some three weeks before this, at a seance of one of the Berry sisters, my daughter (who "passed over" four years ago) intimated to me that they were preparing something for me that "would be splendid," or words to that effect; and, after the completion of the picture at the Ross seance, my spirit son came to me, and, drawing me to the curtain, exclaimed: "Do n't you remember my telling you that, before you left here, something would take place that would give you great pleasure!" I answered

that I did. It was at a previous seance of Mrs. Ross's. While I was talking with him, my daughter suddenly stood by my side. In answer to my question, she told me that, while the picture was being taken, she was standing materialized behind the curtain, on the right of Mr. Severance (one of Mrs. Beste's band), and that the spirit artist, while making the picture, stood in front of it. She could not give me the artist's name, but would try to do so at another time.

While we were looking at the picture after the seance, Mme. Diss Debar suddenly exclaimed: "Look!" and handed me the picture to hold on my head. A gentleman present kindly held it there for me, and there gradually appeared, in full view of those around, the form now visible on the right-hand side of the picture.

Last evening, August 17th, at Mrs. Huston's seance, a spirit friend of my daughter told me she was present in the cabinet at Mrs. Ross's the evening before, and that the failure to give the auburn hue to the hair was owing to the picture being taken by lamp light instead of in sun light. Of course I have no means of determining whether this is so or not. At this same seance my daughter also came; and on my remarking how extraordinary it was that there should be four mediums present, she said: "Yes, papa; but it was all brought about beforehand."

I should add that I had no acquaintance with Mme. Diss Debar, and I am informed that she did not know my name till after the seance was over.

FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

Onset, Mass., August 18, 1886.

I find I have omitted to state an important fact. On examination, *I found that the hands I saw at the top of the curtain had come through the solid cloth without leaving any aperture or rent in it.*

— F. J. L.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

By MRS. E. A. MARTIN, Oxford, Mass.

We requested Mrs. Martin to tell us something of her work, instead of which she has sent us for perusal a few of the many appreciative letters she has received from those who have been cheered and blessed through her mediumship.

From one of them we glean the following story, omitting names, as we are not authorized to use them by the writers.—ED.

“I must tell you of what seems to me a very remarkable instance. I gave your address to Mrs. D——, of Fitchburg, some time ago, she being a skeptic in all pertaining to Spiritualism at that time, as I was until my correspondence with you. She wrote you a very blind question in regard to a relative of hers. You wrote numbers of bank deposits made in California, giving the name Warren. It was that of my friend’s uncle, who died in California, as they supposed without property; but, acting upon the statement in your letter, they have found he left something, of which they probably would not otherwise have known.

I anticipate much pleasure from our correspondence. It has been to me a life-sustaining power. I hardly think I could ever have been aroused to interest in this life again had it not been for you.

F. A. J.

Our experience with Mrs. Martin has been very satisfactory. In several instances she has answered sealed communications of a character too personal for publication.

In one case, of which we have personal knowledge, a gentleman who was at a seance for materialization was met by a form purporting to be a gentleman whom he had known long ago, who assured him that he, the spirit, would assist in a work for him, and promised to answer a letter if one was sent him.

Although fully recognized, no name was mentioned. A sealed letter was sent Mrs. Martin for a reading:—

“Will my friend who wrote to me at Mrs.——’s seance write to me through this medium. Sign any name you please by which I can recognize you.”

The very good message which was sent in reply was signed “Your Friend Mc.,” which was the abbreviation of the Scotch surname by which he had been best known. The correspondence thus begun being continued proved very interesting. Our friend afterwards wrote to his father without calling a name, and received an answer to which was signed the full name of his father, and in which were mentioned the names of two sisters who have been forty years in the spirit world, and a brother not so long gone.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

From *The Boston Herald*, Oct. 21, 1886.

"THE THREE KINGDOMS."

Delivered by W. H. H. MURRAY, in Tremont Temple, Oct. 20th.

INTENSE interest and keen appreciation were plainly pictured on the faces of the great majority of William H. H. Murray's hearers at Tremont Temple last evening. Some had been drawn thither through curiosity: some because of the fame of the lecturer as an advanced thinker and fearless advocate of principle in his warfare against creeds and dogmas; some to listen to his rare eloquence and triumph of descriptive art; and not a few because of their admiration and respect for the man and the scholar. The topic was one well calculated to interest thoughtful people,—“The Three Kingdoms: the Kingdom of Mind, the Kingdom of Heart, and the Kingdom of Soul,”—and its novel and characteristic treatment was marked by thoughts and ideas expressed in word-pictures such as linger in the memory with ever-recurring beauty and power. In his preliminary remarks Mr. Murray urged that the lyceum platform is a proper place for the expression of great moral truths, and that true religion is not confined to the cathedral or the cloister. He referred feelingly to his welcome back to Boston; to the dear old faces that smiled a cordial greeting after years of absence,—years, too, of financial reverses and embarrassment. The very foundations of New England religion have been moved, and great changes in the people's thinking have been wrought during the past seven years. Dogmas are no longer believed in by the majority. Never, since the foundation of Christianity, has there existed so high a regard for the deep and the sweet things of the Christian faith. A great tidal wave of the spirit of the Almighty has swept across the land; faith is triumphant; admiration and reverence for the Christ stand forth in human hearts. Mr. Murray remarked that he was trained for years to religious modes of thought and expression. These he did not regret, as he does not wish to divorce his mind from religious thinking, but he is done with theological and ecclesiastical thought, and learns, by self-examination into the ground of his own faith in himself, where the kingdom of God is to be found. He opened his address by asserting that the capacities of the human mind should be

