

FACTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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 Psychological Effects.

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*"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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We shall continue to send *Facts* to subscribers until forbid.

To Subscribers.—We intend to make important improvements in *Facts* the coming year, and, by so doing, give our subscribers the worth of their money, *without a premium*, believing that most of them would prefer the improvement of the magazine to any premium we could offer.

Our intention is to add to our present collection of photographs those of other mediums, speakers, and prominent persons of interest. From these our subscribers will be allowed to select any one picture for each yearly subscription by *paying 25 cents extra*; and to any person who will send us a new subscriber with their own, with \$2, we will send any one desired. These pictures are worth from 50 to 75 cents each.

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FACTS.

WAS IT MIND-READING?

The following interesting incidents we clip from the *Richmond Democrat*, published by Mr. J. G. Anderson, of Richmond, Ray County, Mo. We are sorry our limited space will not permit us to republish his editorial. It has the true ring in it. Every word means *honesty*. We quote the following: "Not for all the subscribers we have in Ray County; not for every dollar within the vaults of the banks; not for the friendship and praise of every soul in the county, would we suppress our thoughts, and deny the truth of our convictions." Such men at the head of our press, and in the pulpit, would make ignorant superstition bow to a higher life and nobler impulses. Go on, brother! — ED.

"There is hardly a person living who has not had some experience in the direction of the unnatural, which seemed strange and inexplicable at the time, and remained in mystery ever after. Some people have had mind visions as terribly or sweetly real as any vision of the most wakeful eye. Others have been impelled to do certain things by some occult influence at once mysterious, indefinable, and inspiring. The following remarkable incident which happened some years ago has been vouched for. A mother and father had left home in the morning for a destination some ten miles distant. On their return in the afternoon, and while several miles from home, they were met by a horseman, who beckoned to the father to come to him. The father did so, and returned to his wife with a serious and troubled face. The mother's heart at once divined that something had happened at home

to one of the children, and she appealed to her husband to tell her the worst. She was hesitatingly told that their youngest daughter — a child of some five years — had been accidentally shot through the head, and was not expected to live. The mother was prostrated with grief at the news, but in the midst of her darkest despair and suffering, whilst being whirled toward her stricken child as fast as horses' hoofs could travel, the clear voice of some unseen power spoke distinctly to her soul, or consciousness: 'She will not die.' The words were so plainly heard, so forcibly and confidently uttered, that they brought conviction with them. All through the long months of the child's trying sickness, when life seemed held by the slenderest thread, the mother doubted not the ultimate recovery of her daughter. While others faltered in their belief, the mother remained steadfast, and her faith was vindicated, and her excellent care and nursing of the invalid were rewarded. The child lives in Kansas City today, a charming, lovable, and highly-esteemed lady.

"It is such experiences as this which must be collated and cogitated. The phenomena of mind must be approached with infinite patience; and all the evidence attainable, even to the minutest and seemingly insignificant experiences, must be carefully studied and compared and related. And if once these mind-facts, or soul-facts, are grasped, who can predict the end?

"To this story let us add another,—relating it briefly, and to the point. Our story is of very recent occurrence, and we are ready to produce the proof that it is exactly as stated:—

"A sensitive, busied about her household duties, felt, or 'sensed' a presence about her for several days, and finally described the occurrence to other members of the household, as follows: 'There comes to me a young man, who appears to strive hard to tell me something, but cannot do so perfectly. I do not see him exactly, and cannot hear him as you hear me talk, yet I hear distinctly, or an impression is made on my brain. The young man says he was and is near and dear to Dr. —, of —. That he was out duck-hunting, when he was accidentally shot and killed. I see the boat on a lake, or sheet of water, and as it lands the accident happens. There appear to be two companions with the young man, but I cannot get this part of the scene perfect. He insists that I shall write to Dr. —, and inform him of the

impression given me, and later on he will be able to send him a more perfect message.' The lady hesitated about writing, for the reason that she had never met the doctor but once, and was never in his company, all told, more than an hour. The acquaintance was so slight that she did not know if the doctor was a man of family,—in fact, she knew nothing whatever about his past life. She knew that he was a professional man, of high standing in this city, pleasant in manner, and apparently fifty years of age. She felt impelled to write as directed, and within five days after doing so, received an earnest letter from Dr. —, thanking her repeatedly for having written, and expressing the joy he felt at receiving what to him was absolute and satisfactory evidence of the presence in this lady's household of his son, who met his death as described while out duck-hunting twelve years ago. 'Since the day of the great sorrow to me,' wrote the doctor, 'my boy has not been out of my mind for forty-eight hours consecutively. I loved him dearly in life.' The letter came from a point hundreds of miles distant, and from a State the lady never set foot in.

"We will leave the mind-reading advocates to account for this, —if they can.

"We omit names, simply because we have not the doctor's permission to use his name, and the lady does not wish nor seek notoriety. This is but one of the many similar queer and unexplainable (save in one way) incidents we could relate in connection with the same sensitive.

HEALING AT A DISTANCE.

By Mrs. N. A. EASSON, Newburyport, Mass.

My name is Mrs. N. A. Easson; I reside in Newburyport, Mass. On Nov. 17, 1885, I went to Boston, shopping, and at about three P. M., I was attacked with severe pain in my right limb, and became unable to walk. I was taken to my daughter's home at No. 51 Cambridge Street, Charlestown, and an eminent physician, Dr. Hemenway, was called in. He pronounced it a severe attack of sciatic neuralgia. Nothing but morphine, injected, gave me any relief from pain, and from the time I was attacked I had been

unable to move my limb, or even my toes. Previous to going to Boston I had engaged a seat in a private circle of Mr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport. On the 20th inst. I wrote to him, telling him that I was sick, and that I must give up my seat. On the 21st inst. I received a letter from him, saying: "Do n't get discouraged, for the pain will take a sudden leap from you when you least expect it. 'Running Water,' my Indian medicine man, says: 'Tell your daughter to bare your limb from the hip down; then begin to gently smooth it from the hip to the knee, and from the knee to the foot, thence out toward and by the big toe; it will relieve you, it will strengthen you.'"