judged by what it has achieved, and by pointing out the fellowship which all great intellects had in each other. He called attention to the fact that in this great republic of intellect all men of culture and refinement are fellow-citizens, and the achievements of the human mind are such as to supply us with a reasonable faith in man's immortality. Passing from the "Kingdom of Mind," Mr. Murray proceeded to the "Kingdom of Heart," or the realm of human affections, drawing the conclusion from their universality and their ardor that they are immortal, and that those who feel them are heirs of immortality. He next referred to the third and main division of his address, "The Kingdom of Soul," in which he considered man as a spiritual being, and spoke in earnest terms of the need and reasonableness of a faith which proclaimed to the world the endlessness of man's existence.

Up to this point Mr. Murray's delivery had been calm, quiet, and unimpassioned. Now, with an outburst of dramatic intensity, he exclaimed:—

"Oh, there be changes ahead such as men do not dream! I do not like the symbolism of the Orient, or their rhapsodies, for I am Western born, and use a language whose poetry has been shaded down by the gray tone of mathematics; and hence I do not say that one man should have a harp, and crowns shall be on many heads, and robes of flowing whiteness shall be for garments to them, or that they shall walk white footed on golden pavements, or worship the glory which shines upon a crystal sea. But this I say, that they whose natures are tuneful here shall be more melodious there, and that they who keep themselves innocent here shall have their innocence acknowledged there, wide as the eyes of heaven can see its whiteness, and the tongues of angels carry its sweet fame. And whatever path they walk, or however paved, it shall lead them upward in the way of being. And whether they find a crystal sea or not, or any throne reflected from its depths within their hearts, there shall surely be a throne possessed of God; and in the depths of their pure being ever deepening, and becoming purer, the throne with the glory on it shall find everlasting reflections. The hereafter begins here; is begun here. Of that there is no doubt. My heaven is here within my heart,—here, as the young bird is within the nest ere yet its wings are grown, or it has size or plumage, or voice of song. There in the nest the young bird is, and it shall add unto its size through feeding that God shall give it; and plumes shall come to it until its nakedness is royal with colors; and to its untried throat such songs shall come as shall make the meadows rejoice and the inarticulate air find speech of music.

"So within myself my heaven sits songless as yet. But God will feed it, and it will grow. Colors that outvie the tints of earth or sky will mark its growth in beauty until, on some morning when all its powers have come to it, and it has burst away with that dash of swift wings that men call

death, from the nest it has then outgrown, and flown up with swiftest flight beyond the sight of men, and they see it no more, it shall find voice, and heaven shall know that another life has come up into it to grow and stay forever. Where is your heaven then? Within you. Where is the forest ere yet it is grown? Within the mould the great woods stand, wrapped in ten thousand seeds,—seeds so small that should you take a dozen within your hand, and finger the sod to find them, you would not be able. Hear the voice—‘Whereunto shall I liken the kingdom of heaven? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, but which, when it is grown, the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches of it.’ Oh, what out-branches will come up out of us! What strength will be within the eternal trunk when the expanding life has ringed itself through ages. To what point shall its crest not reach? At what height will it sway its topmost plume and tassel? How will stars shine from amid its branches, because its growth has shot up beyond the stars? To what limits will it thrust out the boughs of its power, and what winged joys and songful graces will come and lodge in the branches of it? How can men be small and mean,—be pent and damned within the embankments of time, and not rather rise up in their power like a great tide, and flow over and out into eternity, when within them is the capacity of such everlasting growth? To live forever; to think and feel without cessation; to have the pleasure of growing knowledge and ripening intelligence eternally; to rise and keep on rising through endless ages; to have what we purely longed for, but did miss in this present life, made ours by an eternal bond; to know all this; to feel it; to fix our souls upon it as the great pillar is fixed upon its base. This is not escape from trouble merely; it is something far better; it is the transmutation of sorrow into finest joy, and this will come to us in the kingdom of soul. I envy not that man’s life who lives his checkered career unsoothed and unsustained by such an eternal verity. I do not wonder that many of the great ones of earth committed suicide, living as they did without knowledge that their privations should have eternal recompense. The stars that cheer the night of great suffering with their beams shine down from no less a dome than the measureless thought of man’s immortality. Failure loses its bitterness when you feel that in the ages ahead God will give you a new start. By and by—so I believe—by and by our earthly weariness will be over, the old toils all ended, and the old heart-aches come no more. By and by we shall stand in the kingdom of soul, and grow up into the morals of God, and so come to His peacefulness. No other heaven need we, for it will be perfect. How fine is the calm that follows storm. How sweet the still, starry night after the blustering and clouded day. How delicious the hour when all the rude noises have become still, and even the bell on the cow’s neck sleeps with her,—when

over all the fragrant landscape is spread a softened light, and silence herself slumbers on the branches of the drowsy woods. So, when the storm of this earthly life has passed,—when the gusty winds have subsided, and the hot, garish light is cooled in the dewy gloom, and we, passing onward in the order of nature, have entered the kingdom of soul, we shall find within its sweet inclosures pleasures that do not exhaust, labors that tire not, and repose which renews our forces and keeps us forever young.”