I read the letter to my daughter and sister, who were present when it was received, and both laughed at me, and called me a crank. I told my daughter that if there was anything on earth that would relieve me of at least a part of my suffering I did not care what it was, and felt willing to give it a trial. Up to this time I had not changed my position in bed, just four days. She laughed at herself for being so foolish as to obey such orders, but began to do as "Running Water" had directed. In about ten minutes I felt a desire to turn onto my side, but thought I could not. Still the desire came to turn, and, as it kept increasing, I thought I would try to do it. Then my limb commenced to take on life, and I said: "See, my toes move! I can move my foot, and ankle!" Then I did turn over onto my side; move my limb; bend the knee; put my foot partly out of bed; turned back; and then sat partially up in bed! All this time my daughter was rubbing me, and, in company with my sister, looking at me in wonder! I at once wrote to Mr. Hidden the result of the treatment, and on the 24th inst. he replied, giving further directions regarding treatment, and closing as follows: "'Running Water' says if your daughter will rub you at ten o'clock on Wednesday, he will try and control her; will try to make her hands shake, and make her feel like a big Injun." At about ten, on Wednesday morning, I called my daughter to my bedside, without mentioning anything about what "Running Water" had said. She began rubbing me, and presently stopped and said: "My hands feel swollen; they seem big and stiff, as if I had been out in the cold a long time." A moment later she said; "What ails me? Your bed is getting lower, or I am getting taller! I feel as if I was

about six foot tall, and as strong as an Indian!" She continued the treatment while talking in this strain, and soon I was free from pain. I had discontinued my medicine from the 21st inst., for I had faith in this beautiful treatment. On the 26th inst., Thanksgiving Day, I dressed and went out to the dining room, and took dinner with the family. Two weeks from the day I left home my friends were surprised to see me on the streets of Newburyport, making arrangements for the fair, then about to be held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society, of which I am the president.

"RUNNING WATER'S" DEPUTY SPEAKS.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass., Dec. 28, 1885.

The above statement is true in every particular, and it all occurred at my home, No. 51 Cambridge Street, Charlestown, Mass.

MRS. DORA M. FOX.

MRS. CHAPMAN IN CORROBORATION.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 25, 1885.

Although I am not a Spiritualist,—and, in fact, have always denounced it,—still I must admit that I was a witness to my sister's treatment, and must confess that there is something in it.

MRS. MARY L. CHAPMAN,

No. 542 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

SEEING A SPIRIT LEAVE THE BODY SIX MILES AWAY.

By Mr. W. B. PARISH, Stowe, Vt.

Editor of *Facts* :

Knowing you are soliciting *facts* for your very valuable magazine, I will relate a recent experience. About Oct. 18, 1885, my wife's mother, of Waterbury Centre, was taken sick, and on the twentieth we were sent for, mother not being expected to live. We went to her immediately, and after a few days she seemed to be better, and I returned home. My wife remained, and I occasionally went out and staid a few days. On November 2nd, her son came out in the forenoon, and said he thought his mother would live a week or more, and went to his home. That day we had an early supper (about three o'clock). I had just turned away from the table, when I felt an influence; and, putting my hand over my

face, as I usually do when I am about to be shown anything of this kind, I saw the old lady apparently dying. I threw off the influence, thinking it a mistake, but soon it came on me again, and I had the same view as before. I arose from my seat and walked around the room, hesitating whether I would speak of it or not, as I had not much faith in it, and the two ladies present were not Spiritualists. But after a little time I said: "I guess I have had a vision." One of the ladies asked what it was. I said: "They are having trouble at Waterbury. I think mother Gregg is dying. I see her lying upon her *side*, which she had not done since she was taken sick. I see a bright light, like a diamond, in the center of her forehead, and I see other lights around her,—a cloud-like substance rising up from her head, which is an indication that the spirit is leaving the body. I also see her eldest daughter, Lucy Ann (who passed to spirit life several years ago) standing by her bedside, fanning her mother with a feather fan, the ends of which are white." Some three hours after this I went to the post-office, and as the stage came in from Waterbury, I learned that the old lady passed away about the middle of the afternoon. I went out the next morning, and, upon making inquiries, my wife said: "Mother whispered to me to turn her over a little upon her side, which I did, and she passed away immediately."

This may seem strange and unaccountable to many, as it is to me; but for its truthfulness I would refer you to Mrs. Hattie Johnston, now living at Nyark, N. Y., and to Mrs. Mary Smith, of Stowe, Vt., to whom I related it three hours before I heard of the transition.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH, AND IMMEDIATE RETURN.

By Mrs. E. A. CUTTING, Boston, Mass.

In August, 1861, my first husband, Mr. George C. Sherman, was at Montpelier Junction, Vt., on business. He had started for his home in Waterbury, Vt., and was run over by the cars about five o'clock in the afternoon. His legs were so badly crushed that he died about one o'clock in the night. I was thirty miles from home, and knew nothing of what had happened. The

church clock struck one, and awoke me from a sound sleep, and to the consciousness that my husband was standing by my bed; and I said: "George, I have had a bad dream. I thought I was away from you, and sick. I am so glad it is not so, and that you are here." He then drew me to him, and kissed me, saying: "I will be always near you to warn you of danger." These words he had used a short time before in a conversation on Spiritualism, when he said he hoped he should be permitted to come to me, if there was any truth in it. He appeared to me as natural as anybody in the flesh, and, as he rose from the bed, I said: "You are not going now, are you? It is only one o'clock, for I heard the clock strike only a few minutes ago." He answered: "I must go." He stooped and kissed me, and then, with a sigh, said: "Oh, I *must* go!" and vanished. I knew then it was his spirit I had seen, and the next day heard the sad news that my husband was dead. He said he would warn me of danger, and he has done so many times. I was not then a Spiritualist, but through the manifestation of spirits I have been brought to the grand and beautiful knowledge that our friends live beyond the grave, and can, under proper conditions, return to earth, and hold sweet communion with us.

A SPIRITUAL CLOCK.

By Mrs. J. A. HUNTLEY, Marlow, N. H.

One night in November, 1869, my husband awoke me about midnight, and said: "Did you hear the clock strike?" I, not being fully awake, said: "Yes"; and went to sleep again. I thought no more about it, supposing he meant the clock in the sitting-room. In the morning he told me the clock in our sleeping-room had struck one, and that he heard the wheels in motion. I said to him: "You dreamed it." But he told me he was awake, and had been for some time, and he knew it did strike one. Still I believed it to be a dream, which, to him, seemed a reality.

A few days after I was in the sitting-room, with the door open that led into our sleeping-room, where the old clock stood. I sat directly in front of it, and at three o'clock it struck one again. I looked instantly, and saw the wheels in motion, as though keep-

ing good time. This satisfied me it was not a dream with my husband, for I had seen the revolution of the wheels, and heard the sound produced by them. When he came in I related what I had seen and heard. We decided to wait for future events to occur, and to keep this a secret from our youngest daughter, who was of a timid nature. Nothing more was heard from it until three o'clock of the afternoon of December 12th, when my daughter came running out where I was at work, and exclaimed: "Mother! mother! what ails that clock?" I replied: "Nothing, that I know of." "Why," said she, excitedly, "the clock in your sleeping-room is striking." She then ran for her father (who was in the wood-shed) and told him what was taking place. He came in, and we all went into the bed-room, and stood in front of the clock. My husband said: "If it is a spirit that makes this clock strike, do so now, so we may see the hammer go." No sooner said than done. The clock struck three times, and we all saw it in motion. The clock was a brass one, bought at an auction; the pendulum was broken, and the ball of it laid in the bottom of the clock; the cord of the striking-weight was gone, and the time-weight was not wound up. The knob of the door was also gone. Cobwebs had gathered in it, for it had not run for ten years. The reader will perceive that some invisible power must have made the old clock strike.

We did not hear from it again until the spring of 1870, when Mr. D. N. Brown, of Drewsville, N. H. (a medium), came to visit us. We related to him what had taken place, when he said it was Mr. A. J. Gee, who had struck the clock. This was the name of our nearest neighbor, who passed to spirit life June 25, 1869, in the house where this clock was bought.

We had the clock repaired, and it keeps good time, with the exception of its occasional spiritual freaks.

INDEPENDENT DRAWINGS ON A WALL.

By Mr. RILEY M. ADAMS, Vineland, N. J.

Editor of *Facts*:

In the December number of *Facts* I noticed an article by Prof. Carpenter, of striking interest, and as I have experienced

some phenomena of a similar character, let me give a description of them for the benefit of your readers.

During the summer of 1872, Dr. R. G. Fellows, my wife, and myself held a seance twice a week at our house. The doctor was a medium of rare gifts. We received independent writing on the table; were touched by materialized hands; heard talking by spirits through a trumpet, while bells and a violin floated over our heads. We saw spirit lights; were sprinkled with water and perfume. The voices speaking to us gave such messages as: "Tell your neighbors of these manifestations, and when you come over our side they will thank you for giving them the light." "We come to let you know that you are not going into the grave,"—and other similar comforting words.

On July 17th the most remarkable seance occurred. Henry C. Wright, Tecumseh, and an Irish spirit, giving his name as Garrity O'Bryne, gave a wonderful display of their power. When the seance was nearly finished, we heard a scratching high up on the wall. In two or three minutes a pencil dropped into my wife's lap. Upon lighting the lamp, a profile picture of an Irish face was seen, with the name of Garrity O'Bryne written underneath it. During these manifestations our hands were joined.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SEANCE.

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

Mrs. Ross gave a very remarkable seance at her residence in Providence, on Nov. 10, 1885, for the benefit of the Providence Spiritualist Association. The conditions were beyond question, and the same as related on page 165 (November number, 1885), the disputed door being *shut* and *locked*.

Over twenty-five children made their appearance, frequently two at a time; about twenty men, and, at one time, seven forms at once; several times six, and eight times four at once; and two and three at once, nearly all of the time. About one hundred and twenty-five forms appeared, many of whom were recognized. Rev. Mr. Britton, of Rumford, R.I., and Mr. Horace B. Knowles, of Providence, were among the forty-two persons present.

A PHYSICAL SEANCE IN A BRIGHT LIGHT.

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

A very interesting seance was given by Mrs. Nellie Whitney at the Facts Social on Saturday evening, January 9th, at Langham Hall.

Passing over the introductory exercises of music and psychometric readings, which were well received, we find placed upon the platform a small cabinet about five feet long, sixteen inches wide, and five feet high, made by covering a wooden frame with black cloth on the two ends and one side, the front being open. On the floor were placed a guitar and tambourine, in which were pencils, a block of paper, iron rings, a small music-box without the crank, etc. Mrs. Whitney was seated in front of this cabinet, all, except her head, covered with a black cloth. This was stretched out like wings, and fastened to the front posts of the cabinet, about the height of her shoulders, thus leaving an open space. Her hands were then filled with flour. All these preparations were made in the presence of the audience, even to unpacking the cabinet and putting it up. The light, by request of her guides, was kept at full height, and every burner in the hall was lighted.

Under these conditions the musical instruments, bells, etc., were all used,—a part of the time more than one at once. Several messages were written upon paper, all of them of personal interest. One was in French, and another, to myself, in Greek. This communication has been translated by a professor in a theological seminary near Boston. He says: "The sentence, by its chirography, suggests a person who was not accustomed to writing Greek. But the words employed, and the constructions, are hardly such as a *novice* would use."

TRANSLATION.

"[I am] dwelling in air. Much better is it. So much more sweetly. I live here in this very place a citizen."

A dozen or more handkerchiefs were taken into the cabinet by visible hands. On some of them were written messages to persons present. Finger rings were called for, and some six or eight were passed into the cabinet, being received by hands over the

top of the curtain. In a few moments these rings were found upon the fingers of both of the medium's hands. Numerous other experiments were tried with equally as good results. A lady who had never seen anything of this kind before received an excellent test, as follows: the medium's control, "Fritz," said: "I see a boat, bottom up, and two men [giving their names]; one of them swims ashore, and the other was drowned." The lady said: "Charlie is my brother; the description is correct."

Other interesting phenomena occurred, but for want of space I will close by saying Mrs. Whitney is a short lady, not over five feet high. She sat in an ordinary dining chair, with her feet upon a pile of books, about six inches high, as a rest, as she could not touch her feet to the floor. The tambourine, etc., were lying on the floor of the platform, not less than twenty inches farther than she could reach, making it impossible for her to have handled any of the articles above mentioned without moving her head, which was in full view of the audience, and fastened by the curtain in an upright position.

I am thus explicit to show that had Mrs. Whitney's hands been free to act, instead of filled with flour, *as they were*, she could not have produced these results without moving her head, which could be seen perfectly by every person present, as it was light enough to read ordinary print in any part of the hall.