Mr. Murray, who was listened to with the closest attention, closed with the following eloquent peroration: “I have seen the wealth of mountains, mountains ballasted with gold; I have seen the wealth of rivers, rivers whose sifted sands might purchase cities; I have seen the palaces of the world, palaces in which lived the royal of the earth, and across whose mighty fronts history had carved her majestic scrolls. I have seen the mansions of the rich, and parliaments whose oaken walls have echoed the eloquence which gives body and ornament to literature. I have gazed at cabinets within which blazed the crowns of kingly heads, the diadems which for half a thousand years had lit with radiance the brow of queen and princess; and here I say, with all this glory of reminiscence back of me, here I say: Bring me these mountains heavy with gold; these rivers flowing yellow with wealth; these palaces rich with their historic blazonry; the mighty parliaments beneath whose arches the oratory of a race has sounded, and all the gems and jewels that have blazed on royal heads, and group them here around me, and tell me they are mine. Then bring me one single page on which some gifted mind has written down its thought, some poet soul has traced a matchless measure, some tuneful spirit in sweet accord with heaven has composed his sublimely measured score, and say: ‘Which will you take; make now your choice,’ and I will answer, quick as a flash: ‘Give me the leaf, the little leaf on which the mind has printed out the measure of its greatness; give it to me as mine, to have, to hold, to keep, and leave behind when dying to him who bears my name and heirs whatever I may have of riches, and I will feel that I possessed, while living, and left him when I died, something more precious than the wealth of all the world,—a proof and part of man’s immortality.’”

We listened to the above beautiful lecture with admiration. We observed all about us many of the best representatives of spiritual thought, all apparently in complete harmony with the glorious sentiments expressed. The word Spiritualism was not once spoken, but every idea advanced by this popular speaker completely coincided with the best and grandest teachings of the noblest spiritual leaders of the day. We are glad to know that so able an orator and communicant of soul life has come forward to teach these great and everlasting truths to man.—ED.

THE BRAHMAN'S SON.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The Brahman's son was dead; the Brahman's heart
 Stricken as if a thunder-bolt had fallen
 Out of a clear sky emptied of all light,
 And suddenly black with midnight. Nevermore
 Would life be what it had been, for the hand
 That, reaching from the darkness, plucked the flower,
 Plucked up by the roots the stem that bore the flower,
 And dashed it down to die the self-same death.

He saw the elders of his caste,
 Graybeards, who had no children, rating him
 Because he sorrowed for his dear dead child.
 Stunned by their harsh reproofs, that smote his ear
 With words of commination he was mute.
 Driven hither by his sorrow for his son,
 And thither by his duty to the gods,
 To whom all sorrow, save what they inflict
 By priestly hands, for gifts withheld from them
 Is sin, the Brahman sought to overcome
 The dark remembrance of his dreadful loss
 By brooding over the Beneficence
 Which fills the world with light, the night with stars;
 By wisdom, which the wisest of his caste
 Proclaimed the only happiness of man,
 But sought in vain.

Haunted by memories he could not escape,
 And grief that would not heal, the Brahman sighed:
 "I am not — cannot be — like other men;
 For having their dead, as I have, they forget,
 While I remember; and not being wise —
 No more than I am — they contrive to find
 (they say so) wisdom, which I cannot find.
 I will seek Yama, therefore, King of Death,
 And pray him to give back my dear dead son."
 The Brahman straightway rose, and clothed himself
 In the long vestments of his priestly caste,
 And having performed the ceremonial rite,
 And offered up the sacrificial flowers,
 Went forth alone to seek the King of Death.
 He questioned all he met where he might find
 That lord of vanished kingdoms.— Where is Death?
 Some stared at him, wide-eyed, but answered not,
 Thinking him mad; some answered, mocking him;
 And other some advised him to return,
 Lest, sooner than he would, he should find Death.

At length he reached the harmless hermitage
 Where dwelt the oldest Brahmans,—holy men,
 Reverend in their white hairs and drifts of beard.

They sat in silence, staring at the sun,
 Not blinded by it, and the birds of heaven,
 Seeing they stirred not, nestled in their beards.
 Awed by the stern composure of their looks,
 The Brahman stopped, like one who in a dream
 Fears to go on, yet feels he must go on.
 Then, bowing lowly to these holy men,
 He said: "O Brahmans! Fathers of the caste,
 As Brahma is the Father of the Gods,
 Supreme in wisdom, as the Gods are, hear,
 And, hearing, help a most unhappy man,
 Who, worn with fruitless wanderings to and fro
 In search of Yama, rajah of the dead,
 Beseeches ye to tell him where he is:
 Direct him, Fathers, to the King of Death."