INDEPENDENT WRITINGS.

By Miss L. BARNICOAT, East Boston, Mass.

During the month of July, 1883, while I was at Onset Bay, I attended some of Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel's physical light seances. At one of them I received this message:—

"*My Dear Sister*,—I shall ever be near you.

ED. S. WHEELER."

Also one signed "Mary T." I could not think who it was, although the spirit was described to me by Dr. Rothermel. My own guide, "Pale Lilly," then controlled me, and told who it was.

SPIRITS EATING AND DEMATERIALIZING IN A SEANCE.

By MR. ELISHA MORSE, Minneapolis, Minn.

At a materialization seance held by Mrs. Elsie Reynolds on the evening of March 17, 1885, at the residence of Mrs. Sleeper, 334 Fremont Street, San Francisco, some very remarkable manifestations occurred. There were eleven persons present, besides the medium. The cabinet was a very simple affair, consisting of a black cambric curtain, about eight feet in height, drawn across a corner of the room. The plastered walls were lined with black cambric, showing the solid wall, when raised for examination, and no possible way for any confederate to enter excepting through the aperture in front.

After the company were seated, the medium entered the room, and took her seat in front of the curtain. Within one minute from the time she seated herself a spirit opened the curtain and looked out, standing about half a minute. The medium then took her chair into the cabinet, but was immediately pushed out, and again seated herself outside, still in her normal condition, and talking to the friends outside. A female spirit showed herself several times, and a conversation was held inside the cabinet between Mr. Gruff, the controlling spirit of the medium, and nearly every one of the sitters, he calling us by name, and giving a cordial greeting. After this, the medium was entranced, and took her seat inside the cabinet. Several different spirits came out and greeted friends, who appeared to recognize them, some going around the circle and shaking hands with each one. The bright little spirit Effa (one of the medium's controls) entertained the company with her witty sayings and pretty songs. Mr. Gruff sang a song, then took a tin horn and talked through it, carrying the horn from the floor to the ceiling (which was about twelve feet high), talking to us while the horn touched the ceiling, then going down rapidly to the floor, and talked while the horn lay upon the floor. He then told the company that he would show both his feet at once, and did show them outside the curtain, about four feet from the floor. Effa remarked at the time that Mr. Gruff only had his feet materialized. We talked with Mr. Gruff and Effa the entire evening, though both were invisible to us.

A female spirit came out, with an illuminated card in her hand. She requested the light turned down, then walked around the circle, showing the illuminated card, with different names upon it. When she held the card before me, I read the name "Carrie Miller" distinctly, but could not quite make out the other names. These names would change while being held before us. Several persons said they saw the names of spirit friends on the card. This was a new and beautiful phase of spirit power which I had never before seen, excepting through this medium. A spirit came out, calling herself Lillie Roberts, greeted and shook hands with all, calling each by name, as she had previously met each one on other occasions. She then advanced to the adjoining room where the folding-door was partly open, and said: "Who is coming now? Here is a spirit materializing." We looked, and distinctly saw a female spirit coming up slowly, apparently through the floor. Lillie took her by the hand, and led her out into the room before us, but she appeared unable to give her name, and withdrew into the cabinet. After this, Lillie came out of the cabinet with two other female spirits, the three standing nearly a minute in full view of all. Soon a spirit came out, calling: "Papa, Annie!" I went forward and greeted my daughter Annie, holding quite a long conversation with her. I asked if Abbie (a spirit friend) could come tonight. She replied that she would try and bring her. I turned to take my seat, when Annie called to me to "Come back; here is Abbie!" I stepped forward, and greeted her, putting my arms around the waist of each, and talked with them fully a minute. I recognized both by the conversation held, if by no other way. I am as certain as I can be of anything that the forms were those of my daughter and old friend Abbie.

After this came the most remarkable manifestations of spirit power that I have ever witnessed; too wonderful for anyone to accept unless through their own senses of sight and hearing. Annie (the spirit daughter of Mrs. Sleeper, at whose house the seance was held) had arranged with her mother to set a table in the adjoining room, with eatables thereon, as she wished to show what she could do. She came out of the cabinet, pushed the folding-doors aside, then re-entered the cabinet, and came out with a female spirit, whom she led into the other room, and placed standing at the table, facing the company. She then came and took

each one by the hand; led us into the other room, placing us around the table, then commenced to wait upon us. Her mother remarked that she feared it was too dark then for the company to see well, and said: "Would n't you rather have them take their seats in the other room, and wait on them there?" She replied: "I guess that will be better, mamma. Please take your seats as before." We re-seated ourselves, and Annie and her mother filled the plates, Annie taking each one to us as filled, saying that she should serve all the gentlemen first. After all had received a plate from her, she returned, and filled cups with lemonade, passing them around to each, then helped her mother. She then helped herself to cake and lemonade, came out and seated herself by my side, and ate and drank with us. She drank two or three cups of lemonade, once put her cup to my lips, and asked me to drink some of hers. She only returned once to the cabinet for only half a minute, to get strength, and a gentleman said she was out just twenty-five minutes in all, as he looked at his watch when she first came out. Just before we got through eating, we saw the spirit who was left by the table in the other room go down, dematerialize at the table, in full view of all in the room. Shortly after this Mr. Gruff remarked that "the spirit who dematerialized in the other room is now here in the cabinet."

There were several other demonstrations which I have not mentioned. I have not exaggerated the story in the least. I believe everyone present would testify to the truth of my statement. I do not think there was a possible chance for any confederacy by mortal beings, and I am fully satisfied of the genuineness of the materializations, and the wonderful power of Mrs. Reynolds as a medium.

THE APPARITION OF AN OLD FRIEND TELLS MR. JOSEPH F. BROWN OF HIS DEATH.

By MR. JOSEPH F. BROWN, Indianapolis, Ind.

I am not at all superstitious; have none of the "spiritual gift" enumerated by St. Paul, and considered by him as desirable; and I am not a "Spiritualist," in the modern acceptance of the word. Yet, I acknowledge there are many things occurring in the life

of every man which neither "cast-iron philosophy" nor "star-eyed science" can intelligently account for; illustrating Shakespeare's declaration: "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy;" things which seem to prove that Longfellow's lines have some truth in them:—

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats close, like an atmosphere."