The Brahmans heard, or seemed to hear
 Like those whom voices overtake in sleep,
 And who, persuaded by the voices, wake,
 Not knowing where they are or who they are,
 Pausing until their souls come back to them.
 "What man art thou? And wherefore seekest thou
 Yama, who comes unsought to every man?"
 Few words sufficed to tell them what he was:
 A Brahman (as they saw), but one to whom
 The wisdom of his caste had not been given,
 Though he had sought it long with all his mind,—
 Sought it with fasts and prayers for three-score years.
 Seeing (he said) that he was growing old,
 And was not growing wise—a simple man,
 Who never could be wiser than he was—
 He took a wife, as was his duty then,
 To bare him holy children. She bare one,
 A son, who was the comfort of his age,
 Him did he dedicate to holiness,
 Instilling at all hours in his young life
 The love of wisdom, teaching all he knew,
 Till, no more teaching, he was taught himself,
 Fathered in knowledge by the wiser child.
 "But he was taken from me in his bloom,
 Taken with the down of manhood on his lip,
 Taken without warning, leaving me alone!
 Wherefore, I pray ye, Fathers, holy men,
 Who, knowing all things, know where Yama dwells,
 Tell me where I may find the King of Death,

That I may pray him to give back my son."
 They answered him together, with one voice,
 As when the sounds of many swollen streams
 Become one sound: "There is no giving back;
 Death takes his own, and keeps it; takes all things.
 The stars die in their courses, like the dew
 That shines and is not; the containing heavens
 Wither like leaves in autumn; all the worlds,
 And all the creatures that inhabit them,
 Vanish like smoke of incense — which they are,
 From the beginning offered up to Death.
 Thou canst not visit Yama's dread abode,
 For no man goes that way with mortal feet.
 But if thy faith be sure, thy courage high,
 Thou mayst do one thing. Many a league from here,
 Hundreds of leagues towards the setting sun.
 There is a valley; in the midst of it
 There stands a City, wherein dwells no man,
 But the Gods only, when their pleasure is
 To clothe themselves in Shape, and live on earth.
 There, when the eighth day of the month is come,
 Comes Yama, from the dark realms of the dead.
 To share the bright life of his brother Gods.
 Go there, and there find Yama. Now depart.
 We have heard and answered thy complaining words,
 And earned the right to meditate again."

The Brahman went

Hundreds of leagues toward the setting sun.
 At last he reached the end o' th' world, and saw
 The valley whereof the Fathers had foretold,
 Immeasurable, and in the midst of it
 The great and glorious City of the Gods.

And over all

The great gate of the palace of the Gods.
 Beside the fiery pillars of this gate,
 With folded wings, two watchful Spirits stood,
 Guarding the entrance lest some evil thing
 Should unperceived steal in; who, when they saw
 The Brahman coming where his prayers had come
 So long before him,—for the prayers of men
 Are ladders mounting from the earth to heaven,—
 They knew his life had been acceptable
 To the high Gods; and though he was the first
 Who, without dying, ever came that way,
 They stayed him not, such fearlessness of death
 Was in his eyes, such certainty of life.

A sense of awfulness

Fell on the Brahman's soul, and closed his lips,
That would have uttered supplicating cries
To have his son restored, but dared not there.
From out the silence of that sacred Place,—
But whether nigh at hand or far away,
From the great roof of brightness overhead,
Or from the cavernous darkness in whose depths
The firm foundation of that world was set
From the beginning, who may say?—there came,
Or seemed to come, a low, mysterious Voice:
"Thy prayers are answered. All the Gods can do
For man is done when they have heard his prayers
And answered them. The consequence of prayer,
Or good or evil, must be borne by man:
The Gods are powerless to undo their work.
Thy son is in the Garden of the East.
Go to him; I permit it." And he went,
Following he knew not how that heavenly Voice,
Sweeter than music on the sea at night,
But sadder than the moaning of the sea
When, pitying, it gives back the dead — too late!

Like one in dreams,
Who bears about with him in unknown worlds
Remembrance of the only world he knows,
The unhappy Brahman wandered up and down.

Passed all, and saw it not,—
Saw nothing but his poor, forsaken home
Beside the Ganges, and the mound of earth
That covered his dead boy,—until at last
The film passed him, and he saw the boy,
More beauteous than on earth, though beauteous there,
Divinely fair,—the same, but not the same.
Trembling, with outstretched hands, and a great cry,
He ran to him, and clasped him in his arms.
"O my sweet boy! O my beloved first-born!
Hast thou forgot me?—me, thy father?—me,
Whose loving heart was broken at thy death?"
"I know thee not," the soul of his dead child
Replied, escaping from his arms like mist.
"My son! my son! hast thou indeed forgot
Thy father, who loved thee more than his own life?
Who taught thy baby lips the words of prayer,—
Deliverance from the power of Evil Ones,
And thanks for the protection of the Gods?
Hast thou forgot thy mother, who, like me,
Weeps, but alone, seeing that I am gone

From her on this long journey after thee?
Oh, look at me! oh, come to me again,
And look at me, and thou wilt know me!" Still
The child came not, but said: "I know thee not:
Thou art a stranger to me. All I know
Is that thou art a mortal, and not wise;
For wert thou wise, as we are, thou wouldst know
That 'father,' 'mother,' here are foolish names,
Belonging to conditions that are past.
Depart, unhappy one! I know thee not.
Thou art no more to me than to the moon
The wind that drives the clouds across her face,
The torch gone out at noonday. Get thee hence:
It profits not to bring thy sorrow here."
The child, the garden—all things—disappeared;
All save the Brahman, and the tears he shed:
Not long; for, lifting up his eyes, he saw
Buddha before him, seated on his throne,
Godlike and human, merciful as wise,
With eyes that read the secrets of all hearts.
Pitying this father who had lost his child,
He stooped and laid his hand upon his breast,
And healing its long heart-ache, gave him peace.
"Brahman! thou hast been punished grievously
For understanding neither life nor death;
For knowing not the spirits of the dead
Receive new bodies after they are dead,
So that their late-left tenements of clay
Are no more to them than a way-side inn,
To which as guests they never go again.
The ties of kindred,—father, mother, child,—
That seem to bind the world with bands of steel.
Are frailer when death comes than spiders' threads;
For death comes like a torrent from the hills,
Which, swollen with rains, sweeps away all love.
And all love clings to with its dying hold.
Thy first, last duty, Brahman, is to live;
True to thyself and others; swerving not
From what the voice within pronounces good.
Who lives well, dies well." So the Brahman found.
For he returned to earth, and wept no more;
But taking up the burden of his life,
He lived it out, and earned a quiet grave;
The thought of which, as he drew near to it,
Was a prophetic promise of his rest,
And of his bright Companion gone before,
Of whom his last words were "He knows me now!"