I write to give publicity to a very remarkable apparition which, within the last three months, I have been a witness to, in the hope that some of your readers, who have made a study of such phenomena, may offer a satisfactory explanation.

I will not attempt to do it, for the reason that I cannot; but simply narrate the *facts precisely as they occurred*, all of which I am willing to verify on oath.

On the night of Thursday, sixteenth of July last, I retired early, and soon awoke from a deep sleep, and said to my wife: "I have just had a visit from our old friend Joseph Reynolds, of Washington. He told me he had died this evening." I repeated the circumstance to my family at breakfast next morning. I saw him as distinctly as I ever did during the thirty years of our intimate acquaintance. I had not heard, directly or indirectly, from him for the nine years last past, and certainly had not once thought of him for as many months.

This apparition made such an impression upon me that, on coming to my desk in the county clerk's office on Friday morning, I made a memorandum of it, locked the paper up in a private drawer, waiting to learn if it would prove true, as I believed it would. On Wednesday following, I received from a friend a copy of the *Washington Evening Star*, of Saturday the eighteenth of July, from which I cut the following:—

Death of Joseph Reynolds, sr.

"Mr. Joseph Reynolds, sr., one of the oldest citizens of the district, died at his residence on H Street, Thursday evening. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 25, 1805, and came with his father, Enoch Reynolds, to this city in 1810. But nine years of age at the time the British burned the capital, his remarkable memory enabled him to describe with readiness the scenes attending that occasion.

“Mr. Reynolds settled in Georgetown, D. C., and was associated as clerk with W. W. Corcoran, Esq., then engaged in mercantile pursuits. Mr. Reynolds was a member of the celebrated Georgetown military company, of which Mr. Corcoran was the commander. Mr. Reynolds, in early life, married Serina, daughter of Judge Bett, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and shortly thereafter moved to the residence, 931 H Street, which he occupied at the time of his death.”

In view of the foregoing, I venture to ask these questions:—

Is the adamantine wall, which separates the finite from the infinite, the seen from the unseen, so *absolutely impassable* that even the celestial soldiers who, like my dead friend, have “put on the whole armor of God” may not occasionally scale it, and appear to those of us who have not yet reached the eternal shore? Can this question be truthfully answered in the light of the fragmentary and uncertain knowledge which the lamp of this mortal life sheds upon it? Or must we wait until, having passed the Jordan of death, our eyes can catch that fixed and pure radiance which beams forever upon the battlements of our final home?

OCTOBER, 8, 1885.

A SEALED COMMUNICATION ANSWERED.

By MR. ROSCOE, 26 Stewart Street, Providence, R. I.

I wish to write you an account of a very wonderful test given to me through the mediumship of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the spirit post-master. In the month of August I was stopping at Onset Bay, Mass., where, for the first time, I made his acquaintance. During a pleasant conversation, he requested me to write a question, addressed to some friend in spirit life, unknown to him. I wrote my question, and sealed it securely. He then took the paper, and sat down to his table in my presence. I could see every movement he made. The fore-finger of his left hand commenced to move, as is customary when he is giving a communication, as all that have sat with him will testify. Imagine my great surprise, when he had finished, to find a very beautiful and truthful communication, signed by my father in full, as I had addressed him in spirit life. I am positive the doctor had no way of knowing anything about my father or our family, and, for that reason, the communication was more than satisfactory.

OCTOBER 9, 1885.

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

A REPLY TO REV. JAMES K. APPLEBEE'S ESSAY ON "MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP."

Editor of *Facts* :

I have just finished reading the essay, by Rev. James K. Applebee, on "Mediums and Mediumship," read at your Facts Meeting October 25th, and printed in the November *Facts* magazine, and desire to express a few thoughts that occurred to me while perusing it. And I will say here that I heartily endorse Mrs. Whitlock's fitting rebuke to the uncharitable sentiments expressed by the reverend essayist.

It seems to me that it needs but little consideration of the subject to convince anyone that the great truths of Spiritualism cannot be "degraded or befouled." Truth is divine, immutable, eternal. Can the finite degrade the Infinite? When Jehovah—the eternal principle of wisdom, love, and power—stands trembling with disgrace, then fear for white-robed Truth; until then we may rest in peace, for spirit return we know to be based upon facts, if the senses of mankind are capable of giving evidence, and the mind of forming logical conclusions thereon. Fact is truth, and truth is God. Truth oftentimes lieth in the dirt of ignorance for many ages; but, like the diamond, it cannot be sullied by any vile contact, and it ever glows with the presence of the Great Spirit who pervades and quickens when the proper time arrives for its presentation to the world.

If there are any fraudulent mediums, I pray let them be relieved from the weighty imputation of degrading God's truth,—^athey can but disgrace themselves. At the risk of being classed as a "credulous thick-and-thin" Spiritualist, I shall state that, after an extensive and varied experience with spiritual phenomena, I am compelled to believe that there are very few professed mediums who are fraudulent. It is well understood that there are tricksters traveling about the country who are seeking to "steal the livery" of Spiritualism to serve their own selfish purposes; but it needs no practiced eye to see the long teeth and glaring eyes of the wolf of deception, and to understand the character of the performances they present to the gullable public, and which are no more like the phenomena produced by spirits than the mythological Satyrs ever were like Peris, or Gorgons like the Graces.

Although I have found very few fraudulent mediums, I have discovered that spiritual phenomena are governed by such intricate, delicate, and complex laws that I stand amazed when I contemplate the vastness of the subject, and meekly retire from the list of sharp-witted persons who discover the whole "game" of Spiritualism at one or even half a dozen seances.

The following statement (in substance) concerning materialization was made to me by a gentleman well known, and honored for his good sense, truth, and veracity: "There is something very strange about it, and the more I see of it the less I understand how materialization is produced. I visit a medium every few days, to see my wife, who is in the spirit world. She seldom fails to appear,—often so natural that no person who has ever seen her can fail to recognize her; at other times she looks just exactly like the medium. At such times I frankly tell her (the spirit) of the fact, when she immediately retires to the cabinet, revealing the medium as she draws aside the curtains to re-enter, very soon re-appearing, sometimes perfectly individualized. Sometimes I send her back again and again before she is relieved entirely of the likeness of the medium; but each time she is a little more like herself, until at last she stands perfect before me."