EDITORIAL.

L. L. WHITLOCK.

IN putting this number of *Facts* before our readers, we feel that we may possibly have stepped beyond the nice point of true modesty in presenting the likeness of the editor as an illustration; but we do so in response to the earnest solicitations of many of his friends.

Now that *Facts* is about to enter upon a new year, in which we hope thousands of new names may be added to our subscription list, it seems well to speak of our original and of our present plans.

This magazine is practically of spirit origin, the editor's father, Rev. George C. Whitlock, LL.D., who passed to spirit life Nov. 4, 1864, being the person to whom the credit of its inception is due, he having first controlled his son, the subject of this sketch, to write and to speak about six years ago. This influence soon made its individuality so apparent to Mr. Whitlock that no doubt of its author was left in his mind. The following year the spirit father gave the plan for *Facts*, and like many others declared his belief that the magazine would not only be in time a financial success, but that it would be productive of much good to those who honestly desire to know and to study intelligently the science of mental and spiritual philosophy as based upon phenomena.

Thus, as years have passed, the spiritual eyes of the editor have been opened, and he has been led to study more deeply not only into the effects of this science but into its causes until that which seemed a narrow basis of facts has unfolded into a universe of thought, which teaches that this world is governed by the same laws,—that we are as truly spirits as those who surround us while we still occupy this earthly, physical body,—that we may leave these bodies and travel to other places, and, like Swedenborg, may return and relate what we have seen.

These are not new ideas, but to many people they seem inconsistent with natural laws, and yet the phenomena of the present day proves their truth beyond question.

Our effort is to make the *Facts* magazine the best possible exponent of all phenomena, whether pertaining to earthly or spiritual things, as these terms are generally used.

The materialist who believes in magnetic action, and who would make it responsible for the phenomena of mesmerism or spiritual effects, is as welcome to discuss these subjects in our pages as is the spiritist who ascribes all to supermundane causes.

Our aim is to make the magazine what the age demands, viz., an authority as far as possible on all psychological, spiritual, or physical phenomena. We have hoped this would be more rapidly accomplished; but time and money have been required. The evidence of the past years convinces us that our readers are at least interested, and we feel that if the subscription list to *Facts* increases in the same proportion for the coming that it has during the passing year, we shall be able to add largely to the number of pages, and to the other features which we hope to make of interest to all.

We are not unmindful of the many kind words of friends, both in and out of the physical body, and the untiring efforts of those spirits who belong to the bands about both Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, which spirits are to them as truly loved members of the family as though present in the earthly forms.

Our musical plan has during the year developed into new ideas, and will in future be of pleasure to all.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE.

It has always been a question how far premiums would increase the subscription list of *Facts*, and what would be most advantageous, interesting, and valuable to our subscribers.

We have, as our readers are aware, sent out a large number of photographs, the list of which shows the finest and largest premium pictures published. Such are sold at any first-class gallery for from \$6 to \$12 per dozen. The offer of them as premiums has greatly increased our circulation. We design to make this list as desirable as possible. Any one of these may be procured as before by payment of 25 cents extra by our subscribers.

The offer of silver ware which we have made for some time past is really an inducement to everyone who needs these goods to subscribe. No better are made than these, as we know of our own experience.

Other premiums, which we need not specify, are all valuable.

The addition of music during the present year having been advantageous, we have decided to enter the field as music publishers, and offer as premiums for subscription a dollar's worth of our own publications of music to each subscriber, or half dollar's worth of sheet music issued by any other music publishers, not including music books however. Ours will be of the regular sheet-music size, printed on fine music paper, from new plates, the copyright of which we control, and which must be directly or indirectly procured from us. We would say in passing that we should be glad to hear from any person having words or music adapted to our use.

In order to make it an inducement to our readers to procure subscribers for *Facts* for 1887, we will send a specimen copy of music during November and December on receipt of two 2-cent stamps. This liberal offer we are sure will induce our present subscribers and readers to use a little personal endeavor to make our subscription list for 1887 a very full one.

We expect to make *Facts* for 1887 larger, and we hope even more desirable than ever. Want of space has in the past made it impossible to publish many things which we would like to have placed before our readers, and for which we expect to find room in the future.

We hope our friends will continue to send us contributions of facts in their own experiences and those of others, and anything of interest suitable for insertion in our pages, and that each will appoint him or herself a committee of one to procure new names for our subscription list.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

COMMON sense is one of the words frequently used to express that part of spirit phenomena which proves its position. We would advise the establishment of an association by which such topics may be discussed. This might be done in the following way:—

Ask each member to agree to give towards its establishment an amount which would assist in its support, and in that way lay the foundation financially. Then hire a suitable room with necessary side rooms to be used for other purposes, library, &c. In this way the question of stability would be settled, and we could then use our efforts to establish the matter upon a firm foundation. We believe several people could be found who would be glad to give a large sum of money for the advancement of such a work.