In this case neither the spirit nor the medium was fraudulent in intention, but the spirit simply produced incomplete work in clothing her spirit form with matter, in which the medium may have contributed largely, according to the law of mediumship, and not willfully or knowingly.

Had this gentleman been less persistent, discerning, and discrete, how easily might he have characterized the medium as a "fraud," doing thus not only the great wrong of falsely accusing the medium, but grieving the spirit of his beloved wife, and losing the pleasure of a meeting and conversation with her?

A medium once said to me: "I do n't wonder that people sometimes think I am trying to deceive them; for actually there are times when innumerable hands and arms seem to grow right out of my body and touch different persons in the circle. I never in my life, by spirit control or voluntarily, touched anybody with my own hands while sitting in a circle; but persons have been justified in thinking so at times. I do n't understand how these things are done any more than you do, or why the manifestations are so unlike at different times, for it is not always that the hands and arms are attached to me, but sometimes separate, distinctly and independently, with the exception that, if anything is wrong in the circle, I feel it at once. I have known the circle to be suddenly broken when manifestations were taking place; and it seemed as if I had been struck a heavy blow; at other times I almost faint."

Innumerable instances can be related wherein genuine manifestations might be supposed fraudulent by an inexperienced investigator. Let those

who are wise be modest and patient; study, watch, and pray for more light and knowledge concerning these things. If bad spirits come to deceive, make them a text-book, and learn, if possible, the law of their re-incarnation. The knowledge gained may serve as a key to the re-imbodiment of a saint, or some of your own loved ones, who may be either good or bad. I am sorry the reverend brother has had such unsatisfactory experiences with mediums as to conclude that "nine-tenths of all he has seen and heard were fraudulent." I would suggest that he try the experiment of the eager, gullible Spiritualist, and next time go to "get something." If he will conform modestly to the conditions of the circle, in the attitude of a seeker after truth, and not in the spirit of a detective, all "agape" for a "trick," he may possibly help to make such superior conditions that the "conscientious medium" will not feel obliged to help the spirits, that the sitters may receive their dollar's worth. Let all doubters be careful that they introduce not sensitive mediums to a crowd of "foolish and false spirits," who ever lurk within the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust, and lest they (the investigators themselves) be held "beyond the pale of earthly redemption," chewing only the ashes of the fruit of deceit and disappointment. Diakka, not angel friends, respond to bad conditions.

E. J. H.

LAKWOOD, N.Y., Nov. 8, 1885.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE following we quote from a new book, entitled *Materialized Apparitions*, by Mr. E. A. Brackett:—

"When Mesmer appeared in Paris, exhibiting his claims to magnetism, he was ridiculed and treated as a humbug. The French Academy of Science, after due consideration, pronounced mesmerism a fraud. This was the more remarkable from the fact that many of the experiments in mesmerism are so simple that a child can demonstrate them to the entire satisfaction of an unprejudiced person. Many years afterward, in 1831, the French Academy of Medicine, through a report of its committee, reversed this decision.

"So far as we know these are the only efforts that have been made, until within a few years, by any scientific association, to investigate this class of phenomena. Both in Europe and this country it has been treated with contempt, and for more than a hundred years condemned by pseudo-science as nothing more than a hallucination produced by a diseased condition of body or mind.

"I was present at the Massachusetts Hospital, many years ago, when the elder Warren, knife in hand, made mock passages over his patient.

ridiculing to his students the idea that anyone could be entranced or rendered insensible to pain by what was called mesmerism; and yet the existence of the mesmeric force or fluid is one of the most remarkable discoveries ever made. It has been known for thousands of years by the Hindoo philosophers as 'the pure Agassa Fluid' that penetrates and permeates all objects, whether animate or inanimate. It controls the social relations; is the secret of that influence which one person exerts over another; and is the connecting link between the seen and the unseen worlds, enabling spirits, whether in or out of the flesh, to produce all the phenomena known as 'spirit manifestations.'

"If we except the writings of Deleuze, Townshend, Gregory, Dr. Elliotson, and a few lesser lights, mesmerism has been kept before the public mainly by a class of itinerant lecturers who, despairing of a more considerate hearing, have, in order to retain their hold on their audience, degraded it to a mere burlesque.

"The history of mesmerism forms no exception to all discoveries that have marked the progress of man from a state of barbarism to the present time. The old stubble chokes and prevents the new crop of grain, unless it has been turned under. The acceptance of anything with which we are not familiar depends more upon the mental condition produced by the preconceived ideas than upon any evidence necessary to sustain it. The progress of public opinion is like the march of a great army; it camps at night upon ground occupied by its videttes in the morning. When Spiritualism began to attract attention, the opponents of mesmerism, not understanding its true character, abandoned their hostility to it, and accepted it as an explanation of the new phenomena. Mind-reading, telepathy, everything possible, was brought forward to explain away this supposed evidence of another life. And, in a somewhat different form, the same thing is taking place in regard to materialization.

"If we eliminate from it the idea of spirits, and attribute to man alone this wonderful power, we disarm scientific as well as sectarian opposition, and the possibilities of man, the influence of mind over matter, become a legitimate subject for study. But no matter how exhaustive your investigations of materialization may have been, the moment you suggest that spirits may have something to do with it, it becomes unscientific, and, in the judgment of certain persons who have assumed the right to control public opinion, you are instantly transformed from an honest student into a 'crank'!

"In view of the obstacles that conservatism is always throwing in the way of progress, one may be pardoned for a certain kind of admiration for cranks. They have, at least, the courage of their convictions, and in this respect, if for nothing more, may become popular, for the crowd always throw up their hats, whether right or wrong, to the plucky man.

“Is courage, then, so rare a thing that we are forced to applaud it even in the bulldog?”

“Public opinion is the despotism of a republic. It is astonishing what cowards it makes of decent men; the fear of being laughed at is the terror of society; the assertion of manhood, the expression of an honest opinion, the love of truth,—everything goes down before it.

“My ministerial neighbor throws theological brickbats at me because I choose to study a subject which he has not the courage to face, and which, if not a reality, he lied about in his last funeral sermon, when he told the mourners that their ‘dear friend is not dead, but still living and hovering around them.’