All the psychical societies of this country have; or at least appear to have, made but little progress in the investigation of laws concerning the soul and its powers; we believe that much might be done in this matter by persons whose years of training in the investigation of spiritual phenomena have given them an opportunity to judge as experts, and that mediums of all classes would be glad to aid an association composed of people of this class. Our own experience proves to us that it is not alone those who are cautious about conditions, but that our best mental mediums are extremely sensitive to the presence of persons whom they feel will take undue advantage by throwing upon them a psychological influence, which may misguide them, especially is this the case where the medium is conscious of everything which is passing. We have long hoped that *Facts* might claim the honor of organizing such an association and become its official

organ. It would certainly add greatly to our present usefulness, providing these investigations were carried out upon the very best and most harmonious plans. These rooms might be made at certain times available to those who desired to use them for seances, not regular members of the association, but who would pay a reasonable rent for them.

With this we might have a library from which all members could obtain any book they desired on these subjects, and if living at a distance they could be sent and returned through the mail. Much valuable phenomena would come to our notice in this way, through private mediums, or those who were present for an hour of recreation.

These few ideas are only hints of what we have long hoped might be accomplished, certainly in Boston, one of the strongholds of Spiritualism, some such work should succeed and be of great value to the world. Will the readers of *Facts* send us their opinions on this subject, and let us know what they are willing to do.

Editor of *Facts* :

I have been shown in the advance sheets of *Facts* your article in regard to a suitable place and method for the investigation of phenomena, and believe as you do that such a scheme well carried out, might result in much good. But to insure it being *well* carried out, involves a greater exhibition of "common sense" than any yet used in this direction. When the elegant and commodious Temple upon the Back Bay was planned and finished, great stress was laid upon the fact that here at last should be rooms and halls, and all perfectly arranged, for the exhibition and investigation of all phases of spirit phenomena, some sixty or more of which were enumerated in the voluminous declaration of principles. All these beautiful apartments, never desecrated nor defiled by cat-shows, dog-shows, juggler's tricks, etc., etc., were to be open for the visits of "angels and ministers of grace," and the seeker after truth, who, without money and without price, should have opportunity to instruct and be instructed in the mysteries of spirit.

They stand empty day after day, and the methods of investigation (at \$2 per head) are such as to make a laughing stock and a by-word of the intended generous gift to the spirit world, and an object of commiseration of the giver.

Why? Because no careful, sensible investigation was made of the pretended phenomena presented; because the select few who took upon themselves to pronounce as to who and what should be admitted there had no previous training of reading, or research, or study, in the sifting of the false from the true; because many, indeed most of them, were completely psychologized, not half so much by evil spirits in or out of bodies as by

their own *selves*, and their desire to be known as the first and foremost exponents of a highly-sensational class of effects.

By all means, let us have such a society as the one you propose, *if it can be broad enough to admit evidence against as well for the spirit origin of the phenomena shown, and yet temperate and charitable and harmonious enough in its manner of procedure to shut out all personalities, calumnies, and discords*,—in short, a calm, quietly-conducted school, in which all alike are learners, none daring to become a leader or teacher, far less a judge, over the motives of those whose opinions are as fixed and well-considered as his who accepts anything for truth, which bears the impress or the weight of some high-sounding name from the other side of life, though its import and diction be unworthy a common school boy's imagination.

No medium who has true, wise guides, whose only desire is to benefit and teach mankind, will fear to bring his gift of mediumship to such a tribunal for exhibition and study; and that medium who is used for an instrument by those who have not yet attained a higher plane than that they occupied when on earth, and those who work through him only for his own or their amusement or pecuniary benefit, may, in such an atmosphere of harmony and instruction, be the means of uplifting both his controls and himself, as well as of proving the existence of spirit identity beyond the grave.

D.

Personally, we have never been associated or identified with the Temple work. The original principles of the society as published did not seem to us practicable, and time thus far has shown our opinion to have been correct.

We have much interest in this work, however, and hope the spirit world will be able to bring about that which is greatly to be desired, viz., a truly spiritual organization, whose beautiful teachings and dignified demeanor will command the respect of all classes.—ED.

OUR MUSICAL PLAN.

In the early summer months a plan was being developed. We were told by our spirit friends to publish music, in regular sheet form and size. We kept this a secret for two reasons: first, we desired to wait until we should have more time for its development; secondly, that it might furnish an attractive feature of our premium list for subscribers to *Facts* for 1887.

In August, at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, in passing Mrs. E. A.

Cutting's tent, I stopped a moment to talk. This medium said: "I see a man who shows me a sheet of music, and I get the idea as he unrolls it that you are going to publish music in this form," &c. I asked some questions, and satisfactory evidence was given of the authorship of the communication.

In reference to the musical plan, as we call it, several messages have been received, both through Mrs. Whitlock's and my own mediumship.

The following is one:—

"The best will pay. Do n't throw away your time and money on poor music.

We are all interested in this matter, and believe it will pay and increase the circulation of *Facts*. It is best to keep on the advertising plan, then you can afford to circulate it largely, which will make a demand for both music and *Facts*. You must know we think favorably of it, or we would not urge it as we do, nor have caused you to write letters to your spirit friends through Mrs. E. A. Martin, the answers to which you see agree with our personal communications."

"Caused you to write," &c., refers to sealed letters sent to Mrs. E. A. Martin by their request, as follows:—

Oct. 5th, in our own private seance, our friends gave certain details, and directed us to write Mrs. M. for co-operation, which we did and received a pertinent answer. A few days later, they told us there were three persons interested in this music plan, and that they would give their names if we would write again. This we did as follows:—

"Will the three friends who gave the music plan write their names in full, or so they may be known, and oblige their friend L. L. Whitlock."

Three names were given, all of which were those of prominent musicians, now in spirit life, with a personal message, which we will wait for the future to develop.

Both these letters were sealed by us, and were returned, not having been opened while out of our possession, thus confirming in every instance what had been given in our own private seances.

Our intention is to control and publish the best music we can obtain, the object intended being to make a demand for *our* music, and at the same time to give to the subscribers to *Facts* one of the best and most interesting premiums ever offered. We will send one sample copy of our sheet music to such persons as any subscriber may direct, on the receipt of 2 two-cent postage stamps for each sheet. We shall increase our list of music as fast as possible, and hope it will be both interesting and popular. It will be furnished to dealers without advertisement on the back page, and to any person sending cash order for music alone.

The circulation of *Facts* has doubled within the last year, and we hope

our friends who have supported us in the past will do all they can to induce their neighbors to subscribe.

It is our intention to increase the size of *Facts* as soon as our subscription list will admit, and to add to our miscellaneous department valuable scientific matter germane to its objects and reviews of interest.

“EARTHLY WATCHERS AT THE HEAVENLY GATES.”

The above is the title of a new book by Rev. John Chester, D.D., pastor of the Metropolitan Presbyterian Church, of Washington, D. C., and published at Philadelphia by the Presbyterian board of publication. We received with it a printed notice, commendatory of the work, but after reading it prefer to make our own criticisms. The great thinking world of truth-loving Spiritualists have nothing to fear from the attacks made by the authors of such commonplace books. The writings of the Bible are too well known to need bolstering by idle arguments from illogical minds. The intelligent spiritist is the only person who can with any degree of candor claim to understand its hidden mysteries, and even then many of them are like the phenomena of today not understood. That the marvelous power of Jesus of Nazareth and other personages spoken of in this wonderful work of inspiration proves they were mediums of intercourse between the two worlds no intelligent Spiritualist denies, and we claim that the only people who can logically accept the Bible teachings are those who know by actual experience the truth of the phenomena occurring every day in thousands of homes where there are no incentives to dishonesty. The fact that dishonest people find a place in Spiritualism as ignorant, superstitious, and dishonest ones find a place in the pulpit, and ignorantly or by fraud teach superstition for a mess of pottage, is beyond doubt. We have no respect for the charlatan, either in the pulpit or seance room, but, if knowledge must come in this way, woe be unto the man through whom the offense cometh.

Spiritualism belongs to the church as much today as in times past, and the great leaders of every age have, we believe, been mediums, and, therefore, the best results have followed their labors. We have no personal feeling towards this reverend gentleman, whose D.D. ought to entitle his book to respect, but when we find that animosity is the ruling principle, with no ray of truth as regards Spiritualism, we feel it is below the standard which the Christian church ought to sanction. If the phenomena of modern Spiritualism is degrading, we can only say that it is apparently of the same character as the so-called miracles of Jesus of Nazareth, and

others whose wonderful works are recorded in the Bible, which this reverend gentleman attempts to show or carry the impression that Spiritualists ignore. No person acquainted with his subject would for a moment teach such as a fact when the opposite is the case. Spiritualism is the foundation of the Bible, and existed ages before the first word of that inspired book was written. Truth, brother, truth; it does not matter what a few people think, or how much we can make, or how we can be the most popular, the main question is honest, intelligent thought, that we may gain the crown prepared for the holy. God in His infinite wisdom created man "but little lower than the angels." If these words are true, then is His highest duty to His creatures completely misdirected, if, having given them reasoning faculties, He forbids their use. We conceive that the intention of the creative power was that each human being, yea, every intelligence, should use its ability in all directions. The idolator who worships graven images is no more an ideal worshiper, no blinder in his faith nor bigoted in his judgment, than is our reverend friend who would forbid the investigating of these to him untruthful phenomena. We do not desire to be misunderstood, the Bible to us is no cunningly-devised fable, but contains the richest teachings, not by any means all original, many of them having been taught long before they were compiled in their present form. This fact makes them no worse, but better, showing that inspired writers of all ages have taught, as a rule, the fundamental principles of Christianity, as the works of Christ taught them. There is much in the Bible we do not understand, and which, if accepted, must be entirely by faith. In this every intelligent human being has a right to think and investigate for himself.

Truth is no coward, it does not hide nor need to be defended by superstition. It will always "stand the storm," you cannot kill it; you may preach against it, still it will be heard. Men will die in its defense as thousands have done.

This subject, my dear brother, is in the hands of higher and wiser spirits than you or I, and if you are too narrow to know the truth here, when it asserts itself in tens of thousands of manifestations whose truthfulness the most intelligent minds admit, you will be obliged to wait until the "mists have rolled away," and you stand before the Judge of the universe; spirit life, and find that there you must make the progression you have refused here. "Woe unto that man who knoweth his duty and doeth it not, for he shall be beaten with many stripes."