“Shall we allow these attacks, and not remind him that, if he knows anything, he must know that the Christian religion is an outgrowth of paganism; that there is not a cardinal point in his theology that is not as old as the Hindoo pagodas; that the idea of another life, imperfectly outlined in the Bible, was taken from a religion founded upon occult manifestations; that He whom he calls Lord and Master not only taught healing by laying on of hands, but exemplified materialization in the transfiguration on the Mount, and in his bodily appearance to his disciples, after his death, in a room with closed doors?”

“At every seance there are more or less clandestine visitors, who shrink from letting their best friends know anything about it. At one, I met an old acquaintance, who was surprised to find me there, and begged me not to ‘give him away.’ He had obtained a seat under an assumed name, partially as a test, he said, but mainly on account of his position in society: he did not care to be known to visit such places. In the course of the seance, a beautiful female form came briskly out into the middle of the room, and, stretching her arms toward him, said: ‘Father’! As he did not respond, the controlling spirit, calling him by name, said: ‘That lady is for you’! He stepped forward, and, to his astonishment, found that it was his daughter. He said afterward that the recognition was perfect. This was his first seance, and, unless materialization becomes popular, it may be his last. That he told his wife about it there seems to be no doubt, as she has been a frequent visitor ever since. I fancy him in his dressing gown and slippers, reclining in his arm chair, smoking his cigarette, anxiously awaiting her return, that she may relate to him the touching manifestations of affection she has received.

“Traces of these phenomena have always, in one form or another, been present in the world. In India, for thousands of years, they have furnished the foundation of a religious belief, which, like all other religions, has been perverted and used as a means to blind and control the common people.

“The danger of its being accepted as authority through a blind reverence

for what is supposed to be supernatural, instead of affectionate and intelligent companionship, is sufficient reason why its true import should be thoroughly understood. Whether it be a power in man, the laws of which are unknown, or a direct emanation from another life, it requires the most serious consideration. Shall it receive the attention it deserves, or shall we turn our backs on it, till, like a rising tide, it overwhelms us with a flood of ignorance and superstition? It will not do to ignore it; already its influence is sweeping far and wide.

“Scientists may sit supinely on the summit of their intellectual conceit, insisting that it ‘will not be much of a shower’; still it swells and rolls on, sapping and undermining the whole system of social and religious thought. Sects and creeds crumble in its pathway. All hopes of a scientific evidence of a life after death are centered in these manifestations.

“The issue is a plain one; there can be no middle ground. Either Spiritualism or Materialism triumphs. Deal with it as you may; if it is from the other side of life, it cannot be overthrown. In some form or other it must be met.

“Shall we not, in the interest of humanity and of what purports to be an important truth, lay aside our pre-conceived notions and prejudices, and treat this subject as we would any of the common things of life, earnestly endeavoring to get at its true meaning?

“Millions of honest people have witnessed these things in their own homes, by their own firesides. Against what they have seen and know there is no argument.

“Time will show whether the public have sufficiently advanced to grapple healthily with materialization and its spiritual surroundings.”

EDITORIAL.

MISS HELEN BERRY.

WE present to our readers this month a very faithful likeness of Miss Helen C. Berry — one of the Berry sisters — well known to the readers of *Facts*, and to Spiritualists generally as among the leading materializing mediums of the day. Miss Berry was born in Boston, and has always made her home in this city.

No doubt she has possessed medial ability from childhood, for on no other basis could some incidents in her early life be explained; but it has only been brought out and cultivated within the past five or six years.

She first began her work in this city in the year 1882 as a physical medium, and her seances in this direction were marvelous. Nearly every

person visiting her circles received *direct tests* of the presence of some personal friend, and she may count her converts to Spiritualism, while following this line, by hundreds.

In 1884, owing to the heavy draft these circles made upon her physical organization, they were abandoned for the full-form materialization phase, and in this, as in everything else she has undertaken, Miss Berry has made her mark. Her seances are thronged, and she is unable to meet the demands upon her time.

At present she does not go out to give seances, having, indeed, more than she can attend to at home; but, for the first year or more of her work, she answered calls from all directions. Entering the houses of people entire strangers to her, giving seances with equally satisfactory results as those held in her own rooms. At one time, in our parlors at Providence, the piano was played, independently, back of the circle,—and as wonderful things took place as we have ever witnessed in her home seance.

Last fall they moved to 55 Rutland Street, where they use the front parlor for a seance room. On the carpet is placed a cabinet, which is made by covering a wooden frame with cloth. It is about six feet long and four wide, with no aperture, except the door in front and in sight of the audience. It may be moved at pleasure, but it generally stands about three or four feet from the side walls, and some eight feet from the back of the parlor. Under these conditions it can be fully inspected by all visitors.

We have often urged mediums to make their conditions so *honest* they could not be questioned, and we are glad that the Berry sisters have done all that any reasonable persons could ask in this direction. Much credit is due Mr. Albro, their manager, who understands the importance of keeping sensitives—whether preachers, poets, or mediums—free from care and over-exertion in order to obtain the best results. We believe the bread-and-butter question has done more to injure fine mediums and inspirational preachers than all other causes combined. But this is a departure from our subject.

Miss Berry is a lady of refinement and education,—all of which has its effect in bringing to her seances people of culture.

Another important point, which should not be overlooked, is that education is as much an advantage in mediumship as it is to music or art, or science of any kind.

TELL BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

We study with pleasure these important subjects, and, while doing so, wonder how it is possible that men who profess so much scientific ability can fail to admit the facts which, day after day, are being brought to light.

Persons who are investigating these phenomena, in the name of science, seem to forget that the same subjects they are studying have been as thoroughly investigated before, and, in many cases, with much more ability. The question of mesmerism, years ago, received the attention of men who were acknowledged as the best minds of their times, not in a spirit of hostility and desire to prove it untrue, but with honesty of purpose. Their experiments were as conclusive then as those of the most learned *savants* of today, and yet we are told that this or that experimenter lacked some peculiar scientific condition which ought to have guarded the experiments, forgetting that a *fact* may be as truthfully told, and as well observed by men of common sense, as when critically surrounded with prejudice and psychological distrust. No mental phenomena can be free from the conditions thrown about its sensitives. You may believe in these truths, and yet question the honesty of the medium or subject, and, as a result, you are liable to get the same manifest inharmony which you have created.

These psychological effects are all important. We would not underrate the work which is being done by scientific societies; but when the same results which were attained years ago are endorsed by them — as is the case in the last number of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research* (London, Eng.), under the title of “Some Higher Aspects of Mesmerism,” — it amuses the ordinary observer who has, for forty years, seen similar experiments, and under as good conditions as those related. The facts are all-important, and these alone must decide. A man who has been cured knows best what the conditions were which brought relief, and to tell him that white was black, or *vice versa*, are only so many empty words.

These societies are attempting to show that certain phenomena are due to mundane laws, which appear to be the same as those claimed by Spiritualists to be of spirit origin. This does not prove, however, that all are of mundane origin which have a similar appearance, any more than that all bank-notes are worthless because they resemble a counterfeit.

The intelligent Spiritualist everywhere admits — and has for years believed — that the same laws exist in the spirit that do in the earth life, and that a spirit still in the physical body may be seen miles away from where its body is, and may be perfectly conscious of its surroundings, and be able to describe what it has seen or heard. These phenomena are neither remarkable or even rare. Many of them have been published in *Facts*; and yet while this is the case, this society publish these phenomena as critical experiments,—the only difference is the intelligent Spiritualist goes farther, and says he knows that the same rule holds good with a spirit who has entirely broken all connection with his physical body, and is able to rove at pleasure, making himself understood in the same way, and by the same law.

Why, we would ask, not make these experiments on the broad plane of *facts*, and not attempt to show *a truth* to be false, simply because the same results, in appearance, may be obtained by other means? Why not rather show that the *two cases are true*, and that a spirit embodied or disembodied is the same conscious living entity, dependent upon the same laws, governed by the same emotions, attractions, and repulsions? Why should these wise, scientific men, who have so much *superior* wisdom, refuse to attend seances where others, less favored by titles, are found, unless they may be awarded conditions of their own making? Do they suppose for one moment that the *sensitive* psychological subjects, to whom they would dictate, cannot feel their unkind criticisms, and their unwarrantable suspicions? Would a minister of the gospel, a professor of one of our colleges, or one of our M. D.s sit, with quiet submission, in their own parlors, and be called *impostors, liars, and frauds*? *No!* A thousand times, *No!* They must, however, be allowed to treat every medium in this manner; and if human nature asserts its rights, and refuses to be abused, then the cry of *fraud* goes out everywhere.

Even the sensitives used as mesmeric subjects at exhibitions are accused of acting a part, for pay, by the medical profession and others, who have not manliness enough to demonstrate the subject for themselves.

Newspapers are willing to publish columns, descriptive of purported exposures, which, whether true or false, make a new sensation, and sell their papers, while *these* most important of all subjects are seldom touched by them, except in ridicule.

We do not object to *fraud being punished*; but we ask that *truth shall be received* with the candor which it deserves. Nor is it probable that all sensitives are untrue because some medium has been proved a trickster. We hope to see the time—and we believe it is fast coming—when mediums will do all in their power to convince skeptics of the glorious truth of spirit return, and when they will receive the courtesy which their high mission should entitle them to.

ANSWERING A SEALED LETTER.

ON Jan. 5, 1886, I wrote a letter to Mrs. E. A. Martin, of Oxford, Mass., in which I asked several questions. They were of a personal character, and in reference to business matters, of which Mrs. Martin knew nothing. The answers given were comprehensive and pointed,—so much so that it would hardly be wise to publish them on account of their private nature.

The envelope containing the questions was returned unopened.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

(SOLO FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR WITH CHORUS.)

HERBERT LESLIE.

Moderato.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,

Ye who have but scant sup - ply, An - gel eyes will
Ye who have a - bun - dant store, It may float on
Waft it on with lov - ing breath, In some dis - tant

watch a - bove it, You shall find it
man - y bil - lows, It may strand on
doubt - ful mo - ment It may save some

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

by and by; He who in His right - eous bal - ance
 far off shore; You may think it lost for - ev - er,
 soul from death. When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence

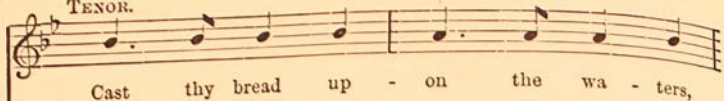
Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh, Will your sac - ri -
 But as sure as God is true, In this life or
 'Neath the morn and even - ing dew, Stran - ger hands which

lice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
 in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
 you have strengthened May strew lil - ies o - ver you.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

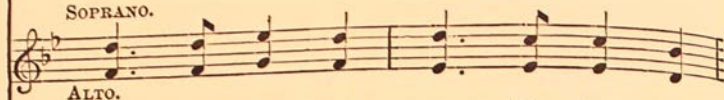
REFRAIN.

TENOR.



Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,

SOPRANO.

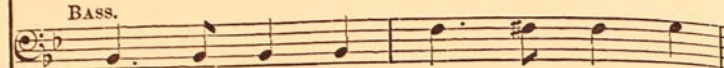


Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,

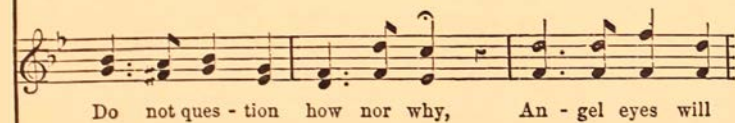
ALTO.

Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,

BASS.



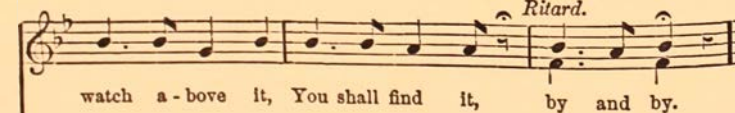
Do not ques - tion how nor why, An - gel eyes will



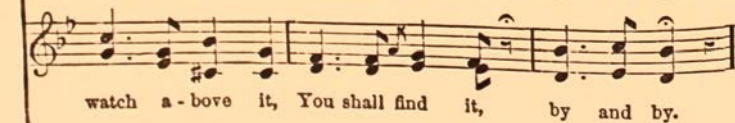
Do not ques - tion how nor why, An - gel eyes will



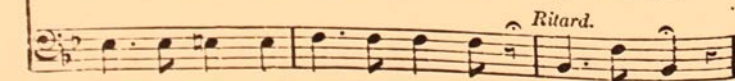
Ritard.



watch a - bove it, You shall find it, by and by.



watch a - bove it, You shall find it, by and by.



Ritard.