IN WHAT STRIKING CONTRAST to the above is the substance of a little book entitled "Garnered Sheaves," by Mr. L. N. Aspinwall, formerly of Minneapolis, now of Boston, whose pages portray in beautiful language an artistically-drawn picture of the loveliest character we have seen in a long

time. Surrounded by all that wealth, fashion, and influence could desire, the heroine of the story goes about teaching love, charity, and good will, science and religious freedom, all in the simplicity of true greatness.

THE HARVEST-MOON FESTIVAL AT ONSET.

WE are under obligations to Col. Crockett for a picture of the rostrum of Onset Temple on the above occasion. It is rather late to notice the festival in detail as it has already been described in the *Banner of Light* and other papers. The arrangement of it reflected great credit upon Mr. Charles W. Sullivan, and upon those people of Onset who assisted in it. The decorations were certainly the finest of the kind we have ever seen. Mr. Sullivan said the plan of it was given him in a vision.

The celebration was a fine success; and we have seldom seen so much spirit manifested in perfect harmony and good order, each spirit waiting until the other had finished speaking. We predict that these autumnal anniversaries will be a great success in the future.

BUSINESS MEN wishing to advertise in any newspaper published in the United States, or British Provinces, can send their orders to GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s. Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York, who are authorized to contract for all at the lowest obtainable rate.

MEDIUMS.—Every medium should be interested to sustain *Facts*, and see that descriptions of any special phenomena of interest is sent to us for publication. A sample copy of *Facts*, and of our new sheet music, will be sent to any person sending us a statement of phenomena.

SUBSCRIBERS.—Will each and every subscriber to *Facts* try before January first to send us one new subscriber? to each one of whom we will send one dollar's worth of our sheet music, and to the subscriber who sends it any picture we publish.

MUSIC.—By permission of Messrs. J. G. Richards & Co., of Cleveland, O., we publish this month "The Dinner-Horn," by Mr. C. Van W. Fish, which is issued by them in sheet music at 35 cents per copy.

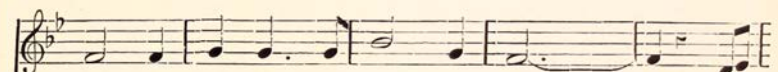
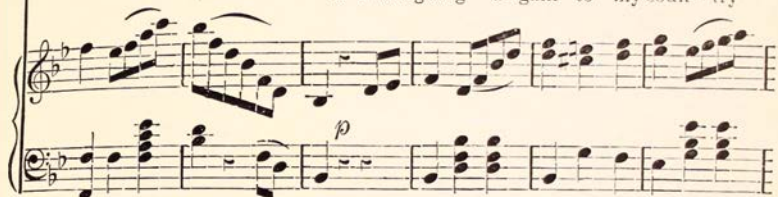
TO MY PARENTS.
THE DINNER HORN.

Arr. by W. E. M. PETTEE.

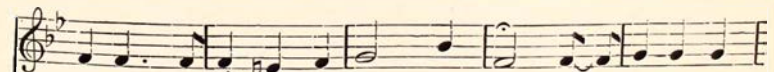
Words and Music by C. VAN W. FISH.



1. The fields are ripe with the gold - en
2. I used to work in the har - vest
3. I am going a - gain to my coun - try



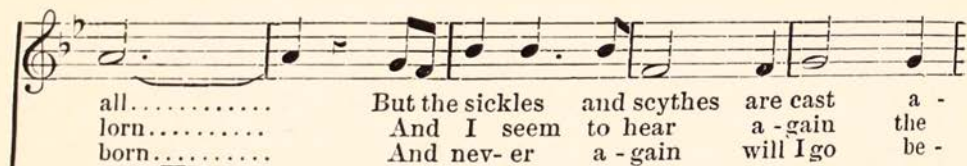
grain, The har - vest is now at hand..... The
field, I had neith - er sor - row nor pain..... I
home, Where hap - pi - ness reigns su - preme..... A -



workmen are sing - ing as they toil, They're a happy and
now am far from the scenes of my youth, I wish I were back
gain I will hear the lark's clear song, At the morning's



THE DINNER HORN.



THE DINNER HORN.

3

sound of the din - ner horn..... Rings sweetly from

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'sound of the dinner horn..... Rings sweetly from'.

o - ver the hill..... It prom - i - ses rest and

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'o - ver the hill..... It prom - i - ses rest and'.

qui - et - ness, I hear it call - ing still.... . Oh! the

This system contains the third line of the song. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment on this page. The lyrics are 'qui - et - ness, I hear it call - ing still.... . Oh! the'.

THE DINNER HORN.

sound of the din - ner horn..... Rings sweet-
din - ner horn,

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics 'sound of the din - ner horn..... Rings sweet-'. The middle staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'din - ner horn,'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment featuring a series of chords and eighth-note patterns.

o - ver the hill..... It prom - i - ses rest and
hill, the hill,

This system contains the next three staves. The vocal line continues with lyrics 'o - ver the hill..... It prom - i - ses rest and' on the first staff and 'hill, the hill,' on the second staff. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

qui - et - ness, I hear it call - ing still.....
call - ing still.

This system contains the final three staves shown. The vocal line concludes with lyrics 'qui - et - ness, I hear it call - ing still.....' and 'call - ing still.' The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support for the vocal phrases.